

INT. BEDROOM - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Light chanting is heard.

A quaint room is illuminated by a candle. Sci-fi film posters and pagan items Decorate the space.

TABITHA(15) sits in the middle of the floor with a crudely drawn spirit board in front of her.

The crystal she holds swings over the paper.

The candle blows out.

TABITHA

Shoot!

She stands and crosses the room to close the window on the other side. There is no wind; the curtains do not billow.

She closes the window with a SNAP!

She returns and sits, legs crossed.

She strikes a match and relights the candle.

She chants:

TABITHA (cont'd)

By way of Air I summon thee/ Beloved
friend on another plane./ On this night,
All Hallows Eve,/ The veil has thinned, I
call your name:

The SOUND of a a wind chime.

She inhales deeply and closes her eyes

TABITHA (cont'd)

Theresa.

The crystal swings lightly. Tabitha is excited.

She goes to speak again when--

A SCREAM echoes from down the hallway.

Tabitha jumps to her feet and looks around.

Another SCREAM.

She tears out of the room.

A shadow lingers in the mirror. The candle extinguishes.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tabitha bursts into Claire's room.

TABITHA

CLAIRE!

Claire lies sprawled out on her bed. She plays a horror game on her laptop, the headphones on her head drown out the world around her.

CLAIRE

Ah, fuck. Tell me again why I agreed to this. You know I hate zombies.

Tabitha picks up a knick-knack from Claire's shelf and throws it at her.

Claire frees one ear from her headset and gives Tabitha a nod of, "what's up squirt?"

TABITHA

Could you keep it down please? I'm trying to channel.

Claire gives a thumbs up.

CLAIRE

Did you remember to cast a circle?

Tabitha squints her eyes, annoyed, and turns to leave.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

OH! Also, please, PLEASE make sure you locked the door. There're these creepy clowns all over Facebook talkin' about purgin' on Halloween.

EXT. TABITHA AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A pair of clown shoes lumbers up the sidewalk.

TABITHA (O.C.)

Oh my God Claire there's NOTHING to worry about. That's just some stupid Juggalos screaming for attention.

A gloved hand drags a hatchet along a picket fence. It gleams in the moonlight as it leaves its mark through the paint.

CLAIRE (O.C.)
I'm sure you're right. I'm sure it's
probably nothin', but can you do this ONE
thing I ask you to do? Please?

A happy clown mask turns to face the house.

The upstairs light on catches its attention. Quiet, cautious, it enters.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

TABITHA
Yeah, yeah fine. Whatever.

The doorbell RINGS.

The girls turn to check the clock: 1 am.

It RINGS again.

They look at each other.

Into her headset Claire says

CLAIRE
Hang on guys, I gotta check on somethin'.

The doorbell RINGS twice in succession.

Claire crosses to the window and peers through the blinds. She watches the clown press the doorbell. It RINGS.

She notices the hatchet just as the clown looks to the window.

She SNAPS the blinds shut.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
(whisper scream)
Ho-ly-CRAAAAP!

She dashes back to her bed and snatches up her headset.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
DUDE! Call the cops and send them to my
house...YES I'm serious! There's a fuckin'
clown with a KNIFE outside my house!

The pressing of the doorbell grows more insistent.

She stands, headphones still on. They come out and the creepy sounds of the game are heard.

She grabs Tabitha's arm.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
We hafta go. NOW! C'mon!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is conservatively decorated. Nothing but a few photos and a small potted plant.

Windowless, it's darkness is illuminated only by a thin streak of light from Claire's room.

The girls creep towards the stairs.

They grip the banister and make their way down.

The sound of the doorbell grows louder as they near the bottom of the stairs.

Halfway down, it stops.

Silence as the girls breathe easy, confident it's over.

CRASH!

The front door slams open.

Claire quickly covers Tabitha's mouth and squeezes her throat to catch her scream.

Tabitha sees an evanescent glow in her peripherals. She shakes it off. She spots the hall closet.

The sound of Claire's laptop catches the clown's attention. He heads up the stairs, each step heavy and slow.

THUD

THUD

THUD

This time, Tabitha leads Claire. Their moves are quick but quiet, out of sync but calculated.

They reach the closet opposite Claire's room just as the clown reaches the top of the stairs.

Despite this, Tabitha is almost certain they're caught.

The clowns sees the cracked door and starts towards it. The girls' hearts race against the slow tempo of the footsteps.

Closer and closer.

Step after step.

It's within arms reach of the cracked closet door; they cover their mouths and close their eyes.

SLAM!

The closet door flings open and hits the wall; Tabitha is face to face with the clown.

She screams and flails. The clown laughs.

Claire grabs her arms and starts laughing too.

Tabitha is terrified and confused.

TABITHA
CLAIRE!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING! CLAIRE LET ME
GO THIS ISN'T FUCKING FUNNY!

CLAIRE
It didn't have to be this way. All you had
to do was listen. But instead you always
give me shit!

The clown raises the hatchet over its head and brings it down on Tabitha with a sharp

SQUEAK.

It's fake.

Tabitha hyperventilates. She's relieved...and confused.

The clown steps back and flips on the closet light. He takes off the mask.

IAN
(Laughter)
BOO!

TABITHA
(Panting)
IAN!?

She chastises him, finger to his chest. As he laughs and apologizes, he backs away.

Claire, still in the closet, doubled over with the fits.

CLAIRE
(eyes closed)
I'm sorry, but you had it coming.

Ian screams.

TABITHA
(Shrill)
IAN!

There's a sickening, wet crack as Ian's body meets the bottom floor.

An ominous mist shimmers at the top of banister. It's beautifully eerie.

Claire runs out of the closet and through the figure.

It dissipates.

Claire peers over the banister panic stricken.

CLAIRE
Oh my God! TABITHA WHAT DID YOU DO!

Tabitha stops halfway down the stairs to turn and address her sister.

TABITHA
(Panicked)
Me? You think I'm capable of this?

As Claire starts to follow, the figure reappears behind her. She senses it and turns around.

Face to face with its empty eyes she nervously calls out to Tabitha.

CLAIRE
Tabitha...Did you remember to cast a circle?

Tabitha is silent.

The figure smiles faux sweetness despite its soulless eyes.

Tabitha whips around to her pale faced sister.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
TABITHA!

TABITHA
(Weakly)
...no.

Claire whips back around to face the figure. Her body trembles as she edges along the banister toward the stairs.

She brings her hands together to form a mudra. She opens her mouth, but the overwhelming evil allows no sound to escape.

The figure's eerie beauty is replaced by a distorted and terrifying visage. It's pissed.

Tabitha runs back up the stairs to help her sister, but she's too late.

The being LUNGES for her and Tabitha SCREAMS.

Her sister topples over the banister and falls, twisting until she too lands with a sickening crack. Dead.

The spirit glides toward Tabitha, arms outstretched.

Tabitha takes a step back.

TABITHA (cont'd)
(Inconsolable)
This isn't right!

She turns to run, but the creature is there now.

The figure places it's hands on Tabitha's shoulders. She shudders as dread washes over her.

The figure's face holds a smile that stretches a little too far to be human.

TABITHA (cont'd)
You're not Theresa.

The smile stretches to its ears and the face distorts once more.

Tabitha screams a blood stopping SCREAM.

CUT TO: BLACK

The sound of a third wet SPLAT.

FADE OUT