

I See You

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE- DAY

The landscape is full of fields dotted with herds, farmhouses, and barns, the sky is clear blue with little clouds. We see an old 18th century house over the horizon with a front deck and fences standing alone. We see a lake and forest beside the house.

EXT. HOUSE- DAY

The Christopher family turn up outside a two story run downed house, in their truck. TERRY the dad [Age: 40] parks and cuts the engine. His wife, ELAINE [Age: 35], daughter CLAIRE [Age: 15] and son TIMMY [Age:10] size up the place.

TERRY

Okay team, we're here.

TIM

Wow.

ELAINE

(Looks at Timmy)

Oh yeah, wow indeed.

He looks around through the window of the truck. CLAIRE [Age: 15] takes her phone out and takes a picture of the house.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Seriously, you have to take a picture?

CLAIRE

Of course.

She makes a cheeky smile. In excitement TIM [Age:10] struggles to open the door.

TERRY

Calm down Timmy.

TIM

But I want to go and explore.

ELAINE

In just a minute.

Terry unlocks the door from the outside, Tim grabs his backpack and flashlight and goes straight to the house. Tim pauses for a second at the front door and breaths slowly.

TERRY

Go on kid, but be careful. The house still needs some work.

Terry, Timmy, Claire and Elaine [Age:50] all walk in the house.

INT. HOUSE- NIGHT

The Christopher family are in the living room watching TV.

SLUAGH (O.S.)

(In a creepy Irish accent)

I See you.

TIM

Did you hear that?

Everyone turns to Tim. Claire takes off her headphones.

CLAIRE

What?

TIM

It came from upstairs.

TERRY

Aye son, these old houses creak when they settle down at night.

ELAINE

It's probably the boiler, hasn't been touched in years.

Tim looks down disappointed because his family doesn't believe him. The family sit in silence.

TERRY

Right, time for bed you two.

ELAINE

Claire, make sure you have the phone off before I come upstairs.

Claire rolls her eyes. Tim and Claire begin to walk up the staircase, as Terry gets up and heads to the kitchen.

INT. STAIRCASE- NIGHT

Claire walks up the stairs while putting her headphones on, Tim runs up behind her pulling out the aux cable and blocks in front of her.

TIM

I did hear something though.

CLAIRE

Timmy! There's nothing happening.
You heard what dad said.

Claire rips the cable from Timmy's hand. She gets a call from her friend as she stomps to her room. She answers and slams the door.

INT.TIM'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Elaine walks in and finds him staring at the wardrobe.

TIM

Could you please check for
monsters?

ELAINE

Ooooo a monster eh? What does it
eat?

(Playfully goes to tickle
him)

TIM

Nooo we shouldn't joke about it
mummy.

She kisses Timmy on his forehead and tucks him into bed. She walks over to the wardrobe to check for monsters, she puts her arm out to open it but stops at the door handle.

ELAINE

See, nothing there.

TIM

(Whispers)
Okay.

A proud smile grows on her face as he returns a nervous smile. She goes out of Timmy's room and closes the door behind her while walking to Claire's room.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

She knocks on the door and Claire quickly shoves her phone under the pillow.

CLAIRE

What?

ELAINE

I want that phone off, your brother is trying to sleep. Who're you talking to anyway?

CLAIRE

Whatever. It's just Sara, I'm out of data anyway.

ELAINE

I've booked the WI-FI to come for Monday, it should be installed when you're back from school.

CLAIRE

Okay, okay.

ELAINE

We can go shopping on Monday, get some new clothes?

CLAIRE

Yeah, fine okay.

ELAINE

I love you.

She smiles and heads out the door, but doesn't fully shut it.

CLAIRE

FULLY CLOSED!

She shuts the door all the way. Claire pulls her phone from under her pillow.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry my mum was taking so long.

(Pauses)

She hates it here just as much as I do.

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Terry moves his arm around Elaine, handing her a glass of wine, She turns her head to him and smiles. They both look into each others eyes for a split second.

He lets out a sigh of exhaustion. Pulling her a little closer towards him, brushing her shoulder lightly with his thumb. They both take a long sip of wine.

TERRY

Is he still making you check the wardrobe?

He gives out a cheeky smile.

ELAINE

Yeah, he's getting a bit old for that now.

(Having a sip of wine)

Mm, Claires still the same. The move won't change her attitude at all.

She tenderly moves her head to face Terry.

TERRY

(Laughs)

I feel like she's going to be a teenager forever.

(Has a sip of wine)

She must miss her friends though.

(silence fills the living room)

ELAINE

She'll make new friends. Tim's got all this space to move around this fresh Irish air, air will do him some good.

He smiles and plants an adoring forehead kiss on her. She moves her head up and they both smile at each other for a moment before she kisses Terry's lips.

INT. TIMMY'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Timmy snuggles into his duvet and stares at the wardrobe slowly closing his eyes. His fluorescent nightlight begins to flicker in a pattern signifying the slaugh's presence. His eyes widen.

The flickering nightlight illuminates the shadowy wardrobe, suddenly pecking and scratching echo's from inside. Timmy peers over his duvet protected in its warmth.

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Elaine places the wine glasses at the foot of the sofa, slowly moving her arms around Terry's shoulders shifting her body onto his. He puts his arms on her waist and kisses her with intense affection.

INT. TIMMY'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Timmy's breathing quickens as he stares more intently at the wardrobe. The scratching loudens ending with a thump inside the wardrobe.

Timmy screams and cocoons himself in the duvet.

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Elaine jumps off the sofa and crushes the glass with her foot.

ELAINE
(yelps in pain)

TERRY
I'll go. Stay off the floor!

Terry rushes upstairs to Timmy's room.

INT. TIMMY'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Terry bursts in seeing Timmy crunched up in the duvet. Terry runs over towards his bed and pulls the duvet from him, revealing his terrified son.

TERRY
What is it?

TIM
There was something in the wardrobe!

TERRY
(Takes a deep breath)
Oh, not this again son.

TIM
(Shakes in fear)
Seriously.. Seriously they was.

Elaine limps into the room, removing the tea towel wrapped around her foot a few drops of blood falls on the floor as she re-wraps the make-shift bandage.

ELAINE
(Breathing heavily)
What's going on?

TERRY
Nothing, it's our monster again.

ELAINE
(in frustrated apathy)
God sake Timmy, not this.

She walks over to the wardrobe and yanks it open.

TIM
No mummy!

Timmy jolts forward staring at the wardrobe, a couple of clothing bags spill out onto the gritty floor.

Claire walks into the room.

CLAIRE
What the hell is going on here?

TERRY
(Smiles)
It's okay.

ELAINE
(Sighs in frustration)
It's nothing Claire, let's go to bed.

Elaine takes Claire back to her room and Terry sits on the corner of Timmy's bed.

TERRY
Look, we need to get over this fear of monsters.

TIM
I'm not imagining things I promise.

TERRY
I know it feels real but.

TIM
I heard scratching, I'm not lying.

TERRY
And yeah, this house is old and it does creak.

The nightlight flickers again, Timmy flinches.

TERRY (CONT'D)
And the wiring's a little faulty.
(Smiles)

TIM
Okay.

TERRY

It's Sunday tomorrow, mummy maybe
will make pancakes.

Terry tucks him back into bed, and rubs his hand on his head then walks out the room closing the door leaving a slight gap.

Timmy stares at the nightlight waiting for it to flicker, as the florescent buzzing becomes white noise, sending him to sleep.

INT. KITCHEN- MORNING

Elaine cooks breakfast, Claire comes down with her headphones on and Timmy rushes past her.

CLAIRE

Tim!

He ignores Claire and goes straight to the dining table and hugs Elaine.

ELAINE

Morning sunshine.

He grabs a seat and sits down.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I had a feeling someone wanted
pancakes for breakfast.

He smiles as she puts a plate of pancakes in front of them both.

Terry comes downstairs with a toolbox in his hands, with a light covering of dust and plaster on his shoulders.

TERRY

Morning team!

He walks up to Elaine kissing her on the forehead.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(Whispers)

How's your foot?

ELAINE

It's not bad.

Smiling at him. Claire rolls her eyes and scrolls on her phone. Timmy taps Claire's phone.

TIM

Can we go exploring today?

CLAIRE

Timmy get off!

Terry turns around.

TERRY

Alright you two. Your mother's going into town to get some shopping, I need someone's help getting our stuff to the loft, and Claire it's your lucky day.

CLAIRE

What!? I don't want to spend all day in that loft.

ELAINE

Claire needs some new clothes for school, Timmy's still fit from last year.

TERRY

Ohhhh I'll take Claire after Monday, you can survive one day can't you? Plus it will get you off that phone. We can listen to your music as well.

Claire's eyes start to light up.

CLAIRE

Fine.

TERRY

Aye, we're going to have a great time! Timmy you can explore when you get back.

ELAINE

You better get your energy up for today's handy work.

She places plate of pancakes on the table.

INT. LOFT LADDER- DAY

Banging on the loft hatch reveals the interior space with its hot, musky air blowing dust into Terry's face.

TERRY

That wasn't too hard now was it?

Claire just shrugs her shoulders.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Ladies first, no need to be scared.

(Pulls a face)

CLAIRE

No! I'm getting the speaker.

INT. LOFT- DAY

Terry climbs into the tight space, turns on his torch and lights up the room. Claire walks up the ladder with a speaker in one hand.

CLAIRE

Look dad! There's a switch!

Turns on switch. With a pang, the bulb illuminates the room with dust flying everywhere revealing a black cage swinging slightly hanging from the centre of the room. Claire stares at the cage in shock slowly placing her speaker on the edge of the hatch.

TERRY

Oh an odd place to keep a pet,
hardly any air up here.

Claire continues to stare at the bird cage.

INT. LOFT- DAY

The speaker blasts breakdowns from Claire's phone. Terry heaves, placing down his last heavy box. Claire plonks her box onto the floor, exhausted.

TERRY

(Smiles at Claire)

Good job duck.

She gives a half grin in return. In the corner of her eye she is still staring at the cage.

Terry stops and has a drink of water, while she makes her way to the bird cage for a closer look.

The sound of auto wheels on gravel grows louder.

INT. THRESHOLD- DAY

Timmy runs in front of Elaine.

TIMMY
Daddy! I got new shoes!

Terry walks down the stairs, picks up Timmy.

TERRY
Look at these my man, did you have fun?

TIMMY
(Nods)
Mhm.

ELAINE
You were really good at the shops,
especially from the trek back.

Claire walks across the corridor moving the bird cage into her room.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Oh, Claire I got you a new jumper
for school.

CLAIRE
Okay.

TERRY
(Smiles)
She was really good in the loft
today.

ELAINE
(Smiling back)
Oh it's cuz you put up with her
music.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM- AFTERNOON

Claire places the cage on her desk. She slides her finger down one of the lines on the cage slowly and sees ancient writing engraved around the bottom.

As she runs her finger across the metal the small bird doll inside the cage tips to the side startling Claire.

As she tilts her head and peers through the cage at the bird, she notices something bolted to the bottom.

Placing her hand under the cage she picks at the object's bolts, but they don't budge.

Behind her a shadow grows in the corner of the room. The floor creaks as the door slowly opens.

She whips her head round to the doorway.

CLAIRE
(Annoyed)
Timmy!

TIMMY
What you doing?

CLAIRE
Nothing, go away!

TIMMY
Where did you get the bird cage?

CLAIRE
None of your business! Me and dad found it upstairs.

She stands up and walks towards the door, Timmy stares at the bird cage and sees something inside, fear creeping onto his face. She notices his reaction.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Next time don't come in my room again.

TIMMY
I'm not in your room!

CLAIRE
(Huffs)

She shuts the door. She turns around back to her desk. Claire yanks on the book and it comes freely out. She places her hand on the book feeling a strange impression on the hard leather.

INT. DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Elaine, Terry, Timmy and Claire are at the table eating dinner. Timmy intensely stares at Claire with worry on his face. She looks up from her plate peering at him in angst pulling a face.

CLAIRE
What?

He doesn't reply.

ELAINE
Am I missing something?

CLAIRE
(Quickly)
No.

TIMMY
Claire took something from the
attic.

She frowns at Timmy surprised at his boldness.

CLAIRE
(Whispers)
You little...

TERRY
Oh you took that cage down?.

CLAIRE
Yeah.

ELAINE
Timmy, you've hardly eaten your
carrots.

A lamp in the corner of the room flickers for a moment, alerting the tension of Claire and Timmy as they bolt upwards in their chair.

Elaine and Terry look at each other surprised at the kids' reaction. Elaine has a sip of wine.

INT. TIMMY'S ROOM- NIGHT

Timmy hums in pitch to the buzzing of the fluorescent nightlight. He rolls his eyes and tucks himself into bed.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Claire sits on her bed reading the leather bound book with an intense concentration. She darts between her phone and the book. She examines a website giving the translation for protection.

The cage rattles. She looks over, her eyes begin to widen, she looks down at the book and grabbing a pair of scissors from the top draw; pulling a lock of her hair while pondering the ancient book.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Elaine washes the dishes, Terry comes over and puts his hands on her waist while taking the sponge out of her hands. She looks up as she backs away from the sink. They softly converse.

ELAINE
You don't have to.

He cheekily shrugs and smiles.

TERRY
It's alright.

Elaine grabs a glass of wine.

ELAINE
You should talk to Timmy about this monster business.

TERRY
We've tried everything maybe he will grow out of it himself.

ELAINE
Go and tuck him in.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Claire finds a translation table in ancient Celtic on her phone.

She slowly reads the inscription aloud with her finger touching each word on the weathered parchment of the book. As she utters the spell, her room experiences supernatural events.

CLAIRE
(Guardians of the Spirit realm, hear and guide my plea. When the time of the hour rings true, bring the Slaugh here, Other souls who hear my call are not welcome in this place. Only the one known as the Slaugh may enter sacred space.)

Small items in her room vibrate, a growing darkness manifests in the corner of her room.

INT. TIMMY'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

The creaking becomes louder and Timmy's bed shakes until he jolts awake. He looks at his door and sees that it is fully shut. He swings his head towards the wardrobe and sees it wide open, fully pitch black.

Timmy stares at the wardrobe and the darkness stares back.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

As Claire finishes the passage, the light flickers as a shadow behind her continues to fill the room.

A book falls down shocking Claire, she flinches and shuts the book, she stands up abruptly going to pick up the fallen book placing it next to the cage, she puts her hand on the cage, fiddling with the door.

INT. TIMMY'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

The darkness haunts Timmy as he crumples the duvet to his body.

TIMMY
(Cries, whispering)
Please.

The darkness spreads extinguishing his nightlight Timmy flinches looking at the nightlight and back at the wardrobe he sits up straight in his bed, his worried face turning stern.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
(Screaming)
Go away!

He takes a deep breath. The darkness retreats and the monster noises quieten. He lets out a deep breath.

Out of silence Claire's harrowing scream reverbs through the house. Timmy stares at his door.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Terry drops a plate into the sink. He and Elaine bolt up the stairs. They reach Claire's door as Timmy peeps fearfully from his door.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Terry and Elaine see Claire's body spasming violently on her bed. The infamous cage spinning to a halt on the floor. Elaine lets out a deep gasp, her body reducing to a hunch.

ELAINE
(Barely audible)
Baby!

Terry and Elaine run up to her bedside.

Elaine clutches at her shoulders. Running her hand over her daughter's face. She spasms more violently, Elaine rips her hand back to her body out of fear.

Terry, overwhelmed notices the book, goes to hold Claire's legs to reduce the kicking and by her side instead. Confused, he watches a lock of human hair caught in the books pages, squirming and twisting, unable to escape.

TERRY
I.. Don't.., I just..

Timmy struck with fear, stares at his sister as she spasms.

TIMMY
Mummy!

Terry tries to maintain his composure.

TERRY
Timmy go back to your room!

TIMMY
It got her!

Terry whips out his phone and dials 999, realizing it's different in Ireland.

TERRY
What's the Emergency number here,
I.. I didn't even check.

Elaine pulls out her phone, Claire's head pulls to the side and she drops the phone. Terry Google's the number to call.

TIMMY
It's the monster! The monster from
the cage!

Claire's body relaxes, her jaw flexes as she begins to breath. Elaine puts her hands on her daughter's forehead and lets out a sigh.

ELAINE
 What was that?, was it a seizure?
 Claire's never had...

TIMMY
 It's the monster, the monster!,
 from the cage!

Timmy's voice gets louder and sharper.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
 Claire upset it and now the monster
 is!

TERRY
 Timmy!

Timmy's face goes from fear to a sad vulnerability, as he
 collapses onto the door frame.

ELAINE
 Terry please!

Terry whips his head to Elaine.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
 I'm not getting any signal in here!

TIMMY
 The monster is hurting her daddy!
 The birdcage is..

TERRY
 I've had enough of this bird cage!

He whips his head back at his son.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 And this monster nonsense, it needs
 to stop!

ELAINE
 Terry, come..

Dropping his phone onto his wife's lap.

TERRY
 Find a Doctor to call, we're
 getting rid, of these, stupid..

Terry, picks up the book and the cage as he storms from the
 bedroom. Timmy bolts after his father.

TIMMY
(Screaming)
Dad! No!

Elaine stays with Claire.

EXT. HOUSE- NIGHT.

Filled with rage, Terry flees from the house with Timmy in hot pursuit. Terry smashes the birdcage on the hard gravel as it cracks open.

Silence.

TIMMY
Don't break the cage! We need it!

The gravel begins to slowly fly up, the windows of the house shatter.

The window frames shakes violently, a deep growl erupts from inside, as it gets louder, a single roof tile smashes on the gravel as Terry and Timmy flinch away from the broken tile.

Claire and Elaine scream.

The front door slams shut. Terry races over and fails to force it open. He climbs through an open window.

Elaine wails in terror. Timmy grabs the birdcage and book and runs after his father.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
We need these!

INT. HOUSE- NIGHT.

Terry rips up the stairs and smashes through Claire's door.

Claire flies from her bed and slams into Terry. He clutches her to his chest.

TERRY
Claire, can you hear me? Claire!

A flash of magenta glows from Claire's iris. Her body goes limp.

Terry and Elaine cradle Claire's dead body in their arms and slowly sink onto the bed. Elaine's fingers search Claire's neck for a pulse.

ELAINE

Come on baby, we can go home now,
come on.

Timmy runs in with the cage and book, drops them and hugs one of his sister's limp arms.

The family clutches each other. Shaking and weeping with grief and fear.

Silence.

FADE TO BLACK.