

DEVIL'S GAME

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BLACK.

DANIELLE (V.O.)
I love you.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

MICHAEL (30s) and DANIELLE (30s) are lying in bed, their bodies tightly entwined.

Danielle gently rests her head on Michael's chest.

He kisses her tenderly on the forehead, softly strokes her hair.

She sighs deeply. Smiling. Blissful.

A picture of true love.

Michael squeezes her tight.

But there's something in his eyes which betrays an unease.

DANIELLE
How're you feeling about today, babe?

MICHAEL
The usual. Scared.

DANIELLE
Don't be scared. You'll always have me. You know that, right?

She plants a long kiss on his lips.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
We're meant for each other.

She slithers off the bed and slides into a silk dressing gown.

Then winks playfully as she exits the room.

Michael closes his eyes. Sighs. His brow furrows.

Then, a MOBILE PHONE vibrates. The screen illuminates.

Michael's eyes snap open. His gaze shoots to the bedside locker.

He waits.

Then surrenders to temptation.

He hastily grabs the phone, glances at the screen before it fades out.

A message from 'RYAN'.

OFF SCREEN: the SOUND of a toilet flushing.

The phone buzzes again. And again.

Two more messages from 'RYAN'.

Michael returns the phone to the bedside locker, just as Danielle enters the room.

She sheds the dressing gown and, with a playful smirk, slinks into bed.

She digs her nails into Michael's flesh: bright RED nails. Talon-like. Fake.

We see that Danielle is wearing an ENGAGEMENT RING.

She stares at Michael, lustfully. He turns away, but Danielle proceeds to kiss him.

First his neck -

MICHAEL

Stop.

- then his chest.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Dani. Stop.

He flinches, then gently shoves her.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I said stop!

Now angry -

DANIELLE

Seriously, what the fuck?

Danielle flounces off the bed, hastily climbs into her dressing gown.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Now what have I done? Or what do you think I've done?

Michael remains silent.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Exactly. Nothing! I can't take this
hot and cold shit anymore. You need
to get a fucking grip.

Now struggling for words -

MICHAEL
It's just - It doesn't - I don't -

DANIELLE
You don't trust me.

MICHAEL
It's not that.

DANIELLE
Don't lie to me.

MICHAEL
I'm not lying!

DANIELLE
Then what is it?

Michael swallows a deep breathe.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Talk to me!

MICHAEL
Something just doesn't feel right,
okay?

Danielle sighs. Turns away. She yanks an OVERNIGHT BAG up
from off the floor, dumps it on the bed.

Then swipes a set of KEYS from the bedside locker: a
distinctive AMETHYST STONE on a keyring.

DANIELLE
You're overthinking. Again.

She rummages inside the bag.

MICHAEL
You used to love that about me.

DANIELLE
Love what?

MICHAEL
That I'm thoughtful.

DANIELLE
I said 'over' thinking. Paranoid.
You're worse than Ben.

Danielle retrieves a deck of TAROT CARDS from her bag.

MICHAEL
Don't do that.

DANIELLE
Do what?

MICHAEL
Compare me to him.

Danielle slumps onto the edge of the bed, shuffles the cards.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
And don't start with that shit.

DANIELLE
What 'shit'?

Michael gestures to the cards.

MICHAEL
That shit! Every time we fight.

DANIELLE
It's guidance. That's all. And I'm
not fighting. You're the one
fighting.

MICHAEL
I'm fighting?

DANIELLE
Yes. Fighting. You're afraid.

MICHAEL
Oh, here we go.
(sarcastic)
Please tell me why I'm afraid.

DANIELLE
Of letting me in.

MICHAEL
That's bullshit.

Danielle pulls a card. She gazes at it momentarily then, dissatisfied, she returns the card to the top of the deck.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
What did it say?

DANIELLE
You don't believe in this shit,
remember?

MICHAEL
Just tell me what it said.

Silence.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Fine. Don't.

Danielle spins around, stares at Michael with steely eyes.

DANIELLE
'The Lovers' card. Okay? It means you
have to trust me. There's nothing
going on between me and Ryan.

Michael remains silent.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
I promise.

Gingerly, Danielle slides over to him, places her hand on
his bare shoulder.

Michael recoils.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
You know, if anything's going to
break us up, it's your insecurities.

Now angry, Michael turns away.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
What's this really about, Michael? Is
it your Mum?

Michael shakes his head.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Then what?

MICHAEL
You know what. It's -

Danielle leans in, kisses him. Silences him.

Michael pulls back.

MICHAEL
- you and -

Another kiss. Michael pulls back again.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
- and him.

Danielle's phone BUZZES.

Hastily, she places the deck on the bed, grabs the phone from the bedside locker, turns away, engrossed in the screen.

Michael slides over to the deck of cards, carefully slides the card from the top of the deck, enough to see that it is the 'Death' card.

Not 'the Lovers'.

His voice quivers.

MICHAEL
Who is it?

DANIELLE
No one.

MICHAEL
(stern)
Who is -

DANIELLE
Doesn't matter.

Danielle swiftly deposits the phone inside her overnight bag, then leans into Michael.

Her serious expression melts to a playful smile.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
I hate it when we fight.

MICHAEL
I thought we weren't fighting.

Danielle grabs a pillow, hurls it at Michael, teasing.

DANIELLE
Stop it!

She lunges forward, kisses him.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
I love you.

Michael remains silent.

Danielle feigns a sad expression.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
You don't love me?

Silence.

Now serious -

DANIELLE (cont'd)
You don't love me.

She makes to kiss him again, but -

MICHAEL
Don't.

DANIELLE
What, you don't think I'm beautiful?

MICHAEL
Of course I do.

DANIELLE
Well, you don't make me feel
beautiful.

Danielle leaps off the bed, picks up the deck of cards,
begins to shuffle.

MICHAEL
Put them down for once. Please.

Danielle continues to shuffle, more angrily.

MICHAEL
Danielle. Please.

In a sudden burst of rage, she hurls the deck of cards at a
TELEVISION which hangs on the wall opposite the bed.

As the cards scatter, the television wobbles, slips, and a
bundle of wires falls from underneath the screen.

Danielle grabs her overnight bag and storms out of the room,
SLAMMING the door behind her.

Michael lies on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Danielle stares into a mirror. Shallow breathing. Almost a panic attack.

Nervously, she chews on a fake nail.

Her attention is wrested by a SPIDER crawling in the bathtub.

She glances at the overnight bag, which is dumped on the floor.

She turns the SHOWER on.

Water gushes. Steam rises.

She continues to gaze into the mirror, sadness in her eyes.

The condensation slowly erases her image.

He wipes the mirror with her fist.

She stares deeply into her own eyes. No longer sad, but mischievous.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

As Michael clambers into a pair of jeans, he glances his phone.

Anxious.

Waiting for a call he doesn't want to receive.

Still undressed, Danielle stomps into the room carrying the overnight bag.

MICHAEL

You getting ready or what? We can't be late.

DANIELLE

There's a spider in the bath.

Michael's expression creases into a squirm.

MICHAEL

Did you kill it?

DANIELLE

No.

MICHAEL
Dani. You know I hate -

DANIELLE
So it's 'Dani' now?

Danielle dumps the bag onto the bed and proceeds to stuff clothes into it.

MICHAEL
You're not coming to the hospice?

She stops. Her eyes teeming with rage.

DANIELLE
I don't deserve this, Michael.

MICHAEL
Deserve what?

She continues stuffing clothes, now with more force. More anger. More drama.

DANIELLE
Your lies. Your games.

MICHAEL
My what?

DANIELLE
You don't love me, Michael. You don't trust me. You're worse than Ben.

MICHAEL
(shouting)
What have I told you about comparing me to him!

DANIELLE
He used to shout, too. For no reason. Before he -

MICHAEL
Don't you dare accuse me of -

DANIELLE
I've done nothing -

Her voice trembles. Tears well. Fake.

MICHAEL
Nothing wrong? Yeah, so you keep reminding me.

Danielle stops. No tears. Now anger.

DANIELLE
Because you don't fucking believe me!

MICHAEL
Show me your phone.

DANIELLE
Pathetic.

She continues to stuff clothes, slower now. Distracted.

MICHAEL
If you have nothing to hide then show
me.

DANIELLE
You're unbelievable.

Michael grabs her by the wrist. Gently.

But Danielle flinches - scared - as if she's being wrested
with force.

Feigning fear -

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Don't touch me.

MICHAEL
Show me.

DANIELLE
Ben used to -

MICHAEL
Stop that! And show me.

DANIELLE
Fine.

She jerks her arm, releasing herself from Michael's grip.

Then plunges her hand into the overnight bag, retrieves her
phone.

She unlocks it, hands it to Michael.

Fretful, he searches the phone -

MICHAEL
I know he messaged you.

DANIELLE
Who did?

MICHAEL
Ryan. It's right -

He pauses. His expression sinks.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
I saw it.

Danielle plucks the phone from Michael's hand.

She opens up a message from 'RHIAN', then brandishes the phone in Michael's face.

DANIELLE
Rhiannon. See?

Michael takes the phone, sheepishly reads the messages:

'Hey how are you? x'

'Meet up soon? x'

'Call me! x'

Danielle grabs the phone back and, with a self-satisfied smirk, drops it into the bag.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
It's fear, Michael. It's all in your head.

Michael is silent. Confused.

MICHAEL
I swear I saw -

DANIELLE
It's all in your head.

Slowly, Michael sits on the edge of the bed.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
You're risking us over a fucking text message.

MICHAEL
It's more than that, you know it -

At that moment Michael's phone rings.

His eyes snap to the phone, teeming with dread.

Tentatively, he picks it up, punches a button.

In a soft and vulnerable voice -

MICHAEL (cont'd)
(into phone)
Hello.

A prolonged silence.

The fire in Danielle's eyes softens.

Heavy breathing as Michael listens.

He raises his hand to his forehead, rubs his skin, digs his nails, then gently rests the phone onto the bed.

A momentary pause.

He trembles. Then surrenders to reality.

He crumbles into a fit of tears.

Danielle rushes to his side, wraps her arm around him.

Violent sobbing.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
She's dead. Mum's dead.

As she holds Michael, Danielle stares at the wires hanging from underneath the television.

Her eyes betray focus. Intent.

In the background, the SOUND of water blasting from the shower.

DANIELLE
I'm here. I'm yours. Forever.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Clouds pregnant with rain.

A sea of gravestones under a slate-grey sky.

Michael and Danielle stand facing a fresh grave.

Michael clutches a PINK ROSE.

Inconsolable grief.

Danielle holds Michael tight.

Heavy silence.

Searing pain.

Michael turns from the grave, unable to look.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Still dressed in BLACK, Michael and Danielle sit at a table.

The pink rose rests on the table next to Michael.

Danielle gazes into an empty mug of tea which has the name 'MARION' printed on it.

Michael gazes at a full mug of tea, now tepid.

An intense silence, broken by -

Michael slams his fist on the table.

MICHAEL

How is this fair? She was a good woman. The best. Where's the justice?

Danielle places her hand on Michael's.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

She was so hopeful, even at the end. She used to say, 'in this deceitful world, nothing is true or false. Everything is the colour of glass through which you choose to look at life.'

Perfunctory, and with a hint of irony. Even jealousy -

DANIELLE

That's beautiful. Babe.

Michael gazes at a VASE that sits in the centre of the table.

MICHAEL

Thank you for this.

Danielle smiles, now that Michael's attention is on her.

DANIELLE

You're welcome.

She squeezes his hand.

MICHAEL
Mum loved pink roses.

Michael's eyes are rimmed with tears.

DANIELLE
Whenever you smell flowers in the
house, you'll know she's with you.

With a sigh, Michael whips his hand away from Danielle's.

MICHAEL
You gonna read the tea leaves next?

Danielle stands, grabs her mug, stomps over to the kitchen sink.

In her haste, she drops the mug.

SMASH.

Michael leaps from the table.

MICHAEL
What have you done?

DANIELLE
It just slipped.

MICHAEL
That was Mum's!

He kneels to the ground, gathering the broken pieces.

DANIELLE
It's a fucking mug, Michael. Get a
fucking grip.

MICHAEL
Don't be so damn careless!

Michael places the pieces on the table.

DANIELLE
Don't punish me, Michael.

MICHAEL
Punish you? What?

DANIELLE
Taking it out on me. I know why
you're pushing me away.

MICHAEL
Yeah. He's called Ryan!

DANIELLE
No! It's because you're afraid.

MICHAEL
Not that shit again.

DANIELLE
Because of your Mum. You're afraid of losing the people you love. And the people that love you.

Michael sits. Buries his head in his hands.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
You're hurting. I get it.

MICHAEL
How can you 'get it'? I should have been there. To say goodbye. But instead -

DANIELLE
Instead you were with me. In bed.

No response.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Thanks a lot, Michael.

MICHAEL
Instead we were arguing. About him.

DANIELLE
You were arguing. I wasn't.

MICHAEL
Look -

Anger turns to regret. Sorrow.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
- I just - I just wish I could have said goodbye.

Danielle slinks over to the table, slowly sits down. She places her hand on Michael's.

DANIELLE
Maybe you still can.

Michael attempts to release his hand, but Danielle grips tight.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Listen to me.

MICHAEL
Let go.

DANIELLE
Do you want to say goodbye or not?

MICHAEL
I said let go.

DANIELLE
Let go of us? Is that what you really mean?

Michael's hand is free.

His silence speaks volumes.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
You don't mean that, Michael. You need me. You won't admit it, because you're too fucking stubborn. But you need me. You know you do. I'm your light.

Danielle trembles. Nervous.

She curls her index finger around her middle finger, and her little finger around her third finger.

MICHAEL
You're doing that thing again.

DANIELLE
What 'thing'?

MICHAEL
That thing you do. When you're nervous. Or afraid.

DANIELLE
That's rich, coming from you.

Danielle stands, retrieves her mobile phone from her bag.

MICHAEL
What are you doing?

DANIELLE
Texting Lisa.

MICHAEL
I didn't think you liked her?

DANIELLE
I don't. But it works better with
more people.

MICHAEL
What does?

BLACK.

SUPER: 'Two weeks later'.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is littered with lambent candles.
A coffee table brimming with drinks and snacks.
In the corner, a CAMERA sits on a tripod.

MICHAEL
You know I hate surprises.

Michael sips on a bottle of beer.

Danielle is wearing a black dress that clings to her
curvaceous figure.

Jewellery. Heavy makeup. Fake red nails.

Gothic. Sexy. Seductive.

Meticulously, she adjusts her hair in a mirror. She purses
her lips, as if gesturing a kiss to herself.

DANIELLE
Shush. She'll be here soon.

At that moment, the DOORBELL chimes.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Speak of the Devil.

Danielle disappears into the HALLWAY.

MICHAEL
(sarcastic)
Your psychic powers never fail to
amaze me.

Michael takes a long swig and slumps into the sofa. He taps his leg nervously.

VOICES from the hallway getting louder.

Danielle enters. Sheepish. Then cringing.

DANIELLE
Lisa's here. She's brought someone.

LISA (30s) enters the room.

Followed by RYAN (30s)!

Michael bolts from his seat.

Danielle shoots a reproachful look to Michael.

She places her index finger against her lips: 'shush' then, with pleading eyes, mimes the word 'please'.

LISA
Hey Michael. I'm so sorry to hear
about your Mum.

MICHAEL
Thanks.

Ryan steps forward. He is the same height and similar athletic build to Michael.

RYAN
Yeah. Sorry, mate.

He extends a hand. Michael accepts. A limp shake.

Michael remains silent, glaring at Ryan.

Ryan breaks the tension by turning to Danielle. A smile creases across his face.

RYAN (cont'd)
Hope you don't mind me tagging along.

Beaming, Danielle swoops over to Ryan, places her hand on his chest.

DANIELLE

Don't be silly. It's great to see you.

She plants a kiss on Ryan's cheek.

All of this is watched by Michael.

He suppresses his rage by guzzling down the remains of his beer.

Ryan is a ruggedly handsome man, and it pains Michael to admit it.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

So, who wants drinks?

Excitedly, Danielle dances out of the room, followed by -

RYAN

I'll help.

An awkward silence between Michael and Lisa, exacerbated by the SOUND of Danielle giggling from another room.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Heavy rain batters the windows.

Michael, Lisa, and Ryan are sat on the floor.

Danielle enters, concealing an object behind her back.

DANIELLE

You guys excited?

She sits next to Ryan and Lisa, completing a circle.

MICHAEL

(indifferent)

Can't wait.

She reveals a OUIJA BOARD.

She places it in the centre of the circle.

LISA

Oh my God! How cool?

Michael looks nervous.

DANIELLE
 (to Michael)
 You okay?

MICHAEL
 I'm not sure I'm ready for this.

DANIELLE
 Don't be so difficult. Of course you
 are.

Ryan puffs out his chest. He winks at Danielle.

RYAN
 I'm game.

Danielle is excited. Verging on manic. She grabs the heart-shaped PLANCHETTE.

DANIELLE
 It's so exciting!

Giddily, Lisa claps her hands.

LISA
 This is so cool!

RYAN
 (to Danielle)
 You really believe in ghosts and
 stuff?

DANIELLE
 Of course. The deceased send us
 messages all the time.

Lisa edges in closer to Danielle.

LISA
 Really? Like what?

DANIELLE
 Feathers. That's a common one.

Danielle shoots a look to Michael to ensure he's listening.

Michael is gazing into a candle.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
 Babe.

He doesn't flinch.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Michael!

His eyes snap to Danielle.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

(glaring at Michael)

If you find a random feather, usually a white one, then it's a message from Heaven. Objects, too.

LISA

Like what?

DANIELLE

Random objects are signs from the other world. If its an object meaningful to the deceased, then it's a sign you need to do something.

RYAN

Do something?

DANIELLE

Yes. Like trust someone.

She shoots a glance at Michael.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Or forgive them. Or remember them. Stuff like that.

Danielle places the planchette in the centre of the board.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Okay. I'm ready.

LISA

Don't we all, y'know, touch the pointer thingy, like in the movies?

DANIELLE

No. Just me. I'm the most spiritual. Therefore I'm the best conduit.

MICHAEL

You said it works better with more -

DANIELLE

Quiet. Concentrate. Close your eyes.

Excitedly, Lisa closes her eyes.

Reluctantly, Michael closes his.

Ryan's eyes remain fixed on Danielle.

He shoots her a flirty glance. She reciprocates. Winks.

Ryan closes his eyes.

Rain bombards the windows, blasted by an angry wind.

The candles flicker. A couple blow out.

A tense silence.

Lisa wears a childlike smirk.

Michael is serious. Nervous.

Ryan opens one eye - one more glance at Danielle.

Danielle takes a deep breathe. Dramatic. She rests her index finger on the planchette.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Is anyone there?

Nothing.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Is anyone there?

Nothing.

Michael coughs, opens his eyes.

MICHAEL
I knew it.

Lisa opens her eyes. Disappointment.

Ryan is next. His eyes shoot straight to Danielle.

DANIELLE
Please. If you're there -

Danielle places both hands on the planchette.

Suddenly, the planchette moves in a figure of eight pattern!

Then suddenly stops.

Lisa's mouth drops.

LISA
No way!

MICHAEL
There's no one there.

But the planchette moves again, continuing to make the same pattern.

Danielle beams.

DANIELLE
We're connected!

Another gust of wind. Candles flicker. Blow out.

LISA
There's someone here.

Silence.

Danielle closes her eyes. Deep breathe. More drama.

Her eyes snap open.

DANIELLE
Yes. There is.

Lisa's giddy expression has turned to one of fear.

Ryan is curious.

Michael indifferent.

DANIELLE
(speaking aloud)
Who are you?

The planchette swiftly darts to a letter on the board.

'A'.

Then another.

'M'.

Now Michael is curious. Even fearful.

Another letter.

'Y'.

The planchette stops.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
'Amy'?

More candles flicker and die.

Silence.

They each look to one another. A mixture of intrigue and anxiety.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Is your name Amy?

Silence.

Then the planchette darts to the word 'NO' on the board.

MICHAEL
I don't believe this.

Danielle shoots a reproachful glare.

DANIELLE
What is your name?

The planchette moves again, spelling another word, now with urgency -

'L'

'Y'

'O'

It stops.

RYAN
What?

Then the planchette slowly drifts to a final letter, spelling -

'LYON'.

Danielle gasps, releases the planchette. Trembles.

Ryan wraps his arm around her.

RYAN (cont'd)
You okay?

Michael can't watch.

As Ryan rubs his hand up and down Danielle's arm, she blinks erratically. Shallow breathing.

LISA
Hey Dani. I don't like this.

Danielle slips into a trance. She bows her head. Ryan holds her closer. Tighter.

Michael grabs the board -

MICHAEL
Enough.

Danielle snaps out of the trance, her eyes open wide.

Her breathing slows to normal.

She smiles at Ryan.

DANIELLE
I'm okay.

He removes his arm from her shoulder.

Danielle kisses him on the cheek.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Thank you.

She turns to Michael.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Put the board back.

MICHAEL
Fuck this.

DANIELLE
Put the fucking board back!

MICHAEL
Whatever.

Michael slams the board back into the circle.

DANIELLE
The connection is still open.

Lisa is nervous.

LISA
Connection to what?

DANIELLE
I don't know.

RYAN
Who's 'Amy Lyon'?

Now whispering for dramatic effect -

DANIELLE
I don't know.

Rain splatters against the window pane.

A roar of wind.

The last of the candles die out.

Darkness.

Lisa gasps. Panic.

Hushed murmurings. Movement. Fumbling.

A floor lamp bursts into light, illuminating the room.

Michael is stood next to it.

Danielle glances at the board. A sharp gasp. Terror in her eyes.

Placed in the centre of the board -

A PINK ROSE.

Michael stares in disbelief. Tears well.

MICHAEL
No. No fucking way.

DANIELLE
Michael. It's a message.

Lisa stands. Terrified.

LISA
Hey, Dani. I think we'll call it a night, yeah?

Lisa glances at Ryan. Disappointed, he stands.

DANIELLE
Guys. Wait. Don't -

MICHAEL
Go. Just go.

DANIELLE
 There's no need to be rude, Michael.
 They're our guests.

MICHAEL
 They're your guests.

Ryan turns to Danielle, wraps his arms around her.

RYAN
 Awesome to see you, Dani.

A prolonged embrace.

Danielle squeezes Ryan tight.

Lisa can see Michael is increasingly agitated.

LISA
 Okay. Let's go.

Danielle and Ryan untwine from each other.

RYAN
 (to Michael)
 Thanks for having us, mate.

He extends his hand. Michael doesn't return the gesture.

MICHAEL
 Just fuck off. 'Mate'.

He flounces out of the room.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Danielle closes the door -

DANIELLE
 Goodnight, guys. And sorry about
 Michael.

She stands in the hallway.

Not angry, but contemplative. Even conniving.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Michael is stood in the shower, hot water blasting down on him.

In the corner of the bathroom, above the shower, a SPIDER hangs in a web.

Then drops onto Michael's face.

MICHAEL

Fuck!

Screaming. Panic.

He brushes the spider from his face, watches it crawl across the bottom of the bathtub.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Fucking hell...

Michael leaps out of the bathtub, grabs the shower head, and washes the spider down the plug hole.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danielle sits on the edge of the bed, chewing on her nail.

Michael enters, a towel wrapped around him.

Heavy silence.

He tucks the wires back behind the TV. Readjusts it.

MICHAEL

That was scary.

Danielle huffs. Folds her arms.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

You should have seen the size of it -
the spider in the -

DANIELLE

What was that all about?

No reply.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

You need to get a grip.

Michael snaps.

MICHAEL

I need to? You were the one flirting,
right in front of me! It was
embarrassing.

DANIELLE

I was embarrassing? I'm not the one who told our guest to 'fuck off'!

MICHAEL

I never invited that wanker.

DANIELLE

What is your fucking problem?

MICHAEL

It's you. And him!

DANIELLE

There is no 'me' and 'him'. It's all in your head!

Michael sits on the opposite side of the bed.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Truth. Lies. It depends on what colour glass you're looking through. Remember? You're choosing to look with fear and not love.

A tense silence.

MICHAEL

Look. Maybe we should, you know, have a break.

Danielle sighs.

DANIELLE

Fine. Maybe we should.

She stands. Grabs her overnight bag.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

I'll come back tomorrow and collect the rest of my stuff.

Michael is dumbfounded: not the reaction he expected.

MICHAEL

Dani, wait -

Michael bolts off the bed, holds Danielle.

She can't make eye contact.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

Danielle snaps to Michael. Anger burns in her eyes.

DANIELLE

No. I am.

She unlocks herself from Michael's embrace, slings the bag over her shoulder.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

I'm sorry you don't want me.

MICHAEL

I do want -

DANIELLE

I'm sorry you don't think I'm pretty.

MICHAEL

What? Of course I -

DANIELLE

I'm sorry you don't trust me.

A deep sigh. Followed by a telling silence.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

I thought so.

She loiters.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

It's the rose, isn't it? It's freaked you out.

MICHAEL

No. I don't believe in that stuff.

DANIELLE

It's a sign, Michael. Choose love. Not fear.

MICHAEL

It just makes no sense.

DANIELLE

What doesn't?

MICHAEL

Why would someone called 'Amy' leave a rose?

DANIELLE

As a message. From your Mum.

MICHAEL
Bollocks. There's a rational
explanation.

DANIELLE
What rational explanation, Michael?

Stern, she waits for an answer.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
See? It's a message. And it was
channeled through me.

MICHAEL
Whatever.

DANIELLE
If you want to stay connected to your
Mum, then you need me, Michael. I'm
the conduit, remember? But you have
to trust me.

Michael is uneasy. Ponders.

MICHAEL
I don't believe in -

Now angry -

DANIELLE
So you keep saying.

Danielle grabs her bag.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Fine. Choose fear. Choose denial.
Choose what the fuck you want. I
don't care.

She stomps out of the room, SLAMS the door behind her.

The wires from underneath the television slip down.

Michael crawls into bed.

He stares at the ceiling. Shallow breathing. Close to tears.

He fidgets.

Restless.

A sigh.

Then in a swift and sudden movement, he turns off the bedside lamp.

BLACK.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Middle of the night.

Michael is restive. Tossing. Turning. Sweating.

He opens his eyes. Weary.

He rolls over in his bed, then, startled, gasps at what appears to be a giant SPIDER pinned to the wall, just below the television.

MICHAEL

Fuck!

Michael is full awake.

Another glance and his breathing calms.

He realises that what he mistook for a spider is simply the tangled wires that have slipped down from behind the television.

Heart palpitating, he turns over, eyes wide open.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael is sat on the sofa staring blankly at the pink rose.

The SOUND of someone entering the house.

Danielle enters the living room, an empty travel bag in her hand.

She dumps the bag.

DANIELLE

Sleep okay?

Michael shakes his head.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Me neither. Freaked out?

Michael nods, doesn't take his eyes off the rose.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Me too. Though not by the rose.

Michael doesn't react to her taunt.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Coffee?

MICHAEL
Please.

Danielle disappears into the -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

As she enters the room she notices the Ouija board protruding out of the bin.

She removes it, brushes it down with her hand, then rests on the kitchen table.

She drifts over to the kettle. Turns it on.

Gathers two mugs.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael continues to stare at the rose. Tears welling.

He turns and sees the travel bag.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Michael enters.

He notices a PICTURE on the wall - a William Blake - is tilted. He adjusts it: perfect.

Danielle has her back to him.

She is spooning something into a mug.

MICHAEL
No sugar for me.

Danielle is startled.

DANIELLE
Fuck!

She calms. Composes herself.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Since when?

Michael slumps into a seat, picks up the Ouija board.

MICHAEL
I didn't know if you wanted it back.

DANIELLE
Well, it is mine. But I guess you
decide what gets thrown away, huh?

Michael doesn't rise to the subtext.

She dumps the mug on the table in front of Michael, spilling
some of the contents.

Passive aggression.

With a feigned smile -

DANIELLE (cont'd)
No sugar.

As she makes to exit -

MICHAEL
Where are you goin'?

DANIELLE
To collect my stuff. Remember?

Michael stares into the mug.

Silence. Maybe regret.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Your house key is on the side.

Michael glances over to the kitchen unit.

A silver KEY.

He turns back to the mug as Danielle disappears.

A deep sigh.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Danielle stuffs various items of clothing into the travel
bag.

She glances around the room.

Thinking. Conspiring.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Danielle enters, her bag bursting.

She glimpses Michael depositing the KEY into a drawer.

DANIELLE

I'm done.

Michael stands, arms folded in stoic silence.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Oh wait. I forgot my bottle opener.

MICHAEL

You're taking that?

She hurries over to the kitchen drawer, fumbles inside.

Michael moves away.

DANIELLE

Well who knows, a break might end in a break up. After all, you decide what's thrown away.

She SLAMS the drawer.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Now I'm done.

She slowly edges towards Michael, gesturing a hug.

Michael accepts: they embrace.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Goodbye. Michael

She kisses him on the cheek.

Michael can't look her in the eye.

He nods, suppressing tears.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

It's fear.

Michael nods emphatically.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Don't let it destroy us.

Michael shakes his head.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
I do love you.

Michael stammers, poised to speak, when Danielle's phone PINGS.

Michael unlocks his arms, turns away, surrendering to suspicion.

Danielle rolls her eyes. Now speaking condescendingly -

DANIELLE (cont'd)
It's just a text.

Michael slumps into a chair.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
It could be from anyone!

She pulls the phone from her pocket, reads the message.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
See? Rhiannon.

She glares at Michael, waiting for a reaction.

Nothing.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
You're the one destroying us,
Michael. Not me. Not Ryan...

She grabs the travel bag -

DANIELLE (cont'd)
...You.

- and tucks the Ouija board under her arm, then marches out of the room.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

As Danielle struts down the driveway, Michael opens the front door and stands in the doorway.

He is poised to speak - to call her back - but she is engrossed by her phone.

She dials a number - 'RHIAN'.

She is smiling. Carefree. Hardly heartbroken.

The phone rings. Someone picks up.

DANIELLE
(into phone)
Hey! Listen. What are you doing
later? Wanna play a game?

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Michael trudges up the stairs when his attention is wrested by an object.

A white FEATHER.

Curious, he picks it up, inspects it.

LATER.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael is sprawled on the sofa, mindlessly channel hopping on the television.

There is a stack of several BOOKS on a coffee table.

He notices his hand trembling.

He clenches his fist momentarily.

Then unfurls his fingers, still shaking violently.

He switches the television off.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Michael slowly brushes his teeth.

He gazes into the mirror, into the sadness in his own eyes.

His hand quaking.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael sits on the edge of the bed.

Alone.

In the silence.

He slips into bed, stares at the ceiling. Eyes wide open.

The clock reads: '10:30'.

LATER.

The clock reads: '03:28'.

Michael finally drifts off to sleep.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael wakes with a start.

A strange thudding SOUND originating from downstairs.

He leaps out of bed, slowly makes his way -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Creeping down the stairs, following the sound into -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Michael enters the kitchen, he rushes to the TAP which is gushing water, overflowing from the sink.

He turns it off. Stands. Frozen. Confused. Even fearful.

He then notices on the kitchen table -

The stack of BOOKS that were in the living room.

And the PICTURE on the kitchen wall...has been replaced by a different picture!

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michael slowly treads back upstairs into -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

He climbs into bed.

The bedroom is left wide open.

LATER.

Michael drifts into sleep...

When suddenly -

BANG!

The bedroom door SLAMS shut.

Michael bolts up. Panicked. Heart racing. Shallow breathing.

He sits in the darkness. Silent. Listening.

Nothing.

Moments pass -

He slips out of bed, creeps over to the door, cautiously opens it.

He peers onto the LANDING.

Darkness. Stillness.

Nothing.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Michael is sat at the kitchen table, clearly anxious.

Danielle enters.

DANIELLE

Door was open. I got your text.

With a smile of relief -

MICHAEL

Thank you for coming.

DANIELLE

So, what's up?

A look of concern.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

You look like shit.

MICHAEL

Haven't slept.

Michael takes Danielle's coat.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

So, how're you - how have you been -
you okay? Coffee? Kettle's just
boiled.

As Michael absentmindedly drifts over to the fridge, grabs the milk, it slops over the counter.

DANIELLE
Seriously. What's up?

Michael grabs a cloth, wipes the spilled milk.

Danielle grips his arm.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Stop.

Michael freezes.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Just stop. Okay?

He nods.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Sit down.

Michael obeys.

Now sat at the table.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
What's up?

Michael buries his face into his hands.

MICHAEL
You won't believe it.

DANIELLE
Believe what?

A deep breath.

MICHAEL
Ever since - that night - you know -
with the - the -

DANIELLE
Ouija?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

DANIELLE
What about it?

MICHAEL
Weird shit's been happening.

Danielle's interest is piqued.

DANIELLE
Like?

MICHAEL
It's crazy.

DANIELLE
Like what, Michael?

MICHAEL
First there was the rose, right?

DANIELLE
Right. From your Mum.

MICHAEL
Then, last night. I couldn't sleep.
Then when I finally did fall asleep,
something woke me up. The kitchen tap
was running. I guess I could have
left it on by mistake. Maybe I
forgot.

DANIELLE
Michael...

Michael points to the PICTURE on the wall.

MICHAEL
Was that picture there yesterday?

Danielle shoots Michael a look of concern.

DANIELLE
What do you mean? Of course it was.

MICHAEL
Was it, though?

DANIELLE
Yes.

MICHAEL
The same one?

DANIELLE
Yes!

MICHAEL

It wasn't a William Blake?

DANIELLE

Michael. The picture was there.
You're not making any sense.

MICHAEL

Okay. But get this. Some of my stuff
somehow moved from the living room to
the kitchen, and then the bedroom
door slammed, and -

DANIELLE

Wait. Slow down.

Michael is shaking.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

The door slammed?

Danielle stares in disbelief.

Nervously, she plays with her fake nail, occasionally biting
into it.

Michael nods, almost ashamed by the ensuing conversation.

MICHAEL

By itself.

DANIELLE

Did you leave a window open or -

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL

No way. It slammed. There must be
some explanation for all this.

DANIELLE

Michael. I know you're scared about
things. But -

MICHAEL

I'm not making this up.

DANIELLE

I'm not saying you are.

MICHAEL

So what's the explanation?

DANIELLE
Oh shit.

MICHAEL
What?

DANIELLE
I knew it!

MICHAEL
Knew what?!

Danielle sighs, leans back, shaking her head.

DANIELLE
We never closed the connection.

MICHAEL
What connection?

DANIELLE
We never closed the connection to the
spirit. To Amy.

MICHAEL
Not that shit again.

DANIELLE
Michael. She's still here.

Michael's face turns ashen. He struggles for words.

MICHAEL
No, Dani. She - it - can't be.

Tense silence.

DANIELLE
Any weird things happening with the
lights?

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL
Like what?

DANIELLE
TV?

MICHAEL
Nothing. Why?

DANIELLE

Spirits often interfere with
electrical devices. Phones. TVs.
Cameras. Stuff like that.

Now enlivened.

MICHAEL

And flowers, right? You said the
smell of flowers meant Mum's still -

Danielle places her index finger across her lips: SHUSH.

She smirks, stands, wanders into the HALLWAY...

Michael waits. Confused. Intrigued. Trembling.

Danielle returns clutching a bunch of FLOWERS.

Pink roses.

DANIELLE

I bought them for Grandma. She's
coming over today. I was on the way
back from the market when you text
me.

Abashed, Michael faces the table. Heart racing. Now
sweating.

MICHAEL

Fuck. I'm losing it.

She lays the flowers on the table.

DANIELLE

Michael. Look. You're tired. You're
grieving. You're obsessed with Ryan.
Maybe it's all just -

MICHAEL

In my head?

DANIELLE

I'm just saying, books moving, doors
slamming, it's all a bit, well -

MICHAEL

I'm not making this up.

Danielle's expression doesn't concur.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

You think I'm paranoid?

Silence.

Now stern -

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Dani, do you think I'm -

She snaps.

DANIELLE
Sometimes. Yes.

MICHAEL
Oh, fucking great!

DANIELLE
With the Ryan thing.

MICHAEL
Why are you making this about him?

DANIELLE
Because you need to get over it.

MICHAEL
Over what?

DANIELLE
The insane jealousy.

MICHAEL
It's difficult when you rub it in my
face!

DANIELLE
You're crazy! You're so like Ben.
He'd accuse me of -

MICHAEL
I haven't 'accused' you of anything.
I just don't like the situation.

DANIELLE
That's what Ben said. Before he -

MICHAEL
Don't you fucking dare say it -

DANIELLE
Before he beat the shit out of me!

MICHAEL
You had to say it, didn't you?

DANIELLE

He didn't trust me. You don't trust me!

Exaggerated tears.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

What do you want from me? I love you, Michael. Only you. No one will love you as much as I do. No one!

She sobs. Michael gently puts his arm around her.

Now calm -

DANIELLE (cont'd)

I'm just not good enough for you.

MICHAEL

That's not true.

DANIELLE

You don't love me.

Hesitant -

MICHAEL

I do.

Now angry. Venomous.

DANIELLE

Then what?

She wriggles out of Michael's embrace, bolts out of her seat.

Seething.

Spittle as she bawls -

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Fucking what? Tell me!

Michael is stunned to silence.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

If you love me then you'd trust me!

She edges closer to him, hisses -

DANIELLE (cont'd)

But you don't love me!

Now hysterical -

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Liar! You're a fucking liar!

She lashes out, SMACKS Michael across the face.

Stunned silence.

Michael stares at her, clutching his cheek.

Danielle's histrionics simmer down.

Her demeanor switches in an instant.

She leans in to Michael. Calm. Wide eyes. Arms open.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Babe. I'm sorry.

Michael recoils.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Please. Babe. I didn't mean to -

Calmly -

MICHAEL
Get out.

Danielle edges closer again -

DANIELLE
Michael...

Anger explodes.

MICHAEL
Get out!

Danielle gazes at Michael with pleading eyes.

More tears. More melodrama.

DANIELLE
No. Michael. Don't throw me away,
just like the others did. Please,
Michael. Please.

MICHAEL
We're done.

Danielle stands in disbelief.

DANIELLE
Michael. Please.

MICHAEL
It's over. Get out.

A tense silence.

In a sudden fit of rage, Danielle grabs the VASE she gifted to Michael, hurls it at the floor.

SMASH.

Next, she pulls the ENGAGEMENT RING off her finger, throws it at Michael.

Then storms of out of the room, leaving Michael dumbfounded.

Michael stands in silence. Frozen.

The SOUND of the front door SLAMMING shut.

Michael is anxious. He paces towards the sink and back again.

Fidgety. Uneasy.

He sits. Stares. Thinks.

Then decides.

He leaps from the seat, grabs the flowers, and stuffs them into the bin.

Then, exhausted, crumples into a chair, overcome with sadness.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael is sat in the dark.

Contemplative.

Perhaps scared.

He checks his phone for messages.

Nothing.

With a heavy sigh, he dumps his phone on a coffee table and lifts himself off the sofa.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom door is closed.

Michael lies in bed.

His eyes are heavy.

He closes them.

BLACK.

LATER.

Michael bolts up in bed.

The SOUND of something SMASHING.

Then again.

And again.

Michael leaps out of bed, races to the door, yanks it open, rushes into -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT

Michael slowly creeps down the stairs, into -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael flicks the light switch.

As the room bursts into light, he is stunned to see several PLATES smashed all over the floor.

MICHAEL

What the -

His attention is wrested by a strange sound.

HISS. CRACKLE.

He darts back into the HALLWAY, where he creeps into the -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HISS. CRACKLE.

The room is illuminated by the television screen.

Blank.

Interference from a radio channel.

Terror washes over Michael's face.

Gingerly, he picks up the REMOTE, turns the television off.

Silence.

Darkness.

Shallow breathing.

Then -

BANG!

The SOUND of the living room door SLAMMING shut.

Michael spins around.

MICHAEL

Fuck!

Stricken with fear, he remains frozen.

Erratic breathing.

Then -

The SOUND of something slowly SCRATCHING against the door...

Something sharp. Like CLAWS.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Fuck! Fuck!

Now Michael is overwhelmed. Tears erupt.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

What are you? What do you want?

Michael collapses onto the sofa. Weeping.

Alone in the darkness.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael wakes with a blench, adjusting to his surroundings.

He is splayed on the sofa.

Eyes rimmed with redness.

Hours of crying.

He snaps to the coffee table where his phone is still sat.

Michael grabs the phone, punches a series of buttons.

It dials.

Rings out.

Michael tries again.

It dials.

Rings out.

MICHAEL

Fucking pick up!

He is poised to hurl the phone at the wall, but resists.

Rapid breathing.

He stares at the screen of his mobile.

Panic. Sweating.

Then -

His phone RINGS.

Frantically, Michael answers.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Hey. Thank God!

A pained voice replies: Danielle; angry, and close to tears.

DANIELLE (V.O.)

What do you want?

MICHAEL

Can you come over?

DANIELLE (V.O.)

Why, Michael? It's over, remember?

MICHAEL

Please.

No reply.

The line goes dead.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Fuck!

In a burst of rage, Michael hurls the phone at the wall.

It SMASHES.

Michael paces anxiously.

He wanders into the -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kitchen and yanks the roses from the bin.

He lays them out on the table.

His eyes dart around the room, startled by any glint of LIGHT or hint of SOUND.

He stares at the PICTURE on the wall - now a William Blake.

He slumps into a chair, trembling violently.

LATER.

Michael is still sat at the table, his head is buried in his arms.

He is alarmed by the SOUND of the DOORBELL.

He bolts from the chair, rushes into -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

- he yanks open the door.

Danielle steps inside.

MICHAEL

You came.

DANIELLE

I tried calling you back.

Michael is clearly agitated.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
 So, what's up? Did you decide you're
 a jealous asshole and you love me
 after all?

Michael can't decipher whether her words are ironic or
 sincere.

Danielle strips out of her LONG COAT, hangs it up in the
 CLOAKROOM.

MICHAEL
 More things - weird fucking things -
 have been happening.

He stares at her with dread in his eyes.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
 Dani. I'm scared.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael stands in the centre of the room. Danielle reclines
 on the sofa.

MICHAEL
 And then, the door slammed, and there
 was this - this - scratching noise -
 I mean, what the fuck is that?

He slumps into a chair, buries his head in his hands,
 swaying forwards and backwards.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
 Maybe you're right. Maybe it's fear.
 Maybe it's all in my head. Maybe I'm
 paranoid.

Danielle remains silent. Lets Michael dwell on this thought.
 Then -

DANIELLE
 You know why the haunting -

MICHAEL
 The what?

DANIELLE
 That's what this is, Michael.
 Haunting.

Now Michael is hysterical.

MICHAEL
No. No fucking way!

DANIELLE
The haunting is getting worse.
Running water is one thing. Plates
smashing and doors slamming is
another.

MICHAEL
Tell me what the fuck is going on,
Dani. Please.

Michael stares at her with glassy eyes. Pleading.

DANIELLE
Negative emotions are making the
spirit angry. That's why the haunting
has gotten worse.

MICHAEL
What are you saying?

DANIELLE
It's no accident it's since we broke
up.

MICHAEL
I don't believe this.

DANIELLE
The more negative the energy, the
more intense the haunting.

MICHAEL
I didn't want this. I didn't ask for
this.

DANIELLE
I didn't want us to break up. I
didn't ask for it. But it happened.

MICHAEL
How do we make it stop?

DANIELLE
Love. And trust. Not fear.

MICHAEL
The fucking spirit, in my house! How
do I make it go away?

DANIELLE

I guess we need to close the connection.

MICHAEL

You guess?

DANIELLE

What do you want from me, Michael?

MICHAEL

Answers.

DANIELLE

What answers?

MICHAEL

I don't know! You brought the fucking thing into my house!

Danielle stands abruptly.

DANIELLE

It was to connect with your Mum, remember? It was a gesture of love.

MICHAEL

Well you fucked it up, didn't you?

DANIELLE

I don't need this. I don't deserve this.

She makes to leave, turns her back on Michael.

Michael is desperate. He stands. Begg.

MICHAEL

Wait, Dani.

She halts. Her back still to Michael.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry.

Danielle slowly turns around.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I'm sorry. Okay? I just - I just don't want to be alone - I'm scared, Dani - I'm really scared.

DANIELLE

So talk to someone else.

MICHAEL

I can't. They'll think I'm -

He swallows his words.

DANIELLE

Crazy?

Danielle wears a smirk.

MICHAEL

Maybe I should just - get out - go
somewhere. Leave this house.

Now forthright -

DANIELLE

That won't make a difference. Spirits
latch on to people, not to places.
This spirit wants you. Where you go,
it goes.

MICHAEL

I don't believe this. I can't leave
my own fucking house?

DANIELLE

There would be no point. The best
thing to close the connection is to
stay here. Contain it.

MICHAEL

So how do we close -

DANIELLE

With the same conduit that opened it.

MICHAEL

So you can do it?

Silence.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Dani, please. Tell me you can do it?

She sighs, shoots a stern expression.

DANIELLE

So you believe in spirits now?

Michael nods emphatically.

MICHAEL
I'm trying to keep it together. I
really am. But -

Momentary hesitation. Then he relents.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
But I need you.

DANIELLE
You threw me away, remember?

MICHAEL
I know. I know. And -

DANIELLE
And what?

MICHAEL
I just need you to maybe stay - the
night - just one night - I don't
wanna be alone.

She sighs deeply.

DANIELLE
What do you want me to say?

Michael stares blankly.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
You broke my heart. And now you want
me to stay?

MICHAEL
Please, Dani. Please don't go.

DANIELLE
You can't just pick me up and throw
me away when you feel like it,
Michael. You made your choice.

MICHAEL
Dani, please!

She marches out of the room, into -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Michael follows, pleading.

MICHAEL
Don't go! Please, don't go!

Danielle yanks open the door as Michael grabs the doorframe, preventing her from leaving.

Anger rising.

DANIELLE
What, you're going to lock me in?

MICHAEL
No. Of course not.

DANIELLE
So let me go.

MICHAEL
Please, Dani. Please. I'm begging you
to stay. Just one night.

She turns. Stares deeply into Michael's pitiful eyes.

DANIELLE
One night. Is that all you want from
me?

Michael nods.

Then -

In a burst of anger, she shoves him aside.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Goodbye.

And leaves.

Michael flattens his back against the door, slides to the floor, sobbing.

He grabs his hair, pulls tight.

Rage. Terror. Grief.

An emotional outpouring.

Inconsolable.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom door is closed.

Michael wakes with a start.

The SOUND of water gushing from the adjacent bathroom.

MICHAEL

No. No. Not again. Please.

He curls into a fetal position, groaning.

Suddenly -

A resounding BANG from outside the room.

Michael jolts.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

He springs out of the bed. Now manic.

More angry than afraid.

He strides over to the door, pulls it open, storms onto the -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT

The SOUND of TWO doors SLAMMING in close succession.

MICHAEL

What do you want from me?

He charges down the stairs, into -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

He halts a few meters away from the CLOAKROOM.

The door is slightly ajar.

In the darkness - barely perceptible - the outline of a FIGURE stood inside the cloakroom.

Michael laughs to himself, verging on hysteria.

MICHAEL

You're not real.

He edges closer to the door.

The apparent figure remains still.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

You're not fucking real!

He laughs maniacally, wanders back up the stairs.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
It's all in my head!

The Figure remains still.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (cont'd)
It's a coat. A fucking coat.

Once Michael has disappeared upstairs -

The Figure MOVES!

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT

Still laughing - in patent denial - Michael wanders onto the landing.

The SOUND of the shower blasting from the BATHROOM.

Outside the bathroom, Michael is poised to pull open the door.

MICHAEL
It's all in my fucking -

As he pulls open the door -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Michael freezes in terror.

Smudged on the condensation in the mirror...

A HAND PRINT.

But not a human hand.

Three fingers.

Demonic.

MICHAEL
No. No!

Michael creases over, crumples to the floor, shaking his head, pulling on his hair.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
What do you want from me?

His body trembles violently.

Relentless tears.

Wailing in unbridled terror.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Light streams through the windows.

Unmade bed.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is littered with books.

Unopened mail.

Plates of half-eaten food.

Empty beer bottles.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A stack of unwashed dishes.

Dying roses strewn across the table.

The PICTURE taken off the wall, now sat on top of an overflowing bin.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Michael's eyes are hollow and tear-stained. His cheeks sunken. Face pallid.

Unkempt appearance.

Signs of a sleepless night.

He creeps down the stairs, into the hallway.

He glances at the cloakroom door, still ajar.

But the coat/Figure is GONE.

Curious, Michael opens the cloakroom door, inspects inside.

On the ground: a fake RED nail.

He picks it up. Inspects it closely.

MICHAEL
Objects are signs from the other
world.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael turns his mobile phone in his hand.

The screen is cracked.

Dead.

He's trembling.

He grabs a LAPTOP.

Now on the internet -

He scrawls though a SOCIAL MEDIA website, searching for
Danielle.

Nothing.

He puffs in anger. Clenches his fist.

Now he searches for Lisa.

Clicks to call her.

The SOUND of dialing.

MICHAEL
Come on. Pick up. Pick up.

A tense wait. Then Lisa answers.

On screen: a video call.

LISA
Michael.

MICHAEL
Hey, Lisa.

An awkward silence.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
I was just wondering -

LISA
I heard what happened. She isn't
here.

MICHAEL

Right -

LISA

Why are you calling me?

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. It's kinda of random. My phone is broke and Dani has blocked me from, well, everything.

LISA

Well you did break her heart.

Michael doesn't know how to respond.

LISA (cont'd)

You've lost an amazing woman over some petty jealousy.

Now Michael is fidgety. Trembling.

MICHAEL

Lisa. Look. Do you know where she is? I really need to talk to her.

LISA

She has nothing to say to you.

MICHAEL

Lisa. Please. I wouldn't ask unless I was really -

Hesitation.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

- desperate.

Lisa shoots a reproachful glare.

LISA

Desperate?

MICHAEL

I mean, unless I was sorry.

LISA

I think it's too late for 'sorry'.

MICHAEL

Please.

Disdain in Lisa's eyes. She is poised to hang up.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
No. Wait. Please!

The call cuts dead.

Michael SLAMS his laptop shut.

He SCREAMS in frustration.

Then screaming turns to sorrow.

He submits to his fear. Perhaps an element of regret.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

He collapses to the floor, curled into a ball, swaying back and forth.

As the tears become more intense, a sudden fit of rage.

He shoots up from the floor, then sweeps his hand across the coffee table.

Sundry items fall. SMASH.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
What do you want?

Next, he plants his foot in the television, knocking it over.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
What do you want from me?

He hurls a lamp across the room. Knocks the CAMERA over.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Why me?

Picks up two coffee mugs and propels them at the wall.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Why?

Then -

Breathless, he slumps onto the sofa.

Weeping.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mindlessly, Michael drifts over to a cupboard.

He lifts down a box. Opens it.

Inside - various bottles of pills.

He takes one, twists off the cap.

Then taps some pills into his hand, throws them into his mouth.

Swallows.

He drifts out of the room.

Weary.

Emotionless.

Resigned to fate.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A series of BANGS on the front door.

Michael lies on the sofa, surfacing from a deep sleep.

Initially disorientated. Adjusting to his surroundings.

The BANGING continues. More intense. More urgent.

Michael slides off the sofa.

MICHAEL

What do you want?

He wanders into -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

- and slowly opens the front door.

Danielle bursts into the hallway. She is wearing a pair of GLOVES.

DANIELLE

So you're pestering my friends now?

Michael is too drained to answer.

Numb.

Danielle marches into the -

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She freezes as she surveys the devastation.

Broken appliances. Smashed crockery. Objects strewn across the floor. Broken beer bottles.

DANIELLE

What the hell happened?

Michael drifts into the room, calmly sinks into the sofa.

His expression is vacant, almost comatose.

He speaks in monotones. Trance-like.

MICHAEL

You came.

DANIELLE

Look. I didn't want to. But I have some information. I thought you should know.

Michael looks at her with glazed eyes.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

When you told me the haunting got worse, well - I looked into it more - and - you're not going to like it -

MICHAEL

Can't be any worse than it already is.

Danielle sucks in a deep breath.

DANIELLE

I've been looking into spirits and -

A tense pause.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Demonology.

Michael snaps out of his trance.

The colour seeps from his face. The deadness in his eyes turns to terror.

Danielle sits beside him, gently takes his hand.

A heavy silence, broken by -

DANIELLE (cont'd)
We connected to 'Amy Lyon', right?

Michael nods, struggling for words.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Well. It isn't Amy Lyon. It's
'Amylyon'.

MICHAEL
What are you saying?

DANIELLE
'Amylyon' is the name of a -

MICHAEL
Demon.

Danielle nods.

Michael bolts out of the seat. Now trembling. Pacing.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
A fucking demon!

Danielle remains silent. Perhaps guilty.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
A fucking devil in my house!

DANIELLE
When we opened the connection, it
came through. There's no controlling
what comes through. The energies we
put out attract spirits, or in this
case -

Michael is now kneeling at Danielle's side.

She looks deep within his desperate eyes. A hint of pity.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
The negative energy attracted -

Michael grabs her hand, clinging tight.

MICHAEL
I know, Dani. I know. I believe you.

With sincerity -

MICHAEL (cont'd)
It's all my fault. I caused the
negative energy. You were right.
About everything.

Danielle looks at Michael, confused but curious.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
I've brought this on us. I'm jealous.
I'm difficult. And I should have
trusted you. I'm sorry.

DANIELLE
What's brought this on?

MICHAEL
I'm going crazy, Dani. I need you to
help me.

DANIELLE
You trust me?

MICHAEL
Yes.

Danielle releases her hand from Michael's.

She stands.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Can we make it work?

No reply.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Please, Dani. I'm sorry. We can make
it work.

Danielle gazes at Michael, pitifully.

DANIELLE
No, Michael.

Michael's expression sinks.

MICHAEL
What do you mean?

DANIELLE
It can't work.

MICHAEL
But you love me.

DANIELLE
Yes. I love you. But -

MICHAEL
But what?

Her expression is cold.

DANIELLE
It's best we break up.

Michael's eyes crease as his heart breaks.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
For good.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

From the window, Michael watches tearfully as Danielle strides down the pathway.

She is focused. Determined. No emotion.

She climbs into a CAR and speeds away.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael sits. Nervously.

He chews on his nails. Shaking.

Alert to every SOUND. Every SHADOW.

His mind overcome with paranoia.

He stares at the fake RED NAIL which sits on the table.

INTERCUT FLASHBACK: Michael's discovery of the ROSE; the FEATHER; the RED NAIL.

We return to the PRESENT.

MICHAEL
Objects are signs from the other world. If its an object meaningful to the deceased, then it's a sign you need to do something.

A momentary pause, then -

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Fuck it. It isn't over.

Michael springs up from the table, grabs a set of KEYS.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael charges down the pathway, climbs into a CAR.

LATER...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Michael pulls up outside a HOUSE.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Michael exits the car, strides up a pathway to -

EXT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael glances at a light in the top window.

He pauses at the front door, poised to press the doorbell, when he notices the door is ajar.

Gingerly, he pushes it open.

He enters.

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michael creeps into the hallway, into the silent darkness.

MICHAEL
Hello. Dani?

No reply.

He wanders into the -

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The room is shrouded in darkness.

Michael flicks on a light.

The room illuminates to reveal a stack of opened LETTERS on the kitchen counter.

Michael scans the room.

His attention is caught by one particular LETTER: the letterhead denotes a psychotherapy service.

He picks up the letter, carefully reads it.

Michael is stunned. Confused. Transfixed...

As he reads the signature - the name of a psychiatrist -

'Yours truly,

Aimee Lyons'.

Then -

A BANG from upstairs: movement.

Michael drops the letter, rushes into the -

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hallway, ascends the stairs onto the -

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT

The SOUND of music playing.

Michael creeps along the landing, stands outside the BEDROOM.

A deep breath, and he pushes the door open, to reveal -

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Music.

Danielle in bed.

With Ryan!

RYAN

Fuck!

Danielle grabs the duvet, covers her naked body.

DANIELLE

Michael!

Michael stares. No words.

He notices a RED NAIL missing from Danielle's finger.

A painful silence broken by -

DANIELLE (cont'd)
What the fuck, Michael?

He continues to stare. Numb. Not accepting the reality before him.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Get the fuck out!

Then, softly, calmly, simply -

MICHAEL
Books.

Danielle fixes on him, confused.

DANIELLE
Have you completely gone insane?

Ryan sneers.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
What the hell are you talking about?

With soulless eyes, Michael stares straight through her.

MICHAEL
The other day. At my house. I said
objects had moved from one room to
another.

DANIELLE
Right. So?

MICHAEL
You said: 'books moving, doors
slamming.'

Danielle looks at him expectantly: so what?

MICHAEL (cont'd)
I never said my books had moved.

And with that, Michael drifts solemnly out of the room.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Michael speeds down the road.

Anger. Tears. Heartbreak.

The searing pain of his reality now hitting him.

As he drives, he wanders into memory...

Into stark realisation.

Suddenly...

Everything is clear.

He slams on the breaks.

SCREECHING tires.

The car stops.

The engine murmurs.

A series of REVELATIONS flash through Michael's mind:

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Danielle stares into a mirror. Shallow breathing.

Nervously, she chews on a fake nail.

Her attention is wrested by a SPIDER crawling in the bathtub.

She glances at the overnight bag, which is dumped on the floor.

She turns the SHOWER on.

Water gushes. Steam rises.

She continues to gaze into the mirror, the condensation slowly erasing her image.

He wipes the mirror with her fist.

She stares deeply into her own eyes. No longer sad, but mischievous.

She plucks her phone from her bag.

She replaces the name 'RYAN' with 'RHIAN'.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rain splatters against the window pane.

The last of the candles blow out.

Darkness.

Lisa gasps. Panic.

Hushed murmurings. Movement. Fumbling.

Danielle places a PINK ROSE in the centre of the board.

A floor lamp bursts into light, illuminating the room.

Michael is stood next to it.

Danielle glances at the board. A sharp gasp. Terror in her eyes.

Placed in the centre of the board -

The PINK ROSE.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Michael enters.

He notices a PICTURE on the wall - a William Blake - is tilted. He adjusts it: perfect.

Danielle has her back to him. She is spooning something into a mug.

It is a WHITE POWDER!

MICHAEL

No sugar for me.

Danielle is startled.

LATER...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Michael is sprawled on the sofa, mindlessly channel hopping on the television.

There is a stack of BOOKS on a coffee table.

He notices his hand trembling.

He clenches his fist momentarily.

Then unfurls his fingers, still shaking violently.

LATER...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Michael sits on the edge of the bed.

Alone.

In the silence.

He slips into bed, stares at the ceiling. Eyes wide open.

The clock reads: '10:30'.

LATER...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A look of concern.

DANIELLE
You look like shit.

MICHAEL
Haven't slept much.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Danielle enters the kitchen, her bag bursting.

She glimpses Michael depositing the key into the kitchen drawer.

DANIELLE
I'm done.

Michael stands, arms folded, in stoic silence.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Oh wait. I forgot my bottle opener.

MICHAEL
You're taking that?

She hurries over to the kitchen drawer, fumbles inside.

Michael moves away.

Danielle retrieves the house KEY and deposits it into her pocket.

DANIELLE

Well who knows, a break might end in a break up. After all, you decide what's thrown away.

She SLAMS the drawer.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

DANIELLE

The deceased send us messages all the time.

Lisa edges in closer to Danielle.

LISA

Really? Like what?

DANIELLE

Feathers. That's a common one.

Danielle shoots a look to Michael to ensure he's listening.

Michael is gazing into a candle.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Babe.

He doesn't flinch.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Michael!

His eyes snap to Danielle.

LATER...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

With a travel bag slumped over her shoulder, Danielle makes her way to the kitchen.

She retrieves a feather from her pocket and plants it in the hallway.

LATER...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Michael trudges up the stairs, when his attention is wrested by an object.

A white FEATHER.

Curious, he picks it up, inspects it.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

As Danielle struts down the driveway, Michael opens the front door and stands in the doorway.

He is poised to speak - to call her back - but she is engrossed by her phone.

She dials a number - 'RHIAN'.

She is smiling. Carefree. Hardly heartbroken.

The phone rings. Someone picks up.

DANIELLE
(into phone)
Hey! Listen. What are you doing
later? Wanna play a game?

Michael overhears.

LATER...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The SOUND of TWO doors SLAMMING in close succession.

MICHAEL
What do you want from me?

REVEAL Danielle and Ryan slamming the doors shut, one after the other.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Danielle trembles. Nervous.

She curls her index finger around her middle finger, and her little finger around her third finger: it looks like she has three fingers.

MICHAEL
You're doing that thing again.

DANIELLE
What 'thing'?

MICHAEL
That thing you do. When you're
nervous. Or afraid.

LATER...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Michael freezes in terror.

Smudged on the condensation in the mirror...

A HAND PRINT.

But not a human hand.

Three fingers.

Demonic.

MICHAEL
No. No!

REVEAL Danielle imprinting the 'demon's' hand in the
condensation.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

She sheds the dressing gown and, with a playful smirk,
slinks into bed.

She digs her nails into Michael's flesh: bright RED nails.
Talon-like. Fake.

We see that Danielle is wearing an ENGAGEMENT RING.

LATER...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Outside the CLOAKROOM.

Michael laughs maniacally, wanders back up the stairs.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
It's all in my head!

The Figure remains still.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (cont'd)
It's a coat. A fucking coat.

Once Michael has disappeared upstairs -

The Figure MOVES into the moonlight.

It is Danielle.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Michael creeps down the stairs, into the hallway.

He glances at the cloakroom door, still ajar.

Curious, Michael opens the cloakroom door, inspects inside.

On the ground: a fake RED nail.

He picks it up. Inspects it closely.

LATER...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Michael slowly opens the front door.

Danielle bursts into the hallway. She is wearing a pair of GLOVES.

DANIELLE

So you're pestering my friends now?

LATER...

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Danielle in bed.

With Ryan.

RYAN

Fuck!

Danielle grabs the duvet, covers her naked body.

Ryan is panicked.

DANIELLE

Michael.

Michael stares. No words. He notices a RED NAIL missing from Danielle's finger.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

RYAN
Who's 'Amy Lyon'?

Now whispering for dramatic effect -

DANIELLE
I don't know.

Then, the wind howls. Rain splatters against the window pane.

The last of the candles blow out.

Darkness.

LATER...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Danielle sits beside Michael, gently takes his hand.

A heavy silence, broken by -

DANIELLE
We connected to 'Amy Lyon', right?

Michael nods, struggling for words.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Well. It isn't Amy Lyon. It's
'Amylyon'.

LATER...

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Michael scans the room.

His attention is caught by one particular LETTER: the letterhead denotes a psychotherapy service.

He picks up the letter, carefully reads it.

Michael is stunned. Confused. Transfixed, as he reads the signature - the name of a psychiatrist -

'Yours truly,
Aimee Lyons'.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

We return to the PRESENT.

Danielle's VOICE resonates in Michael's memory:

DANIELLE (V.O.)
I love you. I'm here. I'm yours.
Forever.

With fierce resolve, he spins the car around, hurtles away.

EXT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael waits inside the car.

Watching.

Eyes fixed on Danielle's house.

The front door opens.

Danielle stands in the doorway dressed in her silk dressing gown.

Ryan exits.

Danielle kisses him, then he wanders off down the road, into the still night.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Anger rising.

Slowly, the car pulls away and stalks Ryan.

As Ryan turns a corner, the car accelerates...

Faster. Faster.

The engine groans.

Ryan spins around, frozen by the blinding headlights speeding towards him.

The SOUND of screeching tires.

BLACK.

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Danielle wakes. Glances at her phone.

Nothing.

She slips into her dressing gown and wanders down the STAIRS into -

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

A padded ENVELOPE sits in front of the door.

On the front, the words: 'Play.'

Curious, Danielle picks it up, opens it.

Inside, a MEMORY CARD.

She drifts into the -

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

- sits at the kitchen table, and inserts the memory card into a LAPTOP.

It loads. Click.

Plays.

A video of Michael.

He is sat in his LIVING ROOM speaking into the camera.

Weeping.

MICHAEL

(on the video)

I know the game you've been playing all along. The rose. The feather. The stimulant in my coffee. The hand print. I know you stole my key. And I know Ryan was in on it, too. And I fell for it. Why? Because I was vulnerable. Grieving. Easily exploited. I know why I was so easily manipulated. But what I couldn't understand, at first, is why you did it. But now I know. It's because you're afraid, Danielle. You're afraid of healing from your past.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

So instead you create dependency in others. You seek to control. And you abuse that control. You need to be needed. You know, I was right to suspect. I was right to mistrust and feel jealous. I was right to be afraid. And the truth is, I no longer need you. I don't need anyone. In this world of deceit, there is no truth. Only what we choose to look at through coloured glass. I knew the truth, all along, but I came to see reality through your distorted lens. Not because I chose to, but because you manipulated me into it. So what's left? What truth? What lies? What can I believe? Because if so called 'true' love is nothing but a lie, then what's the point? I'm left empty and broken. There's no hope any more. So it's time to say goodbye, Danielle. You won't hear from me again. You won't see me again. You won't get the chance to hurt me again. No one will. By the time you watch this, it will all be over. Goodbye.

The video goes dead.

Danielle's hand is raised to her mouth. She is close to tears. Sorrow. Perhaps a hint of guilt.

She replays a section of the recording:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

There's no hope any more. So it's time to say goodbye. You won't hear from me again. You won't see me again. You won't get the chance to hurt me again. No one will. By the time you watch this, it will all be over. Goodbye.

She sinks into the chair.

DANIELLE

Michael. What have you done?

A moment of pause. Reflection.

Then swiftly, Danielle grabs her car KEYS that sit on the kitchen table.

INT. CAR - DAY

Panicked, Danielle speeds down the road.

As she drives, she attempts to dial a number on her mobile phone.

No answer.

DANIELLE
Fucking answer!

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Danielle pulls up outside Michael's house, frantically exits the vehicle.

She races up the pathway. Then stops in her tracks.

She glances over to the GARAGE. The door is slightly open.

Unusual.

Her eyes fill with dread.

She creeps towards the garage, slowly lifts up the door to reveal:

A BODY swinging from the rafters.

A black HOOD shrouds their head.

A noose is taut around their neck.

Danielle releases a guttural SCREAM.

Now wailing.

DANIELLE
No! Michael! Please, no!

With her hands clasped over her mouth, she edges towards the body, then halts.

A surge of panic.

She races back to the car. Clammers inside.

Guns the engine. Peels away.

INT. CAR - DAY

Tears stream.

Danielle accelerates.

Running from the pain.

The guilt.

She grabs her phone, dials 'RHIAN'.

It cuts to the answer phone.

DANIELLE

Hey. Call me as soon as you get this.
Something has happened. I don't know
what to do. I need you.

She hangs up. Dials another number: 'LISA'.

Someone picks up.

LISA (V.O.)

(on phone)

Hey Dani, what's up?

DANIELLE

Lisa. Something's happened. It's
Michael. He's -

Holding back tears -

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Dead.

Lisa gasps. Prolonged silence.

LISA (V.O.)

(on phone)

What happened?

The tears cease: a new mask of stern self-justification.

DANIELLE

I went over to his house, to talk
things over, but I found him in his
garage. Hanging.

LISA (V.O.)

Jesus, Dani. Why?

DANIELLE
He drove himself crazy, thinking I
was seeing Ryan. Thinking there was a
demon in his house.

LISA (V.O.)
A demon?

DANIELLE
Yeah, I mean, what the fuck, right?

LISA (V.O.)
I'm so sorry.

DANIELLE
What should I do?

LISA (V.O.)
You found him?

DANIELLE
Right.

LISA (V.O.)
So you need to report it.

A long silence.

LISA (V.O.) (cont'd)
You there?

DANIELLE
I'm here.

LISA (V.O.)
Dani. You have to report it.

Danielle stares with vacant eyes.

All emotion drains from her.

Nonchalant -

DANIELLE
Sure.

She hangs up, dumps the phone on the passenger seat, and
speeds up.

In a split second she is alert. Panicked. Her eyes dart all
over the road.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Danielle alights the curb and grinds to a halt.

INT. CAR - DAY

Danielle sits, gripping the steering wheel tight.

White knuckles.

Shallow breathing.

Then, her phone BUZZES.

A text message from 'RHIAN':

'Hey babe. Sorry I missed you. When are you home? x'

Danielle replies:

'In a few hours. Love you x'

She inhales a deep breath, then slowly exits the vehicle.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Danielle is sat at a table, trembling.

Her eyes are blotched with tears.

Two POLICE OFFICERS sit opposite her.

DANIELLE

He was obsessed with the fact I was seeing someone else.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Were you, Miss Thompson?

An awkward silence.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (cont'd)

Seeing someone?

DANIELLE

No. But his jealousy was breaking us up. It did break us up. That's when he came round. And we argued.

POLICE OFFICER #2

About what?

DANIELLE

About Ryan.

POLICE OFFICER #2

And Ryan is your -

DANIELLE

My friend.

She sips on a cup of water. Her hand quaking.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

After Michael left, he was upset. I couldn't sleep that night. I was worried about him. About the state of his mind. So I went round the next day - today - to check he was okay, and that's when -

She mutters. Fake tears.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

I saw his body.

POLICE OFFICER #2

We appreciate this is difficult for you, Miss Thompson. But can you tell us any reason - any at all - that would have driven Michael to - to do what he did. You mentioned his state of mind?

Another sip of water: time to stall; to collect her thoughts and fabricate her story.

DANIELLE

Michael was grieving over his mother. She passed away about a month ago. Cancer. It was expected but it hit him hard. He wasn't sleeping. His house became a sty. He trashed the place. He was saying and doing all kinds of crazy things.

POLICE OFFICER #1

What sort of 'crazy things'?

Danielle gulps the remaining water.

A subdued laugh.

DANIELLE

You won't believe it.

POLICE OFFICER #2
 What sort of things, Miss Thompson?

DANIELLE
 First he was hearing things. Then
 seeing things. Not remembering that
 he'd left a tap on or moved a
 picture. Things like that. He came to
 believe that - well - he was being
 haunted.

The Police Officers exchange a look of perplexity.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
 I told you...

Danielle's eyes narrow.

A self-satisfied smirk etches across her face.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
 Crazy.

EXT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Under a blanket of rain, Danielle rushes towards her front door.

A peal of THUNDER in the background.

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Danielle bursts through the front door, switches on a light.

She glances in a mirror. A ghoulish visage: the makeup around her eyes has smudged from the downpour. Her hair is drenched and matted. Her skin is pallid from the cold.

As she removes her coat, she notices an object sitting on the floor.

She edges closer. Picks it up.

Her ENGAGEMENT RING.

Confused, she rotates it between her fingers, then rests it on a sideboard.

Then drifts into the -

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

From on top of a cupboard, Danielle reaches down a TOOLBOX.

She rummages through it, retrieves a HAMMER.

She wanders to the kitchen table where the laptop still sits.

She removes the memory card from the laptop, places it on the table.

With one precise stroke, she SMASHES the memory card.

She drops the hammer.

Then, pulls a bottle of wine from the refrigerator.

Opens it. Pours a glass.

Gulps it down.

She pours another, and wanders into the -

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Danielle is sat on the sofa, mobile phone in one hand, glass of wine in the other.

She takes a sip, then places the glass on a coffee table.

As she does so, she glances at the Ouija board which also rests on the table.

A momentary pause.

She reaches over, grabs the board, and places it on her lap.

As she does so, she notices something placed underneath the board.

A TAROT CARD facing down.

Intrigued, she plucks it from the table, turns it over.

A sharp inhale as she gazes at:

The 'Death' card.

Confused, she replaces the card on the table, then moves the planchette into the centre of the board.

Tears begin to well.

DANIELLE
I swear, I never meant for this,
Michael.

A deep breath.

She places her fingers on the planchette and closes her eyes.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Michael?

Nothing.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Michael?

Disappointed - even embarrassed - she is poised to replace the Ouija board to the table, when -

A THUD emanating from UPSTAIRS.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Ryan?

THUD. THUD. THUD.

As Danielle leaps off the sofa, suddenly -

The electricity cuts out.

The house is veiled in darkness.

Rain blasts the windows.

The SOUND of distant THUNDER outside.

Danielle grabs her phone, activates the TORCH.

She creeps out of the room into -

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is illuminated by a flash of LIGHTENING.

Fearfully, Danielle wanders down the hallway to the stairs.

She gazes up to the LANDING.

Nothing but shadows.

She slowly ascends.

DANIELLE
Ryan? Babe?

As she alights the -

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT

Another clasp of THUNDER.

The downpour is torrential. Fierce and foreboding.

Danielle lingers outside the bedroom.

Tentatively, she pushes the door open.

DANIELLE
Babe? Is that you?

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She inches into the room, when -

Her phone dies.

Darkness.

DANIELLE
Fuck!

Danielle shakes her phone.

Nothing.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
Ryan. This isn't funny.

A deep groan of THUNDER, followed by -

A flare of LIGHTNING illumines the room, when suddenly -

The door SLAMS shut behind her!

Danielle is startled. Stricken with terror.

She turns, slowly, to face the door.

Another burst of light, followed by -

A sharp gasp.

She raises her hand to her mouth, gazing at the back of the door in sheer horror.

A series of stark REVELATIONS fill her mind:

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Danielle's phone BUZZES.

Hastily, she places the deck of tarot cards on the bed, grabs the phone from the bedside locker, turns away, engrossed in the screen.

Michael slides over to the deck of cards, carefully slides the card from the top of the deck, enough to see that it is the 'Death' card.

Not 'the Lovers'.

His voice quivers as he conceals the card under his pillow.

MICHAEL

Who is it?

DANIELLE

No one.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

MICHAEL

It's over. Get out.

A tense silence.

In a sudden fit of rage, Danielle grabs the VASE she gifted to Michael, hurls it at the floor.

SMASH.

Next, she pulls the ENGAGEMENT RING off her finger, throws it at Michael.

Then storms of out of the room, leaving Michael dumbfounded.

Michael stands in silence. Frozen.

The SOUND of the front door SLAMMING shut.

Michael retrieves the engagement ring from off the floor.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Danielle creeps towards the garage, slowly lifts up the door to reveal:

A BODY swinging from the rafters.

A black HOOD shrouds their head.

A noose is taut around their neck.

Danielle releases a guttural SCREAM.

INTERCUT: Michael texting Danielle from Ryan's phone: 'Hey babe. Sorry I missed you. When are you home? x'

THEN...

INTERCUT: a hand reaches into the pocket of the hanged corpse, retrieves a KEY.

A key with a distinctive AMETHYST STONE on a keyring.

Danielle's house key.

LATER...

POLICE OFFICER #1 removes the hood from the body to reveal...

It is Ryan!

His abdomen has been sliced open.

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

We return to the PRESENT.

Alone in the darkness...

Danielle is rigid with fear.

Her hand raised to her mouth.

Her pupils dilated.

The flash of light reveals something...

Something written across the back of the door...

Something written in BLOOD:

'It's fear. It's all in your head.'

BLACK.