

FADE IN:

Darkness.

Heavy breathing.

Horrible human snarls.

A video camera in night vision mode flickers on, illuminates --

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ASHLEY MADISON, twenties, has the camera angled on her face.

She's sweaty, shaken, disoriented --

Eyes wide-open, bloodshot, dart from side to side --

She hisses --

ASHLEY

I want to bathe in the ashes from
your dead burnt body.

Ashley drops the camera, sprints through the house in a panic.

The room is bathed in pools of scary shadows from her body.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I have no idea what that means but
there's some guy inside of my head
saying it and it scares the hell
out of me!

She reaches into the blackness, claws at the air.

Ashley knocks over a lamp.

It crashes down on her foot.

She recoils with fear, hobbles around in pain.

Her high heels snag a sheet of plastic spread out on the
floor and she gets twisted up in it.

Ashley, falls --

Flails around --

Terrified --

Possessed --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

If a demon speaks to you in words
they can be defeated with words.
You can send them back to wherever
they came from by saying the right
thing - like a spell. There's only
one problem...

She crawls to the camera --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

...I don't know what the right
spell is.

Her fingers tremble --

Face contorts with a distorted intensity --

She lifts the camera up, searches everywhere --

Ashley bangs her head against the wall --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Stop talking.

Blood splashes on the lens --

She angles the camera on her face --

There's a self-inflicted wound on her forehead oozing blood.

Ashley peels skin and scabs off the area from a previous
injury.

She wipes the lens clean, twists the camera around.

Ashley focuses on the wall where her blood sullies the surface.
She works her fingers into the mess --

Ashley smears it around with a tortured blend of jerky motions
that manifest with each chaotic brush stroke of her hand --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I shall call this painting: total
blackness. Death to us all.
Apocalyptic visions of the mentally
ill.

She angles the camera on the ceiling --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Now where are you?

Ashley crouches down, searches the deep crevices of the floor --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I'm looking down here in case you
come from hell.

She creeps through the house --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
And listen up YouTube peeps. I'm
not a schizophrenic. And yes,
I did look on the internet for
the right words - spell -
incantation - phrase type thingy.
No luck.

Ashley passes a mirror, adjusts her clothes --

Nylons.

G-string.

Waist cincher.

Bra.

Flashy earrings.

Hair and makeup that would make a showgirl jealous.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I'll explain why I look like this
in a minute.

Blinding white light flashes across the mirror -- reflects
into her eyes, scares her.

She jerks the camera around to find the source -- there's
a helter-skelter blur of images --

They come into sharp focus --

It's just headlights from an anonymous car outside driving by.

She searches deeper through the house --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
This demon has been haunting me for
years and he said he's coming
tonight and to prove it he's going
to give me sign. And are you ready
for this?

Ashley hits record on several other cameras around the house.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
He said it's a sign in blood.

She focuses on the furniture --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
So I covered everything up with plastic. Blood is kind of gross and I didn't want it to ruin anything.

There's a faint --

Plink!

She follows that sound --

Plink!

She zooms in for a closer look.

There's a tiny pool of liquid on the floor.

A droplet falls into it --

Plink!

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I'm not sure what that is but it looks red to me.

She searches the ceiling --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
And I don't see where it's coming from. And check this out...

She riffles through a stack of drawings.

They're appear crude and childish.

Ashley picks out a single picture.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
...I drew this yesterday. And it matches this puddle of blood perfectly. Coincidence?

The front doorknob rattles --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Holy Hogwarts.

Ashley scrambles around, terrified, lost in the darkness --

There's a flurry of movement --

Heavy breathing --

Feet running --

She hides in a corner, focuses on the front door.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

He can still see me.

She sprints away --

Ashley sees her own blood drawing on the wall --

Scares herself.

She hides behind a chair.

The doorknob unlocks --

Twists --

Turns --

The door creaks open --

A human shadow lumbers in --

The shadow belongs to TIM MADISON, thirties, khaki pants, polo shirt, with golf clubs slung over his shoulders.

Ashley raises her camcorder as a weapon --

She screams to wake the dead, attacks --

Ashley nails Tim on the head with the camera --

Images flicker, turn gray --

Zigzag --

There's shrieks, grunts, sounds of a human struggle --

Chaotic crackles --

White noise --

Silence.

Blackness.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

A video camera in night vision mode flickers on --

Ashley holds a camcorder in one hand, ice bag in the other.

She gives the ice to Tim.

He puts it on his head, and he is pissed --

TIM

You think a ghost is going to walk
right through our front door?

ASHLEY

I thought you were here to kill me.

TIM

With golf clubs? Actually, that
would work.

ASHLEY

I warned you about tonight.

TIM

And I'm warning you and your
imaginary friend.

ASHLEY

He's not imaginary. And now I got
proof.

TIM

And why is it so dark in here?

ASHLEY

If he takes human form, I need to
hide.

Tim turns the lights on, there's plastic everywhere.

TIM

Are we painting the house?

ASHLEY

It's a long story. But I did
collect a sample.

He spots her bloody forehead --

TIM

Oh dear God. Are you hitting
yourself again?

ASHLEY

You'd think he'd be tired of the abuse by now.

TIM

And why are you dressed like that?

ASHLEY

So you'll pay attention to me. Now pay attention.

Ashley shows him the puddle.

TIM

What is this?

ASHLEY

I'm not sure. But now that I got a sample we can test it.

TIM

Maybe the roof has a leak.

ASHLEY

But he told me this would happen. I even drew it. Isn't this insane?

TIM

My thoughts exactly. And what's with all the video cameras?

ASHLEY

I'm gonna record everything that happens tonight and prove to you and the rest of the world, I'm not crazy.

TIM

I think you're gonna need an MRI for that.

Tim jams his golf clubs into a closet near the front door.

There's tools, constructions gear, blocking his way.

ASHLEY

When are you gonna clean that out? This is a house not a construction site.

TIM

I live here. I need this stuff for work. Thanks for playing.

Tim grabs a remote control, turns on the TV, flops down on the couch.

Ashley gets in his way.

TIM (CONT'D)

Move.

ASHLEY

Don't you wanna see it?

TIM

Yes. I want to see the TV.

ASHLEY

I mean, my video?

Ashley grabs the remote, shuts the TV off. She flips the viewfinder on her camcorder around so they can both watch the video.

TIM

So what happens if this guy shows up while you got the camera in playback mode?

ASHLEY

He's not showing up until midnight.

TIM

Really? Midnight?

ASHLEY

What's wrong with that?

TIM

So ghosts know the difference between Eastern Standard Time and Pacific?

ASHLEY

They don't deal in earth time. They only use it to communicate with us.

TIM

Of course. So if he's not showing up for another hour and a half why were you chasing me around?

ASHLEY

What if he shows up early?

Ashley motions to various spots around the house --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

So I got cameras: 1 - 2 - 3 - 4.
Camera #2 is watching us right now.
And the kitchen, bedroom, and
hallway are covered.

Tim grabs the remote. Ashley snatches it, throws it away --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Now we are gonna talk then I'm
gonna get the hell out of here.

TIM

Fine. But you are not taking my
truck.

ASHLEY

I'll leave the cameras on and come
back later when it's safe. Now look
at this.

She jams the viewfinder in his face.

TIM

And what am I supposed to see?

ASHLEY

It's coming up right - here!

TIM

That was amazing.

ASHLEY

I know you're being sarcastic but
that drop fell right out of nowhere
and landed on the floor. Isn't that
creepy?

TIM

I agree.

ASHLEY

You do?

TIM

Today is the day you totally
creeped me out.

ASHLEY

Then maybe this will un-creep you.

Ashley turns on music, dances like a stripper.

TIM

Okay, I'm a little confused.

ASHLEY

Now I'm gonna oil myself up and let you spank me.

TIM

So you attack me - I respond by being intentionally rude so you'll leave me alone - and this is my reward?

ASHLEY

And I'll even let you call me a slut.

TIM

I hate to break it to you but my feelings about this marriage have transitioned from irritation to indifference. And right now I am working my way into disgust.

ASHLEY

And before we hit hatred, I want to try and save us.

TIM

No thanks. But just out of curiosity; what comes after we hate each other?

ASHLEY

Murder. I kill you. But in all fairness you have it coming.

She gives him a lap dance. It's a pleasure to watch her nice body undulate. She straddles his chest, puts her breasts in his face -- he fondles them --

She leans down, kisses him --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Now I'm doing your favorite things.

TIM

But the only reason you're doing them is so you can get pregnant.

ASHLEY

I want a baby.