

I'M HOME

Written by

Kenneth Quinnell

334 19th St NE  
Washington, D.C. 20002  
850-339-4600  
quinnelk@gmail.com

**FADE IN.**

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

SUPER: Day 1

A yellow school bus, #0042, rolls up to a suburban driveway and stops.

Houses on this street are relatively close together, but THIS house is larger and is set farther away from the street. In a neighborhood of cookie-cutter one-story homes, the REDDING HOME stands out.

It is surrounded by a brick wall covered in ivy and traces of black mold. The second story of the Gothic house peers through the spikes and razor wire atop the wall.

The bus doors open and off steps JAMES. He is a Black boy in his preteen years. He wears black shorts, a LeBron jersey and a Lakers cap. He wears a shell-shaped Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles backpack.

The gate opens and he goes inside.

In full view, the house is ominous. It is a grey, two-story brick house with black roof tiles. The windows aren't fully rectangular and they look like eyes. The building is made up of strange angles and nooks and crannies and outcroppings. It doesn't quite make sense.

James runs up the steps and onto the wooden porch, which creaks with each step. In front of the door is a mat that says "Home." The mat is worn, dirty, almost disgusting.

He opens the door and walks inside.

Something scutters across a shadowy part of the roof.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James bounds into the dark foyer and slams the door behind him.

JAMES

I'm home!

Directly in front of James, a set of stairs leads up. To the left is a doorway to the dining room. To the right a doorway to living room.

On one side of the foyer is a non-working grandfather clock. On the other side is a painting of a long-dead white male patriarch, dressed in a classic black suit.

From the living room, ANDY enters. Andy is a Black man, late 20s, nearly six and a half feet tall. He has an athletic build and wears a sleeveless black shirt and grey sweatpants. Andy has a large natural afro.

James runs to Andy and gives him a hug.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Hey, dad!

Andy returns the hug enthusiastically.

ANDY  
How was your day, James?

JESSIE walks down the stairs. Jessie is a Black woman, 30s, she wears a nice, but reasonably-priced blouse and jeans with open-toed shoes. She has braided hair that reaches her shoulders.

JAMES  
It was great. I met THREE kids who like TMNT. Two boys and one girl.

Once Jessie reaches the bottom of the stairs, James gives her a hug.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Mom!

JESSIE  
How about your teachers?

James shrugs.

JAMES  
They were teachers.

He rushes up the stairs. His parents exchange an exasperated look.

#### **INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James has spent much of the day unpacking and decorating. There are still boxes all over his new room, but most are empty.

James empties the last box, placing a complete set of yellow Nancy Drew books on the bookshelf, which is now full.

The other shelves contain the blue of the old school Hardy Boys books and various Choose Your Own Adventure and Goosebumps books.

James doesn't have too many toys, mostly sports equipment (basketball, baseball, soccer, football) and TMNT action figures and accessories.

In the place of honor above his bed, James pins a LeBron James poster emblazoned with the purple and gold of the Lakers.

James looks around his room. He's satisfied. He's done.

He grabs a walkie-talkie from a shelf and flops down on his bed.

He presses the button down.

JAMES

Come in C-3PO, this is Commander Redding!

The other walkie talkie sits on the shelf next to a stuffed C-3PO doll. James' voice echoes from the second walkie talkie.

James looks over at the other walkie talkie wistfully.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Over and out, C-3PO.

He frowns while he turns the walkie talkie off and sets it on his nightstand.

The top right push pin falls out of the LeBron James poster and the corner peels down.

James stares at it for a second. He gets up and picks up the push pin and puts it back in the poster.

He stares for another second, then he walks out of the room.

The push pin falls out and the poster's corner peels down again.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The centerpiece of the living room, in front of the curtained exterior windows, is a 70" television. Surround sound speakers are visible throughout the room.

Across from the TV is an L-shaped sectional couch and a matching recliner. They are ostensibly "green."

Andy sits in the recliner, feet up. He sips a glass with a brown liquor, on the rocks. A crystal decanter filled with the same sits on the table next to him alongside a bowl of ice. Silver tongs sit atop the remaining cubes.

James lays on his side, cuddling a Rochelle Porter throw pillow.

On the television, LEBRON JAMES passes to KYLE KUZMA, who drains a three.

Andy pumps a fist and takes a sip from his glass.

ANDY  
THAT'S why you got that name.

James smiles.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
The best players don't just dominate, they make sure their teammates dominate, too.

JAMES  
Did you play like LeBron?

Andy chuckles.

ANDY  
Kinda. I mean... not quite.

James is puzzled.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
I played point guard, so I could pass like that.

On TV, LeBron grabs a rebound and passes the ball to ANTHONY DAVIS.

Davis pulls up from three and drains the shot.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
But I definitely couldn't shoot like that.

James pumps his fist, just like his dad.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
I think the most I ever scored was... like... 13?

James sits up, never taking his eyes off the TV. Andy takes another sip from his glass.

JAMES

You didn't play for the Lakers,  
right?

Andy laughs.

ANDY

Nah, I only played college. The  
Lakers are professionals.

James looks at him quizzically.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Uh... professionals get paid to  
play. College players play for  
"free."

He uses air quotes.

JAMES

If you weren't the Lakers, what  
were you?

Andy gets nostalgic.

ANDY

We were the Bearcats.

James has never heard of such a thing.

JAMES

What the heck is a Bearcat?

Andy takes a sip from his drink.

ANDY

The way I always saw it, a Bearcat  
was a wild cat. One that was brave.  
Didn't always have the easy road.  
But fought its way through.

James nods.

JAMES

A bearcat? Huh.

Andy stays lost in a memory.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Are bearcats real?

Andy thinks for a second.

ANDY

I... uh... yeah? I think so. Like I know bobcats are real. Yeah. So bearcats are real, too.

Andy jumps to his feet as Anthony Davis dunks on the television.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You see that!

He points at the TV.

ANDY (CONT'D)

That's all about thinking ahead.

Andy takes a sip of his drink.

ANDY (CONT'D)

That's the way everything works. You gotta plan ahead if you want to succeed.

James reaches into his pocket and pulls out a card. He flips it over in his hand. It's a library card from his school, Morehouse Junior High, with his name and picture over it.

His dad looks up at the TV. James quickly stuffs the library card back into his pocket.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You see that pass?

They stay quiet for a while.

James pulls the library card out of his pocket again and absent-mindedly flips it over in his hand again.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What's that?

James gulps.

ANDY (CONT'D)

C'mon, you know we don't hide things.

James holds it up for Andy to see.

JAMES

It's a library card.

Andy takes the card and looks at it.

ANDY  
No need to hide that.

He hands the card back to James.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Why would you hide that?

James shrugs.

JAMES  
I just didn't want...

ANDY  
Get something to write on.

James looks at him, puzzled.

Andy waves his hand towards the desk on the far side of the room.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Go ahead.

James gets up and grabs a pad and pen.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
I got three books for you. Write 'em down.

James nods.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
"Dear Martin," by Nic Stone.

James writes.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
"When You Look Like Us," by Pamela N. Harris.

James looks up and then keeps writing.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
"Black Enough," by Ibi Zoboi.

James finishes writing.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
You're gonna love those. Check 'em out.

James tears the list off and puts it in his pocket.



**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James lays in his bed, tucked into his Lando Calrissian blanket. His parents sit on the bed, one on either side.

Jessie tucks the corner of the blanket in, almost strapping James to the bed.

JESSIE  
Time for you to get some sleep.

JAMES  
This is a big house, huh?

Jessie smiles.

ANDY  
Biggest one I've ever lived in.

JESSIE  
Me, too.

JAMES  
Me, three.

They all laugh.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Mom, how come our new house is so much bigger than our old one?

Jessie and Andy exchange a look.

ANDY  
We... uh...

JESSIE  
We got a good deal.

James doesn't know what that means. He shrugs.

JAMES  
I like it here.

JESSIE  
So do we, honey. So do we.

His parents turn out the light and close the door.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

SUPER: Day 2

Bus #0042 pulls up to the driveway.

James, who was sitting in the front row, gets off the bus. He is reading "Monster: A Graphic Novel," by Walter Dean Myers and Guy A. Sims.

He marks his page with a Luke Cage bookmark and closes the book. He puts it in his backpack while he waits for the gate to open.

As he walks through the gate, a large group of old white people start following him. They come from both ends of the street. There are a lot of them.

James hurries away from them and goes inside.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James runs inside and stops.

He takes a deep breath. He turns and looks outside.

The white people gather inside the gate.

He turns towards the staircase and cups his hand over his mouth.

JAMES

Yo, mom! Dad! There's a bunch of  
old white people outside.

Silence.

Then Jessie comes down the stairs.

JESSIE

What?

James sets down his backpack.

JAMES

Like a lot of them.

Andy comes in from the kitchen, drying his hands on a towel.

ANDY

Like, seriously, what?

James points towards the open door and the open gate beyond it. There ARE a lot of old white people standing in the driveway. They aren't rich, but they certainly aren't poor.

About half are men and half are women, some are certainly couples. They are all as white as white can be and they all look like they are at least 100 years old. All of them.

Andy steps in front of James and Jessie and steps out onto the porch.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
May I help you?

Jessie and James follow him onto the porch.

An OLD WHITE MAN steps towards the front porch.

OLD WHITE MAN  
We just wanted to see you.

Andy steps between the Old White Man and James.

And OLD WHITE LADY steps up next to the Old White Man.

OLD WHITE LADY  
We wanted to meet you.

They all crowd forward.

ANDY  
What are you talking about?

OLD WHITE MAN  
We're the neighborhood.

He waves up and down the street.

OLD WHITE LADY  
Except this house.

OLD WHITE MAN  
No, WE would never live in this house.

Andy turns towards Jessie.

ANDY  
Take James inside.

She does.

Andy watches them as they go inside and shut the door.

He turns back towards the Old White People.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Let's move it along.

He waves his arms towards the gate.

They remain still.

Andy moves close enough to get in the Old White Man's personal space. Almost close enough to touch.

The Old White Man flinches.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Now.

The Old White Man takes a couple of steps back. The rest of the crowd moves with him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Don't come on my property again.

OLD WHITE LADY

YOUR property?

Andy stares her down.

She backs away.

Andy pushes the button on the gate and it starts to close before the Old White People are even out of the way.

ANDY

And don't come back.

They continue to stare him down as the gate closes.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

Andy sits in his recliner, but his feet are on the ground.

James unzips his backpack and pulls out the Monster graphic novel.

JAMES

They didn't have the books that you told me about.

Andy looks towards James and shakes his head.

ANDY

That's too bad.

JAMES

But I found this.

He holds up "Monster."

ANDY

Whoa, they made a graphic novel?

Andy gets up and takes the book from James. He flips through the pages and smiles.

ANDY (CONT'D)

This is a good one. Let me read it when you're done.

Andy hands the book back to his son. James grins.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Where was that when I was young?

James smiles. He knows he chose wisely.

Jessie walks into the room.

JESSIE

Dinner is ready.

Andy looks up at her.

ANDY

You know I could've cooked?

James and Andy stand up.

JESSIE

I needed a break.

Andy puts an arm around her shoulder.

ANDY

How's it coming?

Jessie shakes her head.

ANDY (CONT'D)

That bad.

JESSIE

Bad enough.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

The dining room sits beyond the kitchen on the back half of the house's first floor. It is impeccably decorated from the tulip-decorated wallpaper to the floral curtains to the matching cherry wood of the table and credenza.

Jessie sits at the table, talking on her phone.

JESSIE

Yes, mom! We'll invite you over as soon as we settle in.

JESSIE'S MOM (O.S.)

You can't do it soon enough. I miss you.

JESSIE

You know I'm busy. You know why I'm busy.

She rests her hand on her forehead.

JESSIE'S MOM (O.S.)

Is it a nice house, at least?

JESSIE

Yes, mom. It's a very nice house.

JESSIE'S MOM (O.S.)

How did you afford the furniture?

Jessie rolls her eyes.

JESSIE

Mom. The place came already furnished.

JESSIE'S MOM (O.S.)

Mmmm...

James bounces into the dining room.

JESSIE

Mom, gotta go.

JESSIE'S MOM (O.S.)

But I--

She hangs up the phone.

JAMES

It's 8 o'clock!

Jessie composes herself. She turns and smiles at James.

JESSIE

Yes it is.

He sits down at the table.

JAMES

Let's play!

JESSIE  
It's story time!

James cheers.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
You start.

James looks away, lost in thought.

JAMES  
A farmer.

His mom laughs.

JESSIE  
A farmer? What made you think of  
that?

James wags a finger at her.

JAMES  
You're supposed to say "yes  
and...."

JESSIE  
Okay, okay. A farmer it is.

James is satisfied.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
A farmer... with a dark secret.

JAMES  
Mom...

JESSIE  
What? That's a good one.

James shakes his head.

JAMES  
You know the rules.

JESSIE  
I MADE the rules.

JAMES  
And that means you can't break  
them.

JESSIE  
What?

JAMES  
You used "a dark secret" two times  
ago.

Now she remembers.

JESSIE  
You're right. You're right.

She thinks for a moment.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Okay, a farmer with... a... pet...  
lion.

James' eyes get big.

JAMES  
A lion?

JESSIE  
Yes and...

JAMES  
A farmer with a pet lion who...

He scratches his head.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
...is afraid of cats.

Jessie laughs.

JESSIE  
Cats? Like other lions?

JAMES  
No. Like house cats.

They both laugh.

JESSIE  
Okay, that's great. And then he  
meets a traveling salesman.

JAMES  
What's a traveling salesman?

Jessie laughs.



**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

The room is lit by nothing but the moon shining through the open window. James sleeps on his stomach.

Something skitters across the room in the moonlight.

Then another.

Then a third.

The first of the creatures climbs up onto the end of the bed. It moves like a spider as it crests the footboard to REVEAL:

A severed human hand. Bloodless and dead.

Until it moves.

The hand crawls forward, like a spider.

The other two join it atop the bed.

The hand-spider takes a few steps forward and then stops. Something invisible is preventing it from moving forward.

The other two hand-spiders also try to move towards James, but are stopped.

The hand-spiders skitter back down the side of the bed.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

Super: Day 3

Bus #0042 pulls up to the driveway.

James, who was sitting in the front row, gets off the bus. He is reading "Monster" as he gets off.

He puts his bookmark in it and stows it in his backpack.

He hurries inside.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

James bounds into the dark foyer and slams the door behind him.

JAMES

I'm home!

His father walks in from the dining room. His mother comes in from the kitchen.

They all hug.

Once they release, James looks up at his parents quizzically.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Why are you two home every day?  
Don't you have jobs?

His parents laugh.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
How are we going to pay for this  
big house?

He waves his hands around the foyer.

ANDY  
I don't start until next month.

JESSIE  
I'm working on my new book.

He hugs his dad.

ANDY  
What's this one about? Killer  
rednecks?

Everyone laughs.

JESSIE  
Something like that.

James turns towards his dad.

JAMES  
When do the Lakers play?

ANDY  
Tomorrow.

James nods.

JAMES  
Okay.

He heads upstairs.

ANDY  
Dinner will be done early tonight.

JAMES  
Good. I'm hungry. What are we  
having?

ANDY  
I made pizza.

James stops and looks back at him.

JAMES  
Pepperoni?

Andy nods.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Pineapple?

Andy nods again.

ANDY  
Yep.

James grins.

JAMES  
Guess I'll finish my homework  
early.

He turns and walks upstairs. His parents giggle.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James sits on his bed, his back propped up by pillows. He  
watches a 42" television. Now playing: Home Alone.

His parents walk into the room.

JESSIE  
Time to get some sleep.

ANDY  
What's this you're watching?

James picks the remote up from his bed and turns the movie  
off.

JAMES  
Home Alone.

ANDY  
Never heard of it.

James is shocked.

JESSIE  
You've never heard of Home Alone?

James and Jessie laugh.

Andy shakes his head.

ANDY  
Nope, what's it about?

Jessie cracks up.

JAMES  
Some white people leave their kid  
home and some burglars try to break  
in and get him.

ANDY  
And this is a kids movie?

James gets excited.

JAMES  
Yeah, he makes up all of these  
traps and tricks the burglars. It's  
great.

Andy frowns.

ANDY  
Sounds... violent?

JESSIE  
It's literally one of the most  
popular movies ever.

ANDY  
For kids? Isn't it scary?

JAMES  
No way, it's hilarious.

Andy furrows his brow.

ANDY  
That's crazy.

Beat.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
I hope you know that we would never  
leave you home alone.

Jessie facepalms.

JAMES  
Of course, dad.

Jessie and James laugh.

ANDY  
What?

JAMES  
Don't I need to get some sleep?

He turns off the light next to his bed as his parents walk away. Everyone is laughing except James.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Andy gets up from the bed. Jessie rolls over, but stays asleep.

Andy walks across the room and goes into the bathroom. He shuts the door and turns the light on.

The lightbulb pops and the bathroom goes dark.

Andy groggily flips the switch on and off a few times.

Nothing.

He shrugs and sits on the toilet.

Something skitters across the bedroom, but Andy is too out of it to notice.

He leans forward on his elbow.

A hand-spider skitters past the doorway. Andy is oblivious.

Another hand-spider joins the first. As does a third.

They stand at the doorway, waiting for Andy to move.

He nods off a bit, but jerks up before he falls.

The hand-spiders rush into the bathroom.

The door slams shut behind them.

Muffled sounds of struggle.

The weight of a body thunks to the bathroom tile.

Strange, unrecognizable sounds ooze through door as Jessie sleeps.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

Super: Day 4

Bus #0042 pulls up to the driveway.

James, who was sitting in the front row, gets off the bus. He closes a book called "Ghosts of New England," with no author listed, and puts it in his back pack.

He rushes through the gate and into the house.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James bounds into the dark foyer and slams the door behind him.

JAMES

I'm home!

Andy peaks his head in from the living room.

ANDY

Hey. You need anything?

JAMES

A snack?

ANDY

Go ahead and get whatever you want.

Andy nods his head towards the kitchen.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Your mom is deep into new book territory and you probably won't see her until after dinner time.

James nods.

JAMES

Okay.

James walks out of the room.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

James walks into the kitchen and up to the fridge. He opens it up and looks around inside.

He sees a Yoohoo in the back next to some purple stuff and grabs it.

He shuts the fridge and opens a cabinet. He digs around inside and comes out with a bag of Baked Cheetos.

Across the kitchen is a closed door. From the door emanates an inhuman whisper.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)

Join us.

James turns towards the door, uncertain.

He waits.

Nothing.

James puts the Yoohoo and Cheetos on the counter and walks to the door.

He reaches out and turns the knob.

He pulls the door open.

Inside is blackness. The top few steps are visible, but nothing beyond that.

James shakes his head.

JAMES

Nope.

He slams the door.

He grabs the Yoohoo and Cheetos and walks out of the kitchen.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James walks in holding the Yoohoo and Cheetos. He sets them on the desk and takes off his backpack.

He pulls out "Ghosts of New England" and sets it on his desk neatly.

James opens the bag and stuffs a few Cheetos into his mouth, careful not to make a mess. He opens the Yoohoo and takes a chug.

He flips through the book.

Page after page. All boring.

He keeps turning the pages. Several at a time.

He stops on a page with a heading that says "poltergeist." He takes a sip of Yoohoo and starts reading, following the sentence with his finger: "...under the right circumstances, the entity will attach itself to..."

The push pin falls out of the LeBron poster, lands on the floor and clatters towards James. He stops reading and looks down at the push pin.

The corner of the poster peels down from the wall.

James looks up and stares.

He closes the book and leans down to pick up the push pin.

He pins the poster back to the wall.

He looks at it for a second.

He sits back down at the desk.

The pin falls again.

He turns and stares at the poster as it peels down again.

James picks up the pin.

He finds a different spot and pins the poster up.

He sits back in the chair.

This time the pin stays.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Andy sits in the recliner watching some random movie with guns and explosions.

Jessie sits at the other end of the couch, typing away on her laptop.

Between them, James sits reading a book called "Haunted Houses Across America." He closes it in frustration.

Jessie looks up, noticing James' disappointment.

JESSIE

What is it, James?

He shrugs.

JAMES

Nothing.



Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I mean...

JESSIE  
Go ahead.

James sets the book on the coffee table and looks up at his mom.

JAMES  
The school library doesn't have any good books.

Andy chuckles.

ANDY  
Of course they don't. School board politics. Don't get me started...

James doesn't understand.

JESSIE  
What your dad is trying to say is that the school library isn't your only option.

Andy leans forward.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
You can go to the public library.

James frowns.

JAMES  
But I don't have a card.

JESSIE  
Hand me my purse.

James walks to a table by the entrance and grabs the purse. He gives it to his mom.

She rummages around inside for a second.

She pulls out a fresh new Public Library Card with James' name on it.

He takes the card and stares at it in wonder.

JAMES  
How did you...?

She hands him the purse and he takes it back to the table. Never looking up from his new library card.

JESSIE

Had to get some books for my research. Figured you might want to try it out. It's a VERY good library.

JAMES

I'm gonna go tomorrow.

James keeps staring at his new library card.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

Super: Day 5

Bus #0042 pulls up to the driveway.

James, who was sitting in the front row, gets off the bus. He closes "When You Look Like Us," by Pamela N. Harris, and puts it in his back pack.

He goes inside.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James walks into the dark foyer and slams the door behind him.

JAMES

I'm home!

ANDY (O.S.)

Hey, Little Man!

JAMES

Hey dad!

Andy dips back into the living room and James walks upstairs.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

James walks in the room and immediately sees it.

The LeBron James poster has been torn to shreds. Some of it still clings to the wall, the rest in tatters on the bed and floor.

James quickly shuts the door and puts his backpack down.

He picks up the waste basket and slowly walks towards the bed.

He stares at the torn pieces for a moment.

He grabs the trash from the bed and puts it in the waste basket.

He gets closer to the wall.

He leans down and starts picking up trash from the floor.

A torn sliver of the poster curls down from the wall and caresses his ear.

He jumps back at the touch, falling on his butt. The waste basket spills.

He leaps up and rips the pieces of poster from the wall in a frenzy. He finishes quickly gathers all up the debris.

He shoves everything into the waste basket.

He yanks the bag from the waste basket and ties it up.

He walks over to the window, pulls it open and drops the bag outside.

It falls onto the ground next to the trash can, which is surrounded by other trash bags and boxes.

James sits on his bed and takes a deep breath.

That's when he sees that his room has a pull-down ladder to access the attic in the far corner.

He stares at it.

A small trace of black mold lines the wooden frame around the attic's entrance.

#### **INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER**

The attic is dark until light bursts through when James opens the door. His head appears above the floor and he surveys the room.

The attic is mostly shadows. A light with a chain hangs over the center of the room, but it doesn't have a bulb. The only light comes in through the cracks of the shutters covering the room's only window.

Subtly, black mold can be seen everywhere in the attic except where light is likely to fall.

The attic is full. There are boxes and furniture and bags and various loose items: A sled, skis and poles, a vanity, a large mirror.

In the center sits a table set up for a tea party. Around the table are a stuffed bear, dog and giraffe. They are large, filling up their chairs with their heads leaning on the table.

Before each a tea cup and saucer, but they are knocked over and sit askew. An empty tea pot rests in the center of the table.

The fourth chair at the table is empty, its cup still upright and on the saucer.

JAMES

What the...?

He walks closer. Cautiously.

JAMES (CONT'D)

White people.

He chuckles as he TIP TOES towards the table, almost as if he expects the stuffed animals to move.

He moves closer. He sees something in the bear's hand.

He leans in and sees a Swiss Army Knife stuffed in a hole ripped into the bear's paw.

He reaches out and touches the bear's paw.

The knife falls from the bear and thuds on the ground. James recoils.

Then nothing.

He waits.

James picks up the Swiss Army Knife.

He opens the various tools: a large blade, scissors, nail file. He smiles and places the knife into his pocket.

He looks at the stuffed dog. It's holding a book in it's paws.

James slowly grabs the book. He expects something to happen, but it doesn't.

He pulls the book free and takes a look at it. The room is too dark and he can't really read the faded text. He holds it near the window and can barely make it out: "1,001 Traps, Tricks and Survival Skills," with no author listed.

James opens the book and flips through the pages, which contain detailed diagrams and small paragraphs of text.

He sets the book on the table and looks towards the stuffed giraffe. Resting across its arms is something wrapped in a dirty cloth.

James picks up the object, but he can't really see in the darkness.

He walks over to the window again and unwraps the object. It's a dagger with a short, sharp blade. It's covered in splotches, but James can't make them out.

He pushes on the shutter.

It won't budge.

He pushes a little harder.

Harder.

The shutter gives, pushing the window open, too. The sun splashes into the room.

James jars his elbow on the window sill and he loses the dagger. The light reveals that the splotches on the dagger are blood.

The dagger hits the roof outside the window, bounces a few times and lands precariously on a ledge, quite a ways away from the window.

James takes a step to the side so he can see where the dagger landed. He trips over a stack of comic books and he falls to the floor.

He looks down and his eyes rest on a single comic book. The title is obscured, but the image is very clear. The cover shows a formerly beautiful white woman with long blonde hair. She's in her 20s, curvy, wears a tight pink dress.

Her jaw has been ripped from her face and blood splotches dot her dress almost like a pattern. Her uncontained tongue wags and her outstretched arms reach for a man who cowers in fear.

Across the bottom of the comic is dramatic text: "THE BROKEN LADY."

James looks up from the comic.

THE BROKEN LADY stands in the attic, her arms reaching for James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Nope.

He scrambles to his feet and runs across the attic.

The Broken Lady has a good angle and she moves to grab him before he can escape. James dives under her arms, crashing to the floor.

He tries to get up, but The Broken Lady almost grabs his foot. She knocks him off balance and he falls.

She takes a step closer. Blood drips from her former jaw and lands on James' shoe in a splash.

He launches himself forward and falls through the floor and down the ladder.

He throws up a hand and grabs the ladder, slowing his fall. He flips over and ALMOST catches the ladder.

He lands on his back and screams in pain.

The Broken Lady steps over the hole. Blood drips from her jaw and splashes onto the ladder.

James grabs the ladder and shoves it upward. It smashes into The Broken Lady's head and she falls backward.

He closes the door to the attic and runs across his room.

He jumps on the bed and pulls up the covers.

James quickly gets back out of bed and grabs a baseball bat from next to the door.

He jumps back in bed and pulls up the covers.

And he waits, at the ready.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

Super: Day 6

James stands in front of the front gate as it opens. In the distance, a Morehouse City Bus drives off.

James, who was sitting in the front row, gets off the bus. He closes "Tobin's Spirit Guide" and puts it in his back pack.

He goes inside.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James walks into the dark foyer and slams the door behind him.

JAMES

I'm home!

No one answers.

He goes upstairs.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James puts his backpack on his desk and opens it. He empties the contents onto the desk in a slow and methodical manner.

He sets his library card in the upper left corner of the desk.

Next he pulls out a business card. He stares at it for a second. The card reads "Cicely Leachman, Senior Librarian, Morehouse Public Library." Scrawled upon the card are two sentences: "Call me anytime." And "Any DAY time."

James sets the business card next to the library card at the top of the desk.

Then he pulls out three books. The first is "Tobin's Spirit Guide." The second is "Black Enough," edited by Ibi Zoboi. The third is "Haunted Houses for Dummies."

He sets the books side by side.

James opens the Dummies book and flips through a few pages. He closes it.

He opens "Black Enough" and starts reading. He smiles.

He closes the book and walks over and puts it on the nightstand.

James sits back down and opens "Tobin's Spirit Guide." He starts reading.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

James sits in the living room watching the Lakers game. LeBron makes a layup and James cheers.

James looks over towards Andy's chair. It's empty.

James sits quietly watching the game for a bit.

His dad walks into the room.

His hair has been shaven close, years of growth gone.

James turns and stares at his dad's hair.

JAMES

Dad?

Andy ignores him at first. James keeps staring.

Andy finally notices him.

ANDY

Hey... uh... James. How's the game going?

James cocks his head.

JAMES

It's good. LeBron already has 20.

Andy smiles distantly as he sits down.

ANDY

That's pretty good for the first half.

Beat.

ANDY (CONT'D)

How many assists?

JAMES

Four. And two blocks.

Andy zones out.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Dad?

Andy snaps out of it.



ANDY

Yeah... that's pretty good. He's...  
uh... playing well.

James waits for more.

And waits.

The game goes on.

Andy doesn't say anything else.

James stares at him with some suspicion as the game ends.

JAMES

Night, dad.

No response.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Dad?

ANDY

Oh... uh... good night.

James slowly moves out of the room. He looks back at his dad,  
then exits.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

Super: Day 7

James stands before the front gate as it opens. The city bus  
drives away in the distance. James reads "Dear Martin," by  
Nic Stone, while he waits for the gate to open.

He puts his bookmark in it, closes it and stows it.

He hurries inside.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James walks into the dark foyer and slams the door behind  
him.

JAMES

I'm home!

No answer.

He walks in the living room to find Andy sitting in the  
recliner. He's staring at the TV, but it's not on.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Dad?

No response.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Dad?

Andy looks toward him, groggy. When he speaks, it's like he's been drugged.

ANDY

Hey... uh... James. How was your day?

James sits on the couch, moving past his dad's strange behavior.

JAMES

Mom was right. The public library does have good books.

Andy stares past him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I made a new friend.

ANDY

A... friend? Friends are... nice.

Jessie walks into the room.

JAMES

Her name is Cicely.

JESSIE

Who is Cicely? Your new girlfriend?

James is grossed out.

JAMES

C'mon, mom? She's like granny's age!

Jessie laughs and sits on the couch.

JESSIE

I need to talk to your dad.

James nods.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Alone.

James finally gets it.

JAMES  
I'm gonna take a nap.

JESSIE  
That's fine. I'm just going to  
order something for dinner.

JAMES  
Tacos?

She nods and smiles.

JESSIE  
Tacos.

James grins as he runs from the room.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James lays on his back, sleeping.

One of the hand-spiders skitters from out of the closet.

James snores a little and turns on his side.

The hand-spider skitters towards the bed and out of sight.

Beat.

The hand-spider climbs over the edge of the bed. Another follows.

They try to move forward, but are stopped like last time.

The first hand-spider moves along the side of the bed, careful not to fall off.

It stops in front of James, who lays on his back.

He rolls onto his side, coming eye-level with the hand-spider. His eyes stay closed while his arm flops over the side of the bed, close to the nightstand.

He opens his eyes.

He doesn't understand what he's seeing. A hand?

It twitches.

His eyes go wide.

He sees the Swiss Army Knife on the nightstand and grabs it and pulls it close.

The hand-spider tries to grab him as retracts his arm, but it misses.

He pulls the knife blade open.

The hand attempts to strike.

He swipes the blade, cutting the hand-spider on its' palm. No blood comes out, but the hand jumps backward and falls to the floor.

James grips the knife, ready for a downward strike. He looks over the side of the bed.

It's gone.

JESSIE (O.S.)  
James? What's going on?

Jessie opens the door and turns on the light.

James falls back on the bed, dropping the knife to the floor on the far side of the bed.

JAMES  
Mom!

Jessie frowns.

JESSIE  
What's going on in here?

JAMES  
I... uh... fell off the bed.

Jessie rushes to his side.

JESSIE  
Are you okay?

He nods vigorously.

JAMES  
Yeah, I was just having a nightmare.

She holds her hand on his forehead.

JESSIE  
You feel fine?

JAMES  
I am fine mom.

He peeks down at the knife, hoping she doesn't see it.

JESSIE  
Okay, well try and get some sleep.

She doesn't see the knife.

JAMES  
I will.

Jessie gets up and walks to the door.

JESSIE  
I love you, too.

JAMES  
You, too. Mom

She turns off the light and closes the door.

James turns to grab the knife.

It's gone.

James scoots against the back of the bed and pulls the covers up.

He peers around the room as he clutches the covers.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM - LATER**

James sits at the table holding a landline phone. It rings. On the table sits Cicely's business card.

Cicely picks up.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Hello?

JAMES  
Hey... uh... it's me.

Cicely laughs.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Well, hey, ME.

James thinks for a second. Then it clicks.

JAMES  
It's James. I talked to you  
about... you know?

Another laugh.

CICELY (O.S.)  
I know who you are, James.

JAMES  
Good.

James pauses to collect himself.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Do you believe in any of these  
things... what did you call them?

CICELY (O.S.)  
Manifestations.

JAMES  
Man-i-fes-ta-tions.

CICELY (O.S.)  
That's right.

JAMES  
What are they?

Beat.

He hears the rustling of book pages over the phone.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Hmmm... I'm not certain on that  
one. I've found SOME things,  
though.

James scoots forward in his chair.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'll need to do some additional  
research, but I CAN tell you a few  
things.

JAMES  
Okay.

CICELY (O.S.)  
James, what are you afraid of?

James frowns.

JAMES

What?

CICELY (O.S.)

These things... whatever they  
are... the feed off of fear.

Beat.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So, James, the question is... what  
are you afraid of?

James sits in thought.

JAMES

I don't know.

Cicely chuckles.

CICELY (O.S.)

That's good. You're a brave young  
man.

JAMES

What about my parents?

CICELY (O.S.)

What ABOUT your parents? Are they  
afraid a lot?

James thinks for a second.

JAMES

Yeah... they're always afraid.

CICELY (O.S.)

Hmmm... that's not great.

Beat.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Adult fears are a result of  
something we lost. Usually  
something we lost when we were  
kids.

James gulps.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Loss is dangerous.

Beat.

JAMES  
Am I in danger?

Beat.

CICELY (O.S.)  
No. At least not yet. If you are as  
brave as you say you are, then you  
should be fine. For now.

Andy walks into the room. He stares at James.

JAMES  
I... uh... I should go.

CICELY (O.S.)  
But there's more I need to tell  
you.

James looks up at Andy, who simply stares.

JAMES  
Not right now.

James hangs up the phone.

He sits in the chair for a moment.

Andy doesn't move.

James gets up and goes around the table the long way. Andy  
doesn't move.

James makes it out of the room. Andy never moves.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

Super: Day 8

Bus #0042 pulls up to the driveway.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James walks into the dark foyer and shuts the door behind  
him.

JAMES  
I'm home!

No response.

He peeks into the living room, but his dad isn't there.



He stares at his dad's chair wistfully.

He heads upstairs.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Andy sits in the recliner, absent-mindedly watching the television. He rubs his head where his hair used to be.

James walks in and sits on the couch.

Andy stares at the TV, which isn't on.

JAMES

Dad?

Nothing.

James picks up the remote and turns the TV on. A basketball game comes on, but it isn't the Lakers.

Andy doesn't notice.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Dad?

Nothing.

James watches the game for a bit.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Was that a pick and roll?

Silence.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Like what Gobert just did?

Nothing.

James turns back towards the TV.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Dad?

Nothing.

James turns the TV off and walks out of the room. He almost bumps into his mom.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Mom, I think something's wrong with dad.

She walks past without even giving him a glance.

JESSIE

I'll check on him. Go on to bed.

James watches her walk past Andy without slowing down.

He backs out of the room and runs upstairs.

**INT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

Super: Day 9

Bus #0042 pulls up to the driveway.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James walks into the dark foyer and shuts the door behind him.

JAMES

I'm home!

Nothing.

He slowly trudges up the stairs.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

James sits in the recliner watching the Lakers game.

The final buzzer goes off. The Lakers win.

James half-heartedly pumps a fist in the air.

He turns the TV off.

He looks around the room, which is now silent.

James caresses the arm of his dad's chair.

He walks out of the room.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

James walks into the kitchen. His mom stands in her robe staring into the fridge. She doesn't notice him enter the room.

James stops and looks at her.

JAMES

Mom?

No response.

He tugs on her bathrobe.

She looks down at him groggily.

JESSIE

Hey... James. What's up?

JAMES

Nothing. I just wanted an apple juice.

She steps aside, as if in a daze.

JESSIE

Oh... sure.

James grabs the juice and walks away.

He looks back at his mom one last time. She's in a daze.

James is worried.

#### **INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

The CAMERA looks at James from as far away as it can. He looks very small laying in his bed. There are no stuffed animals or toys on or near the bed. The room is very tidy, everything in its place.

He turns the light out. The room is pitch black at first before the lighting adjusts. A sliver of street light comes in through the window, but it is dim, blocked by the wall around the house.

The CAMERA moves as far away from James as it can, in the upper corner, making him as small as possible.

Something moves in the shadows.

Then something else.

James sits up, knees to his chest.

He surveys the room.

The shadows are alive.

Jams looks over and sees his baseball bat leaning against the bookshelf. Close enough to reach, if he stretches.

He shakes his head and pulls the covers up closer to his chin.

Something skitters across the floor. Close by.

He grips the covers tighter.

Another skitter.

He closes his eyes.

Something starts to pull the covers towards the floor.

James opens his eyes and he scatters across the bed towards the bookshelf.

He reaches out to grab the bat.

He looks down and sees a hand-spider.

It notices him. The hand-spider rears up on two fingers and the others fingers stretch for him. Behind him, a second hand-spider crawls onto the bed.

James turns and sees it. He makes a choice.

He reaches and grabs the baseball bat, easily avoiding the hand on the floor.

He swings the bat behind him, smacking the hand off of the bed. It flies across the room and smashes into the wall with a squeal.

James turns back towards the other hand-spider.

It's gone.

He looks for the one he hit with the bat.

It's gone, too.

He looks around the room. The shadows still move.

James turns towards the door and stares at the light switch.

He moves towards the edge of the bed and reaches out with the bat.

Something skitters beneath him. He looks down, but doesn't see anything.

He can almost reach the light.

Another skittering sound.

The end of the bat just touches the light switch.

And James falls to the floor.

James lands shoulder-first on the bat, snapping it in half.

He looks under the bed. The SIDEWAYS MAN leers at him. The Sideways Man is a perversion of a human being. His hands and feet are side-by-side, his head in the middle. His blue-white eyes bulge nearly out of his head, which is framed by long, stringy hair, puke green/yellow in color. His mouth is open, filled with long broken and sharp teeth. A liquid mixture of blood, puss and something else drips through the broken teeth and pools on the floor.

James screams.

He scoots away from the bed, smashing his back against the door.

The Sideways Man rushes forward and several hand-spiders race at him from around the room.

James reaches up and switches the light on.

Everything disappears.

He's alone.

He cries.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

Super: Day 10

Bus #0042 pulls up to the driveway.

James, who was sitting in the front row, gets off the bus carrying a brand new hockey stick.

He goes inside.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James walks into the dark foyer and shuts the door behind him.

JAMES

I'm home!

JESSIE (O.S.)

We're in here.

James walks into the living room.

JAMES

Look what I got!

He holds up the hockey stick.

JESSIE

Where'd you get that?

JAMES

I've been saving my allowance.

Jessie furrows her brow.

JESSIE

Why'd you get a hockey stick?

James grins.

JAMES

I'm... uh... I'm gonna learn to play.

JESSIE

Play?

James nods.

JAMES

Yeah... STREET hockey. I'm gonna learn to play street hockey.

JESSIE

That's a thing?

James pretends to take a slap shot. It's very awkward.

JAMES

It is now!

JESSIE

Aren't you going to play soccer anymore?

JAMES

Nah.

He heads out of the room.

JESSIE  
But you were so good at it?

JAMES  
Soccer's boring.

JESSIE  
And hockey's not? Isn't it  
basically the same game?

James chases an imaginary puck towards the staircase, holding the stick very wrongly.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - NIGHT**

James lays in his bed, already tucked in. His mom sits on the side of the bed. Andy isn't there. The hockey stick leans against James' nightstand.

JESSIE  
Your father hasn't been feeling  
well lately.

James frowns.

JAMES  
I thought we were gonna do story  
time tonight?

Jessie takes James' hand.

JESSIE  
I'm sorry. I can't tonight.

James frowns.

JAMES  
We don't play as much as we used  
to.

Jessie pats him on the hand.

JESSIE  
You need to go to sleep. EARLY.

JAMES  
But it's TOO early.

Jessie doesn't negotiate.

She gets up and walks towards the door.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Mom?

Her hand pauses on the light switch. She looks back at him.

JESSIE

What is it?

He hesitates.

She cocks her head in impatience.

JAMES

I saw... I mean... I think I...

Jessie frowns.

James reconsiders.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Never mind.

Jessie flips off the light switch.

JESSIE

Good night. I love you.

She shuts the door.

James immediately grabs the hockey stick and holds it in his lap, his back against the wall, his eyes wide open.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

Super: Day 11

James walks into the dark foyer and shuts the door behind him.

JAMES

I'm home.

No answer.

He peeks into the living room, but Andy isn't there.

He walks upstairs.

**INT. DINING ROOM - LATER**

James sits at the dining room table, on the phone. On the table sits Cicely's card.



CICELY (O.S.)  
Are you okay?

JAMES  
Yeah. Nothing actually touched me.

CICELY (O.S.)  
That's good. I think.

JAMES  
Can you help me?

CICELY (O.S.)  
Of course I can help, I'm a  
Librarian. I've been digging a  
little deeper.

James perks up.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Your house. It's a strange one.

James hears the rustling of pages over the phone.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
As far as I can tell, only Black  
people have ever lived in that  
place.

James doesn't understand.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Which is strange because that is  
very clearly a part of town that  
has historically been redlined.

James frowns.

JAMES  
What's "redlined"?

CICELY (O.S.)  
It... it means they won't let  
people like US live there.

JAMES  
Like us?

CICELY (O.S.)  
People like you. And me. And your  
mother and father. And Bobby  
Briggs. Remember him, the other  
librarian?

James gets it.

JAMES  
You mean Black people?

Beat.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Yes, James, Black people.

JAMES  
I understand. My parents gave me  
THE TALK.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Of course they did.

Beat.

JAMES  
I should go.

Beat.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Yes, you probably should. I have  
more to tell you, but it can wait.

JAMES  
I'll call again, I can't really  
afford the bus ride.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Of course. One more thing.

JAMES  
What is it?

Beat.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Maybe stay outside? In the  
afternoon? When you first get home?

JAMES  
Okay.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Just to be safe?

JAMES  
Okay.

He hangs up and walks towards the stairs.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James sits at his desk, reading from "1,001 Traps, Tricks and Survival Skills."

The page he's looking at shows a diagram of how to tuck and roll when falling.

James gets up and tries the tuck and roll. He smashes into the bed midway through the first roll.

He tries again. He bonks his head and falls awkwardly.

He tries again. Shaky, but close.

He tries again and nails it.

He smiles and prepares to try it again.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James lays in bed, asleep. The hand-spiders, though, are already awake.

Two of them climb up over the edge of the bed.

They move forward towards the same spot where they were previously blocked.

They hesitate.

They move forward, no longer blocked.

The first one crawls onto James' blanket-covered leg.

James stirs but doesn't wake.

The hand-spider keeps moving, stepping onto James' hand, which rests on his hip.

James bolts awake.

He instinctively flicks the hand-spider off, it smashes into the wall.

James rolls off of the bed and lands next to the night stand in a hero pose.

He grabs the hockey stick.

Three hand-spiders move towards him.

He crouches into a hockey stance, or at least what he thinks one looks like.

The first hand-spider rushes at him.

He pulls the stick back and does a pretty good slap shot this time. The hand-spider flies into the wall with a satisfying crunch.

The other two hand-spiders rush at him simultaneously.

He sweeps the stick at the closer hand-spider, but misses.

The hand-spider scrambles onto his leg and continues upward. James stumbles backwards, loses his footing and falls onto the bed. He bounces off and lands on the floor.

The hand-spider climbs up his chest.

James reaches towards the hand-spider and it leaps onto his hand, locking fingers.

James tries flicking it off, but the hand-spider squeezes tighter and tighter, starting to hurt him.

The other hand-spider gets close. James swings the hockey stick one-handed and swats it away, but it lands in a basket of dirty clothes, unharmed.

It climbs out and rushes back at him.

James tries to rip the other hand-spider off, but he can't get it.

The second hand-spider is close enough to touch him. James lifts up his foot and brings it crushing down onto the hand-spider, which crumbles lifelessly to the floor.

James screams in pain as the remaining hand-spider continues to squeeze his hand.

James keeps trying to rip it off, to no avail.

He looks around the room and locks eyes on the bookshelf.

He runs towards it at full speed. He raises his arm up in a fist and leaps into the air. He brings his fist, covered by the hand-spider, smashing into the side of the bookshelf.

The hand-spider crunches and falls to the floor, lifeless.

James sits on the bed, breathing deeply, rubbing his injured hand.

He gets up and runs out of the room. The CAMERA stays in the room while he runs down the stairs and into the kitchen.

A door slams.

He runs back up the stairs and bursts into the room, carrying a black trash bag.

James carefully picks up each of the hands and puts it in the bag. These things are VERY dead.

Once they're all in the bag, he ties it.

James walks to the window, opens it and tosses the bag out.

He walks over to his bed, falls backwards and closes his eyes.

James rests.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

Super: Day 12

James walks into the dark foyer and quietly shuts the door behind him.

JAMES

I'm home!

No answer.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm going to play outside.

No answer.

James unslings his backpack off as he climbs upstairs.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME BACK YARD - DAY**

James walks around the side of the house. In the back yard is a garden and a combination swing set and slide. The tallness of the ivy-covered brick walls means the yard is VERY private.

James looks around the yard. Stillness.

He walks over to the swing. He touches it and it sways back and forth a bit, but nothing else happens.

James sits on the swing gingerly.

He keeps expecting something to happen, but it doesn't.

James starts swinging, back and forth.

He gets a good rhythm going. He's having fun.

Back and forth.

Higher and higher.

Even higher.

TOO high.

James starts to panic.

He tries to slow down, but he can't. He goes higher.

He tries to drag his feet on the ground, but the swing has grown TALLER and he can't reach.

Higher.

He tries to slow down again.

Higher.

James looks back as he rises almost parallel to the ground at the top of the swing set.

He goes all the way back, almost falling face-first to the ground as the swing reaches its peak.

As the swing moves forward, James moves his arms from behind the chains to the front.

He waits until the swing starts to rise again and he leaps out, falling towards the grass.

He does the tuck and roll he learned from the book and manages to safely land in the grass, rolling to a stop.

The swing goes over the top of the set, wrapping itself around the crossbar.

James looks back at the swing.

The swing keeps going until it is completely wrapped around the crossbar.

James cowers, out of breath.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

Super: Day 13

James walks down the stairs to the dark foyer.

JAMES  
Anybody home?

His mother walks in from the kitchen.

Her hair is shaven to the same length as Andy's, no more than a few centimeters in length.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Mom?

She walks past him without responding.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Mom?

She walks into the living room without a word.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME BACK YARD - DAY**

James wanders through the yard, staying far away from the swing set, carrying the hockey stick.

He wanders towards the garden.

The wind blows, making the swing creak. James side-eyes the swing, staying far from it.

He walks into the garden. It is surprisingly well-kept and diverse considering the Reddings just moved in. The garden has a variety of herbs, spice plants, peppers, strawberries, tomatoes, carrots and potatoes.

James walks between the rows of plants, admiring the various plants. When he gets to the strawberries, he gets excited.

He kneels down and looks closely. Then he grabs a particularly ripe one and plucks it from the vine.

He looks around to see if anyone is watching. No one is. The yard is completely private.

James takes a big bite out of the juicy berry. He doesn't notice, but the juices run red like blood.

Blood drips onto his pants. He DOES notice that.

James pulls the strawberry back and sees it is dripping with blood. He throws it to the ground and starts wiping the blood from his face.

He spits as he stands up.

From the dirt, a large potato shoots up and hits him in the back of his knee. He falls forward, landing face-to-face with a bright red jalapeno.

It moves, almost looking him in the face.

He tries to move back, but strawberry vines wrap around his legs and arms and hold him in place.

The pepper squirts juice in his eyes. He screams

He recoils from the burning juice and is strong enough to rip free from the vines.

James stumbles blindly, stepping on the vines, which seek and reach for him. He stomps on them as he moves across the garden.

Potatoes fly everywhere. They batter him, but he manages to stay on his feet and stumbles towards the house.

James yanks the door open and runs inside.

A tomato splats against the closed door.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

James stumbles into the kitchen, rubbing his eyes with one hand and feeling his way towards the fridge.

He opens it and pulls out a jug of milk.

James goes to the sink, twists his head to the side and pours milk into his eyes.

#### **INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James walks back into his room and shuts the door.

JAMES

Screw that, I'm staying inside.

He sits down at the desk and starts reading.



**INT. JAMES' ROOM - DAY**

Super: Day 14

James climbs out of bed, still wearing his pajamas.

He picks up a glass from his nightstand. He tips it over, it's completely dry.

He walks through the door into the hallway, shutting the bedroom door behind him.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

James takes a step towards the staircase. As he does, the hallway stretches out beyond him.

Each step he takes forward, the stairs get farther away.

He stops.

James steps forward again. The hallway stretches again.

He stops.

James turns and walks back towards his bedroom door, but the hallway stretches out in that direction, too.

He stops and takes a deep breath.

He turns back towards the stairs, but they're gone. The hallway now ends in a door.

James looks back the other way, it has also changed and now ends in a single door.

He heads towards it, and the house lets him. James reaches the door, opens it and steps through to:

**INT. EMPTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

An empty room with a door in the center of each wall. The wooden floors and white walls are the same as the rest of the house, but the room is otherwise empty.

Something thumps heavily into the door.

James turns and looks at the door. He slowly reaches out to the handle and grabs it.

He pulls the door open a crack and peeks through.

The Sideways Man comes rushing forward, his flat body waddling down the hallway.

James tries to slam the door shut, but The Sideways Man slips a foot in to stop him.

James cries as he struggles to close the door.

But The Sideways Man is too strong.

James pulls the door away from The Sideways Man a little and then slams it as hard as he can.

The Sideways Man howls in unearthly pain.

James runs across the room, yanks open the other door and rushes through.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

He slams the door and finds that he is in a hallway identical to the one The Sideways Man was just in.

JAMES

What the...?

He runs towards the other end of the hall. It stretches as he goes, but he's still able to make it. He throws open the door and steps through.

**INT. EMPTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Into the empty room again.

JAMES

You've gotta be kidding me?

James runs across the room and grabs the door knob. He starts to turn it and hears a thump against the door. He hears the sounds of The Sideways Man.

James backs away and goes to the door to his right. He opens it and goes through.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

And finds himself in the hallway again.

He runs to the end of the hallway, arriving quickly, as the hallway contracts with each step he takes.

He opens the door and steps through.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

And finds himself in the hallway again.

He turns around and steps back through the doorway he just came through.

**INT. EMPTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

And he's in the empty room again.

The Sideways man bangs at the door to his left.

James turns around and goes through the door in the opposite wall.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

He finds himself in the hallway again.

James runs to the end and flings the door open.

The Sideways Man stares at him and howls.

James slams the door on the creature's face and runs.

The Sideways Man chases James.

The hallway stretches before him. The Sideways Man starts to catch up.

James stumbles, but he doesn't fall, he runs through the door and slams it behind him.

**INT. EMPTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

He's in the empty room again.

James thinks for a second.

He turns and puts his ear to the door he just came through.

Nothing.

James grabs the door knob, opens it and walks through.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Finally, James is back in his bedroom. He sighs.

JAMES  
It's about time.

He falls on the bed.

It's dark outside.

He falls asleep instantly.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

Super: Day 15

James TIP TOES into the dark foyer and soundlessly closes the door behind him.

JAMES  
I'm home.

He says it so quietly no one in the house could hear him.

He cringes, waiting for a response.

None comes.

James lets out a breath.

He TIP TOES upstairs.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James sits at the dining room table, on the phone.

JAMES  
I kinda have to whisper.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Why?

He looks around the room.

JAMES  
I'm being careful.

CICELY (O.S.)  
Have things gotten that bad?

Beat.

JAMES

Yeah.

CICELY (O.S.)

I was afraid of that. It makes sense.

James frowns.

JAMES

It does?

CICELY (O.S.)

Yes. I've found more. Maybe too much.

James is scared.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I got ahold of a book. A SPECIAL book. Thanks to some friends in the interlibrary loan network.

JAMES

What?

CICELY (O.S.)

It's a valuable free service we, and all libraries, offer to all patrons, but that's not important right now. What you need to know is that you need to be careful.

James grips the phone tightly with both hands.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It could be anything. The manifestations could be in anything. Any object. Any place. Any person.

James' eyes grow big.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Anything could get you. The HOUSE could get you.

JAMES

Like GET ME get me?

CICELY (O.S.)

Yes.

James deflates.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Like I said before. It feeds off of  
fear. You have to be brave.

JAMES  
But I...

CICELY (O.S.)  
I know that's a lot to ask. That  
house HAS to be scary. But it  
has... weaknesses.

James perks up.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
First off, it is particularly weak  
against children. Children haven't  
lost their imaginations yet. MORE  
imagination means LESS fear. Or  
something like that.

James smiles.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Second. It has a short power  
supply.

JAMES  
What?

CICELY (O.S.)  
Like a battery. It goes for a while  
and then it has to recharge.

JAMES  
Like sleeping?

CICELY (O.S.)  
Exactly. It can only muster so much  
effort in one day. Unless it takes  
a ENTIRE family. Then... it can  
ESCAPE the house.

JAMES  
Does that mean we have to leave?

CICELY (O.S.)  
Not necessarily.

James is shocked.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Have your parents been acting  
weird? Different?

JAMES

Yeah.

CICELY (O.S.)

IT probably already has them, then.

James starts to cry.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If you remove them, it could kill them.

JAMES

What IS this place?

CICELY (O.S.)

Some places aren't places at all.

Beat.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Keep your chin up. I have a book here, the HALAGARTHA. It has a LOT more, but I have to finish translating.

James wipes away the tears.

CICELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There are... SPELLS... in this book. Powerful ones. For instance, how did you like that hockey stick?

James is puzzled.

JAMES

What about it?

CICELY (O.S.)

I put a spell on it. To help you... fight back.

JAMES

Oh. It... uh... worked. Like really well.

CICELY (O.S.)

Good.

JAMES

But what about mom and dad?

CICELY (O.S.)  
There IS a spell. I... well, I  
can't really describe it. I have to  
show you.

James scratches his head.

JAMES  
Okay.

Jessie walks in. She stops and stares at James.

She frowns.

JESSIE  
You need to take a bath.

JAMES  
(to Cicely)  
I gotta go.

CICELY (O.S.)  
That's okay....

Jessie hangs up the phone.

JESSIE  
Now.

James walks out of the room.

He doesn't look back.

**INT. BATHROOM - LATER**

James reclines beneath a mountain of bubbles.

He leans forward and turns the water off.

He leans back and relaxes for the first time in a while.

This bathroom is luxurious. Wicker shelves. Fresh flowers and vibrant plants. Bath oils, creams, lotions, fancy little soaps, everything.

James takes a deep sigh and closes his eyes.

Beat.

Something moves at the foot of the tub. The water ripples.

James opens his eyes, but he doesn't see anything.



He can't stop his eyes from closing again. He's tired.

Movement. Water SLOSHES.

James snaps eyes his open.

He definitely sees something moving in the water.

James parts the bubbles, trying to see into the water. There are too many bubbles.

A TENTACLE bursts through the bubbles and wraps around his wrist. It's a slimy gray thing with oozing green pus dripping from each suction cup.

James screams and pulls free from it.

The tentacle lunges forward, but James dodges it.

The tentacle searches for him, but it is blind.

James moves quietly and stays out of the tentacle's way. He starts to panic, but he beats it down deep inside.

He looks around but doesn't see anything that can help him.

His eyes stop on the faucet.

And the lever below it that opens the stopper.

Slowly, James moves his foot upward and flips the lever with a metallic THUNK.

The tentacle turns towards the lever and lunges, smashing into the metal pointlessly.

James dips his foot back into the water and slowly pulls his feet towards him as the water starts to drain out.

The tentacle turns back towards him. Searching.

James quietly avoids it, biding his time.

He slips down a little lower into the water and bubbles go up his nose.

He sneezes.

The tentacle lunges toward the sound.

James reaches up and grabs the tentacle. He struggles to keep it away from his face.

The other end of the tentacle loses contact with the water and it wiggles, searching.

The water runs out the drain, leaving only mountains of bubbles.

James throws the tentacle hard against the wall and then it flops into the bubble-filled tub.

He leaps out of the tub, still covered in bubbles.

From the tub, a big SLURP sound.

James scrambles away.

He grabs a towel and waits.

James creeps over to the tub and peers in.

The tentacle is gone.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

Super: Day 16

Bus #0042 pulls up to the driveway.

James gets off the bus, carrying his hockey stick. He walks through the open gate and stops at the front door.

He takes a deep breath.

JAMES

Be brave. Be brave. Be brave.

He grips the hockey stick tightly and opens the door.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

James TIP TOES into the dark foyer and soundlessly closes the door behind him.

JAMES

(under his breath)

I'm home.

He looks around quickly and then quietly TIP TOES up the stairs.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
(almost silently)  
Gotta be brave. Gotta be brave.  
Gotta be brave.

He peaks towards the dining room as he walks upstairs.

**INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

James comes back down the stairs carrying only the hockey stick.

He walks into the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

James stands in the kitchen staring at the door to the basement. A trace of black mold grows away from the upper corner of the door.

JAMES  
Be brave.

He stares at the door a little longer.

Finally, he reaches for the doorknob and grasps it, expecting something.

But nothing happens.

James turns the knob and opens the door.

Only dark and quiet are inside.

James takes a step onto the top stair.

He waits.

James takes a deep breath and takes the first step down the stairs.

Suddenly, the stairs collapse and slant downward, turning into a slide.

He grabs at the wall, but his hand slips on black mold.

James screams as he slides down into the darkness. The only light comes from the kitchen above.

His scream continues through the darkness until he hits the floor with a thud. As he hits the floor, James rolls forward and flips a few times before coming to a hard stop.

James opens his eyes and sees that he is surrounded by spider webs. He scrambles away from the webs, only to get caught in more webs.

He yanks his hand free of one web and it gets caught in another. His body twists into an uncomfortable position.

Something moves in the shadows and webs.

A hand-spider skitters behind James. He whips his head around to see it. Nothing.

James scans the basement. Through the webs and under a workbench, he sees a toolbox.

A real spider comes running at him from behind the staircase. But this isn't a regular spider, this one is the size of a medium-sized house cat.

James fights through the webs towards the toolbox. The spider gets closer.

James fumbles to open the toolbox, which is spotted with traces of black mold. It crashes to the floor the tools spill out everywhere.

The spider leaps onto his leg.

James reaches and grabs a screwdriver. He violently kicks his leg and shakes the spider off. It falls to the floor, landing on its back.

The spider struggles to flip over. James lunges for it with the screwdriver, burying it in the beast's abdomen.

The spider squeals as it dies.

James sits, heavily breathing. The staircase is back to its original, non-slide form.

James takes a deep breath. He clears away the webs, freeing himself.

He turns to put the screwdriver back in the toolbox.

The Sideways Man is there.

James screams and stabs the creature. Over and over again.

James crawls towards the stairs.

The Sideways man wails in pain and anger, but comes after him.

James kicks the wounded creature several times and then scrambles up the stairs.

The Sideways Man bites down on his shoe. James screams. Then he kicks the creature.

Again and again. It falls backwards, taking James' shoe with it. James kicks at it again with his sock-covered foot, screaming as he misses wildly.

He rushes up the stairs.

James pulls himself through the doorway and slams the door shut. He throws his body against the door, waiting for impact.

None comes.

The basement is silent.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

Super: Day 17

James TIP TOES up the stairs, looking around to see if anyone notices him.

No one does.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

James walks into the kitchen and opens the fridge.

He pulls out a bottle of apple juice, opens it and takes a swig.

He digs around for something to eat.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - CONTINUOUS**

CICELY walks up to the front door and rings the bell. She is a Black woman in her late 60s with white hair. She is dressed in an ankle-length skirt, cardigan and silk blouse. Cicely wears bifocals and walks slowly.

In her arms, she holds a large black book with a leather cover and binding. This is THE HALAGARTHA.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

In the kitchen, James doesn't hear the doorbell.

He pulls a string cheese from the fridge.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Cicely knocks on the door.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

James doesn't hear Cicely. No sound penetrates the house. He doesn't know she's there.

James tosses the cheese wrapper in the trash can.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Cicely cups her hand and peers through the window beside the front door.

CICELY

Hello?

She walks back to the door and knocks again.

Nothing.

She tries the handle.

It's open.

She turns the knob and opens the door.

CICELY (CONT'D)

Hello? James?

Nothing.

CICELY (CONT'D)

Is anyone home?

No answer.

She steps inside.

CICELY (CONT'D)

James, I brought the Halagartha.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

James peels a sliver from the string cheese and eats it.  
He can't hear Cicely.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Cicely stands in the foyer.  
She hears a noise from the living room and turns toward it.

CICELY  
Is somebody there?

No answer.

Cicely gingerly walks towards the living room.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

James takes the last bite of the string cheese and takes a swig of apple juice.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Cicely walks from one side of the foyer to the other.

CICELY  
Anyone?

A sound, like footsteps, from the living room.

CICELY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

She gingerly walks towards the sound. Cicely reaches the doorway and tilts her bifocals so she can see into the room.

She sees The Sideways Man. The gibbering, drooling beast rushes towards her.

Cicely screams and runs towards the front door. She smashes into The Broken Lady.

Cicely bounces off, crashing to the floor with a howl. The Halagartha falls from Cicely's hands and slides across the floor, coming to a rest in the doorway to the dining room.

**INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

James enters the dining room from the far side just in time to see the Halagartha slide into view.

He stares at it for a moment.

James walks towards the book.

He can't hear anything from the foyer.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

The Sideways Man skitters from the living room and grabs ahold of Cicely with his deformed hands and broken teeth.

The CAMERA pans up as The Broken Lady joins The Sideways Man in feasting on Cicely.

Her screams cease.

The CAMERA stays above the action, and we only hear the sounds of foul creatures feasting on human flesh.

James walks into the foyer, holding the Halagartha.

He stops when he sees Cicely's corpse.

The Broken Lady and The Sideways Man are gone.

JAMES

Nope.

He rushes upstairs and into his room.

The door slams behind him.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

Super: Day 18

The dark foyer is empty.

A door slams on the second floor.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James sits in his bed, back up against the wall. The hockey stick lays close to his right hand.

The Halagartha sits in his lap.



He notices a bookmark and opens it to that page. The paper the books is inscribed upon is ancient.

One page shows a crude and visceral picture of a zombie-like creature rising from the pages of a an open book, almost as if the book is being used to summon the creature.

A yellow sticky note is attached to the page. It says "3 weeks?" and "Permanent?"

He turns the pages and finds multiple sticky notes on multiple pages.

One page says: "Cocoon period. Three weeks." "Safe afterward?"

Another says: "NO!! Stronger! Hibernation!"

The next says: "Banishment spell!!!"

The last says: "Components" and has a list: blood, guano, molasses, charcoal, blade. An arrow from the word "blade" points to a picture of a dagger. The caption beneath the dagger says "Bloodthrawn."

The CAMERA backs away from the image, goes up through the bedroom ceiling into the attic and out the attic window. It stops on a small ledge where Bloodthrawn rests.

Right where James dropped it.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM - LATER**

James walks into the dining room carrying the hockey stick. He stops short.

The stuffed animals from the attic are sitting around the table.

But the fourth chair isn't empty. In it sits The Broken Lady. Her head slowly turns to look at James, her dead eyes hungry for him.

The Broken Lady pours a tea pot into her cup. Blood flows from the pot to the cup.

The Broken Lady looks up at him and groans as she puts the pot down.

She reaches out her arms, as if to grip James' neck from across the room.

The stuffed animals begin to move, their necks turn towards him and they all lock eyes with him.

James screams and runs from the dining room.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James runs into the foyer and up the stairs. The Giraffe leads the stuffed animals into the room.

James stops at the top of the stairs and turns, the hockey stick ready. The Giraffe reaches the top step and James slap shots it through the window next to the front door.

The stuffed Bear climbs up a step and James takes aim kicks it into the front door with a thud. It falls to the ground, lifeless.

James loses balance with the kick. He doesn't fall, but he drops the hockey stick.

The Broken Lady shambles into the foyer, groaning.

The stuffed Dog lays a paw on James' foot.

James backs up a step and kicks the Dog into The Broken Lady's face as she steps onto the bottom stair.

She stumbles.

James turns to run and trips over the hockey stick, falling face first onto the floor.

He tries to lift his head up, but he's concussed and he fades into unconsciousness.

**INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

James comes to. The Broken Lady's groans grow louder below him.

He uses the hockey stick to struggle to his feet.

The Broken Lady stands in front of him, at the top of the stairs.

She reaches for James, but he shoves the hockey stick towards her and he pushes her arms upward.

She fights to get him, but he's strong enough to hold her off. At first.

She keeps pushing and pushing and he starts to falter.

James drops down, flipping The Broken Lady over his head. Her face smashes into the wall and she crumples to the floor, stunned.

She tries to recover, but James run into his room and slams the door.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

He grabs his chair and jams it under the door knob.

The Broken Lady scratches at the door.

James stands at the ready, in case she breaks through.

He waits.

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

The Broken Lady is gone. Or at least she's quiet. James sits with his back to his bed, still gripping the hockey stick tightly.

He puts his ear to the door and listens. For a while.

Nothing.

James checks the handle and makes sure the door is locked. He checks the chair, too, make sure it's still sturdy.

He climbs into bed, bringing the hockey stick with him.

He pulls the covers over his body.

James sits up for a while, but his eyes immediately start to droop.

He slides down and falls asleep.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

SUPER: Day 19

James TIP TOES into the dark foyer and soundlessly the door behind him. He says nothing.

He goes straight up the stairs and into his room.

He tosses down his jacket, but keeps his backpack.

James opens the attic ladder and pulls it down.

**INT. ATTIC - LATER**

He opens his backpack and carefully empties it, one item at a time.

James pulls out the Halagartha and sets it on the floor. He opens it to the page with the spell.

He runs his finger down the list of components.

JAMES

Blood.

He pulls a small packet of blood that says "Morehouse Blood Bank" and sets it on the ground.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Guano. Ewww.

He pulls out a couple of tied bags of discarded dog turds.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Molasses.

James pulls out a jar of molasses and smiles. He sets it next to the other items on the floor.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Charcoal.

He pulls out a brown paper bag. He opens it up to see half a dozen fresh charcoal briquettes inside.

James looks back towards the Halagartha.

He sees a last sticky note peaking out from beneath the next page. He turns and looks at it.

The sticky note says: "Failed spell = Catastrophe of lost souls?"

James gulps.

He flips the page to an image of Bloodthrawn.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The dagger.

The dagger that still lays outside the window on the ledge.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Bloodthrawn.

He looks towards the open window.

On the floor, he sees "The Broken Lady" horror comic.

James drops his head and rubs his temples.

He walks over to the window and looks out.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Fudge.

He climbs up and steps out onto the roof gently.

When the roof doesn't cave in, James sets his other foot onto the roof.

He tests his weight. It holds.

He steps one foot forward.

From the back of the roof, James hears a groan.

He carefully turns towards the sound and sees The Broken Lady.

He's closer to the ledge than he is to her.

She comes for him. He goes for the ledge.

James moves carefully. The Broken Lady is slow, but James has to move even slower, crab-walking his way towards the edge of the roof.

The Broken Lady gets closer. Her groans get louder.

James is close to the ledge, trying hard not to lose his grip. He can almost reach Bloodthrawn with his foot. He tries to lean forward and grab the dagger, but he wobbles and leans back.

James slips. Falls back onto his butt and starts to slide down the roof.

The Broken Lady moves closer. She's less than six feet away now.

James steadies himself and reaches out with his foot.

He touches the dagger.

He tries to pull it closer.

The Broken Lady is five feet away.

The dagger wobbles as James tries to drag it his way. It might fall to the ground. He stops.

Four feet away.

He manages to get his foot in a good position. He pulls Bloodthrawn from the ledge onto the tiles of the roof.

Three feet away.

James reaches slowly for the dagger. He can almost grasp it.

Two feet away.

He grabs the dagger and leans back with a deep breath.

One foot.

James backs his way up the roof as much as he can.

The Broken Lady reaches for him. She loses balance herself, turning her back towards him to avoid falling.

James keeps moving, but he isn't going to be fast enough as she starts to recover her footing.

He looks at the dagger then sweeps Bloodthrawn across the back of The Broken Lady's ankle, slicing her tendons.

She screams in agony.

James quickly moves past the monstrosity.

She turns towards him, but wobbles on her cut ankle.

James kicks her as hard as he can.

She stumbles a few steps and her ankle gives. She topples over the side of the building.

James breathes deeply as he watches her go.

He takes a few seconds to catch his breath and then wipes the dagger on his pants leg.

James climbs back in the window.

#### **EXT. THE REDDING HOME - NIGHT**

He walks out the front door and pushes the button to open the gate. He's carrying a bag.

He walks out past the gate and waits for it to close.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - LATER**

James finishes setting up a tent. He puts his sleeping bag and other items inside.

He grabs the dagger, climbs inside and zips it shut.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - DAY**

Super: Day 20

James steps out of the tent and stretches his arms. His back pops.

He heads towards the front door of the house, but stops. He can't go in.

He walks back towards the tent.

JAMES

It's time. It's gotta be me.

He reaches inside the tent and grabs the dagger.

James walks back to the front door. He grips the dagger tightly as he steps onto the porch.

Beneath James, the doormat now says "If you didn't come to party, don't bother knocking on my door." James smiles.

James steps onto the doormat and grabs the doorknob.

The doormat opens like a trap door and James falls through to:

**INT. CRAWLSPACE - CONTINUOUS**

James lands on his back in the dirt-covered crawlspace. It's dark, but sunlight peeks through the brick lattice walls.

James coughs from the dust and black mold, but he's okay.

He looks around. The trap door has closed above him and there's no way out except a panel that leads the basement.

James shifts himself so he can see the panel.

Instead he sees The Sideways Man, still battered and bleeding.

The creature moves towards James, but it is slower than before.

James crawls away from it until he runs into the brick lattice.

He examines the dagger closely.

He takes a deep breath and quickly maneuvers his body so that he is facing The Sideways Man.

The drooling, screaming beast is almost upon him.

James thrusts the dagger forward and into The Sideways Man's face.

He stabs three more times and The Sideways Man falls dead, bloody broken teeth mere inches from sinking into James' flesh.

James pulls the dagger from Sideways Man's dead skull and crawls towards the panel.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

James emerges from the basement and quietly TIP TOES through the kitchen, past wallpaper with tulips on it.

#### **INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

James sneaks into the foyer and then upstairs. He quietly runs into his bedroom and shuts the door soundlessly. He locks it and heads for the ladder to the attic.

#### **INT. ATTIC - LATER**

James climbs into the attic. He stops and stares at the floor.

Everything is wrecked. Everything that he perfectly laid out has been destroyed. The blood bag has been shredded and is empty. A blood stain covers the surrounding floor.

The molasses jar is smashed and empty. The guano and charcoal are crushed to dust and grime.

JAMES

Oh no!

James grabs the Halagartha and rips it open. It opens on the page with the sticky note that reads "3 weeks."



JAMES (CONT'D)  
Out of time.

He slams the book closed.

He tries to wipe up some of the blood, but it's dried.

He tries the same with the molasses, but can't get more than a speck.

James pouts.

He collapses to the ground, defeated.

A lightbulb goes off in his head.

James leaps to his feet and runs for the ladder.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

James opens a cabinet. He reaches in and pulls out a bottle of syrup. The label reads "With real molasses!" He grabs it.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

James runs out the back door. He stays far away from both the swing set and garden.

He runs up towards an old grill and grins.

He opens it up and finds a few partially-burnt briquettes left. He grabs them.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

James stands outside the bathroom door with a fresh Ziploc bag in his hand.

JAMES  
Guano.

He frowns.

James walks in the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

The CAMERA stays outside.

A few seconds later the toilet flushes.

James walks back out holding the Ziploc bag, which is now wrapped in a heavy layer of toilet paper. He holds the whole bundle FAR away from his face as he grimaces.

**INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER**

James climbs back into the attic, holding the various components and a large kitchen bowl.

He sets the bowl on the table in the middle of the room.

He pours the syrup in the bowl.

His parents start banging on the door to his bedroom.

                                  ANDY (O.S.)  
                                  James! Open the door!

James takes out the replacement "guano" and squeezes it from the Ziploc bag into the bowl.

James' bedroom door smashes in below.

He looks up in a panic and goes faster.

James yanks the charcoal out and crumbles it into the bowl.

Andy's head pops up as he smashes through the attic door.

At the same time, a large jagged crack appears in the floor near James.

Andy pulls himself into the attic.

James backs away from Andy and the growing crack.

Jessie starts climbing into the room.

The crack in the floor widens and the jagged edged become teeth. A giant mouth appears in the center of the floor. It growls.

James almost drops the bowl.

Jessie fully pulls herself into the attic.

James looks around in a panic.

The mouth grows wider. The floor near James starts to slant towards the gaping maw.

James' parents don't step closer, they can't get past the mouth in the floor.

James picks up the dagger and holds it towards his parents. He sees they can't move.

He steadies himself with the window sill.

The floor's teeth snap at him and he leans away.

James sets the bowl on the sill carefully.

He holds the dagger over his hand briefly, then cuts it. Blood drips from his hand in the bowl and...

Nothing.

The floor mouth roars again.

James starts to slip.

He flails with the dagger and stabs downward with it. The blade goes into the bowl and makes contact with the mixture inside.

Where the dagger touches the mixture, a flash of intense white light bursts from the bowl and engulfs the room.

**INT. ATTIC - LATER**

James wakes up. The attic is back to normal.

He shakes his head as he sits up.

He looks around the room.

JAMES

Mom! Dad!

Their bodies lay on the floor, unmoving.

He gets up and rushes towards them, tossing the dagger aside.

He gets close.

Jessie coughs.

She stirs.

Andy does, too.

JESSIE

What the...?

James pulls them both into a big hug.

ANDY  
What happened?

**INT. JAMES' ROOM - LATER**

James lays on his bed, under the covers. His parents sit on either side of him. They have broken whatever spell held them. Their hair is starting to grow out again.

JESSIE  
How did you know?

James takes a deep breath.

JAMES  
Your hair.

Jessie and Andy exchange a look.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
You've been growing that hair my whole life.

Jessie reaches a hand up to caress hair. Hair that is starting to grow again.

JESSIE  
Yeah. It's going to take time to... fix that.

ANDY  
At least we match.

James rubs his own head.

JAMES  
Me, too.

They laugh.

Both parents lean in and hug their son.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

SUPER: Day 21

James calmly walks down the stairs. It's early and quiet.

He walks towards the kitchen, but movement from the front window catches his eye.

James turns and walks up to the front door and peers through the window.

He instantly ducks out of view.

James runs upstairs.

**INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

Andy and Jessie stand with James at the front door. Jessie looks through the window.

JESSIE  
They're back.

She and Andy exchange a concerned look.

**EXT. THE REDDING HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Jessie and Andy stand on their porch, with James nestled tightly between them.

The Old White People from the neighborhood stand outside. The gate is open and they are inside.

OLD WHITE MAN  
What happened?

JESSIE  
None of your business.

OLD WHITE LADY  
You aren't supposed to be here.

Beat.

OLD WHITE LADY (CONT'D)  
Still.

Andy and Jessie squeeze James more tightly.

JESSIE  
Leave.

They don't.

ANDY  
Now.

He steps down onto the lawn. Jessie joins him.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
You're gonna have to get used to  
us.

JAMES  
(under his breath)  
Yeah.

Andy pushes the button and the gate starts to close. Both he  
and Jessie actively push the neighbors out the gate.

JESSIE  
Go!

**INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

Jessie, Andy and James slam the door together.

JESSIE  
We're home!

The three members of the family hug each other.

**FADE OUT.**