

CAN'T GO HOME

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ABSTRACT:

CAN'T GO HOME is a haunted-house feature, tackling themes of past trauma and parenthood.

It follows KELLY, a new mother haunted by the childhood death of her younger brother. Now an adult with a newborn son, Kelly still blames herself for her brother's death. Terrified of being responsible for another person, her fears are causing a strain on her marriage to wife Emma. Kelly barely speaks with her parents.

Sixteen years to the day, Kelly passes the house where her brother died. To her shock, she sees her brother, seemingly alive and well, through a window of the house. She rushes inside, hoping to undo the past and save her fractured family's future by somehow pulling her brother back into her life.

Once inside, Kelly finds herself in a nightmare version of her childhood home, hunted by a dark force in the shape of her parents. Kelly must survive the house, save her brother, reunite with Emma and their son, all while outrunning monsters and dark memories. But if Kelly has any chance of saving her brother, she will have to first overcome her fear and confront the night her brother died.

In her final confrontation with the monster at the heart of the House, Kelly finds the strength to literally let Emma into the past. With Emma at her side, Kelly breaks free from the house, takes their son in her arms and ultimately, reconciles with her parents.

CAN'T GO HOME explores parental fear and self-doubt. It is both an intimately personal exploration of parenthood and a terrifying tale of one

I declare that this thesis is a presentation of original work and I am the sole author. This work has not previously been presented for an award at this, or any other, University. All sources are acknowledged as References.

OVER BLACK

CHOKING. A person gasping for air. The gasping stops.

FADE IN:

EXT. RESEAU STREET - NIGHT

A spider's web, illuminated by a yellow glow. The light burns from the streetlamp against which the web is spun. The web bounces. A large, dark spider skitters over the threads.

Below the streetlamp, a street sign reads RESEAU STREET.

Neglected terrace homes roll by, one after another. Paint peeling from walls, gardens a tangle of weeds, gates missing. Each home grim, each stained by the acrid yellow glow.

The last house on the row sheds its own light, spilling from the living room window. A silhouetted figure stands behind a tattered curtain, peering out.

Across the street from the figure, THE HOUSE looks back.

This house has no lights. It is a solid block of darkness in the night.

Lower windows badly boarded up. Walls black and fire-damaged. On its hollowed-out roof, a crooked cockerel weathervane CREAKS IN THE WIND.

A straight path leads from its missing gate to its door.

A soot-blackened door with a broken knocker.

The door opens.

The figure in the window across the road retreats. The light in their home goes out. From the door of The House steps a child.

YOUNG KELLY, 12, tracksuited and filthy, steps through the doorway.

She moves in precise mechanical strides. A fresh cut on her forehead trickles blood between a pair of vacant brown eyes. A carved wooden letter 'S' hangs from her hand by a string.

In her arms is the limp body of SEAN. 9-years-old, he wears a Pokemon T-shirt and denim shorts. He isn't moving.

The string slips. The pendant falls into long grass.

Young Kelly's eyes are wide and brown. She does not blink.

Behind her, the door softly closes.

BLACK.

INT. KELLY AND EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY - TWENTY FIVE YEARS LATER

A large thatched cottage with a green wooden door surrounded by creeping ivy. A leafy oak grows in an wildflower garden ringed by a low stone wall.

The clouds in the sky don't move an inch.

A enormous thumb hovers over the house. And swipes.

The image on the phone changes to a grand flagstone hallway filled with muddy boots.

A pair of wide brown eyes stare down at the image. A faint scar sits neatly between them.

The eyes blink.

Kelly, now in her late-30s, dressed in a supermarket uniform, sits in a rocking chair squeezed into a cramped spare bedroom, staring at her phone.

A freestanding clothes rail held together with duct-tape sags under the weight of hanging baby clothes. Packs of nappies form an obelisk in one corner.

Beside Kelly is a crib. Over the cot, a jungle animal mobile pulses with soft lights and plays a TINKLING LULLABY.

A SMALL CHILD GIGGLES. Kelly puts the phone in her pocket.

KELLY

Right then, you.

In the cot, stood up, stubby fingers clutching the bars, is BEN. Almost 1, he's dressed head to toe in a Thomas the Tank Engine baby-grow. He has Kelly's dark curls.

Kelly lifts Ben and smiles.

KELLY

Ready for another perfect day?

Kelly pops Ben over her shoulder and strokes her son's back.

Ben promptly vomits milk.

Kelly nods slowly.

KELLY

Sounds about right.

THE HALLWAY -

Kelly carries Ben down the stairs into a narrow hallway cluttered with too many shoes and a collapsed buggy. She squeezes round it all and walks into the...

LIVING ROOM-DINER -

A coffee table, sofa and flat-screen TV sit at one end while a small, round table with three chairs and a high-chair take up the other side of the space.

A bottle of disinfectant spray and a cloth lie ever-ready on a nearby shelf.

In the dining area is a door-frame leading to the kitchen.

Kelly carries Ben to his high-chair and carefully places him in. She takes great pains to wrestle him into a full-body bib, complete with arms. She straps Ben securely into the chair.

And hands him a banana from a fruit bowl on the table. He immediately smushes the fruit in his fingers, covering the bib in pulp.

Thick chunks of BANANA SPLAT ON THE LINO FLOOR.

Kelly grabs the cloth and anti-bacterial spray and cleans up the mess.

She sits back down and surveys the scene with pride.

Ben smiles. And runs banana fingers through his hair.

KELLY

Thanks.

EXT. KELLY AND EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

A large battered leather suitcase, more of a travelling trunk, sits in the boot of a car, beside two shopping bags.

Hands reach in and lift out the shopping bags.

The boot slams shut.

EMMA, late-30s, wearing a scruffy hoodie and jeans, hair in a ponytail, holds the bags in her hands, and walks toward a squat, mid-terrace council house.

The car locks with a BEEP.

INT. KELLY AND EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

HALLWAY -

Emma walks through the front door.

EMMA

Hey!

KELLY (O.S.)

Hiya.

Emma squeezes sideways into the hall, shopping bags raised high above the line of clutter.

LIVING ROOM-DINER -

Emma plants a fleeting tender kiss of Kelly's cheek before heading to the kitchen.

There is the sound of rustling bags. Emma returns.

She prods Ben's nose and the pair giggle.

EMMA

(to Kelly)

Sorry, I'm in such a flap with it all. I know I said I'd get them last night but...

KELLY

It's fine.

Emma wraps an arm around Kelly's neck and gives her a more passionate kiss on the mouth.

Emma begins pulling off her hoodie and heads out into the hallway.

Kelly and Ben sit alone.

Kelly sticks her tongue out at her son.

Ben BLOWS A RASPBERRY.

Kelly gets out the phone. Looks at the fresh, clean house once more.

Emma returns, now dressed in a nurse's uniform. She takes a seat beside Ben. Kelly gets up, touches Emma's arm and leaves the room.

KITCHEN -

The kitchen is an alley too tight to breathe in. All wedged against one wall are a low fridge, washer-drier and a tiny sink.

The shopping bags sit on the counter. Kelly sighs heavily and starts removing each item.

Packs of nappies. A carton of milk. Tubs of formula. Assorted vegetables and groceries. A new bottle and a pack of baby-grows.

EMMA (O.S.)

Did you think about Saturday at all?

Kelly lines everything up, grouping them by category. In silence.

Baby things. Vegetables. Dried foods. Tins. Fridge items.

EMMA (O.S.)

Thought maybe you could pick up a cake. I know we're short on cash this month but might be nice, you know?

Kelly, opens the cupboards and begins putting the dried food and tins away.

She rotates the tins so they all face the same direction.

LIVING ROOM-DINER -

Ben laughs and throws more banana on the floor.

Emma tickles his toes.

KELLY (O.S.)

So, I was thinking, he's gonna need more space soon. Maybe we need to look for somewhere bigger. Out of town.

The words hang in the air.

KITCHEN -

Kelly holds a tin in her hand, staring at it. Spaghetti shapes. Power Rangers spaghetti shapes.

EMMA (O.S.)

It's all they had.

Kelly turns.

Emma leans in the doorframe.

Kelly puts the tin in the cupboard and resumes her glacial stocking.

KELLY

I just thought, you know, maybe if I get a new job then we could put some pennies aside for a deposit--

Emma stands straight and folds her arms.

EMMA

Why out of town?

Kelly faces Emma. One of Emma's eyebrows is cocked, inquisitorially. Kelly shrugs.

KELLY

You know I always wanted to get away.

Emma continues to stare.

KELLY

Just...a fresh start. As a family.

EMMA

What about your mum and dad?

Kelly looks into the cupboards. A tin of sweetcorn faces away from her. She turns it, label facing out like all the rest.

EMMA

They're your family too.

Kelly slams the cupboard shut.

Emma frowns.

Kelly walks to the doorway. Emma blocks her path. Kelly steps forward and Emma relents, letting Kelly leave.

LIVING ROOM-DINER -

Banana is strewn across the fuax-wood floor.

Kelly takes deep controlled breaths through her nose.

KELLY

I just want him to have something nice. A proper home.

As Kelly rises, Emma places a hand on her shoulder.

EMMA

We'll be fine.

Emma unbuckles Ben, peels off the bib and lifts him into a hug, pressing her face to his head. She pulls back, pleasantly surprised.

EMMA

His hair smells amazing.

KELLY

Oh. I bathed him already.

Emma frowns.

EMMA

You're not supposed to do it too often. It's bad for his skin.

Kelly sags, deflated.

KELLY

Sorry.

Emma smiles assuringly.

EMMA

Don't worry so much.

She checks her watch.

EMMA

Sorry. I'm late. The shopping
and...

KELLY

It's fine. Go.

Emma kisses Ben's head, hands him to Kelly and heads for the door.

She points at Ben.

EMMA

You, enjoy playgroup.

She opens the door and blows a kiss to Kelly.

EMMA

You, enjoy work.

KELLY

I'll try. You too.

Emma points at the table.

EMMA

And don't forget your bloody phone
this time. Be nice to actually get
hold of you for once.

KELLY

Sorry.

Emma leaves.

The door shuts.

Kelly holds Ben before her. They both gurn and laugh.

The front door opens again as Emma peers back into the room.

EMMA

There's cash in your wallet. Buy a
cake. For Saturday. Don't waste the
change though. We need it for the
meter.

Kelly turns to look at her.

KELLY

What?

EMMA

Cake. Saturday.

Kelly frowns.

EMMA

We'll talk about it later.

And Emma is gone.

Kelly looks at Ben. HE BLOWS ANOTHER DRIBBLY RASPBERRY.

KELLY

We'll be fine.

EXT. KELLY AND EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and Kelly wrestles Ben's buggy through it.

Ben, happy in his buggy, burbles merrily.

Kelly slams the door shut and wheels away from the house.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kelly walks past the endless row of drab, unordaned terraced homes.

At the end of the street, she comes to a crossroads.

She pauses, looks both ways. All clear. She checks again.

And crosses.

She passes a street sign for the road to her right. She doesn't even glance at it.

Reseau Street.

Kelly walks on.

EXT. RESEAU STREET - DAY

The road to her right is the same rolling line of broken homes. Shabby and lived-in. But there are newer cars on the road, more modern TVs in the gardens. Times have changed things.

Except for one house.

Its broken door knocker hangs limply. The cockerel weathervane unmistakable. It hasn't aged a day.

The House.

INT. SUPERMARKET, SHOP FLOOR - DAY

Kelly's hands, covered in thick black industrial gloves, plunge into a sink of pans and metal skewers.

She scrubs chicken fat from a metal skewer using wire wool.

She pulls the skewer out, half clean, and places it on a rack to dry.

Kelly is stood at the far end of a supermarket deli counter, past the serving area and the ovens, at a huge sink.

She's dressed in a supermarket uniform, stained green apron and a paper hat.

The water, thick with filth and suds, swirls hypnotically as Kelly gazes into it.

FLASHBACK -

EXT. RESEAU STREET - NIGHT

Young Kelly, 12, stands in the open doorway, Sean draped over her arms.

Kelly looks into Sean's face. Head lolling back. Mouth slack. Sean's eyes flutter open.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A ward full of quick-footed nurses and eerie nighttime stillness. Machines beep, lines of an ECG rise and fall in steady rhythm.

A trolley's wheels slide over the polished linoleum, squeaking as they go. Two voices, one flat and weary, the other harsh, barely clinging to a whisper, grow louder as the trolley approaches.

YOUNG MARY (O.S.)

He'll be okay.

YOUNG COLIN (O.S.)

No thanks to Kelly. What was she even thinking taking him in there? She was supposed to be watching out for him.

The trolley wheels into a bay.

A teal curtain is drawn around the bed at the end of the bay. The trolley passes the curtain and past the girl peering out from it.

Young Kelly's face is turned to the corridor, watching her parents argue but a stone's throw from her. She sees them only from the waist up

Young Mary takes Young Colin's hands in hers.

YOUNG COLIN

How could she let this happen?

Young Mary turns. Young Kelly looks straight at her.

YOUNG MARY
Colin. Please.

Young Kelly pulls back behind the curtain. Slowly, she lowers herself into a solid hospital chair.

She reaches out and takes the smaller hand lying limp on the bed.

Sean is tucked beneath the sheets, cables running from beneath his clothes to machines that bleep and whirr.

Over his face a network of tubes and pipes intertwine, feeding into his mouth and nose, his breath hoarse and rattling.

His eyes are shut.

Tears run down Young Kelly's cheeks.

YOUNG KELLY
I'm sorry.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. SUPERMARKET, SHOP FLOOR - DAY

NICK
Kelly!

Kelly head whips around, snapping from her reverie.

Behind her stands NICK, (20s, greasy, lank-haired). He wears a matching apron, paper hat and a name badge with 'NICK' in bright red letters.

NICK
Manesh wants a word.

Kelly looks past Nick to the the customer side of the deli counter. MANESH, her manager, (50s, spherical, South East Asian and smiling warmly), waves.

NICK
If he asks, I was just looking
after it for someone. I didn't know
what it was, yeah?

Nick scuttles away.

MANESH
Can I have a word, Kelly?

Kelly peels off the wet gloves, drapes them over a tap and walks to Manesh. She takes off her apron and hangs it on a peg as she crosses past the ovens to the service area.

KELLY
Everything okay?

MANESH

Yes. Yes. Everything is fine. I was just wondering if you thought any more about what we talked about last week.

KELLY

Oh.

MANESH

I need to let Sandra know you see, she wants to start advertising. But I said, well, I said I was waiting to hear from you.

Kelly thrusts her hands into her pockets and attempts to smile.

KELLY

It's really nice of you to ask, obviously. It's just that, you know, it's a lot, with the baby and you know...

MANESH

Don't worry about the hours. We can be flexible. And you'd be the one writing the rota anyway, so...

Manesh gives her a wink. Inside joke.

KELLY

I know, I know. It's just...I think there are probably other people here who might be better at that kind of thing, you know?

Manesh scoffs.

MANESH

Kelly. You've been doing this job since you were sixteen. You've been on staff longer than anyone else in the team. Including me. You'd make a better Team Leader than most actual managers.

Kelly scrunches her face, hunting for the words.

KELLY

No, I get it. And, look, it's really nice that you thought of me. It's just...I just don't really see myself being...I don't think I'd be good at being in charge of people. I'm not very good at... looking after things.

MANESH

It pays well. New baby, like you
said. Think of the future.

Kelly opens her mouth.

KELLY

I do. It's just...

Her mouth shuts. Nothing more to say.

Manesh sighs. Shrugs.

MANESH

Okay. Well, I asked. I'll tell
Sandra to advertise externally.

KELLY

Okay.

Kelly stares out at the aisle opposite.

Row upon row of packaged meat lined up on shelving.

A pack of raw mince leaks. Blood runs down the shelves,
trickling into a puddle on the floor.

Kelly stares as the blood DRIP, DRIP, DRIPS.

INT. SUPERMARKET, BREAK ROOM - DAY

Kelly sits alone at a stark, stained table. The walls bare,
the vending machine out of order, the coffee jar and tea bag
box both empty, the hot food counter turned off.

Earpods in, she sits engrossed on her phone.

Pictures of the dream cottage flick across the phone screen.

In her ears, 'BACK FOR GOOD' by TAKE THAT plays.

Her lips barely moving, Kelly mutters lyrics to herself.

KELLY

Whatever I said, whatever I did
I didn't mean it.
I just want you back for good --

THE PHONE RINGS. The display reads 'MUM'.

Kelly drops the phone, recoiling.

She tugs out the earpods and puts them in their case.

The phone lies on the table, speaker ringing loudly.

Kelly stares at the screen.

Her thumb hovers over the red button.

She winces. And presses green.

INT. MARY AND COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Kelly's mum, MARY (late 50s, mismatched animal prints, too much eye shadow and undyed roots) stands in her crisp white hallway at the bottom of her polished wooden stairs.

The phone cradle sits on a table at the foot of the stairs beside a red front door with a frosted arch window.

Mary clutches the handset to her ear.

MARY
Hello sweetheart.

KELLY
Hi Mum.

MARY walks through the hallway into a spacious...

LOUNGE-DINER - a pastel-toned open-plan living space with a lavish three-piece suite at one end and a large dining table at the other.

A smart-speaker chirps out a sedate radio-drama. Patio doors at the far end let in the sun. Everything is crisp. Everything in its place. Everything Kelly's house isn't.

MARY
How are you all?

She turns right and walks into...

THE KITCHEN - a culinary cathedral. Luxuriously modern, complete with Belfast sink.

KELLY
Umm, yeah fine.

Mary breathes deep. Steels herself. And smiles.

MARY
I was just calling to check and see
if we can expect to see you
tomorrow.

INTERCUT - Kelly and Mary.

Kelly moves the phone away from her ear and massages her eyebrows with a finger and thumb.

Mary draws out a stool from beneath a breakfast bar and sits down, looking over a manicured lawn.

KELLY
Yeah. Look, I don't know if I'll be
able to get the time off to --

MARY
 (not listening)
 You know, it's never the same
 without you here for it. And it'll
 be nice to get to meet our little
 grandson at last.

At this, COLIN, Kelly's dad, enters the kitchen. From where
 Mary sits, he is but a looming torso behind her.

MARY
 (to Colin)
 I'm just asking Kelly if she's
 going to pop over for the party.

KELLY
 Actually, Mum I...

COLIN GRUNTS, dispassionate.

COLIN
 If she likes.

MARY
 I was saying it'd be nice to meet
 our grandson.

Colin makes another noise, A HUM OF AGREEMENT. Softer.

KELLY
 Mum, tell Dad...

MARY
 Your dad says it'll be nice to see
 you.

KELLY
 No, Mum, what I was saying is...

MARY
 And Emma too, of course. It'll mean
 so much. Us all together. I know
 you don't like...these things. And
 I know the last time was --

Kelly snaps, a little too aggressively, cutting Mary off.

KELLY
 I don't know if we can make it,
 Mum. Work's been busy and they have
 a lot of overtime going so, you
 know... I'll have to see.

Mary stops.

MARY
 Oh.

She turns to face Colin.

MARY

She says she might not be able to make it.

Colin turns his back on her.

His hands, large, hairy and cracked with decades of manual labour, retrieve two mugs from a cupboard.

COLIN

She's a grown up. She can do what she wants.

KELLY

It's just, it's not the best time. for a... you know....

MARY

Your brother's birthday party?

The kettle begins to boil, BUBBLING FURIOUSLY.

Mary's voice is weak. Wounded.

THE KETTLE BOILS. CLICKS OFF.

Colin's hands take the kettle. Pour out the water. THE SPOON CLINKS THE MUGS AS HE STRAINS THE BAGS.

Kelly breaths rhythmically, steadying herself.

Mary toys with a braclet of bright beads on one wrist.

MARY

It's been twenty five years, Kelly.

Colin stands behind Mary, two teas in hand.

KELLY

I know.

MARY

You should really talk to your brother.

Kelly pulls the phone away from her ear. She scrunches her eyes and sucks her lips, holding in her words. She breathes out and tries again.

KELLY

You know I can't do that.

Mary takes her mug from Colin and mouths a 'thank you.'

The mug has a picture of Jesus holding a lamb on it with the words 'The Lord is My Shepherd.'

MARY

Why not? You can join me on Friday.
I know he'd like it if you just...

KELLY

Mum. Please.

Mary's finger strokes the rim of her mug.

MARY

I don't understand why not.

KELLY

You know why not.

MARY

He doesn't blame you, you know?

Kelly shouts.

KELLY

He can't talk back, Mum. He's just
lying there in that...that thing
and--

Mary snaps at her, biting and sharp.

MARY

Don't you talk like that.

Kelly's drops her head. Chews her lip.

Mary sniffs. Stretches her face to pull the tears back in.
She still holds the mug, not drinking.

KELLY

I'm sorry, Mum. I--

MARY

Well, alright then. Do give my best
to Emma, won't you? And give your
little man a big hug from Nana,
alright?

KELLY

Of course, Mum.

MARY

Okay then. Well. Love you.

KELLY

You too, Mum.

Mary hangs up the call. Devastated.

Kelly puts her phone on the table and sighs.

Mary turns to Colin. COLIN TUTS and leaves.

Kelly exits the breakroom. Then turns, heads back and snatches her phone from the table.

INT. SUPERMARKET, SHOP FLOOR - NIGHT

The store is almost empty. A few workers stack shelves. A janitor sweeps the floor.

And Kelly, hoodie over her uniform, stands before a stack of boxed birthday cakes.

She looks at one - the words 'Happy Birthday' written around a team of Power Rangers in a dramatically staged pose.

Kelly pulls a battered wallet from her back pocket.

She opens it and fingers the only two banknotes. A £20 and a £10.

NICK (O.S.)

Plans tonight?

Kelly turns, folding the wallet and returning it to her pocket.

Nick stands behind her, coat over his uniform.

KELLY

What?

NICK

You up to anything?

Kelly turns her back on the cakes.

KELLY

Umm, no. Going home. You?

NICK

Getting high.

He chuckles to himself. Kelly nods.

KELLY

Yeah.

Nick slaps her arm playfully.

NICK

Me and some mates are meeting our guy at the park. Join us.

Kelly turns to the cakes, her back to Nick.

KELLY

Sorry. I can't.

NICK

Hey, none of my business but you know, you seem kinda...in your own head a lot. Just thought, might be a good way to get out of there.

Kelly stares at the cake.

KELLY

It's just, Ben and Emma and...

Nick snaps his fingers.

NICK

Shit. Yeah. You're a mummy now. No, worries. Some other time.

Nick gives a salute and exits the aisle.

The Power Rangers cake sits askew.

Kelly walks away.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Head down, Kelly walks through the store and into the night.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Hood up, earpods in, Kelly passes a park with a large rusting pyramid-shaped climbing frame, rubbish gusting about her feet.

She comes to an intersection and crosses.

In the middle of the road she pauses and looks down the road to her left. 'Reseau Street'.

She stares at the sign. Her eyes run from it down the road. From here, she can see the crooked weathervane.

Blazing lights illuminate her silhouette as A CAR HORN BLARES.

Kelly, startled, spins. A car sits in the road, inches from her. It flashes its lights.

Kelly raises a hand in apology and steps onto the pavement.

She turns away from Reseau Street and keeps walking.

Even as she leaves, she can't help looking back.

INT. KELLY AND EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

HALLWAY -

The front door inches open and Kelly creeps in and heads for the...

LIVING ROOM-DINER -

Kelly walks to the sofa and slumps into it, old cushions sagging.

She turns on the TV and stares blankly at the screen.

Her eyes are fixed, unblinking, the glow of the TV reflected in them.

Emma calls name, muffled by Kelly's intense focus.

EMMA (O.S.)

Kelly?

She calls louder.

EMMA (O.S.)

(agitated)

Kelly?

Kelly turns. Emma stands behind the sofa, palms raised, awaiting an answer.

EMMA

Where is it?

KELLY

Where's what?

Emma rolls her eyes.

EMMA

The cake? You were going to pick up a cake.

KELLY

Oh.

Emma freezes. Raises an eyebrow. Purses her lips.

EMMA

What's 'oh'?

Kelly twists on the couch to face Emma.

KELLY

So I was thinking...

Emma throws her head back in frustration.

EMMA

Come on. We agreed.

Kelly gets off the couch and walks to Emma, hands out, placatingly.

KELLY

I was thinking maybe this Saturday, you, me and Ben just go to that nice park. Feed the ducks. Have a picnic. Just the three of us. As a family.

Emma sucks her teeth.

EMMA

But we talked about this. Your mum and dad --

KELLY

You don't get it --

EMMA

No. I don't. Because you never talk about them. You never talk about...

Emma catches herself. Exhales. Tries again.

EMMA

...you never talk about any of it.

Kelly responds through gritted teeth.

KELLY

Not now.

EMMA

When? Ben's going to be one soon, Kelly. He's going to be one and he has never met them.

Kelly purses her lips.

EMMA

You want him to have a nice perfect childhood? Then why can't he have grandparents. What is so bad about your parents that you --

KELLY

Stop.

They face one another.

Emma sighs deeply. Shoulders slump.

EMMA

I can't keep doing this, Kel.

Kelly shakes her head. Shrugs. Do what?

Emma takes Kelly's hands in hers. Her face is pained but composed. These words have been carefully chosen.

EMMA

Please. You know, I love you.
You're a great mum.

Kelly tries to pull back. Emma gently holds her in place.

EMMA

And you're a good wife. That's not
what I'm saying, dumbass.

Kelly grins. A little.

EMMA

But there's this...thing. Between
us.

KELLY

What thing?

EMMA

That's the point. I don't know.
Something. I can't keep trying to
get you to open up. I'm tired. I
know you want to have this perfect
house or perfect life. I want us to
have all those things too. But I
can't keep chasing you to let us be
part of it.

Kelly winces, the truth stinging.

EMMA

Why can't we just buy a cake and
let Ben meet your parents? What's
so bad about this party?

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY

It's not that. It's...they wouldn't
want me to be there.

EMMA

Of course they would.

Kelly turns away, head down.

KELLY

It's...you've not met them.

Emma pulls her hands away. She squirms, face downcast.

EMMA

Well. About that. I kind of have.

Kelly, confusion knotting her brow, turns to Emma. Emma
doesn't meet her eyes.

KELLY

What? When?

Emma inches toward the door.

EMMA

I thought maybe I could help. Maybe this was something we could do together.

Kelly's confusion shifts to anger.

KELLY

With what?

EMMA

Just give me a sec.

Emma leaves the room.

The sound of KEYS JANGLING, THE FRONT DOOR OPENING AND THE CAR BEING UNLOCKED. A BOOT IS OPENED AND RESHUT. THE FRONT DOOR CLICKS and Emma is back in the room.

She is carrying the trunk from the boot.

Kelly stumbles back as if struck in the gut.

KELLY

Where did you get that?

EMMA

I met your mum in town the other day. I guess she recognised me. She invited me and Ben over and... she gave this to me. She said she thought maybe you'd want it. I haven't opened it. I...

Kelly clenches her jaw. Nostrils flare.

KELLY

I don't want it. Not here.

Emma rests the trunk in the open bedroom door and goes to Kelly, hands reaching out again. Kelly pulls back.

They face each other. Neither moving. Kelly almost shaking. Emma's eyes pleading.

EMMA

Talk to me.

Kelly shakes her head, lip quivering. Then her face starts to fold. Breaking.

And the tears flow.

Emma wraps her into a hug, Kelly sobbing onto Emma's shoulder.

When Kelly finally pulls away, she leads Emma to the dining table.

They sit opposite one another. Emma, silently waiting. Kelly, head down, hands in her lap.

KELLY

Mum throws a party every year.

Emma leans in.

KELLY

I haven't been to one since...

Her voice cracks. She looks up, eyes streaming.

KELLY

I ruined everything.

Kelly breathes deeply through her nose. Exhales.

Emma takes Kelly's hand.

EMMA

It's okay.

KELLY

When we were kids, Sean went into hospital. It was his birthday and...there were times I thought about, tried to...it shouldn't have been him...

Her voice trails off. Emma squeezes.

Kelly blinks away tears.

KELLY

There's a house. Abandoned. Over on Reseau Street--

Ben's HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM fills the house.

Kelly's mouth slams shut. She wipes away the tears. Stands.

KELLY

He probably dropped his dummy. I'll sort it.

Emma stands with her, still holding Kelly's hand.

EMMA

Kelly. Please.

Kelly lets go of Emma and leaves the room.

Leaves Emma alone.

INT. KELLY AND EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

KELLY AND EMMA'S BEDROOM -

The room is dark. Curtains drawn. Emma is curled on her side, fast asleep.

Kelly lies on her back, staring up at the ceiling.

She rolls over, reaches under her pillow and unlocks her phone.

The display reads 00:14.

Phone in hand, she peels off the blanket, swings her feet out of the bed and stands.

She creeps across the room, scooping up clothes as she goes.

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT

Kelly sits on the damp grass in a child's play park. She gazes at the large pyramid climbing frame, its green paint peeling.

FLASHBACK -

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT - TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO

The setting sun casts the park in a dusky pink glow.

Sean, 9, Pokemon T-shirt, laughs as he leaps through the air, performing a clumsy ninja kick.

Young Kelly stands beside a freshly painted, bright green pyramid climbing frame. She fiddles with a Tamagotchi.

YOUNG KELLY

Don't leap about so much. You'll
get out of breath and I'll get told
off.

Sean pleads with Young Kelly, bottom lip pouting.

SEAN

Come on, Kels. You got to fight
too. You can be the Blue Power
Ranger. He's your favourite.

Young Kelly doesn't look up.

YOUNG KELLY

I don't want to play Power Rangers.

SEAN

Yes, you do. You love it.

Young Kelly looks up from the Tamagotchi for a moment, a look of exasperation in her eyes that only an older sibling can express.

YOUNG KELLY

I'm too old for Power Rangers.

Sean freezes. Crestfallen.

He gives his best puppy-dog eyes.

SEAN

You have to. It's my birthday.

YOUNG KELLY

It's not anymore. Sun's going down.
I don't know why I had to bring you
to the park anyway.

Sean, undefeated, performs another ninja kick. He lands awkwardly, but quickly jumps up into a fighting stance.

SEAN

Cos I wanted you to. And Mum and
Dad said it was okay.

Smiling once more, Sean skips toward the edge of the park. He stops just before the gate, watching the last dregs of sunlight spill over rooftops.

SEAN

Anyway, it is still my birthday.
Sun hasn't gone yet.

Young Kelly stops playing with the Tamagotchi and puts it into her pocket.

She walks to Sean and pulls out a small package wrapped in birthday paper.

She holds it toward him, nonchalantly.

YOUNG KELLY

Here you go.

Sean grins and snatches the present from Young Kelly's hand.

SEAN

But you already got me a present.

YOUNG KELLY

It's a bonus present. Nothing
special.

Sean tears open the paper. Young Kelly watches, silently anxious. Sean lets the paper fall to the ground.

Inside the packaging is the simple wooden 'S', dangling from a string.

Sean beams.

SEAN

I love it.

He puts the pendant on. Then runs to Young Kelly and embraces her.

Young Kelly smiles and hugs him back.

When Sean releases her, Young Kelly bends down to pick up the paper.

When she straightens, Sean is outside the park, on the other side of the gate, kneeling down stroking a ginger cat.

Young Kelly runs to him, spooking the cat which darts across the road.

Sean throws his arms in the air.

SEAN

Kelly! You scared him off.

YOUNG KELLY

Don't run off. I'm in charge and I'll get in trouble. Come on, it's time to go anyway.

Sean slumps, shoulders sagging.

Young Kelly and Sean exit the park onto a quiet street.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT

Kelly stares at the swings. Empty. Squeaking in the breeze.

DRILL MUSIC PLAYS.

She leaps to her feet as a hooded figure walks through the park.

He approaches Kelly. The MUSIC STOPS.

THE DEALER (early 20s) is a middle class boy in working class threads. He tilts his chin by way of greeting.

THE DEALER

Y'right?

Kelly puts her hands in her jeans pockets. Takes them out. Crosses her arms. Hands back in pockets. Pulls them back out and thrusts them in her hoodie pockets. This is new to her.

KELLY

You Nick's friend?

THE DEALER

Yeah, sure. I know Nick.

The two stare at each other. The Dealer inclines his head toward Kelly, waiting.

KELLY

So you got...stuff?

THE DEALER

Maybe.

KELLY

Stuff that'll make me...I need to get out of my own head.

Just...forget for a bit.

The Dealer nods. He calmly reaches into his pockets and pulls out a plastic bag.

He holds it out. The baggie contains mall, white round tablets.

THE DEALER

How many you want?

Kelly leans forward to inspect the bag. She pulls back. Shifts nervously.

KELLY

How many is, umm...what do people usually get?

THE DEALER

First time?

Kelly nods.

THE DEALER

Two. Three.

A car drives past the park. Kelly turns in panic to look at it. The car drives on. She turns back to The Dealer, pulling the wallet from her pocket.

KELLY

How much?

THE DEALER

Thirty six quid.

Kelly opens the wallet. She tugs out the thirty pounds.

KELLY

How about just two?

THE DEALER

Twenty four.

Another car. Kelly jolts again, spinning to face it.
A police car. It circles the park before driving on.

THE DEALER
You're jumpy.

KELLY
Maybe this isn't a good idea.

Kelly puts the notes back, wallet still in hand.
The Dealer pockets the pouch of pills, grumbling.

THE DEALER
Waste of my time.

He eyes Kelly up and down. Sucks his teeth.

KELLY
It's just, you know, the police
and--

The Dealer pauses. He looks past her, to the road circling
the park.

THE DEALER
What about police?

KELLY
No, no. I didn't mean anything.

The Dealer shuffles, twitching with paranoia.

THE DEALER
Why did you say police, then?

More headlights blaze and Kelly turns to look. A regular
hatchback idles calmly by.

In that moment, The Dealer reaches out and snatches the
wallet from her hands. And runs.

When Kelly spins to face him, he is already sprinting across
the park.

KELLY
Oi. Oi!

Kelly sprints after him.

FLASHBACK -

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

On the street outside the park, Young Kelly walks idly
behind Sean, still bouncing up and down ahead of her.

He turns, something catching his eye. The ginger cat is sat on the opposite curb.

Sean makes a break for it. Young Kelly reaches to grab him but she's too late - Sean is chasing the ginger cat down the street.

Young Kelly races after him. As she runs, she reaches into her pocket and pulls out an asthma inhaler.

YOUNG KELLY

Don't run. You need this.

Sean races around a corner and Young Kelly loses sight of him.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kelly's feet pound pavement.

Face clenched in determination, she runs.

Ahead, The Dealer glances back over his shoulder. He grips the wallet and keeps going. He turns into a sidealley.

Kelly pursues.

The Dealer knocks over a wheelie bin behind him, blocking the space.

Kelly keeps coming. She vaults the bin.

The Dealer swerves right and charges through a wooden gate built into a high fence.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

He stumbles into a postage-stamp sized garden. It's ringed by fence on three sides and a high hedge on the fourth.

He squeezes through the hedge.

Kelly burst into the garden in time to see The Dealer's arm disappears into foliage.

She dives after him.

FLASHBACK -

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Sean picks up speed, ducks through a hedge after the cat and freezes. He's standing on a quiet dishevelled street

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. RESEAU STREET - NIGHT

The Dealer, gasping now, turns another corner and passes a sign.

Reseau Street.

He careens past the rundown houses and keeps going.

Kelly rounds the corner. Eyes fixed ahead, honing in on her prey, she ignores everything else.

A ginger grey cat steps across the road.

Kelly's eyes narrow.

The cat trots across her path.

Kelly doesn't see it.

The cat steps in front of her.

THE CAT YOWLS.

Kelly trips, head slamming into pavement.

Ahead, The Dealer turns back, grins, and runs into the night, pocketing the stolen wallet.

Kelly rises from the ground, clutching her head.

She looks up and her eyes widen in inbridled terror.

FLASHBACK -

EXT. RESEAU STREET - NIGHT - TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The ginger cat trots across the road.

Sean, wheezing, looks in wonder at what lies before him. There, on the opposite side of the street, sits a house. The House.

Looming. Waiting. Beckoning.

The front DOOR CREAKS OPEN. The ginger cat starts and disappears into shrubs.

Sean stands, transfixed. Staring at the open door.

Young Kelly, inhaler in hand, turns the corner and arrives in time to see Sean, trance-like, striding up the path toward the open door.

YOUNG KELLY

Sean! What are you doing?

Sean steps over the threshold.

YOUNG KELLY

Stop!

The door slams shut behind him.

YOUNG KELLY

No!

Young Kelly runs to the front door. Bangs on it. She Kelly thrusts the inhaler into her pocket.

At least, she tries to. Oblivious, she misses the pocket and the inhaler falls into the thick grass.

YOUNG KELLY (O.S.)

Sean!

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

THE BROKEN WEATHERVANE CREAKS.

Kelly stands on the path, gazing at The House.

The grass is now wild and knee high in most places.

SOMETHING SHUFFLES BEHIND HER.

MARGARET (O.S.)

You can't go back.

Crossing the road is MARGARET (80s, glasses on a chain, dressing gown, slippers and a tight bob of grey hair).

She stands in the middle of the road. Behind her is a house, her house, the one that had its front light on all those years ago.

Margaret frowns, drawing deep lines across her face.

MARGARET

Whatever you think you'll find in there, it's just the lure at the end of the line.

Kelly turns to stare at the House again.

KELLY

I hate this place.

Margaret twists her mouth, choosing her words.

MARGARET

It'll take everything.

KELLY

It already has.

Margaret shakes her head.

MARGARET

I tried. I just need you to know, I
tried.

And with that, Margaret walks back into her house across the street and closes the door. Her silhouette appears in the front room window. Watching.

Kelly walks toward The House...

And freezes in her tracks.

In the downstairs window, peering through the gap in the boards, someone is watching her.

A boy. 9 years old. In a Pokemon T-shirt.

Her lips barely part to whisper:

KELLY

Sean?

Kelly charges up the path, almost crashing into the window as she pounds the wooden boards with her fists.

She tries to peer between the planks. There is nothing but darkness within.

She tries prying the boards away but they won't budge.

She tries the charred front door, rattling the handle. Locked.

KELLY

Sean!

She races round the The House, pulling and banging at boarded windows.

KELLY

Sean!

She returns to the front garden. Shaking. Frantic.

KELLY

Sean!

The front door LOCK CLICKS.

The door CREAKS OPEN.

FLASHBACK -

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT - TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Young Kelly grips the handle. Twists. The door opens.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kelly steps toward the open door. She falters in the open doorway.

Beyond the door, only the endless black of a house at night.

Kelly turns back to look on a silent street.

She steps into The House.

FLASHBACK -

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT - TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Young Kelly steps inside.

Across the street, a younger Margaret, stands at her window staring at The House. There are fewer lines in her face, more copper than grey in her hair, but she is still old, even then.

Slowly, she retreats. The light of her front room goes out. And there is only darkness.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door of the House closes with a SOFT CLICK.

INT. KELLY AND EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma rolls over in bed. Still fast asleep.

INT. THE HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Kelly stands inside The House. The door slams shut behind her.

She spins. Grabs the handle. Rattles it. Locked.

The door is no longer scorched black. It is red with a frosted arch window. Mary and Colin's front door.

Kelly lets go of the handle. And turns to face what lies within.

Before her is the hallway of an English suburban family home. Brightly lit. Cosy.

Her parents' hallway. But it's as if the house has been hurled back to the late-90s.

There's the same table at the foot of the stairs. But the modern phone cradle has been replaced by a chunky, cream rotary device.

The stairs are covered in thick purple carpet and the clear white walls are now flocked with floral patterns.

On the walls are framed photos. Kelly lifts one down and studies it.

In the picture is Kelly, aged 12, her parents either side and, front and centre, in his Pokemon T-shirt, is 9-year-old Sean.

Something THUDS upstairs. Kelly drops the picture.

She places a foot on the bottom step, peers up and whispers:

KELLY

Sean?

She grabs the wooden bannister. And climbs.

INT. THE HOUSE, LANDING - DAY

Kelly steps onto the landing. Same garish wallpaper and carpet.

At the top of the stairs is a window. Kelly looks out. No street lights or stars. Just pure unending black.

Four doors lead off from the landing. Only one is open.

Kelly walks forward. The first door she passes has a children's drawing of Wolverine stuck to it with the words 'DANGER - KEEP OUT. SEAN'S ROOM' written beneath.

A THUD.

She looks up at a hatch leading to a loft. Also shut.

Kelly reaches the open door...

KELLY

Sean? Are you in there?

...and enters.

INT. THE HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Kelly stands in a tiny bathroom. Avocado suite. Thick fluffy white rug with matching pedestal mat and toilet cover.

The room is stuffed with hair-care products and makeup in nostalgic packaging. Novelty collectible toys, the kind you used to find in cereal packets, line the edge of the bath.

The door gently closes of its own accord.

A fluffly black cat leaps out of the bathtub and lands on the mat.

It MEWS at Kelly then walks to her, twining around her legs, PURRING.

KELLY

Misty?

Kelly bends to stroke the cat. Her fingers touch a patch of paint, clumped into the fur.

KELLY

What're you doing in here?

Kelly reaches down. The cat PURRS LOUDER and rubs its head against Kelly's outstretched hand.

Outside the room, a voice, barely audible, calls out.

It's distant and muted but it's the voice of Mary.

HOUSE MARY (O.S.)

Kelly?

Kelly turns to the sound of the voice.

KELLY

Mum?

Kelly grabs the door handle and twists. She turns to look back at Misty. The cat stares at her with big green eyes.

Kelly leaves the bathroom.

INT. THE HOUSE, KELLY'S ROOM - DAY

Kelly is not on the landing. Instead she stands in a girl's bedroom - pinks walls covered in posters of a young Leonardo Di Capro, Spice Girls and all the members of Take That.

The white carpet sports a round rainbow rug.

A wooden cabin bed covered in Beanie Babies is fixed against one wall, a small slatted door built into its base.

On a writing desk sits a Furby, a lava lamp and an animal cage.

The door behind her shuts.

Kelly wanders through the room in awe.

Inside the cage, running in a wheel, is a small brown rat.

Kelly bends to look inside.

She presses her face closer to the bars.

The rat runs so very fast.

Kelly puts a finger toward the bars.

The rat keeps running.

Kelly's finger reaches into the cage.

The rat stops running. It turns to look at Kelly.

A LOUD BEEP.

Kelly jumps out of her skin. Looking down at the source of the noise, she spots an orange Tamagotchi chirping on the desk beside her.

As Kelly stares at it, the digital creature's eyes turn into crosses and the figure becomes a gravestone.

THE DOOR CLICKS OPEN.

Kelly walks to the door, steps through it ...

INT. THE HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

...and climbs out of a fridge.

Looking back into the fridge, she finds a perfectly normal, fully stocked fridge containing Sunny Delight and cheese strings. Kelly shuts it.

The kitchen is as dated as the rest of the house. A small portable, black-and-white television sits on the windowsill, aerial fully extended. The sink is metal, shallow and cheap.

Only one door leads out of the room.

The oven is on, several foil-covered dishes inside. Vegetables boil in a pan on the hob.

HOUSE MARY (O.S.)

You want to help Mummy, sweetheart?

Into the room steps Mary. But not Mary. Late 30s/early 40s, permed hair and a pair of dalmation-spotted oven gloves.

This Mary, HOUSE MARY, smiles.

KELLY

Mum?

HOUSE MARY

Back up from the oven and you can give me a hand.

House Mary moves to the oven and brushes Kelly aside. House Mary opens the door and pulls out the dishes, placing them on the counter.

KELLY

How are you...I don't...what is this?

House Mary turns to Kelly and hands her the oven gloves.

House Mary takes the veg off the boil, strains it and pours it into a serving bowl. She looks again at Kelly who stands open-mouthed, oven gloves held in her hands.

HOUSE MARY

Well, don't linger. Take something through.

Kelly stares at the oven gloves. At the dishes.

In a daze, she pulls the gloves on, picks up a dish and plods in a trance to the open door. She turns back to see House Mary HUMMING as she picks up a dish to follow.

Kelly steps through the door and asks:

KELLY

Mum?

HOUSE MARY

Yes, sweetheart?

KELLY

Where's-

Kelly is through the door...

INT. THE HOUSE, LOUNGE - DAY

Matching garish three-piece suite - bright pink and covered in birds. Textured wallpaper and Artex ceiling.

A huge boxy TV sits on a hefty wooden unit with two small doors. The doors of the unit are open, VHSes spilling from it onto the floor.

Kelly stares at a spot on the floor before the TV where Young Kelly (10, dressed in a shiny shell-suit) lies on her stomach playing with a one-armed Blue Power Ranger as the same character leaps and kicks on the television screen.

Kelly places the dish on the thick carpet and steps forward.

The toy bounces in her younger self's hand. The empty arm socket now a gaping black void.

Kelly reaches out.

SOMETHING THUDS BEHIND HER.

KELLY

Sean?

She grabs the door handle and swings the door wide.

INT. THE HOUSE, SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door proudly displays the Wolverine sketch and 'SEAN'S ROOM' warning sign.

Still holding the handle of the open door, Kelly looks onto a room covered in action figures, Pokemon cards and remote-control cars. The walls are coated in hastily scribbled pictures of superheroes.

But no Sean.

There is a desk on the far side of the room. On the desk is a chunky grey CD player. TAKE THAT'S 'BACK FOR GOOD' plays.

TAKE THAT (O.S.)

'Gotta leave it all behind now.
Whatever I said, whatever I did,
I didn't mean it
I just want you back for you.'

Kelly shakes her head hurriedly, crunching her eyes shut.

KELLY

No. No, no, no.

She steps back, closing the door to room, refusing to look back in.

INT. THE HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT

Kelly stands before the closed door, still gripping the handle.

She releases it and backs up slowly.

It's dark on the landing. A green nightlight is plugged into a low wall socket casting an eerie glow. The doors are all shut.

A THUD overhead.

Kelly looks up. The loft door is open and a ladder hangs down.

The open hatch, a square of pure darkness. She steps toward it.

Another step. Her hands grips the ladder.

She stands there. Staring into the dark. Sweat beads on her forehead.

Kelly climbs.

INT. THE HOUSE, THE LOFT - NIGHT

The loft is lit by the pale glow of single naked bulb.

Kelly stands on a square of wood resting between rafters.

Before her is a single beam covered with off-cuts of wood, stretching in a path to the other end of the loft. At the other end is the loft hatch and the folded ladder. The hatch she just entered by, now all too far away.

Smaller struts branch from the central beam at regular intervals.

Between these lies a sea of yellow insulation.

As Kelly stares at the hatch door, the entire space warps and stretches - the hatch receding into the distance like an optical illusion.

Kelly sways, unsteady.

SOMETHING GROANS BEHIND HER.

She spins to face the source. There, propped against a central pillar, is the heavy brown travelling trunk.

Horrified, Kelly steps backwards.

The TRUNK RATTLES. GROANS AGAIN, LOUDER.

Kelly spins away from it and, as fast as she dare, begins to edge along the narrow beam toward the hatch.

She wobbles, an uncertain tightrope walker above a sea of rippling acid-yellow.

The loft continues to pull away.

She breaks into a sprint then, feet THUDDING on the thin plank.

Above her, THE ROOF CREAKS.

THE THING IN THE TRUNK GROANS LOUDER.

THE TRUNK RATTLES.

The loft stretches.

Kelly runs.

The trunk THUDS and RATTLES.

Kelly looks back.

Trips.

And falls, into the churning insulation.

The waves cascade over her head, consuming her.

Her hand reaches helplessly into the air as the swells fold and roil.

Kelly's eye peers up through the insulation, a pinprick of white in the heavy shadow of her consumed face.

The insulation-ocean finally crashes down upon her head. And she is gone.

BLACK.

INT. THE HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Kelly falls through the air, smacks her head on the corner of a sturdy dining table and lands hard on her back.

Plaster and chunks of ceiling rain down with her.

Kelly lies on the floor, surrounded by fragments of broken ceiling.

Blood flows from a large cut on her forehead. It runs over the old scar and past her left eye. Kelly reaches a hand to it and winces.

Dusty and battered, KELLY MOANS and drags herself to her feet, using a chair for balance.

She takes in the room.

A small mismatched dining room, filled with a table, four chairs and a bulky hi-fi cabinet.

Atop the cabinet sits an old record player. The sound of GENTLY TINKLING JAZZ MUSIC flows from the speakers.

The room is not the kitchen-diner of modern-day Mary and Colin's house. Instead, a pair of frosted glass doors now segment the space. The doors are closed.

On the far wall opposite Kelly are the sliding patio doors. Between the drawn curtains she can glimpse the same endless black she saw through the landing window.

The table is filled with covered steaming dishes, mugs of gravy and a jug of water. It is laid for four people, though nobody is seated.

Kelly looks up. There is no hole in the ceiling, no sign of her fall. She looks down. No debris. No mess.

But there is blood on her hand and an open, bleeding wound on her head.

House Mary enters through the single door to the kitchen, dish in hands.

Kelly rubs her forehead, smearing the blood.

House Mary puts the dish on the table and looks at Kelly's bloody palms, raising an eyebrow.

HOUSE MARY

You were supposed to wash.

Kelly stares at her.

HOUSE MARY

And where's that dish I gave you?

On the record player, the JAZZ GROWS LOUDER, A DOUBLE BASE NOW THROBBING DEEPLY.

Kelly continues to stare.

House Mary looks at the spread of food.

HOUSE MARY

Oh, there it is.

Sure enough, the serving bowl Kelly had carried now sits neatly on the table, lid off, steam rising from roasted spuds.

HOUSE MARY

Well? Sit up then.

House Mary gestures at the chair at one end of the table.

Kelly doesn't sit.

KELLY

This isn't right.

The record fades.

House Mary smiles. Sweetly. Then her hand whips forward and grips Kelly's arm.

Kelly GASPS in pain. Tries to pull away. She can't. House Mary holds tight, fingers pressing deep.

Kelly looks at House Mary with confusion and horror.

House Mary keeps smiling, sweet and utterly innocent. Then releases Kelly and points at a chair.

HOUSE MARY

Sit.

Kelly stares. Opens her mouth to speak.

House Mary tilts her head - a mother questioning whether her child is going to be good.

Kelly closes her mouth and, slowly, pulls out the chair at the end of the table, opposite the patio doors. She sits.

The record leaps back into life, with a CLASH OF SYMBOLS,
THE JAZZ BAND BEAT OUT A FRANTIC MELODY.

House Mary takes her own seat. She lifts lids from various
dishes. Steam swirls into the air.

Cooked chicken. Cooked carrots. Peas and green beans.
Stuffing. Mash. Everything needed for a simple Sunday roast.

House Mary serves herself. Kelly watches, her plate empty.

KELLY

Mum. What's going on? What is all
this? Why are you...

House Mary turns to the other end of the table.

HOUSE MARY

Could you pass the peas, please,
Colin?

HOUSE COLIN, early 40s, leather-faced and lantern-jawed,
sporting thick-rimmed glasses, sits opposite Kelly.

He holds a dish of peas toward House Mary.

She takes the peas and smiles.

Kelly sits up straighter, visibly shaken by House Colin's
sudden appearance.

The two fix one another with their gaze. The light reflects
in House Colin's glasses, obscuring his eyes. Kelly looks
away first.

House Colin piles his own plate with food.

Suddenly, HOUSE MARY AND HOUSE COLIN ARE LAUGHING without
provocation. They didn't start laughing, they are simply
mid-laugh, their plates half empty of food.

Images flash in a break-neck tableau devoid of context.
Snipped moments of a meal, flickering in random succession.

- Dabbing their mouths with napkins.
- Piling seconds onto empty, gravy smeared plates.
- Laughing.
- Eating.
- Scraping plates clean.
- More gravy poured on fresh mountains of food.
- Eating.
- Laughing.
- Eating.
- Laughing.

Kelly's head darts back and forth between them both. She
looks at her own plate. It is full without her filling it.

When she looks back up, House Colin's head is down. Glasses in his hands, he cleans them with a handkerchief in slow, purposeful circles.

Kelly scans around the room, panic in her eyes.

KELLY
(to herself)
Drugs. I, I took drugs and now I'm tripping or dreaming or...

HOUSE MARY
What was that, darling?

A shelf on a wall holds a number of books. All different sizes and colours.

KELLY
(to herself)
You can't read words in a dream.

Kelly cranes her neck to read the titles on the books' spines.

A HISTORY OF KELLY.

KELLY: A KILLER'S TALE.

WHAT KELLY DID.

THE NIGHT SEAN DIED.

Kelly looks away.

Blood runs from her forehead. It drips from her nose and into her mashed potatoes.

She picks up a napkin and presses it to the wound.

A photograph on the wall shows the family. All their faces missing.

THE JAZZ GROWS MORE DISCORDANT, A CHAOS OF CLASHING SOUND.

KELLY
(to herself)
What the fuck is going on?

A SAXOPHONE SCREECHES.

HOUSE COLIN AND HOUSE MARY GUFFAW, heads tossed back at some unspoken joke.

Immediately, their heads are back down, as if nothing had interrupted their routines.

House Colin cleans his glasses. Like clockwork. House Mary, knife and fork in hand, slices at her empty plate, cutting food that isn't there.

Kelly's hands ball into white-knuckled fists.

She looks past her father. Through the patio doors, she can see the pure black beyond.

House Colin cleans his glasses.

House Mary lifts an empty fork to her lips and eats thin air.

The dark through the patio doors.

Circles.

Cutting.

Darkness.

Circles.

Cutting.

Kelly slams her fists on the table and stands.

She marches to the double doors and shakes the handles. They won't move.

House Mary continues eating her invisible meal. House Colin keeps cleaning his glasses. Both keep their heads down.

THE SAXAPHONE WAILS. PIANO KEYS CRASH. THE JAZZ IS ALMOST DEAFENING.

Kelly marches over to House Mary, grips her shoulders and shakes her.

KELLY

You're not my mum. Who are you?
What is all this?

House Mary doesn't flinch, just keeps cutting imaginary food.

KELLY

Where is my brother? Where's Sean?

FROM THE RECORD, THE BAND CRESCENDOES. A TRUMPET LETS OUT A FINAL, EXHAUSTED NOTE. THE SONG ENDS.

House Mary stops cutting. House Colin stops cleaning.

The record scratches into static.

House Mary places her cutlery down softly. House Colin puts his glasses on. Neither looks up. Yet.

KELLY

I don't know what -

Kelly gestures around at the room. The House.

KELLY

- this is. But I saw Sean. I know
I saw him and I need to find him. I
need to...

A RASPING, GASPING RATTLING SOUND softly rises. Kelly's eyes widen in fear.

Slowly, incredibly slowly, she turns around.

The table has gone. The room has gone.

She is somewhere else.

INT. THE HOUSE, THE BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

A wide burnt-out room in the hollow shell of a fireblasted house. Little more than old ash and cinders.

The roof is split open in a cross shape. Through it, Kelly can see stars and the cockerel weathervane leaning inward.

She is in the house as it should be, free from her memories, its innards matching the husk.

A version of Sean, looking exactly the way he did the night Kelly carried him from this house, Pokemon T-shirt, letter 'S' pendant, lies on his back, choking to death on the floor.

This HOUSE SEAN twitches GASPING FOR AIR.

And there, standing nearby, is Young Kelly, 12-years-old, watching helplessly.

Kelly slams her eyes shut.

INT. THE HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Kelly opens her eyes.

She's back in the dining room.

House Mary begins to cry. Not tears. Black viscous liquid seeps from her eyes, bubbling down her cheeks.

She rises, the black goo flowing over her face and neck, and walks toward Kelly, arms outstretched.

Kelly backs away. As she does so, she stumbles backward into her chair, sitting down into it with force, her eyes firmly fixed on House Mary.

Kelly motions to stand but is suddenly thrust back down.

The room fills with a flashing blue light and Kelly cannot move.

Her fingers strain. Her body shudders. Only her eyes are free.

She looks past House Mary, to the other end of the table, toward the blue light.

HOUSE COLIN (O.S.)

What did you do?

A SINGLE NOTE, DRONING AND MECHANICAL, PIERCES THE AIR. LIKE THE DRAWN-OUT BEEP OF AN ANSWERING MACHINE. It doesn't stop.

House Colin's glasses pulsate with a blue light that obscures his eyes, casting his face in shadow.

Kelly's hands strain, veins pressing against the skin. But her muscles don't respond. Tendons in her neck tense.

The blue spotlight is firmly upon her, holding her in place.

KELLY

What's happening? What are you...

House Mary wraps her arms around Kelly.

HOUSE MARY SOBS and thick black tar flows over Kelly.

And House Mary squeezes. Tighter. KELLY GASPS. Choking.

HOUSE MARY

My baby.

House Colin rises from his seat and walks toward Kelly.

HOUSE COLIN

What did you do?

House Mary squeezes tighter. KELLY CRIES OUT IN AGONY.

HOUSE MARY

My little baby.

Kelly sits stock still, locked in place.

House Mary squeezes. SOBBING LOUDER.

House Colin approaches, blue light raging.

Black tar drenches Kelly.

House Colin steps closer.

HOUSE MARY

My baby. My poor baby.

Kelly strains. GASPS FOR AIR. Chokes.

House Colin stands before Kelly. Leans forward.

HOUSE COLIN
You should have fixed it.

House Colin's mouth opens. Wide. Too wide.

From the mouth emanates A LONG DRAWN RASPING SOUND. Like a vacuum.

House Colin inhales. KELLY SCREAMS.

From Kelly's mouth rises a fog-like vapour. In that vapour flicker monochrome images. Flashes of her parents. Of Emma and Ben. Of Sean.

The vapour flows from Kelly's open mouth into House Colin's.

House Colin's eyes widen with delight. Kelly's with fear - tears running down her cheeks.

House Mary squeezes tighter.

Kelly can't move. Can't look away.

Trembling, straining with all her might, Kelly pulls her mouth closed.

House Colin inhales deeper. Kelly's mouth ratchets open.

House Colin shudders in ecstasy. Just for a moment. Just long enough for Kelly to utter a single word.

KELLY

Sean.

With the word, a concussive blast erupts from Kelly's lips.

She is hurled back, the chair splintering as it hits the ground.

House Mary and House Colin are thrown away from her, crashing into walls, leaving craters in the plaster before they crumple to the ground.

Kelly turns on the spot and staggers through the frosted double doors.

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

Kelly stands in darkness. An endless void of black nothing.

The blue light and endless whining note are gone.

A WIND HOWLS here. Ash drifts into the air.

The wind picks up, turning into a gale.

Kelly looks up. Overhead is a thin cross shaped crack. The same shape as the ruined roof of The House. But there is no weathervane. No house. This crack is not in a roof but in he

fabric of the black void.

And through it, Kelly does not see stars.

Within the Crack swirl iridescent colours, clawing at the edges of the hole. A psychedelic aurora borealis. It is alien and beautiful and utterly otherworldly.

ON THE WIND TURNS RISES THE SOUND OF GASPING. CHOKING.

Through the maelstrom of ash around her, Kelly sees a pale shape. She moves toward it.

THE WIND ROARS. Ash swirls into a blinding storm.

Sean, 9, lies on the floor. Dying. He cranes his head to look at Kelly.

Kelly turns away and sees, stood beside to her left, Young Kelly. Her younger self, oblivious to her presence, has her eyes fixed on Sean. Young Kelly does not turn to look away. She cannot. She is fixed to the spot. Tears pool in her unblinking eyes.

The wind whips harder. The ash storm rages. Kelly SCREAMS INTO THE VOID.

Kelly scans the room, searching for exits.

A shattered hole in a plasterboard wall.

She charges at it, tucks her limbs tight and squeezes through the gap.

Splinters and broken boards cut her skin. SHE SCREAMS and fights her way through.

INT. THE HOUSE, LOUNGE - DAY

The lounge is empty. No sofas, no curtains, no pictures on the walls - just faded rectangles where photos should be.

There is only the TV, off, on its unit, doors closed.

And Sean.

He stands in the middle of the empty room, hands in his pockets. He is not dying. He is bright eyed and smiling.

Kelly doesn't move. Doesn't even blink. Her face and chest are covered in viscous black residue and ash, dried blood smeared across her forehead.

SEAN

Hi Kels.

Kelly runs to him, falls to her knees and wraps Sean in her arms. He rests a head against her shoulder as she squeezes him tight.

Kelly pulls back and holds Sean's face before hers, studying him.

KELLY
How are you here? How are
you...like this?

THE SINGLE NOTE HUMS. BLUE LIGHTS BLAZE.

Sean grabs Kelly's hands and says only:

SEAN
Run.

He pulls her toward the TV unit.

Kelly turns back as the double doors blast open and the shape of House Colin stands on the threshold, details lost behind his blazing blue lenses.

Sean throws open the doors of the TV unit and rips out the VHSes. The unit bare, he crawls inside.

Kelly looks at him in disbelief.

KELLY
What are you doing?

But Sean is gone, disappeared inside the tiny space.

She looks to the ruined doors. House Colin strides into the room.

From the open doors of the unit, Sean's hand reaches out. Fingers beckoning to Kelly.

She grabs Sean's hand and is pulled inside.

INT. THE HOUSE, KELLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

CUPBOARD UNDER THE BED -

Kelly and Sean sit hunched over, knees pulled to their chest in a cramped dark space, elbows and heads pressing against their confines.

Slatted light spills in from one side, illuminating piled cardboard boxes and blankets stacked beside them.

Kelly moves toward the small slatted door.

Sean grabs her wrist. He shakes his head.

Kelly withdraws her hand and, in the dim light, stares at her still 9-year-old brother.

KELLY
You can't be here. None of this
should be here.

Sean smiles.

SEAN

I know.

Kelly reaches slowly for his hands. She runs her fingers over his skin. Across each mole and vein. She turns them over and strokes the lines of his palm.

Content, she holds her hands in his and looks into his eyes.

KELLY

Sean, what's happening?

Sean's smile drops to a frown.

SEAN

It wants you.

KELLY

What?

SEAN

It's hungry. It wanted me. Now it wants you too.

SEAN

What are you talking about?

Sean lets go of Kelly and shuffles to the little door.

He presses his face to a crack between the slats and peers out. When he scoots back to his spot, he talks in hushed tones.

SEAN

It's the House. It wants us. It needs us. Needs us to be afraid. It's what makes it strong.

KELLY

You're not making sense. I don't...

Sean scratches his hair. Scrunches his face, thinking.

Then his eyes pop open with epiphany.

SEAN

It's like Professor X.

Kelly is none the wiser.

SEAN

Professor X? In the X-Men. His body isn't strong but that doesn't matter because his power is his brain. He can read minds. Pull thoughts out of you. That's what

(MORE)

SEAN (cont'd)
this house does. It reads your mind
and pulls out your thoughts. Your
memories.

KELLY
I don't want to talk about
cartoons. We need to--

Sean holds up his hands, stopping her.

SEAN
Just. Listen. Please.

Kelly stops. And listens.

SEAN
It doesn't just pull out your
memories. It makes them stronger.
Memories have power here. They can
be...dangerous. It's why we have to
hide.

SOMETHING THUDS OUTSIDE THE CUPBOARD.

Both whip their heads toward the sound.

Silence hangs thick.

KELLY
You mean from Mum and Dad?

Sean shakes his head.

SEAN
It's not them. Not really. Whatever
shape it wears it's all the same
Shape.

Kelly sits back. Eyes closed, she breathes deeply through
her nose.

Her hands rests upon a woollen blanket. She picks it up from
the pile and stares at it. Face full of recognition.

KELLY
Why are you...like this? Why are we
in our old house?

SEAN
We aren't. Not really. The inside
is just memories being played out.
Twisted. The outside, I don't think
that's quite real either. It's more
like a...a shell.

Kelly speaks hazily, lost in her confusion.

KELLY

But this is our house.

SEAN

This thing. This Shape. It came from somewhere else. And now it's stuck inbetween there and the rest of the world. It doesn't want to go back but until it's strong enough, it can't get out either.

Kelly turns the blanket over in her hands. Swimming badges are sewn to the material. 5 metres. 10 metres.

KELLY

What is? What is all this? How are you --

SEAN

We haven't got much time. I need to get you out of here.

Kelly freezes. She shoves the blanket back into the pile.

KELLY

I'm getting you out of here. We're going together.

Sean tosses his arms in the air. He hisses a whisper of exasperation.

SEAN

I can't go.

Kelly grabs Sean's forearms and holds on for dear life.

KELLY

I'm not going anywhere without you.

SEAN

The House feeds on us. Churns up bad memories so you run and run, getting more and more afraid while it hunts you. And if it gets you, feeds on you, it'd going to be strong enough to break out. But I've been fighting it, keeping it weak. Not, like, you know...

He raises his fists before his face, boxer style.

SEAN

...fighting. Face to face. More like, from the shadows. Like Batman. But if it finds me, stops me, or it gets you... nothing will hold it back.

KELLY

What do you mean fighting it? You can't fight...Sean, none of this makes sense. You're not a...a soldier. You're a kid.

Sean smiles then. The widest, purest, most glorious smile that has ever been. Sheer unadulterated childhood joy.

SEAN

You're right. I'm not a soldier. I'm a superhero.

From somewhere deep within the House, A VOICE CALLS OUT.

HOUSE MARY (O.S.)

Kelly, baby. Where are you? Mummy wants to talk.

Kelly tugs Sean closer to the door.

KELLY

How do we get out?

SEAN

Of here?

Sean looks around the tiny space.

KELLY

Of this house.

Sean shrugs.

SEAN

I don't know. I told you, I'm not trying to leave.

FOOTSTEPS BOOM, ECHOING OFF THE WALLS.

KELLY

We have to go. Now.

Sean tugs free from Kelly's grip.

SEAN

No. You need to go. I need to stay. We have to split up. If it finds us together, gets us both, it's all over.

Sean places on hand on the door.

KELLY

You can't go. You're here. We're here.

SEAN

It's okay. It's my turn to keep you safe.

KELLY

But that's not your job. You're...

Sean pushes through the door and runs.

Kelly leaps after him.

INT. THE HOUSE, KELLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

KELLY

...just a kid.

It's dark and Kelly is alone, Sean nowhere in sight.

Kelly climbs the ladder to the cabin bed and throws aside the duvet. No Sean.

She checks under the desk. Nothing.

The cage sits on the desk. Inside, a furry shape lies in its bed of straw. Feet in the air. Utterly still.

Kelly opens the cage door. She reaches for the dead thing, lying helpless.

A THUD outside the room. Kelly turns to it.

She stares at the door.

The woodgrain running up and down it. The chips of the frame. The hook on the back carrying a fluffy dressing gown.

AND THE RAT LEAPS AT HER. Dead, rotten and deformed by swollen tumours, it clamps its teeth into Kelly's neck. Blood squirts from where teeth puncture flesh.

KELLY HOWLS in agony and clutches the rat in one hand.

She rips it off, tearing away a chunk of neck.

She hurls the rat to the ground and stamps on it. Blood sprays her leg.

Kelly stamps again.

And again.

And again.

She stands, panting, blood soaking her neck and one trouser leg.

KELLY

What the fuck?

Kelly presses her hand to her neck. Blood oozes between her fingers.

She throws open the wardrobe, pulls out a T-shirt and tears off a strip of cloth.

She ties the makeshift bandage around her neck and pulls the knot taut, hissing in pain.

Kelly rushes to the window and peels back the curtains to reveal the nothingness outside.

SOMETHING BEEPS. Kelly looks down. Beside her right foot lies an orange Tamagotchi.

She picks it up. The pixellated gravestone flashes. Then is immediately replaced by the words 'YOUR FAULT'.

ANOTHER BEEP. By her left foot, a green Tamagotchi. Same screen. Same message.

BEEP.

BEEP.

BEEP.

Around Kelly, Tamagotchis coat every surface.

She walks toward the bedroom door.

As she does so, the Tamagotchi tide rises to her shins.

She walks as if through treacle. Or a sea of Tamagotchis.

She is almost at the door and the beeping toys are to her waist, judgement flashing on all their screens.

Then, beyond the door comes THE NOISE OF HEAVY FOOTFALLS. THE HIGH PIERCING NOTE, the room illuminated as blue light pulses around the doorframe.

Kelly halts, eyes wide.

She turns, looking for any escape.

The cupboard under the stairs!

She starts wading toward it but the Tamagotchis keep rising and now THE BEDROOM DOOR HANDLE IS RATTLING.

She reaches the bed. Tamagotchis at her shoulder. She can barely move.

The bedroom door is pushing open, pressing against the ocean of beeping machines.

Kelly cranes her head toward it. Then back to the cupboard door.

She sinks, lowering herself into the Tamagotchi tide.

The bedroom door pushes open.

Tamagotchis press in on all sides, barely an inch between them.

But there, there is the knob to the cupboard.

Kelly's hand reaches toward it.

The bedroom door is almost open, blue light pouring into the room. The LONG NOTE whines.

Kelly's hand grips the cupboard door.

She yanks. But it will not open against the pressure of a million Tamagotchis.

She pulls herself toward it. Grips with both hands.

The bedroom door is wide and Tamagotchis are spilling through it, lowering the tide.

Kelly's head pokes above the surface.

She turns to the doorway.

The huge figure of House Colin, dark behind his blazing lenses, fills the frame.

Kelly yanks the cupboard door with both hands.

And it opens. She dives below the sea of toys.

INT. THE HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Silence.

No piercing note. No beeping toys. And no blue light.

A tap drips into a half-full bath. A shower head cable is looped over the tap.

MISTY MEWS, standing up to her stomach in clear water.

Kelly runs to the toilet, flips up the lid and vomits into the bowl.

Misty laps at the shallow water.

Kelly sits back, wipes her mouth with toilet paper and flushes the toilet.

MISTY MEWS LOUDER. Kelly scoots to the bath and finds Misty looking up at her.

She scratches Misty behind one ear. As she does so, Kelly's fingers connected with the paint clumping the cat's fur.

KELLY

I remember this. I was chasing Sean. He'd been painting. We knocked it off the table onto you. So Mum made me...

Kelly dangles her hands into the water, swirling it in her fingers. She scoops water and pours it onto the patch, stroking the matted fur.

HOUSE MARY (O.S.)

If you're going to do it, you need to do it properly.

Kelly whips round.

House Mary sits on the closed toilet seat, hands in her lap. She smiles, rises, walks to Kelly and kneels down beside her.

House Mary looks at the paint splotch on Misty's back and tuts.

HOUSE MARY

You wanted a cat, sweetheart.

House Mary's hand shoots forward and locks around Misty's body. MISTY YOWLS.

HOUSE MARY

You need to care for it.

House Mary pours a handful of water onto the cat, writhing in her grip.

KELLY

Mum, no!

House Mary, still holding Misty with one hand, scrubs the paint patch with the nails of her other hand, pushing Misty further into the water.

THE CAT WAILS AND HISSES.

House Mary holds the cat down. Water splashes House Mary's face, plastered with a calm grin.

Her fingers scratch the cat's back, drawing blood. Misty slashes back at House Mary, cutting her. House Mary doesn't flinch.

Kelly grabs hold of House Mary, trying to pull her away. The woman cannot be moved.

Misty head is thrust beneath the water as she thrashes and SCREECHES, spitting water.

House Mary keeps smiling.

The water swirls with ribbons of blood.

KELLY

Mum, stop. This isn't right. This
isn't what happened.

House Mary's head ratchets, locking gaze with the desperate Kelly.

House Mary's hand shifts seamlessly from gripping Misty's fur to grabbing hold of Kelly's hair.

And she slams Kelly's head into the rim of the bath.

Misty, free, leaps from the bath and stalks to a corner of the room, hackles raised and HISSING.

Kelly recoils, blood pouring from the wound on her forehead.

House Mary, her hand still clutching the back of Kelly's hair, thrusts Kelly's head into the water and holds her face beneath the surface.

House Mary keeps smiling her maternal smile. Black tar bubbles from her eyes and runs down her face.

Kelly bucks, arms flailing, trying to pull free of House Mary's hold.

Kelly bangs her hands against the edge of the bath.

Below the bloodied water, her eyes are wide. She opens her mouth to scream and a torrent of bubbles billow to the surface.

House Mary holds Kelly down without fighting. The black gloop drips from her face into the tub, the crimson stained water now turning black.

Kelly thrashes. Fights. And starts to slow.

Her hands bang, then pad against the sides of the bath, sliding against the enamel.

Kelly reaches up, hands slipping over the rim of the bath, knocking bottles of shower gel and a bar of soap into the splashing waters.

MISTY GROWLS.

Kelly's fingers touch the edge of the tap. And the shower head.

House Mary shoves Kelly's head and smiles sweetly.

Kelly grips the shower head. And smashes it into the side of House Mary's face.

House Mary collapses back against the floor.

Kelly, soaking, bloodied, terrified, throws her head back and gulps in air.

Without a moment's hesitation, she stumbles to the door, wrenches it wide and is through.

INT. THE HOUSE, LOUNGE - DAY

Kelly tumbles into a lounge transformed. Furniture is rearranged. The TV sits on a newer unit. The three-piece suite has been replaced by brown leather doppelgangers. The room is strung with garish tinsel and gaudy homemade Christmas decorations.

An artificial tree sits in one corner. Beneath it, a heap of shredded wrapping paper and open presents. House Mary and Colin, both young and cuddling, sit on a sofa.

There's no flashing light in House Colin's eyes. No black tar in House Mary's. They seem...happy.

Young Kelly, 10, sits on the floor, tearing wrapping paper from a present. Beside her, Sean, a 7-year-old House Sean, full of life and colour, is playing with an unboxed Yellow Power Ranger.

Young Kelly opens her present. A blue Power Ranger. She pries it from its box, the arms held in place by twisted plastic wire.

Kelly stands motionless, the door to her back, one hand resting on the knob. A puddle forms below her as she drips onto the carpet.

SEAN (O.S.)

Oh, I like this one.

Kelly turns. Sean, her Sean, 9-years-old, stands beside her, watching the scene.

Kelly grabs him by the shoulders.

KELLY

I don't know what this is but I'm getting you out of here. Mum just tried to...in the bathroom--

Sean nods.

SEAN

I know. I saw.

KELLY

You saw?

Sean nods again.

SEAN

I watch from the shadows, remember?

On the sofa, House Colin and House Mary laugh, joyously.

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY

You don't get it. That never happened. Whatever this is, it isn't just bad memories.

SEAN

I know. I told you. It makes the memories worse. It needs your fear. So it makes you scared.

KELLY

How scared?

Sean turns to look at the family enjoying Christmas.

SEAN

Scared to death.

Young Kelly yanks the Power Ranger. The toy comes free but one arm stays in the packet, disconnected from the figure. SHE STARTS TO CRY.

Kelly looks at her younger self.

House Mary bends down to the floor and reaches toward Young Kelly.

HOUSE MARY

Oh, my little baby.

Sean tugs Kelly's hand. She looks down at him, a half-smile of reassurance looking back at her.

SEAN

You have to go. You need to get out. Without you, it can't grow strong. It'll go back to wherever it's from.

Kelly's face grows stern, all confusion and fear gone. She shakes her head.

KELLY

No. I know you think you have to stay but you don't. We are getting out of here together.

House Colin, stock still on the sofa, glowers at Young Kelly.

HOUSE COLIN

You broke it. You fix it.

Sean looks into his sister face. Calm. Certain.

SEAN

I have to stay and fight.

Kelly falls to her knees and grabs Sean firmly by the shoulders.

House Colin rises from the sofa. The light flashes from his eyes. The room drowns in the blue of them.

SEAN

Kelly.

KELLY

I'm not going anywhere without you.

SEAN

You don't have a choice.

House Colin pivots, his blue gaze sweeping the room, inching toward Kelly and Sean.

Kelly whips one hand forward and snatches Sean's wrist, rising to her feet.

KELLY

You don't get a say in this. Just tell me how we get out.

On the ground, Young Kelly looks up pleadingly at Kelly, broken toy in the young child's hands.

Sean opens the door.

House Colin turns his focus back to Kelly. Too late. The door slams closed. Kelly and Sean are gone.

INT. THE HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

A cramped, greasy garage, the large panel door pulled shut. A dim bulb hangs overhead. Kelly and Sean, holding hands, stand before a rotting, wooden, blue internal door.

A rusting five-door family car sits in the centre of the space, bonnet open, engine off.

Oily overalls are thrown over a workbench. On the workbench lie a pile of wood shavings, a hammer and a chisel. A mechanical jigsaw is built into one end of the bench.

Above the bench, tools hang from the wall on orderly hooks. A wrench. A hand drill. A spirit level.

KELLY

We stay together, okay? We get out together.

Sean nods.

Suddenly, standing at the workbench is Young Kelly, aged 12. Sleeves rolled up, she holds a flat plane of balsa wood.

THE SAW GROWLS INTO LIFE.

And there, behind Young Kelly, is House Colin. No blue light in his eyes. Just warmth. A living memory of Kelly's past.

House Colin hands Young Kelly a pair of thick leather gloves, matching his own.

He places Young Kelly's hands over the piece of wood and together, they guide it toward the jigsaw.

With steady movements, they rotate the wood until they have carved a perfect letter 'S'.

Sean, looking on, smiles.

House Colin turns off the saw and Young Kelly looks at the simple, freshly cut 'S' in her hands. Both beam with pride. Young Kelly takes string and ties it around the 'S' to form a pendant.

Young Kelly and House Colin are gone. The simply wooden 'S' sits on the bench.

Kelly plucks it up in two hands, Sean still by the door.

Behind her, the figure of House Colin looms. No longer full of warmth, he is again cloaked in shadow and menace.

Kelly places the 'S' into her pocket.

House Colin exhales.

Kelly's hair gusts with the force of his breath.

At the last moment, Kelly dodges, racing to Sean.

The lights ignite in House Colin's eyes and the searching spotlight of his gaze sweeps the room.

Kelly and Sean dive behind the end of the workbench.

House Colin strides steadily toward the hiding spot.

Kelly points for Sean to stay where he is. Puts a finger to her lips.

Then she raises a hand over her head to the top of the work bench, fingers blindly searching across its surface.

Her fingertips graze a wooden handle. She grips the implement and pulls it down.

Kelly looks at what she now holds. A hammer.

House Colin steps forward. Kelly leaps up and hurls her new weapon.

It arcs through thin air, CLANGING against the garage door.

Kelly stands up, filthy and sweat-soaked, rotating on the spot, scanning for danger. House Colin is gone.

The lightbulb overhead goes out, plunging everything into darkness.

Kelly PANTS. FEET SCUFF THE GROUND.

The bulb flashes back into life.

Kelly peers into the dark recesses of the room. No sign of her nightmare-father. No sign of Sean.

The light goes out.

KELLY

Sean?

The light turns on.

The garage is still. Kelly takes a tentative step toward the internal door. She freezes. Clenches her jaw. And turns back for a final look.

In the far corner of the room, where the light does not reach, the gloom barely conceals the outline of House Colin.

HOUSE COLIN

What did you do?

Sean takes Kelly's hand.

Holding him, Kelly rushes to the blue door but it will not open. She rattles it once more. Then stops. They can't run.

She turns to face House Colin. And does not blink.

Then she turns aside and runs at the workbench between them.

She slams into it and reaches for the chisel. But House Colin's hand grips her forearm like a vice. His fingers squeeze tight.

Sean stands at the blue door, watching. Shaking. Terrified.

SEAN

Kelly?

Kelly collapses to her knees, the wooden 'S' falling from her pocket.

House Colin bends down over Kelly, eyes flashing, and opens his mouth.

His voice crackles like static.

HOUSE COLIN

I can to take it all away. I can
fix it.

Kelly winces as House Colin's fingers dig into her arm,
piercing through clothes and muscle. Blood pools up through
the fabric.

She turns her eyes to Sean. Sees him alone and afraid.

The vapour begins to raise, pulling away from Kelly's
terrified face.

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

The Crack in the endless black creeps shut ever so slightly.
The swirling lights that bleed through, retreat.

INT. THE HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

Kelly is still beneath the blue glowing, vapour pulling from
her.

SEAN

Kelly?

House Colin snaps his focus to Sean. HISSES. For a moment,
House Colin is no longer looking at Kelly and she is free of
his gaze.

Kelly reaches the floor and picks up the 'S'.

As House Colin cranks his head slowly back to face her,
Kelly raises her hands to cover her face. One hand holds the
wooden 'S'.

House Colin reaches for Kelly and, in doing so, touches the
outstretched pendant.

As the pendant connects with House Colin's skin, his hand
bubbles and hisses, steam rising from an 'S' shaped brand.

He staggers back, the light in his eyes sputtering. He lets
go of Kelly.

She scrambles to her feet and races to the blue door.

She grabs the handle. A padlock secures the latch in place.

She nods in the direction of House Colin.

KELLY

(to Sean)

Watch him.

Sean stares at House Colin, struggling on the ground.

Kelly's eyes dart, searching for something. There, lying on the ground beside a pile of broken wood. An axe.

She places the pendant round her neck and picks up the axe.

The axe-head crashes into the padlock. It rebounds with a DULL THUD.

KELLY SCREAMS, bringing the axe down again.

SEAN (O.S.)

Umm...Kelly?

She turns to look back.

House Colin, one hand smoking, rises slowly.

Kelly stops swining and locks eyes with him.

Then turns to Sean. She reaches out on hand.

KELLY

Together.

SEAN

Together.

Sean takes her hand. Squeezes.

Kelly smiles.

She lets go of Sean and grasps the axe with both hands once more.

The axe slices through the air.

The padlock hits the ground with a RESOUNDING CLANG.

Kelly looks back at House Colin.

He stands, watching, light sparking in one eye.

Kelly opens the door.

INT. THE HOUSE, SEAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Everything is Pokemon, Power Rangers or superheroes. The floor is strewn with action figures and remote control cars.

From a spherical CD player, TAKE THAT'S 'BACK FOR GOOD' plays.

Sean walks slowly through the space, touching items as he passes.

Kelly stands at the door. She swallows hard.

Sean pauses at the desk and caresses the CD player.

He turns it off.

THE DOOR CLICKS OPEN.

Kelly swivels to face it.

TEEN KELLY (17, going through a goth phase), storms into the room, face downcast. She holds a roll of black bin bags in one hand.

Kelly watches Teen Kelly, walk to the centre of the room and stop. Sean cocks his head, a confused puppy look.

Teen Kelly surveys the space. Breathes deep...

...then grabs the nearest action figure, thrusting it into a bin bag. Next is a remote-control car. She rips a drawing from the wall and shoves it into the bag as well.

All of Sean's possessions are pushed deep into the black bag. She drops the full bag on the floor and opens another.

Kelly watches in motionless defeat.

KELLY

Don't.

House Mary enters the room, hair a mess, clothes mismatched - more broken mother than monster.

Teen Kelly ties a bag shut and opens another.

House Mary rushes to Teen Kelly and kneels next to her. House Mary tries to pull items from her hands but Young Kelly won't let go.

HOUSE MARY

Stop it, sweetheart. Stop it.

Teen Kelly pushes House Mary aside without saying a word. She keeps stuffing the bag.

House Mary staggers to her feet.

HOUSE MARY

He wouldn't want this.

Sean looks at Kelly then, a face that reads 'what is happening?'

Kelly looks at her feet.

House Mary hovers, looking from Teen Kelly to the open door.

House Mary chooses the door, scurrying from the room, hand over her mouth.

Teen Kelly picks up three full bags and dumps them on the bed.

Then she walks to the CD player, pops the lid open and pulls out the CD. She holds it for a moment. Then drops it atop the pile of Sean's things.

Kelly watches solemnly.

Teen Kelly reaches under the bed and drags out a large, boxy battered suitcase. THE TRUNK. She flips the ancient latches and stuffs the hoard in. She closes the lid, snaps the latches shut, grabs the trunk and drags it across the room.

Kelly steps aside, opening a path to the door. Teen Kelly, paying her no attention, wrenches open the door. It crashes against the wall leaving a dent. And Teen Kelly is gone.

Sean walks to the door. As he passes Kelly, he looks at her sympathetically.

Kelly looks down. Embarrassed. Or ashamed.

Sean follows Teen Kelly from the room.

Kelly's grip tightens on the axe, hand trembling.

She follows Sean.

INT. THE HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

The walls are hung with birthday bunting. Colourful balloons are taped to chairs and light fixtures.

At the head of the table sits a birthday cake sporting the image of the Power Rangers in dramatic mid-leap. Ten candles protrude from the icing. An inflatable number '10' balloon bobs beside the table

The chair before it is empty. Young Kelly, 13, sits further along the table. Alone. Lopsided party hat on her head. Tears streaming down her face.

Kelly stands in the double doorway, watching solemnly, Sean at her side.

SEAN

I don't remember this.

House Mary leans forward, an unlit match in one hand. Her eyes do not leak tar. She looks distraught.

She wears a shaky, forced smile and casts her eyes toward House Colin, standing beside the patio door.

House Colin's eyes do not flash. He wears a party hat on his head, a scowl on his face and keeps his hands in pockets.

House Mary strikes a match and lights the candles.

As she moves aside, an enormous helium balloon bobs behind her, the number 10 in bright yellow.

HOUSE MARY

Kelly? Do you want to blow out your
brother's candles?

Young Kelly wipes her nose with her sleeve and shakes her head.

House Colin takes a step forward.

HOUSE COLIN

Your mother asked you a question.

Young Kelly looks at her father's face. It is full of fury and pain.

Young Kelly turns to her mum. House Mary holds a river of tears behind a wonky smile.

Young Kelly slides off her seat and walks to the head of the table. She stands over the cake. Staring at it.

'Happy Birthday Sean' is written across it in icing.

Young Kelly stares.

And stares.

Then her hand slams down into the cake.

Sponge and icing splatter the walls.

HOUSE MARY SCREAMS. A wail of pure grief.

A chunk of cake hits HOUSE COLIN's glasses.

Steadily and precisely, he removes the glasses and takes a handkerchief from his pocket.

He cleans the glasses with precise circular motions then places them back on.

HOUSE COLIN

Fix your mess.

HOUSE MARY CRIES. Snotty, wracking sobs.

Young Kelly turns her back and runs out through the glass double doors.

House Colin strides after her as House Mary collapses to her knees.

Kelly steps forward. Sean watches her walk but stays stock still.

A SQUELCH. Kelly looks down.

She lifts her foot from a puddle of splattered cake. A candle lies alone on the floor.

Kelly scrunches her eyes shut. Her fingers brush the pendant around her neck.

Lights brighten and THE ROOM FILLS WITH THE LAUGHTER OF SEVERAL CHILDREN.

When Kelly looks back up, the room has changed.

A gaggle of six primary-school-age boys wearing party hats now crush around the table. The balloon is now a number '9'.

Kelly's mother is smiling, clapping her hands. Her father stands at the foot of the table, camera in hand. Beaming.

Young Kelly fights her way through the crowd of boys.

House Sean, 9-years-old, sits at the head of the table, a cake directly in front of him, a party hat on his head.

The Sean, the Sean she entered the room with, surveys all from his post by the doors.

Kelly drops the axe to the carpet.

Young Kelly holds out a present. Small and square and poorly wrapped.

House Sean grabs it and tears it upon.

Inside is a CD. A single. Take That. BACK FOR GOOD.

He turns it over in his hands, perplexed

YOUNG KELLY
They're the best.

House Sean beams up at her.

HOUSE SEAN
I love it, Kels.

He wraps his arms around her waist and squeezes.

Young Kelly is pulled away from him by a surging crowd of prepubescent boys.

She stands back and watches as House Mary lights the candles.

Friends crowd round. The candles flicker. House Sean grins and draws in a huge breath. And blows. The candles go out.

The party is gone. The room is dark. Just Kelly and Sean.

She turns to back to her Sean. He half-frowns, seeing her pain. He turns his back on the party, opens the double doors and steps through, leaving the way open behind him.

Dim candlelight flickers to life, casting stuttering shadows.

The six young boys are back, surrounding Kelly, their eyes milky white, heads bent to one side.

They smirk wickedly. When they speak, it is as one.

THE BOYS

You can't make bad things good,
silly. You're not in charge here.

They leap at Kelly, knocking her to the ground.

The swarm of boys pin Kelly to the floor, fingers pressing into the flesh of her torso, pooling blood.

KELLY SCREAMS. THE BOYS LAUGH.

Kelly reaches for the axe, lying just out of reach.

So close. She can almost touch it.

Child's fingers grip her throat and squeeze.

Kelly reaches to her neck, clawing with both hands at the fingers choking her.

Around her neck, she finds the pendant's string. She yanks and the string snaps, the pendant in her hand.

The boys tear at her flesh, giggling and foaming at the mouths.

Kelly presses the pendant into the hand at her throat.

At the point of impact, the boy's hand boils and smokes, just as House Colin's had.

All SIX BOYS WAIL. Staggering back from her, they ignite in unison, burning to cinders and smoke.

Kelly stands weakly, rubbing a neck still wrapped in bloodied cloth.

She picks up the axe, pendant in her other hand, and strides to the open double doors.

INT. THE HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT

The lightbulb overhead sputters - the landing, an endless stretch of deep gloom. Sean is not here.

Kelly leans against the door and breathes in through her nose, out through her mouth. Centering herself.

And the LONG WHINING NOTES SOUNDS. AT THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR, BLUE LIGHT EMANATES FROM ROUND A CORNER. FROM THE STAIRS.

This time, Kelly doesn't look scared. She looks angry.

She clenches her teeth and releases a GUTTURAL GROWL of frustration.

She turns back to the door. Grabs the handle. Rattles it.

It doesn't budge. She slams her fist against the door.

She breathes again - in through the nose, out through the mouth.

She rotates on the spot, facing whatever is coming.

The shadow of House Colin, a long strip of darkness, snakes across the wall. Ascending the stairs.

Kelly turns back to the door.

It is gone. Before her, nothing but solid wall.

All the doors on the landing are gone. She stands in a long space with no escape. A trap. And House Colin is coming.

Kelly beats on the wall where the door had been.

KELLY

Sean! Sean, where are you?

From the stairs, HOUSE COLIN CHUCKLES.

She tries the controlled breathing. Too faced. Too afraid to focus.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the pendant. She squeezes it.

A FLOORBOARD CREAKS. A FOOT APPEARS ON THE TOP STEP.

Kelly grits her teeth, trying to concentrate.

It doesn't work.

KELLY

Oh, fuck this.

She shoves the pendant back into her pocket and opens her eyes, brow furrowed.

She looks at the wall that had been a door.

KELLY

I'm coming.

The axe smashes into the wall.

The wall splinters like wood. Like a door. She's made a hole.

She hacks again. The hole widens.

House Colin steps onto the landing. Slowly, like clockwork, he rotates to face Kelly.

She does not turn to look. She keeps hacking at the door.

House Colin walks forward, each step deliberate and methodical.

The landing is long, the arc of his blue glow not yet reaching Kelly.

But the landing is drawing closer to him.

Kelly smashes the axe into the wall and now there is enough space to fit a torso through.

She kicks at the opening and wooden boards buckle and crumble through.

House Colin grimaces and picks up speed.

Kelly swings the axe one more time.

The hole splits the door down its centre, a gaping crevace.

House Colin runs. And reaches out.

Kelly clammers, twists, squeezes... and is through.

And a hand catches her hair, yanking her back.

KELLY SCREAMS.

House Colin lets out A STATIC HISS OF TRIUMPH.

KELLY SCREAMS louder, pain turning into defiant rage.

She lurches forward.

Hair rips away as she falls through the gap.

The hole seals behind her.

House Colin drops a fistful of hair and bloody scalp to the ground.

He reaches forward, hands outstretched. His fingers slide effortlessly into the wall.

INT. KELLY AND EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM-DINER -

Emma sits at the dining table sipping a cup of tea.

Her phone lies on the table. She unlocks it. The display shows 02:02. She locks the screen and bites a fingernail.

Emma puts down the tea and picks up the phone. She rings 'Kelly'.

The phone rings. And goes to voicemail.

She slams it hard on the table.

EMMA

Shit.

She massages her brow with the ball of her fist.

She gulps down the last of the tea. And picks up the phone again.

She presses 'Kelly'.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kelly stands in a ward. Branching from either side of a central corridor are individual bays full of beds.

The hospital is eerily empty. Still and silent. Holding its breath.

At the far end of the ward is a set of double doors.

Kelly's hand, the one not carrying the axe, is at her side.

Small fingers lace into hers.

She looks down. Sean looks up at her, frowning.

SEAN

I'm sorry.

She looks back on the ward.

KELLY

I don't want to be here.

SEAN

I know.

Hand in hand, they walk forward.

And the room comes to life.

THE BEEP OF MACHINES. THE SQUEAK OF TROLLEY WHEELS. PATIENTS SCREAMING, SOBBING, A BLARING TANOY CALLING FOR A DOCTOR MICHAELS.

Nurses bustle past, a doctor strides by, flanked one all sides by a nervous young people in scrubs.

Kelly keeps her eyes ahead. The double doors.

KELLY

We're staying together now.

SEAN

Okay.

KELLY

I mean it. I'm in charge.

Sean nods again.

They reach the doors.

Kelly hits a large green button and the doors open.

She squeezes Sean's hand tight.

YOUNG COLIN (O.S.)

No thanks to Kelly. What was she
even thinking taking him in there?
She was supposed to be taking care
of him.

Kelly winces.

Even as the doors slowly creak open, she turns back.

Behind them, beside the bay they have just passed, the
living House memories of Colin and Mary stand close.
Conspiritorial.

In the bay beside them, peering from behind a teal curtain,
Young Kelly watches her parents.

HOUSE MARY

Colin. Please.

House Mary spots Young Kelly.

Young Kelly ducks behind the curtain.

From where they stand, Kelly and Sean can see Young Kelly
still, sat on a chair beside a bed. A bed in which another
House Sean lies hooked up to machines, breathing in tinny
rasps through the pipes snaking into his face.

Behind Kelly and Sean, the double doors slowly close.

SEAN

You have to go.

Kelly, still watching her younger self, shakes her head.

KELLY

There's no point. We can't run.

SEAN

Of course there is. You go and I
will...I'll hold them off.

Kelly chuckles, dry and humourless.

KELLY

You can't help me. You can't help anyone.

Emotions wrestle across Sean's face - offence. Anger. Hurt.

SEAN

Yes, I can.

Kelly just seems tired.

KELLY

No. You can't. You really can't.

Kelly's lip quivers as she talks. She blinks, too rapidly.

Sean folds his arms, a child's tantrum.

SEAN

I can do whatever I want. I'm a hero.

Hot tears flow from Kelly's eyes. She continues to stare ahead. Her voice cracks.

KELLY

No, you're not. You're not a hero. And you can't fight and you can't save me. You can't do anything.

SEAN

Why not?

Kelly turns to him.

KELLY

Because you're fucking dead.

Sean frowns. He looks down at his feet.

A tear runs down Kelly's cheek. She turns back to the boy lying in the bed and the sister sat beside him.

Young Kelly whispers:

YOUNG KELLY

(to House Sean)

I'm sorry.

And with that, the heart monitor beside the bed flashes a series of spikes. And then a solid flat light.

The note that comes from it is A LONG MONOTONOUS WHINE. The sound that accompanies House Colin's blue eyed rages. The sound of Sean's death.

House Mary and Young Colin throw back the curtain. Young Kelly spins in her seat to face them, her face warped with absolute terror.

YOUNG KELLY

What's wrong? What happened?

House Colin stands over her, his back to Kelly and Sean.

His voice is flat. Resigned. Disappointed.

HOUSE COLIN

What did you do?

Sean looks up at Kelly.

Tears are rolling down her face.

SEAN

If we find a good memory--

Kelly thrusts the axe handle against Sean's chest.

Kelly clenches her fists tight, scrunches her face and grits her teeth.

SEAN

What are you doing?

Kelly concentrates, brow furrowed, her entire body tensed.

Everything vibrates, the very foundations of the House being shaken.

The walls of the hospital begin to peel. The beds rust. The water in a cup on a bedside table turns to steam - the world breaking down in an instant.

KELLY

I'm changing it.

Sean looks panicked. Afraid even.

SEAN

Changing what?

KELLY

I'm going to save you.

SEAN

You can't. This isn't real. It's just a memory.

Kelly's eyes snap open and she barks at him.

KELLY

Then I'm going to have one memory where I at least try.

She slams her eyes shut. And screams.

The house spasms in a final shockwave.

A FLASH OF WHITE.

Kelly opens her eyes.

Her hands, palms up, are held before her face. Young hands. Child's hands.

She stands in the hospital. Just as it was in her memory.

In the bed before her is House Sean, machines hooked up to his frail body. They still pulse, BEEPING WITH LIFE.

House Sean's eyes flutter. He opens them and looks at his sister.

The Kelly that stands over him is Young Kelly. Or rather, it is Kelly in the body of her younger self, staring at her hands.

Past her fingers, she sees House Sean looking at her.

Young Kelly reaches forward and grasps his hand in both of hers.

YOUNG KELLY

It's okay. It's okay. I'm here.
I'm...

House Sean's eyes roll back. The machines begin to scream their DRONING BLEEP.

She is on her feet, leaning across the bed, her hands upon her dying brother. Then with all her strength, she begins chest compressions.

Poorly. Too fast. Too shallow.

She leans toward his face, lowers her mouth over his. And stops.

Plastic tubes run into his nose. Her hand hover above them. She looks at the breathing apparatus. A machine all bellows and translucent plastic.

She rips the tubes from House Sean's nose and gives CPR.

Panting. Puffing. And House Sean lies still, shaking below her frenzied attempts.

YOUNG KELLY

No!

Young Kelly pumps House Sean's chest.

From the darkness beneath the bed, Young Kelly's shoes squeak on the linolieum floor.

She lowers her face to House Sean. Pinches his nose. Puffs breath into him.

Under the bed, something draws nearer to Young Kelly, her ankles close as she stretches on her tiptoes.

She slams a fist into House Sean's chest and ROARS WITH RAGE.

Under the bed, her feet drop back onto her heels. They stand still.

THE AIR IS STILL BUT FOR THE SOUND OF A SINGLE MACHINE NOTE, A YOUNG BOY CRASHING IN THE BED AND YOUNG KELLY'S GENTLE SOBBING.

And then, Young Kelly slams to the ground, face smacking into the floor.

Her eyes, pools of round white, staring straight into the darkness below the bed as she is dragged away from it across the floor and out under the bed's curtain.

In the bay, Young Kelly slides on her stomach, pulled past vacant beds.

YOUNG KELLY SCREAMS in a child's voice.

The lights overhead POP, bulbs exploding, plunging the room into a darkness broken only by emergency lighting.

A thick electrical cable is wrapped tightly around Young Kelly's leg, dragging her. It twists tighter, snakes higher.

Across the floor weave more cables. They reach Young Kelly and wrap themselves around her forearms. A final cord ensnares her throat.

The cables lift her into the air, spread-eagle and suspended. Held aloft, the cables carry her through the room and back over House Sean's bed.

Below her, he twitches and contorts, foaming at the mouth and writhing in agony as the MACHINES BLARE and nobody comes.

Young Kelly tries to turn her face aside but a cable loops around her head and snaps it back into place, looking straight down at the dying House Sean directly below.

She closes her eyes. Thin, delicate cables grip her eyelids and pulls them wide.

Another thick cable, complete with plug at one end, wraps around her mouth. The plug heads press into her cheek.

House Sean contorts. Limbs twisting. BONES SNAPPING. Body folding in on itself in a kind of nightmare oragami.

Kelly's eyes are wide, held open by the cables. And they are Kelly's eyes, an adult once more, suspended over House Sean, powerless to stop it or look away.

The cables lower her slowly, so slowly, until her nose is inches above his.

House Sean stops shaking. Stops moving all together.

In the corners of the room, the tanoy speakers crackle to life. From them, House Colin speaks.

HOUSE COLIN (ON SPEAKER)

What did you do?

House Sean's eyes pop open and they are glowing with blue light.

It is not Sean anymore but House Colin that looks up at her.

Kelly tries to scream but it is muffled by the cable.

She thrashes. The cables hold her firm.

House Colin opens his mouth. And breaths deep.

Dangling over him, shaking and unable to escape, her screams stifled, Kelly watches, water pooling in her pinned-open eyes, as vapour seeps between the cords around her mouth and flows into House Colin.

Small and distant, Sean's voice calls out.

SEAN (O.S.)

We need to go.

By the door, below an emergency exit - Sean, the Sean she arrived with, still clutching the axe, calls to her.

Kelly's eyes flit from side to side, frantically searching for aid. There. The corner of the ward. Tanoy speaker.

She writhes. Shudders against her cords. Screams a muffled cry. The cables tighten, go taut.

HER MUFFLED SCREAM INCREASES.

The cables shudder. The tanoy switches on with an EAR-PIERCING WHINE.

And then, all at once, every speaker blasts out TAKE THAT'S 'WANT YOU BACK FOR GOOD.'

HOUSE COLIN SCREAMS.

Walls and ceiling crack, cords and cables shatter and whip away. The vapour rushes back into Kelly and the air between her and House Colin implodes.

Kelly is hurled back across the bay and House Colin is slammed down hard into the bed, smashing beneath him with the force of the shockwave.

Kelly lands roughly on the floor. She turns to the doors. Sean is waiting, axe at the ready.

He punches the green button. The doors open. Slowly.

Kelly is on her feet and racing to him.

House Colin rises from the wreckage of the bed. His features shift, blending and warping, flickering between House Colin, blue eyes flashing, and House Mary, tar bubbling down her face.

The doors open and Sean steps through, beckoning to her.

SEAN

Kels. Come on.

House Colin climbs over the ruins and strides forward, faces still strobing. He, she, it, cracks the floor with every step.

The door is closing, Kelly on one other side, Sean on the other.

SEAN

Kelly!

Kelly runs.

Sean reaches out a hand through the crack of the closing doors.

The Shape that is both House Colin and House Mary is running now.

Kelly reaches for Sean.

HOUSE COLIN-MARY SNARLS.

Kelly grabs Sean's hand. He pulls.

And they are through, the doors close behind them.

They run into darkness.

INT. KELLY AND EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM-DINER -

Emma, sat at the dining table, slams down her phone.

She sighs.

EMMA

Please to God, don't have done something stupid.

Emma snatches up her phone again. And stands.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The double door explode and both House Mary and House Colin, two distinct persons now, burst into the room, eyes pouring forth light and tar respectively.

Ahead, Sean and Kelly run flatout, hand in hand. Sean thrusts the axe back to Kelly who takes it in a white-knuckled grip.

House Colin and House Mary drop to all fours and begin their hunt.

House Colin charges forward, lion like, thundering on hands and feet.

House Mary scuttles up one wall and skitters across the ceiling.

Ahead of Sean and Kelly is another set of door. They squeeze their hands tighter and run.

Then, Kelly lets go of Sean.

Sean continues to run, hand outstretched for the next green button.

House Colin leaps into the air.

Sean's hand slams against the button.

Kelly spins, axe swinging.

The blade connects and House Colin is hurled through a wall.

House Mary rushes forward.

Kelly turns to Sean.

He is slamming the button, fisting pounding repeatedly. But the doors remain shut.

From the hole in the wall, House Colin clammers to his feet.

She runs to Sean, to the doors, and swings.

The axe splinters the doors, blinding light pouring through the gash.

Kelly, lifts a leg, aims it at this gash, and kicks.

The doors shatter into blinding light.

Kelly jumps through.

As she does so, House Mary, a tangle of twisting limbs, lands behind Sean.

HOUSE MARY

You've been a bad baby. Playtime's over.

INT. KELLY AND EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BEN'S BEDROOM

Emma scoops a sleeping Ben from his cot, cuddling him as he begins to stir.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The unmistakable grey stone and solemnity of an Anglican church.

Kelly, at the back of the church, faces packed pews of people clad in black.

Sean is not with her.

KELLY

(whispering)

Sean?

AN ORGANIST MUDDLES THROUGH A STUTTERING DIRGE.

At the front of the church, at the far end of the centre aisle, lies a coffin on a stand. A small coffin.

Kelly walks forward, feet stepping in time with the organ's hymnal.

She lays a hand on the coffin.

The church is empty now. The pews vacant.

Just Kelly and the coffin. IT RATTLES.

KELLY

Sean?

Kelly puts down the axe and grabs the lid of the coffin, trying to prise it open.

IT SHAKES VIOLENTLY, AS IF SOMEONE TRYING TO BREAK OUT.

Kelly flips open the coffin lid but in doing so, knocks the coffin from the stand.

It clatters onto the flagstone floor, its occupant flopping onto the ground.

A body, Sean's body, pale face and dressed in a crisp suit, stares up at Kelly, dead-eyed, neck twisted by the fall.

His throat expands, mouth opens. He is trying to speak.

Kelly runs to him. She grabs his hand and tries to pull him free from the splintered coffin.

She pulls hard, tearing away his entire arm.

She tosses it aside, wrenching.

Sean's throat bulges again, mouth spreads wide... and a flood of tiny spiders pour out of his dead throat.

They teem from the severed arm.

The vast stoney church reverberates with the sound of HOUSE COLIN'S LAUGHTER.

Kelly grabs up the axe and runs for the nearest door. She charges through it.

INT. CHURCH, BELLTOWER - NIGHT

Kelly flees up winding spiral steps, spiders massing behind her, chasing as she climbs.

Higher.

And higher.

The spider swarm is gaining.

Kelly reaches the top of the tower. Another door. She swings in wide. Light floods her face.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Emma slips Ben into a car seat, cooing to him as he sucks his thumb, still fast asleep.

Emma slides into the driver's seat.

Ben stirs in the back...

EMMA

We're just going on a little drive.
Making sure Mummy hasn't got
herself into any trouble.

...and he goes back to sleep.

Emma mounts her phone onto the dashboard and opens Google Maps. A thick blue line from her location connects to a dot bearing Kelly's face.

She starts the engine.

INT. SCHOOL, - DAY

A school hall. Wooden floors, climbing apparatus on one wall, balance benches puses against them. Tables and chairs folded away.

Kelly stands on the stage. Behind her is scenery from a school play. A crudely painting cottage front, complete with an open door.

The hall is empty.

KELLY

Sean?

Behind her, THE FALSE DOOR BANGS.

Kelly climbs off the stage and strides across the hall. A real door leading out of the hall.

Kelly lifts the axe to the door...

KELLY

I'm coming.

...and slices. The door splits open and Kelly runs.

She runs and does not pause.

As she runs, Kelly passes through new and different rooms, tiny enclosed worlds.

She pays no heed to them, hacking her way through to the next.

- A FASTFOOD RESTUARANT - Kelly sits at a table with her parents, watching twins play in a ballpit.

- A DRAB OFFICE FLOOR - adults in swivel chais at desks drinking coffee while Young Kelly plays on a Tamagotchi in a corner, ignored.

- A TEENAGE BOY'S BEDROOM - lights low, soft music playing, the boy closes the door as Teen Kelly sits on the edge of the bed.

- A GP'S OFFICE - Teen Kelly pressess into herself in a chair opposite an elderly doctor who hands her a pregnancy test.

Each space flashes past as Kelly ploughs on.

INT. SWIMMING POOL, CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Kelly stops.

THE LAUGHTER OF TEENAGE GIRLS echoes off the tiled walls and closed lockers.

TEEN KELLY, 17, long-limbed and awkward, hugs herself in one corner. She wears a puffer-coat over a school uniform, gym bag clutched to her chest.

Kelly stands in the doorway watching her. Pitying.

A group of girls in swimming costumes huddle at the other side of the changing rooms, giggling.

One of them, their leader, blonde, sharp-faced, catches Teen Kelly looking in their direction.

BLONDE LEADER wrinkles her nose in disgust.

BLONDE LEADER

What're you staring at, you perv?

Another of the group, GIRL 2, lifts a hand to her open mouth.

GIRL 2

Oh, my God, she is so a perv.

Teen Kelly recoils, her back pressed to the wall. Eyes immediately down, she hugs herself tighter.

The entire group of girls, recoil, jeering.

BLONDE LEADER

Is that it? Are you an actual queer or something?

Kelly steps forward, marching toward her younger self.

BLONDE LEADER

Hey!

Kelly turns. The leader is facing both Kelly and her teen self.

BLONDE LEADER

This what gets you off, you little freak?

And with that, she grabs the strap of her swimming costume and pulls it away.

What she pulls away is not a swimming costume but a layer of skin and flesh. Beneath the costume is nothing but muscle and sinew. As she peels, blood pools from the skinned meat, oozing onto wet tiles.

Kelly turns her back and wraps her arms around Teen Kelly, shielding her.

The other girls tear at themselves. Digging nails into their own arms. Shoulders. Faces.

Hunks of SKIN SPLAT to the floor. Blood swirls in a central drain.

BLONDE LEADER

You like us now?

An horde of skinless, bleeding girls walk across the slick ground, feet trailing in clumped gore and viscera.

Kelly keeps her back to them, hugging herself. Literally. Teen Kelly is gone and Kelly has her arms around her own body.

A hand, dripping and raw, reaches toward her.

Kelly raises her head. Turns.

The skinless fingers rake toward her face, Blonde Leader groping at her, rictus grin of the flayed girl's face.

Kelly scrunches her face tighter.

On a far wall, one locker is open.

Kelly pushes Blonde Leader aside and leaps at the open locker.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

A quiet market-town high street. A handful of teenagers linger outside a kebab shop. One of them stumbles back into the road when a BLUE THREE-DOOR CAR SCREECHES around a corner, driving way over the speed limit, barely missing the youth.

The teenager steps back onto the pavement and waves a middle finger.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Kelly pants, catching her breath.

She is sat the passenger seat of a car. Emma's car.

Ahead of her, the town races by at incredible speed.

BEN CRIES.

Kelly turns to look.

Ben is in his car seat in the back. He smiles at Kelly.

Kelly turns back to find Emma in the driver's seat.

Kelly throws her arms around Emma's neck.

The car swerves.

EMMA

What the hell are you doing?

Kelly splutters her words, unable to form sentences.

KELLY

I can't...how did you...what... I--

EMMA

Hang on. Calm down. What's going on with you?

Kelly begins patting herself down. The gash is still on her head. Bloody rag still round her neck. She is coated with black stains and blood.

KELLY

How did I get out? How did I...

Her voice trails off.

Outside, the world is careening past. Fast. Much too fast.

KELLY

Where am I?

The car turns quiet. Ben is no longer crying. Kelly turns to look at her son. He is gone.

Emma keeps her eyes fixed on the road. The endless road.

EMMA

You were right, you know? All along.

KELLY

About what?

EMMA

You always were a burden.

Emma grips the wheel tight. And twists.

Ahead, Kelly sees the road disappear. The tree looms toward them.

THE DEFEANING CRASH OF METAL AND GLASS.

BLACK.

Kelly's eyes flutter. The world, a hazy smudge of colour.

GASPING.

Kelly opens her eyes fully.

THE SOUND OF CHOKING INTENSIFIES.

Kelly tries to speak. Her mouth is open but no words come out. Only a rasp.

She is the one choking.

A pair of hands are around her throat, squeezing as the knuckles turn white.

Emma straddles Kelly, grinning with a smile that is all too wide.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Behind the wheel of her real car, Emma stares grimly ahead.

In the backseat, Ben gurgles gently.

Emma turns to look back at him. Her face softens. She blows a kiss.

She turns back to the road.

Her eyes go wide. Her foot slams against the brake pedal.

TYRES SCREECH.

EXT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

The CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT at a traffic light intersection. The light is red.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Emma yanks on the handbrake.

EMMA

Shit.

BEN CRIES.

Emma turns back in her seat and reaches toward him, whispering softly.

EMMA

Sorry, baby, Mumma's sorry, it's just these... pissing lights.

Through the windscreen, the traffic lights glow red.

Ben settles and Emma faces the lights once more.

Still red.

She grinds her teeth.

Still red.

Emma presses her foot on the accelerator, revving the engine.

Red.

BEN BURSTS INTO TEARS AGAIN.

Emma presses her foot down.

And release the handbrake.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Emma's car zooms forward, the light still red.

Another car pulls forward from the connecting junction,
BLARING ITS HORN.

Emma swerves to avoid collision. And drives on.

INT. THE HOUSE, THE BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

Kelly lies on the ground of the Black Room, ash drifting
into the air.

This Emma, this HOUSE EMMA is straddling her, hands tightly
around Kelly's throat.

Kelly's eyes buldge. Her hands beat weakly at House Emma's
face.

House Emma speaks with a voice that is deep and guttural and
humming with static fizz. It is the voice of House Colin and
House Mary. The voice of their true Shape.

HOUSE EMMA

All this is your fault.

KELLY GASPS, long and hard and hollow.

HOUSE EMMA

Time to fix your mess.

Kelly's eyes flutter. And shut.

FLASHBACK

INT. THE HOUSE, THE BLACK ROOM - NIGHT - TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
AGO

Sean lies on the ground. Choking. Gasping for air. His back
arches. Fingers contort. Body shudders. Veins in his neck
strain.

And Young Kelly stands by his feet. Watching.

For a moment, the briefest of seconds, it is not 9-year-old
Sean lying choking on the floor.

It is Ben. Tiny and helpless and dying.

Tears run down Kelly's cheeks. She says nothing. Does
nothing. She watches.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. THE HOUSE, THE BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

The Black Room swirls with crumbling ash and smoke.

It is no longer House Emma straddling Kelly. It is House Colin, eyes glowing blue.

House Colin opens his mouth. A lamprey maw ringed by countless teeth.

Kelly grasps for her throat.

The blue light bathes her. She quivers, goes rigid, her hands drop to her sides.

House Colin inhales.

Kelly bucks, back arching. As she does so, the pendant slips from her pocket.

Vapour rises from Kelly's lips and nostrils.

House Colin's mouth widens, a black hole expanding.

Her hand brushes against the pendant.

KELLY'S AIRLESS GASPING DEEPENS. TURNS TO GROAN. A GROAN OF RAGE AND AGONY AND HATE.

Kelly shudders as every muscle in her body fights to move beneath the paralysing glow.

She grabs the pendant, tears it from her neck and slams the 'S' into House Colin's left eye.

EXT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Emma grips the wheel. She pushes her foot down.

The car SKIDS round a corner.

On the phone, the gap between her and Kelly closes. She's almost there.

INT. THE HOUSE, THE BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

House Colin spits out A WILD FRENZIED WAIL.

Kelly's knuckles crash into House Colin's face again and again, driving him off her.

House Colin falls to his knees and Kelly upon on him, straddling him, slamming the pendant deep into his face, the 'S' splintering in her clenched fist.

From the ground, House Colin looks up - one side of his face shattered like porcelain. Blue light pulses through the cracks. One eye glows blue. The other flickers weakly.

Kelly raises her fist. She drives it downward. The pendant shatters against House Colin's.

Kelly keeps slamming her fist, wooden barbs now lodged into her own hand. Thick, dark blood spraying across her face and clothes, SHE SCREAMS IN WOUNDED FURY. And keeps punching.

At last, she stops.

House Colin raises his head mere inches.

His still glowing eye sputters light, slivers of wood poking from it like a tiny pin-cushion.

HOUSE COLIN

What did you do?

Then the eye bursts, shooting forth thick, dark tar-like liquid, splattering Kelly. The blue light gutters and sparks out of existence.

House Colin slumps to the floor.

Panting and ragged, caked in dark black ichor, covered in her own blood, dirty bandages around her arm and neck, Kelly stands over the motionless thing shaped like her father.

KELLY

I fixed it.

INT. THE HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT

Kelly wanders the landing in a fugue state, bloodied hand streaking a dark wake across one wall.

The house is unlit. A night house. Rooms all open.

Kelly heads for the stairs. She takes them one at a time. Uncertainly. At last, she stands in...

INT. THE HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kelly looks across the hallway. The front door waits at the other end.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Emma grits her teeth. Her foot pushes harder. Her icon on the navigation app is desperately close to Kelly's now.

INT. THE HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kelly races to the red door.

She reaches out, grips the handle. And twists.

It doesn't budge.

Kelly's eyes open wide with horror.

INT. THE HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A shape lies in a dark heap upon the floor.

A crooked elbow. A twisted neck. The fallen husk of the thing that looked like Kelly's father. Black liquid begins to seep from its ruptured eyes.

Its head twitches.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The wheels of Emma's car SCREECH to a halt beside the curb.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Emma turns back to face Ben's carseat. He's once more soundly asleep.

EMMA

Mumma will be back in one minute.
Promise.

She grab her phone, throws open her door and leaps out.

INT. THE HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kelly rattles the handle furiously.

SHE SHOUTS. BANGS HER FISTS AGAINST THE DOOR.

And, finally, she stops.

Palms against the door, she bends over, exhausted.

And from the shadows behind her, a dark figure emerges.

Black tar streaming down her pale face, the twisted House Mary erupts from the gloom.

Kelly lifts her head.

But there is no time to turn.

House Mary's arms wrap around Kelly's face and she is pulled back into the shadowy depths of The House.

BLACK.

Somewhere, A BABY CRIES.

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT

Emma stands alone in the middle of the park. Behind her, the rusted pyramid climbing frame.

She looks about in sheer panic.

It is utterly deserted. She pulls out her phone and calls Kelly.

In the grass, a pale light glows.

Emma rushes forward.

She bends down. When she rises, she holds Kelly's phone in her other hand. She hangs up her own call.

The screen shows 10 missed calls, all from her.

Emma stares at both phones.

Then looks around again at the park.

Kelly is nowhere to be seen.

INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Margaret, hair in a steely bob, peers out between her net curtains and looks at The House across the street.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Emma slumps back into the driver's seat. She puts her head in her hands, rubbing her face.

She looks up. Focused.

EMMA

I know where Mummy might be.

She turns the key. The ENGINE ROARS.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Emma's car snakes back through the high street, round backroads and estates.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, Emma's eyes are locked forward.

She turns into a side road.

Through the windscreen, a narrow row of rundown homes reveals itself.

She's arrived.

EXT. RESEAU STREET - NIGHT

Emma parks the car opposite The House.

She peers up at every ugly inch of it.

She turns to Ben.

EMMA

Two seconds, baby.

Emma throws open the driver door and runs toward The House.

She knocks on the front door. No answer.

She hesitates over the broken knocker then tries the handle. Locked.

She peers through the crack in the boarded up front window then circles the building, looking for a way in. Nothing.

Emma runs to the car and opens the back door.

Hands shaking, she unbuckles Ben and scoops him into her arms. She closes the doors and locks the car.

She surveys the empty street. All the houses are dark. Except one.

The lights are on in Margaret's front room. Her silhouette twitches behind the curtains.

Emma crosses the road, opens Margaret's gate, trots up to the door and knocks.

EMMA

Excuse me?

Emma looks at the lit window. The figure retreats.

Emma bangs louder without stopping.

EMMA

Excuse me. Please. I just, I'm looking for my wife and...

Inside, a small voice croaks.

MARGARET

It's not locked.

Emma stops banging. She twists the handle and opens the door.

INT. THE HOUSE, THE LOFT - NIGHT

Kelly is hunched in the dark. Face contorted, she thrashes, fighting off bad dreams.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS -

Kelly's childhood memories repeat.

- EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT - TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO -

Sean runs after a cat. Young Kelly chases after him.

YOUNG KELLY
Don't run off.

- EXT. TOWN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sean runs down the street with Young Kelly following behind. Young Kelly holds out the inhaler.

- EXT. RESEAU STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Young Kelly turns the corner and stands before The House.

Young Kelly calls to Sean but he steps forward.

Young Kelly runs to the door. She shoves the inhaler toward her pocket. Misses.

The inhaler lands in the grass.

END OF SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Margaret's bungalow is full of broken things. Broken things and spiders.

Cobwebs criss-cross every surface and the creatures that wove them scuttle underfoot as Emma, Ben in her arms, weaves her way between towering stacks of hoarded detritus.

She passes a dead fax machine. Piled yellowing magazines. A dismantled bike. Cages and cuddly toys. Irons and kettles and heaps of clothes. All rotting or rusting.

Margaret is stood in the living room, arms pulled tight around herself. Her mouth is twisted in a sad half smile. Pitying.

EMMA
Why were you watching us?

Ben gurgles. Margaret's eyes dart to the baby. A true smile almost breaks out. She pulls it back. Swallows it down.

MARGARET
I always wanted babies. How old is he?

EMMA
He's...

Emma looks around the house. On every wall, in the spaces visible between the clutter, there are photographs covered in thick layers of dust. They show a couple growing old together. Emma's words catch in her throat.

EMMA
He's almost one.

MARGARET

He's precious.

Margaret frowns.

MARGARET

You keep him safe.

Gingerly, Emma takes a step toward the stranger.

EMMA

Do you know where my wife is? Did she...is she in that house?

She nods her head toward the window.

Margaret turns her back and shuffles away between piles of rubbish, rooting in the junk.

Emma follows, surveying the clutter.

She tries a different tack.

EMMA

How long have you lived here?

MARGARET

All my life.

Margaret finds a moth-eaten teddy and holds it toward Ben. Ben stirs, eyes still shut. Margaret frowns. She places the teddy on a pile of papers with a pat.

MARGARET

Maybe later.

EMMA

Were you...did you see what happened? The night that...I just wondered if...

MARGARET

It was me who called the police, sweetheart.

Emma's mouth opens. Closes. She steps closer.

EMMA

So you know? What happened?

Margaret looks away.

High in the corner of the room, thick cobwebs trail across the ceiling in dirty clumps.

MARGARET

I don't like spiders.

EMMA

I'm sorry?

MARGARET

Spiders. I know people say we should be nice. They get flies and such. But who really cares about a few flies. No, spiders are nasty. Clever.

Emma moves toward the window. She pulls back the curtains to peer at The House.

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

In the black expanse, the Crack yawns. The strange lights pulse. And reach through the hole.

MARGARET (O.S.)

They get in through the cracks.

INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma looks over her shoulder. Margaret stares back.

MARGARET

You don't see them come in, but they do. And then they set up home. It's their webs, you see. Clever little webs.

Emma lets the curtain drop. She takes a step toward Margaret and knocks a stack of dishes onto the ground.

THE DISHES SMASH and BEN STARTS TO CRY.

MARGARET

They look like flowers. To the flies. They think it's something beautiful. Full of promise. So they go toward the webs. And before you know it...

BEN CRIES LOUDER. Emma bounces him, cooing lullabies.

MARGARET

They're trapped. The poor things struggle. But the more they fight, the more trapped they are. Then the spiders come.

Emma rocks on the balls of her feet. SHE HUMS serenely. Ben's cries subside. Emma's eyes dart nervously to the old woman.

MARGARET

They suck them dry, you know? Like an ice lolly. Slurp out what's
(MORE)

MARGARET (cont'd)
inside. Some spiders can go years
without eating. Just waiting in
their clever webs.

Emma stops rocking. Ben rests against her, eyes wide and
bright, happily sucking his thumb.

Margaret frowns.

MARGARET
Yes. I know where your friend is.

EMMA
She's my wife.

MARGARET GRUNTS and turns to walk away. Emma reaches out,
places a hand on Margaret's arm.

EMMA
Please.

Margaret freezes. The touch shocks her. She blinks.
Swallows. Then shuffles to an armchair and removes a stack
of papers from it. She slumps down, dust spilling into the
air.

On a dust-coated coffee table beside the chair sits a small
picture frame. Margaret picks it up.

MARGARET
Gerry stared at that house for two
weeks before it happened. He didn't
say what it was he saw. Doesn't
matter now I suppose.

She sighs.

MARGARET
I lost him long before he stepped
foot through that door.

Emma moves to stand beside Margaret. The black and white
picture shows a strapping young man with a roguish smirk.

MARGARET
We'd been married thirty six years.
Then all of a sudden, Gerry can't
stop looking at that house. He'd
stand in front of it for days on
end. After he went in, well, that
was that.

EMMA
Please, if you know how to get
inside, if Kelly is in there, tell
me how to help her.

Margaret takes Emma's hand in her own.

MARGARET

I tried to stop her. I tried to stop all of them. I used to shout. Tell them to run. They never listen. Not that I blame them really.

EMMA

What happened that night? To Kelly? Please. I need to know.

Margaret shakes her head again.

MARGARET

I couldn't say. Not really. I know she went in after her brother. Must have been him it wanted. Your lady-friend just got caught in the web. I've never seen anyone come out before. But it's hungry again now. Must have got a taste for her all those years ago.

EMMA

It? What do you mean? What are you...

Emma's brow furrows, trying to pick out sense in the woman's words.

MARGARET

It came in through the cracks, love. Made a beautiful, irresistible web. And the flies just keep getting stuck.

Emma looks up into the corner. A spider scuttles across its glimmering snare.

Emma calmly backs away from Margaret, receding across the junkyard front room.

MARGARET

I see Gerry.

Emma continues her steady retreat.

MARGARET

Every day. I see him in that house.

Margaret gazes longingly at the window.

MARGARET

But my Gerry is dead. I buried him. I mourned for him. So whatever is in that house, whatever it is that's hungry again, it isn't my Gerry.

Emma is almost at the door now.

EMMA

Umm...thank you for your help. I think we need to...

Margaret continues to stare at The House.

MARGARET

I'm just another fly in the end, I suppose.

She turns to face Emma then. Margaret's eyes are full of tears.

MARGARET

Where else can I go? At least here, I get to see him.

Emma knocks into a pile of junk, sending it flying in every direction.

Ben LAUGHS.

Margaret's slowly turns once more to the window.

MARGARET

There's no spiders in there. That House? It is the spider. And it's the web. And the empty aching belly.

Emma grabs the door handle.

INT. THE HOUSE, THE LOFT - NIGHT

Kelly curls in a dark, enclosed space.

Only a faint crack of light illuminates her face, eyes scrunched shut.

SERIES OF FLASHES

- EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT - TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO

Young Kelly enters the house.

She walks through burnt, peeling black rooms, softly calling out for her brother.

- INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sean lies on the floor, mouth opening. Closing. Gasping for air. His back arching.

Young Kelly begins patting down her pockets, turning them inside out.

YOUNG KELLY

Don't worry, Sean. I have it. I've got it. Hang on.

- EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT - Outside, the inhaler lies in the grass.

- INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT - Young Kelly stops searching herself and stands, fixed in place. Immobile, she can only watch.

Sean WHEEZES, chest heaving.

The gasping stops.

- INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kelly sits in the chair, hands in her lap and whispers:

KELLY

I'm sorry.

The heart monitor flatlines.

The flashbacks continue to repeat in an ever-quickenning loop.

Soon, all that remains is Sean entering the house, him choking on the floor, Young Kelly looking down, an asthma inhaler lying in long grass and the words 'I'm sorry.'

END OF SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

EXT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma bursts through the open front door and jogs to the car. She opens the back door and straps Ben into his seat.

She looks at Ben.

She looks up at The House.

She looks back at Ben, her face a mess of worry.

Emma steps away from the car and pushes the door shut. She takes out her car key and presses a button, locking the car.

EMMA

Two seconds. Promise.

She walks toward The House.

INT. DARKNESS - PRESENT DAY

Kelly, eyes still closed, still in the dark, sobs softly.

KELLY

I'm sorry!

She puts her hands to her face and bursts into wracking tears.

In the dim light, a small hand rests upon Kelly's arm.

Kelly swallows. Her face relaxes but she keeps her eyes closed.

Kelly's voice is a tiny cracked thing.

Sean's fingers tenderly squeeze Kelly's arm.

Kelly breathes deep. Exhales. Opens her eyes.

Sean sits beside her in the dark. Smiling. He lays his head on her shoulder.

KELLY:

Mum still talks to you. All the time. Not that you can talk back. But I think maybe that isn't the point.

In the quiet and black, Kelly strokes Sean's hair.

KELLY

She wants me to, you know? Thinks it'll help. Every time she calls, she tells me I should.

She chuckles, dry and humourless.

KELLY

Like I don't want to. Like I don't want to talk to you every single day. When I met Emma, we were at this club and my mate Nick threw up on this girl's shoes and then tried to buy her a drink to apologise and then tried to flirt with her, sick still on his shirt. And I burst out laughing and so did she, this amazing, stunning, hilarious girl. We just looked at each other then, sick on her shoes, and I knew. She was impossibly out of my league but she was just looking at me. And all I could think in that insane, perfect moment was, 'I want to tell Sean about her.' I wanted to talk to you about planning the wedding and I wanted you to talk to you about being best man. I wanted to tell you to give a nice speech but not too nice. I wanted to tell you you were going to be an uncle. I wanted to tell you to be a good uncle. The kind who'd let Ben, his

(MORE)

KELLY (cont'd)

name's Ben, my little boy, I wanted to tell you to show him movies I'd never let him watch in a million years and to give him his first drink of cider and then have a huge argument with me about it and then I'd break down crying because really I'm just terrified that I don't know what I'm doing and I'm just making all of this up and things keeps breaking and it's my fault. And I want to tell you all of that and everything else that has happened in my sad, boring pointless life in this sad, boring pointless town. But I don't. Because I know if I do, if I talk to you, it won't change anything. Talking won't bring you back. It won't make it not my fault. And it won't change the fact that you're lying in a box under the ground.

Tears stream down Kelly's face. She wipes them with the back of her hand.

KELLY:

I think I get it now though. What you were trying to tell me. What the house is and what it does and why you have to stay. It was the pendant. The one I made you. It hurt the...thing. Dad. The Shape. It was just a memory but it was a good memory. I didn't really question it at first. Why there was this good memory. But if the, the House itself was using bad memories against me, why did it create something that made it weak? Why put that pendant in here if I could use it against it. But I get it now. It's simple really. It didn't put it here. I did. It might twist memories and make the bad ones worse but they are still my memories. And memories are stronger here. Bad and good. When we came here, when we were kids, it did what you said. Read my mind. Like Professor X. And it found a memory. A strong one. Even stronger than the pendant. Something it couldn't twist or make worse or destroy. Something that's stayed here this whole time. Hurting it. Holding it back. Haunting the house. A memory

(MORE)

KELLY: (cont'd)
so good, it's stopped it breaking
out for twenty-five years. The best
memory.

She turns and looks deep into Sean's face.

KELLY:
My memory of you. That's what you
are, isn't it? You're not Sean. Not
really. And you were right, the
whole time, you were so right. You
are a superhero. And, if I could
talk to you, the real you, I'd tell
you I'm so proud of you. And I miss
you. And I love you. I love you so
much it makes me scared I don't
have enough love left to give to
the people who are still here. But
I can't say that. Cos if I open my
mouth even once, I won't be able to
say any of those things. All I'll
say, again and again, is 'I'm
sorry.'

Tears flow again. Kelly's voice breaks. She repeats the
final words over and over.

KELLY:
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Sean wraps both arms around Kelly's shoulders and hugs her
tight.

She stops crying.

She takes Sean's arms and carefully unwraps him.

She shakes her head.

KELLY:
You're not him. And I have a
family. Emma and Ben. And for some
stupid reason, they are going to
want me to come home.

Sean nods. A weak nod. A nod of understanding. And sorrow.

KELLY:
I have to go.

Kelly slams a palm against the walls of her tiny prison.

She hammers with her fists. It is solid. Unrelenting.

She feels the edges of the dark shape. A box of some kind.
Or a trunk.

Her fingers search the sides for a clue. They find a tiny gap letting in the light.

Her fingers press into the gap. She pulls. Pushes.

Eyes still tight, Kelly grimaces and strains. Writhing, she arcs her back, pushing against a low ceiling. She SCREAMS in defiance.

And there is an ALMIGHTY CRACK!

INT. THE HOUSE, THE LOFT - NIGHT

The brown trunk sits at the end of the long narrow loft.

The lid explodes open and Kelly erupts from within.

She drags herself over the trunk's rim and collapses onto the beams.

She lies there, covered in sweat, filth, blood and black stains, wrapped in makeshift bandages and torn clothing.

Gradually, she stands.

Kelly, back to the trunk, heads for the loft hatch.

After a handful of steps, she stops. Turns back. Sean stands in the trunk, watching her go.

Kelly catches her breath.

Sean is motionless. Expressionless. Unchanging.

KELLY

I'm sorry.

Sean only smiles.

SEAN

It's not your fault.

Kelly exhales deeply. Painfully.

Sean does not move. Kelly turns away.

She plods toward the loft hatch.

As she walks, the space stretches before her.

The yellow insulation ripples once more - waves on a deep ocean.

And above her, in the shadows, a shape skitters, unseen.

Kelly walks. The hatch stretches away.

She picks up her pace.

The hatch pulls back in response.

She runs, the hatch drawing futher and further from her.

Over Kelly's head, something scurries in the shadows, upside amongst the rafters. Black tar runs from its eyes, down its face. Flowing against gravity.

It is pale. A bone-white nightdress hangs from it in loose folds. It might be House Mary if its limbs weren't too long and its skin wasn't so grotesquely grey.

It, The Shape, moves with shocking jerking speed. Like an insect. Or a spider.

Kelly is sprinting. And the hatch is just as far as it has ever been.

The Shape drops.

It lands with a THUD behind Kelly on the same central beam.

Having been crawling upside down, as it falls, its limbs twist, inverting, so it lands on all fours, its body still facing upward, eyes fixed on Kelly.

Kelly, tumbling headlong, whips around to face it.

The Shape's head cranks slowly until it is the right way up. It's face is warped, skin too tight for the thing within. The last vestiages of House Mary almost gone, it is simply The Shape.

It speaks in a voice like the clicking of mandibles.

THE SHAPE

My baby.

Kelly flees in absolute terror.

The Shape follows, scuttling on all fours.

It reaches for Kelly, talonous fingers raking at her heels.

Kelly leaps through the air. And lands, just before the hatch.

She slams on hand down hard on the hatch. It swings downward. Open. Light floods the loft.

And The Shape is on Kelly. It presses long nails into her calf.

Kelly SCREAMS and tries to push the folded ladder down through the open hatch. It won't move.

Kelly crawls forward. The Shape digs into her flesh, dragging itself higher up her body.

Kelly twists.

She kicks. The blow connects with The Shape's face. Black tar squirts from its open mouth and sprays Kelly's.

It falls back and Kelly kicks it in the chest.

Kelly pulls herself to the opening and dangles her feet down.

She drops.

And The Shape wraps its hands around Kelly's neck, preventing her from falling.

The Shape squeezes.

Kelly hangs, suspended in the monster's grip, half in the loft, half out.

The Shape squeezes tighter.

THE SHAPE

My sweet baby.

Kelly's eyes dart from side to side, scanning for anything that will save her.

The hatch door hangs wide open.

With a burst of energy, Kelly tugs against the Shape's grip, pulling herself further downward so that her body is fully free of the loft.

The Shape still grips her neck, itself now hanging half out of the loft.

Kelly reaches for the open hatch door.

Long fingers tighten around her neck.

Kelly's own fingers find the edge of the door.

They creep around it. Grip it. Kelly yanks.

The attic door hits the Shape's arms.

THE SHAPE EMITS A CRACKLING SCREAM. It lets go with the wounded hand.

The hand that still grips Kelly's throat begins to reel her back up.

Kelly pedals her legs wildly. Her frantic writhing further pulling the Shape downward.

Kelly grips the hatch door again and swings again with all her failing strength.

She releases the door as it swings up, allowing its own momentum to slam it shut. It swings up with brutal force, slamming shut on the outstretched neck of The Shape.

Kelly drops to the ground.

The Shape's head, glassy eyed and slack jawed, lands beside her squirting dark blood.

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

Kelly rises up, rubbing her neck.

She is no longer in her childhood house. Or any house.

Before her is endless nothingness. Her feet stand on nothing and around her is nothing - a black void without form or substance.

Kelly turns around. The severed head of The Shape lies still on the ground.

Kelly cranes her head upward. The loft door is gone. Replacing it is the vast cross-shaped Crack, a great rip in the air.

The Crack softly pulses, groping ribbons of multicoloured light pouring forth.

Before Kelly, in the far distance, are structures. Solid shapes in the middle of The Void. She walks toward them.

Tiny and hard to make out, the structures grow in clarity as she approaches.

They are walls. Or rather, sections of walls, free-standing like set-dressing. One to the left and one to the right.

As she approaches, the SOUND OF GASPING fills the air.

Kelly stands between the walls, right in the centre of them. They are wallpapered but burnt to a crisp and still smoking - fragments of them drift in embers up to the Crack.

Between the two walls, at Kelly's feet, in full colour, lies Sean, choking to death.

Far behind, the severed head of The Shape shivers. From the black oozing stump of its neck, something moves. Fingers poke from the wound, stretching outward. Reaching.

Kelly turns away from her brother. Beside Kelly, Young Kelly stares pathetically at Sean.

From the head of the Shape, the emerging hands drag at the ground, pulling more of this new body out of the old. Arms. Shoulders. The crown of a new head, birthing from the severed one.

Far ahead, beyond the walls and the children and Kelly, sitting in blackness, is the solitary front door of The House. Black and fire-blasted.

Kelly's eyes lock onto it.

Behind Kelly, the reborn Shape unfurls like a sick flower, stretching upward. It is restored. Made whole. Except for its face.

Blank and featureless, the face contains only two eyes glowing brilliant blue and leaking thick black tar.

Kelly takes one step toward the door and halts. She rotates on the spot. And faces The Shape.

Overhead, the Crack pulses.

THE SHAPE HISSES, cowering from the strange lights.

The Shape draws itself to its full height once more.

Its face shifts in quick strobing succession - House Colin, eyes flashing. House Mary, leaking black tar. The Shape settles back on the blank face containing only those glowing, leaking eyes.

It turns to Kelly and Young Kelly, stood side-by-side. Its eyes glow with blue light and both Kellys are held in place.

The Shape, tall, long-limbed and inhuman, walks forward and crouches over the choking Sean, maintaining eye contact with Kelly and her younger self.

A pinprick hole emerges where The Shape's mouth should be. The hole grows, splitting into an enormous smile. A smile that bisects its entire face.

It begins to inhale. Vapour flows from Sean.

The light in the room dims.

Kelly flicks her eyes up. Overhead, the Crack grows thin, sealing, pulling in the rainbow tendrils.

As it feeds, the Shape pulses, mass increasing, skin splitting. It's limbs stay long and skeletal but it's body swells like a feeding leech.

It keeps its blue eyes locked on the two Kellys.

Kelly looks to her side.

Caught in the glow, Young Kelly is unable to move. She stares at a slowly dying Sean.

INT. THE HOUSE, THE BLACK ROOM - NIGHT - TWENTY FIVE YEARS
AGO

Young Kelly barges into the room.

Sean runs to her, his arms wide. Then stops.

He bends double, WHEEZING. Gasping for air.

Young Kelly steps forward just as Sean collapses to the
ground, clutching at his throat.

Young Kelly frantically searches her pockets. Then stops.

Straddling the choking Sean is the hunched form of The
Shape. It fixes Kelly with its eyeless face.

And Kelly is frozen. Eyes wide, she can only watch.

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

Kelly's eyes expand in shock and terror.

KELLY

I remember.

The Shape cocks its head.

KELLY

You were there.

The Shape lets out A SHRILL WHIRRING. Laughter.

As the sound escapes its lips, it stops feeding and the
vapours slide back into Sean.

KELLY

It was you.

THE SHAPE

He ran till his lungs burned.

Overhead, the Crack rips back open with a RENDING TEAR.

The Shape recoils, HISSING once more.

It returns its focus to Sean, turning away from Kelly and
Young Kelly.

Kelly runs for the black front door.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma peers in at the windows.

She backs away and begins circling the house, searching for
another way in.

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

THE WIND BELLOWS. The Crack stretches. And starts sucking everything into itself.

The walls break apart, tumbling upward. Those walls, the only structure in the Void except the door, collide with the Crack, disintegrating against the jagged gash of colour.

Kelly is pulled by the magnetic draw of the widening Crack, each step a fight against its draw.

She reaches the door. Grips the handle. It does not yield and there is no key in the lock.

A hand grips Kelly by the arm. The hand of the Shape.

It clings to Kelly, long fingers extending, winding their way around Kelly's already shredded forearm.

Kelly grits her teeth and grips the handle tighter.

The pull of the Crack lifts the pair of them into the air by their feet. Kelly holds fast to the handle and The Shape holds fast to her.

As it is pulled, The Shape's legs and free arm warp and stretch, extending with A FLESHY, CRUNCHY CRACK. The limbs are too long. Too thin. Too many joints. Spider-like.

The Shape tenses and its trailing limbs flip direction, facing forward to brace itself against the door frame.

With a SICKENING SHREDDING, the Crack peels wider. A torrent of thick pelting rain falls from it, drenching the Void and those within.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma runs back to the front of the house.

Overhead, lightning and thunder erupt in the night sky.

It begins to rain.

She reaches the front door once more.

She tries the handle again. It doesn't give.

She presses an ear to the door.

As she does so, she looks down. Something lies in the knee-high grass.

Emma reaches down and picks up an dirty old asthma inhaler and a rotten wooden letter 'S' attached to a broken string.

She pockets them both and bends to the keyhole, calling through it.

EMMA

Kelly?

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

The Shape presses its face to Kelly's. The mouth unfurls, peeling like an fleshy orchid until the entirety of its head reveals a deep pit of glowing blue.

It speaks with a VOICE LIKE STATIC AND CRACKLING FLAMES.

THE SHAPE

I can fix it. I can take it all.

Kelly strains. Her muscles tighten. Veins throb. The Shape's growing fingers wind tighter.

THE SHAPE

I can take the dark. And the pain.
Let me. Let me eat your shadows.

The storm in the Crack rages.

The Shape inhales and grey vapour is drawn from Kelly.

She begins to choke.

Through the pain and the wheezing, she utters.

KELLY

You killed Sean.

The Shape emits A SHARP STATIC FIZZ.

KELLY

I can't stop you.

The Shape WARBLER IN DELIGHT. The Crack grows.

KELLY

I never could. Which means...

The Shape throws back its head and sucks. More vapour spills from Kelly's nostrils and mouth.

Kelly's back arcs as she spasms violently.

SHE CROAKS, lungs heaving.

KELLY

Which means...

Kelly closes her eyes.

SERIES OF FLASHES - Twenty five years ago

- An asthma inhaler lies in long grass.
- Young Kelly stands, unable to move while, at her feet, Sean gasps for air. The Shape straddles him. And Kelly can

only watch. Unable to react. Utterly helpless. Trapped by
The Shape's gaze.

- Sean breathes his last.

END OF FLASHES

KELLY

It wasn't my fault.

Vapour spills from Kelly's mouth, sucked into the blue
vortex where The Shape's face should be.

In the vapour flicker the briefest glimpses of Kelly's
memories.

- Young Kelly holding Sean, dead in her arms.
- Colin, turning his face from Kelly.
- Mary sobbing.
- Sean and Kelly both ninja-kicking in the park, Sean
hooting with glee.
- And Emma smiling.
- And Ben.

Kelly's eyes snap open.

A DEEP BASE HUM issues from the Crack. A WIND HOWLS. The
Shape LAUGHS.

Kelly grits her teeth. Veins in her head and neck throb.

SHE SCREAMS.

And the vapours are pulled back, drawn into Kelly. By force
of her will, she is keeping hold of it all.

THE SHAPE ROARS.

Kelly turns her eyes to the Crack.

There, floating overhead in the centre of the aurora, at the
heart of the raging chasm, is Sean. He smiles at Kelly.

Kelly smiles back.

Sean's eyes flick toward The Shape. Without moving, he is
suddenly beside the creature. His hand grips its wrist.

THE SHAPE CRIES OUT. Smoke rises between Sean's fingers. The
flesh bubbles.

The Shape shifts between forms, a blur of stolen identities.

Sean doesn't let go.

KELLY

(to Sean)

I can still save you.

The remnant of her brother smiles.

SEAN

I'm just a memory, silly. But
that's okay. I was a good one.

The Shape wrenches Kelly's arm. THE BONES SNAP.

Kelly SCREAMS.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma hears the scream.

EMMA

Kelly?

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

THE WIND FROM THE CRACK ROARS, drowning all other noise.

The Crack splits wide, filling the entire sky. The ribbons
of light lash out into The Void.

Kelly is on her knees before the door, fingers loosely
curled around the handle.

Vapour quivers around her head, pulling toward the Shape,
then back toward Kelly, stuck between their opposing forces.

SHE GASPS. The Shape's face presses against her ear. Blue
light crackling from its misshapen maw.

THE SHAPE

Let go.

Kelly whimpers. Her body sags. Her hand slips from the
handle.

Sean presses his lips to Kelly's other ear.

SEAN

I love you.

Propped against the door, Kelly closes her eyes.

Another voice, barely a faint whisper, comes from the other
side of the door.

EMMA (O.S.)

Kelly?

Kelly's eyes spring open.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma presses her palm to the door.

EMMA

Kelly? Kels. Can you hear me?

From the other side, comes the SOUND OF SOBBING.

KELLY (O.S.)

I'm here, I'm... I can't get out.

Emma rattles the door again. It won't open.

Emma closes her eyes. Tears run softly down her cheeks.

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

The Shape grins. It's fingers, still around Kelly's arm, twist.

Kelly grits her teeth. Holds in a scream. Tears cut tracks down her filthily face.

KELLY

I can't. I can't get out.

EXT. THE VOID - HOUSE

Emma, on her knees, bites her lip.

She rests one cheek to the door.

Her voice is crisp and clear and calm.

EMMA (O.S.)

Then let me in.

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

Kelly breathes deep.

KELLY

Okay.

She looks down.

Now, in the lock of the door, there sits a key.

Blue light glows in The Shape's eyes.

She tries to reach for it. Her hand shudders, fighting, but does not move.

Sean narrows his eyes.

And he sings.

SEAN

'Got a fist of pure emotion.'

The Shape writhes. Faces shifting, convulsing.

SEAN

'Got a head of shattered dreams.'

Kelly, holding on for dear life, voice little more than a cracked and broken whisper, joins Sean.

KELLY AND SEAN

'Gotta leave it, gotta leave it all
behind now.'

Together, they sing into the storm.

The Shape presses its head against Kelly and sucks deep.

Vapour peels from her. She keeps singing, her voice growing louder.

KELLY AND SEAN

'Whatever I said, whatever I did,
I didn't mean it
I just want you back for you.'

From all around, TAKE THAT's 'BACK FOR GOOD' blasts out. It rises over the aching tuneless hum of the Crack.

The Shape lets out A SHRILL WAIL...and lets go of Kelly.

The rainbow ribbons of light fly from the crack and spear the Shape.

Like a rocket, The Shape is reeling into the Crack, a cloud of spiralling vapour drawn from Kelly in its wake.

It thrashes and flails. Sean clings tight to it. Fighting it to the last.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma pounds on the door.

EMMA

Kelly!

THUNDER RUMBLES.

From the car, BEN CRIES.

Emma stops pounding.

Turns to look at the car.

Turns back to the door.

Keeps pounding.

EMMA

Kelly? You've got to let me in.

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT

Sean and The Shape smash into the glowing, tearing Crack, suspending in the portal.

The Shape falls silent.

Rain pours over Kelly, the blood and black tar washing away as the bleeding vapours swirl about her head.

KELLY

Don't.

Sean smiles.

SEAN

You'll be fine.

Then Sean and the Shape evaporate into pure light.

Kelly sways.

Her eyes flutter.

She reaches out with her good hand and turns the key.

Then she crashes to the sodden floor, her eyes closed.

And the Crack snaps shut in utter silence.

The vapours about Kelly's head dissipate into nothingness.

Everything is plunged into...

BLACK.

INT. THE HOUSE, THE BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

Emma kneels in the large front room of a blackened burnt-out building, Kelly motionless on the ground in front of her.

The open roof above them lets in the storm, drenching them.

There is a wound on Kelly's head, one arm bent and shredded, her clothes in tatters, a bloody rag around her neck and she is covered in streaked blood and dark goo.

She isn't breathing.

Emma lets her tears fall and with methodical, clockwork precision, she tilts back Kelly's chin and lowers her ear to Kelly's mouth, listening.

She presses her interlocked hands to Kelly's chest and pumps.

She lowers her mouth to Kelly's and fills her lungs with borrowed air.

Emma's head to Kelly's chest. Listens. Nothing.

Chest compressions.

Again.

Listens again.

Nothing.

More breaths.

More compressions.

She presses hard.

Breathes firmly.

Emma's face scrunches in determination.

She lowers her mouth over Kelly's. Exhales and...

Kelly sits up, GASPING.

Emma falls back as Kelly draws in deep breaths.

Kelly sits and stares at the woman before her.

Face full of confusion, Kelly struggles to place the person she is looking at. Trying to determine if she's real.

Emma's eyes run across Kelly's body, taking in the blood and the black and the rags tied as bandages.

Then she meets Kelly's searching eyes. She reaches a hand to her.

EMMA

Kelly?

And with that, Kelly sees her. Truly sees her.

Recognising her wife, Kelly bursts into tears and crumples, doubled over.

Emma wraps her arms around Kelly, both shuddering as they cry.

When the wracking sobs subside, Kelly blubbers through snot.

KELLY

He died.

Emma, weeping, tenderly strokes her wife's hair.

EMMA

I know.

KELLY

I was there and I watched him...

Kelly's voices breaks.

EMMA

Ssh, it's okay. It's okay.

KELLY

I couldn't get out, Em. I can't...

Her words fade into messy tears.

Emma squeezes tightly until the crying finally ends.

Kelly sits up. Exhausted, she mutters.

KELLY

I can't forget.

Emma softly squeezes Kelly's hand.

EMMA

You don't have to.

Emma wraps an arm around Kelly's shoulders and lifts her, still wheezing, to her feet. The rain stops.

Together, Kelly cradling her shattered arm, they hobble forward, the front door open before them.

Through the door, the rising sun illuminates the world beyond. They stand in the doorway.

BEN'S CRIES ring out.

Emma turns to Kelly.

EMMA

You alright for a moment?

Kelly nods weakly.

Emma goes to their son.

Kelly stands alone.

FLASHBACK - EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT - TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO -

The same house. The same doorway.

The door creaks open.

Kelly, 12-years-old, face blank with shock, steps out.

She carries her brother in her arms.

Kelly's face is illuminated suddenly by flashing blue lights.

The air fills with the sounds of SIRENS.

Two police cars and an ambulance pull up to the road before The House.

Young Kelly walks steadily forward without blinking.

Another car pulls up. An ugly gold five-door estate.

Mary and Colin, both much younger, rush from the car.

Neither is monstrous. They are average, ordinary parents.
And YOUNG MARY IS SCREAMING.

Silent, stoic, YOUNG COLIN marches up the path to The House.
And freezes in his tracks.

As Young Kelly arrives at the cars, police and paramedics
rush to her, trying to lift Sean from her arms.

Young Kelly doesn't let go.

Young Mary falls to her knees before them, tears streaking
her masacara. It runs down her face in dark rivers.

YOUNG MARY
My babies! My babies!

Young Colin stands, unflinching. The lights of the police
cars reflect off his thick lenses, his eyes obscured by
glowing blue.

As a paramedic finally prises Sean from Young Kelly's arms,
Young Kelly turns to look at her father.

Without a flicker of emotion, Young Colin asks:

YOUNG COLIN
What did you do?

Young Kelly turns away. She watches as the officer carries
Sean to the back of the waiting ambulance.

Young Colin stands stock still.

Young Mary staggers after her daughter, softly wailing.

And Young Kelly looks down at her feet.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. THE HOUSE - SUNRISE

Kelly lingers in the doorway.

Then steps out of the house and pulls the door shut behind
her.

Emma is bent over, leaning into the back seat.

Kelly walks to the car, opens the passenger door and gets
in.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - SUNRISE

Kelly clutches her ruined arm.

She looks ahead. The sun casts golden light over her face.
Emma opens the driver's door and sits behind the wheel.
She turns to look at Kelly.

EMMA

I'm sorry.

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY

It's okay.

Both sit in silence.

Still looking forward, Kelly eventually speaks.

KELLY

I was scared of my parents for
years.

Emma takes Kelly's good hand.

KELLY

I thought they hated me. They were
just terrified. They were grown ups
and they were powerless. I think
that's what scared me the most.

Emma rubs her thumb across the back of Kelly's hand.

EMMA

He doesn't have to stay gone, you
know?

Kelly turns to look into Emma's eyes.

KELLY

I don't want to be scared anymore.

Emma pulls Kelly close and wraps her arms carefully around
Kelly's bloodied neck.

EMMA

I love you.

KELLY

I love you too.

Emma lets Kelly go, sits back and looks deep into her eyes.

EMMA

But if you do anything like this
again, I will gut you like a fish.

Kelly laughs: a ragged burst of sound. She winces at the
pain.

EMMA

By the way, I think someone else
has missed you too.

Kelly turns.

Ben smiles at her. Both their eyes are wide, faces full of
love.

Kelly reaches out a hand and wiggles Ben's toes.

KELLY

I love you too, little man.

Kelly turns back to Emma. They press their heads close.

Emma sits up straight, pulling away to rummage in her
pockets.

EMMA

I totally forgot.

She pulls out two objects.

EMMA

I think these are yours.

She holds the items out in a closed fist.

Kelly reaches both hands out and Emma places the inhaler and
pendant in Kelly's open palms.

Kelly looks at the things she now holds.

She sniffs, pulling in more tears. Then turns to Emma and
smiles.

KELLY

Let's go home.

EXT. THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The engine starts and the car drives away, leaving Reseau
Street far behind.

INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - DAY

Margaret sits in her faded armchair, surrounded by lost
time.

She smiles to herself.

INT. KELLY AND EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

BEN'S BEDROOM -

Ben lies wriggling and giggling on a changing mat.

Kelly has one arm in a sling, a neat bandage on her neck and a plaster across her brow.

She is cleaned up and in a smart, crisp shirt and jeans.

One-handed, she struggles to get a single sock on Ben. Both laugh.

Emma walks in and picks up Ben.

EMMA

What's naughty Mummy been up to,
eh? You're not dressed at all yet
are you? No, you're not.

Kelly stands and hands Emma the sock.

Emma puts it on Ben and the three of them walk down the stairs.

THE HALLWAY -

Kelly opens the front door as Emma puts Ben into a papoose. Emma reaches out a hand. Kelly takes it. They all step through.

EXT. MARY AND COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

A red front door with a frosted glass window.

Stood on the porch are Kelly and Emma, Ben snug in his papoose. Kelly holds a white cardboard box. She turns to Emma and smirks awkwardly.

Emma gives a reassuring smile back.

EMMA

We can still run away, you know?

Kelly knocks.

The door opens and Mary answers, beaming widely.

MARY

Hello.

She spots Ben and can't resist stroking his chubby cheek.

MARY

Oh, look at you. Come in, come in.

The trio follow Mary inside.

INT. MARY AND COLIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Mary ushers them into the kitchen where Colin is waiting, pouring out glasses of bubbly.

He nods silently and firmly at Emma and Kelly.

EMMA

Mary? I think this little one needs
a Grandma cuddle.

She lifts Ben from the papoose and holds him out to Mary.

Mary's mouth drops open in elated surprise. She sweeps up
her grandson and hugs him tenderly. Then pootles out of the
room.

Emma removes the papoose and sets it down.

As Colin puts down the glass he's been filling, Emma strides
over to him, reaches her arms wide and pulls him into a hug.

Colin stands stock still, trapped in the embrace. His
shoulders sag as he accepts it.

COLIN

Lovely to see you again, Emma.

EMMA

And you, Colin.

Emma turns to Kelly, still lingering in the doorway, box in
hand. Emma winks. Kelly steps forward.

COLIN

What's that you've got?

KELLY

Oh, it's just a...thing.

Colin eyes the box. Then shrugs.

COLIN

How's work?

KELLY

Oh, good. I actually just applied
for something new so, you know,
waiting to see how that all goes.

Colin nods.

The two look at each other, awkward silence hanging between
them. Both look away.

EMMA

(to Kelly)

I think your mum's setting up in
the dining room.

KELLY

Ah. Okay.

Kelly leaves the kitchen and walks into...

THE HALLWAY - pictures of Kelly and Sean on the walls. She passes them and heads into...

THE LOUNGE-DINER - Mary cradles Ben in one arm as she tries to lay out stacked plates.

MARY
(to Kelly)
I still can't believe that driver
just hit you and drove off.

KELLY
It's fine, Mum.

MARY
It's not fine. I mean, look at you.
Your poor arm.

Kelly places the white box on the table and takes over place settings.

Mary studies Kelly with a frown.

KELLY
Don't worry about it, Mum. It's all
okay now.

Mary rolls her eyes and TUTS. Then nods to the box.

MARY
What's that?

KELLY
Oh, it's just a...I'll show you.

Kelly walks to the box and opens the lid.

Inside is a cake. The exact same cake as the one she ruined so many years ago. Power Rangers, ready to fight. And the words 'Happy Birthday Sean'.

Mary's mouth twists, torn between sorrow and pride.

She reaches out the arm not holding Ben. Reaches out for a hug. Kelly nestles into it.

Colin and Emma enter the room. Colin sees the cake. Nods his approval to Kelly.

Kelly catches Emma's eye. Emma mouths 'It's okay.'

KELLY
I, ummm...I just need to get
something from the car.

Kelly walks back through the house, opens the front door and leaves.

EXT. MARY AND COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Kelly opens the car boot. Inside is the trunk.

She flips the latches and opens it.

The same black bags. The same overspill of Pokemon cards, toy cars and action figures.

Kelly reaches in, grabs something and closes the boot.

INT. MARY AND COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary, Colin and Emma are stood together, fussing over Ben who has started to CRY.

Kelly passes by them all and walks to the old hi-fi system in one corner, ignoring the smart speaker. Before anyone can say anything, Kelly has put in a CD. She presses play.

TAKE THAT'S 'WANT YOU BACK FOR GOOD' PLAYS.

Mary puts a hand over her mouth. She cries.

Kelly goes to Mary and lifts Ben from her arms. Kelly bounces Ben who immediately stops crying.

Colin takes off his glasses and rubs his eye. He replaces the glasses. Kelly stands before him. And holds out a contented Ben. Colin takes Ben with an enormous smile. Ben looks up into his grandfather's face.

COLIN

(to Kelly)

You've done good with this one. God knows, you worked out how to do that out all on your own.

Colin, face brimming with pride, looks into Kelly's eyes, both of them on the verge of tears.

Emma walks up to Kelly and takes her hand.

KELLY

Not all on my own.

The family take their seats, Ben in his high chair, Kelly at the head. Before her, a cake, a candle and a box of matches. Kelly strikes a match and lights the candle.

KELLY

I love you, Sean. Happy birthday.

The candle burns bright, flame flickering.

Kelly blows it out.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

A spider creeps across its web toward a struggling fly. The spider spins silken strands, binding its prey. The fly struggles. Only for a moment.

The web glimmers in a dirty hedgerow that runs along the path leading to The House.

The House sits quietly. Patiently. Waiting. The door creaks open.

BLACK.