

INT. ELAINE'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Elaine takes a deep breath, tries to clear her mind as she straightens up her desk. The phone RINGS.

ELAINE

(into phone)

Hey.

(listens)

Tomorrow? Shoot, I completely forgot.
I'm not going to be able to.

(listens)

I know, I can't. How about you come
with me tomorrow?

(listens)

I don't know exactly.... you said you
wanted to go somewhere...

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A sleek black Acura TL speeds down a thick foggy remote road.
A vast stretch of thick forest lines both sides for miles.

INT. CHAD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chad drives with Elaine in the passenger seat; she holds his free hand. She has the metal box in her other hand. Melinda's in the middle back seat with her seat belt off so she can be closer to the conversation.

CHAD

So you think this box you found with
keys has something to do with your
father?

ELAINE

Maybe she keeps his things here.

MELINDA

I can't believe you went this long
without knowing anything about him. Is
this going to be hard for you?

ELAINE

He's a stranger to me...

CHAD

We should've brought a shotgun. If
something happens to us out here, who
the hell is going to know?

MELINDA

My phone is already out of service.

Chad checks his.

CHAD

(jokingly)

I have one bar. Should I call for help
now while we have the chance?

Melinda cracks a smile. Laughs through her nose.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

Pebbles fly up around the tires as Chad pulls up to an unkempt log cabin. Middle of nowhere; if the place wasn't so ominous it could be used for a peaceful getaway. The sky is threatening with grey stormy clouds; it can rain any moment.

They step into fog; intrigued. A little dew covers the grass.

CHAD

Definitely need that shotgun.

Elaine unlocks the front door.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Looks like it hasn't been visited in ages; missing years of care. Brown walls are covered with different tools and newspaper clippings. A filthy white tub resides in the corner. Empty beer bottles scatter the floor.

They gradually examine the room as if it's a museum.

MELINDA

The hair on my arms just stood up. I
should wait in the car.

CHAD

There's three of us here. What are you
worried about?

Brownish yellow stains fester inside a tub.

CHAD

Brewed his own beer. Smart man.

Melinda admires an antique saw.

MELINDA

He was either a wood shop teacher or close friends with Jason.

A desk is covered with dusty cobwebbed books. "OLD HAG" "INCUBUS" and "LILU" are spray painted above the desk in black. A picture bookmarks the book Elaine picks up. Glances over highlights.

ELAINE

Demons have intellect and will. There are several levels or hierarchies of demons, each with different powers. Each one varies in level of wickedness. Demons can influence human events and perform miracles. Their powers grow the more the host fears.

Chad grabs a book by a typewriter. It's dog-eared and heavily highlighted. Hieroglyphics of a man on an altar cover the page.

CHAD

Old Hag is a demon that visits you in your sleep. People visited by this demon claim to have felt pressure on their whole body; felt frozen stiff and powerless, paralyzed. Many other cultures have identified this phenomenon as...

SLAMS book shut.

CHAD

How come aliens and shit like this don't visit me. I would love to see a ghost or a demon. It always happens to some hick in a place living like this.

Elaine; slightly offended.

CHAD

I'm not talking about your father though.

An old radio turns on by itself. A static AM station plays. Chad and Elaine look at one another.

MELINDA (O.S.)

You guys, come here.

Elaine and Chad walk down a short hallway; they're distracted by "SPIRIT WORLD" knifed into the wall.

The door to the room Melinda's in SLAMS.

The door knob RATTLES.

MELINDA (O.S.)

You guys, this isn't the place to play around.

Chad tries to open the door.

CHAD

We're not messing around. It's jammed.

MELINDA (O.S.)

Chad please open the door, open this door!

Chad turns the knob; throws his shoulder into it. Doesn't budge.

ELAINE

We're going to get it open. Wait a sec.

They both throw their weight into the door at the same time. Nothing.

MELINDA (O.S.)

What's going on?, you guys are scaring me.

CHAD

We're trying to open this damn door. Hold on!

MELINDA (O.S.)

Hurry up!

They kick at the door. Chad gets more frustrated by the challenge. Another kick.

CHAD

Fucking shit!

ELAINE

Is there a window in there?

No answer.

ELAINE

Linda!

Chad POUNDS the door.

CHAD

Melinda!

No response.

Panic rushes through them; Chad dashes to the main room.

Elaine juggles with the door knob.

ELAINE

Melinda?!

Chad comes back with an ax, hacks at the door like he's possessed. Chips away; Elaine kicks at the same time.

The door busts open and SLAMS against the wall; they hurry inside.

CABIN ROOM

Melinda gasps for air on a single mattress on the floor. She holds her bruised throat. Tears build up around her crimson mascara stained cheeks.

MELINDA

(catches breath)

Something was choking me.

Elaine hugs her.

CHAD

What was?

MELINDA

Something was, I didn't see anything I just felt it.

CHAD

Something like what?

Melinda picks up on Chad's doubt.

MELINDA

I don't fucking know! You think I'm making it up? You think I choked my own damn self?!

They look at her as if it's the only possibility.

A flush of anger rises to Melinda's face. She storms off.

CHAD
(to Elaine)
You smell that weird smell...?

Chad sniffs the air; then runs after Melinda.

Above the mattress is an acronym in red spray paint.
"F.E.A.R." False Evidence Affecting Reality.

Elaine stares intently.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

Melinda tries to gather herself. Elaine shuts the door. Books in hand.

MELINDA
Leave all that shit. I don't want to
be around any of it.

Elaine thinks over.

CHAD
Leave it!

She opens the door; tosses it inside. A sketch of a ghoulish anorexic Demon choking a female falls out the book. She doesn't notice; closes the door without locking it.

EXT. ELAINE'S CONDO PARKING LOT - DAY

Chad's car slowly finds a parking spot.

INT. CHAD'S CAR - DAY

The three are silent. All in deep thought.

MELINDA
I have this small voice telling me you
guys don't believe me.

CHAD
What do you expect when we didn't see
anything?

She exits; SLAM.