

GEIST HAUS

Written by

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Fade in:

black screen

VOIcE OVER (o.s.)

Shh....

CUT TO:

2 *WHITE TEXT SCROLL ON BLACK SCREEN: 2

We would like to thank the good people of Flint,
Michigan, whomever you may be, who originally made this film
and netcast it around the world, one time on June 24, 2004.

What you are about to see is a project made up of over one
hundred and fifty clips gathered from sources around the
world, edited together into what is believed to be the
closest thing available to the original Netcast. Everything
Has been pieced together as it was found in the most logical
sequence possible. Pains were taken to avoid any creative
choices in editing it together for thispresentation.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. downtown flint, michigan 3

CAMERA tilts up to storefront window in which we see the

reflection of SCOTT KNUBURN, 60-ISH, tightening down the CAMERA STABILIZER on a large video cam, trying it out in the window creating an eerie weightless presentation to what we SEE and then he attaches it the top of a car and gets in.

Cut to:

4 EXT. downtown flint, michigan 4

Scott's POV as he tilts up to get the VEHICLE CITY SIGN then TILTS DOWN and we push north on Saginaw St. SWAYING ever so gently from side to side as we continue to CHEVROLET AVE., turn right into MOTT PARK, through quick edits, arriving at THE HOUSE.

We drive into the driveway and RACK FOCUS into the tree.

RACK FOCUS out of the tree, pull back to SEE SUSAN KNUBURN gardening.

Susan looks up and is smiling when she sees Scott.

SCOTT
I thinkthis is called in-camera
editing...I think.

SUSAN

What you got there big boy? Is
that your...that six thousand
dollar monster?

SCOTT

Nope, almost three. But I got a
ligh, tripod, dolly. Like it?

SUSAN

I do. I forgot exactly what I'm
supposed to do now. Give a tour or
something?

SCOTT

Yeah. Let's just go in. I wanna see
how this thing handles the light,
the sunshine going from outside,
in.

Susan walks into the house. Scott starts to follow and
stops.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I want to see the refelection.

We see the camera and his reflection in the door window and he gives us an 'A-OK' sign. A transparent shadow passes and door violently rattles.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Okay... we probably got that.

SUSAN

Remember what those guys on T V
said about when you bring cameras
and stuff into a haunted house,
that sometimes you open a can or
worms.

SCOTT

I want to open a can of worms, a
big can of worms and get it all
over this video. Not like those
stupid shows that never show you
any thing, just imply.

They just lead you on like stupid
soap operas, never delivering

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)
anything...like...I don't
know...any political party.

SUSAN

I know how frustrating it is for
you honey. People starving around
the world and everything, world
peace still not fully achieved and
TV charlatans making believe they
have real some ghosts on tape. It
is trying.

I don't know how you cope with our
planet, dear. I would be pissed
too.

5 INT. House - day

5

Scott is testing the light on the CAMERA.

Scott

Wow, some change. I hope it comes
out on video like it does on the
monitor. There's almost no
(MORE)

Scott (CONT'D)
fluctuation in the lighting
transition. Cool beans.

SUSAN

(faking interest)

Oh yeah. That's great. What ever
that means.

Scott follows Susan up the stairs. Susan stops at the head
of the stairs.

SUSAN

Are you shooting my ass?

SCOTT

'Till the day I die, babe.

Susan points her butt toward the CAM and backs up.

SUSAN

Well, in that case. I believe I am
ready for my close-up Mr. DeMille.

They laugh.

CUT TO:

6 InT. DEN - Night

6

Scott is shooting video here and there, focusing, trying out the stabilizer. Susan is playing a video game on the computer.

SUSAN

What do you think? Think we'll get anything?

SCOTT

I hope so but, doesn't really matter as long as we have fun. Maybe. Not like we have to make money at it or anything.

SUSAN

He says right after spending five thousand dollars on one camera.

SCOTT

Three. If we get
something I want it to be
believable.

Not like those TV shows where they
go to night vision
(Goes into night vision)
...and then swish the camera.

(mimicking)

Did you see that?

They laugh.

SUSAN

Did you hear that?

SCOTT

Yeah. Like that.

SUSAN

Shush. I mean it. I heard
something.

SCOTT

Psych.

SUSAN

No, quiet. You hear that?

SCOTT

Stop. You're fucking with me.

SUSAN

(whispers)

Quiet.

Susan turns down the speakers on the computer. We barely HEAR a far off screeching sound.

SCOTT

I heard that. I bet I got it too.

CUT TO:

7 INT. bedroom-night

7

Scott is coming up the stairs. He and Susan are getting ready for bed. He is in his oversized robe. He is balancing the stabilizer

Scott

(loudly)

This thing floats.

Susan is in her pajamas and water-picking her teeth.

SUSAN

(garbled)

Whataya mean? What thing?

Scott

I checked out that sound on the
video. I got it but I can't make
it out. I saved it. Work on it
tomorrow.

SUSAN

Uh huh. What's the thing you're
talking about?

ScOTT

Thing. The stabilizer.

SUSAN

What does it do?

ScOTT

I'll show you. I am going to run
downstairs, run around the house
and back upstairs then I'm going to
take the camera off it and do the
same thing.

Then I'll edit it side by side
tomorrow and I'll show you but for
now, look at this.

Scott maneuvers the cam over in front of the mirror and
wobbles the gimble side to side, up and down, back and forth.

SusAN

Wow, I get it.

Scott

Cool, huh?

SUSAN

Yeah, cool Daddy You like me
calling you Daddy, don't you...at
bedtime?

Scott

Wait. Let me lay down these
tracks.

Susan silently mouths words into the cam.

SUSAN

(mouths)

Lay down these tracks

(out loud)

Those are four words I have never
heard you utter before.

the stairs, through the living room, into the den, back up the stairs, into the mirror and lets the camera steady-up.

CUT TO:

9 INT-night-bedroom

9

Susan is in bed embroidering and the stabilizer is not on the cam.

Scott

Okay, without the stabilizer. Here we go.

SUSAN

Lay down some more tracks for me Baby.

Scott growls.

Scott leaves the bedroom and walks down the stairs, through the living room, into the den, back up the stairs, into the mirror.

CUT TO:

10 THE CAM IS ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER. SUSAN COMES UP FROM THE
BASEMENT.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Hon. Ya' busy?

SUSAN

Never.

SCOTT

Bring the camera quick.

Susan grabs the camera and brings it into the den.

SUSAN

I don't understand this thing. How
do I do it.

Scott takes the camera and walks into the downstairs bathroom
mirror. Susan us behind him.

SCOTT

All you have to do Sweetheart is
hold on to this. It's called a
gimble and take hold of these dots
here with these fingers and pan
left, right, up, down, push, pull.
Simple. You try it.

Susan does and does it perfectly.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You are gifted. Now follow me. I
want to show you something.

CUT TO:

11 INT. DEN-DAY

11

The picture wobbles as Scott tightens down the cam to the
tripod.

SUSAN

(faking stupidity)

Duh, that's the tripod, right.

Scott sits at the computer and plays the side-by-side scenes.

Susan sees the difference.

SUSAN

Wow, there really is a difference.

Look at that. Your a genius.

SCOTT

It's not genius Hon. It's easier

but that is not what I want you to

see. I mean it was... but watch.

We see the scene as it goes into the den and then Scott stops it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Did you see it?

SUSAN

See what.

Scott plays it again.

SCOTT

Watch the lamp.

We watch it and in the video on the right, the lamp is instantly switched to the other side of the table.

SUSAN

Come on. What do you take me for.

You switch sides.

SCOTT

Hey, I'm the skeptic here and now I am questioning something. I would have said the same thing if it was you but I know I did not touch it. No one would believe me but watch this. Apparently it switched sides right before my very eyes and I did not see it. Someone is playing a trick on us and I do not think that whatever is in here can perform video tricks and I want to but don't know how to yet,

We see the video again and when the lamp switches sides Scott stops the video and jogs it back. He takes it forward frame by frame and then slow.

We see the lamp on one side of the table in one frame. The next few frames it actually levitates to the other side but you can't see it when it is played at regular speed.

Susan gasps.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
That's what I'm talking about.

SUSAN

That's creepy. How did you
do that.

SCOTT

Honey. I did not do one thing.
Don't forget. I'm the skeptic.
Tell me what YOU did.

Susan stares, slightly skeptically at Scott.

SUSAN

(Scarlet O'Hara style)

Will you ever believe me, Ashley.

Ever?

CUT TO:

12 INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

12

Scott is sitting at his computer and has the lamp movement up. Susan enters.

SUSAN

Don't forget you have a doctor's
appointment in the morning.

SCOTT

What time?

SUSAN

Nine.

SCOTT

Thanks Babalicious. Listen to this.

We HEAR NOTHING at first then LIGHT CHIMES IN THE DISTANCE.

SUSAN

What is that?

SCOTT

Sounds like music or something. A
ring tone. Was there anything
happening last night. The phone
didn't ring.

SUSAN

Was the TV on.

SCOTT

It wasn't on in the video.

SUSAN

Sounds like the chimes across the
street. The ones in Carla's tree.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. HOUSE-DAY

13

Scott walks out the front door and FOCUSES THE CAM across the street to the chimes hanging on Carla's porch.

SUSAN

Are you picking that up?

SCOTT

I can't hear a damn thing.

Susan starts walking across the street and Scott follows. We HEAR the chimes from the porch.

SUSAN

Is that the same sound? Sound like it.

SCOTT

Sounds like it yeah but it couldn't be. It's like seventy-five feet over here and we couldn't even hear it outside.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Last night, our house was closed up
tighter than a drum.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BEDROOM-DAY

14

Scott is syncing up the sound from the last night alongside
the sound from today. It is the same chime.

SCOTT

Impossible. How is that possible?

SUSAN

Apparently it's possible. Believe
me. Weirder things have happened.
Only all my life.

SCOTT

(absent-minded)

What? Huh?

SUSAN

Nothing.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

15

Scott is hooking the cam up to the computer.

SUSAN

So, tonight's is the night?

SCOTT

You wish.

Susan laughs loudly.

SCOTT

What are you laughing at?

SUSAN

You imitate me so well. Is that
going to run all night?

SCOTT

Yeah, usually video runs about 24-
30 frames per second. I just set it
to run a frame a second tonight so,
I can look at it tomorrow and play
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

back an entire 8-9 hours or so,
there's 3600 seconds in an hour.

In eight hours that would be about
2900 seconds in an hour. I can
scan through that in about, what,
fifteen, twenty minutes?

CUT TO:

16

EXT. LAWN-DAY

16

Scott is in a lawn chair with a cup of coffee, toast, cell
and mini laptop. He is sorting through video from the night
before and finds some disturbances in the sound track.

There is the sound of house creaking but then door squeaking,
murmuring and an ever-so-slight eerie, glowing shadow
appearing from the stairway every now and then but since they
are still pics, every second, there is no movement. Susan
emerges from the house with her cup of coffee.

SUSAN

Good morning Sweetheart.

SCOTT

Hello Love.

Susan notices the cam.

SUSAN

(to cam)

This is the way we have our coffee.

We have the camera set up in the
brilliant morning light to catch a
daytime, hopefully friendly ghost.

Casper, are you lurking around here
somewhere.

Are you after Big Red's toast?

They smile.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Get anything?

SCOTT

Yes and no. I think I got the
chimes again but what I didn't
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

think of was that by only getting a
frame a second, I get very little
sound.

Like one second of chime. One
second of floor creaking.

SUSAN

Yeah, the floors always creak.

SCOTT

I know that but listen to this.
It's only a second but does that
sound like a door squeaking?

Scott plays it several times.

SUSAN

Could be. You know. They say that
when you start going after them
with all these gadgets, some step
up the action.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

'Cuz they're pissed while others
just want to entertain.

SCOTT

Why would they be pissed.

SUSAN

Wouldn't you be pissed sooner or
later if someone started hanging
around the edge of the lawn,
started looking at everything we
did?

Start asking questions and trying
to sneak recordings of everything
we did.

SCOTT

But it's not their house. It's
ours.

SUSAN

See, you're getting pissed at those
people already and those people in
my scenario?

SCOTT

Yeah?

SUSAN

We know they don't exist 'cuz I
just made them up?

SCOTT

I love you. Good morning.

Susan signs I LOVE YOU TOO, points to Scott and kisses her
hand.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Have to set it up real time from
now on and then just spend more
time scanning it for visual or
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

sound disturbances.

SUSAN

Can't you set it somehow to mark
where the disturbances are and then
just monitor them?

SCOTT

Yeah, what a great idea. I'll ask
Eric about it. He's a real genius.
Great idea Hon.

SUSAN

Hey there's Carla. Hi Carla.

Susan turns the cam toward Carla. Carla comes across the
street.

CARLA

Wow, that's a hell of a camera.

SUSAN

Yeah, Scott got it. Were shooting
ghosts.

CARLA

You serious?

SUSAN

Well, sort of.

CARLA

You know, the same woman lived in
that house since the nineteen-
twenties and she outlived her whole
family. They all went nuts.

Anyway.

I heard you shot my chimes the
other day, if you know what I mean.

SUSAN

Yeah, about that. The sound of
your chimes showed up on our

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

video/audio in the middle of the
night, night before last and our
windows were shut and everything.

We wanted to get the sound down to
match it up. This sounds nuts.

Never mind.

CARLA

What are you trying to do. Catch a
ghost?

SCOTT

No.

SUSAN

Yes.

CARLA

I don't want you to think I'm crazy
or anything but I don't think it is
really a good idea to do this

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

because, not all these things are
Casper y'know.

Susan and Scott just sit and stare. She stares back and as
if she realizes that they are getting in over their heads,
stares back, grabs a lawn chair an sits down.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Now, I don't know whether you are
going to believe me or not but you
have to be told that you're dealing
with some pretty powerful shit
here.

Please absorb everything I
am going to tell you. It is meant
to educate and frighten. You
should be frightened.

I used to wonder what the
difference between goblins and
ghosts and demons and devils and
whatever were. I found

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

out the hard way, as most people do.

The answer is that there is no easy answer. As soon as someone defines them, they seem to change. There are always exceptions to the rule. That being said, they each are known worldwide to have certain general characteristics.

Human spirit, us after we pass, our thoughts, our personalities, essentially who we are as individuals, survives after death.

We really retain our human uniqueness. It, we live on. When we see actual entities, think we see them, some people see actual physical presences, while others see and hear slamming doors,

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

appearances of spirit, energy in
photos, voices caught on tape
recordings, whose vocalizations,
when tested, sometimes reside on a
frequency no human on this plane
can reproduce vocally.

No matter how it manifests itself
to you, you still have to assume
the truth, that you have a visitor.

This is not to say that all
locations are haunted but this
house is. I know.

Scott looks at Susan and sees a RIPPLE cross her eyes for a
split second accompanied by a faint light-saber sound. Susan
looks at Scott and sighs. Scott slightly rattles his head.

SCOTT

Tell her about the lamp.

CUT TO:

CARLA

I cannot say this is concrete
evidence that an entity made it its
mission to make a visitation with
its mission to move your lamp.

SCOTT

Unless he or she intended on
dusting?

Scott laughs, the women don't.

CARLA

You never know Scott. She might
have been fastidious. She might
even like to dust, or rearrange
things. If it isn't a ghost
though...

SUSAN

What?

CARLA

I don't know. It might have started to fuck with you. How long you been recording.

SCOTT

I don't know. A few minutes.

CARLA

No. I mean how long you had the camera, recording things it did. For this purpose.

SUSAN

He just got it. A couple of days ago.

CUT TO:

17

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

17

Carla, Susan and Scott are just finishing up dinner. Scott clears the table and Susan pours Carla and herself more wine. Scott disappears to the computer.

Susan glances at Carla and the ripple and sound crosses
Carla's eyes.

SUSAN

Omigod.

CUT TO:

18 INT. HOUSE-DINING ROOM-NIGHT 18

Carla and Susan are still at the table.

SCOTT (O.S.)

I got it. You wanna see it?

CUT TO:

19 INT. HOUSE-COMPUTER ROOM-NIGHT 19

We SEE the computer screen displaying Scott jogging the lamp
movement back and forth.

CARLA

How many frames a second does that
thing go?

SCOTT

I dunno. 24-30 I guess. Something
like that.

CARLA

So in one of those frames it is on
the left, the other up on top and
the third on the right?

SCOTT

Yup.

CARLA

Wow, pretty fast. Any sound with
it.

Scott plays it and the sound track is silent.

CARLA (CONT'D)

So, if each one of those frames is
one twenty-fourth to one-thirtieth
of a second that whole movement
must have happened in a nanosecond.

SCOTT

Yeah, look.

Scott jogs it back and plays it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Now watch. Real time.

All watch it and it just looks like the lamp switched side in a split second.

CARLA

Before I say this, let me be clear.

I don't know any more about what I am talking about than you or any expert on earth. But my hunch is. I think it's fucking with you.

But my hunch also is it is not intent on being malicious.

SUSAN

Yet.

Carla is on her way out the door.

CARLA

Yeah. Yet. Thanks for the high.

You guys getting along?

SCOTT

Yeah. Why?

Carla ignores his answer and stumbles out the door.

CUT TO:

20

INT-BEDROOM-NIGHT

20

Susan and Scott are in bed watching TV.

SUSAN

You should have walked her home.

SCOTT

Too attractive. I wouldn't be able
to resist her.

SUSAN

That's not nice.

They flip around the channels for a moment. Scott's
frustrated. They're both a little tipsy and sleepy.

SCOTT

I know, I know I can't explain the lamp but you gotta' admit. I mean, ghosts and goblins and demons and devils and they get together one night to what, move our lamp?

SUSAN

I'm tired.

SCOTT

I mean, come on. I was amazed when I saw the lamp moved but I've seen those pretend magicians from Vegas do better tricks even without there video editing trickery.

Are you buying what she said?

Susan is barely staying awake.

SUSAN

I think she was trying to help.

She wasn't trying to sell us
anything.

She was only commenting on what we
told her. You were the one eager
to show her the...

(spookily)

...video of the moving lamp.

Scott turns off the TV, then the light and rolls over.

SCOTT

Whataya think her sign is?

Susan's sailing off into slumber.

SUSAN

She did do that really weird thing
with her eyes. And what was that
sound.

Susan tries to make the faint LIGHT SABER SOUND and the
second she does it, Scott's eyes fly open, then flutter shut

into sleep.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Haunting.

21 INT. RESTAURANT-DAY

21

Scott and Susan are having breakfast. The video is a little grainier.

SUSAN

I can't believe you're doing this.

Scott adjusts a smaller cam.

SCOTT

Why, it's a much smaller camera and it is important, I read, to make sure that the people involved are filmed elsewhere than the house just to make sure the person isn't haunted instead, or as well as the house. Does that make sense?

SUSAN

Carla said it is haunted. She has
lived here since the forties. The
house has been here since the
twenties. You think I'm haunted?

Scott looks askance at Susan.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Gawd, you think I'm haunted. Well,
you're not the first.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. HOUSE LAWN-DAY-SCOTT'S HIDDEN MINICAM POV 22

Susan and Carla are on the lawn sipping tea and wine. Scott
drives up and goes into the house.

CARLA

I don't get it. You were at the
restaurant and his eyes what? They
made noise?

CUT TO:

23 INT. HOUSE-DAY BIG CAM POV

23

Scott fires up the big cam into a mirror and turns from the mirror to Susan and Carla on the lawn as seen through the blinds. The sound is dubbed from the minicam so it has more treble.

CARLA

Cool description I gotta' say but
eyes blur and waver with a ...

(makes the sound)

...sound?

Scott leaves window, walks through living room and out to the ladies. He waves his hand in front of the cam so they can see and hear and makes the sound.

SUSAN

How the hell?

CARLA

My cue. See ya' later. This is
getting a little too weird even for
me.

Carla collects her things, smiles at Susan and Scott.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

CAM follows her across the street.

SUSAN (O.S.)

How'd you do that Scott?

SCOTT

Do what?

SUSAN

Don't fuck with me Hon.

He shows her earplugs in front of the cam as it turns to her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I don't get it. I said that to her
before you were even out here? Are
you bugging us? This is too much.

CUT TO:

24 INT. HOUSE-NIGHT-BEDROOM

24

Cam is sitting on the big dresser pointing at the entrance.

Light is on in the bathroom. Scott brushing teeth.

SCOTT

You're pissed at my hearing what
you confided in Carla about me and
I understand it because I saw the
same thing happen with you and
Carla already but I thought it was
a brain fart or something.

What you did not say to her is what
that guy said to you at the
Farmer's Market this morning. I
find that more than interesting.

CUT TO:

25

EXT-CARLA'S HOUSE-DAY

25

Carla and Susan are sitting on the front steps. Big CAM POV
from Susan and Scott's den. The sound is impossible to pick
up. The video FREEZES and JOGS BACK and forth, pushes to
their mouths only as Scott's voice is dubbed in to replace
their voices.

CARLA

(Scott's voice)

So him saying he experienced the
same thing with us may or may not
be true.

SUSAN

(Scott's voice)

No, I believe him because I left
something out. Didn't mean too.
How could I have fucking forgotten?

CUT TO:

26 EXT. HOUSE TO CARLA'S HOUSE

26

Scott with big cam on Carla and Susan.

SUSAN

Oh thank God. Honey, I was just
telling Carla.

SCOTT

Yeah, I know. Don't worry.

CARLA

So, you guys met in New Orleans?

They nod.

SUSAN

Yup. He pissed off one of those
wizards in Jackson Square, fortune
teller jerk. Wait a minute.
Whataya mean, *Yeah, I know. Don't
worry?*

SCOTT

Don't worry. So the wizard throws
her twenty bucks at me and almost
goes berserk and then starts
smiling and singing. *Amazing
Grace. Then...*

CUT TO:

27 EXT. HOUSE TO CARLA'S HOUSE

27

All characters are in the same place. Carla's on the phone.

CARLA

So, their at the Farmer's Market
this morning and Susan said to
Scott.

Carla motions to Susan to say what happened. Susan says loud
enough for the phone to pick it up. Carla holds the phone
towards them.

SUSAN

Just walking along and looking at
garlic or something and said to
Scott, out of the blue, *I think
it's been about 7 years...wait.*

SCOTT

We met in New Orleans and she
reminded me that it had been about
that long and just when she
realized what date it was.

A black guy with silver hair and
beard walked by us and smiled with
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

a huge smile full of gold and he
said, *Amazing Grace*, how sweet the
sound.

Carla takes the phone back.

CARLA

Chills, right?

Carla listens on the other end.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Carla hangs up.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Something followed you.

Susan slaps her hands together.

SUSAN

I knew it.

SCOTT

Fuck.

SUSAN

I never put it together. I thought
it was you.

SCOTT

I did too. I mean you. I mean, it
is you...you.

SUSAN

Us. It's us.

They laugh then go solemn.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

So, some street fucking wizard
throws money at you and doesn't
like your skepticism and what, he
casts a spell on us, a curse or
something and it follows us on a
plane back to Michigan?
Flint, Michigan?

Even I have

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

trouble believing in that one. New Orleans, huh?

SCOTT

Hey, don't blame it on the *easy*.

I love the *easy*. You know, even though I'm the skeptical one remember, I'll always remember that guy, Joey, remember, who's chick got pregnant.

He knew they never did it and she actually made him believe that she was still a virgin.

SUSAN

I know, I know.

SCOTT

And to this day, people, half the world buys into that story and I just can 't believe her story. Go
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

figure. The original don't ask,
don't tell girl.

SUSAN

I know, I know. The world's
insane.

SCOTT

And has been for a very long time.
Mary's still on the hook but this
dude at the Farmer's market. That
was creepy... and creepily cool at
the same time.

SUSAN

Sometimes I hear heavy breathing at
night.

SCOTT

You want it more often?

CUT TO:

Scott is showing what he got over night to Susan.

SUSAN

What?

SCOTT

I told you I was going to put it by
your head all night last night.

They look at each other deadpan.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I got it. I got it all on camera.

SUSAN

(getting excited)

Got what? Show it to me.

SCOTT

Exactly what you said. I got it
all. Nothing.

They laugh. She pushes him.

SUSAN

Jerk.

Susan picks up a basket of laundry and heads for the stairs as Scott grabs for the cam and takes it off it's stand and starts following her.

SCOTT

(laughs)

Don't be mad Babe.

It looks as if she loses her balance and her feet go out from under her and she slides out of view. Susan SCREAMS. Scott reaches the head of the stairs. Susan is at the bottom of the stairs laughing hysterically. Clothes askew. CAM still rolling.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What the? You okay?

SUSAN

What the hell was that? The stairs flattened out completely and I slid down them like a slide. That's the funniest surprise I've had in years.

SCOTT

You all right?

Susan stands and starts filling her basket and she can't stop giggling.

CUT TO:

29

INT. HOUSE-DAY

29

Susan is on the phone via Bluetooth. She also is trying out the cam stabilizer in the mirror and then ends up walking around with it while she talks.

SUSAN

So, you think it's connected to us,
not the house.

CARLA (O.S. ON THE PHONE)

Of course, it's from New Orleans.
That's obvious, but what is
scary...

(CONT'D)

SUSAN

What's scary to me is if your
right, you said, or implied that
the house was haunted. Has it
always been haunted? How long you
live here?

CARLA (O.S. ON THE PHONE)

All my life. Yeah, that's what
frightens the shit out of me
because if you guys brought back an
entity, or it was sent, there may
be a conflict between entities and
you guys are caught in the middle.

It's not necessarily a haunted
house this time. It's probably
both. You can't move away from it.

No matter what house or city or
country you go to, there you are

(MORE)

CARLA (O.S. ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
and there probably it is too.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. HOUSE-DAY BIG CAM POV 30

Susan exits the house still practicing her shots with the big
cam while Scott shoots what she is doing with the little one.

SUSAN

So, the short of it.

SCOTT

We're haunted.

SUSAN

No joke. It's serious.

SCOTT

I know. I know. It's just that.

You gotta' kind of laugh at it

because it is so unknown, what's

going to happen.

SUSAN

I know. I don't know. What was
that thing with the stairs.

SCOTT

I'm thinking that it never
happened.

We HEAR a LIGHT RUMBLE.

SUSAN

Hey, what is that?

SCOTT

What?

There is a JOLT, like an earthquake that knocks the cam out
of Scott's hand. Susan catches it on her cam.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Whoa.

SUSAN

That.

SCOTT

An earthquake?

SUSAN

Which Michigan is known far and
wide for.

SCOTT

Call Carla. See if she felt
anything.

She hands Scott the cam.

SUSAN

Hold this. She dials.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Of course she felt it. The earth
moved Scott.

She dials the phone.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

You feel that?

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

You didn't feel that? The whole
earth shook.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-COMPUTER ROOM-NIGHT

Scott and Susan are going over the video. We see the
jolting, the cam go flying out of Scott's hands. In the
background the houses and trees look perfectly still.

SUSAN

I don't understand. Carla didn't
feel anything.

SCOTT

Look, it's just us. If that was
happening up and down the street,
people would be running out of
there houses. Something.

Instead, nothing. It's just us.

SUSAN

You're right. This is the first
time we used two cams right?

SCOTT

Yeah. You think it senses, like
you and Carla said before, with the
cam it assumed we were messing with
it. Maybe with two cams. You know
what I mean?

CUT TO:

INT, NIGHT-HOUSE BEDROOM

SUSAN

I think nutty Carla thinks we're,
um, nutty.

SCOTT

You think?

Susan turns out a dresser lamp.

SUSAN

Isn't this where the lights start
flickering.

She crosses the room to sit on the bed and turns on the
bedside lamp. While she turns it on she flickers it. Scott
is startled and instantly realizes she is screwing with him.
She laughs, he shakes his head.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Lighten up.

(beat)

Uhm, I didn't do that.

Scott gives her a quizzical look. The bottom of the bed
lifts about a foot off the floor and drops with a thud. The
chest of drawers lifts off the floor and is dropped. A LOUD
GRUNT is heard and the glass lamp on the dresser launches at
high speed and hits the wall, shattering glass everywhere and
leaves a large dent in the wall just above Susan's head
sending her screaming from the room.

The CAM we are looking through lifts up and starts to fall.

SCOTT

Oh no you don't you mother fucker.

Scott catches the cam and runs from the room giving us a blurred and bumpy ride out of the room onto the upper landing.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Susan. Susan.

Silence. Scott gains control of the cam, points it back into the bedroom. The sound of a fast cold wind is HEARD as the lens FOGS and the bedroom door slams extremely hard and it splits down the middle.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Christ.

He bolts down the stairs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Baby. Susan.

The front door is open and Scott exits.

CONTINUED SHOT:

EXT. HOUSE-NIGHT

Scott exits the house. Cam still running.

SCOTT

(yells)

Susan.

CARLA (O.S.)

(faint)

Scott. Over here.

He looks, Carla is standing in the doorway waving him over, pointing inside. He appears to be momentarily frozen and the lawn sprinklers come on. He starts across the street and they go off. Carla sees it.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I've seen that before.

The front door of Scott and Susan's house slams and the glass in the storm door shatters. The Cam swings around in response.

SCOTT

What the...?

A second later the front door of Susan and \Scott's house
creaks open again.

SUSAN

I heard many voices...

(beat)

...whispering

CARLA

Does most of the activity happen in

your bedroom?

SUSAN

It happens everywhere.

CARLA

What's with the whispering?

SUSAN

I can't describe it. It's like a

million little tiny mouths

whispering, having a conversation

like they are all planning,

deciding what to do.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And every once in a while the
whispering unifies into one, very
powerful-sounding whispering voice.
If that makes any sense.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLA'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-NIGHT

The cam is on a tripod in the corner. Scott and Susan are in
bed talking low.

SCOTT

What?

SUSAN

Well, I don't know. They were
saying, like I told Carla, little
tiny whispers but after I left and
remembered them.

Not they said this, every time I

though about them whispering, words
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

came to mind. Not very nice.

SCOTT

What? What words?

SUSAN

Fuck Scott. Get rid of him. And no

it's not just me. I love you. If

we have an...entity, I would love

to learn how to live with it.

God, the house is a hundred years

old, almost, so people have

obviously learned how to. We can

too. But I don't want them to want

only one of us.

SCOTT

This is absurd. How do you know

what they were saying meant all

that?

SUSAN

That's just it. I didn't hear them
say anything at all but whenever I
think of the whispering, words come
to mind. The same words, or
meaning of the words every time.
Oh, never mind. I shouldn't have
said anything.

LATER

Susan and Scott are both asleep and she starts moving her
legs and whimpering. It wakes Scott. He watches her and
then gently wakes her.

SCOTT

Honey, wake up Baby. Hon...

Susan wakes.

SUSAN

Omigod. Omigod.

Susan looks around the room.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Omigod.

SCOTT

What Babe. What is it?

SUSAN

They want you...

SCOTT

What?

SUSAN

...and me.

She starts breathing hard and Scott soothes her, massaging her, petting.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

They want both of us. They want us
to get out. They do not want to
hurt us but say they will resort to
murder if need be.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-DAY BASEMENT

Scott's holding the cam while Carla inspect the house

SCOTT

God, this cam just floats.

CARLA

So you have never experience things
here.

SUSAN

No.

Carla looks at the canning cellar door.

CARLA

What's this?

The canning cellar but it's just storage behind there.

CARLA (CONT'D)

No, I mean this.

Carla points to the door which is cracked diagonally across
tongue'n'groove woodwork.

SCOTT

Whoa.

Susan reaches for the door handle and feels a slight rippling
effect across the door accompanied by the light-saber sound.
She presses the latches and opens the door only a few inches
and the door disintegrates into dust.

Susan is standing there in shock, still holding the handle.

She lets go of the handle as Scott lets the CAM go and it

swings on the end of his arm which has gone limp.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Well, fuck me.

CARLA

I think someone wants someone to

leave.

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT-BEDROOM.

CAM on tripod. Scott is already in bed. Susan is readying for bed.

SUSAN

I think it is obvious that you all
can read our thoughts and can enter
our dreams and shit.

So I want everyone to know that I
am ready to move and give this
house over to you.

SCOTT

We just got the house paid off.

SUSAN

Grab that stupid fucking camera and
follow me.

She leaves the bedroom as Scott comes toward the cam, picks it up and follows her downstairs all the way into the basement.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(sane voice into insane
screaming)

Have you forgotten, after, what,
five, six hours, that they have
fully demonstrated that they can
turn everything we have paid for or
not into mother fucking dust?

She snaps on an overhead light and points toward the door.
Scott pans the cam toward the door and the door is perfectly intact. Susan screams the loudest, blaring scream. The CAM jolts as Scott grabs her to coddle her.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Cam is on tripod. Susan is curled up on the couch looking scared, like she hasn't slept in days, bloodshot eyes, spiritually broken. Scott is on the other end of the couch.

SUSAN

It's the camera.

SCOTT

What's the camera? Don't start

Susan.

SUSAN

This all started...it all started
to escalate when you brought that
camera into the house.

SCOTT

No... it started the minute we
moved in.

SUSAN

Yes, little things but nothing
mean. Nothing really destructive.

SCOTT

I can't draw the river back from
under the bridge Honey. But now
that what is done is done, I want
to record it all.

SUSAN

Are you going to record our deaths
and then what, sit back and watch
it. What is the fucking point?
Hon?

SCOTT

The point is, People have been
trying to get this shit on record
for centuries. Do you have any
idea what the door falling apart is
worth?

SUSAN

What about the part that it never
fell apart in the first place?

SCOTT

But it did. I got it in the
memory.

(smirks)

You should haver seen the look on
your face.

SUSAN

Scott, Honey. I know this is fun
and games for you but. When we
first moved in. We noticed some
things out of place. A few noises
and squeaks, the stuff that stories
of ghosts and goblins are made of.
Sweet and sort of curious. Since
you brought that monstrosity in
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

here all hell has broken loose.

Disintegrating doors that

mysterious rebuild themselves.

Then chasing us out of our own

house and slamming doors, banging

windows and now me not being able

to sleep for three days.

I feel like I am going insane and

you smirk at the look on my face

when all of this is happening.

Have you no touch with reality

whatsoever?

SCOTT

Hon. Lighten up. I am just saying

that we should get everything

recorded...

(loudly)

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

...because if anyone is listening,
and we know you are. You also have
to know that if anything happens to
us, this is going to be recording
24/7 from now on so people will
finally know, after a hundred
years, what is really happening
here.

SUSAN

You know, I am going to practice
Buddha here.

SCOTT

You are going to practice Buddha?
What does that mean?

SUSAN

There is nothing I can do here to
change the situation so I have to
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

accept it. The suffering in my
being that I experience is in
direct proportion to the clinging
of my mind that things should be
different than they are.

So, I have to just accept
every thing that happens from now
on
as the way it is supposed to be.
Right?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Scott and Susan lying awake looking at the ceiling. There is
a rolling SOUND that comes from the ceiling like someone
rolling a bowling ball, slowly, back and forth. This lasts
for a full minute.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-DAY

Scott is erecting a stepladder to get up into the attic.

Susan is holding the Cam.

SUSAN

This is a bad idea.

SCOTT

Hon, I know how you feel. You have

made it perfectly clear but this is

not their house. It's mine, or I

mean ours.

Scott lifts the hatch up into the attic. It is pitch black.

He grabs a string and a light bulb in the attic comes on. He

lowers his hand to take the cam.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Give me the cam.

He raises it up into the ceiling and pans the room while

watching the monitor.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We don't have boxes up here do we?

SUSAN

No. We haven't put anything up
there. Why?

SCOTT

Cuz' there are a couple of boxes.

Scott lowers the cam back through the opening.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Here. Put this on the tripod and
I'll hand these down to you.

Susan mounts and tightens the cam onto the tripod.

SUSAN

Why do we need the camera? Hon,
really. I read somewhere that
these things feed off from negative
energy.

And some of these things see them
being photographed or exposes or
exploits pisses them off and I am
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

thinking that's what's happening
here.

Scott brings on box down and hands it to Susan.

SCOTT

Why is a camera negative energy?

Is the camera going to steal the
soul? I think that one rode out
of town a while ago. Unless
they're really stupid.

SUSAN

That's right. Provoke them. We
know they exist.

(into a rant)

No time for stupid cynicism now.

I totally accept that there
are...whatever...entities. Scarey
things. Yes there is a God. Yes
the Devil exists.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Along with ghosts, demons and
goblins oh my. Whatever the fuck
is fucking with us and we have seen
it with no holds barred and we have
the audacity to start a name-
calling contest.

We are calling them names...like
'stupid'? Really? How wise is
that Scott or is it that you cannot
be... not in charge?

SCOTT

I know there is truth in what
you're saying but if they know what
were are doing and saying right
now, if they feed off negative
energy.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Are they feeding more off my using
the word 'stupid' or the camera or
your screaming at me?

Susan grits her teeth, utters a GRUNT, turns toward the wall and reaches up the wall with both hands and draws her nails, claw-like down the walls and falls into a clump on the floor weeping.

Scott looks up at the walls and their are definite, deep claw marks and smoke is dissipating from them and quickly disappears. Scott's mouth is agape.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(stunned)

Okay, you're right. There is
something going on here. I gotta'
get real.

Susan unfolds a bit, her weeping quickly reduces to a whimper. Scott cuddles her.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Scott and Susan are both in bed. She is turned away from him. He rests on folded arms looking at the ceiling.

SCOTT

I will cool it but, I just have to
let the camera run.

Susan slowly pulls the covers over her head, turns to then side and we can see her face.

Susan stares with wide-opened eyes and her mouth slowly fluctuates between appearing to smile, then frown, then ever-so slightly smile, then go blank as she slowly closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT-BATHROOM-NIGHT

Scott points the cam at himself. His eyes are wide and pupils slowly dilating.

SCOTT

You know, I never told this to
anyone before but when we moved in
here, when I was a kid, my father

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

and mother had all kinds of dope parties.

My sister here, Susan was passed around as a party favor. When anyone asks her when she lost her virginity she says, "When I was two."

And believe me, it's probably true.

My parents got busted and came back a couple of years later, got into 12-step groups and really turned it into a cult which is not what it was meant to be.

There were rumors of people being killed and shit because they didn't believe in a higher power, or something.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

One old guy I ran into told me that they took the saying, "In the rooms of recovery, sometimes you gotta' step over the dead bodies" very seriously.

That's why he got out. He said that sponsors who failed with newly sober people had them killed so it wouldn't look like they or their program failed.

I don't know about that. I know for a fact that they had a lot of missing teenagers them days but I think that's a stretch.

If anything like that happened, I don't think it could be God.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I talked to a preacher one time
about people who hate God. He said
there is a Bible verse, I'll never
forget it.

"I the LORD thy God am a jealous
God, visiting the iniquity of the
fathers upon the children unto the
third and fourth generation of them
that hate me. Quite a curse. I
wonder. Can't help but wonder,
y.know.

Scott turns off the cam.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Over breakfast.

SCOTT

I sense an ugliness in our house.

SUSAN

It's not ugly. It just is.

Scott tickles Susan under her chin.

SCOTT

Have they gotten to you my sweets.

Are you on of them now? You get a

good night's sleep?

Susan swats Scott's hand away.

SUSAN

Stop it...and yes, best night's

sleep in a long time.

Scott looks at her askance.

SCOTT

'Kay.

SUSAN

I just decided that I am sick of

being scared. I am practicing

total acceptance. I am staying

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

here because this is my home.

Apparently it's their home too and

we have to just get along.

SCOTT

That's where they get'cha. Well, I

am not having it. You do it your

way and I will do it mine. They

have to go or risk being exposed

for all time.

SUSAN

Carla said that her guru or

whatever she calls her, said that

once you fight them, they stick

with you...forever sometimes.

Why don't you just relax, go get a

refund or sell the camera and we go

back to what we had before. Maybe

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

then it will die down.

SCOTT

I don't know. I also read on the
Net that they can lay low for
decades and then come back and
raise hell, even follow you around
if you move...anywhere in the
world.

SUSAN

Carla said they have been here for
years.

SCOTT

Yeah, that's because only one
person ever lived here and she
died.

SUSAN

That's true.

They come together and cuddle.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Do the camera but lose the insults.

Don't trigger them into any action.

SCOTT

I want to go along with that but at

the same time, I spent all this

money on the cam. I want to get

something. What do you think they,

it wants?

SUSAN

I really think they want to be left

alone. But you're not going to.

Are you?

SCOTT

Nope. We're going to get through

this. We'll be fine.

SUSAN
(sarcastic)
I feel so much better.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Scott is at the computer viewing the video from then night before. On the video, about an hour into their sleep, the camera slowly tilts to the floor.

SCOTT
Holy shit.

SUSAN (O.S.)
What?

Back to the video, about the time they start to stir in their bed in the morning, it slowly goes back to it's original position.

SCOTT
I don't believe this one. This is

no mirage.

SUSAN

What are you watching?

SCOTT

I am looking at the video from last
night, when we were asleep.

SUSAN

And?

SCOTT

Come look.

Susan comes from the kitchen, looks as if she is cooking.

Scott replays the camera tilting down.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

This is around midnight.

SUSAN

(eyes roll)

Maybe you have to tighten the thing-

a-ma-jig down. I don't think

that's necessarily a Ripley's

Believe-it-or not segment.

SCOTT

Gee, thanks Hon. Maybe you can
give me some advice on what I
should tighten or loosen for what
happened around quarter to seven
this morning.

Scott plays it.

SUSAN

Holy...the camera can't lift
itself. You think that might be
subtle sign that they do not like
the camera?

SCOTT

The fact that they were playing
with the camera?

SUSAN

No, Scott. The fact that you set
up the camera to catch them and
they made it impossible for you to.

SCOTT

Yea, but by that very act, the
tilting of the camera and the
tilting back up. I caught them.
Kind of defeats their purpose
doesn't it?

SUSAN

I don't think so. One, they hear
what we are saying and they have
done a couple of harsh scarey
things.

So, we are aware and they are aware
that we are aware that they can do
great harm if they want to. This,
I see as a kind sign to us,
to you, to stop what you are doing.

They could have just smashed the

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

camera, or much, much worse. Who
are you going to show this to
Scott. What are you thinking.
You going to get your own TV show
and we'll spend the rest of our
days on national television saying,
'What was that?' 'D'jou see that'?

I just want them to go away and I
think thy have given us a sign that
they are willing to at least keep
things sane.

SCOTT

Slamming doors, breaking windows,
moving the house, turning doors
into dust and back again...you
think this is sane.

Susan hugs and clings to Scott. Whispers in his ear.

SUSAN

None of it is sane. I don't want
to make it worse. Work with me
here..

SCOTT

I think they can hear whispers.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-DAY

The cam is set up in the computer room a little off kilter.
Susan is at the computer. Scott doesn't seem to be anywhere
around. She is reading email. She presses the speaker phone
and dials.

SCOTT (O.S. ON THE PHONE)

Hello my darling.

SUSAN

Let's get this out of the way
first. I am sitting here reading
your emails.

SCOTT (O.S. ON THE PHONE)

And why are you doing that?

SUSAN

Isn't it obvious. Married people

read each other's emails when they
no longer trust the other. You are

scaring me. I obviously no longer

trust you.

SCOTT (O.S. ON THE PHONE)

Hm...why is that?

Susan is heating up.

SUSAN

I'm sitting here on the phone

telling you I am reading your

emails and you know what is in them

and you say, 'Hm...why is that?

Really?

SCOTT (O.S. ON THE PHONE)

Yeah, why is that, Susan?

SUSAN

You have approached a reality show

company with the video?

How did you do this without me

knowing about it. Better yet, why?

SCOTT (O.S. ON THE PHONE)

I'm on my way home. We'll talk

then.

Scott hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT-BEDROOM

Camera on tripod. Susan and Scott appear to be at a impasse in whatever conversation they were having.

SUSAN

No, I don't have anything against

making money, becoming a little

famous, if no one gets hurt. I am

afraid we are going to get hurt.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And now you are bringing the
people into it. They might be
hurt. Who knows what forces you
are unleashing here. I am even
trying to be very, very careful not
to spell out, out loud what you
did. I don't want to trigger
anything...you know...with them.

SCOTT

Maybe we should spell. What, demons
can't read...
(spells)
e-m-a-i-l-s?

Susan laughs herself into a cry.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT-BEDROOM

Susan and Scott are sleeping. He is tossing and turning. He
gets up, goes to the bathroom, returns to the bedroom, looks

at his watch, approaches the camera, turns it off.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT-BEDROOM

Same shot. We see that Scott has removed the memory stick from the camera and apparently replaced it with another. He lifts the camera as we exit the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM-NIGHT

Scott is at the computer viewing the conversation from the night before and then video while they were sleeping. There is no disturbance but what looks like a light flickering every once in a while in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE=FRONT PORCH-DAY

The weather is dark and rainy. Susan and Scott are sitting on the front porch.

SCOTT

So. I saw this flickering light,
faintly, like it was coming from
downstairs. And then the light
stayed on only seemed to flicker a
little until the time I changed the
memory on the camera.

Before I changed it, light
flickered in the background. After
I changed it, not at all. I don't
know why exactly but all I could
think of was the fireplace.

Susan gasps.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I checked the fireplace and there
was wood in it, smouldering.

SUSAN

Where'd they get the wood? We've
been out of wood for a month.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-DAY

The camera is in the living room zeroed in on the fireplace.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Oh my God. Scott, c'mere.

We hear footsteps.

SCOTT (O.S.)

What?

SUSAN

Care to count the dining room
chairs?

SCOTT

Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-DAY-BEDROOM

Camera is on tripod. Scott doesn't appear to be around.
There

are two suitcases open and packed on the bed. Susan is
zipping them closed The DOOR BELL RINGS. Susan opens the
window.

SUSAN

Hi. You can start the meter. I'll
be down in a minute.

Susan takes the luggage, looks around and exits. We hear her
going down the steps, locking the door, mumbling voices in
the B.G, Car doors shutting, car pulling away. Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM-NIGHT

Camera on Scott. He is reviewing images of Susan leaving.

SCOTT

What the hell. You fucking
satisfied?

He pulls into view some small camcorders connected to antennae.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I have five others throughout the house. It's time for action you stupid mother fucking lowlifes. It is showtime.

Scott mounts the remaining cameras and resets the main camera on what he is doing on the computer. He gathers all of his video files into one folder and starts loading it onto a website that he has apparently created for this purpose and hits UPLOAD FILE(S).

Scott then types. 'NOW THE WORLD WILL SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED, WHAT RUINED OUR LIVES.' and signs it, "TOM." Upload is finished and he tries to click on "BROADCAST LIVE" with his mouse and his mouse shoots out of his hand and his desk chair takes off with him in it and crashes against the wall.

SCOTT

(screaming)

Yes. Come and get it.

He rolls back to the computer and grabs for the mouse with one hand and hits ENTER with the other. The mouse once again shoots out from his hand and breaks against the wall. But the program starts broadcasting.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's out there morons. It's not

coming from the computer. Its

coming from the server which could

be anywhere in the world. It's

broadcast for the next hour or so

to everyone on my list and the list

isn't even on the computer anymore

so I win.

I was right all along. You are
powerful but you are

stupid.

Scott tunes to the monitors he has placed all around the

house, dust is gathering, walls are cracking, fire is starting. We see on his laptop monitor the cam focuses on the front window and then to Carla standing on her porch. The cam moves in to a close up and she is wearing half a a jagged medallion necklace around her neck. She is smiling.

that one by one the monitors shut down.

The floor beneath Scott starts cracking and The entire house implodes.

FADE SLOWLY
THOUGH BLACK:

FADE THROUGH BLACK SCREEN

VOICE OVER (O.S.)

Shh....

CUT TO:

1 INT. ROUGH HEWN BOX- NIGHT VISION 1

We SEE the inside of a rough hewn wooden box in GREEN NIGHT-VISION, a little falling dirt around it suggesting human movement above. What SOUNDS like a CHOP SOUND ON FLESH AND BONE is heard then we SEE DRIPPING BLOOD pooling in the bottom of the box, sixteen year old KAJON is slammed into the box, splotching some blood, some more falling dirt, the SOUND

of the box being covered with a slam and nailed shut and the SOUND of dirt being shoveled on top.

KAJON'S hair is cow-licked with blood as if a portion of her scalp is raised. Her cheek lies in a pool of blood next to a small gold medallion hanging from her neck, a half of a heart, jaggedly cut down the middle. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES CLOSE to her skewed mouth.

KAJON

(garbled)

I guess, sometimes they just have
to, just step over the dead bodies.

Okay...so I'm not real...to you.

So what? Boy? Girl? Boy...?

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. DOWNTOWN FLINT, MICHIGAN

3

CAM tilts up to storefront window in which we see the fuzzy reflection of a MAN HOLDING A CAMERA tightening down the CAM STABILIZER on a large video cam, trying it out in the window

creating an eerie weightless presentation to what we SEE and then he attaches it the top of a car and gets in.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN FLINT, MICHIGAN

Camera's POV as it TILTS UP to get the VEHICLE CITY SIGN then TILTS DOWN and we push north on Saginaw St. SWAYING ever so gently from side to side as we continue to CHEVROLET AVE., turn right into MOTT PARK, through quick edits, arriving at THE HOUSE.

We drive into the driveway and RACK FOCUS into the tree.

RACK FOCUS out of the tree, pull back to SEE SUSAN KNUBURN gardening. Susan looks up and is smiling when she sees he cameraman.

SUSAN

What you got there big boy? Is that your...that six thousand dollar monster?

CAMERAMAN

Yup. Only I got it for five not
six. A little over. Like it?

SUSAN

I guess. I forgot exactly what I'm
supposed to do now. Give a tour or
something?

We see that Susan is wearing a jaggedly cut, half heart gold
medallion.

CAMERAMAN

Yeah. Let's just go in. I wanna see
how this thing handles the light,
the sunshine going from outside,
in.

Susan walks into the house. The cameraman follows. He sees
his reflection in the door window and gives us an 'A-OK'
sign. In the reflection, we see it is not Scott. It is a
completely different man.

SUSAN

Y' coming Tom?

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE HOUSE-NIGHT

The SOUND OF HOOVES marching straight toward the camera.

Susan dissolves into the scene, gives a horrible smile and picks up the house and heaves it toward the camera.

FADE TO BLACK.