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Ravenswood

By Jon Cohen

- Do I get the Oscar?
- I'll give you something else.
Hey, hey, you alright?
- What do you
mean she's escaped?
Get her back now or they'll
withhold the payment!
Sound the bloody alarm!
- You can't keep me here.
Don't do this, don't do this.
Please not again, not again!
- Let go of me.
Stop, don't touch me, stop!
You know what he's trying to do.
Please let me go, let me go.
- Sara is only 17 years old.
We've never tried this
on anyone so young.
- With the personality
disorder she is manifesting,
couple that with the
depressive orders,
she's ideal for
our new treatment.
- Yes, but surely her parents...
- She is a ward of the state.
She has no parents.
- We should be trying
other therapies.
- Nurse Tudor,
you don't understand
what's going on here.
- Yes, but electroconvulsive
shock therapy?
- You won't get
away with this; Stop!
Please don't!
- Yes, doctor.
- No, no, no, no,
no, no, no, please.
I haven't done anything,
please no, no, no, no, no, no.
- Open.
- What are you doing, huh?

What are you doing?

- You'll never leave this place.

- Well, you guys managed to find the cheapest car rental place.

- It has a few dents, but it works.

- So, we hit the beach until four, meet the estate agent at six for the keys to the apartment, national museum tomorrow, then the ghost tour.

- Now you're talking my language.

- You have the whole itinerary memorized, belle?

- Doing a doctorate at Harvard, what do you think Michael?

And thank god someone knows what's going on.

Can you repeat all that?

Otherwise, I'll forget.

- They drive on the wrong side of the road.

- Just a different side. Probably best I do the driving.

- Does the weather normally change so quick here?

- Welcome to sunny Sydney.

There's some good restaurants down there.

Oh, and the laundromat is just around the corner.

Oh, and your brother, he wanted me to ask you, don't ruin his apartment.

- But he knows me.

- I think that could be the problem.

- We've only been here a day.

- You go get ready for tonight.

I'll clean it up.

Belle's gonna be picking us up in a few hours.

- Here at Ravenswood psychiatric hospital, we are at the forefront of psychiatric care. This patient presents schizoid symptoms and we will be administering electroconvulsive shock therapy, commonly known as ECT. Using a conductive gel and electro panels, we will apply a short burst of electricity to the frontal lobes of the patient.

- What are you watching?

- Don't scare me like that, Carl.

- Well, this room sums up why you got into all the ghost stuff.

- My brother loved it and I used to go with him on ghost tours when he lived with us in la. Boyfriend's choice.

- My choice?

Not going on the ghost tour.

- Carl, I've been looking forward to this all week.

- You know it's all fake, right? What?

Look, we're in a different country.

I just wanna spend time with my girlfriend, not trudging around a moldy old house.

- How about this?

Be nice tonight and, when we get home, the next two date nights are your choice, okay?

- Okay.

- Okay.

- The red works.

You drive me nuts,
you know that?

- We talked about this,
and I have to get ready, Carl.

- I'm sorry,
it's just sometimes it's hard.

- I noticed.
I have to get ready.

- Okay, well, I'll be in
the living room cleaning up.

- You'll make the
perfect husband.

- Don't spend all
night getting ready.

Hey, I wasn't
expecting you to call.
It's the guy from the bar.
He wants to hang out
and grab a drink.

No, I can't tonight.
I'm hanging with my girl.

- I don't know how she does it,
but she always looks amazing.

- Not nearly as amazing as you.

- Would you love me more
if I dressed like her?

- Babe, don't be ridiculous.
Of course I would.

- I knew you had a crush on her.

- Yeah, but then I met
you and I found true love.
And don't forget you
introduced her to your brother
who is much better
looking than me,
so thanks a lot for that.

- This is so exciting.

- Hey man, what's going on?

- Now, now, do you
think we'll see
one of those spirit globules?

- Orbs, belle, they're

called spirit orbs.

Ravenswood is supposedly one of the most haunted places in Sydney, so we might get lucky.

- Oh.

- Still not a believer?

- Uh, nope, you?

- Maybe, I'm just here for the company.

- Hey, Michael, I really appreciate you coming down here, man, and one more thing.

- Yeah?

- Shotgun.

- Classy.

- Kat and Ben are together?

- Bullshit, who would've picked that?

- Says who?

- Says Facebook.

- I thought he wasn't interested in her.

- Lucky guy, she's not backwards and coming forwards.

- What the actual fuck? Seriously?

- What?

- I hate the place.

Five minutes struggling with the damn door.

- Aw, problem, babe?

- Did you just call me babe?

- Anyways, I just finished rigging the ECT table, so that's good to go.

All I need is for you to do the smashing window scam and we're good.

- Yup.

- Alright, we've only got the four Americans on the tour tonight, so they

should be rocking up anytime...

- Now.

- That's funny;

That's real good.

- Well this place
is in the middle
of fucking nowhere.

Forgot to charge it, didn't you?

- No!

- You can tell us;

We won't judge.

- I will.

- Already have.

- Ha!

- It's okay, Sophia,
he's my older brother.

He's meant to judge.

But seriously, it
was fully charged.

- Electronics don't work
so well around here.

- But it was working
fine earlier.

- Just relax, we
will fix it later.

- Could be the
mystic energy here.

Ghosts and
electronics don't mix.

I'm up here.

- You're all down there, too.

- Hey, man, you got one choice.

You can show us
around this shit hole
or we'll take our money else
where to Kentucky fuck chicken,
which would be better than the
shit you're shoveling anyway.

- Carl, you promised.

- Zac, put your
testosterone away
before you poison yourself.

Hi, I'm Emma, and this is my
overly manly associate, Zac.

And I wouldn't call
this place a shit hole.
The toilets still are,
but the ghosts get pretty
protective of their home.

- Welcome to Ravenswood,
the most haunted place
in all of Australia.

Now, the history
here is amazing.

It goes back 130 years.

- Whoa 130 years.

- Carl.

- This building housed
some of society's more
insane residents.

Some never left here,
even after death.

But first...

- All electronics go in
here; No phones allowed.

- Seriously?

- We want you to
enjoy the experience,
not be chatting on Facebook
and posting pictures
you just took.

- But I'll forget things.

- Rules are rules.

- It's okay, I'll
remember for you.

- Excellent.

Now, the head doctor here
liked to test his newest
medical procedures

on patients that no one cared
about, no one would miss.

He borrowed heavily from
Nazi research, so they say.

Sometimes the
ghosts lock us out.

They say the doctor killed
half a dozen patients
before electrocuting himself

with his own ECT machine.

- I heard he hanged himself.

- No, no, no, they don't want people knowing the truth.

Every now and again you can still hear the crackle of electricity in the air around the ECT room.

- Are we going into the ECT room?

- Not straight away.

Now, for the patients that they subjected to ECT, this room here is where they brought...

- What's wrong?

- Just a spiritual shiver.

- Spiritual shiver.

- Stop.

- Do you wanna give it a try?

- Wow, belle, come and feel this.

- No, no, no.

- Come on.

- Go feel it, belle.

- Oh, god.

Shit.

No, that's really cold.

- Coldest I've ever felt.

- Oh my god.

- Have you got an EVP censor we could use?

- Wow, you are really cold.

- Yeah, so weird.

- This was the recreation room, or so they called it.

This is where they wheeled in patients whose minds were still in flux from the ECT sessions.

Now, some very specific cold areas around here.

- Really?

You think we're idiots?

It's a doorway.

It's a draft.

Watch.

See?

No ghosts,

no chills,

nothing.

- What's happening?

Carl, Carl!

- Oh, come on, guys.

There's nothing in here.

- Damn it, Carl, please.

Sorry, Zac.

- Sorry, Zac.

- So, tell us about the chills.

- Tell us, Mr. ghost man.

- Ghosts and spiritual entities
are not always corporeal.

- Corporeal, that's a big
word coming from you, Legolas.

- Sometimes it's just as
subtle as a change in the air,
like a chill.

- Or a draft.

Might be a draft.

Probably, considering
there's windows back there,
it's a draft.

- Let's have a look over here.

Maybe you'll hear the moans
of long dead patients.

- Dead patients, oh.

So stupid.

- Doubt the food they
served was up to much.

- PSB 11.

That's a nice toy.

- Detects electromagnetic
frequencies.

Sometimes you can just...

- Emma, have you got anything?

Emma?

- Oh, would ya look at that.

The lights work!

Why use torches?

- Sorry, Zac, he's just...

He's a good guy,
just sometimes his
mouth runs away from him
long before his brain
remembers it's meant to think.

- Really?

He has a brain?

Just thought he was dick.

Well, maybe he only has enough
blood for one of his heads,
and we both know
which one he follows.

Come on, I'm pretty
sure Emma's gone on
to one of the other rooms.

- Can I stay in here a while?

- Yeah, that's fine.

If you guys wanna follow me,
just a bit further
down the hall,
we've got another
pronounced cold spot.

- Too easy.

Spiritual shiver my ass.

- On the day the doctor died,
he was treating a teenage girl.
His definition of
the Hippocratic oath
was do as much harm as possible
in the name of science.

- So, he was a
Mengele type doctor?

- In a way, yes.

His last victim, Sara, has
never left the building.
And after the doctor killed her,
he killed himself, and he's
never left the building.

This is Sara's room.

I guess she doesn't want
us to have lights tonight.

The last girl was a fighter,

so the other patients said.
Sometimes you can still hear.
I guess tonight she's afraid.
- Should we be?
Maybe I'm possessed.
- Okay, emf
activity's increased.
Interesting.
- Do we follow?
- Only if I let you go.
- Come on.
- So...
You can hear the crying as well.
- You hear her too, really?
- Yeah.
- I told you.
- You know it's kind of
sexy seeing you happy,
seeing you smile.
- Carl.
- Sophia, I love you.
- Carl.
- You make me mad.
- Stop.
- Sophia, if you love me.
- I do.
- Damn it, Sophia!
I'm sorry.
- No, I'm sorry.
You know why.
We'll get there; Only
six more months to wait.
- I don't wanna wait any longer.
We've been together
for two years.
We're here having fun
doing what you wanna do.
- You've come this far, why
the sudden pressure now?
You know what?
I am here to have fun, but
not how you clearly hoped.
Go cool off; I'm gonna see
what's got Zac so interested.

- Yeah that's right,
go see what Zac wants.

- A crying track?
That threw me.

- There was sound?
I couldn't get the
switch to work in here.

- You sure?

- No, I'm an idiot.
Of course I'm sure.

- 'Cause the cold
spot in the rec room,
we don't normally put
the dry ice there.

- It wasn't me.

- Okay, well, next
time let me know,
I might not be so
good at improvising.

- Whatever.
These switches are getting old.
We need to replace the lot.
Spend money to make
money, you know?

- Mm-hm.

- It's not a bad group tonight.
I checked the switch
under the table earlier.
I hit it, lights go out;
They're ready for the big one.

- The big one?

- In this room, the doctor
killed his last patient.
She nearly escaped,
but they captured her,
strapped her down, and
electrocuted her to death.
Sometimes you can hear
Sara's ghost screaming
as the doctor tortures her.

- Where's Carl?

- Oh, you know,
I'm sure he's fine.

- Jesus.

- You wanna give it a go?
It's all part of the experience.

- She won't
actually electrocute you.

- Come on, you'll have
fun being the crazy girl.

- You don't have to.

- Yeah, I'll do it.

- You sure?

- I'll be fine, I'm okay.

- Come on then,
on the table.
First, they would strap
their victim down.

- Starting with
the ankles of course.
Then, they'd move
up to the wrists.

- You okay?

- And finally,
they'd strap down the head.
Gag the mouth so you
don't bite your tongue.

- They'd turn the dial.
High.
And wait a moment.

- And then...

- Oh, for fuck's sake, really?

- Help me, let me go.
Get me out of here.

- The keys.

- They're on the ECT machine.

- Where are they?
It's okay, it's
okay, we're here.

- Oh god, oh god.

- Over there by the door.
Come on!

- How the hell did
they get there?

- Oh my god, who gives a shit?

- Get me out of here.

- Shine that over here.
Some light here would be good.

- Hey!

Okay, we're almost there,
we're almost there.

- Please help me.

- Oh my god, okay.

- Sophia!

Shit.

Alright, I'll go find
her and check the fuses.

You guys just stay...

- What the hell do you
think you're doing, man?

- Easy man, I've
gotta go find...

- Don't turn off the lights
when I'm on the fucking can!

- I don't give a shit;
I've gotta go find Sophia.

- Where's Sophia?

What happened?

- Sophia.

Sophia!

Sophia, I know you're
scared right now,
but we need to get out of here.

Sophia!

There you are.

What are you doing
in Sara's room?

- I don't know.

- It's okay.

I need to get the
lights back on,
so I'm gonna check the fuse box.

It's this way.

I heard you crying.

- It wasn't me.

- It wasn't one of our
usual tricks either.

Our ghosts usually moan.

I think Emma might've changed
something and, you know,
didn't tell me.

Come on.

- Okay, you got a good scare out of all of us. I should've been here for Sophia, but now it's time to turn the lights back on.

- You saw me try a light switch; It didn't do anything.

- Oh, what, so ghosts use light switches now?

- Ghosts are considered to be electrical energy. They don't have to use a light switch if they don't want.

- That is not normally unlocked.

- What?

- Jesus!

Merp, Merp.

- Asshole.

- You look like you needed a laugh. Things were getting pretty tense back there.

- I hope Sophia's okay. You know what I'm saying.

- I'm more worried about you. You okay?

- Yes.

Just for a moment I felt something, something dark, angry.

- A lot of patients died there, the doctor...

- No, I felt it in me, not towards me. Does that make sense?

- There's no darkness in you.

- It's just for a moment I wanted to hurt everyone, hurt you.

- The moment's passed. Once they get the lights back on, we'll get out of here.

- A little bit of

light to work by helps.

- Were you a boy
scout or something?

- Yeah, they threw me out for
lighting too many candles.

I'll just check the fuse box.

Okay.

- What?

It's just an old fuse box.

- Well, yeah, maybe,
but the fuses aren't old
and they're perfectly fine.

- Hey, Carl.

How long have you and the goth
Princess been together for?

- A year or so.

- Relax, pull up a chair.

- Not that one.

Check out the back legs.

If the power's on, I'd have
said have a seat and bang,
the chair gets pulled backwards.

- So everything here is faked.

- The place is
haunted, but not much.

We just help the ghosts out.

I'll show you a few
other rooms and tricks.

- So,
you and Carl,
how long have you
two been together?

- I met Carl through belle.

- So, you and what's
her name are engaged.

- Yeah, about four months now.

Although sometimes
you wouldn't think so.

- Good.

- She's been through
a lot you know.

I do care about her.

- Mm-hm.

I don't.

- I swore to myself I
wouldn't do this ever again.

- You need to learn
to swear better.

Must be
hard.

- He doesn't really
seem your type.

- He is who he is.

Give me a moment.

- Hey, where are you going?

- Exploring.

I want to find the
source of the crying.

- Sophia.

- What?

- What happened back there?

- The lights went out.

Didn't you notice?

- No, I mean with you.

You're happy to go off
and explore the dark,
but the ECT table?

- Drop it.

- Sophia, most people
don't understand
how dangerous ghosts can
be if you're vulnerable.
I don't want to risk...

- You think I'm vulnerable?

You don't even know me.

- I'm doing my job,
keeping people safe.

So, what's going on?

- Okay, you wanna know?

- I have to.

- Fine.

One afternoon, walking
home from school,
a stranger, who
they never caught,
dragged me off the
street and raped me.
I was so terrified

I couldn't move,
I couldn't fight back.
He completely destroyed me.
I got horribly depressed
and drugs didn't work.
I couldn't even kill myself.
Nothing had worked,
so they tried ECT.
- I didn't think
they still did that.
- They did it to a hundred
thousand people last year.
I was just a statistic.
- I had no idea.
- They strapped me down,
drugged me, and electrocuted me.
It worked as far as
they were concerned.
I didn't try and
kill myself again.
But my memory isn't what it was,
and I still have nightmares.
- I am so sorry.
- Happy now?
Job done?
Am I vulnerable?
Weak?
Safe?
- Sophia, I...
Sophia?
Sophia!
- God, it's not so warm in here.
What was that?
- Sounds like doors slamming.
- Okay, I think we
should wait by the car.
- Oh shit, open!
- Let's go find the others.
- What the hell was that?
- Just in case, we
better go check.
- Hey!
- The doors won't
open; We can't get out.

- I'm officially freaked.
- We can get out
through the front door.
- No, we tried it.
- Okay, we can get out this way.
- Oh, are you
fucking kidding me?
- Now's not the time, Carl.
- What the hell is going on?
- The tour isn't
over yet, is it?
- This isn't us.
- Bullshit.
Okay, good work,
the loony bin has locking doors,
but you are not fooling anyone.
- When we make doors
slam, we do it manually.
Why do you think
there's two of us?
One runs the show, the
other makes them scares.
Something else
closed those doors.
This is real.
- I don't believe you.
- It doesn't matter
'cause we're trapped.
- Hey.
- What the hell?
- This should be
entertaining, come on.
Are you insane?
- Believe it now?
- Fuck yes, we shouldn't
be going in there.
- We need to contact the ghosts.
- No, why?
- Because they're the
ones keeping us here.
- Do you want to explain?
- Belle.
- You fucking
promised never again.

- Look in the mirror, sis.

You never told her.

- 'Cause I trusted you.

- Guys, now is not the time.

- What happened?

How long have you been here?

- Two days.

- It's okay, you
can open your eyes.

- That's how she got in.

- Did she do this to you?

She won't get away with it.

Just tell me who and
we'll go to the cops.

- No one.

- What?

- No one did this.

- You did this to yourself?

Why?

- Are you sure about this?

- You swear this is real?

- Those doors didn't
close themselves.

Hope the spirits are feeling
generous 'cause I want out.
According to this website,
these symbols create a portal
for spirits to come and go
from this plane into theirs.

- You're not gonna find
any happy ghosts in here.

- Michael and belle, hold hands
and place the other
one in the hand symbol.

What ever happens, don't let go.
These symbols are connecting us,
and if we break the circle,
the spirits won't leave.

Carl, give me your hand.

- Are you really
fucking sure about this?

- Yes.

- No, no, they can't, I stopped
him, they'll let him loose.

- You, what, what?
- Spirit of the past, spirits
that live in this place,
we beseech you.
Come and be one with
us, talk with us,
we beseech you, let us leave.
- If they set him
free, we're all dead.
- I don't understand.
- I had to.
I had to to stop him.
To escape him, I had
to kill my boyfriend.
Just before he died, his
eyes, they changed back.
The doctor was gone.
- Spirit of the
past, we beseech you.
Let us leave this
place, let us be.
- You have to stop them.
If they give him
the body, he'll...
She's gone.
- Stop, stop it, please,
you have to stop.
- Sophia!
- Stop it!
- We beseech you, let us leave.
- Is it over?
- Sophia!
- She's in you, isn't she?
And he's coming for you.
- What do I do?
- Hide.
Pray if you believe.
Pray harder if you don't.
- Is it over?
- I hope so, let's go.
- Hey, you okay?
- Come on.
- What's his problem?
- I don't know.

Emma,
what does it mean if his hand
slipped from the marks you drew?
- Fucked if I know.
- Here, come on.
Oh my god.
- Shit, man, that is cool.
- It doesn't feel cool.
- What do we do?
- I don't know!
Zac would; He
believes in this shit.
I don't.
Now I do; Carl, belle, let's go.
- Michael, are you okay?
- Belle, belle.
- No.
- Belle, belle, get out.
- Stop it, Michael.
- Sophia!
- Let me go, no, no, let me go.
We have to back for Michael.
Carl, stop it!
- Sophia, Sophia?
- Come on!
- Carl, get the fuck off me.
- You good?
- Just fucking go!
Get out of the way, man!
- No, what the
hell are you doing?
- Zac, it's Michael, his
eyes, I think he's possessed.
- This is Ravenswood.
I can't find Sophia, and if
the doctor finds her first,
he will kill her.
We can't leave them in there.
You know what could happen.
- No.
Please, please,
she's your fiance.
I'm going in for my boyfriend,
so just do it for me, too.

- Shit, belle.
- Remember what you
did to that bully
in school who had it in for me?
- We can't deal with
this level of possession.
We need to get help.
- By then, it will be too late.
We go in now or she dies.
- Let her go.
- Sophia, run.
- No.
- Please.
- I won't.
- Yes, you will.
- No.
- Move.
- No.
- Michael, you
don't wanna do this.
- He doesn't,
but I do.
Run.
- No, I've been running
from you for 65 years.
It ends now.
- You're right, no more running.
- No, no, no, no, you
help her, help her.
I'll check the front door,
Emma, you check the side door.
- Don't leave me.
- It's locked.
Get in there.
- It's locked.
- So is the front door.
I've got an idea.
Guys, please just
trust me on this.
Sophia, I need you
to stay here, okay?
Guys, come with me, now, now!
- It won't open.
I control this building.

You're not leaving in that girl.

- Don't underestimate me.

This time, I have something

I've never had before.

- What's that?

- Friends.

What was that?

- It's a binding spell;

It'll buy us some time.

Jesus, he's strong.

Emma, get the rope from
the smash windows gear.

- What, are you going
rock climbing or something?

- Yeah, I'm gonna go rock
climbing at midnight, genius.

It's a binding spell;

He's stuck in the room,

but he can still open the door.

- What about Michael?

- Will this hold him off?

- Yeah.

All we need to do is just
hold off Michael long enough
so that we can get the
ghost out of Sophia.

- What?

- The ghost needs a
physical body to live in.

That's why the doctor
has locked us in.

- Oh shit, man,
you know like that.

- Okay, no, we have
to help Michael.

- Belle, no!

- No, no.

- Stop it!

Get off!

- He will die unless we
get her out of Sophia.

- No, if you pull
me out, the doctor,
he'll keep torturing

me, please no.

Don't make me come out, please.

- Sophia, please

listen to me, okay?

You have a ghost of a
patient inside of you.

- I am the patient.

My name is Sara.

- No, Sara died 65 years ago.

- No.

- Sophia, please, you
are stronger than this.

I know you can do
it; You're strong.

- No, she isn't.

I'll kill her.

- Then you're stuck here.

- I've been stuck
here for 65 years.

I'll find someone else,
but you'd risk her life?

I know how she feels about you.

- What the hell are
you doing to my girl?

- She can't breathe, man.

- Answer me!

- Shut up and help her!

- You're safe, it's okay, just
please, you can fight this.

Sophia, please

listen to me, okay?

Please Sophia.

Okay Sara, Sara, I
promise we won't hurt you.

- What?

- Shut up.

- What gives you the right
to tell me to shut up?

- She's dying!

I promise, Sara, we're
not going to hurt you.

We won't let the doctor
near you, I promise.

You are safe, okay?

You're safe.

Belle, take her to
the recreation room.

- Here.

- This is not over.

- Yeah, it is.

- You didn't answer my question.

What are you doing with her?

- Nothing, alright?

- What the hell?

- We'll never survive if
we don't work together.

- You touch her
and I'll kill you.

- You know what?

You really don't deserve her.

- Oh what?

And you do?

- Hell of a lot
more than you do.

- What's so special
about this girl?

- You're not half
the girl she is.

- Belle, I need
your help, come with me.

- No, I'm not leaving her.

- It's about helping her
and Michael.

- How?

Like what can I do?

- We need light, okay?

The ghosts are
electrical energy,
so they're gonna
drain our torches.

We have enough
batteries to last,
but rather than take the
risk, I'd like to use candles.

We need to be able to
see what we're doing
if we're gonna help her.
And to help Michael.

Emma, give her a
hand; Help her out.

- Screw that; I'm staying here.

- I'm not leaving you alone
with my fiance, nice try.

- It's fine.

It's probably better

I go by myself.

- Okay.

Okay, we're gonna be
right around the corner,
so if you need any
help, just yell out.

- Okay, I'll light
some by the door.

- Belle, is that you?

You know me.

Just help me, belle.

He's not in me anymore, belle.

You know me; I would
never lie to you.

- Sophia?

Can I talk to Sophia?

Okay, Sara?

Can I please speak to Sophia?

I'm happy to help you, but
only if I can speak to her.

Come on, Sara, that's
fair, give and take.

- What do you want from her?

- She's my friend.

- You hurt her, made her tell
you what happened to her.

I feel her pain.

It happened to me too.

I felt her come into my world.

Her pain called to
me, drew me out,

the doctor too.

What do you want from her?

- I wanna make sure she's okay.

- She's fine.

- I wanna hear it from her.

Otherwise, we're

not gonna help you.

- I'll kill her.

- No, you won't.

She's not like anyone else
you've possessed, is she?

'Cause there's the link.

It's the shared pain of the ECT.

- Sophia?

- Oh god.

- Sophia, Sophia, Sophia,
sweetie, I'm here,
it's gonna be okay.

- It's okay, we will get
her out of you, I promise.

- She's not going to let you.

She needs a body to
walk out of here.

Otherwise, the doctor will
just keep torturing her.

- What do we have to
do to protect you?

- Kill him.

Kill Michael.

- Belle, I love you.

Help me, belle.

Help me before they kill me.

They're going to kill me.

- I'm not gonna kill my
little sister's boyfriend.

There must be another way.

- There isn't.

Please, you have to
kill him to protect me.

I'm scared.

The doctor, he tortured me.

- Michael is not the doctor.

- He killed half
a dozen patients.

He electrocuted them to death.

- The doctor did, not Michael.

- They are the same thing
now and he wants me dead.

I don't wanna die, Carl.

- Oh, for fuck's

sake, get me a bucket.

It's not the first time
he's cheated on you, is it?

- She came on to me.

- You bastard!

- Sophia.

- What?

You just couldn't
wait, could you?

- I fucked up.

- You promised me,
you swore to me!

- I will make this right.

- Get us out of here,
then get her out of me.

- Do you

remember that first night
we spent together?

I was just as
nervous as you were,
but we fitted, you and me.

- Yeah, we did.

- It was just you and
me, baby, like it is now.

The doctor's gone.

- I won't let them hurt you.

- He's coming; I can feel it.

- How do I kill the doctor
without killing Michael?

Belle?

Belle, answer me!

I have to go, I'll be
back, just in case.

Belle!

Come on, belle!

I gotta go find
my little sister.

- But how?

The doctor, he was...

The doctor was trapped!

- Belle.

- I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

I thought the doctor was gone.

I opened the door and he

just smashed me in the face.
I woke up and I couldn't move
and this is cutting my wrists.
Michael, he just stared
at me like I was nothing
and he walked out.
He left me.
Where's Carl?
Oh, Sophia, no, no, no.
- Guys, I really
hate to do this,
but we need to find
Michael before he finds us.
- What are you
gonna do with him?
- Look what he's
done, to you, to Carl.
We have to stop him.
- No, but he's Michael.
- He's not.
Would Michael hurt you?
- No, that's the doctor.
They're not the same.
- We have to kill him.
- That's not you speaking.
There's no way the Sophia
I know would say that.
- You're right.
Sophia is weak, cowardly.
She couldn't fight the
man who attacked her,
and her shame nearly killed her.
She's stronger with me in her.
She likes me in her.
- You know nothing about it.
- Don't I?
We have to find your sweet,
loving, psychopathic boyfriend,
and kill him before he kills us.
- Oh, it's not us he wants.
It's Sara he wants, so I say
we give him what he wants.
- Try it, and I'll
kill your best friend.

Your choice.

- Fine, but we have to try
and get the doctor out of him.

- The doctor won't let him go.
Can you handle hurting him?

- Look, let's just split up.
You and me, we'll
check the rooms
up this side of the hall,
Sophia and Emma, the other side.

- I'm not going with her.

- Look,
I'm sorry about what happened,
but I think this is a
little bit bigger than that.

- Sophia, belle's
injured, alright?
I should be with her.
I'm bigger than Emma
and you put together.

- Fine.

- Come on, we have to find
him before Sophia does.

- Sara's in control of her.

- Yeah, and if she finds
Michael first, she'll kill him.
Probably Emma too.

Are you okay,
belle, like really?

- Yeah, yeah, just
scared, I'm okay.

- We'll get out of this.

- We just need to get
that ghost out of Sophia.

- Yeah, but how?

If we try to force
her out of Sophia,
Sara will kill her before
she's left her body.

- Sara's unpredictable;
She's dangerous.

- She's scared.

65 years of torture
will do that to you.

- Maybe.
- Let's check out in here.
Maybe there's a way out.
- Can we get through
this one quick?
- You went through hell in here.
- So many people died here.
- We'll get out of
here, I know it.
You're not alone anymore.
- We'll just have to
give the doctor what he wants.
- She's your best friend.
- The doctor is killing people.
Do we have a choice anymore?
- Can you leave
her to be tortured?
What did you do?
What did you do?
You killed my friend!
Don't lie.
- Hey, hey!
- I didn't!
- Bullshit!
- It was Michael.
- What?
- I was upset, this
room gets to me,
and Emma gave me a hug,
and then she turned around
and then suddenly her head got
pulled back and her throat...
There was blood everywhere
and Michael holding a knife.
He ran out, side door.
- You check that room.
I'm gonna check the side
rooms off the main hall.
Do we trust her?
- She looks pretty freaked.
- Yeah.
- If you didn't care about
her, what would you think?
Oh, I know the look.

- If I didn't care about her,
I'd say that Sara and Sophia
have both been through hell.
ECT, torture at the
hands of sadists,
Carl's dead, Michael's
trying to kill her.
I honestly think she
is that scattered
that she can get a straight
thought together in her head,
let alone kill someone.
She's unstable; She can't control
whether she's being Sophia
and when she's being Sara.

- There's something we can do.

- Do you trust me?

- I don't even know you.

- Sophia does.

- Not really.

- Okay fine, don't trust
me, but listen to me.

- Unless you tell me you're
going to kill the doctor,
you've got nothing to
say that I wanna hear.

Good.

So what do we need to do?

- How do we get the doctor
out of Michael's body?

- The eyes are the
windows to the soul.

That's how we jump
from body to body.

Only the most powerful
ghosts can move freely.

- Okay, so we cover his
eyes, then he's trapped,
then we can kill him.

- It has to be something
significant to him.

- Will this work?

- It can't be.

Are there letters on it?

His initials.

He used to gag us with
his own handkerchief
before electrocuting us.

That'll work.

So, what's the trap?

- You are.

- What?

- The doctor wants you,
so we lure him in here.

- Why here?

- This room is the
spiritual energy center
for the entire place.

We trap the doctor here.

- You kill him, we walk free.

- Then, you leave Sophia's body.

That's our condition.

- Okay.

Then what's the plan?

No, you can't make
me, please, no.

- I promise we won't hurt you.

- There has to be another way.

- There isn't.

We need the doctor to
believe we're on his side.

We strap you down and go
hide just around the corner.

He'll come to get you,
but we'll get him.

- I can't.

I won't.

- Well, you have to.

- Please!

- Belle, stop,
stop, Jesus, Jesus.

Back off, back off, alright?

I've got this.

Sophia, please, if there was
any other way, we would do it.

- They strapped
me down, hurt me.

- I know,

but we've got the
chance to beat them.

I'm gonna be right next
to you the entire time.
Please just trust me.

- We are running out of time.
- Sophia, please just trust me.
Please.

It's okay.

I'm only gonna do
these tight enough
so you can still slip
out of them, okay?

- I'll be right next
to you the whole time.
- You're doing the right thing.
- Let's go hide out in the hall.

We're just outside, okay?

We're just outside.

- He knows we're
leaving her for him.

- Zac?

Belle?

Did we get him?

- No.

- Zac?

- He'll probably die,
which is regrettable.

I told him the truth about
me, but he didn't agree.

I had no choice.

- You killed your own boyfriend.

- No, I didn't.

- Belle.

- I killed belle's boyfriend.

When she opened the door, I
saw my chance to get to you.

Belle has the same
color eyes as me,
so none of you
realized I was in her.

You know, I didn't
want to kill him, but
he got in the way like Nichole.

Now all they had to
do was let me finish
what I started 65 years ago.
- No, please don't.
I'm not Sara; She's
not in me anymore.
Why are you doing this to me?
- She's in you whether she's
controlling you or not.
She's trapped.
- Why are you doing this to me?
I didn't do anything wrong.
- Maybe not, but Sara did.
They convicted me of murdering
six patients, but I didn't.
- It's a game, sweetie.
- She did.
No one would believe
a 17-year-old girl
could be a psychopath.
I needed to protect my hospital,
so I hid the deaths and
waited for my chance.
- You don't understand
what's going on here.
- I had to kill her before
she killed anyone else.
- No, I'm not her.
- But she possessed me.
They say I killed
myself, but I didn't.
All these years, I haven't
been torturing her.
I've been fighting her,
stopping her from escaping.
If she walks out the door
in you, she will kill again.
- No, please don't.
- I'm sorry, Sophia.
It'll all be over soon.
I couldn't hurt anyone, please.
- It's alright.
The powers back on
now that I need it.

- Oh god, no, please
don't do it, please.

- Sophia?

Is it you?

- She's gone.

Free.

- You won.

You won.

Okay, yeah, I definitely
need a hospital.

Maybe Sara's gone,
but we can't let her get
back into either one of us.

Close your eyes.

- What?

- Close your eyes.

The ghosts come and
go through our eyes.

If you close them,
we'll be fine.

- I trust you.

Okay.

- I trust you.

Okay, seriously, I seriously
need to go to a hospital now.

- I'm never going into
another hospital ever again.

- The lights, the wind?

- All for show.

- I don't understand.

- When pathetic little
Sophia dressed all tough,
but so very weak,
walked into my world,
I knew she was the
one I'd walk out with.

- Carl, Emma?

- They shouldn't
have cheated on me.

You should have seen the look
on Emma's face when

I slit her throat.

I'm free.

The doctor failed.

- I saw you leave Sophia.
Did she open her eyes?
- No, ghosts are
electrical energy.
You said so yourself.
When the doctor tried
to kill me in Sophia,
he made me more powerful.
I fed off the electricity.
Powerful enough to come and
go from Sophia when I want.
I didn't need her
eyes to be open.
- Hey, em, I'm outside.
I'll see you in a moment.
Oh my god, what happened?
- My boyfriend,
he tried to kill me.
- It'll be okay; I'll
go get some help.
- Don't leave me.
- Okay, I won't.
It's going to be okay.
- I know.
Please help me.
Help me.
No, no.
- Much better.