

THE CREEPERS

Written by

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INT. CREEPERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Devon Kastle, a 26 year-old female from Anchorage, sits in front of a professional monitor paused on the latest opening of the cable TV show, "The Creepers", a paranormal investigations team she cofounded and now leads.

Leaning forward, closer to the monitor, she presses play and watches the new opening sequence.

Devon's POV on monitor screen. White lettered legend appears on a black screen: "WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO WATCH IS REAL. THE FOLLOWING INVESTIGATION BY THE CREEPERS PARANORMAL RESEARCH TEAM WAS FILMED ENTIRELY ON LOCATION IN ALASKA. ALL VIDEO AND AUDIO ARE AUTHENTIC." A streak of light crosses the screen as eerie theme plays over scene showing Devon striding confidently toward the sleek new "Creepers" van. Freeze frame and name is captioned: "Devon Kastle, Team Leader"

DEVON (V.O. FROM MONITOR)

We will hunt ghosts anytime,  
anywhere, from the Aleutians all  
the way up to the North Pole.

Scene switches to Troy Emerson (32 year-old male and other half of the founding duo). He is leaning over a table, both hands on its surface, a flex lamp bent close to a large map, his John Lennon spectacles low on his nose. Freeze frame and name is captioned: "Troy Emerson, Researcher/Historian"

TROY (V.O. FROM MONITOR)

The Creepers help people to better  
understand the spirit world around  
them.

Scene again switches to the rest of the team, 56 year-old Greg "Zombie" Bonecutter, 26 year-old Ronnie Weiss, 25 year-old David Westlake and 22 year-old Autumn Rivers, who are all on the outside of a creepy-looking house in "cool" poses. Freeze frame and names are captioned: "Greg 'Zombie' Bonecutter, Audio Tech, Ronnie Weiss, Camera, David Westlake, Lighting/Camera, Autumn Rivers, Medium"

DEVON (V.O. FROM MONITOR)

My team is smart, highly skilled,  
and fearless.

Team is shown in various activities flashing from one scene to the next. Establishing scenes of Alaska and its wildlife and Native symbols are shown.

DEVON (V.O. FROM MONITOR) (CONT'D)  
 We'll find the problem and then...  
 (a beat as the scene shows Devon  
 facing the camera) we'll solve it.

"The Creepers" title supercedes a still of Alaska.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 (quietly as she smiles)  
 Awesome.

Ronnie walks into the cramped office and has a small scrap of paper in her hand.

RONNIE  
 Hey, Devon?

DEVON  
 (typing on computer)  
 Yeah.

RONNIE  
 Hey, I got this call from a woman  
 in Frost Creek who wants us to  
 investigate her house.

DEVON  
 We don't do personal residences.

RONNIE  
 Yeah, I know. But this woman is  
 really old and she's all alone -

DEVON  
 And she's getting goosebumps every  
 time she goes into the attic...

RONNIE  
 She's scared, Devon. Can you just  
 talk to the woman?

Devon turns in her swivel chair.

DEVON  
 I didn't hear the phones ringing.

RONNIE  
 (timidly)  
 I...I got the call on my cell  
 phone.

DEVON  
 Your cell phone? (a beat) What is  
 she...your grandmother?

RONNIE  
She got my cell off Facebook.

DEVON  
You put your cell number on...never  
mind. The answer is still 'no'.

Troy has entered the room.

TROY  
Answer is still 'no' to what?

DEVON  
(swiveling back to  
computer)  
Ronnie wants us to investigate her  
grandma's house.

Ronnie scowls toward Troy.

RONNIE  
This old woman in Frost Creek  
contacted me and asked if we could  
investigate her house.

TROY  
(to Devon)  
So, what's the issue.

DEVON  
(swiveling back to face  
them)  
The issue is that we don't do  
personal residences.

TROY  
Since when?

DEVON  
Um, since like two seasons ago.

TROY  
Two seasons? (a beat) Not  
everything has to be for the show,  
Devon.

DEVON  
Uh, yes it does.

Devon swivels back.

TROY  
(to Ronnie)  
Call the woman back. I'll take you  
and Zombie and we'll do the -

DEVON  
(swiveling back again and  
angry)  
What the hell are you doing?

TROY  
My job.

DEVON  
So, you're gonna waste money and  
resources on Ronnie's scared  
grandmother?

TROY  
Yup.

The two stare down each other for a long moment.

DEVON  
(with a smirk)  
Fine. Ronnie...call your grandma  
and tell her we'll take the job (a  
beat) for ten grand.

TROY  
Devon, c'mon.

DEVON  
You wanna do a hundred dollar job,  
you can do it yourself...without my  
team.

TROY  
(nodding)  
Oh, okay. YOUR team.

DEVON  
Yeah, that's right. MY team.

TROY  
You know, Devon, there was a time  
in our lives when we killed for a  
hundred dollars.

DEVON  
Yeah, well, I don't kill myself  
anymore. (to Ronnie) Ten grand.

Troy and Ronnie exchange looks and then exit as Devon goes back to her keyboard. As she begins typing once again, her cell phone rings and she consults it. CLOSE on readout: Mom.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Mom, hey. (a beat) Hello? (looks at phone) Mom?

She turns off the phone in frustration and puts it down on the table before resuming her work on the computer.

EXT. CREEPERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The team is loading equipment into the Creepers van. Troy is under the hood, putting oil in the vehicle. Devon is walking from the building with an overnight bag.

DEVON  
 I cannot believe your grandma actually agreed to ten grand.

RONNIE  
 (quietly to David)  
 She's not my grandmother, bitch.

David snickers loudly.

DEVON  
 I heard that. (a beat) Autumn, where's Shellie? Did you call her?

AUTUMN  
 Already called. Left a message.

DAVID  
 Why don't you just contact her with, you know, your mental powers.

David chuckles as Autumn flips him off.

DEVON  
 (looking at watch)  
 Well, she's late. She better get here in the next five minutes or I find another reporter.

TROY  
 (closing hood)  
 Here she comes.

Shellie Covey's car pulls up to the curb. She is a 24 year-old reporter from an online magazine, Paranews, hired by Devon under closed contract.

DEVON  
(consulting watch again)  
Thank you for your prompt arrival.

SHELLIE  
I'm so sorry. I was tied up in traffic.

TROY  
(chuckling)  
In Anchorage?

SHELLIE  
(smiling slightly)  
Okay, fine, I needed a pack of cigarettes.

DEVON  
There's no smoking on the team.

Shellie pauses and looks at the other team members as they all shake their heads as if to say, "No, really."

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Troy, where is this place anyway?

TROY (O.S.)  
Frost Creek.

DEVON  
Who?

TROY  
(rounding corner of van)  
Frost Creek. It's about an hour away, down near Tyonek.

SHELLIE  
Frost Creek? There was an incident there a couple years ago.

DAVID  
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah! The murder of some ghost-hunter guy, right?

SHELLIE  
Yeah, unsolved, too.

DEVON  
 (sarcastically)  
 Oooo, I just got chills. (a beat as  
 she closes the van door) Let's get  
 going.

Troy jumps into the driver's seat, Devon, the passenger and  
 the rest climb into the back, while Shellie follows in her  
 own car.

EXT. ALASKA SITES - DAY

Establishing shot with landscapes and wildlife, van and car  
 in some backdrops as they drive.

INT. CREEPERS VAN - DAY

Zombie is at the very rear of the van, reading a Lovecraft  
 collection, Autumn is napping, David has a pair of earbuds in  
 his ears and drumming an imaginary drum and Ronnie is  
 watching out the side window as the scenery goes by them.

Troy is driving casually and Devon is on her tablet, checking  
 social media for their TV show.

DEVON  
 Randall's such a tool.

TROY  
 Again with that guy?

DEVON  
 He's railing on us again. Says  
 we're shameless.

TROY  
 We are.

DEVON  
 He says I need to dump the rest of  
 the team and start fresh.

TROY  
 And I suppose he's the go-to guy?

DEVON  
 (turning to Troy and  
 smirking)  
 Are you jealous?

TROY  
 (pulling down his  
 spectacles as he looks in  
 her direction)  
 Me. Jealous.

DEVON  
 (looking toward the rear  
 of the van)  
 Maybe when the kids fall asleep, we  
 can pull over and...you know?

Troy begins laughing and shaking his head.

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

Creepers van moves through the small town and pulls up to a  
 space outside the hotel.

INT. CREEPERS VAN - DAY

TROY  
 (as he's exiting)  
 I'll be right back.

Devon turns around toward the group in the back.

DEVON  
 (pointing toward Autumn)  
 Wake her up.

David nudges the psychic as he removes the earbuds from his  
 ears. Autumn stirs, sits up, and stretches.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 Okay, so this is a quick in and out  
 job. Three nights at Ronnie's  
 grandma's and then it's payday. (a  
 beat) Any concerns, questions,  
 issues? (without a pause) Okay,  
 great!

Devon turns back toward the front and resumes her tablet  
 work. Zombie goes back to his book, David back to his music,  
 as Autumn gives Ronnie a look.

AUTUMN  
 (quietly)  
 I had to wake up for that?

Troy returns to the vehicle.

TROY

Okay, we're all set. Three rooms  
(a beat) one for the girls, one for  
the boys, and one for Queen Devon.

DEVON

You're so not gettin' any now.

Troy puts the van into gear and pulls out into the road.  
Shellie follows.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAY

Van pulls up to the house. It's a nondescript home,  
isolated, and rural. Shellie's car follows. The team  
disembarks, stretching and groaning.

Devon climbs out and closes up her tablet, tossing it on the  
seat and closing the door. Troy gets out and approaches  
Shellie who is also exiting her vehicle.

TROY

(handing card key to  
Shellie)

Hey, you're rooming with Autumn and  
Ronnie, okay.

SHELLIE

Oh, thanks.

Devon walks over to Autumn as she exits the van.

DEVON

I suppose you're gonna wanna walk  
around the property and do your  
psychic thing.

AUTUMN

If that's okay, yeah.

DEVON

Not too long, though. I need you  
to help David with the equipment.

AUTUMN

Yeah, sure.

As Devon departs, David approaches and chuckles.

DAVID

Man, if I didn't need a new  
PlayStation Four, I'd so quit this  
job.

Autumn rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

Devon approaches the front door, but before she reaches the porch, it opens. Mildred Brandenburg, 70-ish, smiles invitingly.

MILDRED

Oh, dear, you are lovelier than on TV.

DEVON

(extending hand)  
Ms. Brandenburg. So nice to finally meet you.

MILDRED

I'm so excited that you're all here. I made brownies and hot cocoa. (leaning sideways to look past Devon) Zombie's favorite (a beat) double chocolate fudge.

ZOMBIE

(smiling)  
Rock and roll.

DEVON

Well, I'm gonna have the crew set up first and then they can eat you out of house and home.

Devon turns to the group and cocks her head and rolls her eyes toward the house. They begin to unload the equipment.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Shellie?

The reporter comes forward.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Ms. Brandenburg, this is Shellie Covey. She's a reporter from an online newspaper about the paranormal. She's going to be sitting in on the interview, if that's okay with you.

MILDRED

Oh, certainly. That's exciting.

DEVON

Okay, so let's find a comfortable place to sit down and we'll start. All right?

Mildred nods and leads the two inside.

ZOMBIE  
 (to Troy as he unloads  
 equipment)  
 I'm gonna enjoy this one.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Mildred enters dining room as Devon and Shellie follow.

MILDRED  
 Can I get you young ladies  
 anything?

DEVON  
 No thanks, Ms. Brandenburg. I'm  
 fine.

Shellie waves "no, thank you."

MILDRED  
 Well, sit then. Shall I tell you  
 about the haunting?

DEVON  
 Actually, I'd like to know a little  
 bit more about you. Why don't you  
 tell me about how long you've lived  
 here.

MILDRED  
 Well, all right, then. (giddy) This  
 is so exciting. Well, I am a widow  
 of three years now.

DEVON  
 Oh, I'm sorry.

SHELLIE  
 Sorry.

MILDRED  
 Thank you. The angels took my  
 Robert away after he took the  
 fever. Yellow fever. (a beat) We  
 moved into this home so many years  
 ago, it's hard to remember, really,  
 how long it's actually been.

DEVON

What do you think of Frost Creek?  
Your neighbors treat you well? (a  
beat) Do you even have neighbors?

MILDRED

(chuckling)

Oh, yes, lots of neighbors. You  
just can't see them. (a beat while  
the two girls laugh lightly) I like  
the people just fine. I'm not so  
crazy about the town officials,  
though.

DEVON

When did the incidences start here  
in the house?

MILDRED

About a year ago. At first it was  
just little things. Missing soap,  
or a spoon. (a beat) Don't you need  
to be recording this?

DEVON

Oh, we'll piece together an on-the-  
fly interview on day two or three.

MILDRED

Oh, all right.

DEVON

So, you said it started with little  
things. Did it graduate to  
something bigger?

MILDRED

Yes. As I said, at first it was  
just missing things, or things  
being moved from one place to  
another. Then, sometimes, it was  
knocking on the door with no one  
there, or someone saying something.

DEVON

What kinds of things?

MILDRED

Mostly, they would just say, "All  
dead".

DEVON

"All dead?"

MILDRED

Yes.

DEVON

Did you get a sense that these spirits were trying to tell you something?

MILDRED

Oh, they were.

DEVON

And what was the message?

MILDRED

That there is death in the very foundation of this house.

As Mildred looks out the window, Devon sneaks a quick rolling of the eyes at Shellie. When Mildred looks back, Devon dons a serious face again, nodding sympathetically.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zombie, Ronnie and David are setting up cameras and monitors, stringing cable and testing lighting. David disconnects a battery from a camcorder and moans.

DAVID

All right, who's the numb-nuts who didn't charge the freakin' battery!

ZOMBIE

You are.

DAVID

No way. I had thirteen last time and -

Zombie walks up and turns the battery over in David's hand, revealing the number "13" on a piece of tape.

ZOMBIE

You were saying?

DAVID

(scowling)  
Shit.

RONNIE

(giggling)  
Numb-nuts.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Autumn is walking along the corridor slowly and looking at the old walls and black and white photos of people in very old period clothing. The photos seem very antiquated, from the late 1800s. She leans close to the pictures, but they're not very clear. All the people in the photos appear to have dead, staring eyes.

She continues down the hall and passes a door, but then pauses. Reaching out for the door handle, she turns it and opens the door on squeaky hinges. A wooden stairway leads downward into darkness. She reaches out and tries the light switch (an old button-type switch found in very old homes). Nothing.

With a sudden sharp gasp, Autumn pulls her hand away from the switch as her face registers horror. She holds her wrist in her other hand and backs away from the door. After a moment of staring into darkness, she quickly closes the door.

David approaches from behind slowly.

DAVID

Boo!

Autumn begins smacking him in the face and shoulders.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ow! What the hell!

AUTUMN

You are such an asshole!

DAVID

Sorry, I was just -

David starts laughing when he sees her scared face.

AUTUMN

There's something here.

DAVID

Okay.

AUTUMN

I'm serious.

She continues to rub her wrist. David notices.

DAVID

You okay?

AUTUMN

Something grabbed my wrist when I was playing with the light switch to the cellar.

DAVID

You sure it wasn't Zombie?

AUTUMN

I'm being serious.

DAVID

I am, too! You ever shake hands with that corpse. I mean, it's like he's dead already.

AUTUMN

(staring at the basement door)

There's really something here.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Devon and Shellie are sitting with Mildred, finishing up the interview.

DEVON

Is there a particular place in the house that seems to radiate more energy than anywhere else?

MILDRED

Well, I've seen the faces all over the house.

DEVON

Faces?

MILDRED

They seem to show up mostly at night. Sometimes in the walls, sometimes on the floor...

DEVON

Like ghostly images?

MILDRED

Oh, no. They're dreadful. And they look right at you.

Off Devon's serious face, we CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Mildred leads the pair into the bedroom.

MILDRED

This is my bedroom. There are two guest rooms if you want to set up some sleeping areas. I sleep with earplugs, so you can make as much noise as you want. Don't worry about me.

DEVON

No, Ms. Brandenburg. We try to be as quiet as possible during an investigation. It's because we're recording everything and we don't want outside sounds to influence the integrity of the recording. But I think we'll take you up on the sleeping quarters. We'll sleep in shifts so that someone is always monitoring the equipment.

SHELLIE

Ms. Brandenburg, do you know anything about the paranormal investigator out here a couple years back who died? I don't know if you heard about it?

MILDRED

Why, no, I really don't know anything about that. But, it does seem like Frost Creek has a lot of angry spirits, doesn't it?

DEVON

Well, Ms. Brandenburg, that's pretty much all we need from you as far as the initial stuff. We'll be here for three nights, like it says in the contract that Troy gave you.

MILDRED

Yes, thank you.

DEVON

And I was also wondering about payment. Should we bill you or would you like to set up a payment plan or -

MILDRED

Oh, goodness, no. I'll be giving you the full amount. (a beat) Is cash all right? (whispering) I don't like banks.

DEVON

(stifling a full grin)  
Cash will be fine.

MILDRED

Well, let me get that for you.

DEVON

Thank you.

Devon makes eye contact with Shellie as Mildred heads out the door. The group leaves the bedroom and their voices fade away.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DUSK

Establishing shot to show night approaching.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Devon is sitting on a chair and the team is around her on various furniture. Troy is sitting on the floor.

DEVON

So, I want everyone to steer clear of the upstairs bedroom on the left side. That's where Mildred sleeps. Otherwise, the rest of the house should be covered, right?

RONNIE

Yeah, everything's covered.

DEVON

Zombie? Audio?

ZOMBIE

Check.

DEVON

Autumn? Did you get a chance to walk through the house. Get your initial, you know, feelings?

AUTUMN

Yeah, there's a crapload of activity here. It shouldn't be too hard to get stuff on tape.

DEVON

Well, that's what you said about Dillingham.

AUTUMN

You cut my tour short, Devon.

DEVON

And I suppose you wanted to be the ENTIRE show?

AUTUMN

Wow, Devon. Really? Sorry if I cut into your face time.

DEVON

Listen, Autumn, there's only so much 'I feel a presence' crap the audience can take before they change the channel.

TROY

Guys.

The two stop arguing. Devon clears her throat.

DEVON

Anyway, we're in shifts. Three on, three off.

David puts his hands together in a mock prayer and closes his eyes.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Zombie, Ronnie and David, you got first shift.

David drops his hands and head in disappointment.

DEVON (CONT'D)

No napping, David.

DAVID

Napping!

DEVON  
We've got cameras everywhere. You really think you're fooling anyone with that face in the magazine thing?

The rest of the team laughs.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Okay, that's it. Let's catch a ghost.

The group begins to disperse. Troy approaches Devon.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(grinning whisper)  
Cash! Full payment!

TROY  
Seriously?

DEVON  
As a poltergeist.

TROY  
And you wanted to pass up grandma's house.

DEVON  
She probably prints the money in her basement.

Devon chuckles and walks away as Shellie approaches her.

SHELLIE  
What do you want me to do?

DEVON  
We're gonna have a powwow. You're going to interview me and write a poignant and engaging piece for our website.

SHELLIE  
Oh, okay.

DEVON  
C'mon.

They leave as Troy looks up from a monitor, his eyes following after them. He shakes his head imperceptibly.

INT. GUESTROOM - NIGHT

Devon and Shellie are sitting comfortably on the bed and chair. Shellie is queuing up a voice recorder to begin the interview when Devon's cell phone buzzes.

DEVON  
Dammit, hold on.

Looking at the phone, she sighs.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
I gotta take this.

Pushing the button on the phone, she raises it to her ear.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Mom, what's up? (a beat) Mom?  
Hello? (looks at phone) God, I hate  
the reception up here!

She places the phone down and calms herself.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Sorry about that. My mom keeps  
calling and the phone keeps  
dropping her call.

SHELLIE  
Is it serious?

DEVON  
It's weird. I haven't talked to  
her in a few months. But whatever.  
Let's do this.

SHELLIE  
Let's just start off by me asking  
you the obvious question.

DEVON  
Okay, shoot.

SHELLIE  
You're not a believer in all this.

DEVON  
That's not a question.

SHELLIE  
Okay. Fair enough. If you don't  
believe in all this, why are you  
leading a paranormal group?

DEVON

(pulling out a wad of \$10K  
from her pocket and  
flipping through the  
bills)

I can give you ten thousand  
reasons.

SHELLIE

So, you do this JUST for the money?

DEVON

Well, the attention is nice, too.  
And the respect.

SHELLIE

You are, like, the only female lead  
investigator on any paranormal team  
that has your level of notoriety.  
Tell me about that.

DEVON

Yeah, you're right. There are only  
two others with female leads and  
they don't have their own cable  
series.

SHELLIE

Do the others on the team ever  
express any objections or concerns  
about the fact that you're not a  
believer?

DEVON

Not as long as I'm signing their  
paychecks. And believe me, they're  
not earning peanuts.

SHELLIE

Does it ever bother you that you're  
sort of lying to the public about  
your services?

DEVON

Lying?

SHELLIE

Well, I mean, no one in the public  
eye knows that you're a skeptic.

DEVON

I'm not lying to anyone. I have  
never said...not once...that I  
believe in all this bullshit.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

(agitated) You think people hire me because of what I believe? (a beat) They hire me because of what THEY believe. I tell them what they wanna hear and I give them a really good show. That's what they want, after all, right? Theater.

SHELLIE

So, you've never run across anything that made you question your skepticism? Not a single thing?

DEVON

Like what? (a beat) A ghost? A chill up my spine? A cold wind on my neck? (a beat) There ARE no such things as ghosts. Plain and simple. David and Ronnie don't buy this manure. I'm not sure about Zombie. The guy's like a steel trap. But Autumn? She's a fraud.

SHELLIE

How can you possibly know what is in somebody's head? You can't possibly know what she's thinking or experiencing.

DEVON

She's a hack. Just like all of them. Frauds. Shysters.

SHELLIE

Wow.

DEVON

Shocked?

SHELLIE

No. Just confused.

DEVON

Why's that?

SHELLIE

Well, I was told that you and Troy used to date. And he's a true believer. How does that work?

DEVON  
(very annoyed)  
It doesn't. That's why we USED to  
date.

A short staring stand-off.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
That's it, Shellie. We're done.  
Interview's over. I'm tired.

SHELLIE  
Fine.

DEVON  
And, uh, P.S. (a beat) We're doing  
this over again tomorrow, because  
none of that (pointing to the voice  
recorder) is gonna be printed.

SHELLIE  
I figured.

INT. VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

Quiet, dead of night, one o'clock in the morning. CAMERA  
roaming and finding different equipment and low electronic  
buzzing and hissing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zombie is eating a Zero bar and wearing headphones. He's  
reading a Peter Straub novel.

David is nearby, drowsy-eyed and watching a set of monitors.  
He glances down at an issue of Rolling Stone, contemplating  
whether or not he could get away with sleeping behind the  
pages. Then back up at the cameras all around. He sighs  
loudly as he straightens in his seat, trying to wake himself.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ronnie is peeling an orange and watching her set of monitors.  
As she breaks the orange in half and gets ready to pop a  
wedge in her mouth, she pauses when a dark shadow passes by  
one of the cameras. Picking up her radio, she quietly speaks  
into the device.

RONNIE  
 (into radio quietly)  
 Anyone near the hallway by the  
 bathroom door about thirty seconds  
 ago?

She waits for a response.

DAVID (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
 Negative.

RONNIE  
 (into radio quietly)  
 What about Zombie or Ms.  
 Brandenburg?

DAVID (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
 Hold on.

A tense, long beat as Ronnie waits, her seat creaking.

DAVID (V.O. THROUGH RADIO) (CONT'D)  
 That's a negative on both. (a beat)  
 Whatcha got?

RONNIE  
 (into radio quietly)  
 Probably nothing. I'm gonna queue  
 it up again.

Ronnie manipulates the program and backs up the video of the bathroom hallway. She lets it run through normal speed and once again, sees the dark shadow passing over the walls.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 What the hell...

She leans close to the monitor and backs it up again. This time, she slows the advance. The shadow approaches from the right side of the screen, moving left. It is projected on the wall, as if the object is between the camera and the wall. But there is nothing there except for the shadow. It continues to the middle of the monitor and then, the shadow turns a terrifying face of a man with a dead-eyed stare and straggled beard toward the camera.

Ronnie leans in close to see it and suddenly, it rushes the lens with supernatural speed, its horrible grimace taking up the entire frame!

Ronnie stumbles backward out of her seat, falling awkwardly as the shadow then recedes back to the wall and resumes its trek across the screen, disappearing off the left side.

Getting on her radio, she is panicked.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
 (into radio hoarsely)  
 Troy! Come quick! Troy, I need  
 you now!

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
 (annoyed, sleepy)  
 Protocol, people!

TROY (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
 What's going on?

RONNIE  
 (panicked)  
 Get the hell in here right now!

Ronnie backs away from her fallen chair and the monitor. Standing against the wall, she waits, breathing heavily and terrified. Both Troy and David arrive at the door of the kitchen.

TROY  
 What is going on?

Ronnie simply points at the monitor. Troy looks at the monitor and then slowly approaches it. David comes up behind him and looks over at the frightened girl.

DAVID  
 (to Ronnie)  
 Are you all right?

Her shocked eyes find his, but she is still not speaking.

Troy looks down at the screen and sees that the video has been backed up to a specific queue and hits play on it. The monitor comes to life with the slow-moving shadow from the right. Then, the face looks in their direction and rushes the camera. Troy is startled and straightens, moving a half-step back from the monitor, trying to appear unfazed.

TROY  
 Yikes.

DAVID  
 (hoarsely whispering)  
 Holy shit!

Turning back to Ronnie, Troy's eyes meet hers.

TROY  
 Is this what scared you?

Ronnie nods. Troy raises his radio.

TROY (CONT'D)  
(calmly into radio)  
Devon.

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
Yeah.

TROY  
(into radio)  
You need to come downstairs.

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
Why?

TROY  
(into radio)  
You need to see something?

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
What?

TROY  
(into radio)  
Just come downstairs.

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
(sighing)  
Can you just handle it?

TROY  
(annoyed, sarcastic)  
Sure thing, Devon. You just get  
back to sleep.

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
Thank you.

RONNIE  
I'm sleeping in the van.

TROY  
No, you're not.

RONNIE  
Yes, I am. There is no way I am  
staying here for one more minute.

TROY  
Don't do it, Ronnie. Your job is  
to find evidence of ghosts.

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)

You just found something and now you're going to run away? C'mon, just relax.

RONNIE

You saw it! You saw that (pointing to monitor) and it doesn't worry you?

TROY

Look. It can't hurt you.

RONNIE

Speaking from experience?

TROY

(sighing)

If you sleep in the van and Devon finds out about it, you're done. You know that.

RONNIE

I don't care.

TROY

Ronnie, be reasonable. (a long beat) Okay, listen. Why don't you go and work audio for the rest of your shift. You got like two more hours. Zombie can work the monitors.

Ronnie is quiet.

TROY (CONT'D)

It's two more hours. Is it worth your paycheck?

The operator closes her eyes and bows her head, breathing a calming breath.

RONNIE

Sure. No problem. I'll work audio.

TROY

Good girl. I'll tell Zombie.

Ronnie shuffles out and David is still watching and re-watching the video.

DAVID

Dude, this shit is better than "The Grudge!"

Off Troy's concerned look, we CUT TO:

INT. GUESTROOM - NIGHT

Shellie is sleeping in the bed and Devon is in a sleeping bag on the floor. Devon's hand is twitching in her sleep. Below her head and pillow, the floorboards almost appear to be vibrating or humming.

DREAM SEQUENCE STARTS: Devon is walking in the woods at night and sees a light in the distance. It's the Brandenburg house and she moves toward it. When she gets closer, it's apparent that there are shadowy figures moving in the trees just beyond her vision. Ominous whispers begin to say Devon's name. As she approaches the house, she sees a fire burning within and it is quickly consumed in roaring flames. Staring at the burning house, Devon then looks to her left to see a host of dead-eyed corpses gazing at her. Suddenly they lunge in her direction. END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Devon starts awake with a sharp intake of air.

DEVON  
(sitting up and looking  
around quickly)  
Shit. Oh, Jesus.

CAMERA finds a face within the wall of the bedroom just beyond Devon as it stares at her. She is unaware.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zombie is sipping a Monster drink, quietly watching the monitors.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David has his head in the Rolling Stone magazine and is snoring.

Dead-air sounds through headphones are playing.

Ronnie is sitting across the room, headphones on, her arms folded as if she's chilly, and her brow furrowed. She breathes in deeply, finds a small blanket nearby and wraps it around her shoulders. Looking over toward David, she spots him sleeping and glances down at the table for something to throw at him. Finding one of Zombie's novels, she picks it up and tosses it lightly across the room, striking David's legs that are up on the furniture.

Startled, he drops the magazine and sits up straight, scared that it might be Devon. Looking around, he notices Ronnie laughing at him quietly.

DAVID  
(irritated, but smiling)  
Jerk.

An excessively loud, otherworldly voice shouts, "ALL DEAD!" through the headphones, shocking Ronnie. She simultaneously shrieks, stands, removes the headphones and with two hands throws them onto the table surface, making a clatter as empty Red Bull and Monster cans are knocked over loudly.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(surprised)  
What the hell!

Ronnie hastily exits the room and begins walking (almost running) through the house. She reaches the front door and from Ronnie's POV, Troy enters the frame from the right to stand and block the exit.

RONNIE  
(panicked)  
Let me out!

TROY  
(hoarsely whispering)  
What's going on?

RONNIE  
I'm done! I'm not sleeping in this house!

TROY  
Keep your voice down!

RONNIE  
Move out of my way!

DEVON (O.S.)  
What the hell is going on?

The pair turn toward the stairs where Devon is descending, followed by a sleepy-looking Shellie. David is entering from the hall.

RONNIE  
(to Devon)  
I'm sleeping in the van.

DEVON

The hell you are. I'm paying you good money for this job.

RONNIE

I don't care. I'm out.

DEVON

Oh, you'll be out. You sleep in that van tonight, don't even think about coming back in.

RONNIE

I'm out, Devon. I'm leaving in the morning.

DEVON

Then, 'sayonara!' Good luck on unemployment.

RONNIE

(quietly)

You're such a bitch.

Devon continues to stare at Ronnie, along with everyone else. Ronnie turns and sees Troy still blocking the door. Troy looks up at Devon and she moves her head as if to say, "let her go."

Slowly, he steps aside and Ronnie opens the door.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(to Troy)

Get some balls.

Ronnie leaves, slamming the door.

DEVON

(shaking her head)

Good night.

Devon turns and begins to walk back up the stairs with Shellie.

TROY

Devon?

DEVON

Good night.

Devon disappears up the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zombie is watching the monitors, looking sleepy. His head nods off momentarily and then he stretches.

Troy enters and Zombie turns to see him. He then consults his watch.

ZOMBIE

Thank God.

TROY

(sleepily)

Good night.

Zombie slowly rises and grabs all his empty cans and his book and shuffles out of the room.

Troy sits down in the seat with a coffee cup and taps a button on the keyboard before leaning back and sipping.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David is standing and touching his toes as he attempts to keep himself awake.

DAVID

(to himself quietly)

C'mon, three o'clock!

Autumn walks into the room.

AUTUMN

Hey.

DAVID

Hey. (a beat) Did you hear about Ronnie.

AUTUMN

Troy just told me.

DAVID

Devon's such a - (lowering voice and looking toward door) She's such a shithead.

AUTUMN

(looking toward door and back to David)

Better watch yourself. She's on the warpath.

DAVID

Well, good night. (goes to leave)  
Oh, and if you get the chance,  
check out camera four at one-  
sixteen.

AUTUMN

Why?

DAVID

(giggling)  
Just check it out. (a beat) It's  
killer.

Autumn picks up the headphones and walks over to the monitors. Putting on the headphones, she sits down and looks mildly annoyed.

AUTUMN

(to David as he's leaving)  
Did you just fart?

David chuckles and leaves the room.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

(disgusted)  
Oh, gross! You're such an infant!

Clicking the buttons on the monitor, she queues up camera four and watches. A shadow passes by the camera and she pauses it to review it at a slower speed. As the face turns to stare at the camera and rush the screen, Autumn shuts off the monitor and her shaky hand goes immediately to her wrist as she begins rubbing it gingerly.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAWN

Establishing shot to show day has arrived.

INT. GUESTROOM - DAY

Devon is getting dressed and folding up her sleeping bag. Shellie is waking in the bed.

SHELLIE

Hey. (a beat) You sleep all right  
on the floor?

DEVON

Shitty.

SHELLIE

Well, you can take the bed tonight.

DEVON

It's wasn't the floor. So help me,  
if Ronnie begs for her job back,  
I'm gonna leave her stranded out  
here in the woods. Then the wolves  
can have her.

SHELLIE

Harsh.

DEVON

She's obviously in the wrong  
career.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAY

Devon exits the house with a Pop Tart and Troy is staring  
into the woods as the early morning mist rolls along.

DEVON

Did you talk to the princess yet?

TROY

(turning)

Who? (a beat) Ronnie?

DEVON

Yeah. Is she crying her widdel  
eyes out in the van?

TROY

She's gone, Devon. She left before  
I even came out.

DEVON

Gone where?

TROY

Autumn said she came back in to get  
her stuff and told her she's  
walking back to town.

DEVON

(incredulous)

She walked? It's, like, ten miles.

Troy doesn't answer as Devon scoffs.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
What an idiot.

TROY  
You handled that whole situation  
this morning the wrong way.

DEVON  
Oh, okay, Troy. Thanks for the  
advice on babysitting.

TROY  
(smiling)  
You just can't ever admit when  
you're wrong.

DEVON  
Oh...I'M wrong.

TROY  
Yeah. You're wrong! You've been  
wrong...a lot. You just got this  
way of making it sound like  
everybody else is an idiot.

DEVON  
Everybody else IS an idiot.

TROY  
And there (pointing toward her  
mouth) is even more evidence of it.

Devon crosses her arms and smirks.

DEVON  
You got the hots for Ronnie, huh?

Troy's face suddenly becomes serious and annoyed.

TROY  
You're kidding?

DEVON  
(smiling)  
You do!

TROY  
(shaking head)  
You really are deluded.

DEVON  
She told you last night to grow  
some balls. And, magically,  
overnight, you do!

Troy pauses and then begins to walk away from her toward the house.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 If you had this kind of manliness  
 when we were together... (a long  
 beat) Really turns me on, Troy!

Turning and walking backward a few steps, he points at her.

TROY  
 You're a very disturbed individual.

Devon laughs and follows him as he turns back toward the house.

EXT. ALASKA SITES - DAY

The Creepers van is seen as it drives along a scenic road, followed by Shellie's car.

INT. CREEPERS VAN - DAY

Troy drives, Devon is in the passenger seat on her tablet, and Autumn and David are in the back.

DAVID  
 (to Autumn)  
 And then there were five.

Autumn smirks as she continues to look out the window.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (toward the front seat)  
 Why doesn't Shellie ride with us?  
 We got extra seats. (looking to the  
 back where Zombie and Ronnie's  
 seats are empty) Besides, Shellie's  
 a lot hotter than Autumn.

Autumn flips David off and he laughs.

DEVON  
 (without turning)  
 Shellie's gotta use the rental  
 because the company reimburses her.  
 (turning) Anyway, David. Shellie's  
 gay.

David's face falls.

DAVID  
No, she's not.

Devon smirks and nods. David looks at Autumn who is affirming the statement with a cocky nod.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(suddenly smirking)  
I guess I'll just have to ADJUST my  
fantasy... (looking at Autumn)

AUTUMN  
(disgusted)  
Oh...my...God.

David nods to himself as Devon shakes her head and gets back to her tablet. Troy looks in the rearview mirror and chuckles.

DEVON  
(without turning)  
Oh, by the way. (a beat) Breakfast  
is on me.

DAVID  
(happily)  
Nice! And I'm REALLY hungry today.

DEVON  
(to Troy)  
Hey, Boy-Toy, are you having an  
trouble with cell reception up  
here?

TROY  
Nope.

DEVON  
Then what the hell?

TROY  
What's wrong?

DEVON  
My mother keeps calling me and  
every time I pick up, the call's  
dropped.

TROY  
(half-joking)  
Maybe it's the ghost that Ronnie  
saw on the monitor.

DEVON

Oh, don't get me started on the tiny diva.

TROY

You are going to be all alone on your deathbed, Devon. You know that, don't you?

DEVON

I can only hope.

EXT. ALASKA SITES - DAY

The Creepers van zooms in front of Shellie's car.

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

The Creepers van rides through town slowly. It pulls into a parking space downtown.

The team exits as Shellie's car pulls up.

INT. DINER - DAY

Team enters a relatively busy diner. They find a big table and sit. As they are grabbing menus, the waitress approaches.

DEVON

(before waitress can speak)

Coffee all around. And keep the sugar and cream coming.

WAITRESS

(smiling)

Okay, folks! (hesitates) By the way, I LOVE your show!

The others smile amiably as the waitress quickly departs. David starts guffawing at the menu.

DAVID

Check it out! Mile-high pancakes!

Devon, who's sitting next to Shellie, leans over discreetly and whispers at her.

DEVON

I told David you're gay.

SHELLIE

(amused)

Thanks.

David guffaws again.

DEVON

Okay, so last night wasn't exactly a stellar night. You guys seem to think that I'm a bitch because I have rules that I want everyone to follow.

DAVID

I don't think you're a bitch.

DEVON

Right. (smirking) And I don't think you're a sexist moron.

Troy chuckles. David laughs as well.

DAVID

Guilty as charged.

Coffee arrives as the waitress puts down a whole bunch of sugar and creamer thimbles in bowls.

WAITRESS

(pen and pad poised)

You folks ready to order? We've got corned beef hash for Zombie, too.

DAVID

Man, that guy gets all the attention, don't he?

TROY

(indicating Autumn and Shellie)

Ladies?

DAVID

I'll have the mile-high pancakes, a carafe of orange juice, side of bacon, side of sausage...no, no...two sides of sausage, side of hash browns and three eggs, sunny-side up.

WAITRESS  
 (writing furiously to keep  
 up)  
 Okay, three eggs?

DAVID  
 Sunny-side up.

DEVON  
 Would you like a side of beef with  
 that, too?

Table and waitress chuckle. David is contemplating.

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

Establishing shot of sparse traffic in small Alaska town.

INT. DINER - DAY

Group is gathered around table and eating happily.  
 Indistinct banter, laughter, merriment.

TROY  
 (wiping mouth with napkin)  
 Well (sipping rest of coffee) I'm  
 off to the library.

DEVON  
 Relax, Emerson. You gotta rush off  
 already?

TROY  
 I wanna look at the property  
 records and some historic  
 information about the land and the  
 construction.

DEVON  
 We've got all morning.

TROY  
 Are you going to look at the tape  
 from last night? (Devon is silent)  
 I didn't think so. I'm going to  
 the library then.

Troy gets up and excuses himself and leaves the diner.

SHELLIE  
 (to Devon)  
 What tape is he talking about?

DAVID  
Oh, you gotta see it! Epic!

AUTUMN  
(suddenly annoyed at David)  
Oh, yeah, by the way. Real screwed up prank last night, jerk! (David chuckles) Nearly had a heart attack. Where did you get that from?

DAVID  
(excited)  
That's the tape that scared the shit out of Ronnie!

DEVON  
All right, enough.

SHELLIE  
What was on the tape.

DEVON  
(mildly annoyed)  
Ronnie saw a ghost. (a beat as she pretends to be scared) Ooo!

David laughs loudly.

EXT. DINER - DAY

The team leaves the diner, David rubbing his big belly. Devon turns to the group.

DEVON  
(to Shellie)  
Shellie, could you take everyone back to the house. I'm going to the hotel to take a quick shower.

SHELLIE  
Yeah, of course.

DAVID  
Yeah, I don't need a shower.

AUTUMN  
According to who?

DEVON  
(to Shellie)  
Thanks. (a beat) Later.

Devon walks away from the group as they begin to climb into Shellie's car.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Troy is looking at old papers, deeds and records. Pulls out an invoice from a file. CLOSE ON document showing DeWolfe Contractor Group (logo of wolf in silhouette) pans down to "Dig cellar hole & stone for foundation - kenai quarry company". Reflection of paper in Troy's glasses as his eyes scan the document.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Devon is stepping out of the bathroom in a bathrobe, wet hair. A soft knock occurs at the door. She pads over to the door in bare feet and opens it a crack, expecting Troy. No one. Pokes head out into hall, looks both ways. Nothing.

She closes the door and locks it. Going to sit on the bed, a series of dark shadows stream past the window. The closed curtains are blocking the view, but the sunlight is streaming in around the edges. The sunlight is then blotted out completely.

Curious, she walks toward the window and pulls the curtain aside. Dead-eyed stares as many people are crowding the window all looking at her! Their faces and skin are ashen grey and they are haphazardly sprawled over the glass!

Devon screams.

She wakes and sits up in her bed, dressed in her robe with unkempt hair, still damp. Her face registers terror.

DISSOLVE

Devon walks quickly to the door, her arms crossed, hugging her sides, worried. Opening the door, she appears harried.

TROY  
(entering)  
What the hell was that?

DEVON  
(frazzled)  
I'm seeing shit! Bad dreams,  
visions, whatever!

TROY  
Calm down.

DEVON

Ronnie cursed me! That bitch! She cast a little evil eye on me before she left and now I'm seeing things!

TROY

You're serious.

DEVON

Of course I'm serious!

TROY

You don't even believe in all this.

Devon pauses and regards the window.

DEVON

Well, maybe there's something to it.

TROY

(smirking)

Really? You're actually coming around?

DEVON

(dismissing her thoughts)

No, I just had a nightmare. Whatever! I'm fine. Shit!

TROY

Okay. (a beat) You're fine.

Devon sits down on the bed.

DEVON

So, you find anything?

TROY

(disappointed)

No. This place is like, I don't know, the Brady Bunch house.

DEVON

So, in essence, you're telling me that the old lady paid us ten grand and we can't find a single thing of value about the history of the house?

TROY

Sorry. There were no murders, no deaths, no Indian burial grounds...

DEVON

No "they just moved the headstones!"

TROY

Nothing. It's like the cleanest history ever. (a beat) I mean, if you watch that tape, you think there's gotta be something. But...

Devon sighs in frustration.

DEVON

Okay, so we can't even salvage anything for a partial show?

TROY

Are you kidding? You haven't even seen the tape and you're -

DEVON

Quit talking about the tape!

TROY

Why won't you even look at it?

DEVON

I don't...believe...in this shit. Can I say it any plainer?

TROY

So, ignore the evidence.

DEVON

You know what? If you think that the tape is enough to base an entire show on then -

TROY

It is.

DEVON

(frustrated)

Then you put the whole story together! Make it up if you have to! I...don't...care.

TROY

Oh, I'm well aware of that.

DEVON

(angry)

Go wait in the van.

Troy leaves in a huff. Devon growls loudly as he closes the door.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAY

The Creepers van arrives at the house and parks near Shellie's car. Devon gets out of the van quickly and walks determinedly to the house, entering. Troy exits slowly and closes the door, pocketing the keys and following.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zombie is sitting at the table with the headphones on, a large plate of double chocolate fudge brownies in front of him.

DEVON

Anything?

ZOMBIE

Not a peep. (a beat as he raises the plate) Brownie?

DEVON

No thanks.

Devon leaves the room as Zombie picks up another brownie and shrugs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David is sitting and watching the monitors. He sees Devon enter.

DAVID

Oh, hey, Devon! You gotta check out this tape!

DEVON

I've got a sit-down with Shellie in a couple minutes. Anything else on the camera today?

DAVID

Besides Ms. Brandenburg using the bathroom? (Devon scowls) No. Nothing.

Devon leaves the room. Troy enters slowly as Devon pushes past him.

DEVON

Excuse me.

David notices her urgency.

DAVID

(quietly)

Whoa. What crawled up her butt?

TROY

Grab Autumn and follow her around with the camcorder. See if she can get some impressions or something. Try and check out the cellar, too. Nobody's been down there yet, right?

DAVID

No, Devon told us not to bother with cameras down there.

TROY

Well, head down there last and try to be careful. I haven't been down there yet. There might be a whole bunch of dangerous stuff. This is an old house.

DAVID

Okay, boss.

TROY

Don't call me that.

DAVID

You got it, boss.

David hurries out of the room. Troy goes to sit down, but brushes off the seat of crumbs before he does so.

TROY

(quietly)

God give me strength.

INT. GUESTROOM - DAY

Shellie is sitting on the bed, typing furiously on a laptop. Devon enters the room and Shellie nonchalantly lowers the screen cover to hide what she's writing.

DEVON

Don't worry. I'm not gonna yell at you for whatever you're writing.

SHELLIE  
Oh, I was just finishing up anyway.

DEVON  
(disbelieving)  
Okay.

Devon sits on the edge of the bed, facing the window. Suddenly, she looks up toward Shellie.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Do you think I'm a bitch?

SHELLIE  
No. I think they just look at you that way because -

DEVON  
Seriously. Am I a bitch?

SHELLIE  
(hesitantly)  
A little.

DEVON  
(nodding)  
Sometimes, I wish I could go back to what it used to be like when it was just me and Troy.

SHELLIE  
Why'd you guys break up?

DEVON  
(shaking head)  
I don't know. Probably 'cause I'm a bitch.

Shellie begins laughing and Devon joins in on it.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(a long beat)  
So, what about you? You believe all this crap about ghosts and stuff?

SHELLIE  
Yeah. I do.

DEVON  
Ever see anything? I mean, for real?

SHELLIE

I've seen footage, if that's what you mean.

DEVON

No, I mean, firsthand event. Something that you saw with your own eyes.

SHELLIE

Then, no. But then I really don't do investigations or anything. I just report on them.

DEVON

So, how can you believe if you've never seen anything? I'm being serious.

SHELLIE

Well, there are so many unexplained things in this world that I think it would be the height of arrogance to pronounce para-science as fraud. (a beat as she looks at Devon) Don't you?

DEVON

So, now I'm an arrogant bitch.

SHELLIE

It was kind of a rhetorical question?

DEVON

So, rhetorically, I'm an arrogant bitch. I get it.

They laugh as we:

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Autumn is walking slowly through the hall. David is following her with the camcorder. She is touching the walls, the door frames, looking at the ceiling and floor, the framed photographs.

AUTUMN

You do know that there's something nasty here, right?

DAVID  
 (hesitant)  
 Are...are you talking to me?

AUTUMN  
 Yeah. (a beat) Don't you sense it?

DAVID  
 No. I don't feel anything.

AUTUMN  
 (turning to face him)  
 Just stop for a minute and feel the  
 air. The vibrations. (a beat)  
 Can't you hear the humming.

DAVID  
 That's Zombie.

Autumn scoffs.

AUTUMN  
 I don't know why I thought that you  
 could be a human being for just a  
 moment.

DAVID  
 I can be a human being.

AUTUMN  
 (gives him a sidelong  
 glance)  
 Where to next, genius?

DAVID  
 Let's do the grounds before we lose  
 the daylight.

Autumn nods and changes direction.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Autumn, I think I'm pretty  
 human.

Voices fade.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Troy enters the room and sidles up to Zombie's table where he  
 is listening to the headphones and reading. Zombie removes  
 the headphones when he notices Troy.

ZOMBIE

What's up?

TROY

Have you seen the tape from last night?

ZOMBIE

Yeah. (a beat) Freaky.

TROY

You believe in this stuff, right?

ZOMBIE

I guess.

TROY

What do you think about that face on the tape?

ZOMBIE

(contemplative)

I think that either there's a real haunting here in the house, or someone's playin' a hell of a joke on us.

TROY

(eyes suddenly interested)

A joke?

ZOMBIE

Well, yeah. I mean, how convenient that this old widow has ten grand to blow on a ghost-hunting expedition.

TROY

You think this is a set-up? (the audio technician nods) Who would be trying to do that?

ZOMBIE

Don't know. (a beat) There's a whole lotta people out there running their own groups who would just love it if we were proven to be frauds.

TROY

(confused)

Whaddaya mean?

ZOMBIE

Well, I mean, you knock off The Creepers and who's the next group in line to benefit from that? Maybe the Danbury group out of Connecticut -

TROY

SpiritZone.

ZOMBIE

Yeah, right. Then there's Wandergeist out of Oregon.

TROY

How could they have gotten all the way up here, not even knowing if we would accept the job?

ZOMBIE

(shakes head slowly)

Ronnie is on Facebook, right? I mean, she listed her own personal cell phone. Maybe they know Devon better than we do. Money talks. And ten grand IS a lot of money.

TROY

Sounds...far-fetched.

ZOMBIE

That's why I'm the sound guy.

Troy laughs suddenly and pats his shoulder before rising and heading out. Zombie replaces his headphones and continues with his novel.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DUSK

Establishing shot to show the arrival of night two.

INT. GUESTROOM 2 - NIGHT

Autumn is touching the window pane and looking out at the surrounding duskiness.

AUTUMN

(softly)

That vibration and humming are everywhere in this house. I cannot believe you can't hear or feel that.

DAVID  
Maybe only human beings can feel  
it.

Autumn moves away from the window and brushes the closet door handle. She hears a distant whisper. She halts and puts her hand back on the doorknob. Turning it and opening the door, she hears a distinct voice say very faintly, "All dead!"

AUTUMN  
Whoa!

DAVID  
Got something?

David swings around to the front of the closet and films inside the empty room.

AUTUMN  
You didn't hear that?

DAVID  
Sorry, no. What was it?

AUTUMN  
(softly)  
A voice.

DAVID  
(excitedly)  
D'Ju make contact?

AUTUMN  
I have no idea. (a beat as she  
contemplates) Where to next?

DAVID  
The only place left is the cellar.

AUTUMN  
(sarcastically)  
Oh, goodie.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

The cellar door opens on squeaky hinges as light streams into the dark stairwell.

ANGLE UP FROM STAIRS

Autumn is at the top of the flight and standing in the doorway, looking down. David's camera light can be seen behind her.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Try the light.

Autumn reaches forward and pushes the old-fashioned button. Nothing happens. David comes up from behind and peers down into the darkened basement.

AUTUMN  
(as she rubs her wrist)  
Great.

DAVID  
Guess we're doing this Creepers style. (turns to grin at her) In the darkedy-dark, baby!

Autumn goes to take a step, but David steps down first.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
No, let me go first (a beat) as you're coming down the steps.

AUTUMN  
You'll break your neck.

DAVID  
I'll be careful. C'mon.

David steps down onto the second step and it creaks menacingly. Turning, he faces her and shines the camera lights onto Autumn.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Awesome! Do your psychic thing.

Autumn gives him a dirty look and calms herself. She looks down at the step and descends. He descends in front of her until they get to the bottom of the flight.

David turns about, shining the light in a pan of the cellar walls and old odds and ends. CAMERA comes back around to Autumn. Dust is falling from the ceiling beams.

AUTUMN  
(nodding and breathing rapidly)  
This is it. This is the source of the haunting.

DAVID  
Good.

AUTUMN  
 (to the spirits)  
 What do you want to tell us? (David  
 snickers) Will you please shut up?

A sound occurs behind them and David swings the camera light around, momentarily brushing the wall. As he turns and the light passes over the stone wall of the foundation, a girl's face (dead-eyed stare as they then dart toward David) is actually part of the wall, her skin ashen-grey. The pair does not see her face.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
 (dread building)  
 David?

A long beat.

DAVID  
 (sounding afraid)  
 Yeah?

AUTUMN  
 (whispering)  
 We're not alone.

DAVID  
 (a long beat)  
 I figured.

The two peer into the darkness as the camera's light sweeps the walls, decaying furniture and other junk. Suddenly, a whispering voice can be heard saying, "All dead."

AUTUMN  
 (terrified)  
 You heard THAT, right?

DAVID  
 Unfortunately.

AUTUMN  
 We're listening. Please speak to  
 us again. What would you like to  
 say?

A voice answers, "All..." Another answers from the other direction, "...dead."

DAVID  
 Who's dead?

AUTUMN  
 David, please!

A voice shouts loudly and threateningly, "ALL DEAD!"

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
(nervously)  
I'm ready to leave.

DAVID  
Not arguing.

They begin to move toward the stairs across the floor, Autumn leading and David following behind.

AUTUMN  
They're here.

DAVID  
Please stop that!

David stumbles forward and turns quickly, shining the camera light down toward the ground.

Faces in the earthen floor! All ashen-grey, staring with dead eyes!

FACES  
(in unison, otherworldly  
voices)  
ALL DEAD! ALL DEAD! ALL DEAD!

Simultaneously, Autumn shrieks as David screams in genuine fear, dropping the camera to the floor. As the camera spins slowly on its side, the light brushes the walls where fleeting glimpses of other faces can be seen!

David shouts and grabs the camera before running toward the stairs, nearly catching Autumn at the top and bowling her over.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Autumn and David are both heading for the front door. Troy approaches them from a doorway while Devon is hurrying down the stairs, Shellie in tow.

DEVON  
Oh, my God! What the hell is it  
now?

The pair stop as the three surround them. Autumn and David look terrified.

DAVID

We were doing a shot in the  
basement and -

DEVON

What the hell were you doing in the  
basement? I told you not to  
bother!

TROY

I told them to get the shot, Devon.

Devon looks at Troy, annoyed, but let's it go.

DEVON

What's going on? (a beat) Every  
time I try to shut my eyes for a  
nap, you people start running  
around and screaming like idiots!

No answer.

DEVON (CONT'D)

We're supposed to be professionals.  
The Creepers have a reputation!  
We...don't...scare! Or don't you  
babies watch our show?

DAVID

(nodding insistently as he  
points to his chest)  
I scare.

DEVON

(scoffing)  
Since when? You don't even believe  
in this crap!

DAVID

I do now.

Devon screws up her face and turns to Autumn.

DEVON

Care to tell me why you're crying  
like a little girl.

Autumn doesn't say anything, but tears well up in her eyes  
and she pushes past them and leaves the house through the  
front door.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 So help me, if she stays out there  
 tonight, I'm firing everyone and  
 starting a new team.

TROY  
 Stop.

DAVID  
 I'm not staying in this house.

DEVON  
 What the hell is wrong with  
 everyone?

TROY  
 What happened, David?

DEVON  
 Troy, don't start this shit!

TROY  
 (ignoring her)  
 What happened?

David hesitates as he looks at a fuming Devon. Shellie nods  
 from behind her in his direction.

DAVID  
 Faces. (a beat) Everywhere. Dead  
 faces. Their eyes are, like,  
 moving and -

DEVON  
 Oh, my God! Enough!

DAVID  
 (continuing to Troy)  
 I tripped and dropped the camera  
 and it was spinning -

DEVON  
 You dropped the camera?!

DAVID  
 It was dark down there!

DEVON  
 That camera is worth SIX of your  
 paychecks, David!

Troy reaches forward and takes the camera from David,  
 examining it.

DAVID  
I'm sorry!

DEVON  
Go ahead! (a beat) Follow the ghost  
whisperer out to the van, you  
pansy!

David rushes off and exits through the front door.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
These idiots are costing us money  
we don't need to be spending.

Troy is watching the playback.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Troy! Are you listening to me?!

Troy looks up at her with a serious face and hands the camera to Shellie.

TROY  
(to Shellie as he stares  
in Devon's face)  
You watch this and then tell Devon  
there's no such thing as ghosts.

After a brief moment staring, Devon fuming, Troy walks out the front door.

Shellie looks down at the camera.

SHELLIE  
It doesn't look broken.

Devon walks away down the hall, scowling.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Devon enters and approaches Zombie who is listening to the headphones. He sees her and removes them. Her face looks angry.

ZOMBIE  
(raising both hands up)  
I swear I didn't stop up the  
toilet.

Devon's face shows annoyance and she then dismisses it.

DEVON  
Did you (a beat) HEAR anything  
about five minutes ago?

ZOMBIE  
(contemplating whether or  
not this is a trap)  
Five...minutesssss.

DEVON  
(snapping)  
It's not a trick question!

ZOMBIE  
Oh. Then, yeah.

Devon rolls her eyes.

DEVON  
And?

ZOMBIE  
Oh. It was David screaming like a  
chick and Autumn yelling like  
a...psychic.

DEVON  
Anything else?

ZOMBIE  
Nope.

Devon storms out of the room. Zombie lowers his hands again,  
as he kept them raised throughout the conversation.

ZOMBIE (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Chillax, lady.

INT. GUESTROOM - NIGHT

Digital alarm clock reads 4:18 am next to Devon's head on the  
floor. She's in her sleeping bag. She is flinching in her  
sleep as the floorboards hum beneath her pillow.

DREAM SEQUENCE BEGINS: Devon is racing through the woods  
toward the blazing house and looks behind her to see the dead-  
eyed figures pursuing her. "All dead!" they scream after her  
as she approaches the house. She falls to her knees and  
opens her eyes to see that she is kneeling in a large pit in  
the ground. It is day and there is a light frost everywhere.  
Around her are the burnt corpses, twisted and intertwined in  
a massive pile.

The faces open their eyes as they stare at Devon. She puts her hands to her head and screams. DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS

Devon awakens in the night. CAMERA finds four faces in the walls behind her, staring dead-eyed in her direction. She does not see them, but begins to cry softly.

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

Devon is walking along the sidewalk with Troy.

DEVON

We'll hit the library one more time  
and then get something to eat.  
(regarding old man across the  
street staring at them) I'm so done  
with Frost Creek.

TROY

(reassuringly)  
One more night, Devon.

DEVON

Yeah.

TROY

(smirking)  
Did you just say 'we' when  
referring to the library? YOU'RE  
going to the library?

DEVON

(smiling)  
I figured that I have to do your  
job, too, since you're coming up  
empty-handed.

TROY

Nice.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Troy is flipping through old newspapers while Devon is digging through old deeds and records from a drawer in a filing cabinet.

TROY

Whoa, whoa...

Devon looks over toward Troy.

DEVON

What?

TROY

Check...this...out.

Rising, he brings an old newspaper over to where she is sitting. There are no pictures and the article is short.

TROY (CONT'D)

That contractor group that built this house? (a beat as he continues reading) Holy...

DEVON

(annoyed)

What?

TROY

Okay, there were eight of them. The foreman, Lance DeWolfe and seven crewmen. They dug the cellar hole, built the foundation...

Troy continues to read.

DEVON

Uh huh?

TROY

And after finishing the house, every single one of them, over the next two weeks, DIES under (finger quotes) mysterious circumstances! (looks up toward Devon) So, what's the connection? (a beat as Devon fake yawns) They're all FAMILY.

DEVON

Who is?

TROY

The contractor and his workmen. Lance DeWolfe and his seven sons.

DEVON

Seven sons?

TROY

Yeah, busy guy.

DEVON

I was thinking, "poor wife".

TROY  
So, whaddaya think?

Troy looks up from the article in his lap and smiles, impressed with his find. She is nonplussed.

TROY (CONT'D)  
(mildly irritated)  
Oh, that doesn't seem a little odd to you?

DEVON  
Okay, so they died.

TROY  
(incredulous)  
They didn't just DIE. Devon, seven brothers and their FATHER died over the span of two weeks. One from a tree FALLING ON HIS CAR! Another one (looking down to read) another one falling into a well and drowning! One fell from a ladder while fixing a lamp and broke his neck! (tapping paper with the back of his hand for emphasis) Devon, this is incredible!

Devon appears bored.

TROY (CONT'D)  
You cannot possibly sit there and tell me you're not floored by that.

DEVON  
Yes, I can. But, maybe, if you're so AMAZED by all this, you can keep digging and find something that impresses ME.

Troy rolls his eyes and gets up slowly.

TROY  
(quietly)  
Just like having sex with you.

DEVON  
What did you say?!

TROY  
(turning toward her  
tiredly)  
I said, we should TEXT the CREW.

DEVON

Asshole.

Devon's cell buzzes. She picks it up quickly.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Mom! Mom! God, you've got to be kidding me! Oh, I hate this place!

The phone has gone dead.

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

Autumn, David and Shellie are sitting on a small stone wall eating sandwiches. They are all quiet until Shellie breaks the silence.

SHELLIE

(excitedly)

It's the last night, guys!

No answer.

SHELLIE (CONT'D)

Do you think any of this investigation will make it onto the show?

DAVID

If it doesn't, I'll upload it to YouTube myself.

SHELLIE

I saw the cellar video.

The other two look up slowly at the reporter.

SHELLIE (CONT'D)

You guys did the right thing sleeping in the van last night.

DAVID

Who slept?

AUTUMN

Devon's in for one hell of a rude awakening.

David nods as he bites into his sandwich.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

(to Shellie)

Did she watch the video.

SHELLIE  
 (shaking her head)  
 No.

DAVID  
 It's really hard for her to admit  
 that she's wrong about all this  
 supernatural stuff.

SHELLIE  
 She's proud.

AUTUMN  
 She's the Wicked Witch of the  
 North.

They all nod slowly.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Troy has a mass of papers spread out in front of him on a table and some old newspapers opened to specific pages. Devon is glancing at some other documents and tosses them on a shelf, frustrated.

TROY  
 Okay. (a beat as Devon looks over toward him) Listen to this. (faces her) The DeWolfes pay the Kenai Quarry Corporation for a shipment of chromite.

DEVON  
 Hey, chromite! Didn't we do a hunt on that in Eagle River or -

TROY  
 The Moore Residence in...

TOGETHER  
 Deadhorse!

TROY  
 (nodding and smiling)  
 Right. Do you remember what chromite is in the spirit world?

DEVON  
 (nodding with furrowed brow)  
 Like a...like a sponge...no, no!  
 Like a haven.

TROY

Yeah. It can be inhabited by spirits. And APPARENTLY there's a whole rock bed of chromite right here in Frost Creek.

DEVON

You're shitting me.

TROY

The DeWolfe's bought their stone for the foundation of this house from the quarry company and it was all chromite.

DEVON

Oh my God.

TROY

Gets better.

Devon slides her chair closer to Troy.

TROY (CONT'D)

The Kenai Quarry Corporation is owned by...dum-dum-dum...Eric DeWolfe.

DEVON

Related?

TROY

Uh huh. Brothers.

DEVON

Oh, man.

TROY

So, they get the stone, build the house, Lance and all seven of his sons die in the next two weeks and -

DEVON

The quarry guy dies.

TROY

No. (a beat) Well, at least it didn't say that in the article. But the whole quarry corporation quietly goes out of business.

DEVON

Okay. Finally something we can work with.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

(a beat as she calculates in her head) Where's this rock bed? Can we get there?

TROY

I don't know. (looking around) I need some maps.

DEVON

(pointing)  
Right over there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zombie is humming to himself as he fiddles with cables at the back of the monitors and amplifiers.

Camera POV entering from hallway slowly. Finds Zombie, who looks up with a smile momentarily before losing the smile and standing slowly.

ZOMBIE

(hesitantly)  
Hey, Ms. B.

MILDRED (O.S.)

(otherworldly)  
All dead.

CAMERA rushes Zombie as he covers his face and screams!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAY

Zombie's screams are heard outside the house, disturbing wildlife.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Troy is looking through the oversized map pages, old, mismatched, and odd in size from one page to the next. Devon looks at her watch.

DEVON

Troy, it's getting late. We gotta head back.

TROY

(removing glasses and  
rubbing eyes)

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)  
I know, I know. But I need like  
twenty more minutes.

Devon is anxious.

DEVON  
You got enough already. We don't  
need the quarry stuff.

TROY  
We need it. It's integral to the  
story. (turning and pleading) We  
can make a SHOW out of this. This  
is real!

DEVON  
(smirking)  
Okay. Real.

Troy goes back to the book and turns a page. He pointedly  
flips back and then once more the other way.

TROY  
Bingo!

DEVON  
(jumping up to look)  
You got something?

CLOSE ON MAP AS TROY'S FINGER POINTS TO AREA OUTSIDE OF FROST  
CREEK.

TROY (V.O.)  
Frost Creek...surrounding area.

DEVON  
Okay.

CLOSE ON MAP AGAIN AS TROY FLIPS THE PAGE AND THE NAME  
"SEWARDVILLE" APPEARS NEAR FROST CREEK.

TROY  
See it?

DEVON  
(leaning close)  
Sewardville?

TROY  
(nodding)  
Uh huh. (flips page) Eighteen sixty-  
nine, not there. (flips page back)  
Eighteen sixty-eight...

DEVON

Sewardville. Shit. (a beat) So what does that mean?

TROY

I don't know. (a beat) But what makes a whole freakin' village disappear in one year?

DEVON

Internet, back at the hotel.

EXT. CREEPERS VAN - DAY

Troy is leaning inside the van from the driver's side, door open with a mass of papers in his hands. Devon is standing in the open side door panel, one foot up on the runner, leaning on her knee, addressing the group as they sit inside the van. Shellie is also among them.

AUTUMN

Yellow fever?

TROY

Yup. The whole village called Sewardville died during the yellow fever epidemic of 1868.

DEVON

So, Frost Creek next door gets word of the plague and sends out a crew of men to check out the village. When they get there, they find every single man, woman, and child dead.

AUTUMN

(whispers)

All dead.

DEVON

(wrinkling brow)

Right. (a beat and then quietly repeating) All dead.

TROY

So, town officials order the burning of all the bodies...

AUTUMN

Oh, God.

TROY

...because they're afraid of the plague spreading to Frost Creek, right? The bodies are burned, don't know if they were buried, given final rights, but...

The group looks poignantly in his direction.

TROY (CONT'D)

...the houses are knocked down and plowed into the ground and the highest ranking Frost Creek town official signs an order, get this, confiscating the land of Sewardville.

DAVID

No shit!

Shocked faces result.

DEVON

(counting off on fingers)  
They don't contact Alaska authorities. They don't even contact the living family members of the Sewardville residents to tell them about the deaths, because they're -

SHELLIE

Stealing the land.

DEVON

(nodding)  
Yeah.

TROY

But it gets better.

DAVID

Better than yellow fever?

Shellie chuckles.

TROY

Fast forward eighty-something years and a contractor group that's building LOTS of homes in the area pays a quarry company to deliver stones that are used in the construction of the Brandenburg house.

DEVON  
Nineteen fifty-two, right?

TROY  
Yeah, nineteen fifty-two. The DeWolfe family business, Lance and his, count 'em, seven sons are the contractors that build the house. They get the stones from the Kenai Quarry Corporation, owned and operated by...(puts out a hand toward Devon)

DEVON  
Eric DeWolfe, Lance's brother.

TROY  
Lance and his seven sons finish the house and then die in odd accidents over the next two weeks.

AUTUMN  
They all died?

TROY  
(nodding)  
All dead.

DAVID  
This is so going on my Facebook fan page.

AUTUMN  
You don't have a fan page!

DAVID  
Do, too! Twenty-seven followers!

DEVON  
You're not putting it on the Facebook page because this is going to be its own show.

SHELLIE  
Really?

DEVON  
(smiling)  
Oh, there's enough here for a whole season.

TROY

So, the DeWolfe brothers and their father die and then Eric Dewolfe, owner of the quarry, kills himself.

DAVID

Epic!

TROY

Now...where does the haunting come in?

AUTUMN

Well, obviously the spirits don't know that they're dead.

TROY

I don't know about that, but the stones...and Autumn, you can attest to this...the stones that were collected by the quarry and delivered to the contractors that are in the foundation of the house where all this is going on (a beat) they're chromite.

AUTUMN

Chromite?

SHELLIE

What's chromite?

AUTUMN

Chromite is a stone with metal in its make-up, but is reputed in many cultures to trap and house spirits.

SHELLIE

Like quartz.

AUTUMN

No, quartz stores energy. I mean, there are theories about spirits being trapped inside crystal quartz, but no one's really come forward with anything definitive. Chromite, however...

TROY

So, there's that and (a beat) the mother of all evidence.

A long beat as everyone hangs on the words.

TROY (CONT'D)

The official Order of Confiscation, transferring all lands of Sewardville ILLEGALLY into Frost Creek authority (holding up photocopy of order) signed in eighteen sixty-nine by city manager, Bartholomew Asa DeWolfe, esquire.

Everyone expresses surprise at once.

TROY (CONT'D)

The DeWolfes have been in the land business, it looks like, since eighteen sixty-nine.

DEVON

Land they stole from the people whose spirits are haunting this house.

DAVID

(slapping knee)  
Abraham freakin' LINCOLN!

The group stops to look at David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(grinning and nodding)  
I'm starting a new trend.

DEVON

(shaking head)  
Anyways. (a beat) We've got one more night in this house. We're gonna do one hell of a show. Save poor old Millie from the scary ghosts...Autumn, you can cleanse the HELL out of the house...and then, we're gone! Woo! I'm stoked! What about you guys?

DAVID

Abraham freakin' LINCOLN!

Everyone rolls eyes and Troy laughs as Devon closes the sliding side door.

Walking around toward the front of the van, Troy meets her.

DEVON

I've got Shellie's car. You go back to the house.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 Make sure you bring Zombie a late lunch or something. I'm going back to the hotel to get my stuff and check out for everyone.

TROY  
 I didn't even use the room.

DEVON  
 Catch ya later?

Devon turns to leave and then back around.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 Troy. (he turns to look at her)  
 Really nice job on the research.

TROY  
 (smiling)  
 Thanks. Felt like old times.

Devon smiles genuinely and walks off toward hotel.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Devon is packing her overnight bag with her stuff quickly when a dark shadow passes over the window. She stares at the curtains and reaches for her cell. Browsing the contact list, she pauses.

CLOSE ON TROY'S NAME

She's torn. Then...

CLOSE ON CELL CONTACT LIST AS SHE MOVES UP THE LIST TO "MOM".  
 PUSHES CALL.

Devon puts the phone to her ear as she continues to pack stuff in her bag.

DEVON  
 (into phone)  
 Mom? (a beat) Holy crap! I cannot -  
 I know, I'm sorry. I'm just  
 excited. I've been trying to get  
 in touch with you for so long.

Devon sits on the edge of the bed, playing with the hotel card key in her other hand.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, everything's going good.  
 (MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

No, the show is good. The team's good. We've got this great lead right now out in Frost Creek for a show that's gonna blow everybody away.

Devon rises from the bed and walks toward the mirror in the bathroom, staring at herself.

DEVON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

There's this whole yellow fever epidemic motif and a whole family called DeWolfe who are at the center of this haunting who -

Devon pauses.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Wait, what did you say? (a beat)  
No, about the DeWolfes. (a beat)  
Mom? Hello? (looks at phone)  
Dammit!

Devon looks at the screen on the cell one more time and puts it back to her ear.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Mom? Hello?

Devon shakes her head in frustration and picks up her bag from the bed, zipping it up, putting it on her shoulder, and leaving the room.

EXT. ALASKA SITES - DAY

Establishing scene as Shellie's car moves along the road.

INT/EXT. SHELLIE'S CAR - DAY

Devon is driving along a smaller wooded road and a shadow passes over the windshield. She leans forward and looks up through the windshield, but only squints at the sunlight.

DEVON'S POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD AS SHELLIE'S CAR PULLS UP TO BRANDENBURG HOUSE AND HALTS NEXT TO CREEPERS VAN.

Devon removes the key from the ignition and opens the door. As she steps from the car, her cell phone rings. Before she can close the door, she answers it, pausing in mid-stride.

DEVON  
 (into phone)  
 Hey, mom! What happened? Did you  
 hang up on me before?

MOM (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 Honey, I'm so sorry. I got upset  
 because we haven't talked about  
 this yet.

DEVON  
 (into phone)  
 Talked about what? What did you  
 say about the DeWolfes?

MOM (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 You were just a baby.

A long beat as Devon listens.

DEVON  
 (into phone)  
 What about when I was a baby, mom?

MOM (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 Oh, Devon. (softly crying) I wish  
 we could talk about this face-to-  
 face.

DEVON  
 (mildly annoyed into  
 phone)  
 Obviously we can't.

MOM (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 Sweetie, your dad and I agreed we  
 weren't going to tell you until you  
 were older, but -

DEVON  
 (into phone)  
 But what? Do I have some incurable  
 disease or something?

Silence.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 (focused into phone)  
 Tell me what? (a beat) Tell me  
 what, mom?

MOM (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
We're not your real parents, Devon.  
You mentioned -

Shock! Devon's eyes wander and her mouth drops open.

DEVON  
(yelling into phone)  
What are you talking about?

MOM (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
Your father and I adopted you when  
you were eight months old.

Devon is floored. She stares at the house for a long moment.

DEVON  
(into phone)  
Is this a joke? Why are you  
telling me this now!

MOM (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
Devon, please just come back home  
so we can talk -

DEVON  
(angrily into phone)  
You're serious, aren't you? Well,  
I'll tell you, this is one screwed  
up way to surprise me, Mom! So,  
where the hell are my real  
parents?! Or is that a state  
secret, too?

MOM (V.O.)  
(through phone after long  
beat)  
They're dead.

No response.

MOM (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
They were murdered when you were a  
baby. It was a miracle. You were  
left behind in the house.

DEVON  
(softly into phone)  
Why, Mom?

MOM (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 Why what?

DEVON  
 (into phone)  
 Why are you telling me this NOW?

MOM (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 You mentioned the name before. I  
 thought you knew.

DEVON  
 (into phone)  
 What name?

MOM (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 The police never solved your  
 parents' murders.

DEVON  
 (into phone)  
 Mom! (a beat) What's my real name?

A long beat.

MOM (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 DeWolfe, Devon. It's DeWolfe.

ANGLE ON DEVON'S DEVASTATED FACE.

DEVON  
 (softly into phone)  
 We're not here to give them  
 justice.

MOM (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 What?

DEVON  
 (scared)  
 They want revenge.

Dread. Mom's pleas are drowned out as Devon drops phone from her ear and slowly walks toward the house. She passes the van and drops the phone on the ground.

Suddenly, up above in the second floor window, Autumn screams behind glass! Devon looks up and sees Autumn pinned up against the pane, terrified look on her face!

She is then rudely pulled from the window and the blinds are torn down in her wake! Blood spatters the glass!

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
NO!

Devon runs toward the front door and tries the knob, but it's locked. Banging on the door, she then hears horrific screams coming from Troy, David and Shellie from inside the house.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(shouting hysterically)  
No! Let them go! You don't want them! You don't want them! You want me! You want me!

Sounds cease. Screaming stops. Dead silence.

The front door clicks and squeaks open of its own accord.

DEVON'S POV INTO HOUSE

Mildred is standing back from the door, a dead-eyed stare toward the ground to her right.

BACK ON DEVON

Devon is breathing heavily and frightened beyond belief.

DEVON'S POV INTO HOUSE

To Devon's left, where Mildred is looking, stand Zombie, Shellie, David, Autumn and Troy, ALL DEAD.

They suddenly look up at her with dead eyes.

CLOSE ON DEVON'S LIPS

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
I'm sor -

DEVON'S POV INTO HOUSE

All the dead rush toward the CAMERA with supernatural speed and...

BLACK SCREEN

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)  
Sad and disturbing news out of  
Alaska today as police have made a  
grisly discovery in the rural town  
of Frost Creek.

FADE IN

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

Establishing shot of Frost Creek and its rural countryside  
outside of town.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)  
Paranormal investigations team, The  
Creepers, who found fame on cable  
television over the past two years  
and have garnered ratings success,  
were found dead in what was  
apparently a multiple murder.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAY

Squad cars are parked around the home and there is police  
tape near the front porch, with cordons also blocking access  
to the two vehicles.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)  
Co-founder of the group, Troy  
Emerson, and members David  
Westlake, Autumn Rivers and Gregory  
Bonecutter were found inside an  
unowned home by a real estate agent  
this morning.

CAMERA moves slowly past the squad cars and past Shellie's  
car, the driver's side door still open.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)  
Also found among them, the body of  
Shellie Covey, reporter for online  
magazine, Paranews. Frost Creek  
police have no motive for the  
crime, but Creepers founder and  
leader, Devon Kastle, is being  
sought for questioning.

CAMERA moves slowly along ground, past Devon's cell phone, a  
police forensics officer, taking a photograph of it.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

Today, via Skype, we have with us former Creepers team member, Ronnie Weiss, who miraculously left the group at this location only two days ago. Good morning.

RONNIE (V.O.)

Good morning, Ronda.

Camera finds Brandenburg house, the front door open, police tape everywhere.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

You told our producers that you had an argument with team leader, Devon. Is that correct?

RONNIE (V.O.)

Yes. We were experiencing some crazy things in that house. The police are calling it unoccupied, but I was contacted specifically by a Mildred Brandenburg who said she owned the house and we went out there to investigate.

CAMERA moves along ground toward the Creepers van and rises slowly going toward the driver's side open window.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

Do you believe that Devon is involved in any way in the deaths of her team members?

RONNIE (V.O.)

Not a chance. There's no way. She loved her team. This is some crazy serial killer or something.

CAMERA enters Creepers van and hovers over passenger seat where mass of papers is sitting.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

I was given a note from our producer who said that you plan on RETURNING to the house? Is that right? Why would you do that?

RONNIE (V.O.)

I AM going back. I'm completely scared about going, but they were my friends.

(MORE)

RONNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm going back there to find out  
what happened in Frost Creek.

CAMERA moves down toward the document on the top of the pile.  
It is a copy of the Order of Confiscation. CLOSE ON  
signature by city manager, Bartholomew Asa DeWolfe.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)  
Thanks for stopping by today,  
Ronnie. We appreciate your time  
and we're sorry for your loss.

RONNIE (V.O.)  
Thanks.

CLOSE ON signature of DeWolfe and moves down to bottom of  
letter, which reads, "Addendum attached of homes to be  
destroyed: family residences of Brandenburg, Weiss, etc."

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)  
That was Ronnie Weiss, former  
member of the Creepers who, we  
repeat, have all been found dead in  
Frost Creek, Alaska.

DEVON (V.O.)  
(otherworldly whisper)  
ALL DEAD.

THE END