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# Darkness

By Jaume Balagueró

Now, I want you to try and tell us everything that happened.

Anything you can remember.

I can't, I can't remember.

We need your help so we can find the other children.

A house.

- What?

- They took us to a house.

- Who?

- I don't know. People.

Do you think the other children are still there?

Do you think they've been hurt?

Yes.

You're doing just fine.

We're going to find them.

But we need you to tell us more.

You've got to try and remember.

I can't, I can't remember anything.

Shit!

- Drink it.

- But...

No complaints. Drink.

- Did you get 'em?

- Get what?

The pencils.

Yeah.

Has he had breakfast?

- We're on it. How did it go?

- I'm bushed.

I think it's going to take me a while to get used to it, and on top of that, night shifts.

Don't worry,

you're just starting.

Anyhow I'm going to my father about getting your shift changed.

We'll see.

Do you know

where the toaster is?

I have no idea.

We still have tons

of boxes left to open.

Unless you give me a hand,

I give up.

Hey, big guy.

Hi.

- Today's your first day, isn't it?

- Yeah.

- You nervous?

- A little.

You'll see that you'll like it.

You'll make lots of friends soon.

Come on, Paul.

You're gonna be late,  
come on.

Bye.

It's about time.

I was just about to get you up.

We've got to do.

It's too early.

And I have swim practice.

That's not for two hours.

And travel.

This is the sticks,

I have to take the bus everywhere.

I'm not waiting any longer for this  
to start looking like a real house.

We've been here almost three weeks,  
and with the notable  
exception of myself,

one has unpacked one single box.

And don't forget, you promised you  
were going to paint your room.

Mom, I don't...

I don't know if I'm staying.

I thought we discussed this, Reggie.

You know how your father  
and I feel.

When have you  
ever listened to me?

I just want to finish  
school in the States with my friends.

Is that so abnormal?

- Hi.

- Hi.

What are you doing here?  
You're crazy.  
I'm not doing anything wrong.  
I'm just here to pick up  
my American friend.  
Well, you got here too late  
'cause I got to go.  
Just tell me if you're gonna stay.  
I'm not.  
- Come on, you got to go.  
- Why not?  
Go, please.  
They saw you.  
- We'll talk about it later.  
- Promise?  
I promise.  
I'm warning you,  
it's not going to be easy for your  
family to live in another country.  
Especially for the kids.  
Oh, I know. It's a big move.  
I'm sure hoping they'll get used to it.  
It's a great place.  
Think so?  
It needs work.  
Yeah, That's true.  
A hammer and nails and a bit  
of paint, you'll see.  
Plus I got one month  
before semester starts.  
Good luck.  
Did you meet?  
- No. Hi.  
- How ya doing?  
I was just saying,  
it's like a dream come true.  
You know what? He's lying.  
You don't want to play anymore?  
Oh, thanks.  
Everybody seems to be having  
a good time, right?  
Paul reminds me of Mark  
when he was that age.  
Before...

he left.

Now you'll have your grandchildren  
all to yourself  
and you're gonna get sick of them.

Yes.

It must be strange for them.

Poor Paul.

He'll end up crazy about you.

You'll see.

I'm gonna get jealous.

It's good to see you, dad.

That's it. It's over.

Finally.

I thought it would never end.

Way to close a party.

Not again.

...experts suggest to be cautious.

Never look directly at the sun,  
nor the optical device.

So take care, but make sure not to miss  
it, Don't forget it's a unique event,

A very special eclipse  
that takes place only every 40 years  
and there are just 5 days to go.

- You lived here with grandpa?

- Yeah, when I was your age.

That's when you left for the States?

Why did you have to?

Well, your grandparents decided  
to split up and...

I didn't have a choice

I had to go.

With your mom?

That's right.

Are you and mom going

- To split up?

- No.

Only families that don't get  
along split up.

We get along,

don't we?

Yeah.

It's the second day and I bet  
I'm the only one late.

Don't worry. You'll make it.  
'We're like the lonely wildebeest  
bleating his plaintive poetry  
to the infinite herd."  
Hey dad, do you even know  
what a wildebeest is?  
Sure it's...  
It's like a cow.  
And what's your cow saying?  
"Get your ass  
out of my face."  
"Get your ass  
out of my face."  
Dad look, it worked.  
Dad?  
Hey, shithead,  
what are you doing? Move it!  
Fuck!  
Help me!  
Help me!  
Please!  
- When was his last attack?  
- More than ten years ago.  
Haughtington is unpredictable,  
but it doesn't have to be serious.  
As quickly as it has come,  
it can go.  
I don't know.  
I'm going to give him Haloperidol.  
But if he does have an attack,  
you know about the risk of choking.  
Just keep a close eye on him.  
This couldn't come  
at a worse time.  
Don't worry. Everything will be fine.  
Trust me.  
Dad.  
I'm okay, sweetie.  
Nothing's happened.  
Come on, let's go inside.  
We've still got a lot  
of work ahead of us.  
This is going to be the best house  
in the whole world.

Mom?

What happened?

Your father had a small attack,  
but it's nothing,  
don't worry.

I've been talking  
to your grandfather.

He's got to go back on medication  
for a while and that's all.

Mom.

It's starting again.

Nothing is starting again.

This is an isolated incident.

Don't blow it out of proportion.

You remember what happened.

You know exactly what this is.

And just now.

Just now what?

We're completely isolated.

What if something were to happen?

We're ten minutes away from  
downtown and I already told you,  
nothing's going to happen.

- Mom.

- What?

If you don't like this house  
or your family,  
then get your things and go.

Isn't that what you wanted, to go?

Well, go on then!

I think we'll survive.

Since the beginning of time,  
people considered this phenomenon  
in different ways.

But how do eclipses exactly work?

- Feeling better?

- No.

Come on, I fight  
with my Mom all the time.

It's normal.

No it's not.

She's never been this cruel before.

I bet she didn't even notice.

- Sometimes people say things that...

- I don't care.  
I'm not comfortable.  
I don't feel happy in that house.  
- Hey there, Tiger.  
- Hi.  
What are you doing?  
Drawing.  
You don't play with this anymore.  
You used to like it.  
Are you going to die?  
No.  
Listen buddy, what happened  
is that your dad...  
I got a little too tense  
this morning.  
Forget about it.  
You're not going to let  
that worry you, are you?  
Come on,  
time for bed.  
Dad,  
don't.  
Come on,  
lights out.  
- You okay?  
- Yeah.  
What are you doing up?  
I couldn't sleep.  
Dad said I couldn't leave  
a light on.  
- Since when are you afraid of the dark?  
- I'm not.  
So?  
It's different here the dark.  
What do you mean?  
It eats my pencils.  
Come on, I'll tell you what, how 'bout  
we make a deal? I'll lie down with you  
- Until you fall asleep.  
- Promise?  
Of course.  
Just give me a minute.  
Okay.  
- I can't find anything wrong.



- There's definitely something wrong.  
Maybe you should check again.  
I don't know what it could be.  
Look, I'll check the sockets.  
Where's my drawing pad?  
I left it here last night.  
- These are kind of wierd drawings.  
- They're not wierd.  
They're just drawings.  
Yeah, but you keep on doing  
the same thing.  
They're not the same.  
They're different.  
They look the same to me.  
That's because they're all children.  
But they're different children.  
Paul.  
What's this?  
Did you hurt yourself?  
I don't know.  
Has mom seen it?  
Yeah. She says I probably did it  
in my sleep.  
When it was dark.  
I'm going.  
If you go outside,  
don't go near the road. Okay?  
Okay.  
What are you doing here?  
I need to use up the last few frames  
on this roll and you will be my model.  
I like you as a photographer, but I  
think I like you better as a painter.  
Oh, Dad, this is Carlos.  
- Hi.  
- Hi. Nice to meet you.  
Do you know anything  
about electricity?  
No.  
Come on.  
It doesn't look like mold,  
it's more like... rust.  
I don't understand.  
They painted the whole house

before we moved in.  
Trust me, baby,  
this is going to look great.  
It better.  
And I'm gonna go get  
some paint thinner, just in case.  
If you want,  
phone the electric company.  
The hell with that, there's  
something here that doesn't work.  
We've been here for three weeks now,  
and every day the lights go out.  
They flicker, like the voltage dropped.  
Do you understand?  
Look, if I were you,  
I'd talk to the neighbors.  
If it's a supply thing,  
they'll have noticed something too.  
What neighbors?  
We don't have neighbors.  
This is a fucking nightmare.  
Calm down, okay?  
I've done all I can.  
In other words, fuck you, right?  
In my own house. And to my face.  
Fuck you!  
Well, you're not getting  
a penny from me. Not a goddamn penny.  
The insurance company will pay me  
either way. Tell it to them.  
Not now.  
What's wrong?  
I'm staying.  
I can't leave now.  
I'm not going to ask you why.  
That's probably a good idea.  
What are you doing up?  
It's late.  
I was waiting up for you.  
I'm bushed.  
I hope you painted  
that room.  
I need to talk to you.  
Tomorrow. I'm wrecked.

You can't imagine  
how busy it's been today.  
Why can't we just talk?  
There's something I need to tell you.  
You say not to worry,  
but Dad is a bundle of nerves.  
You should have seen the way he blew  
up at the electrician this morning.  
Oh, he's just...  
- And like, Paul's not well. I mean...  
- Paul's okay.  
Look at the drawings.  
I mean, does this look like the kind  
of thing normal kids do? I mean...  
He's a kid. You should have seen  
the ones you used to make. Come on.  
Don't touch it!  
Sorry.  
These old things  
can be pretty delicate.  
What's that?  
A room. Hidden behind the wall.  
How did you know it was there?  
Paul told me.  
Hey, check it out.  
What about hanging it here?  
Fuck!  
It works.  
That's the beauty  
of old things,  
no electricity required.  
I'll stop it.  
No.  
And you, little psychic, how did  
you know that room was there?  
What are you talking about?  
- Dad said you told him it was there.  
- I didn't say anything. That's a lie.  
You want to be a martyr,  
fine.  
If you keep this up,  
I don't know what we'll do.  
What's going on?  
Nothing. Your brother's gone and

bruised himself again. That's all.

Clumsy.

Who did this to you?

Oh, Reggie. Don't start.

Please, don't get paranoid.

Don't get paranoid?

This has happened twice.

Are you trying to tell me

there's nothing going on?

That's not what I'm saying. All

I'm saying is these things happen.

He's got to be more careful,

that's all.

Mom, why do you refuse to see what  
is staring you clearly in the face?

This is not normal.

We'll talk to your grandpa. Maybe  
he can talk to Paul. I don't know.

What more

do you want me to do?

I need to get the rust off the floor.

Where did you guys put the matt knife?

I was opening boxes yesterday.

It's gotta be in there somewhere.

I don't understand you.

- Honestly, I don't.

- What's going on here?

Everything's fine. Great.

Couldn't be better,

right, mom?

Fantastic. Maybe you ought  
to unpack something.

What's up?

You said you weren't going  
to ask me why.

What?

Why I'm staying.

And?

I wanted you to ask me.

My dad's kind of sick.

He has this disease.

It's called

"Haughtington's Syndrome".

Just before Paul

was born it got really bad.  
He was having attacks.  
But you can't imagine  
what it must be like  
to be afraid of your own father.  
But...  
he's okay now.  
The treatment took.  
He's been fine for years  
until now.  
Until now?  
He's not doing so good.  
And there's definitely  
something wrong with Paul.  
He's woken up  
with bruises twice now.  
Hold on.  
- You don't think?  
- I don't think anything.  
He's acting weird  
and he barely speaks.  
Sometimes I think it's that house.  
You know, this thing is much  
more complicated than it looks.  
Where's Paul?  
Grandfather came to talk to him.  
They're upstairs.  
- I'm a mother. Mothers worry.  
- Don't worry.  
Regina...  
I was beginning to think  
I wouldn't get to see you.  
Hi, grampa.  
- You're going to catch a cold.  
- Dry off, hon.  
Try and get him to stay  
for dinner.  
Thanks again.  
How are you?  
I'm good. And Paul?  
He's fine.  
I'm sure this is no big deal.  
The change of houses,  
habits, environment.

But he's never been afraid  
of the dark before.  
I don't think that Paul's fear  
of darkness is your biggest concern.  
Why would he hurt himself?  
He's just trying to call attention.  
But Dad's been strange too.  
He's worse.  
He's aggressive  
- Like he used to be.  
- That's nonsense, Regina.  
I know what you all went through.  
And I know it wasn't easy.  
But your father  
is under control now.  
You need to stop worrying.  
Nothing is going to happen.  
- All right, dear?  
- Thanks, granpa.  
And now, I'm off.  
He says  
we shouldn't worry.  
Kids do strange things sometimes.  
We have to find a place  
to hang that picture.  
I don't know...  
Mark, please.  
We're talking  
about our children.  
They're going through a rough time.  
Reggie...  
she's at a difficult age.  
Maybe we're not being understanding  
enough with her.  
And what about me?  
Who's being understanding with me?  
- What are you talking about?  
- Come on, please.  
You don't think  
I hear the little secret conversations  
that go on behind my back?  
You're losing it.  
Right. Exactly. That's exactly  
the attitude I'm talking about.

Thank you.  
I know where they get it from now.  
Mark, please, calm down.  
Did you take your medication?  
Mark!  
Mark?  
Mark!  
Regina!  
Mom?  
Reggie, quickly!  
Come over here.  
I'm feeling kinda woozy.  
Slow breaths, okay?  
Hold it.  
I have to get the alcohol.  
Not now!  
Mom!  
Mom!  
Mom!  
Where's the fuse box?  
In the laundry room.  
Reggie!  
Paul?  
Paul, what's the matter?  
Let me in.  
They won't let me.  
- There's someone here.  
- Paul, let me in.  
I can't.  
- Paul!  
- Dad!  
Shut up!  
You're scaring him!  
I said, stop it! Dad!  
Open this door right now!  
Mom!  
- Stop it!  
- Shut up!  
Let me go!  
Stop!  
Paul, honey, come here.  
It's okay.  
It's okay.  
It's okay.

I don't know.  
I got scared.  
We couldn't open the door.  
Baby,  
- Are you all right?  
- What's wrong with you?  
I'm here now. It's okay.  
It's all over.  
It's not all over.  
They never go away.  
They only hide.  
Who? What are you talking about?  
The kids.  
What kids?  
The ones in my room.  
They wouldn't let me out.  
They hate me.  
They say I'm an impostor.  
Paul,  
there's no one else here.  
Just you and me,  
and mom and dad.  
Those kids don't exist.  
You're imagining them.  
Yes they do.  
They come out when it's dark.  
They live in the dark.  
Didn't you hear them?  
Didn't you?  
- Hello.  
- Carlos?  
- Reggie, is it late?  
- I know. I know, I'm sorry.  
I need your help.  
What's wrong?  
It's this house.  
Nobody has ever lived  
in your house before.  
The guy who sold the house  
to your father  
doesn't even exist.  
Neither does the real estate agent  
or the lawyer.  
And the phone number that's on the



contract has never been in service.

So there's nothing we can check?

Maybe. I found some information about the architect.

Great.

Excellent. Wanna help me?

Where's Regina?

She left at the crack of dawn.

I don't know.

There's no one here.

Hey, I've seen that guy before.

He was standing outside my house, the other night, when it was raining.

I'm sure it's him.

Come on.

You shouldn't have come.

- You designed the house, right?

- I just drew the plans according to the measurements they gave me.

They?

They who?

I never saw anyone.

Everything was taken care of through an intermediary.

All I had to do was draw and keep quiet.

That was the one thing they insisted on.

But that wasn't the strange part.

We've got to talk.

Oh, yes. We've got to talk, about that thing you hung up there.

It's hideous.

What are you talking about?

You told me to hang it there.

What?

Last night.

Right here.

Honey,

- That is not the problem.

- Oh, no?

Then what is the problem?

The larvae.

The what?  
The larvae.  
They're everywhere.  
In the walls.  
I hear them whisper.  
They talk about us.  
We've got to do something.  
It was the design.  
The shape of the house.  
In some parts of the world,  
a similar form is used  
in the design and construction  
of the temples,  
or other types  
of occult architecture.  
Something about giving birth  
to spiritual energy,  
or entities.  
It's been so many years...  
But I didn't like it.  
- Reggie, I think we'd better get going.  
- No, just wait.  
And then...  
the thing with the kids happened.  
What are you planning to do?  
Find them.  
They must have their nest  
underneath this house somewhere.  
And I'm going to find it.  
Seven children.  
They never found them.  
Except one.  
When the police questioned him,  
what he told them didn't make any  
sense... It was some crazy story  
about a round house.  
Just dark.  
So dark.  
I've spent years obsessed  
with this story.  
Prowling  
around the house.  
It's always been empty.  
And then suddenly,

one day, I find  
that a family's  
living there.  
With a kid.  
For the first time  
in 40 years.  
Why now?  
So why haven't you called  
the police?  
And tell them what?  
You think they'll listen  
to the crazy ramblings  
of some old fart  
with one foot in the grave?  
- You could have told somebody.  
- Oh, yes,  
I could have.  
But I didn't,  
you want to know why?  
Because I was scared.  
What are you talking about?  
Please go.  
That's all I know.  
Thank you for sharing  
your theories,  
mister Villalobos.  
My phone number.  
In case you remember something.  
Get your brother  
- Out of the house.  
- Why?  
Get him out.  
Mom!  
It's okay.  
It's okay. He had another fit,  
but it's okay now.  
- Let's go.  
- No. You're not driving like this.  
Carlos, can you take them  
to the hospital, please?  
Well, what about you?  
I'm staying.  
There's something I have to do here.  
Reggie.

Carlos, please.

Just go.

Hello?

Hello.

We're watching you, bitch.

What the fuck do you want?

Well, I just wanted to tell you  
your father will be fine.

If that's all right with you.

Mom,

I'm sorry. I thought  
you were someone else.

Well, I guess we've all been  
through a lot.

Seems the problem was the tranquilizer  
I gave him after he cut himself.

It reacted badly

With the Haloperidol. I'm a nurse.

- I should have known.

- I don't think that's the problem.

We need to talk.

They're keeping him under  
observation for a couple of days.

Mom?

Mom.

"Ouroboros."

It's an old occult symbol.

It means darkness,  
the return to the beginning,

- Chaos...

- What's going on in my house?

What the hell is this?

It's a ritual.

"Take the breath  
and the love out  
of seven children.

And close the circle  
with their blood  
when morning turns to night."

The old man was right.

Seven children's throats cut  
by someone who loves them.

When morning turns to night...

The eclipse.

It's tomorrow.  
It only happens every 40 years.  
The last time they tried it,  
something went wrong.  
One of the kids escaped.  
They had to be seven,  
but they only got six.  
It's going to happen again.  
With Paul.  
Reggie,  
no one's going  
to do anything to Paul.  
My dad is sick.  
Sometimes he doesn't even know  
what he's doing.  
- Reggie, you should hear yourself...?  
- Mom,  
- It's the house.  
- You're not.  
Dad would never hurt us.  
What you're saying is terrible.  
It's obscene.  
Is that too hard for you to accept  
that your father and I...?  
Mom! Please!  
Dad is sick!  
And the stuff that's been going on,  
it all fits.  
The eclipse is tomorrow.  
Just don't go back to that house,  
please.  
We'll do whatever  
your grandfather says,  
since he's your father's doctor.  
Not you.  
- Hello.  
- Grampa,  
- It's Regina.  
- Regina, come up.  
It's Villalobos.  
Listen, I've found one of the papers  
the guy sent me, you know,  
the intermediary.  
There was a letterhead,

an address.  
And I'm going over there.  
And you should too.  
Here, this will make you  
feel better.  
You have to believe me.  
I don't know what to do.  
I believe you, Regina.  
It's just that this...  
is all too strange.  
I don't know.  
I don't understand a lot  
of what you've been telling me.  
You have to help me.  
- You're a doctor. They'll listen to you.  
- Okay.  
I don't want you to worry.  
I'm going to call the hospital.  
Please!  
Don't let them go back  
to the house.  
They won't go back.  
Trust me.  
- Yeah?  
- Listen. It's the old man, Villalobos.  
He found the address of the guy  
who was sending him instructions.  
He said he was going over there.  
Wait. I want to come with you.  
It's one of those buildings behind  
the park. Number seventeen.  
- What?  
- Reggie,  
numberseventeen.  
Number seventeen?  
I'll wait for you out in front,  
- But I'm here.  
- Reggie, wait,  
Grandpa.  
Regina.  
You should have been  
in your house.  
With your family because  
they are in the house.

What are you doing in the dark?  
Where's Reggie?  
I don't know.  
She hasn't called.  
I expected her to call.  
Let her be.  
You know how she's been lately.  
In the beginning it  
was just science.  
You begin studying minds  
of children.  
How their fears work.  
A fear shared by all children.  
In all times  
and in all cultures.  
An irrational fear:  
The fear of the dark.  
I think I might take a nap.  
I'm eshausted.  
Sounds like a good idea.  
And now,  
we are almost ready.  
After so many years.  
What are you talking about?  
About darkness, my dear,  
the true darkness.  
A kind of evil  
in its greatest form.  
Pure...  
and alive.  
And now,  
the moment has arrived.  
Finally  
be born.  
Dirty  
and perverted.  
Don't try so hard,  
Regina.  
The game has already begun.  
The countdown has already begun.  
We're getting closer to the moment  
When the sun and the moon aligned  
submerges for a few moments  
in darkness.

Why?

Why?

Because it's a question  
of faith.

We are our origin.

And our origin is that.

Evil, disorder...

We discovered

the spell

to get it back.

The egg temple

and seven children's throats cut  
by loving hands.

And the eclipse of course.

It's just an experiment.

I'm a doctor.

Do you know what the ancients  
called it?

"The great liar."

- Where's Regina?

- She's here. Come in.

Thank goodness you came.

I didn't know what to do.

Hey. What's going on here?

Do you know what's going on here?

What's going on

is that you have fucked up.

I don't know why everyone is trying  
to ruin this moment for me.

Once begun

no one can stop it.

There is no way back.

Everything was perfect.

We were seven.

We had built the temple.

And waited for the eclipse.

Each one with his child.

But at the last minute

it fell apart.

I'm the only one left.

The only one who has survived  
all these years.

Ironic, isn't it?

Because it was my fault.



I had to let my son escape.  
I couldn't do it.  
Mom!  
Yes, Paul.  
Can I have a glass of water?  
Mom.  
Please, just go away.  
You loved him.  
Let me go.  
We can still stop it.  
The rules of the game  
are very clear.  
Seven children's throats cut  
by hands which love them.  
Go away?  
You want me to go away.  
What the hell  
are you talking about?  
This is my house.  
Open the fucking door!  
Now!  
The last minute  
I realized it wouldn't work,  
because, honestly,  
I didn't love him.  
Mark?  
Please, just go away.  
Paul doesn't have any thing  
to do with this.  
You haven't understood anything,  
have you?  
It's not Paul,  
you idiot.  
It's your father.  
What?  
It has to be the same child.  
Mark, just leave us alone.  
Open this fucking door!  
Mark!  
Mark, you're sick.  
You're not taking your medicine,  
that's why you're sick.  
No!  
Liar! That's a lie!

Please, Mark, go.  
- Can't you see you're sick?  
- Mom...  
It wasn't dad.  
He didn't hit me.  
It's impossible.  
It'll never happen.  
Darkness  
is very wise.  
Knows very well  
what a mother  
is capable of doing  
to protect her young.  
Mark, enough!  
This is my toy.  
A snake,  
and something about  
to be born.  
It sounds familiar, doesn't it?  
It'll never happen.  
I saw it in the book.  
The throat has  
to be cut...  
and my mother wouldn't do that.  
It's impossible.  
Have faith, Regina.  
Darkness knows a great deal.  
Okay. Here's my medication.  
Mark.  
What are you doing?  
Here are the goddamn pills.  
Daddy.  
I'm so sorry.  
I love you.  
I love you.  
So much.  
Run.  
You don't have much time.  
Run!  
It's your turn.  
Answer me!  
Pills. Fucking pills.  
You want me to take pills...  
What's going on?

Paul,  
go get a pen. I've got to open him up  
or he's going to die.  
Go!  
Paul, hurry!  
Paul, you should just go up  
to your room and don't look.  
Just go, now!  
Mom, no!  
What are you doing?  
He needs air.  
I gotta open his throat.  
Get out of my way. Don't you  
understand that's what it wants?  
Your father is dying.  
I gotta open his throat,  
let him breathe.  
I can't do it.  
I can't do it.  
Give it to me. I'll do it.  
Just tell me what to do.  
A clean cut just  
under the Adam's apple.  
Quickly.  
Mom!  
Now get the tube.  
Put it in his throat.  
What tube? What tube?  
- It's here.  
- Mom!  
Where is it?  
Mom!  
Where?  
Mom!  
It's too late.  
Mom!  
It's over.  
The seventh child  
is dead.  
Where's...  
Regina?  
In her house.  
In hell.  
Where's the flashlight?

Where is it?  
Mom, we have to get out of here.  
Where's Paul?  
- Where is he? Where is he?  
- Upstairs.  
- Regina!  
- Paul!  
I'm scared.  
Paul, I'm coming.  
Regina!  
Come with me.  
It's tricking us.  
It's trying to fool us.  
It's a liar.  
We're gonna get out  
of here right now.  
Mom?  
Don't be afraid.  
We can end this.  
It's just a question  
of not being afraid.  
- He's dead.  
- No, he's not.  
I want Daddy back, Mommy.  
We can save him.  
You just have to turn off  
the burners.  
It's the only way to fight  
the darkness.  
We don't have much time left.  
You have to trust me, Regina.  
What are you saying?  
For once in your life,  
you'll just have to trust me.  
No.  
Turn the light off.  
Turn them off.  
You can save him.  
- Please, Mom.  
- I don't understand.  
You're a liar.  
Turn it off.  
You're not my mother.  
Turn them off.

Do it for Dad.  
Mom?  
Mom!  
Where is Mom?  
She's not here.  
Don't look.  
We gotta get out of here.  
Come on.  
We gotta get out of here.  
Try the window.  
We'll try the window.  
Come on. Stand back.  
Come on, we have to get out  
right now. Come on, jump.  
Come on!  
- Come in.  
- Get in the car right now, honey.  
It's gonna be okay.  
Are we going back to the States?  
Yeah.  
Come on up. I want you  
to see something.  
You're gonna love it.  
It's tricking us.  
It's a liar.  
It's over, Paul.  
No.