THE BLACK CAT V1

Written by

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"The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown."

-H.P. LOVECRAFT

FADE IN:

EXT. OREGON LAKE/STREET/FOREST - DAY

We explore the beautiful scenery of Oregon including its roads, lakes and forests as the OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE begins.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - DAY

The OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE continues as we move through a shop filled with mystical items. TAROT CARDS, CROSSES, SPELL BOOKS, POTIONS, OUIJA BOARDS and other objects fill the store.

Posters of fantasy adorn the walls and magical objects rest under the counter. We move in to a sign that reads OPEN. A hand reaches up and turns the sign around so it reads CLOSED.

EXT. OREGON STREET - DAY

The street is quite and empty. Houses line the sides of the street as if keeping watch.

A pair of old shoes walk up the street. We follow the shoes up until we are looking at the back of a man wearing a trench coat and hat. He carries a peculiar shaped bag.

This oddly dressed man walks onto the sidewalk and approaches the front stoop of a house.

EXT. OREGON HOUSE PORCH - DAY

The man knocks on the door. After a few seconds a middle aged IMPATIENT WOMAN (45) opens the door.

IMPATIENT WOMAN

Can I help you?

INT. OREGON HOUSE - DAY

We slowly move toward the door frame from inside the house and hear the man's voice from outside.

ODD MAN (O.S.)

Good afternoon Mam, I own the Black Cat shop downtown.

The ODD MAN standing outside comes into view. This is the eccentric shop owner, DARREN CRIPT (40).

DARREN

I'm Darren Cript, and I was wondering if I may interest you in a valuable and rare antique item from my shop?

EXT. OREGON HOUSE PORCH - DAY

Mr. Cript opens his peculiar bag and takes out a deck of tarot cards. He smiles and begins to hold up the cards.

DARREN

These are one of a kind-

IMPATIENT WOMAN

Get the hell off my porch!

The door slams hard in his face. He stares at the door then sighs and puts the cards back in the bag and walks off the porch.

EXT. OREGON STREET - DAY

Mr. Cript walks up the street and approaches another house. He knocks on the door and waits until a man opens the door.

DARREN

Good afternoon sir.

Mr. Cript opens his bag.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I'm Mr. Cript and I was wondering
if-

He looks up as the door slams. He drops his head and then walks away.

EXT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - SUNSET

The Black Cat is a small and worn down shop on the corner of an old building. The sign from inside the window reads CLOSED.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - SUNSET

Mr. Cript enters the shop and drops his bag on the counter. Mystical and spiritual objects line the shelves.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - SUNSET - 30 YEARS AGO

A tall and thin man has his back turned while he stocks the shelves with items. He turns around and flashes a wide grin. This is DEVON CRIPT (40), Mr. Cript's late father and the store owner.

DEVON

Check this out Darren.

He hands a young DARREN CRIPT (10) a leather bound spell book. The book is visibly heavy but Darren opens it and thumbs through the pages.

The pages are decorated with sketches and illustrations of magic and spirits and contain columns of spells and history on the magic displayed.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - SUNSET - PRESENT DAY

Mr. Cript puts away some items and then draws the shades in the windows as the sun drops behind the mountains. He then walks into a back room.

INT. BLACK CAT SHOP BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Cript pulls a string and a light bulb turns on. In the room is a small bed, a sink and a mirror. Mr. Cript grabs a magazine entitled MYSTICAL MAGAZINE and plops onto his bed.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP BACK ROOM - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

Devon enters the back room and turns the light bulb on. He tosses a copy of the MYSTICAL MAGAZINE to Darren who enters and catches it.

Devon and Darren sit on the small bed and Devon grabs the magazine and holds it out in front of Darren.

DEVON

The Ouija Board was first mentioned in Ancient Chinese writings as automatic writing. It became an actual item in 1890. It is said that the Ouija board is a portal with which spirits can enter the physical world.

DARREN

Are the spirits real?

DEVON

I'm not sure.

DARREN

Does the Ouija board actually work?

Devon shrugs his shoulders and tosses the magazine on the floor.

DEVON

Who knows. Maybe one day you will find out. Either way I believe their influence is felt. Night son.

Devon reaches up to grab the string attached to the light bulb.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP BACK ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Darren's hand holds the string connected to the light bulb. We move down to examine his skeptical expression. He speaks to his deceased father as if he is standing in the room.

DARREN

What a load of bullshit dad.

Darren tosses the magazine and then shakes his head and pulls on the string as the light turns off.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - MORNING

The shop sits in empty silence. The items sit as if lonely. Darren emerges from the back room rubbing his eyes. He spots an Ouija board and walks up to it.

DARREN

A supernatural portal for spirits my ass.

Darren walks through the aisles of the shop and looks upward.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I'm only keeping this shop open for you dad. I sell these phony items for you. Because you believed in them.

Darren approaches the sign in the window.

DARREN (CONT'D)

But I don't. And I don't know how much longer I can do it pop.

Darren turns the sign around to read OPEN.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I really don't know.

Darren takes a few items out and stocks them on the shelves. Then he assumes his place behind the counter and grabs a copy of a magazine entitled THE SKEPTICAL SQUIB and opens it.

EXT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - DAY

A young CURIOUS BOY (13) strolls up to the shop and eagerly walks in.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - DAY

A few customers peruse the aisles of the shop. Some pick up items and laugh at them with ridicule.

The curious boy excitedly walks through the aisles and picks up items with genuine curiosity. He looks around the shop and glances at the posters with a wide smile.

He accidentally opens a secret compartment on the side of the shelf and finds a leather bound spell book and takes it to the front counter.

CURIOUS BOY

Sir, what exactly is this?

Darren looks alarmed.

DARREN

I'm sorry that isn't for sale.

CURIOUS BOY

Please sir, I really want this badly.

Darren sighs.

DARREN

OK, bring it here.

CURIOUS BOY

What is it?

Darren pretends to be enthused.

DARREN

This my dear boy is called a grimoire. It's a textbook of magic and includes instructions on how to create magical objects like talismans and amulets.

The boy watches with growing excitement as Darren opens the book and points to spells and illustrations.

DARREN (CONT'D)

It also demonstrates how to perform magical spells and charms and how to summon supernatural entities such as angels, spirits, and demons.

CURIOUS BOY

How much sir?

DARREN

That will be forty five dollars.

The curious boy thinks for a minute then fishes out a wad of bills from his pocket and slaps it onto the counter.

CURIOUS BOY

I'll take it.

Darren smiles and grabs the money. He then slides the grimoire across the counter and furrows his brow.

DARREN

But be warned son, the spells in that book can be dangerous and can have grace consequences. So be warned, otherwise you could unleash unprecedented evil into the world.

Darren brings his face close to the boy's and scans his face to complete his phony act of mysticism. The boy's expression grows serious, he clearly buys into the act.

DARREN (CONT'D)

But just follow the instructions and you will be fine. Enjoy!

Darren breaks into a smile again. The boy relaxes.

CURIOUS BOY

This is too cool! Thanks mister!

Darren stifles a laugh as the boy heads toward the shop exit. Darren watches the boy walk and away and sees an image of himself as a boy in the shop.

He looks down in thought and then scribbles a number onto a small business card and hurries over to the exit.

DARREN

Young man! Wait up for a minute.

The boy stops and turns around in confusion. Darren hands him the business card.

DARREN (CONT'D)

What is your name young man?

CURIOUS BOY

Will, sir. Will Wendel.

Darren points to the business card in Will's hand.

DARREN

This is my number. In case anything goes wrong, feel free to call me right away. I'm Mr. Cript.

Will quickly nods his head then takes the card and reads it.

WILL

OK.

Will skips out of the shop. Darren watches him go with a concerned expression and then resumes his post behind the counter and grabs the SKEPTICAL SQUIB magazine. He recalls a memory with his father.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - DAY - 30 YEARS AGO

Devon walks up to an aisle and opens the secret compartment on the side of the shelf. He pulls out the grimoire from a shelf. He holds it up to the young Darren.

DEVON

Do you know what this is?

Darren shakes his head.

DEVON (CONT'D)

It's called a grimoire and it's a text book for spells and to conjure magical items and spirits.

Devon opens the grimoire and shows Darren a page with an illustration of a grotesque spirit and some text under it.

DEVON (CONT'D)

This is a spell used to conjure this spirit. But I warn you Darren, this isn't something to mess around with. Evil spells lie in this book and for that reason I urge you never to sell it. Only the good spells should ever be used.

Devon opens to another page with the sketch of a smiling man on it.

DEVON (CONT'D)

This is a spell used to improve one's mood. Spells like this are alright to use, but even then one should only ever use this book on rare occasions. The book is not for sale, do you understand me Darren?

DARREN

Yes sir.

Devon smiles and puts the grimoire back in the compartment.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Darren reflects on his violation of his father's rule.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Darren checks all of the shelves of the shop.

He reads more of the SKEPTICAL SQUIB and eats food at the counter.

A few more customers come in and disinterestedly browse through the shop.

The last customer of the day walks out of the shop.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - SUNSET

Darren begins to close the shop and puts certain items away and then switches the sign in the window to read CLOSED.

He grabs his peculiar bag and stuffs it with items from the shelves. He then grabs his old hat, jacket and walks out of the shop carrying the bag.

EXT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - EVENING

Darren locks up the shop and then steps out onto the street. He watches the last rays of sunlight and then walks into the evening.

EXT. OREGON STREET - EVENING/NIGHT

Darren walks down the street holding his bag. He approaches a house and knocks on the door.

EXT. OREGON HOUSE PORCH - NIGHT

An ELDERLY MAN (60) answers the door.

ELDERLY MAN

Yes?

Darren removes his hat and opens his bag.

DARREN

Good evening sir. I own the Black Cat Shop and I had a few antique items that were on sale.

Darren opens the bag and holds out a potion in a vial.

DARREN (CONT'D)

For a short time we are selling these rare objects for a price to die for.

The elderly man appears horrified.

ELDERLY MAN

Get that evil black magic juju away from me! Don't ever come back you fiend of the devil!

The old man slams the door. Darren sighs and looks to the street then walks toward it.

EXT. OREGON STREET - NIGHT

Darren approaches a large house nestled against a lake. The sound of loud music blaring and rowdy teenagers yelling and laughing can be heard from outside.

EXT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE PORCH - NIGHT

The voices and shouts grow louder as Darren steps onto the porch and knocks on the door. After a moment the music is turned down.

The door is opened by a tall and handsome male, GREG (21). Greg holds a beer bottle and scans Darren's odd outfit.

GREG

Hey, can I help you?

Darren grins and opens up his peculiar bag. He begins his typical sales pitch.

DARREN

Good evening young man, I'm Darren Cript and I own the Black Cat Shop downtown.

Greg appears confused.

GREG

Sorry sir we're not from around here. We're just renting this lake house for the summer.

DARREN

Are you students?

GREG

Yes sir, we go to Syracuse University.

Darren smiles and motions to his bag.

DARREN

Very good. I was wondering if I could interest you in a rare item from my shop. You could take it back and impress your friends at school.

GREG

What do you have?

Darren's eyes flash as he lifts out the Ouija board.

DARREN

This is an antique, it's called an Ouija board.

GREG

I've heard of it. What does it do?

DARREN

My dear boy, it allows human beings to contact the spirit world. Whether it be a deceased relative or a figure in history, you can open a dialogue with those of the spiritual realm.

Greg bursts into heavy laughter but appears nervous.

GREG

Oh come on, you couldn't come up with a better pitch than that?

Darren's face grows serious.

DARREN

May I come in?

Greg looks back but opens the door and lets Darren in.

INT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Darren walks into the large house followed by Greg. In the living room are four other students holding drinks. Beautiful HEATHER (20), timid OWEN (20), free-spirited SAMANTHA (21), and loner TREVOR (20).

Darren looks around at all of them and then places the Ouija board on the table in the middle of the room.

DARREN

This is no joke. The power that lies in this board is unprecedented. Try it and you will see.

Greg shakes his head in disbelief and looks at the other students.

HEATHER

Alright, how much?

DARREN

Thirty dollars, quite a bargain for such an item.

Greg hesitates for a minute and then pulls out a few bills.

GREG

What the hell, we'll try it just for the hell of it. What could go wrong right?

Greg looks at his friends who appear skeptical. He hands the bills to Darren.

DARREN

You won't regret this purchase. And absolutely no refunds on any items.

GREG

I got hand it to you, you got a great act going on. How often do you practice it?

Darren gives Greg a serious look and heads for the door. He opens the door and then turns back to face the students.

DARREN

If you run into any trouble, give me a call.

Darren fishes a card out of his coat with his number scrawled on it. He walks over and hands it to Greg. The look in his eyes is deadly serious.

Darren tips his hat and then walks out of the front door. A strong gust of wind closes the door suddenly. Greg nervously looks at the card. It reads MR. CRIPT and has a phone number.

SAMANTHA

What a crazy old kook huh?

Samantha pops open a beer bottle and takes a swig.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Come on you bought that ratty old thing, now let's play.

Samantha grabs the Ouija board and puts it on the table in the middle of the living room.

OWEN

Guys, I don't think we should.

GREG

Come on Owen, you didn't believe the old fart did you? It was all an act to sell his products. Owen nervously shakes his head.

OWEN

I've had bad experiences with things like this, I don't trust it.

SAMANTHA

Don't tell me you believe in all this. It's all just a bunch of bullshit.

OWEN

I have a bad feeling about it. If you go looking for trouble, you will find it.

SAMANTHA

Live it a little Owen. You need a drink.

Samantha pops open a beer and shoves it in Owen's hands.

OWEN

OK. But you've been warned.

GREG

Atta boy! What do you say Trevor?

Trevor shrugs.

TREVOR

I guess it couldn't hurt.

GREG

You in Heather?

Heather looks to the board with uncertainty.

HEATHER

I don't know.

Greg looks at her and moves closer to her. He puts a hand on her knee and smiles at her.

GREG

It's going to be alright. Don't worry.

Heather nods and smiles.

GREG (CONT'D)

Alright let's play!

Greg turns up the music again as Samantha begins to open up the Ouija board box.

EXT. OREGON STREET - NIGHT

Darren walks down the empty evening street. The road stretches into the night.

He smiles for the first time in a while. His father's face crosses his thoughts.

EXT. OREGON STREET - DAY - 30 YEARS AGO

Devon and Darren walk down the same street together. Devon dons the familiar hat, coat and carries the peculiar bag.

DEVON

You see that Darren? That's one sale in twenty houses visited. Not everyone has closed their mind to the things in this world.

DARREN

Dad, why do you go around and sell your items to houses?

Devon thinks for a moment.

DEVON

In the hopes that I can expose those out there to new things. I figure if I can get one more person to open themselves and accept than I've done a good thing.

They keep walking.

DEVON (CONT'D)

It goes further than believing Darren. It's about helping others along the way.

They both walk into the distance.

EXT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - EVENING - 30 YEARS AGO

Darren and Devon step up to the shop and Devon unlocks the front door. Devon stoops down to Darren's height.

DEVON

This is what it means to be a living, thinking, and feeling human being. Do you understand?

DARREN

Yes dad.

DEVON

Good.

EXT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Darren stands outside the shop and looks up at the lighted sign. He then walks into the shop and closes the door.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house sits among a row of houses lining the Oregon street.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will walks into his room carrying the grimoire and plops onto his bed holding it. He opens it up and flips to the first page.

The first page reads THE GRIM GRIMOIRE. Below it is a line of text. It reads, "ALL SPELLS AND CHARMS CONTAINED IN THIS GRIMOIRE CAN ONLY BE USED BY DESCENDANTS IN THE MAGICAL BLOOD LINE."

Will frowns as he reads this but turns the page to a section called WHITE MAGIC. The first spell is titled BEATA and displays a smiling man illustration.

Will reads the text aloud with difficulty.

WILL

Odorem haurire oculos tuos et terram. Contra dolor sit interiorem hominem, et universi vos cogitationes pacis internae et laetitiae.

Will looks around expecting something to happen but nothing does. He reads from the page.

WILL (CONT'D)

This spell will improve the overall happiness and well being of the user.

There is a sudden flash.

EXT. LAKE SIDE PARK - DAY

The sunset illuminates the field and the waters of the wide lake. Will's eyes radiate in the light and he looks on at the water with a bright smile on his face.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will is startled by the sudden vision but smiles and closes the book.

INT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Ouija board lays sprawled out on the table. The five college students sit in a circle around the table and face the board. Only low candle lights illuminate the room.

Greg places the triangular planchet onto the board.

GREG

Who's first?

SAMANTHA

I'll go.

Samantha places her fingers on the planchet.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Ouija board, are there any spirits in our presence right now?

Samantha focuses intently on the planchet. The planchet begins to move slightly across the board. One of the candle lights flickers.

Samantha's face appears deeply focused. The planchet suddenly slides across the board and lands over the YES labeled on the board.

OWEN

Sam quit messing around, that was you moving it.

Samantha suddenly breaks into a smile.

SAMANTHA

OK you got me.

OWEN

Not funny Sam. Don't mess around you will anger the spirits.

SAMANTHA

Spirits my ass Owen, you need to grow up.

HEATHER

Alright someone else go.

Trevor raises his beer into the air.

TREVOR

Hell I'll go.

Trevor places his fingers on the planchet.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

If there are any spirits here can you make your presence known?

He focuses deeply on the board.

For a moment nothing happens. Then the sound of a bottle smashing is heard from the kitchen. All of the students jump in surprise.

OWEN

No. It can't be.

The five students hurry into the kitchen. A broken bottle rests on the ground in pieces. Greg stoops down to pick up the pieces. Beneath the pieces is a small puddle of blood.

Greg dips his finger into it and looks at it, fear beginning to take hold in his mind. He quickly wipes it up before anyone else sees.

GREG

The bottle was resting on the edge of the table and it just fell that's all.

HEATHER

I don't know about this.

Greg puts an arm around Heather.

GREG

Hey we're OK. It's just a game.

Greg leads Heather back into the living room. The rest of the students follow.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Darren strolls through the dark and empty shop. He walks over to an Ouija board and grabs it off the shelf. He hears his father's voice.

DEVON (V.O.)

The Ouija board is a very mysterious tool. Many believe it's a con, but when one focuses their attention into the board with their utmost belief, magical things can happen.

Darren opens up the box and takes the board out.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

Devon and Darren walk through the shop.

DEVON

Do not tamper with the spirits for grave consequences lie in store for those who mock the unseen.

Devon points to a decorative knife in a glass case behind the counter.

DEVON (CONT'D)

That is the scimitar and is the only thing that can destroy an Ouija board.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Darren shakes his head as if to shake his father's voice and puts the Ouija board back on the shelf.

DARREN

Let it rest dad. It's not real.

Darren walks into the back room of the shop. The planchet on the Ouija board shifts slightly.

INT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The students continue their seance and sit in a circle around the table. Samantha holds a joint and takes a long drag.

SAMANTHA

Heather it's your turn.

Heather nervously places her fingers on the planchet. Greg puts his fingers on the other side of it.

GREG

I'll do it with you.

Heather nods and looks around the house, addressing the spirits.

HEATHER

What is your purpose here tonight?

Greg and Heather stare at the planchet. After a moment the planchet begins moving rapidly across the board. It moves to the letter K then to I then L two times.

Greg and Heather take their hands off the board in fear.

GREG

What the hell was moving that?

OWEN

Quit fucking around.

GREG

It wasn't us!

OWEN

Oh bullshit!

Greg gets in Owen's face.

GREG

Say it again Owen. Come on say it again and I'll knock you the fuck out.

Owen backs away in fear and surprise. Greg pants heavily until he eventually calms down. The rest of the students look at Greg in fear.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me.

HEATHER

It spelled kill.

The students start to realize something is wrong.

GREG

Be right back.

EXT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE PORCH - NIGHT

Greg steps outside and takes a seat on the porch. He breathes heavily, a horrified look on his face. Heather comes out and sits next to him.

HEATHER

Greg that's not like you. You OK?

Greg shakes his head.

GREG

No. It was like something took control of me and made me do that. The worst part is that I got a rush from the fear in Owen's eyes. Like I wanted to hurt him for the thrill.

HEATHER

We have to stop playing with that thing. I don't care if it's just a game. It's dangerous.

Heather and Greg look out into the night.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will grabs a series of old family picture books and sits on the floor with them. He sifts through the series of picture books and comes upon a picture of his father. Under it reads WILLIAM WENDEL Jr.

Will turns the page and finds a picture of his grandfather. The picture is of a man wearing glasses and under it reads WILLIAM WENDEL Sr.

Will puts down the book and opens another one. He finds a picture of his great grandfather, JAMES WENDEN.

WILL

Wenden?

Will stands up and hurries toward his room.

INT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Heather and Greg walk back into the house. The other three students sit around the table. Owen shoots Greg a dark look.

OWEN

Let's keep playing. You guys wanted to play.

GREG

I think we're done Owen.

OWEN

No we're not. I haven't had my turn yet.

Greg looks at the board and as if hypnotized he nods in agreement.

GREG

Alright. I guess one more turn couldn't hurt.

They all sit around the Ouija board and Owen places his hands on the planchet.

OWEN

Which one of us will be taken first?

The question startles everyone in the room.

HEATHER

Take your hands off the planchet Owen. You don't want it to answer that.

Owen ignores Heather and stares at the board as if in a trance. He appears to be possessed.

He focuses on the board intently. Slowly the planchet begins to slide across the board. Owen takes his hands off the planchet but it continues to move.

It turns in a circle and points at Trevor. Owen begins hysterically laughing. Trevor grows increasingly uneasy.

TREVOR

What the hell is wrong with you?

Owen continues laughing. Greg looks around.

GREG

They're here. I can feel them in this room.

Heather grows frantic.

HEATHER

What are?

GREG

The demons.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

The grimoire rests on the bed. Will rushes into the room with the picture books in his arms. He tosses them onto the bed and sits at his computer.

He types in WENDEN into the search bar and clicks search. Suddenly a terrifying growl is heard from behind him.

Will turns around to find the grimoire glowing. The book opens and the pages begin rapidly turning on their own. Will runs over and attempts to shut the book.

There is a sudden flash.

EXT. LAKESIDE PARK - NIGHT

Will frantically looks around in fear. Voices whisper and screams shatter the air around him.

A horrifying demon appears in front of him for a moment then is gone in the blink of an eye. A second later a bloody hand attacks his throat.

Will screams in fear and grabs a knife laying on the ground. Another sudden movement causes Will to swing the knife, catching flesh.

Will brings the knife down and continues to stab the figure lying on the ground. As if possessed he relentlessly stabs as blood coats his face. Finally he stops and looks down.

The figure lying on the ground is the bloodied corpse of his father. Will screams.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will is back in his room, the fear of the hallucination still fresh in his mind. The grimoire lies still on the bed.

Will scrambles to his desk and finds the phone number of Darren. He grabs the phone and dials the number. There is blood on Will's hands.

The phone rings.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

The phone rings on the counter in the shop. It rings three times before Darren drags himself behind the counter and picks it up.

DARREN

What do you want?

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will stares at the grimoire in horror and shakes as he holds the phone.

WILL

The spell book is alive! It just opened on its own. It's trying to possess me!

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Darren's face falls.

DARREN

Who is this?

Will's voice can be heard on the other line.

WILL

This is Will Wendel. You sold me the spell book!

DARREN

Now don't mess around son. You probably just had a bad dream.

WILL (O.S.)

It's real sir! You have to help me or the book is going to destroy me. It's evil!

Darren paces nervously, beginning to realize for the first time the nature of what he is dealing with. DARREN

Just calm down son and we will figure this out.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will hysterically paces.

WILL

We need to do something now!

DARREN (O.S.)

Take a deep breath Will.

WILL

Are you the Mr. Cript that sold me the grimoire or just some phony who owns the Black Cat Shop and lies to his customers?

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Darren realizes his act is up and sighs.

DARREN

I'm just a phony Will. Everything I told you was lies. I'm truly sorry.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will's face resembles someone who has lost hope.

WILL

I believed you Mr. Cript. I believed.

Will sullenly hangs up.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Darren hangs up the phone. He looks around the shop and shakes his head in shame. A storm pounds the windows of the shop from outside.

INT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The storm continues to rage. The students stand around the table in fear. Owen is still maniacally laughing. His voice sounds less human with each laugh and more animal.

Owen turns around and faces the wall. When he turns back around his eyes are completely red and his laugh has turned demonic.

Suddenly all power shuts off in the house and as the lights go out the house is shrouded in darkness. Screams resound in the darkness. Owen's demonic laugh can be faintly heard.

GREG

(Whispering)

Follow me, let's go to the upstairs room.

HEATHER

Where are you?

GREG

Right here. Grab my hand.

The sound of rustling and moving can be heard. Eventually a light turns on.

INT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

Trevor, Greg, Heather and Sam huddle in the small closet. Greg fishes out the business card from his pocket and pulls his phone out and dials the number.

It rings a few times then Darren answers.

DARREN (O.S.)

This is Mr. Cript.

GREG

You bastard! The Ouija board you sold us is destroying us. It took control of our friend and he is trying to kill us!

DARREN (O.S.)

Just calm down son.

GREG

Don't tell me to calm down, we could all be killed! Now how the hell do you stop it?

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Darren nervously paces.

DARREN

I don't know.

GREG (O.S.)

You don't know!? You sold us the fucking board!

Darren realizes he has to start believing and help the desperate teens.

DARREN

OK! Just give me a minute.

Darren runs over to another shelf and grabs a large book out. He sets it on the counter and turns the pages until he lands on a Ouija board picture. He reads from the text.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Alright so the Ouija board contains tremendous power and the only way to stop it once it has begun unleashing havoc is to destroy it.

GREG (O.S.)

We just have to destroy it!?

Darren continues reading.

DARREN

Yes. But it can only be destroyed by being cut into seven pieces and it must be buried in the ground of a cemetery.

GREG (O.S.)

What!? That's the only way?

Darren turns around and looks at the scimitar in its case.

DARREN

Yes. And it must be cut with a knife called a scimitar. Which I have here at the shop.

GREG (O.S.)

This can't be real. Get that scimitar down here now!

There is the sound of a click as Greg hangs up. Darren looks at the phone and then at the scimitar.

Darren lets everything sink in. He looks up at a picture of his father hanging on the wall and then makes a call on the phone. WILL (O.S.)

Hello?

DARREN

Will. It's Mr. Cript. Bring the book and get down here as fast as you can.

Darren hangs up the phone and races toward a back shelf. He pulls out a series of books and then brings them to the counter and lays them out.

INT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

The storm grows increasingly violent and can be heard outside. The students sit in petrified fear. Owen's laugh can be heard somewhere in the house.

SAMANTHA

What do we do? We're all going to die!

GREG

No we're not. We just need to hold off Owen long enough until we can get the scimitar. When we destroy the Ouija board, the spirits will be destroyed with it.

Greg slightly opens the closet door.

GREG (CONT'D)

We have to get out of the house and to the grave yard.

SAMANTHA

I'm not going.

HEATHER

Yes you are. Let's go.

Greg flips the light off in the closet and everything is coated in darkness. The sound of shuffling and moving can be heard. We can still faintly hear Owen.

A dim light from the kitchen down the hallway turns on. Greg, Heather, and Samantha are barely visible in the hallway but continue to move closer to the kitchen.

Suddenly Owen steps into the kitchen holding a knife above his head. He grabs something and throws it down onto the ground. It is Trevor.

Owen brings the blade of the knife down and deep into Trevor's chest. Trevor screams in agony as Heather and Samantha's ear shattering screams drown all sound out.

Owen continuously stabs Trevor until his lifeless body lays still in a puddle of blood. Owen lifts his head and faces the hallway. The light in the kitchen shuts off.

The sound of moving and panicked voices echoes through the house. We hear the sound of the door knob turning. Suddenly the power comes back and all of the lights flicker on.

Greg, Heather and Samantha stand at the front door trying to exit. The door is locked and won't budge. Tears stream down Samantha and Heather's faces. Greg is shaken.

SAMANTHA

What the fuck!? That board made him kill Trevor!

Samantha breaks down, the grief and fear consuming her. A strong wind blows through the house and the planchet on the Ouija board rapidly spins in a circle. It points toward the lake behind the house.

GREG

You two stay here.

HEATHER

No!

GREG

You will be safe here. I have to find Owen.

Greg slowly steps through the house. He cautiously looks around.

INT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT

Greg opens the door and grabs a shovel from the wall. He looks around and grabs a saw and rake and carefully enters the house.

EXT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Will dashes through the pouring rain of the violent storm and forcefully enters the shop.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Will enters the shop soaking wet and carrying the grimoire. He walks over and slams it onto the counter.

WILL

I can't believe you sold this! You knew it was dangerous.

DARREN

You're right I was just trying to make a profit. It was selfish. But right now we have bigger problems on our hands. We need to close the portal to the spirit world which has been opened through that book and an Ouija board that some teenagers used.

Darren dashes over to a shelf and grabs another book. He lays it down in front of Will.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Will I need you to search that book for any spells to destroy the demonic spirits released through the Ouija board.

WILL

OK.

Will begins rapidly sifting through the large book. Darren looks through another one and comes upon a page and stops and reads.

DARREN

This spell is supposed to neutralize the spirits for at least a few minutes. It should buy those teenagers some time before something horrific happens.

WILL

Don't these spells need someone of magical heritage to recite them? Otherwise they won't work. That's what the book said.

Darren stops for a minute with a look of concern on his face.

DARREN

We have to try.

INT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg puts the saw and rake down and heads to the back of the house holding the shovel. He opens the sliding door and heads outside.

EXT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

The quiet lake sits close behind the yard. Greg nervously surveys the yard.

A demonic roar is emitted from the side of the yard. Owen leaps out and attacks Greg knocking him to the ground. Owen sits over Greg.

Owen's face is hardly Owen's anymore, it now resembles the devil himself. The voice that comes out isn't human.

OWEN

Evil things happen when you go looking for them right Greg? I told you the board was evil.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Darren slides the book in front of Will.

WTT.T.

Me? There's no magic in this blood.

DARREN

Just recite it. Even though my dad owned this shop we don't have any magic in the bloodline. I've traced our roots as far back as possible.

EXT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

Owen's nails are long and sharp and he scratches Greg's face leaving deep cuts in his cheek. Greg cries out in pain.

OWEN

You all still wanted to play.

Owen digs his nails deep into Greg's throat and begins choking him to death.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Will hesitates.

WTT.T.

OK.

Will looks at the page. The spell reads CORRUMPEBANT. Will recites the spell slowly.

WILL (CONT'D)

Una cum daemones nocte consurgens, et vera fides credere adhaerere debent esse ad spem animum corrumpebant.

EXT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

Owen continues to choke Greg. Greg is too weak to fight back. Suddenly Owen lets go and moves away as if in slow motion. He sits on top of Greg and stares forward with a blank stare.

Greg shoves Owen off of him and grabs the shovel to his side. He kicks Owen down who does nothing and then swings the shovel hitting Owen's face with a sickening thud.

Greg looks at Owen with immense pain and brings the shovel down hard one more time silencing Owen's snarls. Greg leaves the shovel in the ground and looks down with his eyes on the verge of tears.

He turns around and walks back inside.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Will looks at Darren for answers.

WILL

See nothing happened. I told you it wouldn't work, I just don't have the magic.

DARREN

Trust me my boy, the magic is inside you.

WILL

What now?

The phone rings. Darren picks it up.

DARREN

Hello?

GREG (O.S.)

Owen and Trevor are dead. Where is the scimitar?

Darren picks up one of his books. On one page is the illustration of SILVER AMULET. He turns the page and looks at an illustration of an ENORMOUS MANSION covered in vines. It reads MALUM under the picture.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

Devon pulls out a silver amulet and shows it to the young Darren.

DEVON

This is the lux amulet. According to myth it must be present in the destruction of an Ouija board or any exorcism of demons.

EXT. OREGON STREET - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

A young Darren and his daring friend MARCUS (11), run down the street. Darren digs into his pocket and pulls out the amulet.

DARREN

This is a bad idea.

MARCUS

No it's not this will be fun. The Malum Mansion has been abandoned for years now, no one will be in there.

EXT. MALUM MANSION - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

The immense Gothic and eerily decrepit Malum Mansion stands before them.

MARCUS

Let's go.

DARREN

I don't think we should.

MARCUS

Don't be a wuss, come on.

Marcus and Darren enter the front door.

INT. MALUM MANSION - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

The old house is filled with rotted wooden floors, dusty mirrors and cobwebs. The floorboards creak as Darren and Marcus make their way through the house.

MARCUS

Let's see what's up there.

Marcus points to a staircase. Darren reluctantly follows and the two boys slowly walk up the groaning old staircase.

They make their way to the top story and find a variety of old bedrooms. In one bedroom is a series of eerie dolls.

The two boys walk down a long hallway to a bedroom at the end of the hall. Inside is a baby crib and old toys. They hear a creak from down the hall.

DARREN

What was that?

MARCUS

Relax, it's just the old house settling. This thing must be ancient.

Darren pulls out the amulet and holds it tightly.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Why did you bring that thing anyway?

DARREN

It's supposed to ward off the evil spirits.

MARCUS

Yeah right.

Marcus bends down to pick up an old toy. As soon as he bends down a figure coated entirely in black stands down the hallway. Darren jumps in fright.

DARREN

Look!

Marcus stands up to look but the figure is gone.

DARREN (CONT'D)

We have to leave now, there is something else here.

MARCUS Get a grip Darren.

Suddenly the closet doors in the bedroom fly open and the dark figure comes rushing out toward Darren and Marcus. A horrifying sound emits from the figure.

Darren and Marcus scream at the top of their lungs and dash out of the room down the hallway. They look back and the figure looms down the hall after them.

Marcus and Darren book down the stairs and toward the front door.

We move through the top story hallway into the bedroom. The dark figure is nowhere to be seen. We move toward the floor of the bedroom to find the lux amulet resting on the ground.

EXT. OREGON STREET - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

Marcus and Darren rush out of the mansion and into the cool night air. They both continue running down the street to get away from the house as fast as they can.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Darren recalls the memory with a shudder. His face displays fear as he remembers that the amulet still resides in the old mansion.

DARREN

Go to the abandoned house at the end of your street and bring the board. It's the large old mansion. We need something from the house to destroy the board. Meet us there right away!

Darren hangs up and begins to frantically gather objects and books into his peculiar bag. He is visibly nervous.

WILL

What's going on?

DARREN

Grab me those two potions and that glass case over there. I'll explain later.

Will grabs the items and Darren throws a cross into his bag and then closes it. He throws on his old jacket and motions for Will to leave. WTTıTı

Where are we going?

Darren fearfully looks at Will.

DARREN

To the Malum Mansion.

Will's face displays fear as he hears this. Darren grabs his old hat and dashes out of the shop. Will hurriedly follows.

INT. OREGON LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg, Heather and Samantha stand by the front door.

GREG

We have to get to that old mansion.

Greg nervously eyes the Ouija board but then quickly runs over and puts it back in its box. He heads back toward the front door to face the two terrified girls.

SAMANTHA

I don't want to go.

GREG

You aren't safe here the spirits still lie in the house. We're going to be OK.

Greg opens the front door and the three students hurry out of the house.

EXT. OREGON STREET - NIGHT

The three students run down the street as fast as they can. The storm pounds the ground in full effect and soaks the three. The moon barely glimmers through the fog of the storm.

The roar of the storm becomes indistinguishable from roars of the demonic. Greg, Heather and Samantha pass rows of houses until eventually they spot the looming mansion at the end of the street.

INT. MALUM MANSION - NIGHT

Darren and Will slowly enter the front door of the mansion. Darren looks around and the fear creeps back into his face. They both continue to walk around and survey the house.

DARREN

Son, as long as you have something to cling to whether it be faith, love or hope, cling to it with everything you have. Let it take you away to a place you can feel safe anywhere. Understand?

WILL

Yes sir.

DARREN

Let's find that amulet and get the hell out of here.

EXT. OREGON STREET - NIGHT

Greg, Heather and Samantha come to the end of the street and gaze at the decrepit old estate, all of its secrets hidden within.

They enter the front door.

INT. MALUM MANSION - NIGHT

Greg, Heather and Sam enter the mansion and carefully look around.

GREG

Mr. Cript!

Darren and Will peek their heads around the corner from down the hall.

DARREN

Down here!

The three students head down the hall and enter a large living room.

INT. MALUM MANSION LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Darren and Will are huddled in the middle of the room. They both stand up to face the students.

GREG

We need to find that amulet before the board kills anyone else. DARREN

I know. Will and I will search downstairs, you three search upstairs. Yell if you find it.

GREG

Alright.

Suddenly the Ouija board box falls out of Greg's hands and lands on the floor. The box of the lid flies off and the planchet lands on the board and begins rapidly spinning.

It spins in a furious circle until it points directly at Samantha. She understands what this means and screams.

DARREN

Go now!

Greg grabs Heather and Samantha and pulls them to the staircase. They all rush up the stairs.

INT. MALUM MANSION UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

GREG

Split up. Heather you take the room to the left, Sam you take the middle room and I'll search the room at the end of the hall.

HEATHER

We have to stay together Greg.

GREG

It's the fastest way to find the amulet.

Greg dashes down the hallway. Samantha nervously heads to the middle bedroom. Heather runs into the left bedroom.

INT. MALUM MANSION FIRST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather fearfully walks into the large room. She begins frantically searching through the closet and under the small bed in the middle of the room.

Old posters, toys and clothes still lie around the room. She continues to search the entire room.

INT. MALUM MANSION SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samantha runs into the room and searches around the floor in a frenzy.

INT. MALUM MANSION THIRD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg enters the old bedroom, all of the same toys when Darren went into the room thirty years ago are still there. Greg quickly around the floor.

He throws open the closet door and looks around it finding nothing. He looks under the bed and the face of a hideous demonic spirit roars at him.

Greg jumps back in terror and scrambles backward until he hits the wall. The face of the spirit is gone but the roars grow louder and a powerful current of wind blows through the room.

Greg looks around and notices the amulet lying in the corner. He hurriedly scrambles and grabs it. The sound of a door slamming followed by a scream emits from the hallway.

Greg gets to his feet and runs out of the room.

INT. MALUM MANSION LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Darren and Will hurriedly dart about the living room in search of the amulet.

The planchet on the Ouija board continues to spin and a powerful current of wind surges through the living room. It knocks Darren and Will off their feet.

A thick fog rolls into the house and shrouds everything in view. Darren and Will struggle against the wind and try to see through the thick fog.

WILL

What's happening!?

DARREN

The portal has been open for too long! Deadlier spirits are entering through the board!

A tremendous roar resounds from the board. The house grows darker.

DARREN (CONT'D)

We have to get out now!

INT. MALUM MANSION UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

The door of the second bedroom is shut. Greg and Heather pound on the door and Greg attempts to open the locked door. Samantha's screams can be heard from inside the room.

GREG

Sam!

HEATHER

She's gone Greg!

The powerful current of wind sweeps up the stairs and knocks Greg and Heather onto the ground.

INT. MALUM MANSION BEDROOM TWO - NIGHT

Samantha stands in front of the closet screaming. A dark cloaked figure slowly emerges from the closet holding a sharp scythe.

Samantha is frozen to the spot and tries to move but can't. The hooded figure's face is concealed but moves closer. The figure raises the scythe high above its head.

All Samantha can do is scream. Just as the figure is about to bring the scythe down, Samantha gets a glimpse of the figure's face beneath the hood.

It is her own face twisted into an evil grin. The scythe is abruptly brought down over Samantha.

INT. MALUM MANSION UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Samantha's scream echoes behind the door. Greg forces himself to stand up against the current and pounds on the door. Sam's scream is suddenly silenced.

GREG

Shit!

Tears stream down Heather's face.

HEATHER

She's gone Greg! She's gone!

Greg gives up and lets the current knock him to the ground. Darren and Will crawl with difficulty to the edge of the staircase.

DARREN

We have to get out!

Greg weakly holds up the amulet. Darren smiles with a small hint of hope left.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Come on!

Greg grabs Heather and pulls them both toward the staircase.

The powerful current drowns out all sound and Greg struggles to pull closer to the stairs. Eventually he drags himself onto the staircase and pulls Heather along with him.

A strong gust from the current shoots Greg and Heather tumbling down the stairs. Heather screams.

Greg lands at the foot of the stairs with a violent thud and he quickly grabs Heather who comes tumbling down right after.

INT. MALUM MANSION DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Greg holds onto Heather tightly.

GREG

We're OK. Let's get out of here!

Darren motions for Will to move.

DARREN

Will grab onto the front door.

Will struggles through the current but manages to grasp the ledge of the front doorway. The roar of the spirits emits louder than ever.

Darren grabs Will's hand and offers his own to Greg. Greg takes it with difficulty.

HEATHER

What are you doing?

GREG

Go first! I'm right behind you!

Greg moves Heather in front of himself and she takes Darren's hand. Darren pushes her toward Will and she manages to grab Will's hand and push herself out of the front door.

Darren offers his hand to Greg who takes it. He begins to pull Greg toward the front door when suddenly the wind current stops completely. Darren and Will fall backward out of the house and the front door slams. Greg falls to the ground and immediately rushes to open the door which won't budge.

Greg looks into the living room and the Ouija board has stopped spinning.

GREG (CONT'D)

Shit.

The sound of footsteps can be heard from the staircase. Greg turns around to see the hooded figure carrying the scythe slowly creep down the stairs.

CLUNK. CLUNK. Greg desperately fumbles with the door as the figure draws closer.

Darren and Will bang on the door from the outside. The hooded figure suddenly flies down the stairs and swings the scythe.

Greg dives out of the way and the blade narrowly misses his head. Greg looks up to glimpse his own evil face staring out at him from under the hood.

Greg looks to the Ouija board and gets an idea. He rushes over to the Ouija board and places his fingers on the planchet. He closes his eyes.

EXT. GREG'S OLD BACKYARD - DAY - 10 YEARS AGO

A young Greg plays in the backyard with all of the energy of his youth. He dives into the grass and looks up into the sky. Greg then runs toward his house.

INT. GREG'S OLD HOUSE - DAY - 10 YEARS AGO

Greg enters the house playfully. The doorbell rings. Greg looks around for his family who are nowhere in sight.

Greg walks over to the front door and opens it. Nobody is outside but resting on the stoop is an Ouija board.

Greg picks it up and looks at it unsure of what it is. There is a sticky note taped to the board that reads SAY GOODBYE. Greg looks at the message in confusion. He takes it down the hall.

INT. GREG'S OLD ROOM - DAY - 10 YEARS AGO

Greg takes the Ouija board into his room and sits on his bed. He opens the box and glances at the instructions.

GREG

Begin by placing your fingers on the planchet and asking the board a question.

Greg shrugs.

GREG (CONT'D)

OK.

Greg places his fingers on the planchet and concentrates hard.

GREG (CONT'D)

What does this thing do?

Nothing happens.

GREG (CONT'D)

Just a fake.

Suddenly a red flash of light emits from outside the window followed by a crash. Greg runs to the window to see a car parked in the middle of the street.

In front of the car is a bloody man lying on the street. Some of the neighbors run into the street. Screams and sirens can be heard in the distance.

Greg runs back to the Ouija board and puts his fingers on the planchet.

GREG (CONT'D)

Goodbye! Goodbye!

INT. MALUM MANSION DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Greg's fingers are still on the planchet as he recalls this memory. The hooded figure is almost upon him.

GREG

Goodbye.

The wind current picks up again and the figure draws within reaching distance.

GREG (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

Greg grows desperate as the hooded figure raises the large scythe over its head. The wind picks up.

GREG (CONT'D)

Goodbye! Goodbye!

Suddenly the wind stops altogether and right as the scythe is being brought down the hooded figure vanishes and the cloak falls to the ground. The scythe narrowly misses hitting Greg as it falls.

He takes a deep breath of relief and then scrambles to the front door. He turns the handle which is now unlocked and heads outside.

EXT. MALUM MANSION - NIGHT

Darren, Heather and Will all stand outside. They all share a look of tremendous relief when Greg emerges. Heather runs to Greg and grabs him closely.

Greg faces Darren.

GREG

I silenced the spirits for good.

Darren doesn't crack a smile.

DARREN

You silenced the spirits temporarily. You told them goodbye didn't you?

GREG

Yeah.

DARREN

That only drives them away for a short period of time. They'll come back with a vengeance. You've made them angry.

GREG

Well what the hell do we do now?

Darren grabs his old book lying on the porch and opens it. He turns a few pages and then reads the text.

DARREN

We need to mix a potion.

GREG

What for?

DARREN

A potion with various chemicals has to be mixed and thrown into a grave with the Ouija board and the lux amulet. It's the only way to close the portal for the spirits in which to enter through.

GREG

A potion? How the hell are we going to make one?

WILL

What are the ingredients?

Darren reads from the book.

DARREN

They are mostly standard chemicals.

WILL

We need to get into Groveland High School.

HEATHER

Why?

WILL

The science classrooms are filled with chemicals. We can mix it there.

Darren nods.

DARREN

Then let's go.

Darren, Heather, Will and Greg look down the dark road.

EXT. OREGON STREET - NIGHT

The four quickly move down the long street until the edge of the high school building comes into view near the end of the street.

The draw closer to the school survey the premises with caution. The large three story building rests before them.

EXT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Greg, Heather, Will and Darren cautiously walk onto the high school grounds. The school sits eerily quiet in the darkness, so different from the commotion during the school day.

The four ascend the steps to the massive front doors and Greg tries to open them only to find them locked.

WILL

Go around back. Let's try to find a window to get through or use the ventilation system from the roof.

GREG

Come on Will let's take the roof.

Will and Greg head off to the right side of the school.

Darren and Heather run around the left side to face the backside of the school.

DARREN

Let's try the windows.

Heather and Darren each try pulling up on all of the windows on the ground floor.

EXT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL SIDE - NIGHT

Darren and Will find a ladder on the side of the building. Greg lifts Will up until he grasps the ladder. Will pulls himself up.

He leans down and grabs Greg's hand and pulls him up until he grabs the ladder. Greg and Will climb the ladder and pull themselves onto the roof.

EXT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

Will and Greg emerge on the high school roof. They both look around the wide roof. Greg spots a ventilation duct at the far end of the roof.

GREG

Down there!

Greg and Will sprint across the roof until they reach the vent.

Greg violently kicks the duct until the hatch is knocked in. Greg quickly reaches in and pulls the hatch out and then throws it to the side.

He sits down and slides his legs into the wide duct opening.

GREG (CONT'D)

You coming?

Will hesitates.

WILL

Yeah.

EXT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL BACKSIDE - NIGHT

Darren and Heather try a few more windows and then give up. None of them budge. They both look up to the roof.

EXT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

Greg grabs the top of the duct and then throws himself down the duct ventilation tunnel. His loud yells resounds through the metal structure and up to the roof. Moments later a loud CLUNK is heard.

GREG (O.S.)

Ow!

Will reluctantly climbs into the duct opening and then pushes himself down the vent tunnel. We slowly pull away from the vent opening as we hear Will's yell.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL VENTILATION TUNNEL - NIGHT

We fly through a steep metal tunnel from Will's perspective.

Will yells as he flies down the dark tunnel and then slams hard into the ground with a loud CLUNK. There is nothing but darkness all around.

GREG

Shit! Those are my nuts.

WILL

What?

GREG

I can't breathe!

A flashlight is turned on by Will and illuminates the tunnel. Will realizes he landed on Greg and quickly moves off of him. Will appears embarrassed.

WILL

Sorry.

Greg struggles to catch his breath and rubs his crotch.

GREG

It's OK. Keep moving.

Greg turns on a flashlight and shines it down the tunnel which stretches for a long way into the dark.

Greg takes the lead and slowly moves through the tunnel staying crouched. Will follows close behind him. WHOOSH.

A slight wind blows through the tunnel followed by the faint sound of dropping water. DRIP DRIP.

WILL

Wait.

GREG

Will it's just the plumbing.

They both continue to make their way through the tight tunnel. Will's flashlight cuts out. He stops and tampers with it.

Greg's flashlight grows dimmer as he continues to move ahead.

WILL

Greq. Greq!

Greg is too far to hear him. Will sits in pitch black.

The sound of Will hitting the flashlight can be heard. The light turns back on. Will turns around and we stare into hideous red eyes followed by a terrifying ROAR.

Will yells in fright and moves down the tunnel as quickly as he can. He eventually runs into Greg.

GREG

Keep it together man.

WILL

OK.

Will shines the light behind him but the eyes are gone.

Greg and Will turn a corner and enter a separate tunnel. They both move forward steadily until in the distance is a light. They both eagerly make their way up to it to discover that it is a vent.

Below the vent is the second story hallway. Greg rears back and gives the vent two forceful kicks. The second kicks sends the grate of the vent sprawling out onto the ground of the hallway.

Greg slides out of the vent opening and falls into the hall.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

He lands hard and slides toward the lockers. Will comes out next and lands on the ground hard.

GREG

You OK?

Will slowly stands up.

WILL

Yeah.

Greg gets to his feet and shines his flashlight down the dark and empty hall.

Greg and Will quickly move through the hallway. At the end of the hall is the staircase.

GREG

I'll be back. I'm going to let them in the back.

Greg sprints down the hall and disappears down the staircase.

Will turns and faces the other end of the long hallway. The lockers appear to stretch on forever. Will strolls down the hallway uneasily.

He continues to walk when he hears a soft banging from inside one of the lockers. Will walks up to it. It's locker number 666. Will leans up to it and presses his ear to the locker.

The soft banging grows louder and louder. The locker begins to rattle with intensity. Will slowly backs away. The banging grows to a violent and loud pounding.

The locker door is knocked open and a powerful blaze of lights and wind erupt from the open locker. Smoke billows through the hall and a female scream resounds down the hall.

An invisible force sucks Will toward the locker.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL GROUND FLOOR CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Greg enters the classroom and spots Darren and Heather standing outside from the window. Greg runs over and slides the window up and pokes his head out.

GREG

Come on!

Greg helps Heather and Darren each climb into the window. The three then rush out of the classroom and up to the staircase.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Greg, Heather and Darren emerge on the second floor to see Will being sucked into the locker. His body is almost completely enclosed in the locker.

WTT₁T₁

Help!

Darren, Heather and Greg dash down the hallway to the locker. Greg grabs Will's arms and pulls hard while Darren pushes hard against the locker door.

Heather spots the familiar Ouija board lying in the hallway. She runs over to it and takes the board out of the box.

She nervously places her hands on the board's planchet and closes her eyes.

HEATHER

What will happen to me next?

The board glows brightly. Heather closes her eyes.

EXT. DARK CEMETERY - NIGHT

A lone gravestone lies in a dark cemetery covered in shadow. Fog billows around the gravestone and Heather walks up to the grave.

She crouches before the stone and reads the name. It says HEATHER STONE. Everything goes black.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Heather opens her eyes and breathes heavily.

Out of nowhere the current from the locker ceases. Will falls on top of Greg as he pulls him out of the locker as it shuts rapidly.

DARREN

Find the science room.

The Ouija board stops glowing. Heather, Greg, Darren and Will stand up and rapidly scan the classrooms in the hallway.

There are a series of classrooms. Empty, desolate and cold. The four check every room with no luck.

WTT.T.

The science classrooms must be on the third floor.

The four head to the staircase and rapidly ascend to the third floor.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darren, Will and Greg rush down the hallway peeking in classrooms. Heather lingers behind and looks into a classroom.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL THIRD FLOOR CLASSROOM - NIGHT

She sees her ten year-old self sitting in one of the desks looking toward the chalk board at the front of the room. She hears the imaginary voices of her old teacher MRS. GRAY.

MRS. GRAY (O.S.)

"I have seen the dark universe yawning. Where the black planets roll without aim, where they roll in their horror unheeded, without knowledge, or lustre, or name." Who knows who wrote this?

Heather watches her ten year-old self eagerly raise her hand.

MRS. GRAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yes Heather?

HEATHER

H.P. Lovecraft.

MRS. GRAY (O.S.)

That is correct Heather.

As if in a dream, the young Heather in the desk fades away and all that's left is the dark and lonely classroom.

Heather walks out of the room and back into the hall.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darren and Greg come out of two different classrooms.

WILL (O.S.)

Down here!

Will pokes his head out of a classroom down the hall and motions for them to come over. All three of them hurry down the hall and enter the classroom.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The massive room is filled with lab tables, beakers, sinks, lab coats and other science materials.

Darren grabs his bag and takes out his massive leather book. He props it onto a lab table and hurriedly turns the pages. Eventually he comes upon the desired page.

DARREN

We need a Bunsen burner and a beaker.

Will opens the closet and finds an array of various chemicals in different colored vials and beakers. He searches through and pulls a beaker and Bunsen burner out and puts them on the table.

Darren fills the beaker with water in the sink and then turns on the Bunsen burner and a blue flame emits. He places the burner over the beaker and the water begins to boil.

DARREN (CONT'D)

The first ingredient is ethyl alcohol.

Will grabs a vial from the closet and puts it on the table. Darren adds the ethyl to the beaker.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Next I need hydrogen cyanide and

Will brings him two more vials. Darren adds them both to the potion.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Bring me hydrogen fluoride and arsine.

Will brings two more vials which Darren adds to the mix. Steam and smoke rise from the mixture.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Now we need human hair.

Heather pulls out a strand of her hair and places it into the mix.

DARREN (CONT'D)

And the last ingredient is magical blood.

Will finds a knife at the back of the room and walks over to the lab table. He holds his hand over the beaker and draws a gash in his palm.

A few heavy drops of blood fall into the beaker turning the mixture a dark red. Darren mixes the potion together.

DARREN (CONT'D)

It's done. Grab me a large vial, we have to take this with us.

Greg hands Darren a large vial. Darren pours the mixture into the vial and seals it. He puts the vial in his pocket.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here.

Will and Darren put the chemicals and beakers back into the closet and then the four head toward the classroom door.

Darren turns the knob to find it locked. Shadows fall over the back of the classroom. Darkness surrounds the room growing closer to them.

Greg grabs a beaker and throws it against the door window. The glass shatters. Darren reaches around the other side and unlocks the door.

Just as the darkness is about to cover the group they hurriedly exit the room.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Heather, Darren, Greg and Will sprint down the hallway and down the staircase.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

The four run down the staircase until they hit the ground floor. They all descend the staircase and enter a dense fog.

Nothing can be seen in the heavy mist and they all lose each other in the heavy gray fog.

HEATHER

Greg! Darren!

Heather nervously treads through the fog in search of the others.

Darren wades through the mist looking around. He reaches out to try and feel around but grasps at nothing but air.

DARREN

Greg! Will! Where are you!?

Darren continues to sift through the thick fog in search of something familiar.

Eventually he feels a hard surface touch his hands. He discovers it is a door and he opens it and enters.

INT. SECRET DOORWAY - NIGHT

Darren finds himself in a dimly lit room. He struggles to see anything. He feels against the wall for a light switch and finds one. He flips the switch turning the lights on.

A series of bright lights line the top of the massive circular shaped room. Surrounding him on all sides is a series of different shaped mirrors.

He walks closer to one of the mirrors and sees his reflection distorted in the mirror. He appears wider in this mirror.

He continues to survey the strange room of mirrors and observes his altered reflection in the various mirrors.

He walks in a circle and his reflection continues to walk but changes shape with each mirror, an odd sensation.

He finally stops at one mirror when he discovers the reflection in it is not moving along with him. He walks close to the mirror. His reflection appears normal at first.

He moves his body and the reflection imitates. Then the reflection begins to carry out its own movements. The reflection turns it's head all the way around with a sickening crack and stares back at Darren with evil red eyes.

DARREN

What is this?

Darren's reflection talks back to him.

DARREN REFLECTION

It's you. The real you.

DARREN

No it's not. This isn't real.

DARREN REFLECTION

Time to start believing. Especially when the truth is staring you right in the face.

Darren stares at the reflection, lost somewhere between delusion and reality.

DARREN REFLECTION (CONT'D)

You are a fake and this is the evil you hide inside yourself. You are the epitome of the faithless.

Darren's expression grows to a terrified gaze. He looks around the room to find that all of the mirrors contain the same evil reflection looking back at him in all of their distorted shapes.

Darren looks at the mirror and begins believing the reflection is the true one.

DARREN

You're right.

The reflection rushes toward the edge of the mirror and just as he is about to emerge the glass violently shatters and flies outward toward Darren.

Darren quickly crouches but many shards of glass pierce his skin and draw blood. He yells out in agony as he falls to the floor. The rest of the mirrors follow suit and shatter, sending glass flying throughout the entire room.

All of the glass falls and Darren lays in a pile of shattered glass. Cuts line his arms and his face.

He painfully sits up and gets to his feet. The series of mirrors are nothing but empty frames now. They appear hollow.

Darren slowly approaches one of the frames and looks through it. Beyond it is a wall of black. He steps through the frame and into...

INT. DARK LONG HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darren finds himself in a long hallway. A bright light is visible at the end of the hall.

Darren slowly walks down this long hallway and eventually gets consumed in the bright light at the end of the hall. The sound of a door knob turning can be heard.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Darren emerges back into the foggy hallway of the high school. As if he has completed a journey, he appears calm and at peace.

The fog continues to cover the hall. He walks a few steps forward and then reaches to his left and grabs the arm of Will. Will appears out of the fog next to Darren.

Will is shaken but relieved at the sight of Darren.

DARREN

The others are just up ahead. I can feel it.

WILL

How do you know?

DARREN

I just do.

Darren leads the way and walks down the hall then ducks into a classroom.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Heather is crouched in a ball on the ground in the room. Darren emerges from the fog and pulls her to her feet and leads her out of the room.

INT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Greg wades through the fog in frustration and fear. He turns around and faces the horrifying face of a spirit.

Greg yells in fear and whips around to meet the grinning face of Darren.

GREG

Shit. I'm losing it.

DARREN

Come on son. Let's get out of here.

EXT. GROVELAND HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A window on the side of the school opens and Darren, Greg, Will and Heather abruptly emerge and climb out of the window.

All four run toward the front of the school. They all stop in front of the school courtyard and face each other.

DARREN

We have to go to one more place.

GREG

Where?

Darren faces Greg with a look of fear.

DARREN

The Camden Cemetery.

They all look down the road.

EXT. OREGON STREET - NIGHT

Darren and Greg walk swiftly in front of Heather and Will.

GREG

You own that magical shop, why can't you end all of this?

DARREN

There are things that lie out of our control. I'm doing the most I can, the rest is left to fate.

GREG

Don't feed me that bullshit. It's time to quit the act and start believing in all of this. Ever thought that people would actually buy your products then?

Darren looks at Greg and walks ahead. Greg rushes to keep up with him.

Heather and Will walk behind Greg and Darren.

WTT.T

It's going to be OK.

HEATHER

Yeah how do you know that?

WILL

I just have a feeling.

HEATHER

What are you thirteen?

WILL

I sure am!

HEATHER

Well look at you, are you going to be our hero?

WILL

I'll try my best.

Heather laughs.

HEATHER

We need more guys like you out there.

Will smiles. Heather and Will walk faster and catch up to Darren and Greg. Darren turns back to them.

DARREN

We need to make a stop first.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - NIGHT

Darren rushes into the shop and heads toward the back wall. In a large glass display case rest a series of weapons. Darren opens the case and pulls out an axe, a bat, a sword and spiked ball and chain.

Lastly he faces the glass display case and pulls out the scimitar blade and places it in his bag.

EXT. OREGON STREET - NIGHT

Darren emerges with the weapons and hands everyone a different weapon.

DARREN

Now let's go.

They all continue to walk down the street holding their weapons at the ready.

Eventually the four stop and notice the looming cemetery just in the distance. They carefully continue moving toward it with caution.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY - NIGHT

Large overhanging gates enclose the old cemetery. From outside it appears to be abandoned. A large chain lock hangs on the large front gate.

Darren slings the axe and strikes the chain. It doesn't budge but he strikes a few more times until it breaks. Darren enters the cemetery followed by the others.

The brave group slowly moves through the dark cemetery. Various grave stones sit sideways and are covered in cobwebs. The large cemetery sits eerily quiet.

DARREN

Look for a massive grave. It should be completely dug up. Yell if you see it. Will and I will go this way.

Darren and Will head to the right to search the right side of the cemetery. Heather and Greg walk toward the left and pass rows of grave stones.

The cemetery sits in eerie silence as Heather and Greg vigorously search around the stones.

HEATHER

Something is wrong here. I have this sinking feeling.

GREG

What do you mean?

HEATHERS

Something is about to go horribly wrong. We have to get out of this cemetery.

GREG

Relax Heather. It's all in your mind.

HEATHER

I'm serious we have to go now.

Greg turns around and looks down the long row of gravestones.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Greq!

Greg spins around and lunges at Heather, red in his eyes. He knocks Heather to the ground and she screams.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It's not real!

Greg emits a demonic roar. Heather closes her eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It's not real. It's not real. It's all a product of the board.

Suddenly Greg is no longer standing over her. Heather sits up still shaken and looks around. She looks to her side to see the Ouija board resting on the grass in the corner of cemetery.

GREG (O.S.)

Heather!

Greg runs over and crouches beside Heather. He appears completely normal.

GREG (CONT'D)

What's going on? Where did you go?

HEATHER

I-You just pounced on me. Your eyes were red. You were possessed.

Heather bursts into tears. Greg looks over and sees the board.

GREG

It was the board Heather. We need to find that grave and destroy it.

Greg pulls Heather to her feet and pulls her along the row of graves. She suddenly stops at a grave.

On the stone it reads ELIZABETH STONE. Greg continues walking without noticing she has stopped.

HEATHER

Mom.

Next to the gravestone is a black Magic 8 ball. Heather bends down and picks it up.

She shakes the ball and reads the small text in the opening. It reads OUTLOOK NOT GOOD.

INT. HEATHER'S OLD HOUSE - NIGHT - 10 YEARS AGO

The OUTLOOK NOT GOOD text is still present in the Magic 8 ball. A young Heather holds the ball in concentration.

HEATHER

What does the result in the ball mean?

Heather's mom ELIZABETH (42) stands behind the kitchen counter.

ELIZABETH

When you ask the ball a question it's supposed to determine the future outlook of your question.

HEATHER

Like a fortune teller?

ELIZABETH

Yes exactly.

HEATHER

Is the answer always true?

Elizabeth hesitates for a moment.

ELIZABETH

That's for you to decide Heather.

Heather concentrates on the ball.

HEATHER

Where did you get it?

ELIZABETH

It just showed up on our front door.

Heather looks again at the ball.

INT. HEATHER'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT

The young Heather sits on her bed and toys with the magic 8 ball.

HEATHER

Does my future look bright?

Heather shakes the ball and peers into the opening. It reads BETTER NOT TELL YOU NOW. Heather appears concerned.

Heather's closet door quickly flies open. Heather jumps in shock. She stands up and walks toward the dark closet. Heather quickly peeks into the closet and finds her mother hanging from the ceiling by a rope tied to her neck.

Elizabeth hangs lifelessly as Heather screams and falls down as she stumbles out of the closet. Heather lands on the floor and turns to look at the magic 8 ball. It glows brightly.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

The magic 8 ball in Heather's hands begins glowing again. Heather throws the ball as far as she can. In the distance Heather can make out her dead mother standing by a grave.

Heather closes her eyes and then runs ahead to catch up with Greg.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY CLEARING - NIGHT

Darren and Will continue to move slowly through the cemetery grounds. A dark aura shrouds the grounds. Toward the far right of the cemetery is a wide open clearing with no graves.

Will and Darren hold their weapons at the ready and approach the clearing.

WILL

What is this?

DARREN

I don't know.

Darren scans the clearing and the rest of the massive cemetery.

Will turns to Darren.

WILL

I've been thinking a lot about it and I've realized you're nothing but a fake Mr. Cript.

DARREN

Excuse me son?

WILL

It's true. You own that shop but you don't have an ounce of belief in any of that shit that you sell to people.

DARREN

Will?

WILL

You hawk your items from door to door and you could care less how dangerous they really are. You just want your profit to keep the shop open.

DARREN

What's wrong with you?

WTT.T.

Nothing is wrong with me. I've just decided to stop being fooled anymore.

Will raises his sword and points it at Darren.

WILL (CONT'D)

The worst part is that your father actually believed in the magic and in the shop. Your father would be disappointed in you.

Darren grows increasingly nervous. He looks over to see the Ouija board in the middle of the clearing.

DARREN

Will this isn't you. Fight it. It's all in the board.

WILL

No it's not the board has only helped me realize the true evil here.

Will points the sword at Darren again.

WILL (CONT'D)

And I'm going to end it.

Darren holds his axe up in defense.

DARREN

Don't do this Will. You are letting the board consume you and I know you are stronger than that. Use a spell. Remember the book I sold you?

WILL

The fake one?

DARREN

I believe in you and your ability to use that book. You have it in your blood. I can sense it.

Will's eyes give off a tint of red. He charges at Darren with the sword held out. Darren quickly swings his axe and deflects the blade of the sword from stabbing him.

Will passes Darren but slings the sword around toward Darren. Darren ducks and narrowly misses the blade.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY - NIGHT

Heather catches up to Greg. Greg carries the spiked ball and chain while Heather clutches the bat tightly.

GREG

Where did you go? We have to stick together.

HEATHER

All of my childhood fears are in this graveyard.

GREG

It's as if the Ouija board is summoning them.

Heather and Greg continue to move cautiously. Heather suddenly falls into a large open grave that was concealed with grass.

She screams and lands hard with a thud into the deep hole. She is too far for Greg to reach with his arm.

GREG (CONT'D)

Heather!

Greg looks around frantically for something to grab onto. Greg notices a shovel and a pile of dirt to the side of the open grave.

As if possessed Greg throws the ball and chain and grabs the shovel. He shovels a pile of dirt and throws it into the hole on top of Heather.

HEATHER

Greg what the fuck are you doing!? Oh shit!

Greg stands over the hole and looks down at Heather with pure hatred.

HEATHER (CONT'D) Greq stop! It's the board!

Greg shovels another pile into the hole and smiles as he does it.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY CLEARING - NIGHT

Will swings the sword and it connects with Darren's axe. They both struggle to maintain power. Darren pushes Will hard and he stumbles back a few steps.

Will quickly regains his footing and charges at Darren. Darren side steps Will's lunge. Will quickly turns on his heel and swings a wide arc that catches the edge of Darren shoulder.

Darren screams in pain and sinks to his knees. Will walks up behind him and rests the sword against Darren's neck. He prepares to wind back and swing it.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY - NIGHT

Heather is halfway buried in dirt in the deep hole at this point. She screams loudly as dirt continues to land on top of her.

Greg grins wickedly and enjoys himself as he shovels more piles of dirt into the hole.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY CLEARING - NIGHT

Will holds the sword against Darren's neck.

DARREN

Stop this Will.

Will raises the sword and begins to swing the blade down with force.

Will suddenly feels a flash and sees an image of his great grandfather JAMES WENDEN (68).

JAMES

There's magic in the Wenden lineage. You probably have a little in that blood of yours.

The vision snaps Will out of his possessed trance and right before he connects the blade of the sword with Darren's neck he stops and throws the sword aside. Darren breathes a sigh of relief then stands up.

DARREN

Will we need to put an end to this now. It's destroying all of us.

WILL

I know.

Will gets a startling realization.

WILL (CONT'D)

Heather is in trouble.

Will runs out of the clearing with Darren quickly following him.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY - NIGHT

Heather is almost completely buried in dirt in the hole. She hopelessly weeps in desperation. Greg mechanically shovels dirt until the hole.

Darren and Will approach.

DARREN

What the hell are you doing Greg?

Greg stares through Darren with a wicked smile.

GREG

Come and stop me.

Greg shovels another pile of dirt. Will closes his eyes and concentrates hard.

He focuses on Greg.

WILL

Stop Greq.

Greg's expression slowly changes from one of hate to a softer one. Greg appears to return to his normal state.

He looks at Heather in the hole and then at the shovel in his hands. Greg quickly appears horrified as he throws the shovel.

GREG

Did I do this?

Will solemnly nods.

GREG (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Heather I'm so sorry.

HEATHER

It's OK. Just get me out of here.

Greg leans down and grabs Heather's hand. He pulls her up and out of the hole.

DARREN

Will what did you do?

WILL

I just asked him to stop.

Darren looks at Will in wonder.

DARREN

Let's find that grave.

The bag with all of their supplies rests near the hole. Darren grabs the bag and the four hurry away from the hole and head deeper into the dense cemetery.

Heather, Greg, Darren and Will run through the row of grave stones in search of the massive grave.

After running through the long cemetery for a few minutes the group comes across a large bed resting in the middle of the cemetery.

HEATHER

What is this?

DARREN

It must be another projection of the board. Hiding under the bed were all of our childhood fears.

They all look gravely at the bed.

DARREN (CONT'D)

We overcame our fear of the dark as children and it's no different here. We have to overcome it all over again. Be kids again.

Smoke billows from under the bed.

WILL

I'll go.

DARREN

Are you sure?

WILL

Yes.

Will approaches the bed. He leans down and looks under the bed. He is quickly pulled under as if by a pair of invisible hands.

HEATHER

Will!

DARREN

He'll be OK.

INT. INSANE ASYLUM - NIGHT

Will finds himself in a rustic old insane asylum. Rust lines the walls and the dirty floors are staunched in grime and blood.

Will nervously walks down the long corridor. He passes rooms on the way and peers inside.

Crazed and malnourished patients lay strapped to the cots in various rooms. Doctors wearing white coats rush by Will as if he isn't there and enter a room holding a syringe.

The sound of struggles can be heard followed by a loud disturbing scream from the room. Will continues moving forward down the corridor.

The disturbing backdrop of the asylum hits Will with a wave of fear. Everything appears surreal and far away.

Loud shouts resound from down the corridor. A group of doctors struggle to pull a young man down the corridor. As they draw closer Will recognizes the face of the man.

He struggles aggressively against the doctors. The young man is Will's great grandfather James Wenden.

JAMES

You bastards! This is inhumane!

The doctors eventually force James into one of the rooms. Will follows them into the room.

INT. INSANE ASYLUM ROOM - NIGHT

The doctors forcefully strap James down onto the cot. He struggles against the binds.

One of the doctors pulls a large syringe out and walks toward James.

JAMES

Get away!

MALICIOUS DOCTOR

Your black magic will be no longer. After this day you will cease any more sinful behavior.

James struggles as tears roll down his cheeks.

MALICIOUS DOCTOR (CONT'D)

We will find any more of your family members practicing and correct them as well. This won't hurt a bit.

The doctor sticks the syringe into James's arm and fills it with the fluid inside. James quickly ceases struggling.

WTT.T.

Grandpa. What are you doing?

Will reaches for the malicious doctor but his hand sweeps right through the doctor as if he is a ghost.

WILL (CONT'D)

Grandpa!

James appears weak. He looks to where Will is standing for a brief moment as if he has heard his voice and can actually see him.

JAMES

You have it in you.

He points at James. Then the moment passes and James slowly lies down as his eyes close and he stops struggling.

WILL

Grandpa!

Will runs toward the cot but as he reaches the edge of the cot he is taken back to...

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY - NIGHT

Will climbs out from under the bed. Greg walks over and helps him to his feet.

GREG

You OK?

WILL

Yeah. And I think we can put a stop to everything.

GREG

Yeah?

WILL

Yeah. Follow me.

Will leads the way and Darren, Greg and Heather quickly follow behind him.

The four run swiftly through the graveyard. They dodge grave stones and dash across the cluttered lawn.

Suddenly a skeletal hand reaches out from under a gravestone and grabs Greg's leg. He falls hard onto the ground as the hand begins to pull him toward the grave stone.

GREG

Help!

Darren quickly turns around and rushes to the gravestone. He stomps on the skeletal hand, breaking it off with a CRACK!

Greg frees himself and quickly gets to his feet and runs ahead with Darren. Will leads the way up ahead.

GREG (CONT'D)

How long is this cemetery?

DARREN

Stretches for an eternity.

Darren and Greg run hard and catch up to Will and Heather.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY CAMDEN GRAVESTONE - NIGHT

Eventually all four finally come upon the end of the massive cemetery. Gates line the edges and a massive gravestone rests near the very back of the graveyard.

The massive gravestone reads CHRISTOPHER CAMDEN. In front of the towering tomb stone is a large hole. A large pile of dirt and shovel rests near the hole as if it has been freshly dug.

Greg, Heather, Will and Darren all pant heavily and look on at the intimidating grave site with fear.

WTT.T.

This is it.

Darren surveys the hole.

DARREN

It's as if someone has been waiting for us.

Will grasps his spell book and opens it.

HEATHER

So we just bury the board with the potion and the amulet in this grave?

Will consults the book.

WILL

That's what it says. It must be cut up into seven pieces with the scimitar and buried in the grave of the person that the cemetery is named after.

GREG

So now we find the board.

DARREN

It's here. Can you summon it Will?

Will scans the book.

WILL

Are these spells real Mr. Cript?

DARREN

They're real because you believe in them. You can do it.

WILL

I can try.

Will flips the pages of the book and stops on one. He reads from it.

WILL (CONT'D)

Nos Ouija accersendas naues ab imis umbrae et caliginosissimae profundum penes eam producere in nostra praesentia in universo.

A blinding white light covers the cemetery for a brief moment.

After the light clears the Ouija board rests next to the tower of the Camden gravestone.

Greg immediately dashes over to the Ouija board and attempts to grab it. It disappears as soon as he reaches down.

GREG

What the hell?

DARREN

It's not going to make it that easy.

The Ouija board reappears again by the Camden gravestone. Greg watches it nervously.

GREC

What do we do?

WILL

I think it will require more than the physical.

HEATHER

What do you mean?

WILL

I mean it will involve the spiritual.

Greg and Heather look at Will in confusion. Will turns a few pages in the book.

He stops on a page that displays an illustration of a grotesque spirit emerging from an Ouija board. There is a block of text to the right.

Will reads from the Latin text.

WILL (CONT'D)

Vidi universum tenebris oscitantem. Qua atra volvuntur sidera sine fine, Ubi eorum horrore corpora devolvunt in praetermitterentur, Scientia, aut decus et nomen.

The Ouija board sits in an eerie silence. The wind, owls and sounds of the night all grow silent.

A darkness covers the grave.

The massive Camden gravestone begins to shift in the ground. Suddenly it begins to fall rapidly.

The huge tombstone comes crashing down with force and falls toward Heather.

WILL (CONT'D)

Heather!

Greg runs over to where Heather is standing and right before the gravestone crushes her Greg tackles her out of the way. The gravestone smashes into the ground right near Greg and Heather, narrowly missing them.

A deep crater is left behind from the grave stone falling.

A dark red light is cast from the spot where the gravestone stood moments before.

GREG

What is that?

Darren closes his eyes.

DARREN

Don't look at it!

Greg and Heather attempt to close their eyes but can't seem to look away as they are mesmerized by the light.

They stand to their feet and begin to walk toward the light as if possessed.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Stop! Will stop them!

Will's eyes are closed tightly.

WILL

I can't read the spells.

Darren looks around hopelessly.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - 30 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Devon walks through the aisles of the shop stocking some items. A young Darren sits at the counter reading a copy of MYSTICAL MAGAZINE.

Devon walks back to the counter and places a black wooden wand on the table.

DEVON

Cool uh?

DARREN

What's this?

Devon picks it up.

DEVON

It's a wand of course. It is used to cast magical spells. It is said that powerful magic lies in these objects.

DARREN

Is that true?

Devon hands Darren the wand.

DEVON

Could be. But honestly I think the real magic lies in the user.

Darren surveys the wooden wand with curiosity.

DARREN

Then what's the point of even having the wand?

DEVON

Because it gives those without faith something to believe in.

DARREN

Dad is that why you sell these items?

Devon offers a sly smile.

DEVON

You tell me.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY CAMDEN GRAVESTONE - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

The dark red light from the grave coats the cemetery in a mystical red hue.

Darren and Will struggle to keep their eyes closed.

Heather and Greg stand right in front of the grave. Four sharp daggers lie on the ground in front of them.

DARREN

Will! You can stop them!

WILL

I can't!

DARREN

You don't need the book! You just have to have faith in yourself.

Greg and Heather bend down and each robotically pick up a dagger.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I could tell when you walked into my shop that you weren't ordinary!

Sinister sounds resound from the grave. Greg and Heather face each other and move close.

For a moment they are both in their own world, detached from everything else. They share a long and passionate kiss. They pull away slowly and the kiss is almost enough to break the trance they are in.

Greg and Heather raise the daggers preparing to plunge each dagger into their own stomach.

Will concentrates hard and eventually opens his eyes slowly. He narrows his eyes and focuses on Greg and Heather standing in front of the grave.

The red light doesn't affect Will's concentration. He sees Greg and Heather with the daggers held up and speaks softly as if they can both hear him.

WILL

Put the daggers down. This isn't you doing this. You have lost control and lost yourself. It has taken over the soul and body. Be here right now. Find yourself again. Find yourself...

Greg and Heather prepare to take their own lives.

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

Find yourself...

Greg suddenly snaps out of it and comes back to reality. He stops the dagger and looks at it in horror.

He looks over at Heather and her face is pale. He looks down and sees the dagger buried deep into her stomach. She forces a weak smile and coughs up blood. **GREG**

No!

Greg throws the dagger aside and runs to catch Heather as she collapses. She lands in his arms and struggles to breathe, clutching to life with every breath.

Tears run down Greg's face as he holds Heather close to his face.

GREG (CONT'D)

Why did you do it?

HEATHER

Couldn't control...

Heather's sentences come out in fragments as she struggles to retain air. Will and Darren run up and look on in horror at what has happened.

DARREN

Can't you do something?

WILL

The spells only apply to those living or dying. Not those in the process of dying.

Greg strokes Heather's face as she forces a smile and delivers her last sentence.

HEATHER

We'll meet again Greg. In the after life.

Heather's eyes goes blank as the life drains out of her. Greg sobs even harder.

GREG

Why couldn't you save her?

Greg looks angrily at Darren. Darren looks on in silence.

Greg eventually lowers Heather to the ground and stands up. Still hysterical he rushes toward the Ouija board lying near the grave.

Greg stoops down and picks the Ouija board up. He carries it over to the wide open hole and prepares to throw it in. Right before he throws the board in it emits a bright flash and erupts.

It sends Greg flying back. His face is covered in blood as he slowly sits up. He groans in pain and touches the blood on his face.

Will runs over to the Ouija board and grabs it. The board begins to glow but Will closes his eyes and concentrates hard while clutching the board.

Will yells in agony but remains holding the board. He focuses hard on the board.

WILL

The evil you possess doesn't exist. It exists only within the mind of those not strong enough to suppress it.

INT. WHITE ROOM - NIGHT/DAY

Will is standing in a room completely covered in white. He looks around in confusion.

JAMES (O.S.)

Will.

Will looks over to the voice which belongs to his great grandfather.

WILL

Grandpa? Where are we?

JAMES

Don't worry about that Will. I just want you to pay close attention.

James strolls through the white room.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This is the open mind. Notice how it is filled with nothing. It is free to be filled with an abundance of materials, objects, and ideas. As we grow older this empty space begins to fill with clutter and quickly becomes too full to fit anything else inside. This becomes the curse of the close minded, the non believer and faithless if you will.

WILL

Are you saying you just have to believe?

JAMES

Keeping the mind open moves this clutter out of the way and leaves more open space to let more fill this space. Believing will give you this freedom to expand the space in which we stand. The bigger the space, the more that can fit inside it. You follow?

WILL

Yes I think so.

JAMES

Good. Your eyes were already open, you just needed to locate the path. Now go my boy.

The room fades away in a flash.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY CAMDEN GRAVESTONE - NIGHT

Will still clutches onto the Ouija board.

Suddenly Darren and Greg get pulled toward the open grave as if by powerful hands dragging them in. They clutch at the ground in a desperate attempt to stop the pull.

The Ouija board grows brighter in Will's hands. He yells in pain and his hand starts to shake with the board.

Greg and Darren slide toward the hole and are about to tumble in when Will closes his eyes thrusts the Ouija board into the open grave.

Will eyes the lux amulet and the potion resting in Darren's old bag off to the side of the grave. He dashes over to the objects and grabs them off the ground.

Greg and Darren hold onto the edge of the hole desperately trying to stay out of it. Will throws the potion and lux amulet as hard as he can into the hole.

They fly across the air and barely make it into the hole, landing right on top of the Ouija board.

Will dashes over to the shovel and begins to furiously shovel dirt into the hole. The Ouija board glows in the hole as dirt slowly covers the board.

GREG

It's not fast enough!

DARREN

You have to use magic Will!

Will spots the grimoire off to the side. He drops the shovel and runs to the book.

He dives and grabs the book. The dead faces of Trevor, Owen and Heather appear right in front of Will.

An array of eerie voices resound around Will in a distorted and disturbing chorus. Will struggles to tune out the deafening sound of the voices drowning out all sound.

The roar of the voices startles Darren. He closes his eyes tightly.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - 30 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Devon and Darren sit at the counter of the shop.

DARREN

Dad, how do you know when something or someone is bad.

DEVON

As in a malevolent spirit or object, or an evil person?

DARREN

Yeah.

Devon thinks about it for a moment.

DEVON

I consult with my inner demons when I'm alone, and they speak to me. They tell me what lies on either side of the boundary of the evil versus the just. In the spiritual realm these things all lie in belief and are more real than one might think.

DARREN

So you just know inside?

DEVON

Yeah you could say that.

Devon smiles at Darren.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY CAMDEN GRAVESTONE - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Darren's eyes flick open. His pupils are dilated in fear. He looks over to Greg who looks forward. He appears to be paralyzed to the spot.

Will clutches the grimoire and yells out a spell above the deafening sounds surrounding the grave.

WTTıTı

Et descendit cum tabula Ouija rationem mali in mundo spirituum solvit!

The voices soften slightly and the wind drops to a breeze. Some dirt begins to slide into the open grave.

Darren looks to Greg.

DARREN

Greq!

Greg stares forward as he recedes into his mind and the sound fades into the distance as he closes his eyes and drifts off into...

EXT. MALEVOLENT MASKS HALLOWEEN COSTUME SHOP - NIGHT

A long pathway leads up to a large mansion-like building. It resembles an old house that has been abandoned. At the front is an old fashioned faded sign that reads MALEVOLENT MASKS.

Greg looks around the dark neighborhood. No one can be seen. Greg looks at the old Halloween shop. Confusion and fear are etched on his face.

Old and creepy vintage Halloween masks and objects line the front yard of the pathway leading up to the large shop as if abandoned.

Greg slowly makes his way down the long pathway toward the shop.

He approaches the front door and finds it open and lets himself inside.

INT. MALEVOLENT MASKS HALLOWEEN COSTUME SHOP - NIGHT

The massive building is filled with rows and rows of costumes and Halloween objects. Long aisles stretch down for hundreds of feet.

Old vintage Halloween masks and objects rest on the shelves and hang on hangers. It's as if the shop still exists in the 1920's.

Greg walks through the shop as if in a dream. Disseminating reality from the surreal has become impossible. Creepy objects line shelves toward the back of the store.

No one else resides in the store and the front counter is empty. Greg walks down a long hall filled with old do-it-yourself homemade Halloween costumes.

The eerie masks and costumes appear to have been quickly assembled with various supplies and are scarier because of it.

At the end of the long corridor is a small room. Greg shuffles down the hall and sees the open door to the room. He walks in.

INT. MALEVOLENT MASKS BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The tiny room contains an old wooden bed, a rocking chair and old antique photos that appear to be from the 1920's.

A small window contains bars on the outside of it.

Greg scans the photos on the table. They are vintage photos of groups of children wearing the eerie homemade costumes like those seen in the shop.

The masks are grotesque renditions of ghosts, goblins, witches and the undead. Greg turns around and notices an old fashioned portrait on the wall.

Greg walks closer to it and realizes that the portrait is a spitting image of himself in old fashioned clothes. He quickly looks away and exits the room.

INT. MALEVOLENT MASKS HALLOWEEN COSTUME SHOP - NIGHT

Greg quickly walks down the aisle toward the exit of the shop. In his hurry he runs into someone crouching in the aisle.

MAN'S VOICE

Ow!

Greg realizes he has just knocked over an old man. The old man slowly gets to his feet and grabs a wooden cane. He puts on a pair of old spectacles and looks hard at Greg.

GREG

I'm so sorry sir, I didn't know anyone was here.

The old man with the spectacles is the shop owner, JERRY GRIMM (70).

JERRY

Well now ya do. Almost gave me a heart attack sonny, not hard to do for my age.

Jerry grabs some old costumes and stocks them on the shelves.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What's yer name young man?

GREG

Greg sir.

JAMES

Pleasure's all mine. The name's Jerry Grimm.

He grabs a box of objects and costumes and walks a little ways down the aisle. Greg quickly follows after him. Jerry plops the box in Greg's hands.

JERRY

Make yerself of some use would ya?

Greg reluctantly hangs a costume on the shelf.

GREG

Uh sir...where are we?

JERRY

Yer in my very own costume shop of course. My pride and joy. Owned the sucker since I was thirty years young. Forty years now owned her, ain't she a beaut?

Greg looks around.

GREG

I mean where is this?

JERRY

You came in here. Figured you oughta know.

Greg stocks a few more items and sighs. Jerry's face lights up.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It's wherever you want it to be and whatever you want it to be.

GREG

Huh?

Jerry laughs and motions for Greg to continue stocking the shelves as they move down the long aisle.

JERRY

That's the old pitch I always give the new customers when they come in. Catchy ain't it?

Greg begins to grow frustrated.

GREG

How did I get here? I have no idea how I ended up in this shop.

Jerry walks down the aisle feebly, relying on his cane. He turns around and faces Greg.

JERRY

You stumbled upon the right path I guess.

Jerry's answer doesn't satisfy Greg.

GREG

Listen sir how do I get out of here? There's this Ouija board that has killed some of my friends and it's about to destroy them all if I don't-

JERRY

Relax kiddo. Sounds like ya need a cold pop.

Jerry hobbles over to a small fridge and pulls out an old fashioned soda. He pops the top off the bottle and hands it to Greg who puts the box down and grabs it.

JERRY (CONT'D)

That's enough stockin for the time bein. I want ta show ya a few old rusty things. Come on back.

Jerry leads Greg back to the small room in back. Greg hesitantly follows as they both hit the end of the aisle and enter the room.

INT. MALEVOLENT MASKS BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry grabs a framed picture sitting on the desk and holds it up to Greg.

JERRY

Things ain't how they used ta be. Guess who that good looking little critter is.

Greg smiles.

GREG

You.

JERRY

Right ya are. Back in those days people made tha costumes themselves and I'll tell ya what. People cared for one another more than they do nowadays.

Greg hands the picture back to Jerry who places it back on the stand.

JERRY (CONT'D)

That sense of security and protection has increased but the level of comfort and happiness has fallen by the wayside. What scares people most nowadays is the idea that they can't explain everything. Not everything needs explainin. After a certain point ya gotta leave it alone and have faith in the mysterious, and embrace it for what it is. Cause you don't got no control of it.

GREG

Sir, why am I here?

JERRY

Oh I think ya know.

Jerry points to the old fashioned picture of Greg on the wall.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Recognize this fella?

GREG

It looks just like me.

JERRY

Of course it does, it's your kin. Your great grandfather. Hell of a kid.

GREG

Why is his picture here?

JERRY

Was my favorite and best customer we have ever had. Little Henry would be out front of the shop bright and early every day before we opened and was always telling fantastical stories. Half of em he probably made up himself with that wild imagination of his.

GREG

I didn't know he lived here.

JERRY

Sure did as a kiddo.

Jerry motions to leave the room and walks out followed by Greq.

INT. MALEVOLENT MASKS HALLOWEEN COSTUME SHOP - NIGHT

Jerry slowly hobbles and leads Greg down the aisles of the shop.

GREG

What happened to him?

JERRY

One day outta nowhere Henry just stopped showing up. Wasn't out front. At first we thought the kid just got sick of seeing the same old scary faces again and again, but we later learned something else happened.

GREG

What?

JERRY

Got himself into a little trouble with an Ouija board we heard.
(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

The kid was always into the supernatural and fancied himself a ghost hunter. A ghost ended up hunting him.

GREG

But I met him before he passed on.

Jerry nods slowly.

JERRY

Nah didn't kill em. Just haunted him for years. Don't think he was ever the same. That childhood sense of wonder and imagination were gone, never to be seen again.

GREG

Do you know how he got rid of the ghost?

JERRY

All he said was something about faith. Don't know if that helps sonny.

Greg has a sudden realization.

GREG

It helps sir. I have to go now.

JERRY

Of course. Stop by the shop anytime. Your grandfather was a great man.

Greg turns to Jerry before he leaves.

GREG

Thank you Mr. Grimm. For everything.

Greg rushes down an aisle of the shop toward the front door. Jerry gives him a wave as he goes. Greg approaches the front door and opens it as a white light covers everything in view.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY CAMDEN GRAVESTONE - NIGHT

Greg lies on the ground near the grave opening. He opens his eyes and sees Darren on the other side of the open grave.

The shovel near the grave begins flying right toward Darren's head.

Greg stands up and rushes over to Darren. He dives and grabs the shovel right before it stabs Darren.

DARREN

What do we do now!?

GREG

Have faith.

Greg jumps down into the hole and drives the shovel as hard as possible into the Ouija board on the ground.

As if alive the Ouija board emits a horrifying roar as the shovel rips the box open.

Blood begins to pour out of the board and a blast sends Greg flying out of the grave hole. He hits the dirt hard and lays still.

Will watches this in horror and throws the grimoire to the side as he runs toward the open grave. He jumps into the grave and grabs the bloody Ouija board.

The board roars angrily. Will squeezes the board and closes his eyes as he sees his grandfather's face.

WTT.T.

This evil will commence and disappear with the shadows of the night. Be gone!

Will spots the scimitar blade lying inside Darren's bag outside of the hole. He quickly dashes out of the hole and grabs the scimitar.

Will jumps back into the hole and with a violent thrust Will shreds the malevolent Ouija board in half. The board oozes dark red blood. Will continues to cut the board into a series of pieces and then thrusts them onto the ground.

The board roars in agony and the open grave quickly begins to close up, dirt rapidly sliding into the grave. Will desperately attempts to climb out of the hole but gets caught.

Right before Will is buried alive a hand appears above the hole. Will grabs it and his hoisted out with difficulty by Darren.

The open grave quickly closes as the last of the dirt fills the hole, Burying the Ouija board and all of its evil with it. Will and Darren tiredly watch the hole close and then sigh in exhaustion.

DARREN

Knew you had some magic in you.

Will smiles while holding the bloody scimitar in his hand.

WILL

Just needed my eyes to be opened.

DARREN

It was you that opened my eyes.

WILL

What made you change your mind?

DARREN

Because you believed.

They both hear a groan of pain off to the side. They look at each other.

WILL DARREN

Greq!

Greq!

Darren and Will quickly get up and head over to Greg who lies on the grass.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Greg you alright?

Greg groans in pain.

GREG

Remind me never to buy a Ouija board from another shop salesman.

Darren smiles and helps him to his feet. Greg leans on Darren and Will for support as they help him limp back toward the grave.

Heather's body lies near the grave. Greg strokes her face in sadness and longing. He eventually takes a seat near Darren and Will who sit in a circle around the grave.

I/E. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY/NIGHT

We enter a SLOW MOTION MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Greg and Trevor shake hands upon meeting for the first time on their college campus.

Greg walks by Owen sitting in the library and starts talking to him. This is their first encounter.

Greg spots Samantha from across the room at a party downing a red cup. She walks by and gives Greg a big hug.

Greg walks along the college campus and sees a girl sitting and reading out in the grass. He walks closer and when she looks up it is Heather looking as beautiful as ever. She smiles a wide smile.

We end the dreamlike montage and find ourselves back in...

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY CAMDEN GRAVESTONE - TWILIGHT

Greg comes back from the memories with a smile etched on his face.

GREG

Let's go guys.

Greg picks up Heather's body and walks down the long rows of gravestones with Will and Darren by his side.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY GRAVE - TWILIGHT

After making their way through most of the cemetery, Greg stops by a grave for a minute and places Heather gently on the ground.

GREG

There's one more thing I have to do.

DARREN

What is it?

GREG

I need to pay someone a visit.

Greg walks past a few gravestones and then stops at one grave. He stands before it and thinks of the memory of his grandfather.

On the gravestone is written HERE LIES HENRY HANSON. 1932-2003.

Greg holds a moment of silence for his fallen grandfather.

GREG (CONT'D)

Goodbye grandpa.

Greg slowly turns and walks back toward Darren and Will who simply nod in understanding.

Greg picks Heather up again and the three battered and exhausted males walk through the cemetery and exit out through the looming Gothic gates at the front of the cemetery as the hint of morning creases the edges of the sky.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - SUNRISE

The morning sun begins to peak over the horizon of the Oregon skyline.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - MORNING

The shop sits in empty silence. Books, amulets, tarot cards and other items line the shelves.

Darren emerges from the back room and throws his MYSTICAL MAGAZINE on the counter. He takes a close look for the first time at his shop with a new appreciation.

He smiles and then begins stocking the shelves and operating the daily chores of opening the shop for the day.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - 30 YEARS AGO - MORNING

Devon and a young Darren walk through the shop carrying out the daily tasks of opening the shop.

Devon operates the tasks as Darren trails closely behind him observing and following his every action as young sons typically do with their fathers.

Devon finishes the tasks and then turns the sign in the window to read OPEN. He then turns to Darren.

DEVON

And the very last thing to do after you turn that sign to open everyday is to remind yourself to make sure that own mind of yours is open.

Devon smiles and taps Darren on the temple.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - PRESENT DAY - MORNING

Greg walks into the shop followed by Will soon after. Darren smiles.

DARREN

Morning boys.

Greg places a small wrapped object on the counter.

GREG

Found this. Thought it would make a nice addition.

Darren unwraps it to find another amulet that resembles the lux amulet. He smiles as he holds it.

DARREN

Thank you.

GREG

No thank you. I learned more on this trip than I have in any classroom. Telling the other parents has been the hardest part.

DARREN

Just remember they aren't completely gone.

Greg nods sadly.

GREG

I better get back. As much as I never want to enter a school again, it's calling my name and facing my Mom's wrath if I didn't finish college would be even worse than that night.

Greg and Darren laugh. Greg then turns to Will and shakes his hand.

GREG (CONT'D)

Take care Will. You are a hell of a kid, truly magical. Don't ever forget that.

WILL

Thanks Greg. We'll meet again soon.

GREG

That we will. Say a spell for me once in a while would ya?

WILL

You got it. I don't think you need any magic though.

GREG

Thanks.

Greg nods to Darren and Will and then strolls out of the shop.

Darren turns to Will.

DARREN

Throw an apron on.

WILL

Really?

DARREN

I need an employee who can sell products. I mean you can't sell these items without believing in them.

Will excitedly steps behind the counter and grabs a black cat apron and puts it on.

DARREN (CONT'D)

One last thing to do before we open.

EXT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - MORNING

Greg walks down the street away from the shop with his head held high. In front of him a black cat slowly begins to saunter across the street.

The cat stops and looks at Greg for a moment before continuing to cross the street, eventually disappearing from view. Greg turns around for one last glance at the shop.

From the window Darren can be seen as he walks over to the sign in the window and turns it around to read OPEN from outside the window. Greg smiles and continues to walk away.

INT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - MORNING

Darren and Will stand behind the counter. They both look at home standing at the counter. Darren slides Will a copy of MYSTICAL MAGAZINE. Will opens it and takes a look.

A YOUNG BOY (10) walks into the shop moments later. He looks around the shop with wide eyes, excitedly observing all of the objects in the unique shop.

Darren looks at the boy then gives a nod to Will. Will steps out from the counter and approaches the boy.

WILI

Welcome to the Black Cat, I'm Will. Can I help you find anything?

The young boy looks around.

YOUNG BOY

Something cool.

WILL

Something cool. I got just what you're looking for. Follow me.

Will leads the young boy down an aisle and stops near a small spell book.

WILL (CONT'D)

Know what this is?

YOUNG BOY

No.

WTT.T.

It's called a grimoire. Used to incite magical spells and conjure spirits.

YOUNG BOY

Awesome! How much?

WILL

Forty five dollars. What is your name?

YOUNG BOY

I'm Jared.

WILL

Thanks for coming in Jared. I have a feeling about you.

Will leads Jared to the counter and rings up the price of the book. Jared hands Will the money and eagerly takes the book.

WILL (CONT'D)

One last thing. Be careful with that book.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

It's not to be messed around with. Have ultimate belief in yourself and what you are doing when you use it and stay away from the black magic spells. Trust me I would know. Understood?

JARED

Yeah!

Will hands him a small parchment of paper.

WILL

And here's the number to the shop. Call us right away if you experience any problems. Hope to see you again soon Jared.

JARED

Thank you! See ya later!

Jared quickly exits the shop with the book in hand.

DARREN

Nice job. A born salesman.

WILL

What can I say, I learn from the best.

Darren laughs.

DARREN

Get to stocking.

Will frowns at Darren but quickly steps away from the counter and begins stocking the store with items.

Darren watches Will then looks up at a picture of his father Devon hanging on the wall. He speaks as if his father can hear him and is listening.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Thanks Dad. For believing in me.

We quickly move through the aisles of the Black Cat shop and past all of the mystical and spiritual items on the shelves.

EXT. THE BLACK CAT SHOP - MORNING

THE BLACK CAT sign above the shop can be clearly seen as we slowly move away from the Black Cat shop while a few young customers enter the door.

As we continue to move further away the Black Cat becomes nothing but a speck in the distance.

EXT. OREGON STREETS - SUNSET

The light of the blazing sun begins to dwindle as it slowly slips behind the horizon skyline.

The last glow of the orange rays of sunset coat the streets, houses and lakes that comprise Oregon's scenery.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY - NIGHT

The large gates overshadow the eerily quiet cemetery. The shadows cast from the moonlight on the gravestones throw dark shades onto the grass.

We continue to move through the large cemetery and past the long rows of gravestones.

Some gravestones are crooked, some are crumbling and others have been weathered down over the years until the names can't aren't legible anymore.

EXT. CAMDEN CEMETERY CAMDEN GRAVESTONE - NIGHT

The massive grave stone still lies on the ground from where it fell. The grave next to it is filled with fresh dirt scattered into it.

We move up to the closed grave where the Ouija board is buried.

Everything grows darker. We may or may not see a flash from under the grave and may or may not hear a roar from within the grave.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.