

# **DEMON HOUSE**

LOGLINE:

After a chance sexual encounter with a mysterious woman who claims to live across from Gary, Indiana's infamous "Demon House", an out-of-town visitor becomes embroiled in the terrifying urban legends surrounding the haunted property when he realizes the woman was actually a ghost.

1 EXT. GARY, INDIANA STREET - NIGHT 1

A beat-up Chevy Impala creeps down a rundown residential street. Overgrown weeds, broken streetlights and boarded-up houses line the block.

2 INT. IMPALA - LATER 2

JAMAL (20s), street-tough but intelligent, rides shotgun. In the driver's seat is his out-of-town friend MARCUS (20s), taking in the decrepit scenery with unease.

MARCUS  
(re: neighborhood)  
Damn, bruh. Thought you said this  
was the hood, not a war zone.

Jamal smirks, unfazed.

JAMAL  
What'd you expect? The Prince  
estates?  
(then, defensive)  
Gary got life if you know where to  
look. Trust me.

Marcus eyes a BOARDED-UP HOUSE as they roll by. Crude graffiti is spray painted on the plywood.

MARCUS  
Yeah? That abandoned crib look  
real lively.

JAMAL  
Hold up, you see that?  
(points out window)  
That's the "Demon House" folks  
round here been talkin' bout.

3 EXT. DEMON HOUSE - LATER 3

A decrepit, seemingly haunted VICTORIAN-STYLE HOUSE stands out like a sore thumb on the block.

MARCUS (V.O.)  
For real? The one with all them  
ghost stories?

4 INT. IMPALA - LATER 4

Jamal snorts derisively.

JAMAL

Nah, man. Just a buncha urban legends them chitlins round here made up to scare each other. Ain't nothin' to that.

5 EXT. GARY, INDIANA STREET - LATER 5

The Impala continues its journey down the gloomy street, the "Demon House" disappearing behind them in the night.

6 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT 6

Marcus eyes the "Demon House" in the rearview mirror as it disappears behind them. He turns to Jamal, intrigued.

MARCUS

So what's the deal with that place? The "Demon House"?

Jamal CHUCKLES, shaking his head.

JAMAL

(dismissive)

C'mon, man. You ain't really boutta buy into that boogeyman bull, are you?

Marcus glances back, the haunted house now just a speck in the distance.

MARCUS

(shrugs)

I don't know. Just seems like an awful lot of folks scared of that crib for it to be nothin', you know?

Jamal LAUGHS again, louder this time.

JAMAL

(teasing)

What, you cryin' already? First night in the Gary 'hood and you gettin' spooked like a little bitch?

(beat)

Nah, listen. That's just some ol' abandoned shithole. Way I hear it, somebody died up in there or somethin' crazy years ago.

(MORE)

JAMAL (CONT'D)

(then)

People lookin' for a good story to tell, that's all. Ain't no demons or ghosts though, I'll tell you that.

Marcus seems only half-convinced, still eyeing the house in the mirror. Jamal clocks this, furrows his brow.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

(firm)

I'm serious, man. I'm from these streets. You think if there was some evil, demonic presence I wouldn't know about it?

He SLAPS Marcus' arm, snapping him out of the trance.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Quit buggin'. You'll be aiite as long as you're rollin' with me.

The Impala turns a corner, the "Demon House" disappearing from view.

7

INT. GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

7

Marcus peruses the aisles, grabs a Few snacks and a BOTTLE OF BOOZE. He heads to the counter where a ROUGH-LOOKING CASHIER rings him up.

CASHIER

That's eighteen fifty-two.

Marcus fishes out his wallet, pays with a crisp \$20 bill. The cashier stares at him a beat too long as he makes change.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

(re: Marcus' clothes)

You ain't from round here, is you?

Marcus forces a polite smile, pockets his change.

MARCUS

Just passin' through.

He heads for the exit when --

A SEXY WOMAN (20s), natural beauty despite her ragged clothes, steps through the door. She glances at Marcus with a subtle smile as they cross paths.

Marcus can't help but steal a look back at her -- beautiful, but with an unmistakable edge. SHE CLOCKS HIS LOOK, her smile widening ever so slightly.

8 EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

8

Marcus emerges, convenience store snacks in hand. He stops in his tracks when --

THE WOMAN  
(calling out)  
You lost, baby?

Marcus turns to find the MYSTERIOUS WOMAN sauntering toward him. Despite her allure, something seems... off.

Up close, we can see her outfit is more risque than we first noticed -- tight top, barely-there shorts, fishnet stockings. A WORKING GIRL, no doubt.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(re: Marcus' look)  
Don't be scared. We don't bite.  
(then, re: gas station)  
Leastways, not in there.

She LAUGHS at her own joke. Marcus hesitates, not sure how to respond.

9 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

9

The MYSTERIOUS WOMAN circles Marcus slowly, looking him up and down like a prize on the shelf. Marcus can't help but follow her with his eyes.

WOMAN  
First time in Gary, I'm guessin'?  
(off his silence)  
Yeah, that's what I thought.  
Innocent lil' out-of-towner like  
you don't belong in a place like  
this.

Marcus finally finds his voice, puffs out his chest.

MARCUS  
Who says I'm innocent?

The Woman LAUGHS, not unkindly. She moves in close, tilts her head up at him with a devilish grin.

WOMAN

(hushed)

Is that right? Well... maybe I  
could show you how us Gary girls  
get down.

She reaches down, GRAZES HIS CROTCH LIGHTLY with her hand.  
Marcus tenses, caught off guard.

MARCUS

(swallows hard)

I... huh?

WOMAN

(whispering in his ear)

You heard me, baby. I got a little  
crib right across the street from  
that biggg ol' "Demon House"  
everybody freakin' about.

She slides her hand along his chest seductively.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Could show you a real... haunting  
experience. If you catch my drift.

Marcus' heart RACES, face flushed. She slides a hand around  
his waist, pulls herself against him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(seductive whisper)

C'mon, baby. What you say we get  
nice and... comfortable?

She GRINDS SLOWLY AGAINST HIM as her other hand trails down  
toward his belt --

10

INT. MARCUS' TRUCK - NIGHT

10

A thin veil of SMOKE hangs in the air. Marcus leans back  
against the window, a BLUNT between his fingers. The  
MYSTERIOUS WOMAN exhales a cloud of smoke in his face  
playfully.

WOMAN

(coy smile)

So you just passin' through Gary,  
huh?

MARCUS

(playing it cool)

That's the plan. Just visitin' a  
friend.

WOMAN

Well, lucky for you, you met me  
instead.

She leans in close, lips almost grazing his as smoke curls  
between them. Marcus is frozen, spellbound.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Cuz if I was your friend, baby?  
This'd be one visit you wouldn't  
soon forget.

The Woman KISSES HIM HARD, cupping his face. Marcus' eyes go  
wide at first, then slowly flutter shut as he melts into  
it...

11 EXT. TRUCK - LATER

11

The vehicle ROCKS back and forth rhythmically as MUFFLED  
MOANS drift out. The Woman's HAND PRESSES AGAINST THE  
STEAMED-UP REAR WINDOW --

12 INT. TRUCK - LATER

12

Marcus and the Woman are a TANGLED MESS in the backseat, her  
STRADDLING HIM in a feverish make-out session. Clothes shed  
haphazardly. She GRINDS on top of him as he runs his hands  
along the curves of her body.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yo, youngblood!

The Woman breaks the kiss, startled. She looks out the  
window, sees an OLDER MAN approaching.

WOMAN

Shit.

Marcus tries to shield his face from the window, mortified at  
being caught. But the Woman just CRACKS the window:

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to Older Man)

Step off, pops! Can't you see I'm  
workin' here?

The Man waves her off dismissively as he passes by, leaving  
them be. She turns back to Marcus with a devilish grin.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Now... where were we?

She quickly resumes their passionate grind and kiss as STEAM FOGS UP the window once more.

13 INT. MARCUS' TRUCK - NIGHT

13

Marcus and the Woman lay tangled together in the backseat, spent. She catches her breath, pushes sweat-dampened hair from her face.

WOMAN  
(gravelly voice)  
Mmm... not bad for a out-of-towner.

Marcus manages a weak, dazed smile. The Woman kisses him once more, then starts gathering her scattered clothes.

MARCUS  
You're leaving?

WOMAN  
(pulling shirt on)  
Just for a bit, baby. Gotta run home, check on my babies.

Marcus sits up, brow furrowed.

MARCUS  
Babies?

The Woman shoots him a look as she wiggles into her skintight shorts.

WOMAN  
Don't act so surprised. Gorgeous mama like me, you know I got a couple lil' chocolate drops runnin' round.

She leans down, cups his cheek with a sly smile.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Just sit tight. I'll be right back for round two, I promise.

She gives him one more lingering kiss, then heads for the truck door. Marcus watches her go, bewildered.

MARCUS  
Uh... you sure? I mean, I could--

WOMAN  
 (halfway out the door)  
 Don't you worry that pretty lil'  
 head. Mama's got this on lock.

She WINKS at him, then slips out of the truck, headed across the dimly-lit street toward her HOME -- THE DEMON HOUSE looming in the darkness behind it. Marcus leans his head back, lets out a long exhale.

MARCUS  
 (to himself)  
 What the hell am I doin'...?

14 INT. MARCUS' TRUCK - NIGHT 14

Marcus sits in the driver's seat, staring out at the Woman's house across the street -- the ominous DEMON HOUSE looming beside it.

He glances at the digital CLOCK on the dash: 1:07 AM. Stifles a YAWN, rubs his eyes.

Through the windshield, a few LIGHTS remain on in the Woman's home. Marcus watches... and waits.

15 EXT. MARCUS' TRUCK - LATER 15

The truck sits alone, unmoving on the silent street. All the lights in the Woman's house are now DARK.

A STRAY CAT scurries across the road, the only sign of life.

16 INT. MARCUS' TRUCK - LATER 16

Marcus fights to keep his heavy eyelids open. He blinks repeatedly, shaking his head to stay awake.

But his chin slowly droops toward his chest... his eyes flutter shut... and he finally DRIFTS OFF INTO A RESTLESS SLEEP.

CLOSE ON Marcus' face, caught in an uneasy slumber. We PUSH IN TIGHT until --

17 EXT. STREET - DAWN 17

Marcus' EYES SNAP OPEN with a JOLT, blinking against the dusty pink light of SUNRISE. He sits bolt upright, starts, realizing:

He's still in the truck. Alone.

MARCUS  
 (groggy)  
 ...The hell?

A SUDDEN THUMPING startles him -- someone is KNOCKING on his window. Marcus turns to find:

AN OLDER BLACK MAN (50s, stocky) glaring at him, unimpressed. Still caught in his daze, Marcus quickly rolls down the window.

OLDER MAN  
 Yo. Wake-up, youngblood.  
 (re: truck)  
 This Airbnb now or somethin'?

18 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

18

Marcus steps out of the truck, still groggy. The Older Man looks him up and down with disdain.

MARCUS  
 My bad, man. I was just --

OLDER MAN  
 Don't care what you "was doin'".  
 Point is, you can't be postin' up  
 out here like this is a damn  
 motel.  
 (re: truck)  
 Pullin' a stunt like that'll get  
 you in all types of trouble 'round  
 this way.

Marcus runs a hand over his face, trying to wake up.

MARCUS  
 You're right, you're right. I know  
 that...  
 (realizing)  
 Wait, did you see a woman come out  
 of that house last night? Across  
 the street?

He gestures toward the Woman's home -- and the ominous DEMON HOUSE beside it. The Older Man's face turns grave.

OLDER MAN  
 (darkly)  
 Uh-uh. Don't you go startin' that  
 mess, boy.

MARCUS

(confused)

What? No, I'm serious, man. This girl, she --

OLDER MAN

(cutting him off)

Ain't no girls over there! You best get your ass outta here 'fore you stir up more trouble than you can handle!

Marcus shrinks back, thrown. The Older Man steps closer, finger in his face.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Whatchu think that rundown piece of shit is, huh?

(re: Demon House)

That's the damn "Demon House", boy! The one everybody 'round these parts knows to stay away from!

Marcus looks to the decrepit Victorian home, realization creeping in. The Older Man reaches into his jacket pocket --

And removes a TATTERED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. He shoves it at Marcus.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

(deadly serious)

That woman you talkin' about? She dead. Been dead near twenty years now.

Marcus' eyes go wide as he sees the OBITUARY PHOTO -- A YOUNG WOMAN WITH AN UNMISTAKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO HIS FLAME FROM LAST NIGHT.

CLOSE ON HER DEATH DATE: 1998.

Marcus looks up at the Older Man in stunned disbelief. The man just shakes his head, turns to go.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

I'd get up outta here 'fore you wake up somethin' else...

He walks off, leaving Marcus staring at the obituary -- and the decrepit, looming "Demon House" beyond.

19 INT. MARCUS' TRUCK - MORNING

19

Marcus sits stunned, the tattered OBITUARY CLIPPING in his trembling hands. He stares at the haunting photo of the Woman -- his lover from last night.

DEAD NEARLY 20 YEARS.

His phone RINGS, snapping him out of his daze. He fumbles to answer it.

MARCUS  
(hushed)  
...Hello?

JAMAL  
(OVER PHONE)  
Yo, where you at, man? I been  
callin' --

MARCUS  
(cutting him off)  
Jamal. I need you to come here.  
Right now.

A tense beat. Jamal clocks the fear in his friend's voice.

JAMAL  
(OVER PHONE)  
A'ight, a'ight... Where "here" at,  
exactly?

20 EXT. STREET - LATER

20

Jamal's IMPALA pulls up behind Marcus' truck. Jamal hops out, brow furrowed as he looks around the rough neighborhood.

He raps on Marcus' truck window. Marcus jumps, startled for a moment, until he sees Jamal. He climbs out to meet him.

JAMAL  
Damn, bruh. The hell we doin' way  
out in--

He cuts himself off as he catches sight of the sinister DEMON HOUSE looming nearby. His cocky demeanor falters.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
(re: Demon House)  
Oh, hell naw...

Jamal turns back to Marcus, shaking his head adamantly.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
 I tolju not to be fuckin' around  
 with that evil-ass place, man!  
 What happened?

Marcus just stands there, pale and shaken. He opens his mouth to speak, but no words come.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
 Whatever, just... get in. We  
 gotta--

MARCUS  
 (interrupting)  
 I met her, Jamal.

Jamal stops, searches Marcus' face as he tries to make sense of this.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 The... the Woman. Last night, I...  
 we...

Jamal's eyes go wide as it clicks. He shakes his head in disbelief.

JAMAL  
 Nah. Nah, man, no way.  
 (re: Demon House)  
 That's impossible, bruh. That  
 shit's just stories to keep kids  
 away from that deathtrap, you  
 can't --

Marcus holds up the OBITUARY CLIPPING with a trembling hand.

MARCUS  
 This woman... the one I hooked up  
 with? She's been dead for nearly  
 twenty years.

ON JAMAL, struck silent with stunned realization. Marcus was telling the truth...

SMASH TO TITLES

21 INT. JAMAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

Jamal's small, dingy room. An old laptop sits open on the bed as Jamal and Marcus hover over it, scrolling intently.

ON THE SCREEN: The bright, obnoxious homepage of a GHOST HUNTERS website emblazoned with the words "DEMON HOUSE INVESTIGATION".

JAMAL  
(skeptical)  
This supposed to be, what? Our big break in the case?

MARCUS  
(dead serious)  
You weren't there, man. This shit is real.

Marcus takes the laptop, clicks on a new page -- this one containing an ARTICLE dated a few years back.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Here, check it...

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

The ARTICLE PAGE, titled "STILL HAUNTED? INFAMOUS 'DEMON HOUSE' OF GARY DEMOLISHED". A photo shows the dilapidated Victorian home, its windows boarded up.

Jamal reads over Marcus' shoulder as the scroll:

JAMAL  
(READING)  
...A hotbed of paranormal activity for decades, neighbors say the home at 554 Carolina Street has been the site of countless supernatural disturbances, ranging from disembodied voices to alleged demonic possessions...

Jamal looks up at Marcus, unsettled for once.

MARCUS  
That lady I was with last night?  
(holds up obituary)  
She match this photo here.

INSERT - ARTICLE PHOTO

A GRAINY PHOTO of a FAMILY standing on the porch of the Demon House, circa the early 90s. Jamal's eyes narrow, studying the face of the YOUNG DAUGHTER.

JAMAL  
No... goddamn way.

His gaze flicks back to the Obituary Photo -- A DEAD RINGER FOR THE GIRL.

BACK TO SCENE

Marcus lets this sink in as Jamal processes it, shaken to his core.

MARCUS

Whatever's goin' on at this "Demon House", bro? We're smack in the middle of it now.

Jamal looks up at his friend, pale with fear and realization that the urban legend may just be horrifyingly real.

SMASH TO TITLES

22 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

22

An overgrown, trash-strewn VACANT LOT sits in the middle of the rundown neighborhood. Jamal and Marcus approach cautiously, taking it in.

MARCUS

This is it? The..." Demon House"?

Jamal scans the desolate area, a sense of dread hanging in the air.

JAMAL

Used to be. They tore that evil sumbitch down a few years back.

He gestures toward a small SECTION OF FOUNDATION -- the only remnants of the house that once stood here.

Jamal steps over the RUSTED CHAIN-LINK FENCE surrounding the lot. Marcus follows, glancing around uneasily.

MARCUS

You sure this is a good idea, man?

But Jamal moves ahead, undeterred. Marcus trails behind as they navigate the overgrown weeds and debris covering the lot.

CLOSER - THE FOUNDATION

Jamal kneels down, runs his hand along the cracked CONCRETE. Shattered glass and splintered wood litters the area around it.

JAMAL  
Even just this little piece... you  
can feel it, right?

Marcus looks at him, puzzled. Jamal rises, turns to face the lot fully.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
Memory's still everywhere. Like  
the whole place is... haunted.

A COLD WIND suddenly whips through, causing the overgrown weeds to RUSTLE unnaturally. Jamal and Marcus both tense, spooked.

MARCUS  
(hushed)  
...You hear that?

Jamal nods, eyes narrowing. He moves forward slowly, following some unseen presence.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Jamal? I don't like this, man...

But Jamal continues on, focused and alert.

MARCUS' POV: Jamal moves TOWARD CAMERA, weeds RUSTLING and TWISTING around his feet with each step, as if being disturbed by something unseen.

ON JAMAL -- looking around cautiously, zeroing in on --

A DESICATED CHILDREN'S DOLL lying in the weeds nearby.

Jamal freezes, eyes locked on the doll. He takes a few hesitant steps closer...

AND THE DOLL'S HEAD SUDDENLY WHIPS AROUND 180 DEGREES, ITS FACE TWISTED IN A DEMONIC SNEER.

MARCUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
JAMAL, LOOK OUT!!

Jamal RECOILS, barely composing himself. He backs away rapidly from the doll, right into Marcus.

A TENSE BEAT as they stand there, shaken to their cores. Whatever secrets this land holds, they're quickly realizing... they don't want to know.

Jamal looks at Marcus, pale with fear. Neither one says a word.

23

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATER

23

Jamal and Marcus hurry away from the vacant lot, spooked. They slow to a stop, catching their breath.

That's when they notice a few NEIGHBORS sitting on a stoop across the street, drinks in hand. An OLDER WOMAN (70s) watches them curiously.

OLDER WOMAN  
(calling out)  
Y'all boys alright? Ain't see  
nobody 'round that lot in a good  
while.

Jamal and Marcus exchange a look, then cross over toward her tentatively.

JAMAL  
(playing it cool)  
We're straight, mama. Just...had  
to see it for ourselves.

OLDER WOMAN  
(knowingly)  
Ohh, I see. Tryin' to catch a  
glimpse of the haunted hellhole,  
was you?

She CACKLES at their surprised looks. The other Neighbors look up now, intrigued.

OLDER MAN  
(joining in)  
What? Y'all ain't know that's the  
spot where that Demon House used  
to be?

He shakes his head, tsks disapprovingly.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)  
Both y'all too young to remember  
the things we seen goin' on in  
that place...

MARCUS  
(uneasy)  
You're tellin' me you actually  
witnessed--?

OLDER WOMAN  
(cutting him off)  
Oh, I done witnessed plenty, baby.  
More'n you could even dream of!

She takes a sip of her drink, getting fired up to tell her tale.

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 That house always did have some...  
 strangeness around it. But things  
 really went plumb loco after the  
 LaVelle family moved in.  
 (haunted beat)  
 You ever heard a child howlin'  
 like they was possessed by the  
 devil himself? Well, I have...

The Neighbors murmur somberly, nodding in agreement. Even Jamal looks rattled now.

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 (haunted)  
 Little Gregory LaVelle... sweet  
 boy, couldn't've been more'n eight  
 or nine years old. Saw him with my  
 own eyes, one night - struttin'  
 backwards like one'a them spider-  
 crab thangs. Just... hissing and  
 grunting in some unholy tongue.

She SHUDDERS at the memory, taking another hardy swig.

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 That's just a taste of the kinda  
 Satanic hell that used to go on in  
 that damn place...

Jamal and Marcus are dead silent, chills running down their spines. The Older Woman locks eyes with them, utterly serious.

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 So you ask me? They shoulda burned  
 that evil house down soon as they  
 had the chance.

Off Marcus and Jamal's stunned expressions...

24

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATER

24

The mood among the Neighbors has grown somber, haunted by the memories of the "Demon House". Marcus and Jamal listen, rapt.

OLDER MAN  
 That weren't even the worst of it,  
 neither...

The others go silent, letting him take over. He sets his beer down with a SIGH.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)  
 Summer of '96, I reckon it was.  
 Hottest one on record for Gary.  
 (beat)  
 Comin' home from work one night,  
 swear I heard the AWFULLEST  
 SCREAMS comin' from over that way.

He nods toward the vacant lot in the distance.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)  
 Human screams, mixed with some...  
 unnatural shrieks and growls. Like  
 nothin' I ever heard.

He takes a moment, the disturbing recollection clearly weighing on him.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)  
 I got home and found my youngest,  
 Janice, just... standin' in the  
 middle of the kitchen. WAILIN'.  
 (haunted beat)  
 She had this... this LOOK in her  
 eye. Glazed over and souless. Like  
 some cold, sinister force was  
 lookin' right through her.

Jamal and Marcus are frozen, hanging on the man's words. The Older Woman takes his hand, lending silent support.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)  
 Girl was just ten years old at the  
 time. Sweet as cherry pie. But  
 somethin' had ahold of her in that  
 moment.  
 (haunted whisper)  
 She turned to me and... the VOICE  
 that came outta her mouth? Wasn't  
 nothin' human, ya hear me? Deep  
 and demonic, shakin' the  
 foundations.

He closes his eyes tightly, suppressing a shudder of terror.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)  
 (hushed)  
 Devil's coming for you, Daddy.  
 He's coming... He's COMINGGGG...

A heavy silence falls over the group. Marcus and Jamal are visibly shaken, looks of abject horror on their faces.

Finally, Jamal finds the courage to speak up, voice trembling:

JAMAL

So... what happened? To your daughter?

The Older Man opens his eyes, meeting his gaze with a haunted look.

OLDER MAN

After that night? Never same sweet little girl again.

Off Marcus and Jamal, chilled to their very cores...

SMASH TO TITLES

25

INT. JAMAL'S IMPALA - NIGHT

25

Jamal grips the steering wheel tightly as he drives, his knuckles white. Marcus stares out the window, deep in haunted thought.

MARCUS

(hollow)

I don't get it, man. How... how could all that be real?

JAMAL

(shaken)

That's the thing - I always just thought that damn house was just some stupid ghost story people talked about to scare kids.

He shakes his head, struggling to process the horrific tales.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

But those folks back there? They saw some seriously dark, evil shit go down.

A tense beat. The two friends avoid eye contact, too disturbed to speak further.

Until Jamal's eyes go wide, realization hitting him like a TON OF BRICKS. He POUNDS the steering wheel.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
 Aw, HELL nah! Your lil' girlfriend  
 from last night?

He whips his head around to face Marcus, frantic.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
 Bro... you hooked up with one of  
 the ACTUAL GHOSTS from that place,  
 didn't you?!

Marcus just nods numbly, the weight of that fact crushing him. Jamal SLAMS the brakes, pulling the Impala over to the curb abruptly.

He turns to Marcus, eyes bugging out of his head in sheer terror.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
 (frantic whisper)  
 Please, PLEASE tell me you wrapped  
 that shit up, dawg! Cuz I do NOT  
 need my homie knockin' up no damn  
 DEMON BABIES!!

Marcus reels back, blindsided by this new horrifying possibility. The two sit there, utterly paralyzed by fear and dark realizations.

Suddenly, Jamal YELLS OUT, POUNDING on the dashboard in a burst of panicked anger.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
 MAN, FUCK THAT EVIL PLACE!! WE  
 GOTTA JUST... BURN THAT WHOLE  
 GODDAMN BLOCK DOWN AND MOVE  
 STATES, FOR REAL!!!

He hunches over the steering wheel, trembling and teetering on the edge of a full-blown meltdown.

But Marcus grabs his arm, halting him. He levels his gaze, calmer now -- resolute.

MARCUS  
 Easy, man. Easy...  
 (beat)  
 Don't you get it? Whether we like  
 it or not - we're already a part  
 of this.

He holds up the obituary clipping of his ghostly lover.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Whatever's been goin' on in that  
 house for decades... it ain't done  
 with us yet.

Off Jamal, eyes wide with fear and dread, we...

SMASH TO TITLES

26 INT. JAMAL'S IMPALA - NIGHT

26

Jamal and Marcus sit in tense silence, still processing the bone-chilling tales from the Neighbors. Jamal's hands tremble on the steering wheel.

JAMAL  
 I can't, man... I can't get their  
 stories outta my head.

He squeezes his eyes shut, overwhelmed.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
 Sweet lil' kids gettin'...  
 possessed and twisted up by some  
 hellish force? That sick, guttural  
 voice comin' outta that man's  
 daughter?

His voice breaks, and he slams a palm on the dashboard, anguished.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
 That could've been my baby cousin!  
 Or your lil' nephew! We was just  
 kids runnin' 'round here, too! How  
 we s'posed to comprehend that  
 kinda evil?!

Marcus nods somberly, equally shaken. A heavy beat as the weight of it all settles upon them.

MARCUS  
 You're right. That house, man...  
 whatever malevolent power's been  
 lurkin' there all these years,  
 it's real. It's so real.

Jamal drags trembling hands down his face, utterly at a loss.

JAMAL  
 So what we do, bruh? Just... move?  
 Pack up and get the hell outta

(MORE)

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
 dodge? Run from somethin' we ain't  
 even fully understand?

MARCUS  
 (quiet but firm)  
 And go where? You think us leavin'  
 this neighborhood really gonna  
 make any difference?

He locks eyes with Jamal, conviction in his stare.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Way I see it, that entity -  
 whatever it is - it came lookin'  
 for me. And through me, it found  
 you.  
 (haunted beat)  
 We already in too deep now, dawg.  
 Whether we brought it on ourselves  
 or not... we a part of this  
 thing's legacy.

A weighted silence falls over the Impala. The two men sit drained, deeply disturbed - and thoroughly overwhelmed by their nightmarish supernatural experience.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 (grim)  
 Way I see it, this the start of  
 our own Demon House story now.  
 Question is... how's it gonna end  
 for us?

Off Jamal and Marcus, grimly awaiting whatever otherworldly fate awaits...

SMASH TO TITLES

27 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

27

The desolate, overgrown VACANT LOT sits bathed in an eerie, moonlit glow. Jamal and Marcus approach cautiously.

They stop at the edge of the LOT, staring out at where the ominous "Demon House" once towered over this cursed ground.

JAMAL  
 They tore the house down, but...  
 you can still feel it, can't you?

Marcus nods solemnly. An oppressive sense of dread hangs thick in the air. He takes a few steps further onto the lot.

The DEBRIS and splintered wood CRUNCHES underfoot. Jamal eyes it uneasily as he follows his friend.

MARCUS

Like the whole area's just...  
tainted somehow.

As they reach the CENTER OF THE LOT, flashes of the DECREPIT HOUSE flicker into view, ghostly images layered over the barren land.

VOICES, SHRIEKS, and ANGUISHED WAILS begin to echo all around them - the disembodied torment of the home's past.

Jamal turns, paranoid, senses on high alert. A CHILD'S DEMONIC SHRIEK suddenly BLARES in his ear before fading.

JAMAL

(shaken whisper)  
This is crazy, man... I can't -- I  
can't shake this feeling like...  
we bein' watched or some shit.

A FLOORBOARD CREAKS somewhere unseen. Jamal whips around, spooked.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Yo, did you hear that?

But Marcus seems transfixed, looking off into the middle distance.

MARCUS' POV: A new GHOSTLY FIGURE begins to materialize - the Woman he hooked up with, slowly taking shape.

BACK TO SCENE

Marcus sucks in a SHARP BREATH,  
heart pounding. Jamal follows his  
gaze, freezing as he too sees:

THE GHOSTLY WOMAN drifting toward them with haunting, unnatural strides. Her features contort, blackened eyes boring into them with hatred.

She LURCHES FORWARD, SCREECHING at them in an ungodly, inhuman SHRIEK --

THEN SHE'S RIGHT ON TOP OF THEM, GHOSTLY SHAPE TOWERING --

Marcus and Jamal SHOUT OUT IN TERROR, instinctively SHIELDING THEMSELVES --

And then... nothing. Just the empty silence of the vacant lot.

The two friends look up, breathing hard, only to find... the spirit is gone. They're alone again.

A sickening pause as they process this latest close encounter...

Then Jamal turns to Marcus, fear and realization etched on his face.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Ain't no runnin' from it now,  
man... whatever happen here, it  
chose us.

HOLD ON the two young men, consumed by the horrifying legacy of the Demon House.

SMASH TO TITLES

28

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

28

The grim silence hangs heavy as Jamal and Marcus stand amid the debris and weeds of the vacant demolition site.

Their eyes are haunted, shaken to their core after the chilling manifestation of the ghostly Woman. A cold sweat beads on Marcus' brow.

MARCUS

You feel that...?

Jamal nods slowly, the air seeming to grow thicker around them. A UNNERVING QUIET has fallen over the area, not a breath of wind to stir the overgrown foliage.

Almost... as if the entire lot is holding its breath.

CLOSE ON: Jamal's hand inches toward the GUN tucked in his waistband, ready to draw at any provocation.

Marcus stays utterly still, eyes searching the darkness fearfully. A FLOORBOARD CREAKS nearby, making them both tense --

But it's just a distant SETTLING of the vacant foundation behind them. Marcus lets out the breath he was holding.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(barely above a whisper)

I don't like this, dawg... feel  
like somethin' out here with us.

Jamal gives a grunt of assent, nodding as he too feels the ominous presence bearing down on them.

KA-CHUNK! The distinct SOUND of a SHOTGUN RACKING in the distance. Both men SNAP THEIR HEADS AROUND to locate the source --

But see nothing but the shadows, the vacant lot still and quiet.

Marcus and Jamal instinctively start inching backward, moving to escape whatever malevolent entity may be lurking out there.

KA-CHUNK! ANOTHER SHOTGUN RACK, THIS TIME LOUDER AND CLOSER -- LIKE IT'S RIGHT BEHIND THEM.

Jamal WHIPS AROUND, GUN DRAWN, as does Marcus, both aiming their weapons at the source of the sound...

But the vacant lot is UTTERLY DESERTED -- no signs of life anywhere. Just the stripped concrete foundation amid the wild undergrowth.

And yet... a DEATHLY, SINISTER SILENCE cloaks the entire area. It feels as if some dreadful, unseen force is WATCHING THEM.

Jamal's hand TREMBLES on his gun. He and Marcus lock eyes, united in their petrified realization:

Whatever haunts the demolished grounds of this Demon House... IT'S NOT DONE WITH THEM YET.

Jamal gives a terse nod, and they turn to head for the exit, weapons raised -- leaving the vacant lot and its sinister presence behind.

Until next time...

SMASH TO BLACK.