

E C H O E S

By

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EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The sun shining above, the road is desolate. The only vehicles around are the ones that are parked in neighboring yards or driveways which seem decently spaced from each other, this house obviously exists out in the middle of nowhere.

The road is beautifully dusty, an old relic existing out of time in a modern era of technology and pollution, this road knows no difference, it may as well keep living its life in the 1920's.

A small few acres of land border it, growing a crop that is either slowly dying or attempting to find its new life, an abandoned barn sits in the middle deteriorating as if a warning, a sign post to tell us that man is not long for this planet, and that eventually we all pass from the physical into something else, something unknown. There is beauty there as well, elegant in its chaos of how weathered it is.

The house sits back from the road, a green front yard, surrounded by a small wall of trees, a makeshift gravel driveway circles around to prevent any need for reversing, a small well, and statues sit about. The carport set up perfectly for constructing wood working projects, trash and debris sit about, a trash can rests having collected pollen over the time that it has sat in vacancy.

A small flower bed lines the front of the older brick house, that sends a sigh of relief at the look of its modernity. The screened in porch holds some furniture, and debris as well, an old table, old piece of rug, some toys, as if a hoarder once occupied the residency but these pieces sit like ancient memories of childhood, projects left incomplete at the end of one's life.

The backyard is large, with patches of green and dying grass, a hole sits where fires were once held, with benches sitting around it, and a small wooden structure sits with a broken door, slowly dying, on its last legs, which signals to any visitor as the last sign post before entering the large woods that have swallowed up any chance of the yard expanding further.

The road in front, brown and antiquated sits in silence as if only populated tiptoeing phantoms, the silence breaking as the slow sound of tires start to approach the house and the gravel drive. The driver of said car obviously looking for an address, obviously looking for a place, like a buyer looking for the perfect house.

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It starts to pull past the drive at first but then stops, switching gears, it reverses back slightly, before pulling into the driveway, approaching the house, the car's engine turns off, sitting, idly, as the motor cools itself.

Inside the car sits a late twenties THOMAS. He looks out the windshield towards the house, knowing that on some deep level this is where he will spend the rest of his life.

The car door opens and he steps out.

Taking in the look of the front of the house, he pauses, taking a deep breath, he stretches.

Thomas reaches back into the car and pulls out a small manila envelope, sealed loosely, on the front written in sharpie are the words 'John's house'.

He opens what could only be very lightly called a seal, and pours the contents into his hand -- two house keys on a keyring, with a key tag that says 'J. O'Brien'.

Tossing the envelope back in the car and closing the door behind him, Thomas takes the key in hand to the front door, he opens the storm door, and tries to place the first key into the lock, but it doesn't fit, he tries the other and it slides in, he becomes distracted by the amount of mail that sits in the mailbox, some of it crammed in, it is overflowing, Thomas grabs as much of it as possible and puts it under his arm.

He turns the key.

#### INT. HOUSE

The house is dark inside, a few lights still on, but not many, what light remains is primarily from any sunlight coming in through windows, with thing curtains pulled.

The sound of a deadbolt unlocking, releasing its tension sends an echo through the house, and the door creaks open.

Thomas stands, as if not wanting to cross the threshold of the front door, he hesitates on entering, not quite sure he wants to intrude, knowing the house to be vacant, he still questions the inevitability of any life inside.

Slowly he steps over the threshold and steps inside, letting the storm door close slowly behind him, squeaking, and not quite closing.

THOMAS

Hello?

He says to no one in particular, just a courtesy to warn anyone of his arrival, he pauses half expecting a response.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Hello?

The voice echoes through the house, a house filled with furniture and boxes, a child's room, and master bedroom, a laundry room with dirty laundry and towels, a room possibly never used, and a master bedroom. The house of a man who wasn't worried about cleanliness with a family, long since removed.

Thomas walks into the den, but with hesitation he moves slowly, his expression void of any happiness to be in his current position nor location.

The wall to his left, photos, and a broken mirror.

He looks down to see some shards on the ground, and a stain that was once a puddle, of dark burgundy, dried blood, long since soaked up into the air, and into the house.

Thomas takes a breath at this to try to still his heart, as he steps over the 'scene' and towards the den.

He sits the mail down on the counter.

Walking to the kitchen sink he tests the faucet and it appears to still have running water, he tests the light switch, and the lights work.

He turns and walks down the long dark hall.

Thomas looks inside the first bedroom, and the first bathroom he approaches, and sees nothing of interest, he does so at the laundry room, walking in and testing the back door, assuring that it is locked, he walks back out into the hallway and looks in the back bedroom, the second bathroom, and finally the master bedroom.

He walks back to the bathroom, and turning on the light walks inside, leaving the door open, he approaches the toilet on the far end of the room, and unzips himself, we hear the sound of him urinating, his composure becoming slightly less tense, but still with a nervousness, he finishes up, zips up, flushes and turns to the sink, washing his hands, he leaves the bathroom behind.

## EXT. HOUSE

Thomas walks out the front door and to his car, popping open the trunk he reaches in, and pulls out a large bag (his luggage) and a pillow.

He makes his way back to the house.

## INT. HOUSE

Thomas sits the luggage and pillow down on the couch, before walking back to the kitchen.

Opening the cabinet he looks for dishes, finally finding them he pulls out a glass, and runs the kitchen sink, letting the water drain any sort of soil that it may or may not have inside it, he finally runs the glass under it washing it very haphazardly, he finally fills it about half way with water, and then drinks it, filling it again about halfway, he does repeats this process, before filling it higher this time, turning off the faucet.

He sips the water this time, looking out the kitchen window, he stares at the backyard, the storage shed behind him, he remains somewhat disinterested in his surroundings, but not out of a lack of curiosity but a lack of wanting to face whatever part of his life's journey has led him here.

His eyes look down to his right where he sees a coffee pot, a small five cup personal coffee maker, the inside of the pot itself turned to a slick oil black, burnt and too old to even be sludge.

Thomas shows a slight expression of disgust for this, he turns and sips his water.

Looking towards the table that is in front of the window, he see an old tape recorder sitting, silent, untouched.

Thomas smiles at this, a memory, the first of many that this house holds for him, his eyes squinting a little as if trying to grasp that old memory that he once had, long since shelved away into the recesses of his mind.

We hear the sound of a cell phone vibrating.

Quickly, Thomas sits the glass down and pulls a cell phone from his pocket, the screen reading 'LINDA', he answers.

THOMAS

Hey.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Yeah, actually just got here a few minutes ago.

Thomas walks towards the fridge and opens it, very little food exists inside, an old can of dog food that has been opened and sealed loosely with saran wrap, what food does exist inside is either rotting or too old to eat, the milk carton half empty sits in the door, and Thomas looks at the date, before sitting it back in the fridge with disappointment.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Yeah, the ride wasn't that bad. The house is messy but it isn't that bad I suppose. Will most likely take longer than I expected though, but I already said that before, ha, you know how I talked about John, apparently he hadn't changed much.

Beat.

THOMAS

I don't know... it'll take awhile to clear this place out, I know that much... ha, I wouldn't recommend living here or anything.

Beat.

Thomas tries harder to listen.

THOMAS

Hold on, you're breaking up, let me step outside really quick.

Thomas makes his way to the front door, stepping out onto the front steps, we can hear him in the distance, watching him internally from the front window in the den.

THOMAS

Yeah... I don't know, they didn't even clean up the blood from where... well, where I guess they found him.

Beat.

THOMAS

Yeah, I don't know, is that a salvageable thing, or is that like a new floor thing?

(CONTINUED)

Beat.

Thomas paces in the front yard.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

We see that the sky has now turned to night, the night sky, void of any city lights, blankets the trees.

INT. HOUSE

Thomas stands at the kitchen counter, he has a can of beer beside him that he is sipping on, and a small bowl of instant noodles. He eats it with no judgments, his cell phone sits on the counter next to where he sits down his beer after sipping it.

He looks out the back window of the den towards the shack behind, the door frame doing nothing but holding in darkness.

He chews his food slowly, calculating, thinking, he takes a deep breath, sips his beer again.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Thomas stands at the door looking looking into the room, holding his pillow, he walks in, all the lights on, he sits the pillow down on the bed, and sits on the foot of the bed.

He looks towards the door where he was standing, focusing his attention on the corner of the door frame where something, or anything could round at any minute...

...but it doesn't before Thomas loses his nerve, grabbing the pillow and standing he walks out of the room, turning the lights off behind him.

INT. HOUSE - DEN

Curled up on the couch, the pillow beneath his head, Thomas lays in a fetal position, half the lights have been turned off now.

The sound of creaking floorboards, the standard southern 'house is settling'.

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Thomas unnerved, trying to keep his eyes closed, rolls over onto his back, staring up at the ceiling, on the ceiling he sees a small crack in the plaster, he squints at it slightly.

Behind him on the floor is a crime scene, the pieces of broken mirror, the blood stain forever ingrained in the wooden particles.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

The sky has become morning once again, a new and fresh day has started.

Thomas's car sits in the driveway where it was when we last left it.

Inside the car is Thomas, with pillow curled beneath him, he slowly starts to wake up, squinting at what daylight has brought him.

Opening the door Thomas steps out, his neck in pain from sleeping wrong, he makes his way with his pillow back to the front door, the key in hand.

INT. HOUSE

Thomas, having already walked into the house, tosses his pillow onto the couch as he makes his way to the kitchen, yawning, tired, he approaches the kitchen sink, and pour himself a glass of water, he sips it, and watches the shed in the back of the house, the door pressed now against the door frame.

He doesn't notice that his cell phone is sitting on the counter at first, but after finishing the glass, turns and picks up the phone, looking at it, he sees that it has a low battery and looks slightly disappointed in himself.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Thomas goes into his bag, searching it with his hand, to find the phone charger.

Removing it and the wire from the pocket he plugs it into the wall, charging his phone.

INT. HOUSE

We can hear the distant sound of a shower running.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM

Thomas is taking a shower, the water clanging loudly against the porcelain.

He turns off the water.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Thomas walks out wearing a towel and shirt, his hair wet from the shower he makes his way to the bedroom again, and checks the phone which has a notification blinking.

He sees he has one missed call from 'PAUL (WORK)'.

He clears the notification and sits the phone down.

Thomas turns off the lights and starts rummaging through his bag again.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The dirt road stretches as Thomas walks out of the house.

He starts making his way to his car, but then stops looking up at the trees and the nature that surrounds him, he turns and locks his car, and begins walking down the road.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Time passes the sun still high, the trees moving with a slight wind.

Thomas is making his way back down the road, towards the house, he is holding a box with a few bags inside, a small supply of food for the house.

He approaches the front door, struggling slightly to pull the key out of his pocket, finally managing to do so after almost dropping the groceries.

He unlocks the door.

INT. HOUSE

Thomas throws the old burnt coffee pot into the trash can, and pulls out the new one from his box of supplies, he plugs it in.

After procuring some fresh coffee grounds from a newly bought can, he pours in the water and hits start for the small individual coffee pot to start brewing.

Stepping away from this he starts restocking the fridge with food, cheese, milk, some beer, deli meat, etc.

Thomas leaves the kitchen.

The coffee pot keeps brewing.

We can hear his steps as they get more distant, and then as they come closer, he now has his phone charger in hand and plugs it in, attaching his phone to it as well, he sits the phone down to charge.

Unlocking the phone, he pulls up a 'NEW TEXT MESSAGE'.

In the recipient field he puts in 'LINDA'.

He proceeds to write a message on his phone, the text field quickly filling with 'Hey there lady... hope you have a wonderful day. Love you.'

Hitting send he sits the phone down.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

We see the coffee pot has been turned off, and there sits a coffee mug next to it.

The coffee pot itself is now halfway empty, and a loaf of bread that has been open before, missing only a few slices of bread, sits now wrapped up again, next to a plate with crumbs on it, and a butter knife, slightly dirty.

Outside the kitchen window, we can see that Thomas is making his way across the backyard towards the shed in back.

He seems to struggle ever so slightly with the door and frame, but finally manages to push it aside.

INT. SHED - DAY

The shed, dark and dank, dusty with webs, a broken and cloudy window, has its peace broken with the removal of the door as light streams in, filling the place as if by miracle.

The stairs are as unsafe as the floorboards that it leads up to, creaking, some broken, they buckle with each step Thomas makes up them, and onto the main floor.

The place is filled with boxes, all with different markings, some with possible lies as to what they contain.

'MEMORIES', 'ODDS AND ENDS', 'ANDREI'S SCHOOL STUFF', 'REBECCA'S BOX', etc.

Thomas looks around to see if there is anything of notoriety, but nothing quite stands out to him. He walks further in though, and pulls out the first box, sitting on top.

'TOYS AND GAMES'... a lidless box that has old toys from John's childhood inside, turtle action figures etc.

Thomas laughs at this slightly, that nostalgic feeling of coming across old relics, as if the world, his world, had ended with adulthood, and led to this dusty land, where the air is filled with dust.

Thomas sits the box aside and sees another box beneath it that says 'CLOTHES', the one beneath it reading 'SHOES'.

He gives a look of disappointment towards them, just not quite what he wanted to find, though without a knowledge of knowing what he wants.

INT. HOUSE

Inside the house, Thomas's cell phone vibrates on the counter, an incoming call from 'LINDA'.

INT. SHED

Thomas looks curiously at a box that sits behind this stack, one that reads just a simple number '2'.

He starts moving boxes to get to it.

This box sits near where the ceiling of the roof is on a decline, and as Thomas reaches his hand behind it, he winces in pain, as he moves the box.

(CONTINUED)

A nail's head, sticking out has caught the back of his hand slightly.

Blood has appeared on his hand, and begins to drip.

THOMAS  
(in sudden pain)  
Shit.

INT. HOUSE

The cellphone on the counter, still vibrating with a call from 'LINDA' suddenly pixelates, the screen creating a digital distortion, before turning completely black, and powering off.

Outside the window, Thomas makes his way with bloody hand towards the house.

We can hear the DOORS OPENING, as he makes his way into the kitchen, where he runs his hand under the faucet.

He looks around the cabinet for bandages, but can't seem to find any.

He closes the cabinet slightly distressed, he pulls out a dish rag, and wraps it around his hand, tying it off with his mouth.

Thomas then clicks on his phone, sees that the light says it is charging but it isn't turning on.

He looks disappointed and begins to pour himself a cup of coffee.

INT. HOUSE - DEN - DAY

Thomas sits on the sofa with a box, the side of the box says '2'.

Going through the miscellaneous objects inside, we can see there are tons of odds and ends, magazines, disks, loose papers and folders, etc.

Rummaging through these we can see a lot of the writing on them are in pencil, having faded over time like the memories of their creation, the large loops and lowercase letters signify the writing of a child.

Looking at titles on some of the pages, and the letter grade, these are clearly childhood writings from Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

'THE TALE OF THE SUMMER OF BLOOD, NAME: JOHN O'BRIEN, AGE: 6'... 'MY FATHER, NAME: JOHN O'BRIEN, AGE: 6'... 'TALE OF TOMMY AND JOHNNY, NAME: JOHN O'BRIEN, AGE: 7'... etc.

Thomas laughs slightly at some of these, he stops on one and reads slightly out loud with fond memories.

THOMAS

...Tommy and Johnny were sitting outside eating lunch. A lightning struck a near by tree. The kids yelled. Tommy and Johnny did not.

Thomas laughs.

THOMAS

(to self)

Wow Johnny... like a young Hemingway, heh.

Thomas sits the papers aside as he keeps going through the box's contents.

At the bottom he finds a few tape cassettes.

THOMAS

(to self)

Fuck me, seriously?

Thomas smiles pulling out a few of the tapes, looking at the sides of them, some read 'MIX TAPE', 'THE HITS', 'TOMMY AND JOHNNY RADIO SHOW'.

The latter of the selection, Thomas smiles at fondly, obviously full of memory he sits in a slight disbelief.

He turns and looks back, seeing the tape recorder on the table, he stands up.

Walking over to it, we hear a 'GLASS CRUNCH' on the floor, he stepped on one of the broken mirror pieces, as if being flooded with the most recent memory he's pushed aside his face drains itself of his new found happiness.

Proceeding over to the table with the recorder, Thomas hits eject on the recorder, popping out a tape that is marked "March 2nd" he puts it aside and puts 'TOMMY AND JOHNNY RADIO SHOW' in its place, and closing it he hits the rewind button.

As it rewinds Thomas walks over to the pantry closet and pulls out a broom, he brushes up the mirror pieces and letting them pile together he pushes them to the side, out of his way.

(CONTINUED)

The tape having finished rewinding, sits, straining the tape inside.

Thomas, leaning the broom against the wall, makes his way back over to the recorder, where he hits play.

The sounds through the tape at first are the sounds of an amateur sound recorder, nothing professional about what is happening. The sounds of someone hitting record before it was necessary to do so, two people getting ready to record having already jumped the gun.

The voices that come through are two voices of 12 year olds that have not reached puberty yet, young, and innocent, full of life, and not a care nor need of responsibility in a world run by adults.

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
 Okay you ready? Okay, hey  
 everybody, welcome to the Tommy and  
 Johnny Show, I'm Johnny...

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
 And I'm Tommy, and welcome to the  
 Tommy and Johnny Show!

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
 WTJJO, the only home of all rock  
 all the time! Let's take a few  
 calls!

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
 Hello, this is Tommy at WTJJO, do  
 you have any requests?

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
 (doing a terrible English  
 accent)  
 'Allo, 'allo?

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
 What can we play for you today?

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
 (English)  
 Is this Tea Time Talk?

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
 Uh, no, sorry, this is the request  
 line, you'll have to call back...

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
(English)  
Oh, but I need help with my tea!

Thomas pours himself a cup of coffee and sits down, smiling at the tape recorder, listening to his memories playing back to him, the memories themselves playing cinematically in his head, Thomas is in another world listening, reliving the moments when his life was easier with no care in the world and his best friend at his side.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Well, what do you need help with,  
we aren't tea professionals, but  
I've had some before.

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
(English)  
I've recently dropped all my tea in  
the lake, and wonder how long  
before it is ready?

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Oh, well, you should really do that  
in a cup.

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
(English)  
You Americans and your tea.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Yeah, but you are really just  
making dirty water, let's face  
facts.

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
(English)  
We created the tea, and my  
ancestors made it in the Boston  
Harbor, largest cup of tea in the  
world!

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Okay, next caller!

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Who makes tea in a lake?

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Theh British Johnny...

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
The British Tommy.

Thomas looks almost embarrassed.

THOMAS  
(to self)  
Jesus... wow Johnny.

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
And now for a song!

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Coming in at number five on the  
playlist, the (band name) with  
(song title)!

We can hear some movement in the background of the recorder as one of the kids hits play on a keyboard somewhere in the past and a song begins to play.

Thomas smiles at this.

THOMAS  
(quietly)  
I miss you man... Jesus.

EXT. HOUSE

Thomas sits inside the back window, at the table that we just left him at, he is smiling, listening intently, and staring onward at the tape recorder that has encapsulated him in time.

Meanwhile, the trees, leaves and all, move with the wind, the clouds, passing by, the air still moving on with its daily routines, as Thomas sits, reliving his youth.

INT. SHED - DAY

Thomas, inside the shed moves only with slight caution, his hand still in a bandage, is the only thing that has really changed in the shed, minus a few boxes that have been shifted around, out of their original order, Thomas has set aside only boxes that announce their contents with merely numbers, and no words, "3" and "4", etc.

Thomas seems determined, his face alive with the look of an explorer, discovering and uncovering the secrets of immortality.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The night is quiet and still in the countryside of nowhere, just a soft breeze, and in the darkness is a house, lit up on the inside, the drapes protecting the night from blinding itself.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A cell phone sits, charging on the counter, next to it is the same plate as before, never having been touched since breakfast except briefly when another utensil had joined it, a dirty spoon, with leftovers of a brown substance that once fed Thomas earlier in the evening.

Thomas himself, full, sits at the table with the tape recorder still, one tape, the one from before sits to the left, to the right sits a stack of tapes, playing a wicked balancing game, threatening to give way to gravity at any moment, alongside this sits a few empty beer cans.

A tape plays inside the machine, echoing out more memories as before.

Thomas cracks open a can of beer with a loud CRACK, he begins sipping it and smiling, in good spirits.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)

And welcome to the Johnny and Tommy show, I am your host Tommy...

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)

And I'm Johnny! And we are here to hear you.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)

And today on "Living with the Dinosaurs"... we visit Doctor Pterodactyl to talk about prehistoric science!

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)

(Pterodactyl noises)

Braaaaawk-brawwk-brawk... Brawwwwk!

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)

Hey there Doctor Pterodactyl, what are we going to learn about today?

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)

(Pterodactyl noises)

Brawwk-brawk-brawk.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Oh, fascinating.

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Brawk-brawk-brawkbrawk!

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Well I don't think you should add  
that gasoline to that fire, that  
seems like a very bad idea.

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Brawk-brawk-you.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
Uh-oh!

The children on the tape make the sound of an explosion.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Oh no! Doctor Pterodactyl blew up  
the radio station!

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
(Pterodactyl screams)  
BRAWWWWWK!

The children make the noise of feedback into the  
microphones.

Thomas listening to this looks through the cassettes to his  
right, a box sits in the chair next to him, with more tapes  
inside, he finds a few fresh ones, never unwrapped, he looks  
at it with the fondness of a child opening a present,  
playing with it in his hand as he sips his beer, as if  
swallowing any cowardice, he tips his beer up, downing it,  
and rips into the cassette.

Popping it open with a crack he pulls out the cassette, and  
stops the tape recorder.

Getting up from the table he walks over to the fridge and  
pulls out two cans of beer, bringing them back over to the  
table with the cassettes and the recorder, he cracks one  
open.

Ejecting the tape where it previously played, he sits it to  
his left and replaces it with the fresh, blank tape.

Closing it in, he sits for a moment, looking at the  
recorder, debating on his next move, calculating what he  
should do.

He picks up the small toy microphone, and hits record.

(CONTINUED)

Thomas clears his throat, and sips the beer.

THOMAS

And... ahem... welcome to the  
Johnny and Tommy show.... I'm your  
host... Tommy... and this is...

Beat.

Thomas looks at the cassette recorder... he stares at the  
cassette spools inside turning.

Sip of beer.

THOMAS (cont'd)

There's been an unfortunate  
event... Johnny couldn't be here  
today... He's... no longer with us.

Thomas looks sad, as if this whole thing was a huge mistake.

THOMAS (cont'd)

So... let's um... let's have a  
moment of silence... for Johnny...  
who shuffled off this mortal coil.

Thomas laughs to himself, as if this is the first time that  
he really thought about it.

THOMAS

Miss you Johnny... this is to you.

Thomas holds his beer up to nothing in particular, at least  
nothing physical, but the phantom image of a memory that  
looms in the air, he sips the beer, and swallowing he keeps  
staring at it.

He then pulls the beer towards his face, tipping it up full  
on, downing the rest of it.

Thomas clears his throat after having gulped what air made  
it into his beverage, and he sits the microphone down on the  
table.

Realizing this tape recording to be a huge mistake, he  
stands up from the table, and tosses the can into the trash.

He picks up his cell phone, still charging on the counter,  
and pulls up the message screen, which appears to already be  
on the early morning message that he sent to Linda, with no  
new messages since.

He types a new message to her, 'Miss You' it reads as he  
hits send.

(CONTINUED)

Stopping back by the table he grabs the other can and sits on the couch near by.

Cracking it open he takes a few huge sips from it, before sitting it on the floor, leaning back on the couch, still completely dressed, he closes his eyes.

A light from somewhere in the house turns off, and the night shifts in shadows.

The tape recorder keeps turning, still recording.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

The daylight has come in, over the horizon, over the trees, through the woods, and not yet heating up the land, but giving it light as it did in the beginning of time.

The house sits quietly, not yet having awoken.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The house sits quietly, all the lights are off inside, and all is resting.

On the couch, sprawled out, is Thomas. His shoes, still on, he has moved his legs onto the couch, and he begins to stir.

On the counter, his cell phone, still plugged up to the charger, suddenly comes to life, with a loud bit noise, the screen blinks that there is a 'NEW MESSAGE FROM LINDA' before it goes black again, with a digital distortion.

Thomas quickly wakes up, propping himself up only slightly, immediately regretting the decision as he winces in pain, a pounding inside his head, he looks around a tad, as if not knowing his place, but he has successfully made it through his second night, this time inside the house, but at the slight cost of moderate dehydration.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM

Thomas stands at the toilet, taking a piss, hungover, his body is not close to being a perfect posture.

He flushes the toilet.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Thomas runs the faucet, and fills up a glass, he sips on it, but still looks as if he is in pain.

From the cabinet he pulls out an aspirin bottle, and opening it, empties out two capsules, and downs them with his glass of water.

He checks his cell phone, but nothing new appears on it.

Rubbing his head, and any sweat from it, he sees it is still charging.

THOMAS  
(to self)  
Fucking battery.

Thomas makes his way over to the tape recorder table, where he grabs some of the empty beer cans and moves them to the trash, but looking back his face expresses a slightly memory of the night before.

The cans hitting the bottom of the trash with a metallic clang, he walks back over and starts rewinding the tape.

As it rewinds he looks out the window, squinting at the daylight, hating it as all drinkers do in the morning, more than likely how one would first look at the daylight on the first day, he pulls the drape shut again, to diffuse the light.

The tape having stopped recording, he presses play on it, wincing as he sips his water.

He hears the night's previous recording.

THOMAS (O.C.)  
And... ahem... welcome to the  
Johnny and Tommy show.... I'm your  
host... Tommy... and this is...

Thomas looks at the cassette recorder... he stares at the cassette spools inside turning, burping to himself, trying to hold back anything that might come up.

Sip of water.

THOMAS (O.C.)  
There's been an unfortunate  
event... Johnny couldn't be here  
today... He's... no longer with us.

Thomas looks onward in regret at this message.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (O.C.) (cont'd)  
So... let's um... let's have a  
moment of silence... for Johnny...  
who shuffled off this mortal coil.

Thomas looks onward toward the bloodstain on the floor,  
holding the glass of water.

THOMAS (O.C.) (cont'd)  
Miss you Johnny... this is to you.

On the tape, just as amateurish as he was years ago, in his  
youth, we can hear him sit down the microphone and move  
around.

THOMAS  
I've gotta stop drinking, good God.

Listening to the tape only half heartily, he seems  
distracted, as if wondering what to do for the day, or how  
to even get it started.

There is a noise on the tape that causes Thomas to forget  
his hangover for an instant, he looks slightly worried, with  
a small amount of concern, at said tape, but the noises at  
this point have stopped.

Thomas sits the glass of water down, and rewinds some.

Stopping the tape, he hits play, and we can hear something  
faint, very distant in the tape.

He rewinds at a staccato's count, and presses play again,  
cranking up the volume, the sound of distortion definitely  
apparent.

What sounds like a muffled whisper, a voice somewhere.

Thomas stands up and walks down the hallway.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Thomas, walking up to this bag, which still sits on the bed,  
he begins quickly rummaging through, but not finding what he  
is looking for he grows very impatient.

Stopping, and removing his hands from the bag, he looks back  
over to what was once John's computer, he approaches it, and  
seeing headphones, he finds that they are connected to the  
PC tower beneath, quickly crouching down to disconnect the  
plug, Thomas's hangover is no longer driving, but riding  
shotgun to his hurried passion, like a birdwatcher trying to  
get that rare bird.

He stands with the headphones in hand, wrapping the cord around his hand he quickly speeds out of the room.

INT. HOUSE - DEN

Quickly coming down the hallway with a mission, headphones in hand, he plugs them into the side of the tape recorder.

Hitting rewind again, he accidentally goes too far, and picks up the very end of his dialogue before, hearing this at full volume causes him to jump slightly.

THOMAS (O.C.)  
 (through recorder)  
 -is for you...

The movements of his previous night's adventure, taking him to the couch, cracking that other beer, etc, even sitting down are played at full distorted volume, plenty of i9nterferences, distortion, like grain on film, he listens closely, for the sound again, that whisper that voice.

And as he does so, he approaches that moment on tape.

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
 (ghostly)  
 ...help...mee.

Thomas throws the headphones off his head, he goes white.

THOMAS  
 Fucking hell...

Thomas just stares forward at the tape cassette.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Outside, we can see the shadow of Thomas through the drapes, as he sits, frozen, staring ahead of him, not sure what to do.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Thomas is out, in front of the house, on his cellphone.

THOMAS  
 Hey sweetie, just wanted to check  
 in, hadn't heard from you in a bit,  
 and wanted to make sure you were  
 doing alright. I'm still up here  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (cont'd)  
trying to... straighten out a few things... um, give me... give me a call whenever you can... I, well, I kind of, found something, kind of weird, I guess? Just, yeah, give me a call whenever, I hope you are doing well, and that work isn't too much of a pain in the ass. Love you, see you later.

Thomas, turning off the phone, and pocketing it, looks out into the front yard, not sure what to do, a feeling he has been having a lot lately, even more so now, as his world seems to have cracked open ever so slightly into something more, something beyond, something that was perhaps slightly crazy, if it is what he thinks it is; his reality has always seemed to have a crack in it, but now that crack is spidering out, he fears slightly of its potential shatter.

He exhales through pursed lips, controlling his breathing, he feels so small in this world.

INT. HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

We see Thomas slowly enter the house, but he does so with caution, as to not disrupt the foundation of reality, he walks with caution, closing the door behind him, he makes the unconscious decision to take a deep breath and forward with his day.

Walking in, he passes the tape recorder, and in the kitchen, he pulls out his cell phone, plugging it back into the charger, he makes his way down the hallway.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM

In the bathroom, he sits on the toilet lid, and removes his shoes and socks, rubbing his feet as he does so, Thomas has already turned on the bath's faucet, and we can hear the sound of water echoing on the tile and porcelain of the large bathroom.

Testing the water with his hand, he dries his hand on his shirt, and pulls the plug to start the shower, pulling the curtain shut as he starts to disrobe.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The toaster pops out two pieces of bread, and Thomas, now standing in new clothes, with butter knife in hand, moves the toast to the same plate he has been using, smearing a little butter on each bread, he bites into it.

A glass, one third full of orange juice sits to his side, he sips it, and looks at the tape recorder from a distance, as if it were contagious.

Brushing his hands off of any crumbs with his other hand he reaches over, and takes a sip of the orange juice, resting the glass back on counter, he reaches beyond it where a folder sits, full of documents.

Pulling out the papers, we see they are land deeds, and property information.

One folded legal document inside, Thomas pulls forward, and closes the folder, spreading this out on top.

It is a map of the property, which, shows the land, front yard, the access road used to get to it, a rectangular like structure that shows the house, with a backyard behind it, and the small utility shed. Beyond that, the property extends onward, and we see there are a ton of woods that are incorporated with the property.

Thomas looks out the window, towards the shed as he has done many times before, but this time focusing on the woods behind it, and the small path he can see in the distance.

He takes another bite of his toast, which now leaves only the crust, and brushing his hands again he downs the orange juice.

Clearing his throat he runs the glass under the faucet, and leaves it sitting in the sink, drying his hands on a towel, a portion of skin on the back of his right hand still slightly torn from a nail, but no longer bleeding.

INT. HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

We see Thomas make his way across the backyard as he has done before but this time, slightly askew from the shed that he has entered before, and headed towards the path in the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Walking through the woods, they are full of very large trees and a clearly marked but very worn path.

Thomas walks down this, his hangover a distant memory, left back at the house, he walks down the path, and disappears into the woods.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Meanwhile, inside the house, everything rests in silence, and slight darkness, no lights on, as Thomas had left them when he exited.

Everything is still, and quiet.

The faucet in the kitchen drips with water.

A damp towel sits on the foot of the bed, next to his baggage.

Slowly the baggage drifts, and falls off the foot of the bed, potentially do to gravity.

In the den, a drape is touched, grazed ever so slightly by what appears to be a breeze.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Thomas stands in the woods staring, he looks onward at an old road sign that appears to have been shot at, a few pellet or bullet holes.

Looking upward at the tree tops he takes a very deep breath, accepting the air of nature into his lungs, meditative, his eyes close, as he exhales, his smile revealing how his day has felt like turning around, this could be his new escape he feels.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Thomas makes his way across the backyard again, heading towards the house this time, instead of walking directly towards the house he makes his way to his right where he looks onward, with curiosity.

He approaches what appears to be steps and a door that lead down into a cellar.

He walks down them and opens the door leading inside.

INT. CELLAR

The inside, dirty floors, the walls of brick, insulation, etc, dark, and not much brighter when Thomas turns on the light inside, revealing a place that even looks musty.

Thomas looks curiously onward, and walking in, he makes his way to where the Earth's wound has been partially sealed by man's creation of a housing structure.

Pipes and insulation surround the place, and a flashlight is needed to fully see everything this area has to offer, Thomas looks only slightly around, not going in depth before turning and walking back to the door, either chased out by fear of the unknown, or fear of the subconscious known, he hits the light and closes the door behind him.

INT. HOUSE - DEN - DAY

Thomas sits on the sofa, with boxes on the table and beside the table in front of him.

He goes through them, trying to find anything of importance, but finding just odds and ends.

He seems to be bored by this, as he sits the current box to the side, replacing the lid.

Thomas stares at the mantle, and the objects placed on it.

He stands up and walks over to it and looks at a few of the tchotchkes, holding them in his hands but replacing them after doing so.

He finally knows to himself what he is doing, and in doing so he exhales sharply and walks back over to the tape recorder.

He puts the headphones on again, and rewinds the tape slightly.

Pressing play he listens, hearing that word, again.

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
(ghostly)  
...Help...mee...

Thomas's face no longer displays that look of fear that he had before, but now has a look of determination, a detective's brow to solve the curious case of a disembodied voice.

He hits rewind... stop... play.

(CONTINUED)

WHISPER 1 (O.C.) (cont'd)  
(ghostly)  
...Help...mee...

He hits stop...

And looking up, Thomas scans the area with only his eyes, he picks up the microphone.

Breathing again through pursed lips, controlled breathing, his finger hovers over the record button.

Finally he presses down the record.

He slowly brings the microphone to his mouth.

THOMAS  
Hello... my name is Thomas... who  
is this?

Beat... Thomas looks around, curiously.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
My name is Thomas... what is your  
name?

Thomas takes a pause, as if waiting for a response, he watches the tape moving inside its compartment.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
Can you... give me some time-

Thomas clears his throat.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
-some sign... can you give me some  
sign that you are here?

Thomas holds the microphone out to the room, and looks around for a moment before hitting 'stop' on the recorder.

He rewinds some, and presses play.

THOMAS (O.C.)  
-lo... my name is Thomas... who is  
this?

Thomas closes his eyes, listening with intensity.

THOMAS (O.C.) (cont'd)  
My name is Thomas... what is your  
name?

He prepares himself for the eventual discovery of a voice...

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (O.C.) (cont'd)  
Can you... give me some time-

Thomas scowls a little, at his own confusion of words.

THOMAS (O.C.) (cont'd)  
-some sign... can you give me some  
sign that you are here?

As hard as he can listen, Thomas tries, and tries, but there is no sound, and then the obvious sound of the recording being stopped.

Thomas, disappointed, removes the headphones, and stops the tape recorder from continuing to play.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The world has become night once again as it has so many times before, the stars, the moon look down on the mysterious planet from a safe distance.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Thomas stands at the kitchen sink, he is cleaning a few dishes, the plate that has long rested as well as the utensils that it held.

Once sponging them off he sits them to dry on top of a dishtowel that he has set out for them.

He looks at the back of his hand to see how it is healing.

Pulling an empty glass, he fills it about halfway with tap water, downing the water, he sits the glass to the side of the sink.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the bathroom, Thomas brushes his teeth, the faucet running, he spits out his mouthful of toothpaste, and runs the toothbrush under the water, tapping it to dry he rests the accessory on a washcloth near the sink, turning off the water.

Thomas looks at himself in the mirror before turning to exit, shutting off the light as he does so.

INT. HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Thomas walks over to the couch and picks up his pillow, putting it under his arm, and then turning to the kitchen counter, on a piece of paper with a pen, he looks at the clock, he writes down 11:35pm, then grabs his car keys from the counter, holding them in his hand.

He then turns to the tape recorder and presses record.

Picking up the microphone, he draws it to his mouth.

THOMAS

To whom it may concern... if there  
is anything you'd like to say,  
please do so now...

Thomas stands in silence, bringing the microphone to his side, holding it out slightly, he sits the microphone down on the table, facing outwards towards the room, and looking at the cassette that is clearly rolling in its home, he turns turns and walks away from it.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas steps out of the front of the house, pillow in hand, he locks the door behind him, and unlocks his car with the FOB, the emergency lights blink as he does so.

He walks across the sidewalk to his parked car, and setting his pillow inside, he gets in, closing the door behind him.

In the faint moonlight we can see him try to get comfortable, to sleep for the night.

He watches the den light from his car, before turning on his side ever so slightly and closing his eyes, trying to get comfortable.

INT. HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Inside the house, vacant of any physical life, the tape recorder still rolls on, recording, the microphone recording anything it can beneath the surface and veil of the physical inside.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Thomas's car is void of any person, just Thomas's pillow and his property.

The front door is open slightly, the storm door itself fully closed.

INT. HOUSE

We hear the toilet flush and the bathroom sink running, the sound of hands breaking the steady stream, before shutting off.

A door opens from deep inside the house, and Thomas makes his way down the hallway.

Sitting on the table, next to the recorder is a cup of coffee and a glass of water.

Thomas carries himself to the table where he pulls out the chair, sitting down as he presses rewind.

He sips the all too hot coffee, and sitting the cup back down he brings the headphones to his head, resting them over his ears.

Standing up he pushes the window drapes to the side to not obstruct his view of the backyard.

He squints slightly at the daylight, trying to cool his coffee with his breath, the tape finally finishes rewinding.

Thomas hits stop, and presses play.

We hear the words from the night before.

THOMAS (O.C.)

To whom it may concern... if there  
is anything you'd like to say,  
please do so now...

The sounds, distance measured in proximity and time, of a grown man leaving a house, too scared to sleep amongst the unknown.

And then silence.

The sounds of nothing, filled with graininess, echo through Thomas's brain.

But nothing appears to be happening.

The tape slowly turns, playing through each painstaking second that its world was unfulfilled.

INT. HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Thomas has filled his coffee mug again with caffeine, and he sits back down, we see the clock has turned, as he puts the headphones back on, and pressing play he begins listening again.

This time there is something, his eyes widen slightly, and he quickly hits stop, rewind again ever so briefly, he presses play, and listens, the same voice again.

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
...help...mee...

Thomas mouths the words himself.

THOMAS  
...help...me...

He stops the tape, and hits rewind again, this time, popping the tape out of the recorder he looks at the measurement in the middle, and looking at his surroundings he doesn't see his pad and pen at first, but soon finds it on the counter.

Reaching over he grabs it, and starts doing math, the tape itself seems about three fourths the way through.

Writing down '45 min' he writes down the words 'help me?' and next to them writes '12:30-ish'.

Playing through it again, he keeps listening.

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
...help...mee...

Listening with a renewed interest, Thomas sips his coffee, and leans back in his chair, looking out the window.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Thomas stares out the window, headphones on, occupied, distracted by the world of the unknown.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Thomas, on his cellphone again, is pacing the front sidewalk, sipping his coffee.

THOMAS

Hey, so... I know I already said I'd probably be awhile longer than expected, but yeah, I'm definitely going to be... please give me a call when you can, I miss your voice -- but I found something, kind of... that I have to tell you about, it's really interesting, just give me a call when you can...

Beat.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Anyway, miss you, love you.

Thomas hits the 'End Call' button and pockets the phone again.

INT. HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Thomas stands inside the laundry room, cleaning it up, he is throwing blankets and old clothes into trash bags, and setting them aside, he has already done just that previously.

Reaching into cabinets and seeing old towels, he puts some of the folded ones aside, on top of the washer and dryer.

He also finds a flashlight that he pulls out, and sets down, reaching back into the cabinet he lets his mind wander for a moment, and then reaches for the flashlight again that he had just removed, testing it out, he sees the light does come on with ease.

Biting his lip with anticipation, he turns, unlocks the back door and steps out.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Thomas stands outside of the cellar, and walks down the steps... he opens the door and turns the flashlight on.

## INT. CELLAR

Thomas steps foot into the cellar, with his flashlight on, he also turns on the light inside, this time exploring further than before.

He points the light into recesses of the house, not seeing anything to take note of at first, he walks further, ducking down slightly in fear of bumping his head.

He takes almost strategic like steps further into the dank and musty.

The far end very dark he shines a light on it, and looks onward curiously at where his light has landed.

On the wall which it rests are marking, small black markings, almost like cave paintings, very elementary, child like in style, but runes none the less.

He looks very curious at this, as if it draws him closer.

While getting up next to them, he runs his hand over them, and they don't seem to smear, old and dry.

He reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a pen, looking around him, he finds an old piece of paper on the floor, and pressing it against his knee, he copies down the symbols.

## INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Thomas is going through the folder of house files, and is looking for something in particular. Finally finding a page with some handwritten notes, he finds a name and a number, and starts punching them into his cell phone.

## EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Thomas, pacing outside of the house again, this time near his car, the day keeps moving on as bright as ever, though Thomas fears what darkness his call could erupt.

THOMAS

Hey, hello, Melissa... this is Thomas, or Tommy, um, I met you at the funeral, I was an old friend of Johnny's, and I know you probably don't want to discuss it right now etc, but I'm at your all's old house... I remember you saying that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (cont'd)  
he had, acted kind of -- strange  
before the divorce, and what not,  
but, I have some questions, just  
cause, I'm finding some -- well, to  
be honest some really weird shit is  
going on here, I think -- if you  
could call me back when you can on  
this number, that would be  
excellent, again, this is Thomas --  
hope you and Paul are doing fine --  
oh! And if you want, I can set  
aside all of Paul's toys, not sure  
if he would want to hold on to  
those, you know, just in case --  
anyway, take care, talk to you  
soon. Bye.

Thomas disconnects the call, pocketing the phone as before,  
he looks out at the world, exhausted.

Turning he walks, begrudgingly back into the house.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Thomas sits at the computer desk that once belonged to  
Johnny.

A trash bag in his hand, he turns the CPU on, and it starts  
WHIRRING as it lights up, starting to boot for the first  
time in who knows how long...

Going over the desk he grabs multiple empty cans that are  
sitting about, and tosses them into the trash bag.

He sits, almost impatient waiting for the computer to turn  
on.

Reaching forward he realizes he needs to turn on the  
monitor, and in doing so, the monitor's power light turns  
green, and the screen comes to life, as it loads.

He opens the desk drawer and sees papers inside, but  
flipping through them ever so briefly, he finds nothing of  
interest, and soon closes the drawer as the computer  
finishes loading.

Testing the mouse, he realizes that the mouse is dead, it  
does not move the cursor at all.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

...hmm...

Thinking how to get around this, he tries to remember keyboard controls as he looks over the keys of the small board.

The first few buttons not working he finally remembers some, and starts scrolling through highlighted programs on the desktop.

Thomas in a massive amount of inquisition, looks curiously like an old fashioned Sherlock, at the screen.

Glancing over to his right, his face turns to an expression that says "seriously?"

Reaching over, there is a battery charger.

He pulls batteries from it, and replaces the batteries in the mouse.

Clicking a few times, the cursor has now come to life.

He double clicks on the search engine icon.

As a white screen displays, a pop-up command box flashes onto the screen reading "Search Engine was shut down incorrectly, would you like to restore web pages?"

He hovers the cursor over 'yes' and clicks.

Four tabs appear and begin loading.

An email page, and three other tabs, all displaying paranormal research, Thomas squints at this, not sure if he wants to continue, but does so.

Clicking on one of the tabs, he realizes that it had been shut down on a site that explained electronic voice phenomenon.

THOMAS (cont'd)

(reading)

...Some people believe that disembodied voices of the once living can be recorded...

Thomas looks 'not thrilled' at what he has read.

THOMAS (cont'd)

(to self)

Thanks Johnny, that's not creepy...

(CONTINUED)

Hitting control tab he goes to the next page.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
(reading)  
The Witching Hour is believed to be  
when supernatural events can most  
likely occur... witches, spirits,  
and the dead... etc...

Control + tab.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
Jesus Johnny... what the fuck was  
going on here?

Control + tab once more.

The website displayed is of a symbol dictionary, we can see  
various jpegs of runes and ancient symbols.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

In the kitchen Thomas quickly starts a pot of coffee.

Looking at the counter, he sees that his phone isn't there,  
and starting with curiosity that quickly changes when he  
pulls his cell phone out of his pocket, he plugs it in to  
begin the charge, the display on the screen showing no new  
notifications.

He exhales, and looks out the window.

LATER

Pouring the cup of coffee, he shuts off the machine.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Thomas is seated at the desk again, his coffee mug sitting  
beside the keyboard on a coaster, he has the old piece of  
paper where he copied down the symbols, and begins searching  
for them.

We scroll down a list, but he can't seem to match them, what  
they are in fact, little known to him, or the audience are  
multiple demonic symbols that have been overlapped on top of  
each other to create stronger sigils.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Again, the day has turned to night around the house, dimly lit, barely any lights on.

Thomas is sitting at the table with the recorder, as before, just looking out the window.

He looks at the clock on the wall, it reads 12:25.

He takes a deep breath and hits record on the tape player.

Hesitating, he slowly brings the headphones to his head, placing them over his ears.

Clearing his throat.

THOMAS  
Hello... hello...

Biting his lip, contemplating what words to say.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
My name is Thomas... what is  
yours?

There is silence.

He turns up the volume, he can hear graininess, regular static distortion.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
Could you please say your name?

Thomas looks around him, at his surroundings.

He pivots in his chair, turning slightly, moving the recorder near the end of the table, so he can hold the microphone out to the room, still static.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
Is anyone there?

The tape slowly records, the spools moving inside the tape player.

The clock reads 12:30.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
Is anyone-

(CONTINUED)

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
...*help...mee...*

Thomas goes white, his eyes widening.

THOMAS  
Is someone there? I'm here, I'm  
listening...

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
...*help...mee...*

THOMAS  
(under his breath)  
Fucking hell.

Licking his lips, he stutters slightly.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
Is this Johnny?

Silence.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
Hey, hello? Johnny? If that is  
you, this is Thomas....

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
...*please...someone...*

THOMAS  
What... what can I do to help? I  
want-

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
...*help...mee...*

THOMAS  
I want to help -- what can I do?

Silence again, Thomas is obviously scared, worried, he  
stands, but is shaking slightly.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
What... what is your name?

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
...*Abigail...where are you...*

THOMAS  
I'm here -- I can hear you...

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
...I can't see...

THOMAS (O.C.)  
It's okay... I'm here... do... is,  
um... is Johnny... is Johnny there?

Silence.

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
...my eyes...

THOMAS  
Can... I... can I talk to  
Johnny? Is, Johnny there?

Thomas holds the microphone out.

His eyes show complete fright over what is happening.

The microphone trembles, shaking in his hand.

He tries to listen as hard as he can, and leaning over to the recorder he turns up the volume as high as it can go, to 'max'.

WHISPER 2 (O.C.)  
...GET OUT!...

Thomas jumps backwards, pulling the tape recorder with him off the table, he falls backwards over a chair, and struggling to get to his feet, throws off his headphones and runs for the door.

As he makes his way across the den, the sofa moves backwards slightly, almost tripping him up, he stumbles on the hardwood and reaches the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas quickly runs out of the house, falling in the front yard, he looks back at the house, frightened.

THOMAS  
(frightened)  
FUCK!

Thomas tries to catch his breath.

The lights in the den flicker, as a shadow appears at the curtains, before the lights turn off.

(CONTINUED)

Taking a pause from the intensity of the moment, Thomas collects himself, and stands back up.

He walks, first over to his car, and trying the handle realizes that it is locked.

He makes his way back towards the house, but stepping into the tiny garden, tries to peer inside the front window, but can't really see anything.

Taking a backwards step out of the garden, Thomas walks down the sidewalk to the front storm door, and peeks inside, but doesn't see anything.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The inside is as we left it, a few things in disarray, the tape recorder on the ground, the cord pulled from the wall, a chair tipped over, the sofa slightly asked.

Very cautiously, Thomas clicks the storm door open, and pulls it, trying to be stealthy as he can be but that proves to be a fruitless endeavor as the spring hinges squeal as they are stretched.

He takes his first step back into the dark house, heel first.

With his hand on the door he guides it shut, quietly.

Squinting he tries to see what shapes he can make out in the dark.

Taking a controlling breath he calms himself, and his nerves and walks further into the place, side stepping the sofa, as if it were a contagion he makes his way to the closest lamp and fixing it, he turns it on, the room now has faint light.

Once reaching where the wall ends, he peers around the corner, and doesn't see anything in the hallway, just darkness.

He makes his way back over to the table, and picks up the chair.

Crouching down he picks up the tape recorder, still in one piece, along with the microphone, and headphones, and standing, sits them all back on the table.

The tape isn't moving, having been stopped in the fall.

He looks around the room, cautiously as he raises the headphones to his ears.

(CONTINUED)

He turns the volume down slightly, and rewinds some.

Taking a deep breath, whether he wants to or not is uncertain, as Thomas presses play.

THOMAS (O.C.)  
-- can I talk to Johnny? Is,  
Johnny there?

Thomas listens with baited breath as he stares out into the supposedly empty room.

WHISPER 2 (O.C.)  
...GET OUT!...

He can hear the sound of a crash, the noises brought to life from when he stumbled back unprepared for the closeness of the voice.

Amidst the sounds of clanging as he made his way to the door... Thomas's eyes go wide again as we hear...

WHISPER 3 (O.C.)  
...three...a...m...he waits...

Thomas stops the tape recorder here as the sounds stop as well.

He looks at the clock, it reads 12:53am...

Thomas sits down the headphones.

THOMAS  
Johnny? I know your voice... I'm  
not going to get out... I'm not  
trying to... hurt you, or  
something... I want to help... tell  
me how to help...

Thomas looks around worried, and then something grabs his attention.

The shattered mirror that hangs on the wall above where Johnny's blood stains the floor is askew.

THOMAS  
(quietly)  
I miss you buddy... I want to help  
you...

Thomas walks over to it and straightens it, hearing a crunch beneath his feet, he looks down and sees that there is some crumbled plaster on the ground, he crouches down and plays with it between his fingers.

He looks up and sees that the crack on the ceiling has become a little bigger, the blackness of it a little darker.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The trees sit in silence beneath a sky that has started to brighten, a new day, a new life.

Thomas is on the screen porch, sitting in a chair, reclined back slightly, tired, sleepy as he watches the sunrise. A beer sitting beside him on the ground.

Onward, Thomas just stares, half conscious of his reality unfolding, half a foot already in the lower depths of his journey, the antithesis of his life.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

The outside of the house is quiet, the sun has risen more to a direct sunlight and very little moves.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Fast asleep in the bed, shoes on, still wearing all of his clothes, is Thomas, where he at some point earlier stumbled in and possibly just fell into a slumber.

His body not exactly in a comfortable position as much as it is just flopped onto the bed like a pile of dead meat, the clock on the night stand says 12:30.

INT. HOUSE - HALL

Stirring from within the bedroom, we hear that Thomas has awoken and he walks, with half steps out of the room, exhausted and tired, he makes his way to the bathroom.

Once inside we can hear him as he uses the toilet.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Standing at the kitchen, worn, tired, bags beneath his eyes, Thomas is brewing a pot of coffee beside him.

He reaches over and picks up a mandarin orange.

(CONTINUED)

As if somewhere between his normal life, his unreal world (reference Thich Nhat Hanh's meditation on eating an orange).

He peels the skin, in as many larger pieces as possible...

He starts splitting the orange along it's seems, and with each piece attempts to remove the 'veins' as much as possible before popping the slice in his mouth.

Chewing it as if enjoying each time that his teeth pop open the juicy interior, he looks rather content, for the first time since before he arrived at this death trap.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Thomas sits at the table again, with the tape recorder and pops in a tape, he hits play.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
-a new space age adventure, The Spaceman and the Englishman... what did you think Johnny?

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
I thought the movie was rather trite to be quite honest, never quite succeeding in its metaphors.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
I disagree, I feel that the film itself had an immense amount of passion, and aggression, edge of your seat excitement!

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
But the musical number was quite atrocious!

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
I do agree there but we can not deny that it was well written.

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
For a fifth grader it wasn't bad.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
But this was written by seniors.

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
That's my point!

(CONTINUED)

Thomas growing tired of this bit, hits fast forward and then hits play.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
-but careful, remember last time  
Doctor Pterodactyl-

JOHNNY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
(Pterodactyl)  
Brawwwk-

The kids on the tape sound explosions again.

TOMMY - AGE 12 (O.S.)  
NOT AGAIN DOCTOR PTERODACTYL!!

Thomas hits stop and stares out the window.

He reaches for the tape that he previously removed from the cassette player and puts a sticker on the outside, feeling his pockets for a pen, and finally finding one, he marks it 'voices', and sets it aside.

He grabs another blank tape and opens the packaging.

He pops it into the tape recorder with wariness.

Thomas takes a sip from his cup of coffee and as if giving up he hits record.

THOMAS  
Hey... this is Thomas, Tommy...  
coming at ya live from the Johnny  
and Tommy show studios...

Thomas sips the coffee and looks around the room, and back out the window.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
Where are you Johnny, where are  
you, I ask? Maybe, maybe the  
possible explanation of this all is  
that you are crazy as fuck, crazier  
than we all believed and this is  
the most elaborate prank I've ever  
seen. And if it is, then please...  
tell me...

Thomas sits in silence, and hits stop with almost an immense amount of aggression.

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

The sun is near setting on the world, about ready to leave the trees and everything it has spent so much time warming, in shadows.

INT. HOUSE

The tape recorder is recording, and Thomas, sitting at it, staring, has the microphone in hand.

THOMAS

So... when I got here, there was a bloodstain on the floor, and I'm assuming that's where everything happened, or where they found him, and then there were some tapes, and after recording stuff, I heard a voice, and maybe I'm going insane. Maybe this place is contagious, and whatever Johnny had, I now have, why not, seems reasonable?

Thomas clears his throat, and now has a beer in front of him that he nurses.

THOMAS (cont'd)

I didn't do much today, just sat around, didn't receive any calls... didn't clean anything, just contemplated every little thing that I know... because... what do any of us really know... when it comes down to it all... in the end...

Thomas stares, the tape turning, recording silence.

THOMAS (cont'd)

(quiet)

Are you recording something right now? Are you recording the voices that are all around me Mr. Tape Recorder?

Thomas stares longer, the tape spools moving in silence.

THOMAS (cont'd)

(Pterodactyl then normal)

BRAWWK! OH NO, Doctor Pterodactyl!

Thomas laughs to himself, and presses stop again on the recorder.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

The clock on the nightstand reads 8:43PM.

Thomas is sitting at the computer, he is scrolling through some paranormal site articles, but nothing that seems to interest him.

THOMAS

If at any point you want to tell me what I'm looking for, that would be super great...

Thomas opens up a new tab and typing in an address that leads to an email inbox, he types in his screen name and password (\*\*\*\*\*) and hits enter.

The inbox shows plenty of titles of spam like emails, nothing that he really cares to see.

He clicks to open a New Message... in the text body field he starts typing the following message:

"Hey Linda, please call me. I haven't heard from you. Love you, please call tomorrow or whenever, please."

The cursor hovers over send and then hits 'enter' and the email disappears.

Hitting minimize, he hovers over the desktop icons, and one of the icons on the screen is a text document, that is just titled "ARS-GOETIA-9.odt"

Thomas double clicks this.

When it opens, it reveals fifty pages of blank white screen with a random scattering here and there of sentences, or random letters and/or numbers.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Oh, well what the fuck do we have here Mr. Thomas?

THOMAS

(british)

Right oh dear sir, a *mystery* is afoot!

Thomas takes a bigger drink of his beer this time.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (cont'd)  
(muttering)  
...fucking unbelievable...

Thomas then shrugs at what he just said.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
...and... unreadable...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

All is dark and quiet with the world in the countryside of nothing-ness.

The trees are only darkened cracks of an already black Earth.

INT. HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

The den is quiet, all lights are off, except an ominous light from above the kitchen sink neighboring the main room.

Nothing has been put back in place from the last time that it had moved when Thomas occupied this room.

The room sits still, and quiet.

The coffee pot half empty, the tape recorder unmoving...

...an empty beer can or two sit amongst the tapes.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

The lights in this room are on, illuminating what emptiness and lonesome feels like, a room void of any moving and living life.

Thomas sits at the computer desk, asleep, leaned back, slightly slouched in a seated position, the computer screen in front of him still a white document page, with a random sentence.

Beer cans sit about the desk, and one is still being held by Thomas in his lap.

The computer screen blinks, words randomly appear, before it shuts off.

Thomas stirs very slightly, still passed out from a lack of sleep.

(CONTINUED)

The beer can in his hand at a slight angle, starts to tip more, eventually sliding just enough to begin spilling beer in his lap.

The beer soaks into his pant leg, and it takes a moment for any reaction.

At the feeling of a liquid being soaked up in cloth against his skin, Thomas suddenly wakes with a burst of life, and adjusts the beer, holding it up straight as he does so.

THOMAS

SHIT!

Holding the beer out, trying not to let it drip anymore.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Dammit, shit!

Thomas sits the beer down on the desk, and tries to wipe the beer off of his pants but of course it is too late, it has already been soaked in.

Sliding the chair out from under him as he stands upright, he looks at what damage the beer has done to his pants, and looks less upset, but slightly disappointed in himself.

He then looks back at the clock "2:34am".

Staring at the clock Thomas hesitates, and then looks at the dark hallway outside of the room.

THOMAS (cont'd)

(whisper)

...well shit...

He slowly walks forward.

The darkness seems to be all enveloping, the interior of the house is in complete shadow.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Slowly walking out of the room, heel to toe, he walks to where the hallway turns right, and when reaching there he looks down the hall.

Thomas's heart is moving at a more rapid pace as he realizes that he may have fallen behind enemy lines.

He can see the kitchen sink light in the distance illuminating what little it can, barely making it down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

Pursing his lips, an attempt to breathe calmly, he takes a step forward, very slowly.

Thomas takes another step.

A heavy piece of furniture, wooden from the sound against the wooden floor slides, and echoes down the hallway towards him.

Thomas stops moving, breathes in silence, his eyes wide, staring at the only way out.

Another piece of furniture moves.

Thomas takes a half step back.

THOMAS  
(whispering)  
...it's just whatever, right?

Thomas shrugs unconvincingly to himself.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
(whispering)  
Just the house settling...

Another piece moves, quickly followed by another.

Thomas jumps at this, and stands still, petrified at the corner of the hallway.

A bar stool at the counter suddenly is thrown over, following another, and the light to the kitchen shuts off.

A distant sound, rumbling, like a roar emerges from the darkness and Thomas quickly turns, running into the master bedroom.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Entering the room, Thomas quickly closes the door behind him.

Something hits the door, hard, trying to push its way in.

Thomas quickly turns, pushing his back against the door, bouncing with each thud, whispering 'oh God's' to himself, muttering.

Loud banging, something big, something strong, pushing as hard as it can.

(CONTINUED)

For the first time Thomas notices, over his shoulder that something has been written, and turning but trying to keep his hands on the door, he sees that a large sigil of some sort has been drawn on the backside of the door.

The banging continues as hard as ever, trying to break through, but Thomas knows something this thing doesn't, at least he can feel it in his gut.

And slowly letting go of the door, Thomas takes a few steps backwards, no longer holding the door, the banging continues, but whatever the symbol is, has prevented this thing from entering.

THOMAS  
(whispering)  
...shit...

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

The daylight is creeping into the world, lighting it once again as it has since before time was a theory.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

The sunlight, as it crept into the world has begun to creep through windows and blinds.

Thomas is on the floor, his back on the door and sigil.

He is looking straight forward, the bags under his eyes having worsened as if over night.

INT. HOUSE - HALL

The door creaks open slowly into a still dark house, but not quite as black as it was, house.

Thomas peaks around the corner of the door and out into the world of the house.

Opening it all the way now, he steps out.

He breathes more calmly than before, almost a sigh of relief.

## INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Quickly walking into the kitchen, Thomas looks at what damage has been done, but everything seems normal, the bar stools are in their normal position, nothing really seems moved, at least as far as he can tell.

He eyes everything and looks at the counter, his phone charger still there, his phone plugged in, still charging, he checks to see if there are any calls, but nothing new.

He quickly unplugs it, and heads for the door.

## EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Out in front, sitting on the step, Thomas has the phone to his ear.

THOMAS

Linda, it's Thomas, big surprise  
huh? Call me, bye, just, please  
call, if I don't pick up, leave  
just leave a message, or email me,  
I sent you an email last night,  
just, get in touch.

Thomas takes a breath.

THOMAS (cont'd)

It's me, Thomas.

## EXT. WOODS - DAY

Thomas is walking through the woods, he has his phone in hand and keeps checking it at random intervals to see if he has any new information, but none seems to appear.

He takes soft steps, trying to breathe lightly as he can, meditative in his process of doing so, he looks up at the tops of the trees.

## EXT. WOODS - LATER

Thomas has taken a seat on a log, and trying to relax he looks forward.

We can see the house in the far distance, through the trees.

He closes one eye, and then the other, displacing the position of the house in his vision.

(CONTINUED)

With one eye closed, he leans and blocks out any view of the house whatsoever with trees in the foreground.

This makes him smile reflectively to himself.

His attention is brought downward to the forest floor.

His expression changes to curiosity, at least as much as he can muster with such a tired constitution.

He stands, and looks around.

(The following Thomas O.C. dialogues are being read into the recorder at a different time period.)

THOMAS (O.C.)  
*...So last night was scary  
Johnny...*

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The empty house sits, haunting in its beauty of being touched by the surreal, we start at the bedroom door and work our way backwards down the hallway and around the corner.

THOMAS (O.C.)  
*...I dare say I was merely possibly  
attacked devoured I say dear sir...  
such, I don't know, so there's  
something here right? Or is it  
you? Is it you Johnny? --*

Past the rooms, and past the kitchen, into the den... the bloodstain on the floor, the broken mirror, the crack in the ceiling ever so dark, and slightly larger than before, but not massive by any means quite yet.

THOMAS (O.C.) (cont'd)  
*you here Johnny? I hear Johnny --  
Are you even here anymore? Maybe  
there was a voice that sounded like  
you, but that's like every ghost,  
am I right? -- haha -- a chorus,  
when do you all do open mic night?*

EXT. WOODS

Thomas is still standing, looking downward, and he takes a few steps forward...

THOMAS (O.C.)

*...I went for a walk in the woods to reflect, to try to grasp on to any sanity that I have left because of your jackass house -- one with nature -- and just -- what --*

On the forest floor, beneath a few leaves is something somewhat shiny, glistening in the sunlight that has sneaked its way downward towards the ground.

THOMAS (O.C.) (cont'd)

*...there is an unnatural order to this place Johnny -- there was a bird -- I'm almost positive it was a bird -- its song was an old one --*

After removing some leaves from the object, we see what is possibly a bird, only identifiable because of the few feathers that lay about what is clearly open and bloody meat of sorts.

THOMAS (O.C.) (cont'd)

*...I did what anyone would do -- I allowed it to sing for everyone else I suppose.*

Thomas looks saddened by this, worried.

Suddenly it it moves, not much, but enough, moving what might be a head split in two.

Thomas falls backwards, and struggling to his feet, he sees it is moving slower.

He turns, looking around, and finds a heavy rock.

Picking it up, he comes back to the 'bird' and taking a deep breath --

The 'bird' squawks loudly --

Thomas slams the rock down, multiple times, the bottom of the rock being bloodied.

Thomas is close to tears, taking deep breaths, wide eyes, bags under eyes.

INT. HOUSE - DEN - EVENING

Thomas is sitting at the table, talking into the tape recorder, sipping a beer -- (this is where he has been recording the past narrations.)

THOMAS

I still haven't heard from Linda, my phone is hopeless out here, but there's just something about this place that I don't understand and... I just wish someone could explain that to me, that isn't too much to ask right?

Thomas looks very weary.

THOMAS (cont'd)

I miss you Linda... I wish you would call... if you get this because I'm dead, then maybe this is one of those tapes that someone leaves for someone, because they've died, my living will, haha -- if I make it out of here I'll hide it from you so you'll never know and it will just be between me and the ether or ethos or whatever and life will go on hunky dory blah blah -- if I end up dying here I'll make sure that --

Thomas sips his beer, but then looks as if remembering something.

He hits stop on the recorder, and turning around to face the table he starts going through the tapes, and uncovers the first tape that he ever pulled out of the recorder, the tape marked "March 2nd".

THOMAS (cont'd)

Son of a bitch-

He puts it in the tape recorder and hits rewind.

The tape rewinding quickly, it finally stops.

Thomas presses play --

The sound of the tape recorder having started recording prematurely.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY (O.C.)

So there's this... a woman... she told me her name was Abigail... she died here a long time ago, she was one of the first and I assume one of the most powerful -- she doesn't seem... affected? Not as much anyway. But she's lost either way... they all are...

THOMAS

(to self)

Johnny...

Thomas starts tearing up at the sound of his voice.

JOHNNY (O.C.)

I find that it is hard to leave -- but I was able to get my Melissa and the kid out -- but they probably wanted to leave -- I'm sure I sound mad -- or insane -- or whatever -- it's called magick they say, with a 'k' so its legit and real, haha.

There is a long pause in the tape, as we can hear Johnny just breathing, perhaps drinking something, or having a smoke.

The house remains silent down vacant halls.

JOHNNY (O.C.) (cont'd)

I saw him -- in reflections -- glass and mirrors seem to be it -- that's like key I think -- it's gotta be right? I dunno -- I've looked up a lot of symbols and what not -- sigils? That's a thing -- but I feel that once he knows you -- you won't be able to leave -- I should have left with them -- I'm sorry Melissa, I'm sorry Paulie -- I love you guys --

The tape ends here with a 'pop' (the sound of someone stopping the recording.)

What follows is a few seconds of silence.

Thomas looks disappointed in the tape now, and standing walks to the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

Opening the fridge he pulls another beer from inside, and popping it open stands at the counter looking at the tape which only echoes the sounds of a blank tape, a little grainy, but nothing to note.

He looks across the counter at it, judging.

WHISPER 1 (O.C.)  
*...no... you should have left...*

Thomas stops drinking and as if in slow motion readjusts all attention towards the tape recorder, which is slowly spinning on its spools.

WHISPER 2 (O.C.)  
*...the baby is scared... shhh...*

Thomas seems shaken by this.

WHISPER 3 (O.C.)  
*...he's coming...*

The roars from before are echoed here, slamming, loud winds, a lion-like roar emerging from somewhere between the veil of reality.

Thomas sits the beer down, and grabs his keys off the counter leaving the kitchen.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas makes his way to his car with haste --

Unlocking it he gets in --

Thomas looks out the front windshield at the house and sees what looks like a peaceful place.

He sticks the key in the ignition and tries to start the car but it won't start, it just keeps turning but never turning over.

THOMAS  
You've gotta be kidding me, come  
on...

Thomas looks up into the rearview mirror, and squints his eyes trying to focus on something, but not seeing anything there he tries his car again, but it doesn't start.

He then gives up, getting out of his car, he looks around for any solution, but can't seem to find any.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas enters the house as it was before, and stops in the den at the bloodstain and looking at it slightly disappointed, he then looks up at the clock on the wall, 12:34.

THOMAS  
Okay... fuck you then...

He makes his way into the kitchen, and finishes his beer.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
Okay, so, if that symbol protects you, then what the fuck are the other goddamn fucking motherfucking symbols you piece of shit!

Thomas then catches his breath.

THOMAS  
They! Those are calling cards! SO... some symbols draw things, others reject things, therefore fuck you, take away the original symbols, you don't have an open door, so eat a dick... right?

THOMAS  
Right! That's just motherfuckin' science.

Thomas looks at the kitchen sink where the scrubber and sponge are.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas exits the backdoor, holding a flashlight and sponge/scrubber in hand.

He makes his way down to the cellar.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

The door opening, Thomas enters it and turns on the light inside.

He then also turns on the flashlight as a just in case, and makes his way towards the back, making sure to duck down as he does so.

(CONTINUED)

Confronting the symbols, he tries to scrub them, but nothing happens at first.

He looks at them painstakingly and scrubs harder.

Working up some spit, Thomas then spits onto the scrubber and starts wiping again, his knuckles going white at the amount of pressure that he is putting on it.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The back of the house sits in silence, lights on inside, a light coming from the open cellar a distant sound of scrubbing.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

We go through the seemingly empty house, and the camera as if ghostly drifting down to a vent we can hear the sound of scrubbing metal from deep within and beneath the house.

A curtain drifts slightly.

A bar stool scratches across the floor.

INT. CELLAR

The flashlight laying on the ground next to Thomas's feet, where he is crouched down, scrubbing.

He finally pulls the scrubber back.

The symbols have all been broken in one way or another, not completely wiped away, but broken enough that in folklore they would no longer hold power nor remain as seals.

Thomas seems out of breath, he leans over and picks up the flashlight, shining it on the symbols so he can clearly see that they have all been broken.

Beat.

He sits back, his butt on the dirt floor.

THOMAS

Well there you have it... good  
job...

Thomas breathily laughs, and then coughs from dehydration.

He takes a deep breath, as if a job has been well done.

(CONTINUED)

He cracks his neck, and winces slightly in pain from the repetition.

Silence.

The sound of heavy feet on hardwood floors above him creak as if someone is walking.

Thomas shines his flashlight upwards at the ceiling of the cellar.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Having emerged from the cellar, Thomas looks at the house, flashlight in hand, he stares, in silence, as if waiting to hear a noise at any moment, but he hears nothing but wilderness.

From the woods behind him he hears the sounds of leaves crunching, he turns, shining the flashlight but sees nothing but darkness.

A distant bird's whistle, and the fluttering of wings.

From inside the house, there is a loud crash.

Thomas quickly makes his way up the back steps.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas walks into the house, through the backdoor cautiously, having with utmost immediacy slowing his pace down to a crawl, a sneak.

He walks further in, reaching the hallway he looks towards the master bedroom, and the door seems to have swung ever so slightly, inside the chair is knocked over, and some articles lay about on the floor from what he can see.

INT. HOUSE - HALL

We see Thomas creep out into the hall and look towards the den, but not seeing anything he continues towards the master bedroom.

## INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

The bedroom is a wreck, someone or something has run through it with tornado like percision, if it hangs, it is swinging slightly, if it rolls, it is rolling to a stop having just been knocked on their sides.

Thomas walks in cautiously, and walking all the way into the room, he looks worried, as he should be, knowing he should be.

He then turns to check what he somewhere deep down knows has already happened.

Slowly putting his hand on the door, he starts to close it, to check the back.

The symbol on the back of the door, the protection, the seal of a sigil has been marked through as if someone has tried to scribble it out.

Thomas's deepest fear have come true and it shows on his face.

He opens the door wide and runs out.

## INT. HOUSE - DEN

Running into the den, Thomas grabs his cell phone, puts it in his pocket and heads to the front door, but it is jammed, and doesn't seem to open, in a panic, he turns to the side door and tries there, this having the same affect.

He turns to run back down the hall but stops in his tracks.

The master bedroom light which shines light into the hallway suddenly goes black, the bathroom's light, suddenly goes black...

When the guest bedroom's light goes dark the door slams shut, and Thomas quickly turns to the front window, and trying there, but to no avail he looks around for something to possibly crash through it, and heads to the the table where he grabs a chair, picking it up he stops --

He looks in the reflection of the television and sees his reflection holding the chair, but also sees a figure behind him.

Quickly turning something shoves him, knocking him over onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

An invisible force grabs at one of his ankles and tugs him, dragging him across the floor.

Somehow losing its grip, Thomas is able to get out of its hold and he struggles to slide back towards the fire place, in a seated position (the audience can see sigils faintly in the back of the fireplace.)

Out of breath Thomas glances around, and looks at the television -- there seems to be no shadows reflected within.

Thomas struggles to his feet, and cautiously sidesteps to the table.

He puts on the headphones and hits record.

Listening he doesn't hear anything, but distant voices somewhere deep within the house.

THOMAS

Where are you?

There is a click noise and Thomas looks towards the front door, seeing that it has opened slightly.

He sits down the headphones, cautiously.

Thomas looks at the clock out of the corner of his eye, the time reads "3:15am".

Taking a controlled breath, Thomas takes a few steps slowly towards the front door, and after a few steps starts walking quicker --

As he nears the mirror on the wall, a force pushes him against the wall from his chest, crashing the mirror to the ground, along with him, the rest of it shattering.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Shit...

Thomas looks at his hand and sees that some glass has cut him from the mirror.

Suddenly Thomas starts struggling for breath.

His breaths are staccato and stopping at mid-throat.

Thomas's throat is straining.

He starts reaching for it trying to grasp at the nothing that is trying to block his windpipe.

He begins clawing at his throat, but nothing seems to help.

(CONTINUED)

Thomas gets once more chance as he suddenly is able to breathe in deeply, and trying to slide away again, but something pushes against his chest, slamming the back of his head into the hardwood floor.

The force begins choking him once again.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
(strained)  
Help...

He stops trying to claw at the non-material grasp and his hand moves down to his side, feeling around, he finds a shard of the mirror.

Weak, his hand struggles to grasp it, but finally doing so in a dagger like position, he lifts it, ever so slightly off the ground, but fights to find the strength as he loses oxygen.

Suddenly he swings.

CLOSE-UP THOMAS'S FACE

We see Thomas suddenly breathe in deeply, no more straining.

He tries to breathe out however, and blood emerges from his mouth.

The wooden floor behind him, blood starts to pool around his head, coming from beneath his jaw.

Thomas moves slightly and we see his hand pull away the mirror shard still in its grasp, but not darkened with a dark red liquid.

His face is scared, worried, as we zoom out and see that his throat has been gashed open.

THOMAS (cont'd)  
(strained)  
Help...

Thomas starts choking on his blood, as we slowly zoom out.

His face goes still, his body, giving in to the only promise life gives us.

THOMAS (O.C.)  
...help...

(CONTINUED)

We zoom in closer to the crack in the ceiling, the voices, all of them, some we have heard, and some we haven't, and a lion's roar, emerge, voilently loud over the tops of each other, trying to out do each other... then suddenly... it cracks more plaster, and silence.

The tape recorder sits on the table still, the ac adapter not plugged into the side -- as dead as anything else.

FADE TO BLACK.