

BLACK

SEAN (O.S.)

It's said that in the past 70 years more than 40 people have disappeared inside Prospect Point Cemetery.

FADE IN:

EXT. PROSPECT POINT CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Four teens stand outside of an old overgrown cemetery. High stone walls surround the medium sized cemetery. A high wrought iron gate wrapped in a heavy chain blocks passage into the place.

From the inside, blank, century-old gravestones nestled in tall grasses stare back at SEAN MCCLINTON (18, studious) and his friends, HUGH, JASON, and ERIC. Everyone stands there, enraptured.

SEAN

Supposedly, if you go there at midnight on Halloween and walk in a circle thirteen times the Devil himself comes up to take your soul.

HUGH

I went in there on Halloween. I didn't see anything.

JASON

That's 'cause you had your eyes closed the whole time, pussy.

Eric punches Jason in the shoulder.

ERIC

I heard that Shannon Daughtry and Lucas Hamilton went up there one night. Shannon went missing for a whole day. They found her in the woods, mumbling something about demons trying to drag her into hell.

HUGH

I heard something about that.

JASON

Anybody ever spend a whole night there?

Everyone is quiet for a moment.

SEAN  
I spent a night right here, outside  
the gates.

HUGH  
Shit. No way.

JASON  
Did you see anything?

Sean is quiet for a moment.

HUGH  
Sean?

SEAN  
No. Nothing happened.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

YOUNG GRACE MCCLINTON (9, serious for her age), sits at a small table in a large kitchen eating a bowl of cereal. The clock on the wall says 2:05. She turns the pages of a thick novel.

Suddenly, she hears a BUMP coming from upstairs. She looks up, but then returns to her magazine.

BUMP. Now she gets up and goes to investigate.

INT. STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

She slowly ascends the dark, ornate staircase. She hears a RUSTLING coming from the second floor.

YOUNG GRACE  
Who's there?

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sean reaches into his closet and pries a floorboard loose. He takes out a camera and stuffs it into his backpack. He zips it up and slings it over his shoulder.

YOUNG GRACE (O.S.)  
Where are you going?

Sean jumps. Grace is right behind him.

SEAN

Jesus, Gracie, you scared the shit outta me. Go back to bed.

YOUNG GRACE

Not until you tell me where you're going, or I'll tell Dad that you swore.

SEAN

I have something to do, all right? And I'm 18, I can say whatever I want.

He walks out of the room; Grace follows.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Sean heads for the front door. Grace stands in his way.

YOUNG GRACE

You always tell me everything. Now where're you going?

SEAN

I'll be back before dawn, then I'll tell you everything.

He works his way around Grace and opens the door.

YOUNG GRACE

You're going to Prospect Point, aren't you?

He hesitates for a moment.

SEAN

No.

YOUNG GRACE

I heard you talking about it to Dan Williamson after school yesterday. No one's supposed to go in there.

SEAN

Just go back to bed, Gracie. I'll see you in the morning.

He's out the door. Grace stares out the window. Shifting her weight from one foot to the other and anxiously gnawing her bottom lip.

EXT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A broken-down car dominates the small driveway. Grace, wearing a coat over her pajamas, lifts the kickstand on her bike and heads out of the driveway.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Guided by the light of the full moon, Grace pedals her bike down the rural road. Dark woods stand on either side of the road. Ahead in the distance, Grace follows the shadowy form of Sean.

EXT. DIRT PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Now armed with a flashlight, she cautiously navigates her bike through the winding path in the woods.

YOUNG GRACE  
(whispering to herself)  
You are going to Prospect Point.  
Jerk.

Suddenly, a coyote lunges across the path. Grace swerves out of the way just in time but slams into a tree and falls off her bike. She hits her head on a rock.

Grace slowly gets up and retrieves her flashlight, it's broken. She checks her bike, the tire is warped. She looks up and down the path, debating.

YOUNG GRACE (CONT'D)  
Sean?

She checks her head, feels her head and checks her hand - blood.

After one last glance around, Grace continues up the path.

YOUNG GRACE (CONT'D)  
Sean? You owe me a new bike, I hope  
you know.

Nearby, a twig SNAPS. Grace jumps and looks into the dark woods.

YOUNG GRACE (CONT'D)  
Okay, but you at least owe me a  
ride home.

Up ahead, Grace hears a SCREAM, it sounds like Sean.

## YOUNG GRACE (CONT'D)

Sean?

She runs up the path, using the moonlight to guide her.

EXT. PROSPECT POINT CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Grace runs around a bend in the path and stands before Prospect Point Cemetery.

Grace sneaks up to the gate and peers in.

A light shines from within the cemetery. It's Sean's flashlight, lying on the ground.

Grace's eyes grow wide at what she sees.

Sean continues to SCREAM. The light of Sean's flashlight shows Sean being dragged into the darkness beyond. He claws the ground for dear life, leaving claw marks in his wake.

A tall shadowy figure stands nearby, watching it all happen; it doesn't acknowledge Grace.

Grace continues to stare as a small puddle of urine gathers at her feet and a line of blood oozes down from her forehead.

EXT. NORSTONE - DAY

A used VW Jetta heads through the zooms past the multicolored October foliage of Norstone, Massachusetts. Grace speeds past several closed shops and large abandoned houses. The town is clearly past its prime.

INT. GRACE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

GRACE MCCLINTON (24, a tattooed rebel), heads down the street paying little attention to the speed limit or to the stop sign ahead. Her eyes have dark circles under them and she sucks down the remainder of an iced coffee.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Grace's car speeds right through a stop sign. A moment later, a police car pulls out of its hiding spot, lights flashing.

EXT. GRACE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Grace waits at the side of the road. OFFICER AGNES SANDRASON (43, beautiful and stern) checks out Grace's license and plate, holding a ticket pad in her hand. She walks over to Grace's window and leans in.

AGNES  
(Slight southern accent)  
How long are you staying?

GRACE  
I moved back.

AGNES  
Since when?

GRACE  
A while.

AGNES  
Then why do you still have  
Washington state license plates and  
drivers license?

GRACE  
I've been busy unpacking. Surprised  
my dad didn't tell you.

AGNES  
Look, Ms. McClinton-

GRACE  
Please, Agnes, call me Grace.

Agnes stops for a moment, and stares down at her ticket pad.

AGNES  
Look, Ms. McClinton, this isn't  
your first offense but I'm going to  
let it slide. Just get it done  
soon, okay?

GRACE  
Sure thing, Aggie.

AGNES  
Get going.

Agnes walks away from the car and stares at Grace as she pulls away.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Grace sits in a booth across from PASTOR JACOB MCCLINTON (58, kind face, looks older than his years). Both stare down at their half empty coffees. Grace reaches in her purse for a cigarette.

JACOB  
Gracie, you just had one.

GRACE  
Oh, yeah, I totally forgot.

She lights the cigarette and takes a long drag.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Guess I'm just stupid like that  
sometimes.

She blows smoke in Jacob's face. Long pause.

JACOB  
So, have you finished unpacking  
yet?

GRACE  
Dad, I've been back for three  
months, what do you think?

JACOB  
I bet little old Norstone,  
Massachusetts is a lot different  
from Seattle.

Grace is silent.

JACOB  
So, do you want to talk?

GRACE  
Talk. Wow dad, that's...that's a  
good idea. What do you think we  
should talk about?

JACOB  
Grace, you know what today is.

Grace takes a sip of her coffee.

GRACE  
'Course. It's Wednesday. Does that  
really constitute a cup of coffee  
with your daughter?

JACOB  
It's been 15 years.

GRACE  
Yeah. I guess it has. Wow, 15 years. Huh. And, guess what? This is the first time you even mentioned it.

JACOB  
We all handle loss in different ways, Grace.

GRACE  
Yeah, well, I guess I didn't think forgetting about your son would be your way of dealing--

JACOB  
I never forgot about Sean.

GRACE  
Then why the fuck didn't you ever look for him?

An elderly couple at the next table glare at Grace; she stares them down.

JACOB  
You know I never stopped looking. Sean was an adult and he left on his own.

GRACE  
I told you what I saw that night.

JACOB  
Grace, it was dark, you had a head injury, and you were tired. It could have been anything.

GRACE  
You sound just like the goddamn doctors.

Grace fiddles with her napkin. Jacob takes her arm and looks at the list of names, ages and dates tattooed onto it.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
You have the names of everyone that has ever supposedly disappeared in that cemetery tattooed onto your body. And yet you have never set foot in that place yourself.

She yanks her arm away.

JACOB (CONT'D)

It's time to let it go, honey. I lost Sean, I don't want to lose you any more than I already have.

GRACE

I trust you'll let me know if anyone else disappeared while I was gone. I still have some blank skin left.

Grace finishes her cigarette, drops it in Jacob's coffee and walks out.

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATER

The place is crowded with parents buying candy and children begging for cheap Halloween costumes. Grace works her way around everyone trying to get a few meagre groceries. Parents give her a wide berth. A BROTHER and SISTER argue over a pumpkin costume.

BROTHER

I saw it first!

SISTER

No, I did!

BROTHER

You want me leave you in Prospect Point? I'll bet the monsters are hungry.

SISTER

Mom!

The girl runs away crying.

Grace glares down at the boy.

BROTHER

What are you looking at?

He walks away. Grace glares at him.

WILSON (O.S.)

Get the hell out of the way.

Grace turns and sees a smiling WILSON KELLEY (60, tall, too thin). She smiles back at the man.

GRACE  
Sorry, Doctor, I didn't know we  
were sharing aisles.

Wilson tucks her hair behind her ear.

WILSON  
I retired years ago, Grace. You can  
call me Wilson.

GRACE  
Sure thing, Doc.

WILSON  
Heard you were back in town. You  
planning on staying?

GRACE  
I think so.

WILSON  
How's your father?

GRACE  
Religious. How's your son?

WILSON  
As well as can be expected,  
considering. But didn't you hear?  
Joe's the sheriff now.

GRACE  
So maybe I won't stay for long,  
then.

Wilson laughs.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Give him condolences.

WILSON  
I'll be sure to tell him you said  
that.

They go their separate ways.

INT. GRACE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Keys JINGLE in the lock, the door opens. Grace comes in with  
a bag. She turns on the light and walks into the kitchen. The  
place is mostly empty, filled with unpacked boxes.

She unpacks groceries, mostly frozen dinners, and shoves them into the freezer. Outside, rain pours down and a distant RUMBLE of thunder can be heard.

As Grace shoves the remainder of the dinners into the freezer, a breeze blows her hair. She turns around and notices the plastic grocery bags being gently blown around by a breeze.

Grace opens a drawer and pulls out a kitchen knife and slowly walks into the next room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace immediately turns on a lamp, illuminating the large living room, also filled with unpacked boxes.

The window is broken, glass litters the floor, spots of blood mingle with the glass. Outside, the rain pours down.

Behind Grace a figure emerges from the darkened bedroom. Grace freezes up and grips the knife tightly.

She turns quickly, brandishing the knife, her eyes open wide when she sees...

ELIZABETH HARCOURT (18, beautiful, soaking wet and panicked). She throws her back up against the nearest wall when Grace turns around.

Grace slowly approaches the girl. Elizabeth slides down the wall and curls up into a fetal position, whimpering quietly to herself.

Grace cautiously approaches her, not getting too close.

GRACE

Who are you?

Elizabeth begins crying. Blood oozes out from the soles of her feet.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I don't have any drugs here if that's what you're looking for.

ELIZABETH

(Whispering)

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners...

GRACE

I'm calling the police.

Grace grabs the phone.

ELIZABETH  
Don't send me back there!

GRACE  
Back where? Where did you come from?

ELIZABETH  
Don't make me go back, they'll hurt me. They'll cut me! They'll-

Suddenly she grabs a large piece of glass and RAMS it into her arm; she SCREAMS in pain. The injury sends her to the floor, gurgling and convulsing.

GRACE  
Fuck!

Grace drops the knife, grabs a cloth and does her best to staunch the bleeding.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Only a few patients and nurses populate the hospital at this hour. Grace sits on the edge of a chair, waiting anxiously.

A DOCTOR (35), approaches Grace; he reads a chart as he walks.

DOCTOR  
Ms. McClinton?

Grace stands.

GRACE  
Yes?

DOCTOR  
I understand that you were the one that brought the girl in.

GRACE  
Yes, I was. Is she all right?

The doctor flips through some pages on the chart.

DOCTOR  
She has a deep laceration on her arm but she'll be all right.  
(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

She also sustained some minor cuts on her feet, probably when she broke into your apartment. Otherwise she's a healthy 18 year-old girl.

GRACE

She wasn't on drugs?

DOCTOR

We found no drugs in her system.

The doctor sits down and motions for Grace to do the same.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

She's heavily sedated right now, but she's been through a very traumatic experience. Her memory is choppy at best, she could barely remember her own name. You can go in and see her if you like.

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grace walks in and sees Elizabeth sleeping in the bed surrounded by monitors.

Grace walks over to her and watches the girl sleep. She walks over to the chart at the end of the bed and reads it.

Grace stares at the chart.

INSERT CHART: Elizabeth Harcourt.

The chart drops to the floor.

Grace slowly looks down at her trembling arm.

Halfway down the arm, amongst the names of those that disappeared in Prospect Point reads: Elizabeth Ann Harcourt, 18. Disappeared Friday, October 18, 1985