



Written By

Jonathan Klemke

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

The frantic SCRIBBLING of a pen on thick paper echoes from the cramped study.

It's an old room, dark wood walls lined with book-filled shelves.

At the end of the room, ART BENNET, 50s, is hunched before an altar-like desk. With skeletal features and male pattern baldness - his skin hangs like he's lost a lot of weight. Quickly.

Art scratches away at a great leather bound volume in front of him. His writing intensifies.

The scratching reaches a crescendo when -

It stops.

Art wipes his brow.

His hands shake as he lifts up the tome - its rough pages filled with crimson writing.

With a contented sigh, Art gently closes the book and scoots his chair back.

He turns to a small hatch in the ground behind him. Its door is cracked.

SOMETHING lurks in the shadows.

Art smiles down at it before sliding the book inside.

The hatch CLAPS shut.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Art CLOMPS up the stairs and gently pushes open a hall door to reveal a dark bedroom.

One side of the bed is occupied - a lump under blankets.

Art pauses in the doorway, a drunken sway in his stance.

He smiles and stumbles into the room, leaving the door open behind him.

Art drops his pants and tosses aside his shirt. He climbs into bed and sighs.

He rolls over to look at the figure besides him.

A WOMAN, 50s, a horrified visage is locked on her blood-flecked face. A great slash carved across her throat.

Art smiles and kisses her forehead.

He rolls over and pulls the blood soaked blankets close around him.

As he exhales, his body grows still. He dies.

In the doorway, the silhouette of a naked woman watches.

The door closes.

SIX MONTHS LATER

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

A beat up station wagon rattles along the winding rural roads. It's followed closely by a large white box truck.

INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, LIAM, 20s, with shaggy hair and a fútbol jersey sits, flicking a toothpick back and forth in his mouth. His eyes follow the road.

LIAM

Isn't much funder now.

On the bench seat next to him, SAM and ROWAN exchange a look.

ROWAN, 30s, is a wiry ginger with a shaggy beard. He wouldn't look out of place in a cafe in a Victor Hugo novel.

ROWAN

I suppose that's good. Don't want to get a cramp.

Silence.

Rowan gives a nervous chuckle and rubs Sam's neck.

SAM, 30s, is a yuppie mom with a splash of faded pink in her hair and some half-covered tattoos. She's the de facto adult of the family.

SAM

When you told me it was a country house, I didn't realize it was this far out.

ROWAN
It really is a charming place.

SAM
I'm sure. Just worried the ride's a
bit much for the kids.

Sam glances in the back at the kids.

CONOR, 12, is a lanky ginger that's draped in the hipster
aesthetic of his parents. He taps away at a Gameboy.

Next to Conor is BRIE, 12, a freckle-faced, frizzy-haired
little bookworm. Her nose is stuck in the pages of a book.

Last, JESS, 8, has her brown hair in a boy's cut. With
galoshes and a tutu, she's a wild one. She thumps a headless
doll against the window.

ROWAN
Oh, they're ok. Aren't ya kids?

They ignore him.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
See?

Rowan lifts an eyebrow, but Sam isn't buying it.

SAM
(To the Kids)
Just a little further, ok guys?

KIDS
Ok.

They answer in unison.

Sam shakes her head and returns her gaze to the landscape.

EXT. IRISH MANOR GATE - LATER

The caravan pulls up to a large gate and Liam hops out of the
car. He unlocks a massive padlock and pushes the gates ajar.

Sam cranes her neck to see the house waiting in the distance.

Tall and boxy, the massive manor sits alone on a hill
overlooking the sprawling lands around it. Its face is
covered with a deep green ivy that is beginning to brown.

Liam climbs back in and the wagon scales the drive.

SAM
You weren't kidding.

Rowan smiles.

EXT. IRISH MANOR

The wagon and box truck pull into the round about in front of the house and SQUEAK to a stop.

Liam throws the door open and hops out, he holds it for Sam as she slides across the seat to exit on the driver side.

Rowan struggles with the latch, but eventually busts out of the other side.

As Sam and Rowan take in the looming manor before them, Liam marches up to the front door. Sliding in the key, he pushes the door open to reveal the musty home.

SAM
Oh wow.

ROWAN
Great, right?

SAM
It's wonderful. How can we afford it?

Rowan stares at the ground.

ROWAN
Uh, well, you know.

Sam stares back him.

SAM
No, really: how can we afford this?

ROWAN
Marty.

SAM
Marty, your literary agent Marty?

Rowan nods.

ROWAN
One of his other clients owns it.

Sam frowns.

JESS (O.S.)
Mommy, is that a castle?

The frown disappears.

Jess cautiously steps forward.

SAM
Yes it is, baby.

JESS
And I get to live in it?

Sam glances at Rowan.

SAM
Sure do, hon.

A smile flashes across Jess's face.

JESS
Then I want the biggest room.

Conor jumps out of the car.

CONOR
No way, I'm the oldest, I get the
biggest room.

Brie shuffles after, book under arm.

BRIE
We're the same age, dummy.

CONOR
Barely!

Brie rolls her eyes.

CONOR (CONT'D)
I get the biggest room, right dad?

ROWAN
First come, first serve bud. Better
start running!

Conor and Jess thunder past their parents and fight their way
into the house. Brie trailing after.

SAM
Please don't break anything!

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The kids stampede up the stairs and down the hall. Brie and Conor push past Jess, knocking the doll from her grasp.

CONOR (O.S.)
This one's mine!

Jess retrieves the doll and brushes the dust off.

BRIE (O.S.)
I've got this one.

Jess sighs. She halts in the doorway of another room and looks into the barren bedroom.

A potter's wheel sits in the corner. It spins away noisily.

Jess stares at it.

A beat.

She takes a step into the room.

The wheel stops.

EXT. IRISH MANOR

Rowan and Sam meander after their kids, climbing the stairs up to the doorway.

As they ascend, Liam passes them on the way down.

He reaches into his pocket.

LIAM
You should be set. Your man ask me
to give you anything you might need.

Liam pulls a card from his pocket and hands it to Rowan.

LIAM (CONT'D)
I stay in Belfast which is fuck far
away. Try to give me some notice?

Sam and Rowan share a look.

SAM
You can't leave the car?

Liam shakes his head.

LIAM
It's my only one.

ROWAN
Oh. What about groceries?

LIAM
Pantry's stocked. Could feed a army
all that.

ROWAN
Got it.

SAM
Thank you.

LIAM
I'll make sure the lads start to
unload, then fuck off.

Sam looks at Rowan, who shrugs.

They watch Liam chat with the MOVERS then enter the house.

INT. IRISH MANOR

Rowan and Sam spread out in the first floor, making their way
through room after room of sheet-covered furniture.

In one room, a piano. In another, an easel. Every room is
filled with books and art.

Sam wanders into a hallway and sees a gruesome painting.

A red haired woman with her fist in a man's chest. Ecstasy on
his face.

Sam grimaces and pulls the painting off the wall.

ROWAN (O.S.)
Oh wow.

Sam looks down the hall and sees Rowan peering into a room.

SAM
What'd you find?

Sam strides over to Rowan and follows his gaze.

The study.

The shelves are full, the desk covered in a dust sheet.

Rowan steps into the room and drags the sheet off the desk.
He looks back at Sam.

ROWAN
It's perfect.

Sam smiles.

SAM
Feeling inspired?

Rowan hugs her close, he offers a relieved smile.

ROWAN
Actually, yeah.

SAM
Well, get to writing!

Rowan's smile fades. Sam winces, she's made a mistake.

ROWAN
We talked about this. I can't write
with pressure.

SAM
I was kidding. I'm sorry.

Rowan sighs.

ROWAN
It's ok.

A beat.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
Do you see the movers?

EXT. IRISH MANOR

Rowan and Sam lean out of the doorway.

The round about is empty. All of their possessions are piled
at the bottom of the stairs.

Sam puts her hands on her hips.

SAM
What the fuck?

Rowan shrugs.

ROWAN
Maybe it's an Irish thing?

Sam just shakes her head.

SAM
This is going to take forever.

Rowan puts a hand on her shoulder.

ROWAN
Not if we make the kids do it.
(To the kids)
Hey kids! I've got a new game to
play!

Sam laughs.

The THUD of the kids running down stairs echoes from inside the house as the family sets to the task.

In the distance, IWAN TEAGUE, 70s, stands like a statue watching them. With a craggy face and snow white hair, hard times have weathered him like rust on an iron bar.

INT. IRISH MANOR SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Rowan chases the kids around the second floor of the house ROARING like a monster and reaching out for them.

Sam climbs the stairs with a cardboard box that reads: BRIE, in marker. She smiles at playful commotion.

SAM
Hey guys, almost time for bed, ok?

CONOR
Just a little more mom, please?

JESS
Yeah, mom.

ROWAN
Yeah, mom.

SAM
Fine, but once I finish with these
bedrooms, I better have some kids
to put in them.

The kids return to play as Sam pushes into Brie's room.

INT. BRIE'S ROOM

Sam flicks the light on to reveal the Bennet's bedroom (from opening).

Sam sets the box in the corner. She pulls a dust cover off the bed and begins to strip the blankets off.

She halts and recoils - letting loose a yelp, before she can clap a hand over her mouth.

The mattress is stained a deep orange - the bloody remnants.

Sam glances at the door.

Sam
Rowan? Could you come here?

Rowan strides into the room, and Sam pushes the door shut behind him.

Rowan sees the bed.

ROWAN
Oh shit.

Sam glares.

SAM
Oh shit?

ROWAN
I mean, that's freaky.

A beat.

SAM
What do you know about this?

ROWAN
Nothing.

SAM
Rowan.

ROWAN
You wanted to know how we could afford this place... Well...

Rowan gestures at the bed.

A pause.

Sam's eyes go wide.

SAM
We can afford it because someone
was murdered here?

Rowan holds a finger to his lips and Sam lowers her voice.

SAM (CONT'D)
You said it was Marty's!

ROWAN
It is Marty's. It just also happens
to have had someone murdered in it.

SAM
Really?

Sam balls her fists.

ROWAN
What?

SAM
When you wanted to move us to
Ireland, I agreed. You wanted to
uproot our kids, and I agreed. Now,
I find . . .

Sam sighs.

Her fists unclench.

SAM (CONT'D)
First, you're going to come up with
a good story for why our daughter
can't have her own room.

ROWAN
But-

Sam holds up a silencing finger.

SAM
Then, you're going to get her set
up in Conor's room. Finally, you're
going to make up your own damn bed
because I'm sleeping on the couch.

ROWAN
Sam.

Sam pushes past Rowan, out of the room and slams the door.

Rowan is alone.

INT. IRISH MANOR LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rowan stands in the entryway, leaned against the frame.

Sam adjusts a pillow behind her head on a stuffy couch.

ROWAN

You're sure?

Sam rolls over and won't look at him.

SAM

I'm sure.

Rowan sighs and climbs the stairs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rowan brushes his teeth in the bathroom and flicks off the light. He climbs in bed and stares at the vacant other side.

He rolls over and drifts off.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

A bright light fills the room.

Oil paintings of plants climb the walls - a time lapse of an invisible painter filling the walls with a jungle.

Out of the light, a dark silhouette of a woman floats. She hovers above Rowan and looks down on him in bed.

His eyes flutter open.

He stares into her bright emerald eyes.

ROWAN

I'm dreaming.

She smiles.

RED HAIRED WOMAN

It is a good dream.

She kisses Rowan deeply.

He kisses her back.

It's heaven, but only for a moment.

Then it changes.

Her hands are around Rowan's neck. He breaks from the kiss and gasps for air, clawing at her ivory skin.

She smiles as he chokes under her grasp.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Rowan wakes up gasping for breath. He coughs loudly as he sits up and rubs at his neck.

Looking around, he's moved - he's in Brie's room, on the blood stained mattress.

He hops out with a look of disgust.

INT. RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rowan splashes water in his face. He looks up into the mirror.

A necklace of bruises circles the base of his throat.

INT. KITCHEN

A cramped kitchen with aging appliances. There is a butcher block table in the center. Conor, Brie, and Jess are all seated at it.

Sam brings a pan over from the stove.

SAM

Ok, who wants eggs?

The kids yawn in response.

SAM (CONT'D)

What's up guys?

Conor and Brie exchange a look.

CONOR

We didn't sleep well.

Sam sets the pan on the table and pulls out a seat.

SAM

Uh oh. New house noises keeping ya up?

Conor and Brie nod.

BRIE
We kept hearing a scratching noise
in our room.

SAM
Sorry sweetie. Old houses like this
can play tricks on you.

Brie yawns in response.

SAM (CONT'D)
(To Jess)
What about you Jessy girl, you
sleep ok?

Jess shakes her head.

JESS
I don't like it here.

Sam frowns.

SAM
What about your castle though?

JESS
It's noisy.

SAM
They never mention that about
castles do they?

Jess shakes her head.

JESS
I want to go back to Chicago. I
miss it.

BRIE
Me too!

CONOR
Same.

Sam takes a bite of the eggs, straight from the pan.

SAM
I know guys. I miss home too, but
this isn't forever.

JESS
Why do we have to be here?

SAM
For dad.

CONOR
Yeah, but why?

Sam takes another fork full.

SAM
Well, your dad's been having
trouble writing and he thinks maybe
if he gives it a shot here, that'll
help.

BRIE
Oh.

Rowan wanders into the hall and stares at his seated family.

Sam locks eyes with him

SAM
So can we put on a good face for
daddy?

JESS
I guess.

SAM
Good. Let's give him the space he
needs to write.

The kids nod and Sam stands back up.

SAM (CONT'D)
Now, if none of you are hungry, why
don't you go outside and play?

Rowan ducks into the study.

The kids run towards the door.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE

Rolling green hills are broken up by the occasional sheep
grazing in the distance. The skies above a bright blue.

The three kids meander across the landscape.

CONOR
What should we do?

BRIE
Why do we have to do anything?

Conor shoots a glare at her.

BRIE (CONT'D)
I want to find a quiet spot with my
book.

Conor rolls his eyes.

CONOR
That's awful.

BRIE
Is not.

CONOR
Isn't that awful, Jess?

The twins look at their younger sibling.

JESS
Yeah, kinda.

Brie is stung.

CONOR
Let's play hide and seek instead!

JESS
Ok!

Brie crosses her arms.

CONOR
Come on, Brie. It's no fun with
only two.

JESS
Yeah, c'mon Brie!

BRIE
Fine, but I don't want to hide.

Conor and Jess sprint away as Brie covers her eyes.

INT. STUDY - LATER

TAPPING of pen on wood echoes through the space. Rowan spins
in his desk chair, an empty sheet of paper in front of him.

Rowan sighs and sets the pen down. He looks at the desk lamp in front of him.

Something catches his eye.

He leans in close and sees the reflection of the Red Woman from his dreams.

A KNOCK is at the door.

The woman is gone.

Sam leans in.

SAM

Hello?

Rowan pulls back from the lamp and looks at her, caught.

ROWAN

Hey.

Sam pushes through the door - a plate in one hand, a glass in the other.

SAM

I'm not disturbing you am I?

ROWAN

Uh, no.

SAM

Brought you the leftovers.

ROWAN

Thanks.

Sam strides past the piles of discarded, crumpled pages to place the plate on the desk.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

Hey-

Jess THUNDERS into the room and shuts the door. Her parents stare a moment.

SAM

What's up Jessy-girl?

JESS

We're playing hide n' go seek. I'm hiding.

Sam shoots a glance at Rowan.

SAM

Oooh, I'm not sure this is the place, hon.

ROWAN

It's kinda...open isn't it?

Jess gasps.

JESS

Brie'll find me for sure!

SAM

Why don't you try upstairs?

Jess nods enthusiastically and runs off.

Silence breathes in the office.

ROWAN

I'm sorry. About last night. I should've been honest with you.

Sam takes a sip of the coffee she brought in.

SAM

You should've.

ROWAN

I know. I just wanted this so badly. Between work and the kids, I haven't been able to get any writing done and I thought this was my chance. Poetry: in an Irish style, in Ireland.

SAM

I get it. I want you to get back to writing. I know it's important, but did it have to be in murder mansion?

ROWAN

We couldn't afford Ireland any other way.

Sam shakes her head and crosses her arms.

SAM

It's not just you and me any more. We have the kids to think of. Did you even consider how it might affect them living here?

ROWAN

No...

SAM

Well, we're here now. So like
always; we'll make the best of it.

ROWAN

We can stay then?

The hatch in the floor behind them, creeps up.

SAM

We can stay.

Rowan stands and pulls Sam in a close embrace.

Rowan

You're the best.

Rowan kisses her.

SAM

Oh, am I? Tell me more. And make it
poetic.

They keep kissing and Rowan pulls Sam's shirt over her head,
backing closer and closer to the lip of the hatch.

They bump into it and Sam falls with a THUD on the lid.

SAM (CONT'D)

What the heck?

Rowan helps her up. They lift the hatch to reveal a cellar.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE

BRIE

ONE, TWO, THREE...

Brie's counting fades into the distance as we catch up with
Conor running across the verdant hills.

Conor looks about the expanse for a good place to hide.

He jogs down a slope towards a rocky outcropping.

He freezes.

At the crotch of the hills is an ancient, weathered stone
doorway. The door is cracked open.

At the base is a SLAUGHTERED SHEEP - its arterial blood sprayed across the white stone.

Conor stares at it.

He takes a step closer to the Barrow entrance.

Something lurks in the shadows.

Conor creeps closer, edging in for a better look.

HE'S GRABBED FROM BEHIND.

INT. CELLAR

A cave-like room with rock walls and a rough hewn stone floor. There's mounds of junk - all covered in dust sheets.

Sam climbs down the ladder.

SAM

Wow.

ROWAN

It's great isn't it?

SAM

Great is one word for it.

Rowan pulls one of the sheets off a pile of books.

ROWAN

You don't like it?

SAM

Kinda creepy isn't it?

Rowan picks up a leather bound volume.

It's the same as the one from the opening.

He cracks the spine. It's blank.

He CLAPS it shut.

ROWAN

I might move my office down here.

SAM

Really?

ROWAN

Yeah, why not?

Sam shrugs.

The doorbell RINGS.

They share a look.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sam opens the door.

Standing there is Iwan Teague holding Conor by the scruff of his collar. Next to him stands Brie.

SAM

Is there a problem, sir?

Iwan looses Conor, shoving him to Sam.

IWAN

Found yer boy here bout to step
foot in a barrow.

SAM

Oh gosh. I'm sorry about that.

Sam ushers the kids into the house sternly.

IWAN

It's no place for the livin',
specially not a boy of his age.

SAM

I'll make sure he doesn't step on
your property again.

IWAN

Tain't mine.

A beat.

Sam leans on the door frame.

SAM

Oh. Well, I'll make sure he doesn't
do it again.

IWAN

Good.

SAM

Listen: would you like to come in
for a cup of tea or something? We
are neighbors after all.

Teague shakes his head.

IWAN
Don't step foot in that house.

Teague turns to leave.

SAM
Oh.

IWAN
Thanks all the same.

He trudges back across the property and Sam watches him go.

INT. CELLAR

Rowan crouches in front of some boxes. Scattered around the floor are manuscripts, paintings, pottery, and musical compositions.

Rowan starts digging in a new box, having finished the first.

Shadows come alive behind him and a tunnel appears in the wall.

A feminine silhouette floats closer.

Rowan bends over, spotting something in the bottom of his box and scrapes the other contents aside to get it - pulling out a broken claymore, its snapped blade making it look more like a knife.

The silhouette gets closer.

Rowan wipes the dust off and holds it up in the dim light.

The silhouette is right behind him.

SAM
Hey!

Rowan jumps.

Nothing is behind him - no silhouette, no tunnel.

Nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)
If you're gonna move your office
down here I think you're gonna need
more light.

Rowan scratches at his beard.

ROWAN
Huh. I guess so.

He eyes the leather bound volume again.

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

The kids are in their rooms.

Conor on his handheld.

Brie reading on her bed.

Jess is coloring.

Sam climbs the stairs.

SAM
Alright guys, bedtime.

The kids hope off their respective beds and trudge out into the hall.

CONOR
Do we have to?

SAM
I thought you guys were sleepy.

CONOR
Not that sleepy.

Sam rolls her eyes.

SAM
Alright, c'mon. Tooth time. Let's
brush those chompers.

She leads them to the bathroom and they all take their
brushes and begin.

Jess spits.

JESS
Can we get a story before bed?

SAM
Of course, baby.

JESS
Can daddy tell it?

Sam frowns.

SAM
Daddy's busy writing, sweetie.

BRIE
Couldn't he read us his stories?

SAM
They're not up to your...usual
standards. Now come on, let's get
you to bed.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Sam gets changed and stares at her empty bed. She sighs and climbs under the covers.

She stares at the ceiling as she drifts off to sleep.

EXT. IWAN TEAGUE'S HOUSE - LATER

Teague's scarred hands tremble as they pour a glass of whiskey. He takes a sip and looks across the moors towards the quiet house.

INT. CELLAR

Rowan sits at a makeshift desk, book in front of him. He stares at the blank pages ahead of him - eyelids heavy.

Ice melts in an empty tumbler nearby.

Behind him the wall opens, the tunnel emerges. Bright light silhouettes a feminine figure that glides closer to him.

A pale hand touches his shoulder and he surges up, trembling as if from a seizure.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

A piano sits at its center. The key guard lifts on its own and the keys gently start tapping.

INT. JESS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jess is sound asleep - snuggling her headless doll. In the corner of the room the potter's wheel whirls to life.

Jess grumbles as she crawls out of bed.

She stalks down the hall and climbs into bed next to her mom.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

A typewriter on the desk springs to life, its keys CLACK, CLACK, CLACKING away. It RINGS as the slide resets.

INT. CONOR'S ROOM

Conor's eyes pop open.

The cramped room is half-adorned with posters of video games and sports teams. It's scattered with unloaded boxes.

A SCRATCHING noise echoes through the room.

Conor rubs at his eyes and glances over at the makeshift bed next to him.

Brie is sound asleep.

The SCRATCHING is even louder.

Conor hesitates.

CONOR

Brie?

Brie grumbles.

CONOR (CONT'D)

Brie!

Brie sits up and wipes the sleep from her eyes.

BRIE

What do you want?

CONOR

Do you hear that?

They both fall silent.

The SCRATCHING continues, more frantically.

BRIE

Yeah.

CONOR

What is it?

A crumpled ball of paper rolls out from under Conor's bed.

They gasp.

The twins lock eyes.

Brie pulls the covers closer.

Conor bends over the edge of the bed.

He pulls back the bed skirt to reveal -

A CONTORTED MAN. Rail skinny and pallid, he's bent backwards with his feet touching the crown of his head. He holds a quill and a crumpled paper.

He looks at Conor and opens his mouth in a silent scream - only a stream of black ink gushing forth.

Conor SCREAMS.

He recoils from the bed and sprints to the door.

The Contorted Man crab walks out from under the bed with surprising ease.

Conor and Brie slam the door behind them and tear down the hallway and into their mother's room.

INT. BEDROOM

Conor and Brie rush up to the edge of the bed.

CONOR

Mom! Mom!

Sam and Jess bolt upright.

Sam rubs the sleep from her eyes.

SAM

What, what is it?

BRIE

A man.

CONOR

A man is in our room.

BRIE

Under the bed.

Sam stretches and looks at the twins.

SAM
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Slow down. What happened?

BRIE
There was a man hiding under
Conor's bed.

SAM
Under the bed?

CONOR
He had black blood.

Sam swings her legs out of bed.

SAM
This sounds like a nightmare.

BRIE
It wasn't, it was real.

CONOR
Honest.

SAM
If I go check under your bed - make
sure there are no black blooded
men. Will you go back to bed?

Conor and Brie exchange a glance. They nod yes.

Sam hops out of bed.

SAM (CONT'D)
Ok, let's go.

Brie shakes her head.

CONOR
No.

Sam is alarmed.

CONOR (CONT'D)
Can we wait here?

SAM
Sure, sweetheart.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The upstairs is quiet, dark. Sam saunters down the hall towards the kids' bedroom - she's done this before.

Conor, Brie, and Jess watch their mother from the doorway. They gasp as she reaches the door.

Sam reaches for the knob, but hesitates - this is stupid right?

She briskly shoves the door open and quickly flips on the light -

It's empty.

At ease, she turns back to her kids.

SAM

See? No monsters.

BRIE

He was under the bed!

SAM

If I check under the bed, will you get back in it?

Conor and Brie nod.

INT. CONOR'S ROOM

Sam shakes her head as she plods into the room. Suddenly, she trips on one of the moving boxes.

SAM

Ow!

CONOR (O.S.)

Mom?

BRIE (O.S.)

Are you ok?!

Sam sighs.

SAM

Just my toe. Tomorrow you're putting away all of these boxes!

Sam crawls down on her knees and reaches for the bed skirt. She pulls it up to reveal -

Nothing.

She spins around and makes her way for the next one, but stops.

On the ground is something black. Like ink. She rubs a finger in it, feeling the texture between her finger tips.

Odd.

Sam reaches for the other bed sheet, slower this time. With a quick yank, she pulls it back to reveal -

Nothing.

Again.

Sam breathes a sigh of relief.

From behind her, the door CREAKS shut.

Sam turns.

From behind the door, the Contorted Man stumbles forward, limping. He reaches his trembling arms out in front of him. Black ink stains the front of his faded clothes.

CONTORTED MAN
Please . . . Help me.

Sam's jaw drops.

CONTORTED MAN (CONT'D)
HELP!

Sam scrambles to her feet and pushes by the skeletal man. She lurches into the hall.

He follows, right behind.

CONTORTED MAN (CONT'D)
HelpHelpHelpHelp.

Sam slips into her bedroom and slams the door in his face.

He CRASHES into the door, over and over, shouting "HELP" with each crashing blow.

Sam throws her weight against the door.

The kids cower behind the bed - tears welling in their eyes.

SAM
ROWAN!

INT. CELLAR

Rowan is active and alert, writing in the book, quickly -
The sounds of the upstairs echo into the cellar.

He seems not to notice.

INT. BEDROOM

Sam casts a frantic eye about the room. Settling on the
phone, she lunges forward and rips it from the dock.

She scoops up her children and drags them into the bathroom
as the bedroom door flies open.

Slamming the bathroom door, she dials 999 on the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH MANOR

Red and blue lights bounce off the outside of the manor
house. Two police cars sit in the roundabout. The kids and
Sam sit on the hood of one of the cars, Sam's arms wrapped
around her kids.

Rowan stands nearby, fidgeting.

Across the darkened yards Iwan Teague watches the commotion
from a distance - his face lit by the embers of a pipe.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS, a man and a woman, emerge from the house
and trot down the stairs.

POLICEMAN

Didn't find a thing, Ma'am.

SAM

Really?

The Policewoman nods.

POLICEWOMAN

No signs of a break in, nothing.

SAM

But he was there. We saw him. We
all saw him.

The police exchange a look.

The policeman pulls a notebook from his pocket and flips in a couple pages.

POLICEMAN
You said he was a tall fella?

Sam nods.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Skinny. Pale skin. Black Hair.
Covered in-

The Policeman squints.

SAM
Ink.

POLICEMAN
Right, ink. Well, he's not there
now.

SAM
So that's it? That's all you can
do?

POLICEWOMAN
Unfortunately. We checked the locks
and the windows. Everything seems
secure, no signs of a break-in.

SAM
Ok.

The Policewoman puts a hand on Sam's shoulder.

POLICEWOMAN
We'll make sure we have a squad car
do a drive by the rest of the
evening, but I do think it's fine.

SAM
How would he have gotten in though?

The Policeman shrugs.

POLICEMAN
It's an old house that's usually
empty. Wouldn't be surprised if it
were a drifter or a Pikey. Not
likely to be back now.

SAM
Thank you.

POLICEWOMAN
Of course.

POLICEMAN
And what about you?

He pokes a finger at Rowan.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Where were you during all this?

Rowan fidgets.

ROWAN
I was, ah, working.

A beat.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
In the basement.

POLICEMAN
Right. And you didn't hear nothing?

ROWAN
Not a thing.

The Police exchange a look.

POLICEMAN
Well, we'll leave you folks to it.

SAM
Thank you so much, officers.

The Police wave as they climb back into their cars. They pull off into the night, leaving the family standing there.

INT. IRISH MANOR

Sam and Rowan lead their kids into the house cautiously.

SAM
Hey guys?

The kids look up at their mother. They're pale.

SAM (CONT'D)
What say we share a room tonight?

The tension eases.

JESS
In your room?

SAM
Course.

JESS
Can I have the big bed?

Sam smiles at her.

SAM
We'll share it. C'mon.

She ushers the kids up the stairs ahead of her and starts to follow behind.

Rowan slinks down the hall towards the study.

SAM (CONT'D)
(To Rowan)
Where are you going?

Rowan halts.

ROWAN
I was on a roll.

SAM
What the fuck, Rowan?!

A beat.

ROWAN
Ok, ok, I'm coming to bed.

SAM
You're damn right you are.

Sam pushes Rowan up the stairs ahead of her and pauses.

The house is quiet.

She shakes her head and follows her family.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

The floor is scattered with blankets and pillows - remnants of a family sleepover.

Sam's eyes pop open.

She stretches, sitting up, and feels the crick in her back. She steadies herself on the bed and stands up.

She's alone.

She looks around and hears the kids PLAYING in the distance. She shakes the sleep out of her head and notices Rowan standing in the bathroom.

Shirtless, he's staring into the mirror listlessly.

There are dark bruises around his neck and back.

She eases herself up.

SAM
Hey, are you ok?

Rowan doesn't answer.

Sam creeps closer to the catatonic Rowan.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hello?

Nothing.

Sam reaches out and gingerly touches one of the bruises and Rowan springs to life.

ROWAN
What?

Sam is flustered.

SAM
I just wanted to know if you were ok. Those are some nasty bruises.

Rowan turns his body, looking at them in the mirror as if for the first time.

ROWAN
Huh, yeah they are.

Rowan pokes at one of them.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
Don't hurt though.

SAM
Well, that's good. How'd they happen?

Rowan shrugs.

ROWAN

Dunno.

SAM

You gotta secret girlfriend hidden
in the basement?

Rowan pushes past Sam into the bedroom and picks up a shirt
off the ground.

SAM (CONT'D)

Ooh, or that old dude across the
way. A midnight rendezvous on the
moors?

ROWAN

You caught me.

Rowan pulls the shirt on over them.

An uncomfortable beat.

SAM

Maybe you should see a doctor.

ROWAN

It's really nothing to worry about.

Rowan gives her a kiss on the cheek and saunters away.

INT. UPSTAIRS

Jess sits on the top landing of the stairs with a box of
markers and an open coloring book.

Behind her, Sam hangs up some family photos outside of the
bedrooms.

SAM

Much better, don't ya think?

Jess looks up from her coloring book.

JESS

Yes.

She glances at the pile of remaining photos on the ground.

JESS (CONT'D)

What about those though?

SAM
I was thinking we'd hang those
along the stairs.

JESS
Can I choose where they go?

SAM
Sure. Just let me put these old
paintings into storage and we can
lay them all out.

Sam trots down the stairs and picks up a box with frames
poking out the top.

One of the remaining boxes has a large portrait of a Wild-
Eyed Man just peaking out above the edge of the box.

Sam shakes her head at his weird appearance.

INT. CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rowan sits at his makeshift desk scratching away frantically.
A glass of whiskey is untouched, a sandwich uneaten.

The hatch behind him creaks open and Sam starts to climb down
with the box under her arm.

SAM
Can you give me a hand, hon?

Sam continues down clumsily.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hello?

Rowan keeps writing as Sam reaches the bottom.

SAM (CONT'D)
Guess not.

Sam sighs and strolls up behind him.

SAM (CONT'D)
Rowan?

Rowan springs to life, as if hearing her for the first time.

ROWAN
Oh. Uh, Hey. What's up?

SAM
Just asking if you're feeling ok?

Sam glances at the untouched sandwich.

ROWAN
Yeah, great. Really rolling.

SAM
Oh. Good. Can I take a look?

ROWAN
No.

Sam is taken aback.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
Not yet, I mean. Later.

SAM
Oh . . . Yeah, sure.

ROWAN
It's just not there yet. If that makes sense?

Sam nods. She's stung.

SAM
Well, I'm going to be putting some stuff from upstairs down here. A couple more boxes. Nothing big.

Rowan turns back to writing.

SAM (CONT'D)
Is that ok?

ROWAN
Yeah. Sure. Whatever.

Rowan doesn't even look at her.

Sam sighs and climbs the ladder.

INT. HALLWAY

Sam rounds the corner and freezes.

The walls are covered with marker drawings. Gory scenes of carnage realized in bright red marker splash the barren walls leading up the stairs.

Jess sits at the top of the stairs, wide-eyed. She locks eyes with her mother.

SAM
Jessica Samantha McDonough! What
have you done?

Sam stalks up the stairs.

JESS
It wasn't me!

SAM
Oh, really?

JESS
It wasn't!

Sam rips the black marker from Jess's hand.

SAM
Then who was it?

JESS
It was the man!

Jess points at the painting of the Wild-Eyed Man peeking up
from the box below.

SAM
Oh really?

JESS
It was!

SAM
Go to your room!

Jess's eyes well up with tears.

JESS
Please. No.

SAM
Then admit what you did.

JESS
I told you! It was-

SAM
Enough! Room. Now.

Jess stands and trudges off.

She marches past the Brie and Conor, who are in their room.

INT. CONOR'S ROOM

Brie is laying on her bed with a book cracked open, while Conor stands at the window looking out.

In the fields below the house, Iwan Teague leads a goat away from his house.

As Teague nears the barrow entrance, the goat begins to struggle. It recoils violently against the rope tied to it.

The pair disappear behind the hills for a moment until Teague reemerges.

Without the goat.

Teague glances up and catches sight of Conor.

Conor recoils from the window.

INT. CELLAR

Sam climbs down the ladder with another box and tosses it roughly on the ground.

The Wild-Eyed Man stares back at her. She grumbles and turns it around.

Looking over at Rowan, he's lost in his own world of writing.

SAM

Do you know what your daughter just did?

There's no answer.

SAM (CONT'D)

She decided to play artist and drew all over the walls.

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)

Then, she tried to blame a painting for it.

The sound of pen on paper is the only answer.

Sam takes a step forward.

SAM (CONT'D)

Do you hear me?

She gets closer.

SAM (CONT'D)

Rowan?

Sam stops at his shoulder.

SAM (CONT'D)

I need you to answer me. I can't do this alone.

ROWAN

Did you say something?

SAM

I need your help.

ROWAN

Yeah. Sure. Just another couple of pages.

Sam's face goes red and she storms back up the ladder.

INT. UPSTAIRS - LATER

Sam tosses a sponge into the bucket nearby with a SPLASH. She stands and rips the thick rubber gloves from her hands and tucks them into her back pocket.

The walls of the staircase are white again.

Sam smiles and wipes her brow.

A beat.

CRASH.

The sound of broken glass echoes from around the corner.

SAM

What now?

Sam rounds the corner and stares down the dark hallway.

At the end a family photo has fallen off the wall and shattered on the floor.

Sam sighs.

Conor and Brie poke their heads out of the bedroom to see what made the noise.

SAM (CONT'D)
Don't panic. Just a loose nail.

Another picture flips off the wall and CRASHES to the ground.

Sam jumps.

Then another LEAPS from the wall.

Then another.

And another.

Conor and Brie slam the door on the mess.

Picture after picture flips off the wall - thrown by some invisible hand - till they all lay in a pile of shattered glass and wood.

Sam stares at the mess. Her eyes wide.

She turns quickly and trots down the stairs.

At the bottom, she turns the corner and trips over a box - sending its contents spilling all over the floor.

Sam grumbles and attends this new mess.

She freezes.

A book lies open on the ground before her, cracked at the artist's portrait on the dust jacket.

She brings it closer for inspection.

Staring back at her is a painting of the Contorted Man.

Sam flips to the front of the book and drags a finger down the title page till it rests on the printing date - 1872.

Sam SLAMS the book shut and tosses it away, down the hall.

She looks back up the stairs.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR

Sam slides down the ladder and digs in the nearby box, ripping the painting of the Wild-Eyed Man out of it.

INT. JESS'S ROOM

Sam crouches in front of a teary-eyed Jess and holds the painting of the Wild-Eyed Man up.

SAM
You said this is the man who made
those drawings?

Jess nods.

SAM (CONT'D)
Have you ever seen him before?

Jess nods.

SAM (CONT'D)
Where?

JESS
He likes my closet.

Jess points at the closet behind Sam.

Sam slowly turns as the door CREAKS open slightly. Jess gasps.

Sam creeps towards it.

Step by step she draws closer to the cracked closet door and she reaches out and puts a hand on the knob.

Sam takes a breath and flings open the door.

The walls are covered in paint and marker - the words GET OUT written over and over again on top of themselves climbing the closet to unnatural, inhuman heights. At the center of it all is a family, crudely rendered as being tied up before a red headed woman.

Sam takes in the horrifying scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. IWAN TEAGUE'S HOUSE

The door cracks open to reveal Sam and the children standing on the doorstep.

IWAN
Can I help ya?

SAM
Can you take us into town?

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
Please.

Iwan sighs. He grabs his coat and shakes it.

His keys JANGLE.

INT. CELLAR

The SCRATCHING of Rowan's pen on paper echoes through the rooms of the empty house.

A series of shots:

- The potter's wheel in Jess's room SQUEAKS to life.

-The piano key guard opens and the keys TINKLE.

- A can of red paint's lid flips off violently and an invisible finger dips in.

Rowan is hunched over his tome writing and writing away furiously, as if a stream of consciousness.

RED HAIREd WOMAN (O.S.)
Rowan.

A whisper.

Rowan sits up.

His pen stops.

He looks at the dank cellar around him.

It's empty.

The potter's wheel spins faster.

Discordant notes bang from the piano.

The paint sloshes about.

Rowan rises to his feet.

ROWAN
Hello?

The Red Haired Woman FLASHES through his mind - her beautiful curves tantalizing.

RED HAIRED WOMAN (O.S.)

Hi.

Rowan spins, looking around for the source.

ROWAN

Where are you?

A POP.

A door opens in the wall behind Rowan. It leads to a hall that trails off into darkness.

RED HAIRED WOMAN

Here.

The silhouette of a voluptuous woman lingers at the edge of the shadows, just out of view. A wispy white flows around her.

Rowan rubs at his red eyes.

ROWAN

Why won't you come closer?

The dress drops to the ground, her curves barely masked by the dim light.

RED HAIRED WOMAN

Why won't you?

Rowan trudges forward, bracing himself on the tunnel wall.

INT. TOWN LIBRARY - LATER

Conor, Jess, and Brie all play in the corner of the foyer.

Sam waits at the front desk.

JESS

Stop it!

Same glances back at her kids: Conor is holding the dolly above Jess's head. Brie giggles.

SAM

Enough. Give it back.

CONOR

Oops!

Conor tosses the doll to Brie, who catches it.

JESS

Mom!

SAM

I said stop it.

Brie chucks it back to Conor. Jess WAILS.

Sam stalks over and snatches the doll out of Conor's hands and thrusts it back in front of the bawling Jess.

The LIBRARIAN clears her throat.

LIBRARIAN

This is not a school yard, ma'am
but a library. If you can't control
your children I'm afraid you'll
have to leave.

SAM

Oh, I'm sorry. No, no they're never
like this.

She glares at the kids.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STACKS

Sam sits in a fort made of books - each a collection of newspaper articles, dating back to the mid-17th Century.

She flips through the yellowing pages.

In a series of shots:

- Sam sees back page headlines about a 17th century painter who died of starvation.
- Another article about a potter murdering his kids and being found with their dismembered bodies.
- The last is about Art, the author from the beginning. It details how he was found dead, bathed in his wife's blood.

Sam closes the last book, her face pale.

INT. TUNNEL - EVENING

The walls of the tunnel are ancient - a series of arched alcoves on each side symmetrically.

Rowan wobbles like a drunk down the tunnel.

FIGURES move in the alcoves's shadows.

In one, the Contorted Man.

In another, the Wild Eyed Man.

Rowan marches on, passing these SPECTRES until the tunnel empties into a domed chamber.

INT. ROTUNDA

An ancient temple, the walls are filled with murals - overgrown by myriad vines of scarlet flowers. A massive stone slab in the shape of a bed - its sheets carved intricately of marble - sits at the center.

ROWAN

Where are you?

RED HAIREWOMAN (O.S.)

Up here.

Rowan looks up as crimson light bathes the chamber. Against its brightness he can see the shapely woman floating above.

INT. TOWN LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Sam hands the stacks of books back to the librarian when a section catches her eye - Occult.

She wanders down the aisle. Books about demons and ghosts stare back at her.

A PALE MAN, dressed in black, with a corduroy coat peruses the selection. He's thumbing through one of the books.

Sam pulls a book about haunted houses from the shelf.

She cracks it open.

PALE MAN

That's a good'un.

Sam drops the book.

She scrambles to pick it up. She pauses.

The mansion is on the front of the book. Sam cautiously picks it up, rising to her feet.

SAM

Uh, yeah, it looked it.

The Pale Man strides over and stands next to her.

PALE MAN

It's a tad more academic.

SAM

Ah.

PALE MAN

A how to, of sorts, towards
identifying haunted buildings.

Sam smiles.

SAM

But not for real, right?

PALE MAN

Yeah for real. Ireland's a land a
unrest. Why shouldn't our dead be
as well?

SAM

Makes sense. What about the house
on the front?

PALE MAN

That's Tollymore Mansion. Folks say
it's the most haunted house in
Ireland.

SAM

Really?

PALE MAN

Yeah. Lotta gruesome deaths.
Families mostly. Very grisly.

Sam shoves the book back into the shelf.

SAM

How does the book say to get rid of
ghosts?

PALE MAN

Spirits.

SAM
Right. Spirits.

PALE MAN
Usually needs an exorcism.

INT. ROTUNDA - CONTINUOUS

Rowan has fallen to his knees staring up at this silhouette above him. His hair's blown back, his eyes are watering.

ROWAN
Come down.

She chuckles.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
Do you want to be great, Rowan?

Rowan coughs, choking.

ROWAN
Yes.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
I can make you great.

Rowan tugs at his shirt, stripping down.

ROWAN
Yes, I want that.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
But I'll need blood.

ROWAN
Of course.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
Your family's blood.

The Red Haired Woman begins to descend.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR

Rowan's face lies face down on the book in front of him. He shoots bolt upright.

ROWAN
Yes, yes I will!

He looks around at the empty cellar.

Wincing, he glances at the empty bottle of Scotch on his desk and shakes his head.

On his cheek, the ink of his writing has stamped onto his face - it reads: blood.

Rowan stands and stumbles across the cellar. He grabs a fresh bottle of booze from a cabinet and refreshes his glass.

His hand shakes as he takes a deep gulp.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

An aging Renault rattles down the empty country highway as rain drenches the ground.

INT. RENAULT

Iwan Teague's scarred hands tremble on the wheel as he stares straight ahead.

The kids are "plugged in" to their devices in back, while Sam stares out the window.

She's pale.

She glances at Iwan, hesitating.

SAM

There's something in my house,
isn't there?

Iwan glances her way.

IWAN

Aye.

Sam exhales sharply.

SAM

Something . . . Unnatural.

IWAN

Aye.

SAM

Is that crazy?

Iwan shakes his head slowly.

SAM (CONT'D)
What do I do?

IWAN
Leave the house.

SAM
We can't afford that.

IWAN
Yer always gonna pay. Just have to
know what you're willing to spend.

SAM
Can you get me a priest or
something?

IWAN
Sure.

SAM
For an . . . Exorcism or something?

IWAN
I knew what yeh meant.

The car pulls up to the end of the drive and stops.

A beat.

Sam opens the door and steps out into the rain.

SAM
Thanks for the ride.

She opens the doors and the kids surge out, running up the
drive - shielding themselves from the deluge.

Sam looks back in the car.

SAM (CONT'D)
And for the other thing.

Iwan leans across the center column.

IWAN
It won't help.

Iwan grabs the handle and slams the door. It RUMBLES off.

Sam stands in the rain.

INT. IRISH MANOR - EVENING

Sam slams the door behind her and listens.

She hears voices coming from the study.

Many voices.

SAM

Rowan?

Sam marches down the hallway towards the study door, the voices getting louder as she approaches.

She flings open the door.

They stop.

Sam stares into the empty room.

A beat.

Sam strolls towards the hatch and tugs at the latch.

It's stuck.

Weird.

Sam pulls again, even harder.

A CRACK.

The latch tears off the hatch and Sam goes tumbling.

Sam lets out a YELP as she crashes to the ground. She stares up at the closed door behind her and sees writing:

HE'S MINE. Written in a deep red paint that's still dripping.

She rolls over and pounds on the door frantically.

SAM (CONT'D)

Rowan!

The paint on the wall disappears - sucked back into an invisible brush.

Sam pries the hatch open with her fingernails and clumsily scrambles down the ladder.

INT. CELLAR

Rowan's head is down on the desk.

Sam rushes over and shakes his shoulder.

Rowan sits up and YELLS.

Sam jumps.

Rowan brushes his long hair out of his face and rubs the bridge of his nose.

ROWAN

Uh. I'm sorry.

SAM

I was calling for you. Are you ok?

ROWAN

Yeah, just . . . Weird dreams.

Sam picks up the bottle of whiskey on the desk and rattles the last few drops.

SAM

I bet.

Sam tugs on Rowan's chin. Something is on his face -

The ink from the page has transferred onto his face. It says FAMILY. BLOOD. Written in his own hand.

SAM (CONT'D)

You've got writing on you.

Rowan smiles.

ROWAN

What's it say?

SAM

Looks like family? And . . . Blood?
That sound familiar?

The smile fades.

ROWAN

Yeah.

Sam licks her shirt hem and wipes the words away.

SAM

Sounds dark.

ROWAN

Yeah.

A beat.

SAM
Have you noticed anything creepy
about this house?

Rowan picks up his glass and sips the melted ice.

ROWAN
Creepy? I guess. The whole place is
kind of spooky.

SAM
More specifically. Like a presence.
Like you're not alone.

ROWAN
No.

Rowan rubs his bruised neck, wincing.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
No, nothing like that.

SAM
Well I have. It scares me.

Rowan shakes his head and bites down on a piece of ice.

SAM (CONT'D)
And it scares the children.

ROWAN
Ok . . .

SAM
I want to bring in a priest.

ROWAN
A priest?

SAM
Yeah, to cleanse the house.

Rowan laughs.

ROWAN
Like an exorcism?

SAM
Yeah.

ROWAN
You can't be serious. Sam, that's
ridiculous. You're Jewish.

SAM
Then let's leave.

ROWAN
What?

SAM
Those are my terms, Rowan - we
either cleanse this house or leave.

ROWAN
We can't leave-

SAM
We can. It might be tough, but
we'll make it work. Borrow from my
parents. Something.

Rowan grabs her by the shoulders.

ROWAN
But I'm writing again!

SAM
What?

ROWAN
It's really good.

Sam knocks his arms away.

SAM
You're kidding.

ROWAN
I'm not. It's great.

Rowan shoves the book under her nose but she rebuffs him.

SAM
Your kids are terrified - scared to
go to sleep at night. I'm
terrified. And you're concerned
with writing?

ROWAN
That's what this is all about.
That's why we're here. We can't
throw that away cause the kids are
a little scared.

Sam stares.

She turns on a heel and climbs up the ladder.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

Rowan throws up his hands - fine, let her go.

A voice whispers in his head.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
You need her.

Rowan scrambles up the stairs behind her.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Sam storms up the stairs with Rowan close behind.

ROWAN
Sam? C'mon, I need you.

Sam turns into the master bedroom and slams the door in Rowan's face.

He groans.

He clenches his fist, but releases.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Sam tosses a suitcase on the bed. Ripping down clothes from the closet, she stuffs them in.

Rowan slowly opens the door.

ROWAN
Sam?

A beat.

Sam keeps packing.

Rowan steps into the room.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
Sam, what are you doing?

Sam glares.

SAM

Leaving.

Rowan sighs.

ROWAN

I'm sorry.

Sam returns to the closet and scoops up her shoes. She hurls them into the bag.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

I am.

Sam stops. She stares at Rowan.

He's pale, skinny and disheveled.

How long has he been like this?

SAM

You know what you have to do.

Back to the closet, now with the kids' luggage.

ROWAN

Fine.

Sam sets the bags down.

SAM

"Fine"? Fine we can leave?

ROWAN

"Fine" we can have the house cleansed. If it'll make you feel better.

SAM

It really will.

ROWAN

Go ahead then: call the ghostbusters.

Sam shoots him a "that's not funny" stare.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

An olive green car cruises down the winding roads as the sun peaks through the thick clouds above.

It slows as it reaches the driveway and pulls up the drive.

EXT. IRISH MANOR

The car parks and FATHER FLYNN, 70s, pudgy and ruddy, stands with a groan. His elfin features and wispy white hair make him seem like a well-shorn Santa.

Iwan Teague leans against the stone fence separating the properties. He strikes a match and lights his pipe.

He nods at Father Flynn.

Father Flynn stops and sets his bag down.

FATHER FLYNN
Didn't expect a call from you,
Iwan.

Teague shrugs and chews his pipe.

IWAN
Didn't expect to make it.

FATHER FLYNN
Well you've done the right thing.

Iwan chuckles.

IWAN
Have a good day, Father.

INT. IRISH MANOR BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Two couches sit in the vast room. Clustered around them are artifacts from throughout the house - paintings, pottery, photographs - even the potter's wheel - all gathered about the Grand Piano.

Rowan, Sam, and the kids sit on the couches, waiting.

The kids are bored.

Through the open sliding doors CREAKING floorboards echo.

Rowan leans forward and looks down the hall.

ROWAN
What's he doing?

Sam rolls her eyes.

SAM
I have no notion.

ROWAN
This seems stupid.

SAM
Rowan.

Rowan holds up his hands - mea culpa.

JESS
I'm bored, mommy, can we go play?

SAM
Not right now, Jessy.

JESS
But I'm bored!

CONOR
So am I.

BRIE
I am too, mom.

ROWAN
Yeah, mom!

Sam shoots daggers at Rowan.

SAM
I know. I'm sorry guys, but Father Flynn thinks its important.

JESS
What's he even doing here?

SAM
Well, you know all the bad men that have been hurting us?

Jess nods.

SAM (CONT'D)
He's here to make them stop.

CONOR
Oh.

BRIE
I can wait, then.

Jess crosses her arms and nods.

ROWAN
Really?

Jess shushes Rowan. He's surprised.

Father Flynn clears his throat loudly.

He's standing in the doorway.

FATHER FLYNN

I have looked over the residence.

SAM

And?

FATHER FLYNN

And, I've found-

ROWAN

Nothing?

FATHER FLYNN

Nothing, aye, nothing but trouble.
T'be honest I knew this place was
trouble, but never thought it this
bad.

SAM

Can you do something about it?

FATHER FLYNN

Yes. I've already begun.

SAM

You have?

Father Flynn pulls his bag closer and opens it.

FATHER FLYNN

I sprinkled holy water throughout
the premises.

Father Flynn withdraws a flask from his pocket and places it
back in the bag.

FATHER FLYNN (CONT'D)

Restless spirits cannot abide its
presence. That has led them all in
here. In this room.

Conor and Brie look wildly about.

JESS

In here?!

Father Flynn smiles. He pulls a stole from his bag and drapes
it over his shoulders.

FATHER FLYNN
Fear not, child, for I am the
Lord's servant and they cannot harm
you in my presence.

Jess grabs Sam's hand. Sam squeezes it - It's ok.

Father Flynn pulls a beat-up bible from his bag wrapped in rubber bands. He strips them off and flips the bible open - withdrawing a silver cross tucked in the pages.

SAM
So what do we do?

Father Flynn stands before the family like a teacher.

FATHER FLYNN
Mrs. McDonough, were your children
baptized?

A pause.

SAM
They weren't raised in the church.

Father Flynn pulls a beat up card from the bible and passes it to Sam.

FATHER FLYNN
Not ideal, but it's no matter. When
I start, it's paramount that you
read the response.

ROWAN
I know this one. "The power of
Christ compels you", right?

Sam glares.

SAM
Understood, father.

FATHER FLYNN
Because it won't work if I don't
have your assistance.

SAM
Of course.

Father Flynn crosses himself and marches to the doors.

He slams them shut.

INT. IWAN TEAGUE'S HOUSE

Iwan Teague pours himself a cup of tea, his gnarled hands shaking. He stares across the fields towards the manor.

It seems larger somehow.

Teague shakes his head.

INT. BALLROOM

Father Flynn stands near the center of the room while the rest of the family kneel near the couches.

FATHER FLYNN

In the name of the Father, the Son,
and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

FAMILY

Amen.

FATHER FLYNN

Good.

Father Flynn flips a page.

FATHER FLYNN (CONT'D)

Oh Lord, please cast your gaze upon
this house. Bring your light within
its walls and wipe away the
darkness.

FAMILY

Please, oh Lord.

Father Flynn flings open the curtains dramatically, filling the room with light.

Rowan rolls his eyes.

FATHER FLYNN

When Christ died for our sins he
opened the gates of heaven to all
of His children. Yet in this house
Lord your servants are lost,
trapped in the darkness.

FAMILY

For God is our light.

FATHER FLYNN

Please show them the way to peace
in you.

FAMILY
For Christ is our shepherd.

FATHER FLYNN
Spirits! Here the call of your God.
Come forth and see the light. Be
guided in peace.

A beat.

Nothing happens.

FATHER FLYNN (CONT'D)
I say again to you, oh lost souls,
come forth and be shown in the
light of the Lord!

The light dims.

Suddenly the room is filled.

SPECTRES of every era crowd around the edges of the room,
staying at shadow's edge.

The kids press into Sam. Rowan scans the horde.

The Contorted Man.

The Wild Eyed Man.

A GHOUL whose tongue waggles from a jawless void.

Rowan's gaze settles on Art, his wife's blood dripping from
his hands.

Art just waves at Rowan and mouths the word "Soon".

INT. ROTUNDA

The Tunnel of Rowan's dreams is empty. The alcoves deserted.

At the center of the wider chamber the red light burns even
brighter. The stone bed shakes.

INT. BALLROOM

Father Flynn spins in a circle surveying the crowd around
him.

Shadows envelope the room, blocking the light.

He holds the crucifix high.

FATHER FLYNN
My weapon is the light of the lord.
It surrounds me.

FAMILY
And shields me.

Rowan has stopped responding.

FATHER FLYNN
Step into the light brothers and be
free of this place. Let it release
you.

FAMILY
And be your salvation.

The ballroom begins to rumble.

INT. ROTUNDA

The light dims, the bed shakes furiously. The roses wilt.

INT. BALLROOM

FATHER FLYNN
Let it guide you to the Lord!

FAMILY
For he is your salvation.

Father Flynn holds both arms above his head.

FATHER FLYNN
Go now! Go now!

The light from the windows intensifies.

The Specters begin to writhe in pain, twitching and shaking.

FATHER FLYNN (CONT'D)
Go now!

The light is brighter still, blinding even.

The Specters fade.

INT. TUNNEL

The stone bed rattles against the floor.

The Red Woman looses a HOWL that echoes through the house and across the fields.

INT. IWAN TEAGUE'S HOUSE

Iwan Teague grits his teeth and shuts his blinds.

INT. BALLROOM

FATHER FLYNN

Go now!

The Specters vanish.

The boxes about the room EXPLODE. The artwork bursting, blown to bits.

One by one they pop and crack, shattering into pieces.

The paintings.

The pots.

The photos.

The books.

The debris swirling through the air like snow.

The kids bury their faces in their mother's chest.

Rowan flees from the room, covering his ears.

He slams into the door and throws it open as the strings of the piano POP and it collapses in on itself.

Rowan stumbles into the hall.

INT. TUNNEL

The stone bed CRACKS loudly, splintering at its very core.

All is quiet.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

The bright light of a sunny day fills the room - bits of dust floating in its ardent beams.

Sam kneels, holding her kids tight against her body. Her eyes shut tightly.

A beat.

Sam opens her eyes and stares at Father Flynn's hand being held out to her.

She takes it and he pulls her to her feet.

SAM
Is- Is it done?

FATHER FLYNN
Tis.

She smiles at her kids and surveys the ruined room.

SAM
Rowan?

Sam casts her gaze about.

The kids panic, eyes welling with tears.

SAM (CONT'D)
Rowan?!

Sam rushes to the ballroom door and flings it open - Rowan's crumpled figure lies in the hall.

Sam runs over and slides next to Rowan.

She shakes him.

SAM (CONT'D)
C'mon. C'mon. Rowan.

He's breathing.

Father Flynn stands in the doorway.

SAM (CONT'D)
(To Flynn)
What's wrong with him?

FATHER FLYNN
This was...hard on him.

Father Flynn kneels beside her.

FATHER FLYNN (CONT'D)
Harder than maybe even he knew.

Flynn lays a hand on Rowan's brow and his eyes flutter open.

FATHER FLYNN (CONT'D)
But he'll be fine now.

SAM
Thank you.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAYS LATER

A nail is driven into the wall.

THUD. THUD. THUD.

A beat.

A posed photograph of the family is hung on the newly placed nail.

Sam steps back, bracing herself.

The wall beyond her is filled with photos of the family.

From nearby, Jess looks up from her coloring book nervously.

Sam pauses, waiting.

A smile. Relief.

Sam looks down at Jess who returns her smile. Sam picks up the hammer off the ground and leans it against her shoulder.

She glances into Brie and Conor's room.

The twins are resting comfortably.

Sam smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sam and the kids sit in a circle on the floor, playing Uno.

Conor glances at Brie, before playing his last card.

CONOR
UNO!

Brie throws her cards in the center.

CONOR (CONT'D)
I win!

BRIE
That's not five hundred.

CONOR
Is too!

BRIE
Is not, idiot.

CONOR
Mom!

Sam does the math on a notepad.

SAM
Gimme a second, guys.

A CREAK draws their attention to the stairs.

Rowan stands on the stairs watching.

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry, did we wake you?

ROWAN
No, you're good. Didn't mean to interrupt.

He walks around the corner, down the hall.

CONOR
Can dad play with us?

SAM
I'm sure he's tired, hon.

CONOR
Please?

BRIE
C'mon, dad.

JESS
You can be on my team.

Rowan walks back and sits down.

ROWAN
Yeah, alright but only if I get to be on Jessy-girl's team.

Rowan drags Jess on his lap. He and Sam share a smile.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Rowan pushes food around his plate as Sam stares across the table at him. The remnants of the kids' dinner surround them.

A beat.

SAM
All done?

ROWAN
I think so.

Sam gathers the plates up. Rowan hops up

ROWAN (CONT'D)
I got it. Don't worry.

Rowan pushes past her and takes the pile to the sink.

SAM
You sure?

ROWAN
'Course!

Sam leans against the counter. Rowan scrubs the remnants off.

A long beat.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
Hey, Sam?

SAM
Yeah?

ROWAN
I'm sorry.

SAM
You don't have to be sorry.

ROWAN
But I am. For not believing you.
And for other things.

SAM
I must've sounded crazy...

Rowan sets the clean plates aside and faces Sam.

ROWAN

Maybe. But I should've been there.
To support you. I guess I got too
caught up.

Sam gives Rowan a hug.

SAM

I forgive you.

They kiss.

A VOICE cries out. A man's voice.

They freeze.

Listening.

Brie GIGGLES as Lean On Me crackles over the speakers in the
other room.

Sam and Rowan share a smile and Rowan wraps his arms around
her waist. They clumsily dance in the kitchen, laughing.

Rowan gives Sam an exaggerated dip and kisses her.

SAM (CONT'D)

Maybe tomorrow you can finally
write in peace.

ROWAN

Yeah. Maybe.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR - LATER

Rowan sits at the desk, pen tightly gripped in his hand -
clumsily dragging across the page. He looks pale, sweaty and
sickly.

His writing halting, slow.

Words aren't coming.

He presses harder into the page and the tip SNAPS off. Ink
smears everywhere.

ROWAN

Fuck!

Rowan jumps up and tosses the headless pen across the room. He snatches a rag off the edge of the desk and blots at the ink covered page.

It smears more.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
I can't do this.

He holds his head in his hands.

Rowan coughs.

He blots more and more at the page but the ink just spreads.

Too much ink.

Rowan coughs more as he frantically blots at the ink, accidentally blotting out more of the words on the page.

He hacks and coughs as more of the words disappear.

The rag drops from his hand.

Rowan braces himself on the desk and hacks into his hand. He stares into it.

Shiny black ink stares back.

His eyes widen.

He coughs out more.

And more.

Rowan slips to his knees, ink seeping from his mouth. From his eyes.

He assumes a fetal position.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Five settings are placed around the table - four dirty, the fifth untouched. Sam shovels some food onto the empty plate and dumps the dirties in the sink.

She walks the plate into the study and knocks on the hatch.

SAM
Rowan? Are you there?

Silence.

Rowan lies on the floor of the cellar, still.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'm about to put the kids to bed.
Got time for a bedtime story?

Nothing.

Sam sets the plate on the ground.

SAM (CONT'D)
Well I left some food here, if
you're hungry.

Sam eases out of the room.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Rowan stirs.

His hands claws at the dusty floor.

He lurches upright, his front covered in dried black ink. He crawls over to the wall and pounds on it.

ROWAN
Please. Come back. I need you.

He pounds on the wall again and slumps to the ground.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
I need you!

Dust drifts in the air around him.

A stone drops out of the wall with a THUD.

Rowan's head shoots up. He leans in to the wall.

Something drifts in the dark.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
Hello?

The Red Haired Woman leans out of the shadows - her eyes glowing dimly in the dark.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
Hello, my love.

INT. JESS'S ROOM

Sam sits on the edge of the bed with a book of fairy tales.
Jess is bundled up in bed with a stuffed lion.

Sam is reading to her in a low voice.

SAM

And the prince and princess rode
off together, happily ever after.

Sam closes the book. She looks at Jess.

SAM (CONT'D)

Still not sleepy?

Jess shakes her head.

JESS

No.

Sam sighs.

JESS (CONT'D)

Daddy's stories are different.
Sleepier.

Sam sets the book aside.

SAM

Not sure if that's a compliment or
not.

Jess stares at her over the edge of the covers.

SAM (CONT'D)

Well, you're gonna have to try to
go to bed without one of Daddy's
stories. Can you try for me?

Jess nods.

She rolls over and pulls the covers up high.

Sam kisses her on the head and shuts off the light.

JESS

Hey, mommy?

Sam halts in the door - one foot in.

SAM

Yeah, princess?

JESS
Is daddy ok?

SAM
He's fine baby. Just busy.

JESS
Ok. I hope he finishes soon.

SAM
Me too. Good night.

Sam closes the door and puts her back against the door.
Her face floods with concern.
She breathes deep, balls her fists, finds the calm.
Her eyes pop open. She sees light from the twins' room.

SAM (CONT'D)
Bed! Now you two!

CONOR
(O.S)
Yes, mom.

BRIE
(O.S)
Sorry, mom.

The light clicks off, but the door stays open.
Sam trudges down the stairs and rounds the corner.
She glances into the study and the plate of food sits untouched.
Sam shakes her head and picks it up.
She freezes.
Muffled VOICES coming from the basement.
Sam holds still, listening.

SAM
Rowan?

The voices stop.
A beat.

Sam grabs the plate and dumps the food in the sink. She flicks off the light and marches back up the stairs.

About halfway up, she stops.

Across the field she can see the figure of Iwan Teague standing in the window.

Her gaze lingers on him.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

RED HAIRED WOMAN
She is gone now, love.

Rowan presses his face up against the hole in the walls, willing his head through the brick-sized hole.

ROWAN
Please come out? Please?

The Red Haired Woman chuckles.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
You know what you have to do.

Ink drips from Rowan's face onto his hands. As it hits his skin it turns blood red.

RED HAIRED WOMAN (CONT'D)
Rid yourself of them and we can be together, in ecstasy.

Rowan presses his face harder into the wall.

ROWAN
I will. I just need your touch.
Please?

A long pale arm slips through the hole - its fingers clawed. She gently caresses Rowan's face.

He shudders in ecstasy.

The arms retracts through the hole.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
Now go.

EXT. IWAN TEAGUE'S HOUSE

Sam shifts uncomfortably on the porch. Lightning flashes in the distance and thunder RUMBLES shortly after it.

The door pops open.

IWAN
Yes?

Sam gives a wave.

SAM
Hi.

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
I realized I never had a chance to
thank you.

Iwan glances back into the house.

IWAN
An odd hour for it.

SAM
Uh, yeah. Sorry I guess it is.

A very long pause.

They eye each other.

IWAN
Care for a cuppa?

SAM
I'm sorry?

IWAN
Tea. Or something stronger, if
you'd prefer?

SAM
Yes. Please.

Teague waves her into the house and shuts the door.

INT. STUDY

The hatch door creeps open. Rowan pulls himself out of the hole, still covered in ink.

Shadows dance around the room like drawings on the wall - written, erased, drawn again.

Rowan is thin. Thinner than he's ever been.

He staggers over to the desk and opens a drawer.

The broken claymore gleams in the dimness.

Rowan smiles.

He picks it up and cuts into his hand. Blood drizzles over the blade.

Rowan marches out into the hall, wavering like a drunk.

He drags the blade against the wall and the blood smears like paint in a line behind him.

It drips up, climbing the walls in swirling text.

Rowan watches them go.

INT. JESS'S ROOM

Jess GASPS.

She sits bolt upright, her eyes wide.

The dark room around her is empty. She hears a SCRAPE from downstairs.

INT. TEAGUE'S DINING ROOM

A rustic, hunter's lodge with an ornate, carved dining table at its center and shelves on the edges. They're filled with wood carvings.

Sam stands nearby and fidgets with a carving of a sheep.

Iwan COUGHS from behind her and she jumps.

The sheep tumbles to the ground.

SAM

Sorry, these are gorgeous.

Iwan sets the cups down and bends to pick up the sheep.

IWAN

Thank you. This was one of my first.

SAM
You did these?

Iwan nods.

IWAN
And the shelves. And the chairs.
And the table. Damn near the whole
house.

SAM
Wow.

IWAN
If it's wood, I likely made it.

Iwan smiles and plops down at the table.

SAM
Do you still do it?

Iwan holds up his scarred, trembling hands.

IWAN
Not for years.

Sam sits at the table and pulls a cup closer to her. Iwan
pulls a flask from his pocket and holds it out to Sam.

She shakes her head "no".

IWAN (CONT'D)
D'you mind if I do?

SAM
Not at all.

Iwan toasts to her and dumps it into his tea.

SAM (CONT'D)
Was it an accident?

IWAN
I'm sorry?

SAM
That hurt your hands. Was it an
accident?

Iwan takes a drink.

IWAN
No. No accident.

SAM

Oh. I didn't mean to pry-

IWAN

Mrs. McDonough, what brings you here? Surely it wasn't to talk craft?

SAM

No. It wasn't.

She sips her tea.

SAM (CONT'D)

Actually, I will have some of that.

Iwan smiles and dumps a little in her cup. She motions for more and he obliges.

SAM (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Sam takes a sip of the tea.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm here about my husband. I'm worried about him.

IWAN

Worried how?

Sam spins her tea cup in the saucer.

SAM

Everything has been good since the Father came. Thank you by the way.

Teague waves it off.

SAM (CONT'D)

But Rowan has still been . . . Different. Reclusive.

IWAN

Men need time alone.

SAM

It's not like that. He's been spending a lot of time in the basement.

IWAN

In the basement?

SAM

Yeah. I know he's writing but this is different from the other times.

Teague's cup shakes more as he takes a sip.

SAM (CONT'D)

He's never been this distant.

Teague sets his cup down.

SAM (CONT'D)

I know this sounds silly, but if we weren't so isolated I'd think he was having an affair.

Sam chuckles.

Iwan is grim.

IWAN

Mrs. McDonough-

SAM

Sam, please.

IWAN

Sam. During your uh -

He snaps.

IWAN (CONT'D)

Uh, exorcism. You said you saw the spirits?

SAM

Yeah, why?

IWAN

Did you see a woman?

SAM

A woman?

IWAN

A red head. A great beauty.

Sam pauses.

She sets down her cup.

SAM

No. I didn't see a woman.

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
I didn't see any women at all. Why
were they all men?

INT. IRISH MANOR SECOND FLOOR

Rowan climbs the stairs and looks into the Master Bedroom.
Something black and red swirls in the shadows.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
She'll come back when she hears
their screams.

ROWAN
Their screams?

RED HAIRED WOMAN
Your children's.

Rowan looks over towards Jess's room and the Twins' room. The
blood is swirling in front of them - like little people
pirouetting.

ROWAN
But-

Hand caresses Rowan from behind. Its claws grown ragged.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
You cannot have both.

Rowan shudders and nods.

He stalks towards Jess' room and pushes open the door.

The dim light surrounding him casts a shadow on a little lump
in bed.

Rowan lingers in the doorway.

Shadows dance on the wall, a sort of vision of a bloody
future. Their edges are rough, as if painted.

INT. TEAGUE'S DINING ROOM

Sam is pale as a sheet.

SAM
So this thing, Leanan-

IWAN
Sidhe.

SAM
Is . . . feeding on my husband?

IWAN
That's right. Draining him of life,
but filling him with art.

He smiles slightly.

SAM
But it's not a spirit.

Teague shakes his head.

IWAN
She's a fae.

SAM
A fairy? Like the stories?

IWAN
Aye, a fairy, but not like the
stories. This is from an older
world. A grimmer one.

SAM
But the house was cleaned.

Sam glances out the window towards the house in the distance.

IWAN
By Christians. There's only so much
they can do.

SAM
What do I do?

IWAN
There's only one thing to do:
leave.

Iwan holds up his trembling broken hands.

IWAN (CONT'D)
And never look back.

EXT. IWAN TEAGUE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Iwan helps Sam into her coat and hands her a purse.

SAM
I'll get them out tonight. Right
now.

IWAN
Right now. Good.

Sam marches down the stairs towards the fields, but stops.

SAM
Mr. Teague?

He turns back.

INT. JESS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rowan stomps into the room and freezes before the bed. His eyes a mix of red ink and tears, streaking his face.

RED HAired WOMAN (O.S.)
Yesss.

Rowan raises the dripping blade above his head and drives it into the lump of blankets.

A SHRIEK.

EXT. IWAN TEAGUE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SAM
Thank you.

Teague smiles.

A SHRIEK echoes from the house across the fields.

Sam sprints towards the house.

Iwan stumbles as fast as he can after her.

INT. JESS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A water glass CRASHES against the ground as water splashes everywhere.

Jess stands in the hall staring at Rowan from the doorway.

He whips around, his eyes wild.

ROWAN
Hi, sweetie.

Jess freezes.

Rowan stumbles towards her and coughs up ink with a BELCH.

Jess SCREAMS again and runs towards the twins' room.

Conor and Brie are at the door, leaned out into the hall.

Jess scrambles towards them and pushes past, into the room.

Rowan, right on her heels, has the door SLAMMED in his face.

He screams in rage.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

Lemme in!

He THUMPS on the door with the pommel of the sword.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

Let!

THUD.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

ME!

THUD.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

IN!

THUD.

INT. CONOR'S ROOM

Jess falls against the wall, as far away from the door as she can get. She makes herself small.

Conor and Brie scramble after her.

BRIE

What is it?

CONOR

Are the scary men back?

Jess shakes her head.

JESS

It's daddy now.

Brie and Conor share a look.

BRIE

It doesn't sound like daddy.

The tip of the Claymore SMASHES through the door.

Brie grabs Jess and shoves her towards the closet door. Conor crams in after them.

The Claymore HACKS away as splinters crumble to the ground. Rowan pushes his way through the door.

EXT. IRISH MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

Sam hops over the fence, sprints towards the house.

Iwan stumbles over it, but keeps pace.

Sam takes the stairs two at a time, and slams into the front door. She yanks the door open and surges inside.

SAM

Rowan? Jess?

Teague mounts the stairs. He's wheezing. He stumbles over to the entry.

Sam turns in time to see the door SLAMS in his face.

Iwan pounds on the door and wrenches at the knob, but nothing happens.

On her side Sam yanks on the handle but the door is sealed. She looks out the side window at Teague.

He shrugs helplessly.

RED HAIRED WOMAN (O.S.)

Tsk, tsk, tsk. You had your chance.

Teague scowls and spits.

Sam walks deeper into the house

INT. CONOR'S ROOM

Brie, Jess, and Conor peak out through the slats in the closet.

Rowan marches through the room. He stops at Conor's bed, he bends to his knee and rips back the bed skirt.

Nothing.

He growls.

He stands and flips the bed with a CRASH.

INT. IRISH MANOR - CONTINUOUS

A CRASH echoes downstairs.

Sam BREATHEs heavily, echoing through the dark house.

Sam reaches for a light switch and flips it.

Nothing.

SAM

Shit.

Sam looks down the hall and sees the trail of blood and ink that wends up the stairs.

She steadies herself and edges closer to the stairs

Sam takes the first step, keeping her back against the wall as she climbs, stair by stair.

The wall WRIGGLES behind her and she jumps against the railing on the other side.

She SQUEALS but claps a hand over her mouth.

A CRASH echoes from upstairs.

Sam's eyes dart upwards.

INT. CONOR'S ROOM

Rowan stands in the midst of the carnage. He's breathing hard, his bones practically popping through his skin.

He stumbles towards the closet.

Jess pushes towards the back. Conor and Brie share a nervous look.

Brie picks up a hardcover and hefts it over her head.

Rowan stops before the closet

INT. STAIRS

The red plaster walls bend and contort.

Sam leans in. She gingerly taps it and it ripples like water.
She recoils.

PLASTER HANDS SURGE OUT OF THE WALL - reaching for Sam. They
tear at her clothes, grope her flesh.

She SCREAMS and tries to wriggle free.

INT. CONOR'S ROOM

Rowan whips his head around at the sound.

The closet BURSTS open.

Brie whips the hardback right into Rowan's face. It connects
with his nose with a sickening CRUNCH and he ROARS in pain.

The kids sprint past him as he blindly swings the blade.

INT. STAIRS

The kids motor down the hall and reach the top of the stairs.

Conor and Brie screech to a stop and Jess careens into them.
They nearly tumble down.

Sam struggles against the hands. Her eyes wide.

BRIE

Mommy!

JESS

C'mon!

Jess hops down the stairs and grabs Sam's hand. Conor and
Brie follow suit as the family wrenches itself free.

They roll down the stairs and land in a pile at the bottom.

Sam winces in pain.

Rowan looks down the stairs at them, the ink on his face
mixed with the blood of his freshly broken nose.

He HOWLS wildly.

Sam pushes the kids into the hall.

She stumbles to her feet and limps after them as Rowan stalks
down the stairs.

Darkness seems to consume the end of the hall.

Sam tugs on the door knob but the door won't budge. The knob POPS off in her hand and she stares at it.

The knob melts, slipping through her fingers and puddling on the floor. She stares up at the door which falls away board by board until a pile of lumber lays at her feet.

The front door is gone - only a wall remains in its place.

JESS (CONT'D)
What's happening mommy?

Sam grabs the kids and shoves them towards the back door.

At the end of the hall a swirling black void has swallowed the kitchen. Sam freezes.

The walls around them spring to life with the writings of a thousand different hands.

Rend.

Rip.

Tear.

Pages of painful promises writ on the walls around them.

The kids close in around Sam.

From the end of the hallway the naked form of a woman appears in negative against the pure blackness.

Her fingers boney, long and thin.

Too thin.

Rowan THUDS against the wall behind them and BANGS the claymore against it.

He giggles, eyes unfocused.

Sam and the kids look back and forth, stuck between the demon and dad.

Sam casts her eyes about wildly and settles on a door, the only door - the Study door.

She shoves her kids through it and slams it behind them.

INT. STUDY

Sam piles loose furniture at the door.

A THUD.

Rattles against it.

She pushes the desk against it and puts her back into it.

THUD.

The kids recoil away from the door.

Sam glances towards the hatch.

SAM
Rowan, stop!

THUD.

Jess cries and Conor and Brie follow after.

SAM (CONT'D)
Rowan!

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
Please stop? Please? Just be
alright again and stop?

Tears erupt on Sam's face.

Silence follows.

ROWAN
Sam?

SAM
Yes!

His breathing is heavy, heard through the door.

SAM (CONT'D)
Yes, yes it's me. You're going to
be alright. Just stop.

ROWAN
Ok. I'm ok. It's done.

Sam stands up. She looks at the door.

She starts to pull the desk away, but puts her weight against the door.

SAM
You're in control? You'll stop?

ROWAN
I am. I'll stop.

Sam grabs the knob.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
It'll all stop.

With control, she cracks it - peeking into the hall. ROWAN'S ARM SHOOTS THROUGH THE DOOR AND SLASHES AT SAM.

She screams and falls away from the strike, her arm bleeding badly. She kicks the door as she falls, and it slams on Rowan's forearm.

The blade CLATTERS to the floor.

Sam heaves the hatch open and ushers the kids into the basement before SLAMMING it behind them.

Rowan rubs at his arm and strides into the room.

The darkness surrounds him and he smiles at its touch.

He drags the desk on top of the hatch and walks away.

INT. CELLAR

Blackness.

Sam's breathing and the hysterical fits of the kids echo in the darkness.

CLICK.

The hanging light comes on.

Sam pulls the kids in close and stares intently at the hatch above them.

THUD.

Sam YELPS.

THUD.

The family recoils from the thuds until their backs press against the wall.

BRIE
Where do we go?

THUD.

A beat.

BRIE (CONT'D)
Mommy?

SAM
Gimme a second sweetie.

THUD.

A hand slips through a crack in the wall.

Sam SHRIEKS and drags her kids away from the wall.

IWAN
It's alright. It's me.

Iwan presses his face into the crack.

THUD.

IWAN (CONT'D)
There's a way out, but it's through
this wall. The mortar is old
though, it'll crumble.

Sam searches the room.

SAM
C'mon, let's find something to
break this down.

The kids fan out, pawing through scattered boxes.

IWAN
You must hurry. We haven't much
time.

Sam wanders the room intently scanning the floor for something, anything.

BRIE
Mommy?

Brie lifts up an old blacksmith's hammer.

BRIE (CONT'D)
What about this?

Sam scurries over.

SAM
Oh, that's perfect hon.

Sam darts to the wall.

SAM (CONT'D)
Mr. Teague? We found something, so
stand back.

IWAN
Don't mind me; do it.

Sam swings the hammer and it lands with a CLUNK against the wall. Dust rises off and the stone is barely clinging on.

IWAN (CONT'D)
It'll have to be harder than that!

THUD - a crack splinters the hatch. It's coming apart.

Sam drives the hammer back into the wall with a CLANK and the brick falls away.

Another strike, another brick.

Then another.

And another.

A hole forms in the wall as she hammers and Sam pushes her children through before crawling after on her belly.

She catches on a rock, but Iwan pulls her through.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Narrow stone walls with alcoves on either side, it's the tunnel of Rowan's dreams.

Iwan drags Sam to her feet.

SAM
Thank you.

IWAN
We have to hurry.

SAM
My husband. He went crazy.

Iwan nods and ushers them down the tunnel.

IWAN
He's in the grips of her glamour.

SAM
Glamour?

IWAN
Aye. Fae magic. He'll do whatever
she asks.

Iwan holds up a hand and the party stops.

IWAN (CONT'D)
We need to be quiet through here.
We're almost out.

He turns to move forward but Sam grabs his arm.

SAM
How do I get my husband back?

IWAN
No guarantee that you will.

Sam looks fallen.

Iwan holds up his mangled hands.

IWAN (CONT'D)
For me, it took a shock to the
system.

A beat.

IWAN (CONT'D)
Now come on. Quiet I said.

INT. ROTUNDA

The group moves further down the tunnel and comes to the rotunda. The marble bed has a smoking crack down the center.

The vines droop off walls, the flowers withered. Iwan guides them through the dark room holding the lantern aloft. He gestures with it towards another tunnel, partially obscured by dead foliage.

IWAN
Quickly now, quickly.

Iwan pushes past the vines.

The kids follow after.

Sam pauses, looking at one of the blackened flowers.

She touches it gingerly.

The flower smears like paint in her hands.

She recoils and follows after the kids.

INT. EXIT TUNNEL

The tunnel is cramped and dark. Roots hang from the ceiling and bones scatter the floor.

It ends in a stone blocking the way.

IWAN
Damn. She's closed it.

Iwan points at Conor.

IWAN (CONT'D)
I'll need a hand, lad.

Conor checks with Sam, and She nods approval.

Teague hands the lantern back to Brie as Conor steps forward. The two of them put their shoulders against it.

It creaks open.

They're almost free.

Iwan wipes his brow. He smiles in the dim light as a blade is PLUNGED into his back.

He groans falling against the wall. Rowan surges in and snatches Conor up, holding him close.

Brie and Jess bury themselves in Sam's chest.

SAM
Rowan. Stop. You don't know what
you're doing.

Rowan steps on a squirming Iwan, yanking the blade free.

Rowan inches forward, pushing Conor ahead of him. His face is pale, the blood smeared into war paint.

He points the blade at them.

ROWAN

Back!

Sam and the kids back down the tunnel, into the rotunda.

INT. ROTUNDA

The room is bathed in red light from above and the crack in the bed glows brilliantly.

The black smoke swirls in the dome above them.

Sam, Jess, and Brie are backed up next to the bed as Rowan shoves Conor over to Sam.

Sam holds him close.

From the blackness above the Red Woman descends. She's naked, her marble flesh covered only by long red hair. Her emerald eyes leer at the family as she lands gently on the bed.

In her arms is the tome.

As she pushes it towards Rowan, the flowers melt. Their paint streaks across the floor towards the bed and climbs the high edges of it. As they swirl together they change to a crimson red and burst into a very real fire.

Rowan approaches her and the book and she caresses his cheek.

RED HAIRED WOMAN

Their blood in book. Their bodies
in flame.

ROWAN

Their blood in the book and their
bodies in flame.

SAM

No!

Sam pushes the kids behind her.

SAM (CONT'D)

Rowan, please!

Sam shoves the kids towards the tunnel back to the house but vines spring up to block their way.

Rowan marches forward.

He grabs Conor by the wrist and drags him to the tome.

It flips open on its own, a golden pen sitting in its spine.

RED HAIRED WOMAN
His blood in the book.

Rowan nods.

He brings the sword up to Conor's hand.

SAM
Wait!

Sam pushes Conor aside.

SAM (CONT'D)
Me first.

Conor cowers near his sisters.

SAM (CONT'D)
Do me first. Not them.

Rowan looks to the Red Haired Woman.

She smiles.

Rowan pulls Sam over by her wrist.

SAM (CONT'D)
Do you remember when the twins were
born?

Rowan takes her hand roughly and draws the blade across it.
Blood SQUIRTS forth.

SAM (CONT'D)
You said they were like a spark.

Rowan takes the pen and dips it in the blood. He scribbles
along the book, writing Sam's name.

SAM (CONT'D)
If we let them, they could burn
down our lives.

Rowan sets the pen down.

The Red Haired Woman licks her lips.

The fire roars higher behind them.

Rowan takes her hands.

SAM (CONT'D)
Or, they could light the hearth.

A glimmer appears in Rowan's eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

She forces his hands into the flames and he HOWLS in pain.
Sam kicks the book into the fire and retreats to her kids.
The Red Haired Woman screeches and flies up to the ceiling.
The book burns in the fire, melting like wax.
Sam pushes the kids down the tunnel and they run off. She
kneels next to Rowan.
His hands burnt raw.

SAM (CONT'D)
Are you with me?

Rowan looks up at her, pain written across his face.
He nods.

SAM (CONT'D)
C'mon.

Sam hefts him up and they stumble towards the exit together.
The smoke in the room crackles - burning off like gunpowder.
The Red Haired Woman wreathed in flames, crashes down onto
the bed.
She crawls forward towards Rowan and Sam.

RED HAIREd WOMAN
I...live...in...every...word.

She slumps to the ground, smoking as Sam and Rowan push into
the tunnel.

EXT. BARROW - MORNING

Morning light bathes the emerald hills.

Brie, Conor, and Jess are gathered around Iwan. His breathing labored.

They squeal at the sight of Sam, throwing themselves into her arms.

They look down at Rowan. He's burned, broken.

The kids check with Sam.

SAM

It's ok.

Jess hugs her father. Conor and Brie follow warily.

Rowan hugs them close, his eyes well with tears as he meets Sam's gaze.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAYS LATER

A bustling airport. The gate reads: DUBLIN to CHICAGO

Rowan, Jess, Conor, and Brie are all seated in a circle near the window.

Rowan's hands are bandaged.

They're playing cards.

ROWAN

Ok. My draw. Sweetie?

Brie rolls her eyes.

BRIE

Yes?

ROWAN

Can you grab me a card?

BRIE

Can we do something else?

ROWAN

What? Really?

The kids all stare at him.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

Fine.

Conor whips out his Nintendo and rolls away from the circle.
Brie and Jess each break out books.

Rowan clumsily fishes a laptop out of his backpack and flips it open.

It opens on a word processor, filled with text.

He uses his mouth to unfurl a headset and plugs it in.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
Test. Test.

The words appear on the screen.

Rowan smiles.

He clears his throat.

Something MOVES in the whiteness beyond the words.

Rowan slams the screen shut.

Sam plops down next to him.

SAM
It was a pain, but they can seat us
all together.

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
You ok?

ROWAN
Yeah, fine.

SAM
Trying to do some more writing?

ROWAN
Was thinking about it.

Sam pulls out a book.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
But I think I'll hold off for now.

Sam smiles at Rowan and gives him a kiss.

Rowan slides the laptop back in the bag and zips it shut.

THE END