



Scripts.com

From a House on Willow Street

By Unknown

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-Hello.

- Hey, it's me. I'm outside.

-Alright.

Daddy's little Princess.

- So you want me

to get in close?

Look for a way in?

Maybe check for an alarm system?

-No, don't worry,

they have an alarm system.

-Don't worry?

-Ade, trust me.

It gets a lot worse than just

a fuckin' alarm system.

-This needs to be surgical.

No mistakes.

We gotta cover all the angles.

-It's gonna take time

to plan this.

-Six weeks,

that's what we've got.

-You can't rush this.

-We got six weeks

or this doesn't happen.

-If you can't do it,

tell us now

so I can find someone who can.

-All I'm saying is that

I've been doin' this

for long enough to know that

there are only two outcomes

to this little situation

of ours.

One is where

we plan this properly.

The second is where

we don't get caught.

-Look, none of us are here

because we wanna be.

Okay, this is the last chance

we're gonna get

at a normal fuckin' life.

We've taken things this far

because we all understand
the risks involved.

-They're completely
predictable.

- Yeah,
that's the first mistake.
We can't assume anything
on this job.

-He's got access to diamonds.

-A lot of diamonds.

-Owns a chain of distributors.
Has access to all the safes
all the time.

-Expect the unexpected,
that's all I'm saying.

-Coming from a guy
that's been in prison twice.
Third time, they throw away the
key. You know that, don't you?

-Yeah, we're gonna learn
from your mistakes.

-That's why we're cousins.

-Yeah,
that's a zippy new hairdo
you got there, goldilocks.
You hiding from someone?
Are you running away
from something?

-Sometimes, all you can do
is run, mark.

-I think we can all agree
on one thing.

The sooner we get this
over with, the better.

- This thing has to go down
without a glitch.

It needs to tick-tick
like a Swiss watch.

-You boys all good?

-Apart from freezing my balls
off, I'm just peachy.

-You have balls, James?

Turn right here.

Hey, protection only.

-Yeah, for protection only.
-Ade, take the front.
James, take the back.
-Yeah, got it.
-Okay, you ready?
-Yup.
-Yeah.
-Let's do this.
-Huh?
That's...Interesting.
What the fuck?
That's right.
Do what I say
and I won't hurt you.
-Go, go!
-Ade, lock this bitch down!
-Perfect.
-Who's there?
-Remind me to scrap the we'll
return-your-daughter-unharmed
part of the ransom video.
What the fuck's going on here?
-We didn't do this.
Stick to the plan,
no matter what.
-Well, something's not right.
Looks like we rescued her
from that house.
-Stick to the plan.
-Drink up.
We have a busy night.
-Fuckers.
-What did you say?
-You should really let me go.
It'll be better for all of you.
Please.
Please just let me go.
I haven't seen your faces.
I don't know how many
of you there are. Please.
-This may be the last footage
anyone ever sees of you.
Make it matter.
-Fucking wiring.

-Mr. and Mrs. Hudson,
good evening --
- it's a sick joke, mom!
Don't believe them!
-You know the rules here.
The quicker we get this done,
the quicker you go home.
Take two.
Mr. and Mrs. Hudson,
we have your daughter --
-don't pay them, daddy!
They're in over their heads.
-Hey, hey, stop. I got this.
Leave it.
Hey.
You wanna know a secret?
You're gonna make it
out of this unharmed.
Okay? This..
It's all for show.
The last thing we wanna do
is hurt you.
Now I know you love
your dad very much.
He's done bad things
to some people.
Taken things
that don't belong to him.
Now your daddy's rich.
What we're taking,
he'll make up very quickly.
This is just what we have to do
to get the money.
It'll all be over
very, very quick if you behave.
Rehearsal's over, okay?
Okay?
-Okay.
-Mr. and Mrs. Hudson,
here is your daughter.
She's having a really bad night.
We want the 300 carats
of diamonds
you keep

in your various premises.

This is a time-sensitive
matter for us.

- Mom, dad, please do
what they say.

Give them the diamonds, please!

I wanna come home!

I wanna come home, please!

-Send it. I'll make the call.

No one's answering!

-Try again.

- The number you have reached
is not in service.

-Shit.

-Try their cell phones.

-Ade, you're certain
these are the right numbers?

-Yeah, I checked them
over and over.

-Fuck!

-You wanna wait it out?

Because you're the one who said
this thing needed
to be slick, quiet
and most importantly, fast!

-I know what I fucking said!

-Haze, you need to stay calm.

-This is me calm.

You guys need to go back
to the house.

-No.

-No? That's it?

You wanna bring somethin' else
to the table here?

-That's not the plan.

-Yeah, it is the plan.

It's called plan b.

-What if it's a trap?

-They don't know
what they're tryin' to trap.

We haven't made contact yet!

There's no way
they've watched the video
and gone to the cops

in the last three minutes.
-We can't babysit this girl
for days, alright?
People are gonna know
that I'm up to something.
I've got a court date
in three days
and I need to be out
of the fucking country.
I need to be in Panama.
This deal needs to go down
like we planned.
-Then you fuckin' go.
-I'm with you, cuz.
-Just scope it out.
Stay in touch.
-You hear anything,
you let us know.
-Yeah, I gotcha.
-Hey.
You be careful, okay?
-Yeah.
-The wiring in this place
is fucked up.
-Just go.
No one's afraid of the dark.
-Maybe you should be.
-It's just a power trip.
I don't think
the system's fried.
-How brave are you feelin'?
-I'm not.
-Look, getting the scanner up
and running is top priority.
I need you to check
the breaker switch
while I reboot the system.
Remember that foster home
we had?
The ones that never paid
their electric bill?
-Yeah.
-Well, it's just like that.
The switch

is in the basement though.
-Of course, it is.
- It'd be great
if those two could do
some of the dirty work
every now and then.
- Yeah, man, this is
a fuck-up!
-Keep your eyes on the road.
Let's at least try not to kill
another family member.
-Nice.
-That's a good girl.
You just stay there.
-You should really let me go.
Or you're all gonna die tonight.
- Your dad's smart.
He'll get you out of this.
-how do you know that song?
I used to sing that
when I was a kid.
-That's not all I know.
I also know
why you kidnapped me.
Why you chose me.
But it's not gonna
bring them back.
I know that your parents died
in that fire.
-You shut up.
-And that you feel
responsible.
Responsible because you lived
and they died.
-Don't you think for a second
that I can't become the bad guy.
For the right reasons
I'll become your worst
fuckin' nightmare.
-Hello?
-This place stinks.
You smell that before?
-No.
-Hey, same as before.

We find the parents
and get to the bottom of this.
Sneaky fuckers.
You think you're safe
by hidin' in the basement.
We've got your daughter.
- Why our little girl?
Why this house?
Why our little girl --
-Fuck!
-Oh, my god! What the fuck!
-Fuck!
-James?
Cuz, is that you?
Oh, thank god.
-Ade! Are you okay?
What happened?
-I fuckin' saw Georgie.
-That's impossible.
George is dead!
-You think I'd make
this shit up?
-It's this place.
It's this place, it's fucked!
It's completely fucked!
-The parents,
her parents are dead.
-Yeah, and there are two
more dead bodies downstairs!
-Well, their -- their -- their
chests were ripped
or torn or somethin'.
Jesus, fuck, it's a mess!
Oh, shit.
Oh, shit, we're gonna get
blamed for this.

No, the fucking cops are gonna think that we did this!
That we broke into the house and we did this!
We need to get outta here. Now!
-Okay, okay, okay. Let's go!
Come on.
Ade, get up!
Come on!
-Fuck, fuck, fuck!
-Easy, man!
-Shit!
- What the fuck?
-What the fuck?
Sarah?
-Daddy?
- Jesus. What the fuck?
-Ade. Ade.
Cuz?
I'm gonna get help, cuz.
I'm gonna go get help.
I'm gonna get help, cuz.
-James.
James!
Oh, fuck.
James!
James!
James!
James!
- Come on.
Come on, get it together.
Come on.
- Mark?
Mark?
Mark?
Mark?
Mark?
Mark!
Hey!
Aah!
- Hazel.
-Mom?
- Come to me, Hazel.
-Where the hell have you been?
-I heard something.

-What, what do you mean
you heard something?
-I saw Sarah.
-What?
-I know you think
I'm fuckin' crazy.
-No, no, no. No.
That's what scares me.
-James!
Dude, what the fuck
are you doing?
Come on, we gotta get back. Hey.
-Ade, I saw my mom.
She came back.
She came back
to fuck me up even more.
-Hey, listen to me.
Alright, your mom died
five fuckin' years ago.
Okay, that bitch is in hell.
Now come on!
Fuck!
Hazel!
-What happened?
-Is he gonna be okay?
-It's not like
we can rush him to a hospital.
Look, could this be
some kind of a reaction?
-Reaction?
Are you fucking
kidding me right now?
Did he tell you
what he saw in the woods?
Did he tell you
he saw his dead mother?
There's something very wrong
with that house
on Willow street.
-What are you getting at?
-I'm fucking losing my mind.
-What did you see, Ade?
What did you see at the house?
Did you find the parents?

-Oh, yeah.
I found them, alright.
-Good.
-Dead.
-Dead?
-Sorry, is there
a fucking echo in here?
-So we're not
getting the diamonds.
-No, all this means is
that the game's changed.
-Changed? No. No, no, no.
You don't fucking get it.
Alright,
there's no game anymore!
This is now
survival 101, alright?
I don't care about the score.
It's not about
the fucking jail time.
This is life or death.
Get it?
Something fucking wrong
happened in that house
and we brought it back here
and locked it
in the fucking basement.
-Are you saying
that she killed them?
-They weren't
the only bodies we found.
-What the fuck
are you talkin' about?
-James said he found
priests in the basement
for an exorcism.
Like fucking
human pin cushions
there -- there were garden tools
sticking out of them.
So to answer your question
I don't fucking know
if she killed them.
But I do know she survived

a hell of a lot longer
in that house than anyone else.

-Okay, so what
the hell happened?

-Let's find out.

-So whatever's on this tape,
we need to stick together
find a way out of this, okay?
It's not gonna change anything.
Play it.

-I think I messed up big time.

I found this,
this sign in the basement.

It turns out
that this house has a
a strange history of deaths
dating back
to the early 1900s.

There was even a church
investigation in the 1920s.

In 1941, Mary Ellison
and her grandson, Bradley
moved into

the Willow street house.

Two weeks later, she kills him..

...by taking a cheese grater
to his throat

while giving him a bath.

don and Sam Forbes move in with
their two kids in the 1960s.

He comes home one night
after visiting his mistress

to find his wife

gauging out her eyeballs.

Their two kids

peacefully in bed

poisoned with drain cleaner.

The next notable case

is Mary and John Davies

and their kid, Hazel.

There's no remaining photos.

John Davies was

my father's business partner.

A fire rips through the house

killing everyone except Hazel.
Sounds nuts, right? Just wait.
-Wait, what the hell?
-You lived in that house?
-Jesus Christ. That's how
you knew about the diamonds.
-After my parents died,
Katherine's dad
took over the diamond business.
Moved into that house, my house
and before I knew it,
i was on welfare.
That's the story. Let's move on.
-So this is personal.
-It doesn't matter
how they were chosen.
They fitted
what we were looking for.
Isolated house,
single daughter, wealth.
These are parameters
that you guys came up with.
-Then why didn't you tell us?
-I did.
I told you
i knew about the house.
Everything else is irrelevant.
Now please,
keep playing the tape.
-Mary Ellison lost her son
Bradley's father
in the first world war.
don Forbes was grieving the loss
of their third
and youngest son Carl.
John Davies moved here
with his family
after his brother
was killed in a diamond heist.
I know this sounds crazy
but if you're watching this,
i need you to believe me.
If you move into this house
and you're grieving

you're in
for a pretty bad time.
The curse of tranguul.
Devourer of tormented souls.
So what's tormenting me?
I had this taken out of me
three weeks ago.
I haven't told anybody.
Nobody knows.

- Katherine, are you
okay in there?
-So this happened
in the last six weeks.
Completely predictable, huh?
-What else is there?
-I wish I could
I wish I could tell you
what it sounds like.
You know when you,
when you think a thought
in your head
and you hear your own voice?
Well, I'm not -- not hearing
my own voice anymore.
It's, it's something else.
It's telling me
what to do and..
And -- and the worst part is
I wanna do what it tells me.
-That's the end of the tape.
-He comes in my dreams.
Darkest night
with taunting screams.
He comes and won't let me dream.
And all they do is
scream and scream.
-Here, try this one.
-We don't have
a lot of time for questions.
Now you know that girl in there
is not your little girl
anymore, so be quick.
Time is against us.
-Why our little girl?

Why this house?

-The oldest, most complete
manuscript from the Bible
the "codex vaticanus"
is kept in the Vatican library
in Rome.

-This manuscript is said to be
authored by god himself.
Not like other religions
or scriptures
not written
by scholars or prophets.
Written by god.

You understand the weight
of that statement?

Now we find a lot
of demonic activity
along this line of latitude
almost as an insult.

A mocking gesture
towards the spirit.

-Now imagine
a spiritual force field
that gets weaker and weaker
the further you get
from the manuscript.

-Your house lies here.

The furthest place on the planet
from the "codex vaticanus."

- We need somewhere quiet
to tie her down.

- Hold her down.

Hold her down.

-Untie me! Let me go!

Let me go!

Mom! Mom, please.

Dad, please.

- You know what we have to do.

You know our only job,
only mission

is to make sure that
he doesn't walk
or crawl out of hell.

Okay, that's what

we get paid to do.
I'm sorry, but tranguul
is a leach on Katherine's soul.
It's become one with her.
You know we're not gonna
be able to do anything
to separate one from the other.
-What does it want?
-This demon
this tranguul
it brings your worst nightmares
to life.
And through that vulnerability,
possesses you.
It wants to manifest
in true form.
-True form?
-It needs a total of four
living souls to consume
and then it'll walk the earth.
Four souls,
one for each corner of hell
where it's trapped.
After that, it's unchained
from its suffering
and it's free to walk the earth.
-Well, how do we beat it?
-The only way..
...is to burn
the first possessed.
This is
a very powerful spirit.
We cannot let it consume
more souls
and it will do
anything to survive.
The more souls it takes,
the stronger it gets.
We're dealing with one
possession here with Katherine.
Tranguul's spirit
will double in intensity
for each soul he collects.
We cannot let that happen.

He'll be unstoppable.
- This is too much!
You're killing her!
- Hold him back!
-You gotta stop!
You're killing her!
-You've gotta stop this
right now!
-We're not fighting
for her body anymore!
We kill her now or this thing
will take us all!
-Stop!
-Get off me!
- Please, stop.
- Come, let's get you to bed.
We'll be getting visitors soon.
-Oh, shit.
-I say we get
the fuck out of here.
You saw the tapes,
what the priest said.
That thing's
gonna possess us all.
And then what? What comes next?
-We're all tormented souls.
We're all mourning someone.
-We're fucked if we stay here.
-What about Katherine?
-What about Katherine?
She's the last person that
we need to be worried about.
I say we pack our shit
and get the fuck out of here.
-But there's still a girl
trapped inside there.
-Then we do this.
We leave her here
and then when
we're a safe distance away
we call the cops.
Make it their problem.
-Yeah, he's onto something.
Let them call the priest

or wait for the second coming

or whatever, fuck it.

-Yeah, okay.

-James!

James!

He's gone.

-Well, there's only
one way out of here.

-Whoa! Whoa!

-Jesus Christ!

-It's her! She's doing this!

-Fuck this shit.

You better know

where you stand with us.

I swear to god

if you don't leave us alone

I will blow

your fucking face off!

-There's no escaping.

There's no running.

You must just accept it.

Your souls are mine.

-Holy shit.

-Move, Hazel! Find the others!

Go, go, go, go!

-If I possess you, mark

you go to hell forever.

I know you wanna see

your daughter again.

You wanna make a deal

with the devil, marky?

I need two more souls.

You give me Hazel and the kid

and I promise

you walk away free.

-Georgie! Holy shit.

Look, man.

What happened to us was

just a, just a shit situation.

Just bad fucking luck, alright?

I woke up from that car crash

and you were already dead!

There was nothing I could do.

I moved your fat fucking body

to make it look like
you were driving.
So fucking what?
So fucking what?
- Hazel.
-Ade?
- Hazel.
-Now the fucking cops
know everything, man.
They fucking know everything.
I'm out on bail right now
awaiting a trial.
I'm fucked. Fucked!
I'm so sorry.
I'm so fucking sorry.
James!
Cuz?
-Ade!
-No! No!
Fuck!
-Ade.
-He was gonna kill me.
-Come on. Let's find mark
and get the fuck out of here.
Oh, Jesus.
Where is she?
Fuck. Fuck!
-Hey, hey. Look at me.
Look at me. Look at me.
When we get out of here,
just you and me in Panama.
We start a new life together.
-Yeah, I don't
wanna run anymore.
I'm tired of always
being on the move.
-Get your hands on the desk.
-Mark.
-Get your hands
on the fucking desk.
-Mark, dude,
what are you doing?
-Get your hands
on the fucking desk --

-mark, please. Fuck.
- Now! Now!
Don't you get it?
There is no out of this.
You motherfucker.
You stay the fuck down.
Where the fuck are you?
-Shit.
-Holy shit.
-No. No. No.
-Katherine.
-She can't be saved!
-Mark, what are you doing?
-Only one of us gets out.
-Bullshit,
that thing will kill you
the first chance it gets.
-I brought you them.
Hazel has the keys.
You have your souls.
I get to see my daughter again.
-Oh, fuck!
Fuck!
-Come on,
she's like your sister.
Please, we need to do
this together.
You leave us in here, then --
then you've sold your soul.
There is no going back
from this, mark.
-Down! You get down!
-Alright! Alright!
-You unlock her.
You unlock her now!
-You wanna do this?
You do it yourself!
No, mark, don't! Don't!
-Mark, come on.
- I'm sorry.
I'm fucking sorry.
-Oh, my god.
Mark, what have you done?
What have you done?

-Oh, shit!
Stay the fuck away from me.
- Mark! Please! Help him!
Oh, my god.
Mark, what have you done?
- Mark, you son of a bitch!
Oh, mark!
-Go!
Move! Get out!
-Come on.
-Go, haze. I got this.
Haze, you gotta go! Please!
- Come on.
-Wait! Wait!
We gotta go back for him.
-Come on!
Come on! Quickly, come on!
-Let's move it.
-Quick! Go, go!
-Come on!
Come on, we need to move.
-Where?
-Come on. Follow me.
Come on, let's go.
Here. Here.
Oh, fuck. It's jammed.
-Move.
Ugh! Come on!
Oh, fuck.
Oh, shit.
Hazel, come on!
Move it! Come on, quickly!
- What are you doing?
What are you doing?
-Mark was right.
-No! Come on!
Come on. What do you mean?
-Only one of us can get out.
-Ade! No! Ade!
- All you can do
is run, Hazel.
-Oh, fuck.
No! Ade!
No! Ade, no! Ade, no.

No, damn it!
-Come, come.
- Ade! Ade!
No, no.
Oh, fuck. Oh!
Fuck.
Oh, fuck!
No!
Oh, shit.
Come on.
Burn in hell, you bitch.