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Winchester

By Tom Vaughan

Henry?

Henry.

Henry.

Henry?

Darling, what is it?

What are you doing?

(BREATHES HEAVILY)

He's coming for us.

(CREAKING)

(MUSIC PLAYING)

NANCY:

I started shaking.

I was getting dizzy.

I was sure everyone

in the room wanted to kill me.

(MOANS)

I've never been so scared.

(INHALES)

Pointless in the end though,

fear, isn't it?

(CHUCKLES)

That's your best advice, doc?

All right.

(GROANS)

What do you think controls you?

Your body or your mind?

Your money controls me, sugar.

Ah, there you go.

- Fine.

- Okay, okay.

I think my body and mind

control each other.

Well, let's find out.

Is this real?

Yes.

- Yes?

- Yes.

The mind

is incredibly creative.

It can make us see situations

that appear completely real,

but are in fact

nothing more than illusions,

perceptions of truth.
How did you do that?
Sometimes we all need
a little help
to see the difference
between reality and illusion.
And that's about taking control,
about not letting fear
control you.
Because fear in the end
only exists in your mind.
(KNOCKING)

ERIC:

Sorry to say good night.
I'm looking for Dr. Price.
(SPEAKING FRENCH)
- Good night.
- I'm Arthur Gates,
Chief Legal Officer of the
Winchester Repeating Arms Company.
Really?

NANCY:

next week, sugar.
You're a hard man to reach,
Dr. Price.
Good night, Nancy.
- Good night.
- Good night.
I'm on sabbatical.
Good night.
What do you want?
A prescription?
I've come to offer
you employment.
- Whiskey?
- No, thank you.
Are you familiar with Sarah
Winchester, Dr. Price?
Mrs. Winchester's
husband William
was the majority shareholder
of the Winchester

Repeating Arms Company.
Twenty-five years ago,
William passed,
leaving Mrs. Winchester
a rather large inheritance,
and 51% of the company.
Mrs. Winchester also lost
her only child, Annie.
It's said in her grief,
she turned to a medium...
Spiritualist of some sort.
The medium may have taken
advantage of her mental state.
That's not uncommon
after a tragedy.
I can assure you,
Sarah Winchester
is anything but common.
Aye, after her spiritual
encounter,
she moved across the country
to San Jose,
- where she purchased what...
- Where's my...
Was then an eight-room house.
Maybe it's in the garden room.
She spent the last 20 years
expanding it.
What stands now is
a gargantuan seven
storied structure,
with no apparent
rhyme or reason,
no master plan,
each maze of halls
more confusing than the next.
A house under
never-ending construction,
built on the orders
of a grieving widow
whose mind is as chaotic
as the house itself.
Over the years, she's become
more and more reclusive.

Last month,
the Board of Directors
enacted its right to assess
Mrs. Winchester's
state of mind,
to determine if she's fit
to control the company.
You want to take it
away from her?
We're worried about
her sanity, Dr. Price.
We need a professional.
Any kind of diagnosis
from such a long distance
would be impossible.
Well, Mrs. Winchester's agreed
to let you stay
at the residence.
An offer
that is exceedingly rare.
An unwilling patient,
the long distance.
This is not
something ordinarily I...
Name the amount.
Doesn't really work like that.
How much do you owe?
Mortgage?
Hospital expenses?
Medicine?
Three hundred.
We'll pay six.
For the appropriate assessment.
(LAUGHS)

FOREMAN:

requests the bay window frame
be installed by sundown.
Move with haste.
(WORKERS CHATTERING
INDISTINCTLY)
(HAMMERING)

FRANK:

Thank you.

FRANK:

of construction here, sir.

- Yes.

- Days and nights
are always busy here.

ERIC:

FRANK:

the clock, sir.

This way.

Most of the rooms
don't stay up very long,
like Mrs. Winchester's
garden room there.
That might not last the season.

ERIC:

WORKER:

here have been done.

FRANK:

in the library, sir.

I'll call for Mrs. Marriott.

(WIND BLOWS)

(CHIMING)

(CLOSET DOOR RATTLING)

- Jesus!

- My apologies, sir.

The door was making
a terrible racket.

ERIC:

That's quite all right.

Gave me a fright.

MARION:

- Yes.

- Welcome.

Marion Marriott,
Mrs. Winchester's niece.

Oh. Well, it's a pleasure
to meet you.

I must say, I have never
quite seen a house like this.

My aunt advised me
of the nature of your visit.

As you are aware,
it is unfortunate timing,
so I would ask you

to behave in a manner
befitting the circumstance.

Unfortunate, how?

A tragedy occurred.

Oh.

Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

Are you carrying firearms?

Should I be?

Aunt Sarah forbids them.

Well. (CHUCKLES)

I'm completely unarmed.

Good. You, like I,

like everyone,

are guests in Aunt Sarah's home.

You will abide by her rules.

Understood.

You are to stay in this section
of the house, the east wing.

Aunt Sarah's private domains
are off limits.

Understood.

ERIC:

Are you close to your aunt?

Is this already part of
your evaluation, Dr. Price?

No, ma'am, it is not.

Yes.

Aunt Sarah

is an exceptional woman.

She does not deserve

to be treated

with anything less

than complete respect.

Yes, ma'am. Quite right.

May I?

MARION:

This is the grand ballroom,
built almost entirely
without nails.
The walls and parquet floor are
made of six separate hard woods.
The silver chandelier
was imported from Germany.
Follow me, Doctor.
There are almost one hundred
rooms in the house.
It's easy to get lost.
(HAMMERING AND SAWING)
How unusual.
Aunt Sarah
suffers from arthritis.
This makes climbing stairs
manageable for her.
The house can be overwhelming.
Do keep up.

ERIC:

It's a communication device.
Really?
You speak into the holes,
and a series of pipes
travel the sound
to the desired room.
(WHISTLES)
(CHUCKLES)
- Ingenious.
- Yes.
You'll find many of my aunt's
inventions are state of the art.
I trust you'll find everything
you need with the room.
Aunt Sarah will be
joining us for dinner.
Perhaps you would like
to freshen up beforehand.
I very much look forward
to meeting your aunt.

Aunt Sarah
would not approve of you
drinking before dinner hour.
Her sense of smell
is still as acute as mine.
Respect her wishes.
You were right about me, Ruby.

I am
a fraud.

(DEEP INHALE)

(EXHALES)

You're a phony, hmm?

That feels good.

Well, you don't know
what you're doing.

(CLEARS THROAT)

You don't know
what you're doing.

Oh, yeah. You prove nothing.

For Christ's sake.

Jesus Christ!

(CHUCKLES)

Ah!

Who are you?

What do you want?

Dinner will be served
in 10 minutes.

- You're alone, yes?

- Yes, sir.

- Nobody else with you?

- No, sir.

No? You didn't see anyone
just come out of here?

Are you all right, sir?

I'm fine. I just thought
someone else was...

Well, I thought I saw
someone else in my room.

Interesting.

Look, I'm fine, yes.

Dinner in 10 minutes, yes?

- Sir.

- Good, thank you.

(MUMBLING)

Take it nice and easy.

(DEEP BREATH)

There.

Henry.

Stop it.

MARION:

Henry. Henry! Just...

Henry, you must be very excited
to spend some time
in your great aunt's house.

We're here because Father died.

Well, I am very sorry
for your loss, young man.

- I'm not.

- Henry!

It's my fault.

I didn't mean to pry.

Of course, you did.

That's why you're here.

Yes. Suppose so.

I recently lost someone myself.

So if you feel like
discussing anything,

I might be able
to provide some assistance
to yourself or young Henry here.

I imagine you must be
very good at your job
if Aunt Sarah chose you
to be her assessor.

I had no idea
she chose me herself.

I'm just hoping I can help.

If you want to help, Doctor,
you can give my aunt
a clean bill of health
and be on your way.

Well, I have a duty
to my profession
and an obligation
to my employers.

Aunt Sarah is your employer.

It is still half her company.

(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

- Madam.

- Good evening, Madam.

Good evening, Madam.

(BELL CHIMING)

Dr. Price.

Mrs. Winchester, it's a
pleasure to finally meet you.

The pleasure is due
to the lawyers
of the Winchester
Repeating Arms Company.

Yes.

I suppose you're right.

I hope everything has been
to your satisfaction so far?

I cannot fault the hospitality.

It's quite a special house,
is it not?

Now that, ma'am,
is a fact beyond dispute.

Thank you.

I understand the Winchester
is still considered
the superior rifle
on the market, ma'am.

Superior?

Superior at what?

Accuracy, range, stopping power.

Killing.

Indiscriminate killing.

Very superior.

You feel responsible for
the misuse of your product?

If a weapon works as intended,
one can hardly call it a misuse.

MARION:

be used for good or bad,
depending on the person
wielding it.

Yes.

Then again, perhaps roller skates
are a less dangerous endeavor.

MARION:

The company is expanding,
looking for other opportunities.
I understand that was at
your behest, Mrs. Winchester?

MARION:

To the displeasure of the board.
It appears that strapping
wheels to one's feet
can also be a perilous endeavor.
Hear, hear.
(HAMMERING AND SAWING)

RUBY:

about the farmer
- who owned the old mule.

- **ERIC:**

RUBY:

I always liked that story.
A delusional disorder.

- **ERIC:**

- **RUBY:**

ERIC:

RUBY:

I don't want to talk anymore.
I need you to believe me.

ERIC:

Together forever.
(GUNSHOT)
(BELL TOLLING)
(ECHOING LAUGH)
Hello?
(DISTORTED INHALE)
Hello?
(SOFT THUD)

(THUD)

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

(DOOR CREAKS)

(FOOTSTEPS RECEDING)

(SQUEAKING)

- (SCREAMS)

- (GROWLS)

Christ!

(DOOR SLAMS)

(LAUGHS)

You've poisoned your mind, Eric.

You've poisoned your mind.

I need some air.

(EXHALES)

(CREAKING)

(SQUEAKS)

(CREAKING)

(BREATH TREMBLING)

(SKATE ROLLING)

(EXHALES)

(SIGHS)

Deja vu.

(MAN LAUGHS)

(WORKER TALKING INDISTINCTLY)

(SAWING)

(HAMMERING)

(WORKERS TALKING INDISTINCTLY)

Hey!

Hey!

Move, hey! Move! Move!

- (THUDS)

- (GROANS)

I see you.

Oh, Henry! Darling!

What's happening
to you, sweetheart?

Thank you.

MARIO:

what's happening to you?

ERIC:

I really must have
your full attention.

Oh, you have it, Dr. Price.
Yes, but perhaps you would
be more comfortable if...
Last night was quite
a traumatic event.
I'm grateful for your actions.
I fear you may have me at a...
An emotional disadvantage today.
Yes, I understand.
I don't mean to pry,
but has Master Henry
been prone to sleepwalking
in the past?
No.
But you may know, he did witness
the death of his father.
Yes.
Well, this is the first
in a series of sessions
I wish to conduct.
And I can assure you that
today will be quite benign.
No, no, no. Let's just
get straight to it, Doctor.
You are here to assess
my erratic behavior,
are you not?
Well, erratic behavior
is not the phrase
that I would've chosen, but...
- Now, I'll speak with you truthfully.
- Please.
But you will do me
the same courtesy.
Of course.
Do you suffer
from soldier's syndrome?
I'm sorry?
Are you an abuser of medication?
Mrs. Winchester, I think it's
best if I ask the questions.
Your wife, did she believe
you are a good therapist?
We're not here

to discuss my wife.

Your wife Ruby?

No, we are not.

And I would appreciate
your honesty.

Are you an abuser of medication?

No, I'm not.

- So...

- I will share a fact with you,
which you may find questionable.
But I assure you, it is a fact.
Please.

I am cursed.

Cursed, how?

Have you read my papers?

- Of course, I have.

- And what did they say?

Well, among many things,
they say that this is
the house that spirits built.

See, profiting from such
a thing as violence and death,
that is a wickedness that
follows you like a shadow.

Yes, we might also call
those shadows "guilt."

But tell me, how do these
shadows follow you?

I may be getting old,

Dr. Price,

but I assure you,

I have not lost my senses.

I know the difference
between illusion and reality.

I see.

Your mind rules your body.

The mind

can be incredibly creative.

But it can also,

at times, fail us.

My mind has never failed me.

What we see, taste, and touch
are interpreted and processed
to give us our truth.

And that truth can in turn
be an illusion,
created, distorted, by grief.
Do you believe in ghosts,
Dr. Price?
No, ma'am. Why would I?
Offering my staff that bill
would be greatly appreciated.
Even the nickel inside the bill
would be a respectable start.
Really! Silly illusions?
Do you take me for a fool?
No, ma'am. I do not.
No more diversions from reality.
No more parlor tricks.
And your medication
will have to be confiscated.
Mrs. Winchester, I'm sorry, but I
must insist, I'm not a child...
- This is my home, Dr. Price.
- And I will not be...
You will obey my rules.
If you want me to open up
this house for you,
you need clarity.
Do you have another
question for me?
Yes, ma'am.
Is it really necessary
to confine me to quarters?
That is Madam's wish, sir.
Hmm.
And the condition
of Master Henry?
He too is confined to quarters.
And Mrs. Marriott
has not left his side.
(BANGS)
Damn it!
"Sir, the members of the board
eagerly await your evaluation.
"I trust you will make
an accurate assessment.
"Regards, Arthur C. Gates,

Chief Legal Officer."

ERIC:

psychological assessment
and mental status examination.

Dr. Eric A. Price,
April 16, 1906.

Appearance, normal.

Hygiene, physical
characteristics, all normal.

Patient struggles with the
loss of her husband and child.

Her behavior is at times
slightly aggressive.

Perception,
visual hallucinations
that patient often refers to
as shadows or ghosts.

I feel them, their presence.

Go on.

I feel their presence,
their energy.

Their unfinished business
has brought them here.

Do you perhaps
in any way blame them
for the death
of your husband and child?

I will mourn William
and dear Annie always.

I love all my family
very much, Dr. Price.

They are the true
riches of my life,
and I will do whatever
it takes to protect them.

(BELL TOLLING)

Can you tell me why the...

Why those bells
chime at midnight?

It's midnight, sir.

Well, yes.

But is there
any significance to it?

It's midnight, sir.

Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(HAMMERING)

(WIND BLOWS)

(SHIVERING)

(WINDOW SHUTS)

(BREATHES HEAVILY)

I swear, the laudanum
is still in my system.

Let's just hope
it's withdrawals.

It always was withdrawals.

It had to be. Had to be.

SARAH:

for you, Dr. Price.

Again, Mrs. Winchester,
it's best if I ask...

What is it like to die?

Talking about your...

Deceased for three minutes,
were you not?

You know, I keep records
of all the lives
a Winchester has taken.

Hundreds have been reported.

Probably thousands haven't.

The guilty, the innocent...

The rifle doesn't discriminate.

And many of the souls
make their way to this house.

That's impressive.

As you can clearly see,
I am still here.

So perhaps you could do me
the kindness of taking me
off that shelf.

You were shot.

I was.

This.

And it did kill me.

You kept it and refurbished it.

- I did.

- Why?

Well, because
it's a reminder of my past.
Because it's my
connection to death
and to all that I've lost.
Instruments of death
have a powerful connection
to the afterlife.
We hold on to mementos
to help us heal.
But sometimes,
they do more harm than good.
Precisely.

So tell me, what do you think
it is you're holding on to?

Have you ever been
to a spiritualist?

But I understand you have.

You know, it is believed
that once we've departed
this world,

we can see others
who have left
their physical selves behind.

Is that right?

Have you ever
experienced such a thing?

I can't say that I have, no.

Is it painful to die?

Mrs. Winchester,

we really must continue
with this evaluation.

Please, Doctor. Please.

Yes.

And then nothing.

Just a calmness.

And when I came back,
it was painful again.

If that makes sense.

Yes.

Yes, because you too
have experienced great pain.

Grief can be far more crippling

than arthritis, Doctor.
Mrs. Winchester,
do you blame the shadows
for the loss of your
husband and child?
Were you out of your room
last night?
Yes, I was.
Thank you.
Thank you
for telling me the truth.
So, why all the noise?
Why all this construction?

SARAH:

to build, Doctor.
The spirits killed by the rifle,
they guide me.
Guide you in drawing
building plans?
Yes.
For what? Why?
For the rooms, of course.
You see, once their rooms
are completed,
their presence grows stronger.
Hence, the house
that spirits built?
Yes.
The shadows that follow me,
they have unfinished business.
You saw what I did last night,
didn't you?
I did.
At the chime of midnight,
they clamor.
The bells summon them.
They communicate
through plans, drawings.
They want me to reconstruct
the rooms that they died in,
then they can enter our world.
And the trouble is,
I don't always know

who it is I'm speaking with.
It could be some
innocent bystander
or a victim of a crime,
or someone else.
Who else, Mrs. Winchester?

SARAH:

a spirit more powerful
than any I've encountered
endangered my family.
Who are you?
Doctor, who do you see
in this room at this moment?
Just you.
Only me?
Just you.
It will take time.
You still need to clear
your head.
Oh, sir!
I would like to check in
on Mrs. Marriott
and Master Henry, if I may.

AUGUSTINE:

I will inquire, sir.

ERIC:

ask you a question?
A question, sir?
Yes. I mean, tell me,
have you ever seen any...
Any ghosts?
No, sir.
But you have heard
the rumors, the stories?
I have heard tall tales.
Some taller than others.
Have you ever witnessed
anything out of the ordinary?

SARAH:

along the walls,

and then a line of them
down the middle of the room.

Yes, ma'am.

And what type of Winchester
would you like delivered?

Every type, every model.

ERIC:

Tell me please what happens
once these rooms are finished?

Well, the spirit's

presence grows

more powerful and more...

More focused.

Their voices get stronger.

And we converse.

Converse how?

About what?

I show them my deep remorse.

I want to help them let go of
their grief and their anger.

And how do they react?

Favorably. Yes, mostly.

Once they are at peace,
then they can move on.

We can tear down their room,
and then we start again.

And are there those that
don't react so favorably?

Yes.

Yes, we lock them away.

How does one lock a spirit away?

Thirteen nails seals them in.

Once they find peace,

we can release them,

and they can leave this house.

ERIC:

a devilish number to
protect you from devils?

No, no, no.

That is a divine number,
to protect the cycle
of life and death.

And does this divine number
always work?
I mean, what if a spirit simply
doesn't want to be locked away?
The unmendable souls
prey upon the innocent
and the pure.
And by the innocent and pure,
you mean Master Henry?
We can stand between them.
I and you.
With your assistance,
I can help this spirit
find peace.
You don't believe any of this.
I understand.
Ma'am, I do not.
I do not believe in anything
I cannot see or study.
Mrs. Winchester,
you have built this house,
this place, this reality.
Therefore, you can control it,
can you not?
Yes, perhaps.
We all have the ability
to create and control
our own reality.
But for some, for you,
Mrs. Winchester, for you,
that will mean letting go
of the past.
Make your assessment, Doctor.
Say what you feel is the truth
about Sarah Winchester.
And if that means you lose
control of your company?
There are worse things in this
world to lose than that, Doctor.
I see you've finished
the new room.

JOHN:

Must be very profitable for you,

all this working
round the clock.
We all appreciate
Mrs. Winchester's
ongoing employment
and her creativity.
I must say, that creativity
certainly leads to some
rather odd designs.
Do you think it possible
a woman of advancing years
may be susceptible
to flights of fancy?
No, sir. I do not.
Could I see inside
the garden room, please?
I had one similar, and I would
be much obliged if...
No, sir. That room is sealed.
Therefore, it's off limits.
Good day, Doctor.
Well, Eric,
that's going really well.
(KNOCKING AT DOOR)
How is he?
Fine. Resting.
Has he ever been prone to
behavior like that in the past?
No.
Never?
She told you, didn't she,
about the Winchester curse?
Yes.
Do you believe her,
or do you think she's crazy?
I think crazy
is a dangerous word.
People have certain
medical conditions
and with the right
diagnosis and treatment,
they can be helped.

MARION:

in curses, Doctor.

ERIC:

I think perhaps
your son's behavior
has been triggered by the
sudden death of his father.

MARION:

ERIC:

how your husband died?
He had demons,
but not the kind that my aunt
believes haunt her.

ERIC:

MARION:

died suddenly of tuberculosis.
And then she lost poor Annie.
She believes our family curse
is spreading.

My husband loved the drink
more than his wife and child.
I believe that was his curse.
Now he is gone, and I'm alone,
better off in so many ways
without him.

But it terrifies me.
Don't let that fear control you.
Fear only exists in your mind.
When we fear the most,
we must take control.
You can be a fighter.
You can be a protector.
I do not feel like a protector.
Aunt Sarah is the fighter.

- Yes.

- She would die to save us.

Perhaps.

Have you ever loved someone so
much you would die to save them?

I have.

I also knew someone who was
haunted by demons, voices.
And did the time ever come
when you had to protect them?

It did.

What did you do?

I died.

(RUMBLING)

Henry!

Ahh!

Henry.

Henry!

- (GUN FIRES)

- (SARAH WHIMPERS)

(PALE THUDS)

Henry.

Henry! It's me!

(GASPS)

- (GUN FIRES)

- (SCREAMS)

(WHIMPERS)

No.

- (CLICKS)

- Ah!

(SCREAMS)

Henry! Henry!

- Henry! Henry!

- Stop it! Stop!

Stop, Henry, stop!

- Who are you?

- Die!

(SCREAMING)

Mother?

Oh, Henry.

Henry. Henry.

(PANTING)

I'm so sorry, Aunt Sarah.

I've let you down,

and I've let Henry down.

No, no.

This spirit has a power

we've not seen before.

Oh, my God.

It can take over a mind.

John, send everyone home.

Only we in this room
must remain.

Yes, ma'am.

This child must be taken
to a hospital immediately.

No, no.

We must watch over him.

To a hospital immediately.

No. No one else
will understand.

- He must stay here.

- **ERIC:**

SARAH:

We will watch over him.

Dr. Price may be right.

No. No. We will protect him.

We will protect him
at all costs.

John, come with me.

Aunt Sarah!

Ma'am, I insist that
you receive medical treatment.

Seal that door.

Thirteen nails.

Now.

Now!

Yes, ma'am.

You leave my family alone.

You speak with me.

(HAMMERING)

Let's just think this through.

Please, Mrs. Marriott,
be rational.

Henry clearly has a trauma
and needs help.

Your aunt is caught
in a superstition.

We need...

(RATTLING)

(RATTLING)

Thirteen hooks.

JOHN:

You must listen to me.

SARAH:

Is the rifle room finished?

JOHN:

My God.

This presence is so strong.

Oh, I feel its hatred...

Oh, enough with the games!

We're taking this boy

to a hospital.

- We should listen to him.

- Yes!

The boy tried to kill you.

No. The shadows

will follow us.

Wherever we go.

No, Henry will not suffer

the same fate

- as my darling Annie...

- Henry's condition

cannot be cured by witchcraft.

The boy needs a doctor.

Conditions can be cured, Doctor.

Curses cannot.

ERIC:

will you please listen to me?

- Marion...

- I'm...

I'm going with Dr. Price.

- No. Henry must stay.

- I'll make the arrangements.

- Gentlemen, you'll excuse me.

- No! No!

Marion, please!

Henry must stay.

He must stay with us.

Aunt Sarah, I must think

of Henry.

I should go with him.

I will prove it to you.

Yes, I... I will.

This way.

(DIALING)

WOMAN:

Operator.

(TELEPHONE RINGING)

Winchester Repeating Arms
Company.

This is Arthur Gates.

Mr. Gates,

it's Dr. Eric Price here.

I trust the assessment
is going well, Doctor.

I understand you received
our letter.

It's fine, Mr. Gates.

But I require immediate transportation
to the nearest hospital.

Is everything all right?

Everything is fine. Just please,
a driver, as soon as possible.

- Of course, right away.

- Thank you.

And the assessment, Doctor?

You'll get what you wanted.

Christ!

I'm sorry. I didn't mean
to be rude.

Sir, we're all deeply concerned
for Master Henry's well-being.

If the anything

I can do to assist you, I...

Well...

Actually, you can.

I need to get my bags, please.

- Of course.

- Thank you.

Happy to help.

BEN:

a remarkable woman.

She knows what she's doing.

She has created a vessel
for the deceased
to communicate with her.
She's certainly created
some architectural oddities.
This house, I've seen things.

SARAH:

Things?
The dead.
Criminals.
Lost souls who met
a violent end.
You've seen them, haven't you?
Dr. Price, many staff
have reported hearing noises.
They come from inside rooms
that have been nailed shut.
Strange occurrences
in those rooms...
That is why the doors have
been sealed,
to keep the unruly in.
But the staff
have only heard noises.
To see them, well,
I believe you and I are unique.
Really?
Yes, perhaps it's all
just a symptom
of Mrs. Winchester's
persuasive influence.
Sir, locking Mrs. Marriott
and her child away
is only delaying the inevitable.
And what is the inevitable?
They're all Winchester.
They will all die.
Mr. Hansen. Is she in there?
- Yes, Doctor.
- Good. You need to hear this.
Mrs. Winchester,
there is a man in your employ
who has clearly lost his mind.

He just...
That's him.
You saw him?
You spoke with him?
Well, yes,
I spoke with him just now.
The man threatened you.
Read it. Read the paper.
"Corporal Benjamin Joseph Block
was killed during a siege
"at the Winchester Repeating
Arms general office."
That's impossible.
This newspaper is 20 years old.
Cruelty, grief, and loss
can make people do
unimaginable things.
Ben lost two brothers
on the battlefield.
The youngest was
only 14 years old.
Their Confederate muskets
were no match
for the Winchester rifles
of the Union Army.
They were cut down.
Ben swore revenge.
To him, the people
who created the weapon
that killed his brothers
were as guilty
as those who pulled the trigger.
He killed 15 innocent people
that day.
He locked himself
in the display room.
We used to call it
the show-off room.

MAN:

We have the building surrounded.
Beautiful dreamer
Wake unto me
Starlight and dewdrops

are waiting for thee
"Officer John Mandel
told the press,
"I'm extremely proud
of my team,
"and that scum like Block
"can't escape my men
and their Winchesters."

MAN:

(GUNS FIRING)

(THUDS)

This way. When the bell
chimes at midnight,
he'll be at his most powerful.
Do you know who the most
terrifying monster is, Doctor?
No.

The one you invite
into your own home.

This is it.

This is the room.

This is an exact replica
of the room he was killed in.

Yes.

And now that it is complete,
he is in this world.

Do you see anyone, Doctor?

It's impossible.

Doctor, you must believe.

It's illogical.

(GASPS)

Corporal Block,

please,

please feel my deep remorse
for the death of your brothers,
of James and young Harry
by the Winchester rifle.

I know all three of you feel
pain and torment.

But violence cannot bring
justice.

Only more suffering,

and I will not allow my family

to suffer anymore.
Leave this house
with your brothers.
I hope together
you can find peace.

HARRY:

Beautiful dreamer
Wake unto me
Starlight and dewdrops
Are waiting for thee
Sounds of the rude world
Heard in the day
Led by the moonlight
have all passed away
(RUMBLING)

SARAH:

(RUMBLING)
(MARION WHIMPERS)
(SCREAMS)
(SCREAMING)
(DEBRIS CRASHING)

SARAH:

(WHIMPERS)
No!
Ah! (GROANING)
(COUGHS)
(GRUNTS)
Mrs. Winchester?
(THUDS)
I'll find another way
to get to you!
(CREAKING)

MARION:

where are you?
Henry? Henry?
(GASPING)
Henry?

HENRY:

Beautiful dreamer

Henry! Henry!

Wake unto me

(PANTING)

Eric, this is just in your mind.

Fear is just in your mind.

It is only in your mind.

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

(BELL RINGS)

MARION:

Henry, where are you?

Henry, sweetheart?

Where are you?

(SHIVERING)

(DOOR CREAKS)

VOICE:

Be free, my brothers.

RUBY:

our garden room, sweetheart.

- Ruby.

- But you let it die.

Oh, no.

Tell me the story

about the farmer

who owned the old mule.

- No.

- I always liked that story.

They built our garden room.

The farmer's old mule

fell into his well.

Go on, Eric.

The farmer heard...

What?

He heard the mule crying.

And it broke his heart.

RUBY:

the animal in the well

- and put it out of its...

- Its hardship.

He started shoveling.

The mule realized that every

time dirt fell on his back,
he could shake it off
and step up.
Shovel after shovel.
He could shake it off
- and he could step up...
- Shake it off.
It wasn't long
before the old mule,
battered and exhausted,
stepped over the wall
of that well.
What should have buried him...
- Saved him.
- And he overcame...
This is not real.
This is not happening.
You are not real.
I've tried to be a good wife.
The voices are not real, Ruby.
They were never real.
They were just inside your head.
All these years, all I wanted was
for you to believe me. But...
- I should have put you in care.
- You never did.
I should have put you in care.
Just something that can be
diagnosed and treated,
like any other crazy person.
Yes. Yes. I did.
I made a mistake. I'm sorry.
A delusional disorder.
- Yes.
- That's what you called it.
Yes. Put the gun down,
Ruby, please.
We can talk about this.
I don't want to talk anymore.
I need you to believe me.
I don't know
what I believe anymore.
Someone like you never will.
Please, Ruby, don't.

Please, I'm lost
without you, Ruby.
I'm lost without you.
Don't do it. No!
(GASPS)
(GUNSHOT)
You can go on.
You need to let go
of your guilt,
so that I can let go of mine
and see the truth.

ERIC:

Mrs. Winchester,
are you all right?

SARAH:

the balance of this house.
It has to be stopped.
Master Henry and Marion,
we need to find them.
Seal that door.
Ben must not leave.

HENRY:

Beautiful dreamer
Henry?
Starlight and dewdrops
(SKATE ROLLING)
Sounds of the rude world
heard in the day
Led by the moonlight
have all passed away
Thirteen.
Sit.
Sarah, I can see them.
I can see all of them.
You're the only one who can.
You believe?
I do. I do.
Dead for three minutes,
killed by the Winchester rifle.
You are connected to this house.
Yes.

Henry.

I'm not afraid.

I'm not afraid.

(SHAKILY)

I won't let fear control me.

Henry!

Henry!

Oh, please,

please come back to me!

(FOOTSTEPS)

Marion and Henry

are in grave danger.

The only way to save them

is to stop Ben here and now.

Ben, leave my family alone.

You speak to me.

Talk to me.

Now.

Sarah.

Corporal Block is in this room.

BEN:

are a vile plague!

This whore bitch has to die!

Sarah, fight him!

My brothers were killed

by the rifle,

murdered by this

instrument of death...

- Fight him!

- That killed your wife.

- Sarah, control him!

- (PANTING)

Be present, Sarah. Be present.

I want you to suffer.

Marion is mine.

Henry is mine!

No, no, no!

Fight him!

And eye for an eye!

Get off me!

These vermin profit from death.

- Sarah, fight him.

- No more!

No!
Seal the floor, Doctor.
Thirteen nails. Hurry!
His rage is endless.
But he can be stopped.
- How?
- By something...
Something in this room.
He's afraid of something.
I felt it.
His gun.
That's 12.
This is the gun
he used to kill.
- Do you see him?
- No.
There. Done.
Now he's locked in.
And so are we.
(BELL TOLLING)

SARAH:

Ben, show yourself.
Show yourself!
(METAL OBJECT DROPS)
Your anger will never defeat us.
(GASPS)
(GROANING)
You took everything from me!
(GROANS)
They're going right through him.
- You saw him?
- Yes.

MARION:

You're there.
You are there amongst the dead.
It's not the gun.
He's afraid of something else.
You kept it and refurbished it.
All because it's a reminder
of my past.

SARAH:

have a powerful connection
to the afterlife.
What should have killed him,
saved him.
Ben, we can help you be free
of your torment.
I'm a mother...
A fighter.
Show yourself.
A protector.
And I am not afraid.

RUBY:

Yes.
He's at peace.
He has joined his brothers.
You've done it. They're gone.
Everybody else,
go back to your rooms.
All of you.
(SARAH COUGHING)
Henry.
Henry!
Henry! Oh, Henry!

ERIC:

Dear Mr. Gates,
below you will find
my psychological assessment
and mental status examination
of Mrs. Sarah Lockwood
Winchester.
It was conducted at her home
between the dates of April 12
to April 19, 1906,
and prepared at the request
of the Winchester Repeating
Arms Company.
In my professional opinion,
after having observed
Mrs. Winchester
for the past week,
it is my conclusion that
she is of sound mind and body,

and is fit to continue
in her role
with the Winchester
Repeating Arms Company
for as long as
she desires such a burden.

Yours truly,

Dr. Eric A. Price.

It's time for us both
to leave this house.

I'll always miss you.

Thank you, Dr. Price,
for your help.

Young man.

Thank you.

Time for me to say goodbye.

Ruby loves you.

That did not stop
after her death.

You know that, don't you?

I do.

You know,

in spite of everything,
you really do have
a beautiful home.

What are you going to do next?

Rebuild, of course.

Of course.