

RETURN HAUNTED

By

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INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

OCTOBER 28th, 2020

A thunderstorm is brewing outside. We zoom in on our narrator who's sipping a whisky and sitting at a desk laid with news papers and photo of a mysterious couple. The narrator is looks defeated and in shambles. He has let himself go in terms of his hygiene, his hair is a mess. Something is bothering him and has him deep in thought as he continues to stare at the picture of the couple.

(V.O.)

It's been ten years and I've yet to forget. There isn't a day that goes by where I don't think about what happed. Everyone has that one event in their life. The before and the after. The one that changes you. Eric and Monica were that for me. If only I had seen the signs sooner. But there were so signs, no real inklings that something was amiss, were there? I lost my job today. I haven't felt this low in awhile. Suddenly why Eric did what he did is not a completely foreign concept to me. The suicide part, not the murder part. Not the part where he took Monica with him.

The narrator looks at a news paper clipping dated "October 31st, 2010. The Headline Reads YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE FOUND DEAD IN KING OF PRUSSIA MURDER SUICIDE.

(V.O.)

32 & 33. So young. So much life ahead of them, squandered.

The phone rings and the candles blow out. Our narrator is startled. He plugs in a string of neon lights and answers his phone.

JOHNNY

Hello?

APPLE

My dearest Johnny, are you coming to see me dance tonight?

JOHNNY

I don't know if I can. My mental health is slipping over here. You know what Saturdays date is?

APPLE

The 31st, why?

JOHNNY

I just get to thinking around that time. And I lost my job today.

APPLE

Don't worry about it. Come to the club. Get your mind off things. I'll pay your tab. Just come and see me hun.

Silence

Johnny doesn't respond to apple. Instead he sits quietly mulling over her offer, but also examining newspaper articles and the photograph of Eric and his wife.

A letter is slipped under his door. Johnny is startled. There's no mailing address or anything. Just an envelope. Johnny rushes to the door to grab it. He peaks outside the door and no one is there, but the darkness of night. He closes the door and turns the envelope around which on the front reads: OF IMMEDIATE IMPORTANCE

He opens the envelope which contains a letter written in type written font.

THE DOOR IS OPEN...

Our Narrators stomach sinks.

APPLE

Who was that?

JOHNNY

Someone slipped a letter under my door...

APPLE

Come to the club tonight, please. Please Johnny.

Silence.

JOHNNY  
It's mischief night.

The scene ends and Type O Negatives "Wolf Moon" plays over the opening credits.

EXT. Alley Way. NIGHT.

Johnny walks a darkened alleyway by himself. He's the quiet, stoic type. He smokes a cigarette and pulls his collar on his jacket up to his neck to fend off the cold. He walks through alleyways upon alleyways only to turn a corner and see a pale white woman looking at him from a distance. Almost ghostly. When Johnny sees her, already paranoid from the letter, he freezes up and begins walking the other direction. Slowly but surely, the ghostly woman begins following him and Johnny looks over his shoulder periodically to see her gaining on him. He begins to pick up the pace, as does she. He begins to run. The ghostly woman is nearly behind him. This leads to an entire sequence of Johnny being chased through alleyways and train-station bathrooms until he finally makes it to the strip club and when he turns around the mysterious ghost woman is no longer there. He goes to take shelter in the Strip Club.

INT. STRIP CLUB. NIGHT

Johnny enters the strip club. Sits down and orders a drink and catches his breathe, finally sighing in relief. He flags town the bartender.

JOHNNY  
I'll have a Heineken

A stripper with angel wings tattooed on her back sits next to him and glides her hand across his back. It's Apple.

APPLE.  
You look like you need one.

Johnny says nothing. He's too paranoid at this point and has yet to let his guard down. He eventually talks.

JOHNNY  
Someone was chasing me. It was  
horrifying. She looked like... She  
looked like Monica.

APPLE  
Have a few drinks hun. And let me give  
you a massage, okay?

JOHNNY

Okay.

Johnny eases up. Apple begins rubbing his shoulders.

APPLE

I want you to meet me at the hotel tonight. I don't need a donation. I just want to talk with you. Somewhere more private.

JOHNNY

About what? Is this concerning my mental health?

APPLE

Partially But it does concern Eric, Monica yourself and I. Meet me there in two hours okay? The Hampton Inn on 530 W Dekalb Pike Rt 202.

JOHNNY

Okay.

Johnny pays his tab and exit the club. He enters the night once again still on lookout for the ghostly woman.

EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT

The narrator approaches the hotel cautiously. He scans the parking lot looking for the ghostly woman, but it's empty. He goes inside.

INT. HOTEL. NIGHT

He goes past the front lobby with his head down attracting the hotel staff who just ignore him. His paranoia still runs deep though. He takes the elevator up to the 4th floor. Cautiously he knocks on the door and Apple pulls him inside. They both sit on separate beds.

APPLE

How many times have we done this johnny. You taking me to hotels? You ever gonna be a married, one woman man?

Apple toys with his hair.

JOHNNY

I highly doubt it. I can barely take

care of myself let alone a family or even you.

APPLE

It's about Eric and Monica. Something that just became more apparent to me I can't believe it's been ten years and it never crossed my mind. Can I ask you a question? Do you believe in ghost Johnny, the existence of the supernatural?

JOHNNY

I don't know. Never really had any paranormal experiences. Was always a skeptic, an agnostic, But after tonight I'm listening.

APPLE

Well here's the thing about true hauntings. According to psychic research, a ghost appears to be a surviving emotional memory of someone who died traumatically, and usually tragically, but is unaware of his or her death. Unable to part with the physical world, such human personalities continue to inhabit the very spot where their tragedy or emotional attachment had existed prior to their physical death.

JOHNNY

Well that was certainly the case for Eric and Monica wasn't it? A tragedy.

APPLE

The reason I'm telling you this Johnny, is that I think you're possessed. You've become so preoccupied with their deaths for the past few years that it's more or less become who you are. I'm not claiming to have witnessed a demonic possession, but when I look at you... You've let this event become you. Look how it's shaped your life. You went from prom king to a medicated recluse schizoid who only goes out to drink and fuck hookers. This event has become you.

JOHNNY

Yeah, well it ain't supernatural. It's only unnatural. And all this ghost talk still doesn't explain to me why Eric snapped and did what he did.

Apple pours herself a drink.

APPLE

Where do you think I come from Johnny? My father killed my mother and tried to kill me. I can explain it to you with ease.

My father was impotent, in all areas of life, not just below the belt And my mother lost attraction to him. She lost respect for him. And the more she lost her affection for him, the angrier and more violent my father became. My father had an abusive father as did his father before him. It's a cycle of violence and abuse we're all trapped in. Eric was too. Bullied, mocked, humiliated by his classmates. His home life wasn't all too great either.

Monica was leaving him. That's all there is too it. It was a big simple "If I can't have you, no one can."

JOHNNY

And yet, I can't help but try to analyze it deeper.

APPLE

See, this is what I learned after escaping a bad home life...There can't be any domestic violence if you never domesticate. That's why people like you and I live the way we do. We've escaped our past by rejecting the one thing that has potential to bring us back to it: The family unit. We live as loners and we are glad to be. No cohabitation. No shared bank accounts. No contractual sing-offs with the state. It's why we thrive. But Johnny, you need to move on from this.

JOHNNY

Apple as you know Eric was my childhood friend. I can try to move on, but I can't forget.

APPLE

Go to that house Saturday night. It's vacant. The former tenants left after some spooky shit started happening.

JOHNNY

Why? Was purpose does that serve?

APPLE

The woman you've been seeing. I think that's Monica. And the letter you got from under your door tonight. Monica had a habit of sliding letters under doors. I think you're being haunted Johnny. By a negative energy. And the only way to beat it is at the source.

EXT. MURDER HOUSE. NIGHT

October 31st, 2020.

Johnny approaches the house. It's been abandoned for years. He walks up and down the side trying to find an entrance until he realizes the front door is wide open.

JOHNNY

The door is open...

Johnny walks through the front door into the delapidated living room.

JOHNNY

Hello? Anyone here?

Johnny carries a lantern to guide his way through the house.

JOHNNY

Eric if you're listening, know you really fucked me up. When you died you took me with you. I just didn't realize it until recently.

He hears a crash in the kitchen. He jumps, but regains his composure and makes his way upstairs where the murder took place. When we see him walk into the room we see the ghostly woman Monica staring at him from the end of the hall. He goes

into bedroom and lights a cigarette and we see the remains of the room. It looks like it's been used as a drug den. Johnny turns the lantern and Eric stands looking at him violently.

JOHNNY

I could have prevented this. I could  
have helped you.

We exit back to a shot outside the house. We hear gunshots and flashing coming from the windows and loud static thunder. Then silence and darkness. Apple comes strolling up the street smoking a cigarette. She looks at the house and cries.

APPLE

Rest easy now Johnny. You deserve it.  
Your door is finally open.

She flicks her cigarette and the film cuts to black.