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# Ghostland

By Pascal Laugier

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Freaking awesome horror writer.

The best. By far.

Patrick had a vague feeling.

Something was about to happen.

How could he tell his parents,

that the malevolent things

Were all around?

How could he tell his parents,

that the malevolent things

Were all around?

In the ether and in each

speck of dust.

Patrick had always seen these things.

And always had it seemed that

he alone knew about them.

And so ...

On the evening of the seventh

day,

He could feel their imminent arrival.

Something in the breeze of twilight whispered:

"It's going to happen tonight."

The following day, when his mother

opened the door,

There was absolutely nothing there.

The trail of Patrick Willian Wards' urine

led to an empty closet.

Bathed in the darkness

of his last night.

The end.

Wow.

Gosh.

Here we go.

That's one of his best.

Mother, you say that every single time.

-Yeah.

But this time I mean it.

Really?

I was fascinated, captivated ...

scared.

It was like ...

Lovecraft.

I know. Too much like him, huh?

- No.

I haven't completely found my voice yet.

Yeah, that's what it is!

Vera!

"Mother, my sister is a freak.

Something new, please.

- No!

Beth, honestly,

I can't wrap my mind around how you  
spend days,

writing this piece of crap that  
ends with piss on a carpet.

You would not understand.

What the hell are your stories  
supposed to mean?

They're supposed to  
be scary!

What's scary is having you for a sister,  
but good luck finding a boyfriend.

Temps mort, Vera!

(Calm down, Vera)

I don't speak french!

Keep writing, Beth.

What if I'm not good? enough?

You are good enough, Beth.

You're only saying that because you're my mom.

What's that?

What the fuck?

Bravo Vera, a c'est vraiment la grande classe!

(Come on, Vera, have manners.)

Without French, mom!

Quite a vintage car you've got there!

Mom and I love old things.

You're just passing through?

- No.

I mean... we're moving here.

Into Aunt Clarice's house.

Auntie Clarice? She lives around here?

I'm not sure exactly.

I mean, she's dead.

She was my mother's cousin's sister-in-law or something.

Oh Clarice Jourdain! That cooking little french lady,  
who had that place ... Oh Damn it!

For Christ's sake!

Almost got my nail polish in here for at least a week!

What's the story for it, Miss Jourdain.  
My name is Keller.  
Whatcha doing?  
What is that?  
A story you wouldn't like.  
How did you know?  
There is nobody here?  
Oh God, it stinks.  
She'll be right back.  
Oh my God, I look hideous.  
Okay, what's the story about?  
Some guy's been breaking  
into people's homes.  
Murdering the parents and  
sparing the daughters.  
One is about your age.  
Uhm. and..?  
He stays in the house with her.  
Along with the parent's dead bodies.  
You made that up.  
- Girls!  
Let's go?  
Jesus Christ.  
It's Rob Zombie's house.  
She's gonna like it.  
It's not bad.  
It's like an extension of her brain.  
You've got to be kidding me.  
The bedrooms are upstairs.  
It smells like old ladies in here!  
It smells what molds here.  
Yeah, that's what I said.  
Look all these dolls!  
Clarice never let me  
play with them.  
What was Aunt Clarice's deal?  
Is it working?  
No!  
Bingo!  
Aren't you going to get up  
this antique writer bullshit?  
Just use a laptop!  
Aren't you going to get up  
this antique writer bullshit?

Just use a laptop!  
Never.  
God, it's like a flea market  
in here.  
You think she bought all this  
for herself?  
Yeah, old ladies love that  
kind of crap.  
A Chinese puzzle-box.  
What?  
It is more than a mirror.  
It's actually a box, I've read about these.  
There's gotta be a secret  
button somewhere.  
Jesus!  
So, you like it?  
No!  
Vera, careful with that.  
Who would wanna buy one of these?  
Honey?  
Baby?  
Beth?  
Beth!  
I'm okay.  
Oh sweetie.  
Of course you're okay.  
That's why you looked so pale.  
What's wrong with her?  
Nothing.  
She's like you, now.  
Great.  
You you do have a great sense of timing.  
Vera!  
Is she alright?  
Oh, so now you ask.  
You could have stayed in  
and helped her out.  
Why bother?  
And you rushed to her rescue anyways.  
I don't get why she  
would write these stories  
if she fall apart at  
the first sight of blood.  
She's afraid of flying.

She's afraid of boys.  
She is afraid of her own freaking shadow!  
The other day when I was packing  
I found something  
you'll never believe.  
I'm not into games, Vera.  
An interview.  
With her, Mom.  
Several pages, all typed up  
like it was a magazine.  
She made the all thing up!  
Like, in it, she is a famous writer  
and this journal is asking  
all these questions about her books.  
She needs a reality check, Mom.  
It's nice to know that you do love  
your sister up for all.  
I know you're angry about leaving  
your boyfriend behind.  
Whatever, Mom.  
And quit wearing makeup!  
Fuck you!  
Piece of shit.  
I know you love her more!  
Beth. Beth. Beth.  
Fucking Beth.  
Oh shit.  
Mom!  
Where did your antique lamp go?  
I'm upstairs.  
Who is your favorite writer?  
I know.  
Your antique lamp! Where does it go?  
In your room.  
You hear me?  
Yes!  
Hey! Go easy on the door.  
Enjoying my bed, are you?  
This is yours.  
And this is yours too.  
That ton of shit is not staying in my room.  
Take it!  
Will it kill you to be a little  
nicer to your sister?

It might.  
That's what I thought.  
Not mine.  
It's an old house.  
God mom! It's my room!  
Go help Lovecraft junior.  
Jesus!  
Lower!  
Jane?  
What?  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Jane? I can't hear you.  
Mom?  
Did you hear that?  
Mom!?  
No!  
He just wants to play with dolls.  
Don't look at me.  
Listen to me, Beth.  
You have to go.  
Go. Run away baby!  
Run away.  
No!  
No!  
Mom!  
No!  
No!  
- Beth!  
Look here, Beth!  
Baby, baby, come here.  
Hey, hey, hey.  
It's okay Beth.  
You're okay.  
You're okay.  
Hey.  
I was in the basement.  
- I know.  
I know.  
With Vera.  
It's over now. Okay?  
It was so real.  
It was a long time ago, Beth.  
It's a beautiful morning on CO1

Sit back and enjoy Chicago's  
classical music station.

Yes?

It's Jerry.

Hey, Jerry.

No. I'm sorry, she can't.

go to the phone right now.

Yeah I'll get her to call you right away.

Excuse me?

Yes, of course she's writing.

I don't know, Jerry.

I'll tell her. She's right here.

I'll gonna tell her right now, okay?

Alright. Great. Thank you.

The entire publishing staff is going to be at the show.

Your sales are through the roof!

They adore you!

They adore the sales.

Do you want to know?

I hate numbers.

Well...

They are huge.

And they love you.

Yes, Hi! No!

I just told her.

Okay. I know...

Tonight's guest has been described  
as a master of horror.

Her latest book,

is "Incident in a Ghost Land".

It's only been out two weeks,

And, already it's topping  
the best sellers' lists.

We are very lucky to have her.

As she very rarely makes television appearances.

Elizabeth Keller.

Oh it's such a pleasure to meet you, Elizabeth.

It's a pleasure for me too.

"Incident in a Ghost Land"

Is your most personal book  
so far.

And a kind of tribute to your family?

Yes that's true.

What happened to you and your sister,



when you were teenagers?  
Are you asking if the book  
is autobiographical?  
What I'm saying, Elizabeth,  
Is that it just seems so real.  
The details are so intense.  
That I guess the question is:  
"Why write this book?"  
To keep from going insane.  
Truly?  
I mean,  
Is there a better reason to write?  
No.  
She would not shut up about  
Vera and I.  
I got defensive.  
I'm sure everyone noticed.  
It's not this bad.  
You know, with your mysterious way  
You call the shots.  
You're only saying that because  
you're my biggest fan.  
Shit.  
You're right!  
I'm gonna take Harlequin up to bed.  
Are you sure you wanna  
watch this all over again?  
Take a note from your son  
look how much he cares.  
He's not going to go to bed.  
wearing this.  
Why not? He loves  
this costume.  
I told you, they love you.  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Hello?  
- Beth!  
Please, you have to come back!  
-Vera?  
- Come back!  
Is Mom there with you?  
- They're here!  
Vera, listen to me.

You're not hearing me, Beth!  
I hear you!  
Don't leave me alone, Beth!  
Is Mom there?  
Vera..?  
Your mom is with her obviously, right?  
She has to be.  
It's busy.  
Okay, you can just try again.  
Are you sure about this?  
I don't know.  
It could be nothing.  
Just one of Vera's delusions, but ...  
Mom isn't answering her phone.  
And I'm having those  
dreams again  
Something's not right.  
I understand, but...  
They never should have stayed  
in that house.  
It's not helping Vera.  
She should be in an hospital.  
Alright. You call us when you get there.  
I will.  
Take care of yourself  
Here? Are you sure?  
Yes.  
Mom?  
Mom?  
Mom?  
Beth?  
Oh baby doll!  
What are you doing here?  
Why didn't you tell me you were coming?  
Vera called me last night.  
She was screaming in the phone,  
and I got disconnected  
I tried calling back but I couldn't get through.  
And I didn't know what was happening.  
I didn't even know  
she used the phone.  
Everything's okay?  
Yes. She's resting.  
I've missed you so much.

You look beautiful.  
You haven't changed at all.  
The house looks exactly the same, Mom.  
Well...  
After all these years, you're  
still living in this old crazy style.  
It's fair.  
I sold most of it.  
Yeah?  
You'd never believe what I got.  
for the antique toys.  
Oh really?  
And I'm going to be able to  
redo the whole house.  
Oh really?  
And I'm going to be able to  
redo the whole house.  
Mom, haven't you been getting the money I send you?  
Sure I have.  
Oh, Beth.  
I didn't mean it like that.  
Mom,  
If it is not enough, just tell me.  
I don't even know why I've said that.  
You're already spoiling me.  
I'm your daughter and I can do that.  
I'm not spoiling you. I...  
I'm your daughter and I can do that.  
I'm not spoiling you. I...  
Oh sweetie!  
I'm sorry, I overreacted.  
Beth ...  
You're not mad at me?  
Why would I be mad?  
Because I left you here all alone with Vera.  
Beth, look at me.  
You didn't abandon me.  
You left because  
had your own life to live.  
That's profoundly natural.  
Understood?  
Let dry those tears.  
That's my girl.  
Let's have a toast.

Since when did you start to drink rum-like beer?

Shit.

The key above the door.

You lock her in?

No, honey, she does.

She hides the key down there.

I made a copy.

Vera?

Sweetie?

Are you hiding?

Vera?

The first aid kit, Beth.

In the wardrobe to your left.

Vera? Where are you?

Honey?

The first-aid kit, Beth.

Vera?

Help me!

Vera!

Mom!

Grab her legs.

Beth!

Grab her legs.

It's okay.

It's okay.

Get in the room.

Help me!

Calm down, Vera!

It's okay.

Calm down.

Calm down.

Get the key, Beth.

Look at me.

It's over, dear.

It's over.

How did you do that?

They hurt me.

No one's gonna hurt you, honey.

My sister.

Beth.

I'm here, Vera.

She sees you.

Vera, she sees you.

Please tell me how you've got inspiration for this book.

Sure yeah, it all started when  
I was doing my masters degree  
And I ... went to galleries in Paris,  
And I stumbled across that  
small art gallery ...  
Laisse tomber a. (Don't worry about it)  
Come here.  
It's though, isn't it?  
I know.  
How do you do it, mom?  
Last week I found her in my room.  
Tied to the radiator.  
She was screaming like ...  
I had to turn around  
to make sure no one was there.  
What can I do?  
There's nothing you can do, Beth.  
She keeps reliving that night over and over.  
Come here.  
It's okay.  
Help me.  
Vera?  
Are you going to let me die alone?  
No.  
Not alone?  
You're not going to die, Vera.  
They're making me pay.  
And you're not there.  
I move ...  
and they burn me.  
I scream and they ...  
Please.  
Please.  
I'm begging you.  
Please tell them.  
Tell me I'm not bad.  
Vera?  
Vera, listen to me, okay?  
I'm sorry if I offended them.  
Tell them to stop punishing me.  
You didn't do anything wrong.  
Tell them that...  
It's not your fault, okay.  
They're here.

Vera? It's just Mom. Vera?  
Vera?  
The truck.  
Oh God.  
The truck.  
Mom?  
Get lost!  
Up already, sweetie?  
Yeah.  
Did Eugene come?  
So much crap in this house.  
Did he leave you the bill?  
Oh, I didn't even see him.  
What a great day for a picnic.  
You still smell like Beth.  
That smell drove me crazy.  
What are you talking about?  
I should have eaten you while  
you were around here.  
So you'd never leave me.  
And no boy could ever come near my girls.  
Stop drinking, Mom.  
The flesh of my daughters.  
You're not making any sense.  
Are you okay Mom?  
God, I look like shit.  
I don't know where your talent comes from, honey.  
Your capacity to create  
your own worlds.  
Ca vient pas de ton imbcile de pre en tout cas...  
(You didn't get it from your stupid father for sure)  
Does it still hurt?  
Nothing hurts for real anymore.  
You're still pretty, Mom.  
What I'm trying to say is that...  
"Incident in a Ghost Land"  
Is your best book yet.  
Did you read it?  
Of course I did.  
It was so good I didn't want to  
stop reading it.  
I didn't say anything about the book,  
because I didn't want to bother you.  
I'm very proud.

Beth.  
Beth, I miss you.  
You leave me ...  
All alone.  
Help me.  
Vera!  
Vera, it's okay!  
It's okay.  
Vera.  
Vera, it's okay.  
It's okay.  
Vera.  
What did you do?  
Vera, look at me.  
Vera, nobody's here!  
No one is here, Vera!  
Where is the key?  
No!  
No! No! No!  
Vera!  
Vera!  
Vera!  
Vera!  
Listen to me! Please, open the door!  
Stop! Vera!  
Vera!  
Vera!  
Open the door!  
Vera! Please!  
Please...  
Vera?  
Mom!  
Help me, Beth.  
Mom.  
Mom, where's the key?  
Vera is having a fit.  
She locked herself in her room.  
Where is the bedroom key?  
The bedroom key. Where is the bedroom key?  
There is no key, honey.  
Vera?  
Vera!  
No!  
Get off me, you motherfucker!

Asshole!  
Vera.  
Vera.  
Mom! Call an ambulance.  
Vera!  
Vera!  
Stay, okay?  
It's okay. It's okay.  
Here we go. Here we go.  
The ambulance is on its way.  
I know why you did that.  
I know what you want from your sister.  
I'll wait for them on the road.  
Otherwise they'll miss the trail.  
Mom!  
Stay with her.  
And wait for me.  
Mom.  
What did you mean back there?  
Don't listen to her, Beth.  
Vera?  
Vera!  
Vera! Stay...  
Stay with me, Vera.  
Vera? Stay with me.  
Vera.  
Vera?  
I can hear you.  
Vera, I can hear you.  
Vera, please stay with me.  
Please, Vera.  
Vera.  
Vera.  
We broke your sister.  
And now...  
It's your turn.  
Mom?  
Mom!  
Mom!  
Mom.  
Mom.  
Mom!  
Vera?  
What did you do to me?



Do you understand now, Beth?  
Vera!  
What did you do to me?  
They broke me.  
And now they're playing with you.  
Vera!  
He chose you, Beth.  
You psycho!  
Stop it!  
Tell me what you did!  
It's not me!  
Tell me!  
- Stop it, Beth!  
Wake up, Beth!  
Once in your life,  
stop running away!  
Try to accept reality!  
Come back!  
Beth.  
You're still here.  
Beth.  
Listen to me.  
Accept what happened.  
You just need to face the truth.  
Mom.  
There was nothing that you could do.  
No, no, no, no!  
No!  
Mom died, Beth.  
No.  
- Yes she did.  
She died.  
No!  
They killed her, Beth.  
She died.  
I'm so sorry.  
Mommy.  
Mommy.  
She died, Beth.  
You have to let her go.  
Beth.  
It's just us, now.  
It's just us, now.  
Are you back?

Beth?  
Are you back?  
You were talking like they were real.  
And Mom.  
You looked at me like I was crazy.  
You couldn't hear me.  
You were gone.  
I did not know how to bring you back.  
I hate you, Vera!  
I hate you, Vera!  
I hate you, Vera!  
I hate you.  
Get up. Get up. Now! Now!  
We need to hide.  
In here.  
It's a game, okay?  
She wants us to hide.  
Listen to me.  
If she takes you upstairs ...  
You don't move.  
And you don't cry, okay?  
No matter. No matter what  
he does to you.  
And go easy, okay?  
The last time he had me in here  
it was much worse.  
Don't do it.  
Listen to me.  
If she takes you upstairs ...  
No matter what  
he does.  
You don't move.  
And don't cry.  
You're pretty, do you want to be my friend?  
Do you want to be my friend?  
Do you want to be my friend?  
I like you.  
Do you want to be my friend?  
I like you.  
I love you.  
You are crazy.  
No one loves you.  
You're ugly.  
You're a fucking pig.

You're a fucking pig.  
I want to kill you.  
I want to kill you.  
Pig.  
Nobody loves you.  
You are a pig.  
No one loves you.  
Vera!  
Vera!  
No!  
No!  
Wait!  
Wait!  
Wait!  
Hang in there, okay?  
We're here to help.  
Easy, easy.  
Don't fucking touch her!  
Don't you come any close!  
Back off! Back off! Back the fuck off!  
Okay.  
You're doing really good, girls.  
Don't you fucking ...  
- I promise.  
Patrol attendant to dispatch.  
I've got a situation here.  
Tell me who did this to you.  
A witch.  
And an ogre.  
They came for us.  
At Aunt Clarice's.  
About 14 and 15.  
Slender.  
One's blonde.  
The other brunette.  
Over.  
There was two fucking men.  
In a candy truck.  
A candy truck?  
Do you read me?  
I read you, John.  
I'm at the gas station, Janet say  
she saw the girls you described.  
Are you kidding me?

I swear to god.  
Hold on, can you tell me where  
Aunt Clarice lives?  
Janet said they were going to  
Clarice Jourdain's house,  
at the corner of Holy Flowers and Jackson.  
I know the place.  
They were with their mother.  
Janice talked to one of the girls.  
She is sure, she's the one.  
For God's sake, John.  
Send the team.  
We'll stop at the hospital.  
And get straight over.  
Copy that. Over and out.  
Cooper?  
I got some info.  
We have to go.  
I know where the girls come from.  
Beth?  
Beth!  
Look at me!  
Come back!  
Beth!  
Beth!  
You look wonderful as always.  
Thank you so much.  
Thanks for coming.  
- Thanks for the invitation.  
Of course. Enjoy.  
- I will!  
You look beautiful.  
You too.  
You're always perfect, honey.  
The most beautiful dream in the  
most beautiful world.  
Hi.  
- Hi.  
James, this is my mother.  
Pleased to meet you.  
Do you think I can steal her  
away for a minute?  
Yes!  
Head this way.

Say hi to Mom.  
It's not really your scene, is it?  
Not exactly. No.  
I figured this much.  
It's even less so when  
I've just finished reading.  
Oh God.  
What?  
I've waited my entire life for this moment.  
And now it's finally arrived and ...  
And I would rather die than  
I hear you say ...  
Your novel ...  
Is a masterpiece.  
What?  
You heard me perfectly.  
If you change even one word in that book  
I'll never speak to you again.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
I'm ...  
Thank you so much, Mister Lovecraft.  
Howard.  
Vera.  
Don't listen to her, Beth.  
There's nothing left for you there.  
She is my sister, Mom.  
The world is an ugly place to be, honey.  
But she's still my sister.  
Are you sure you want to do that?  
Yes.  
Go, baby.  
Go.  
No!  
Don't move!  
Step away!  
Hands up!  
Slow!  
Do it now!  
Hands up!  
Don't fucking move!  
I love you.  
Okay, Beth.  
We are about 30 or 40 minutes

from an hospital.

I'm afraid until then ...

You're stuck with me.

You're very strong, you know?

You're very brave.

I bet you like to play sports.

Do you play sports, Beth?

No.

No?

Well, I would've lost that bet.

I like to write stories.