

SPOOK



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Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (1767)

GEORGE (44), in 1700's colonial garb, sits on the side of the bed next to his daughter, ABIGALE (7), tucked in with heavy eyes.

He closes the book, places it on the side table next to the candle lamp.

GEORGE

That's enough for tonight. We'll continue the adventure tomorrow.

ABIGALE

Okay, papa.

He leans over, plants a peck on her forehead. He wanders to the door. Smiles at her from the doorway.

GEORGE

Blow out the light.

GEORGE'S POV

Abigale smiles as she sits up. She leans over to the candle. Takes a deep breath. Blows.

The light dies.

Before him appears the face of a white apparition with black eyes, consuming his vision.

The right eye flashes a blinding white light.

CLOSE ON GEORGE

George shouts in terror. He grabs his eyes. Stumbles back into--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

George flies back.

CLOSE ON HIS FOOT

It slips over the first step in a staircase.

George reaches out as he falls back. He tumbles down the steps. Wood pounds, bones crack, then silence.

At the top of the stairs, Abigale appears. She peers down.

An inhuman howl belts out.

VOICE (O.S.)
Fuuuuuuuuuu!

Abigale shrieks as tears fall down her face. Her scream echoes into

EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

The symmetrical colonial Georgian house outlined by moonlight.

Her screams fade. Time-lapse ages the house, day and night pass into

EXT. HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

A car rolls to a stop in front of the old home.

SUSAN (36), lean, quick, a firecracker, steps out. She's sweaty, a box labeled "kitchen" in-hand. She eyes the house. Nods triumphant.

She rushes up to the steps.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Susan steps in. Takes a deep breath, inhaling the decades-old air.

QUINCY (O.S.)
Susan, hi!

Susan startles, drops the box, grabs her chest. Glass shatters in the box.

SUSAN
Oh my god! Quincy.

QUINCY (39) rushes over. He's a short, stocky, flamboyant.

QUINCY
Honey, I'm sorry. New house, new dishes. Hey, let's get some signatures and I'll quit haunting you.

Quincy lifts his arms in a scary ghost motion.

Susan rolls her eyes.

SUSAN
Yeah, hey, let's.

Susan follows Quincy to--

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Susan swipes her signature across the page.

QUINCY

And the acknowledgment of past
hauntings form.

SUSAN

Hauntings?

QUINCY

(nonchalant)

Yeah, it's standard with these old
houses. I mean, this house, in
particular, has apparently been
haunted for two hundred years,
but...

SUSAN

Like creaky wall haunted, demon
possession haunted?

QUINCY

Mysterious death haunted.

Susan smirks, satisfied.

SUSAN

Oh, perfect.

Susan slides the signed page over. Signs the next page.

QUINCY

Perfect?

SUSAN

Lots of deaths means people stay
long enough to die here.

Susan hands over the pen with a grin.

SUSAN

If it's good enough to die in, must
be a hell of a place to live.

Quincy shoots her an awkward glare.

He snatches up the packet.

QUINCY

Right... well then.. welcome to
your last home!

He fakes excitement. Susan pumps her fists.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Susan positions a black and white abstract painting on the wall. Her room is barren. Just a mattress on the floor and stacked boxes around.

She sets the painting down, places a nail on the wall, grabs the hammer from the floor. Whacks the nail in.

The drywall splits. A big crack 3 feet long, the nail at the center.

SUSAN

Damn it.

Susan drops the hammer. She examines the crack. Knocks on it. A hollow sound emanates.

She wedges her fingers in the crack, pulls. The drywall peels off, revealing a closet.

SUSAN

C'mon, a linen closet!

She smiles from ear to ear. She tears away the rest of the drywall.

She pulls the handle of the ancient close door. Inside, three shelves. In the middle, a neatly folded white sheet.

Susan pulls it out. It unfolds to the ground. She holds it up. Two side-by-side holes torn in the sheet.

The holes are eye-sized. She pulls them to her face.

SUSAN'S POV

The room changes. Now dark. Lit only by a small orange glow.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

She pulls the sheet away, shocked. The room back to daylight.

SUSAN

What the hell?

She pokes her fingers through the holes. Examines the sheet. Then, she pulls the sheet back over her head.

SUSAN'S POV

The room illuminated by an orange glow. She traces the origin of light behind her to a bedside table with a candle lamp. A man sits at the edge of the bed next to a little girl. George and Abigale.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

She rips the sheet away, throws it to the ground.

SUSAN

No no no no no! What the hell? That can't. No.

A creek echoes down the hall.

Susan's peeks into the hallway

ANGLE ON THE STAIRS

Empty, yet ominous.

CLOSE ON SUSAN

Her eyes wide and frantic.

SUSAN

The hell. What? Hello? No.

Susan rocks back and forth with a look of pure confusion. The sheet lies on the ground.

She inches toward it. Picks it up.

Pulls it over her head. Like a classic, white-sheeted ghost.

SUSAN'S POV

George kisses his daughters head, rises, heads for the door.

Susan's view moves closer, until we're right in George's face, examining him.

CLOSE ON SUSAN

Under the sheet, Susan's eyes grow wide with total awe.

CLOSE ON SUSAN'S HAND

It dips into her back pocket, pulls a phone.

She lifts it to the right eye hole. Aims the camera.

SUSAN'S POV

George looks right through her, just a foot away. The light goes out. The phone camera beeps.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Shit.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (1767)

The white apparition, almost see-through. A bright white flash explodes from the black eye hole.

SUSAN'S POV

George jumps, shouts, grabs his eyes. He stumbles back into the hallway. His foot misses the step, he reaches out as he falls back, then--

He tumbles down the stairs. Pounds, thuds, cracks, then silence.

Abigale jumps out of bed, runs to the door.

An inhuman voice shouts.

VOICE (O.S.)

Fuuuuuu...

The little girl screams bloody terror as she peers down the stairs at her father.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Susan pulls the sheet off her head.

SUSAN

...uuuuuck.

The sheet falls to the ground.

Lies there in a heap. She stares at it.

A creek emanates from the stairs in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Susan's head peeks out through the bedroom doorway. She looks down the stairs.

Another creek.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Susan whips around. Scans the room, then looks at the sheet on the ground.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END