

Why is this Happening to Me?

By

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A lullaby is being eerily HUMMED over BLACK. Haunting.

The humming stops abruptly.

CUT FROM BLACK:

Somewhere outside the city..

EXT. ROAD - DAY

GUILLERMO (MEMO) VILLARIAS, a 10 year old Mexican-American boy, runs for his life, looking over his shoulder once or twice. He's skinny and bruised up.

He runs until he arrives at an OLD HOUSE. A slight look of relief. It passes.

Memo, struggling to breathe, runs up the stairs of the porch and bangs on the front door, slamming his fists into it repeatedly. The longer it takes for an answer, the more frantic he becomes. He screams something incoherent, still out of breath. He slams his fists until they hurt, still periodically looking back to where he ran from, expecting his boogeyman to show up any second now.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING

Memo sits in the back of the police cruiser as it speeds down the road he ran from. His face is glued to the car window, watching as they near.

COP (OS)
Is this the house?

Memo, shaking, hesitates before nodding "yes"

COP (OS) (CONT'D)
Dispatch, requesting backup. We have a 207. We're in custody of one of the victims. His brother is still in the house with their kidnapper. We're outside the home now.

EXT. KILLER'S HOME

The cruiser pulls over just outside a house that's in even worse shape than the last.

CONTINUED:

It's old and looks to be falling apart. Faded, chipped shitty yellow paint. A front lawn with too-tall grass.

Before the TWO COPS can continue their reconnaissance, the garage door screeches open.

COP
He's running.

The two cops react in record time, both jumping out of the vehicle with guns drawn. They cautiously approach the opening garage.

Memo quietly leaves the car, inching away from it as the cops near the garage which is now wide open.

COP (CONT'D)
Police! Hands up! Let me see your hands!

Memo moves towards the front door.

COP (OS) (CONT'D)
Hands! Put them up!

Memo finds the front door is still open. He slips into the house, shutting the screen door behind him.

INT. KILLER'S HOME

The wooden planks creak underneath Memo's footsteps, but he's no longer concerned with being as quiet as when he left.

The wallpaper is peeling. Stained walls with a few holes in them. Cobwebs in the corners of the ceiling. A lopsided, beat-up couch.

COP (OS)
(more distant)
Final warning, man!

Memo creeps to the hallway right of the living room and enters

INT. KIDS BEDROOM

where he finds his DEAD little brother DEMIAN (6) on the floor. Hair wet. Blood leaking from under his head. His ankle chained.

Memo's face is an enigma. A blank expression.

CONTINUED:

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Back in the garage a brief shootout goes down.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Memo flinches. He's frozen for a moment. Then it's quiet.

He turns to see his new POLAROID CAMERA sitting on the nearby dresser. He grabs it, turns back to face his brother and SNAPS A PHOTOGRAPH.

The photo ejects. Memo pulls it out of the camera and stares at it.

Some commotion in the house. Memo doesn't react.

Finally, the same cop arrives at the room.

COP (OS)
Hey, kid, you okay? Where's your
br--?

The cop stops, his question answered before he can ask it.

Memo doesn't respond, continuing to stare at the photo. He starts to hum the same tune as the Killer in the opening.

The humming continues over a CREDIT SEQUENCE:

INT. DARKROOM

The picture of dead Demián becomes the first of many.

-Flashes as pictures are taken at crime scenes, different victims, different locations, different circumstances

-The process of developing these photos

-Memo hangs up the photos to dry

-A book of these photos of the dead is being bound together

-Eventually ending on the photo of dead Demián

END SEQUENCE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOOK STORE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

CLOSE ON: The same photo of dead Demián. It's revealed to be the cover of Memo's photography book titled "*The Book of the Dead*"

The book is propped in front of a grown up Memo (32), sitting behind a cheap foldout table.

Memo's sort of handsome. Sort of in shape. Sort of dressed well. There's nothing particularly striking or noteworthy about his appearance. Maybe not a total nobody, just an "anybody."

A stack of Memo's photography book sits at the corner of the table. A SECURITY GUARD stands behind it.

Memo looks down his line. There's something like seven or eight people. A look of disappointment.

MEMO

This is it, huh?

SECURITY GUARD

You were expecting a line around the block?

Memo turns to him with a look that says: *Who asked you?*

The FIRST FAN approaches the table with a book that's not Memo's, titled "*The Eye of a Killer: The Unofficial Story on the Killings of Tom Hooper*".

FIRST FAN

(nervous, but excited)

Man, it's so crazy to meet you in the flesh. What was it like?

MEMO

What was what like?

FIRST FAN

You know.. being kidnapped by a famous serial killer. You were like the guy who stopped him. I mean, basically.

MEMO

Yeah, I was there. So this is my book. Would you like a copy?

Memo presents one of the copies of his photography book.

CONTINUED:

FIRST FAN

(reads)

"The Book of the Dead."

(thinks)

Ohhh! Like the necr--that's clever, man.

MEMO

Yeah, thanks. So who should I make this out to?

FIRST FAN

Oh, I was actually wondering if you could sign **this one**.

He presents the unofficial Tom Hooper biography. Memo stares down at it with disdain.

MEMO

No.

FIRST FAN

What?

MEMO

I'm trying to do something here, ya know? Promote **my** book, not someone else's.

FIRST FAN

I just thought--it's literally related to the cover of your book.

MEMO

Yeah, well, that's my dead brother, not just one of Tom Hooper's victims, alright?

FIRST FAN

(offended)

Whatever, man. Sorry.

The fan starts to walk away.

MEMO

Yeah, go listen to some more true crime podcasts.

Much to Memo's annoyance the Security Guard chuckles.

A SECOND FAN approaches the table. He's got a stack of five of the same book as the last guy.

CONTINUED:

MEMO (CONT'D)

Oh, great. In what world do you need five copies of that?

SECOND FAN

.. For some friends.

MEMO

Yeah, right, friends online with the highest bid. Get the fuck out of here.

SECURITY GUARD

(laughs)

Goddamn.

Memo stands up.

MEMO

If anybody's here for me to sign that bullshit book, it's not happening. I'm here to promote my own material. So..

(winds back down)

.. please..

The second fan storms off. Three other people leave the line. Memo says "Goddammit" without moving his lips then sits back down.

A THIRD FAN approaches. A CUTE YOUNG LADY. Memo corrects his attitude. She has her own copy of his book.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Hi, thank you so much for coming and for.. actually buying my book. Appreciate that.

YOUNG LADY

Yeaah, when I heard you were gonna be here I couldn't believe it. I've always been really fascinated by your work.

MEMO

(blushes)

That's nice of you to say. Most people think I must be pretty messed up.

YOUNG LADY

Right, given the subject matter.

CONTINUED:

MEMO

You must be as sick as me.

YOUNG LADY

(brushes hair behind ear)
I was actually really interested in
photography for a bit.

MEMO

You didn't pursue?

YOUNG LADY

Noo. After a while I kinda fell out
of love with it. Especially now,
just seems kinda like a dead art.

MEMO

(sinking)
Dead art?

YOUNG LADY

I feel like we kinda have a
connection. I actually work at the
hospital where they keep hi--

Suddenly, a STRANGE MAN (40s), who looks like he smells,
pushes past the Young Lady.

MEMO

What's your problem, dude?

STRANGE MAN

I know what you did, you lying
bastard. He told me.

MEMO

What?

The Strange Man pushes up against the table. The Young Lady
takes a couple steps back. Security Guard straightens up.

STRANGE MAN

I know what really happened--

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, man, take a step back.

STRANGE MAN

--and soon the world will too.

The cryptic warning seems to strike a nerve in Memo. An
inexplicable feeling of dread.

CONTINUED:

MEMO

I don't know wha-

The Strange Man pushes through the table, knocking it over onto Memo. Memo comes crashing down to the ground, the table on top of him and now the Strange Man throwing his weight on top of both. The Security Guard jumps in to help, trying to pull away the manic man.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Memo, with a busted lip, sits across from his friend ALABAMA (BAM) CARVER (40). He has a copy of his photography book sitting in front of him.

Bam, a literary agent, is dressed business casual with a fresh haircut. He's got an air of a confidence. Ready to sell at any moment.

Bam takes a bite of his tuna melt. Memo sips from his steaming coffee, wincing when the hot liquid touches his lip.

BAM

I have an idea.

Memo looks up at him from his coffee.

BAM (CONT'D)

Spin the story. We spotlight the fact that your book is a magnet for crazies. Make it even more controversial.

MEMO

I'm not looking to be king of the edgelords here.

BAM

I'm just saying, you need more traction around this thing and bad publicity is better than none.

MEMO

Nobody appreciates the craft anymore.

BAM

So make them appreciate the person first. Not sure how many different ways left to say it.. you need to write a book.

CONTINUED:

MEMO

This is a book.

BAM

Sure, yeah, it's a book in the way that it has pages bound together and a title on the cover. No, an actual book. About your life, your passion for photography and obviously.. you know.

MEMO

It's not what I want to be known for.

BAM

But it is. So take advantage of that, make people remember who you are then BAM! Whip it out and show them what else you got. They know what's been reported on, they already have the killer's perspective, but they don't know what it's like to have lived through it. To spend a week living with him. Surviving, escaping, defeating.

MEMO

(dubious)
Defeating?

BAM

Dude, you stopped this guy. You're a fucking hero.

MEMO

I don't know about that.

BAM

Bro.

Memo attempts to take another sip from his coffee. He winces again.

BAM (CONT'D)

The interview you did for that Hooper biography was great, but it's not the whole story. Shit, your story could be a best seller. Probably a movie.

MEMO

I just don't know if I want that.

CONTINUED:

BAM

Motherfucker, do you or don't you?
You want to be well-regarded in
your field, but you don't want to
be famous?

MEMO

Alright, alright.. I'll think about
it.

BAM

Think about it. What are you doing
tomorrow evening?

MEMO

(thinks)
Nothing really.

BAM

Stop by the pad. My annual
Halloween party. Costume required.
And like, a real costume. Not some
clever, hipster bullshit.

MEMO

You know I never come to those
things.

BAM

Well maybe you should start. You
want more people to know about you
and your work? Have to start
shaking hands and schmoozing.

MEMO

And kissing babies?

BAM

(beat)
It's not that kind of party.

A familiar humming somewhere behind Memo as Bam takes another
bite of his lunch.

Memo's ears perk up. His eyes shifting left to right. His
brain slowly recognizing the tune. The same melody his captor
Tom Hooper used to hum.

Memo turns just as the same Strange Man from before is
charging at him full speed. Memo is caught in front of an
oncoming train, nowhere to go. He puts his foot up, planting
it into the man's chest as he throws himself on him.

Bam jumps out of his seat.

CONTINUED:

BAM (CONT'D)
Hey, what the hell-?

Memo feels his knee giving out as the man's weight forces his leg to retract back more and more. Bam grabs the man, trying to yank him off. As he does, the man snatches a knife from off the table, turns around and swipes at Bam. Bam dodges backward.

Others in the café do nothing. Everyone watches. Some through their phones, recording the commotion.

The man turns his attention back to Memo, bringing the knife down with all his might. Memo stops him just short of his face, both hands resisting. The man is bigger and stronger. Memo knows he won't win this arm wrestling match. He thinks quick, grabbing his hot coffee and splashing it into the man's face.

The result is almost instantaneous as it burns away at the man's skin. He can't even open his eyes. He slips onto his back, dropping the knife and banging his head against the floor.

Memo slowly sits up as the man's screaming turns into laughter. His eyes melded shut.

STRANGE MAN
I don't need eyes to see what you
can't! He's coming. HE'S COMING FOR
WHAT YOU TOOK FROM HIM!

INT. SALMA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

SALMA (30), Memo's sister, drives her clean, two year old car. Salma's the genuine article. Loyal to her loved ones, but always keeps it real. The voice of reason.

Memo sits in the passenger seat, staring out the window, in his head.

SALMA
This guy really has it out for you.
You kill his cat and build a wall
in front of it or something?

MEMO
I only photograph people, not their
pets. Speaking of, what'd you
think?

CONTINUED:

SALMA

Of you being attacked? Sucks to be you?

MEMO

No.. You didn't buy it yet?

SALMA

Aren't you supposed to get free copies for, uh, family?

MEMO

Free copies? How am I supposed to move books if I'm giving them out for free?

SALMA

Talk shows?

Memo sighs.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Honestly, you know I support your work, but I'm not exactly into the material.

MEMO

Everyone's acting like they don't send their friends videos of people dying. People are obsessed with that shit.

SALMA

My friends don't. And it's not just that.. He's my dead brother too.

Memo stares back at her then looks away with what might be shame.

MEMO

Bam keeps telling me to write a book.

SALMA

You really think that's a good idea?

MEMO

.. He thinks it'll mean more people will discover my work.. He might be right.

CONTINUED:

SALMA

It is a pretty popular subject.
There's a thousand serial killer
shows being made.

MEMO

You don't think I should do it?

SALMA

And put everything on front street?
It wouldn't just affect you.

MEMO

I don't have to talk about you or
mom or dad if that's what you want.

SALMA

Like I said, he's my dead brother
too. It's all pretty invasive.

MEMO

(beat)

I just feel like my wheels are
spinning. I'm stuck. I can barely
pay my bills. I'm tired of
borrowing money from you.

SALMA

You know I'll always help you out
if you need it.

MEMO

It's just.. It's getting harder and
harder to stand out. In a world
where anyone can do it, my job's
becoming obsolete. It's never gonna
be what it was.

SALMA

So you're just going to give up?

MEMO

I didn't say that.. I'm not sure
what to do..

(beat)

You told her I was coming right?

SALMA

(pause)

Not in so many words.

MEMO

You didn't tell her I was coming?

CONTINUED:

SALMA

I shouldn't have to. I think this has gone on long enough. Don't you?

MEMO

Salma. She fucking hates me.

SALMA

She doesn't hate you. It's just.. complicated.

MEMO

It's not that complicated. She probably wishes it were me.

SALMA

Dude, come on.

MEMO

"Dude," just wait and see. I'd put twenty bucks on it.

SALMA

Twenty bucks you don't have.

Memo sinks in his seat.

MEMO

(low)

This is a bad idea.

SALMA

It's been twenty years.

MEMO

Twenty years of picking at that scab. It's not gonna heal if she keeps reopening the wound.

SALMA

Okay, so what would you do?

MEMO

.. What I did.. Move on.

(beat)

People die.

Salma shoots a concerned look his way.

SALMA

You get your stubbornness from her.

MEMO

Oh, I'm the stubborn one?

CONTINUED:

Salma's look changes to one of annoyance as she shakes her head. She's not getting through to him.

DING DONG

INT. PARENTS' HOME - ENTRANCE - DAY

An old school home. A sign hangs from above that says *Villarias*.

The front door is answered by their DAD (50s). He's already got a smile on his face. It grows bigger once he notices Memo hiding behind Salma. Their Dad was always the softer of their parents. Not a total pushover, but often passive. He clearly loves his kids though.

DAD

Memito. I didn't know you were coming.

SALMA

Hey.

He hugs and kisses Salma on the cheek then grabs Memo, hugging him tight. Memo relaxes a little, hugging back.

MEMO

(softens)

Hey, Dad. Good to see you too.

DAD

(touches Memo's face)

What happened to you?

MEMO

Oh, it's nothing. I fell. I'm okay.

DAD

You sure?

MEMO

I'm okay.

DAD

(nods)

Come inside.

Salma enters first, followed by Memo. Their Dad shuts the door behind him.

Their MOM (50s) appears at the end of the hallway. She's got a very serious look on her face. Too serious.

CONTINUED:

As if the anger she's holding inside is starting to bubble over onto the surface. She gives a slight smile to Salma then kisses her cheek.

SALMA

Hey, Mom.

Salma walks past her and into the living room.

MOM

Guillermo.

She heads back to where she came from. Memo almost scoffs. It's gonna be a long night. A pained expression on his Dad's face. It hurts to see her treat their child with such irreverence.

Much to his surprise, Memo notices one of his old photographs hung up on the wall. One of his rare photos that aren't of death. The opposite really. A sun setting over a field of flowers. His signature at the bottom. He turns to his Dad who just smiles at him, proud.

INT. DINING ROOM

Memo sits across from their mom. Salma beside her, Dad beside Memo. They all pick at their dinner plates. Empanadas and Mexican rice.

Awkward silence. Salma is the first to break it.

SALMA

Thanks, Mom. It's good as always.

MEMO

(late)

Thank you. My favorite.

Memo peeks up to see if he's breaking through the cracks. Nothing. Their Mom is the Berlin wall pre-demolition.

MOM

(Spanish)

And your boyfriend?

SALMA

It's not that serious.

Memo chuckles. Their Mom doesn't like that.

MOM

I'm never gonna see grandchildren.

CONTINUED:

MEMO

It's not like it was when you were our age.

MOM

(standoffish)
What?

SALMA

(warning)
Memo.

MEMO

I'm just saying. We can barely afford to live, let alone feed a whole other person. Buy a house? Pfft. Pipe dream.

He shoves more food in his mouth.

MOM

Your sister does well. She has a good job.

Memo doesn't respond, instead just staring up at her from his plate. The room is growing more tense. Salma changes the subject.

SALMA

I thought Tia Aurelia was coming?

MOM

She's busy getting ready.

SALMA

Oh yeah, Dia De Los Muertos! I forget she's usually pretty busy around this time of year.

MEMO

You'd think there wouldn't be a whole lot of work for psychics these days.

SALMA

Not everyone is as cynical and faithless as you.

MEMO

Faith in what exactly?

CONTINUED:

MOM

(ignores Memo)

I'm going with her on the 1st to light a candle. For Demi. If you want to go.

SALMA

Sure, Mom, I can probably make it.

MOM

(pause)

.. You too..

MEMO

Me too, what?

MOM

(trying)

You can come.

MEMO

(surprised)

Oh. I'll let you know.. I have some things I gotta do.. for the book.

Mom doesn't like that. Dad notices and tries to keep the conversation moving.

DAD

Of course. Mijo, congratulations on the new book. I'm glad to see you continue with your passion. It's commendable. The life of an artist is not easy.

(to Mom)

You know that.

She gives him a *whose side are you on?* look.

MEMO

Thank you, Dad. It's actually.. nice to get some kind of support around here.

MOM

I've supported you all your life. Yes, I had my art, but I gave that up.

(to Memo)

For you.

Memo shrugs with his face. This only further irritates her.

CONTINUED:

MOM (CONT'D)

What?

MEMO

I didn't ask you to do that.

SALMA

Memo, stop.

MEMO

Stop what? How about she stops beating around the bush and says how she really feels about her bastard son and his worthless work? Just tell me to get a "real" job. You've said it every other way except straight up. Don't hold back. Tell them, how you wish it was Demián sitting here instead of me. For twenty years you've been holding this shit over me like a fucking rain cloud.

SALMA

Dude.

DAD

Nobody thinks that, Memito.

MOM

(breaking)

You have the nerve. You put my dead son on your book and you come in here and rub it in my face! Your "art?" Tu hermano?!

Salma places a hand on her shoulder. She brushes it off then stands up.

MOM (CONT'D)

For the whole world to see. You don't care how it makes me feel? If it wasn't for you, Demi..

She stops herself, but it's too late. The damage is done.

MEMO

There it is.

Memo looks over at Salma with a knowing look. She's angry with him for instigating.

CONTINUED:

MEMO (CONT'D)

Since I've been nothing but a
constant reminder, maybe I should
just stop coming around.

MOM

Maybe you should.

SALMA

Mom!

Memo slowly rises, sighs then gently rubs his Dad's shoulder.
His Dad touches his hand. Memo storms out without another
word or look.

Their Dad watches him go. He doesn't say anything. He takes a
swig of his beer. He stares at the wall, dead inside.

Salma tries to comfort her Mom who has sat back down and is
fighting her tears. She looks up at a framed picture of
Demián.

MOM

(soft)

My baby..

EXT. PARENTS' HOME - NIGHT

Memo slams the front door behind him when he gets a text. He
stops to check his phone.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Memo exits his car, finding himself in a more unsavory part
of town. A cul-de-sac in "the hood."

The night sky is filling with clouds getting ready to rain
down any minute now.

Memo approaches the COP CAR parked outside one of the corner
houses. The red and blue lights flash without the sounding
siren. OFFICER PLAZA (30s) turns to meet him.

OFFICER PLAZA

You made it. Heard you got
attacked. Twice.

Plaza laughs.

MEMO

Yeah..

CONTINUED:

OFFICER PLAZA

Twice by the same guy on the same day? What are the chances?

MEMO

Yeah, it's been a fun day, what can I say?

OFFICER PLAZA

Hey, who knows what tomorrow will bring?

MEMO

Hopefully nothing that exciting. So what's the story?

OFFICER PLAZA

Just another gang shooting. Nothing out of the ordinary. Figured you'd be interested though.

MEMO

I've got plenty of pictures of people with bullet holes in em, but I'll gladly take more.

OFFICER PLAZA

Well, around here it's the gift that keeps on giving. Speaking of..

Memo digs into his pocket and removes a twenty dollar bill. He offers it to Plaza.

OFFICER PLAZA (CONT'D)

That's all I'm worth to you?

MEMO

Times is hard.

OFFICER PLAZA

For you and everybody else.

Memo sighs then digs into his pocket, removing his wallet. He offers a second twenty then pockets his wallet. Plaza takes the two twenties.

OFFICER PLAZA (CONT'D)

You got three minutes.

MEMO

I'll be done in two.

CONTINUED:

Memo walks up the driveway of the corner house and stops just before the front door. The door and surrounding wall are riddled with bullet holes.

He looks down at the body of the DECEASED GANG MEMBER, covered in prison tattoos and also filled with holes. The man's face is turned towards the wall. The body is just to the side of the outside house light.

Memo turns to check if Plaza is looking. He's not. Memo quickly sets down his camera on the ground then pulls the homie by his armpits, just enough to get him into better light. He drops him then checks for Plaza again. He's not even looking in his direction.

He scoops up his camera and lines up a shot and snaps a picture. He lowers his camera and stares down at the homie, not satisfied with the result. He checks for Plaza again before crouching down and grabbing the homie's face to turn it towards him.

Satisfied, he takes a couple more pictures. As he's about to take one last photo, he hears the familiar humming again. The same humming the Strange Man was doing. The same humming Memo's captor Tom Hooper used to hum. He slowly lowers his camera again then looks around. No one. It stops.

He brings the camera back up. The humming starts once again. This time he lowers his camera steadily. The humming continues, but Memo isn't quite sure from where. He stares down at the dead body. He slowly comes down to a knee, getting closer to it. The closer he gets, the louder the humming becomes. He's sure it's coming from the lips of the dead man, but knows it's not possible.

Just as Memo is face to face with the dead man he can see something moving inside his mouth. His lips are starting to quiver unnaturally.

Thunder BOOMS as a HUGE COCKROACH emerges from the dead man's mouth. Both things in combination startle Memo, causing him to fall backward onto his butt. The roach crawls away, going into darkness. The humming is gone.

OFFICER PLAZA (OS)
(distant)
Wrap it up.

Memo looks over his shoulder to see Plaza watching him. He looks further down to see another cop car, red and blue lights flashing, entering the cul-de-sac.

CONTINUED:

Memo stands up, dusting himself off as rain is starting to come down. He takes one last look at the body before hurrying off back towards his car.

INT. PARENTS' HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Memo's Mom (20 years younger) cooks on the stove top.

Children can be heard from somewhere in the house. Yelling and screaming. They grow louder as they near the kitchen.

MOM

Memo!

10 year old Memo stops in the doorway. He's holding his brand new Polaroid camera. Demián appears beside him. His cheeks red and wet.

MOM (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

Now what are you doing to your brother? Making him cry?

MEMO

Maah, he won't leave me alone. He keeps following me.

MOM

(Spanish)

He wants to play with you.

MEMO

I'm trying to use my camera.

DEMIÁN

Mamaaa! Memo won't let me take pictures!

MOM

(Spanish)

Let your brother use it too.

MEMO

He's a potato head, he's gonna break it.

DEMIÁN

(whining)

I'm not a potato head!

MOM

(Spanish)

Don't make me smack you.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MOM (CONT'D)

Stop calling him names. And you better share. Demi, let him show you first.

MEMO

(smacks lips)

You big cry baby. Let's go.

Their Mom stops them before they can leave.

MOM

(Spanish)

Not too long. Dinner's almost ready. Memo.

MEMO

Yeah?

MOM

(Spanish)

Don't take your eyes off him.

MEMO

Okaay.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Memo snaps a picture of a crow perched on a tree branch. Demián yanks the photo as it's barely coming out.

MEMO

Don't pull it like that!

Memo pulls his camera away.

DEMIÁN

Heeey!!

MEMO

You're gonna mess it up.

Demián starts up like he's about to cry again.

MEMO (CONT'D)

You better not cry or I won't let you use it.

DEMIÁN

Memito!

CONTINUED:

MEMO

Don't call me that. You have to give it time or it won't come out right.

Demián is throwing up the "gimme" hands.

MEMO (CONT'D)

I'll show you, but you have to listen. Are you gonna listen to me?

Demián nods.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Okay. Look. See this hole? This is where you look.

Memo positions the camera in front of Demián's face. Demián instantly puts his hands on it. Memo pushes them away.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Wait. Okay, close one eye.

Demián closes the same eye he's using to look through the viewfinder.

MEMO (CONT'D)

No, retard, the other one.

DEMIÁN

I'm not a re--Oh! I see the birdy!

Memo grabs Demián's right hand and guides his finger to the big button then pushes in. It startles Demián. Memo pulls the camera away.

MEMO

Okay, now we have to wait a little.

They wait as the photo emerges from the bottom. A half decent photo of the crow. A smile spreads across Demián's face. Memo pats his shoulder.

DEMIÁN

I did it!

MEMO

Good job, potato head. Come on.

Memo and Demián go back towards the parking lot which happens to be on a hill. Memo turns, noticing the sun is setting. Below him is a beautiful field of flowers.

CONTINUED:

Memo lines up his shot then takes it of the sun setting over the flowers. He waits for the photo to eject then admires his work, satisfied.

He looks to his side to see that Demián is gone. He turns around to see Demián in proximity, talking to some STRANGER. The man is TOM HOOPER (40s). He's a tall, lumbering man with an overly friendly demeanor (almost false) and childlike quality.

TOM HOOPER

Woow. That's a lovely picture you took there.

DEMIÁN

Thank you.

Memo walks over to them.

MEMO

Demi, what are you doing?

DEMIÁN

Memo, look at his camera.

TOM HOOPER

Hello, "Memo."

MEMO

Uh, hi.

TOM HOOPER

Your brother was just admiring my camera.

Hooper shows off his high end camera complete with a long lens. Memo notices his right hand trembling. Hooper notices him notice. He places the camera down then grabs his hand to hold it still.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

I'm Tom. I'm a photographer. Like you.

DEMIÁN

Do you take pictures of birds?

TOM HOOPER

People are my preferred subject. Here, want to see some of my work?

DEMIÁN

Yeah!

CONTINUED:

TOM HOOPER

It's just back here.

Hooper uncovers just enough of what's on the bed of his truck for Memo to realize Demián is being lured into a cage.

Memo moves forward to try and pull Demián back down (who is already climbing up to take a look) when Hooper pushes Demián inside. He quickly turns and grabs Memo by his shirt collar before he can run the other direction.

Demián screams from inside the cage with no idea of what's happening. Memo kicks and punches his attacker, almost getting free of his shirt, but Hooper grabs him and jams him into the cage, pushing back Demián as he tries to leave it.

Hooper slams the cage shut, locking it. He brings the cover down then starts to hum that awful melody for the first time. He gets into his truck and pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

Demián holds onto dear life, squeezing Memo. They're both afraid and panicking. Demián cries. Memo tries to be strong, but is failing.

MEMO

(breathing hard)

It's okay.. It's gonna be.. okay..

Memo closes his eyes then opens them as if to wake up from a bad dream. He shuts them again.

BOOOOM!

INT. MEMO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Memo is woken from his nightmare by the sound of thunder. He slowly shifts in bed, taking in the rain as it hits his window. It was just a dream.

He sits up, noticing his blanket has fallen onto the floor (as if taken up by another person in bed). He looks at it peculiarly as if this never happens. His focus shifts to his old Polaroid camera (his first camera) sitting on the dresser near his cell phone.

He takes a deep breath then gets up from his bed and enters

CONTINUED:

HALLWAY

He walks barefoot towards the bathroom. He stops in the doorway to the small living room/entrance of his apartment, noticing something moving in the darkness. He waits.

Lightning strikes revealing it to be empty. Assured, he continues his trek to the

BATHROOM

There's enough light coming in for him to see without flipping on all the lights. Memo proceeds to empty his bladder. The rain hitting the bathroom window is a soothing presence. He lets his guard down..

Then in the corner of his eye he sees something crawl across the floor. His eyes search for it. Another COCKROACH crawls near his foot.

MEMO

Ah!

Memo's urine stream misses the toilet bowl and hits his own foot.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Ugh, goddammit.

The roach crawls up the bowl and into the toilet. Memo quickly flushes it, watching it drown and be pulled in.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Gotchu, mother fucker.

He rips off a few pieces of toilet paper to wipe his foot clean.

MEMO (CONT'D)

That's nasty.

CLINK CLINK CLINK

Memo perks up. A familiar sound. Chains.

CLINK CLINK CLINK

Memo half-ass washes his hands and dries them on himself as he exits the bathroom.

CONTINUED:

HALLWAY

CLINK CLINK CLINK

Memo stiffens up, his body tightening up to prepare for something. He stops at the doorway of his living room. The chains clinking against the ground suddenly stop.

LIVING ROOM

There's a silhouette of something sitting on the couch. Someone.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Hello?

The dark, child-sized figure begins to hum that awful tune. It's like a knife penetrating Memo's eardrums.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Oh, hell no.

Memo tries the light switch near him. Doesn't work. He adapts quickly, looking around for a weapon. He grabs the nearby BONG from off the floor. As he brings it up, the water inside it pours out. He looks back towards the couch to see the figure still there.

Memo creeps towards the figure.

BOOOM!

Thunder booms as lightning strikes. Every time it does, it lights up the living room and the figure is gone. Once back in darkness, the silhouette reappears.

Memo is nearing it when lightning strikes again. It's gone then back. He's getting close now. He's feeling fear in a way that he hasn't since he was a child.

Lightning strikes again. The figure is gone then back. Memo is now almost face to face with it.

Memo stops in front of the couch, winding the bong back to strike with full force when lightning strikes once more. The humming stops. The figure is gone.. then is SUDDENLY in Memo's face. He gasps.

CUT TO BLACK:

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Memo's cell phone RINGS

He gradually wakes, still half asleep. He starts to look towards his phone when it stops ringing.

He puts his head back down to go back to sleep.

It starts RINGING once again

He sighs then eventually opens his eyes and reaches for his phone off the dresser beside him. He checks who it's from before answering. Salma.

MEMO

(groggy)

Hello?

(listens)

Do I sound awake to you? What's up?

(listens)

What do you--what? For reals?

A sudden look of confusion.

MEMO (CONT'D)

(listens)

Okay. Yeah, gimme a second to change and I'll meet you there.

(listens)

You want me to hurry or you want me to bring coffee? Make up your mind.

(listens)

Alright, alright. Bye.

Memo hangs up, sets his phone down then sits up. He looks around his room, remembering the strangeness of the night before. He shakes off the feeling, gets up and starts to change.

LIVING ROOM

Memo, changed now, a camera slung around his neck, pokes his head into the living room.

He stares at the couch, expecting something to appear from behind it, inside it, somewhere. Nothing. His bong is laying on its side in front of the couch, water still leaking out of it.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Bad dream. That's all..

INT. MEMO'S CAR - EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Memo pulls into the cemetery, watching tombstones pass him by as he makes it down the road towards the center. He parks then takes a moment to himself before getting out. He reaches back through the open window to grab his camera.

EXT. CEMETERY

He walks over to join Salma and the GROUNDSKEEPER (40) by Demián's grave.

The grave has been robbed. The soft dirt has been parted like the Red Sea. Demián's coffin is destroyed, but as if something broke out of it.

MEMO

What the fuck?

SALMA

Yeah. That's what I said when they called me. Then again when I actually saw it. Why would somebody do this?

MEMO

Grave robbers looking for valuables?

SALMA

What is this, the 1800s?

GROUNDSKEEPER

There was one other grave disturbed in the same fashion as this. Both bodies were taken. Also a child.

SALMA

(beat)

That's fucked up. This is fucked up.

MEMO

Who was the other kid?

GROUNDSKEEPER

The police have more information for you. When you have a moment, they're waiting back at the office to speak with you.

SALMA

Sure. We just need a second.

CONTINUED:

 GROUNDSKEEPER

Of course. When you're ready, I'll
take you over.

 SALMA

Thank you.

The Groundskeeper nods.

Memo and Salma stare down at the defiled grave.

 SALMA (CONT'D)

I don't want to worry Mom and Dad.
Let's figure this shit out before
we say anything to them.

 MEMO

Agreed.

 SALMA

Best case scenario we find the
body, put it back where it belongs
and they're never the wiser.

 MEMO

Let's hope for the best then cause
I don't wanna know what's worst
case..

Memo snaps a few pictures of the grave site. Salma gives him
an annoyed look. He slowly lowers his camera.

 MEMO (CONT'D)

What? It's evidence.

Salma sighs and shakes her head.

 GROUNDSKEEPER

It's strange.

 SALMA

What's that?

 GROUNDSKEEPER

Doesn't look like it was dug up
with a shovel.

 MEMO

(jokes)
You think he got bored and dug
himself out?

Salma slaps Memo's shoulder.

CONTINUED:

 GROUNDSKEEPER

 I don't mean to make light of your situation, but.. it certainly looks that way.

Salma and Memo both turn to look at the Groundskeeper then at each other, uneasy.

INT. CEMETERY OFFICE

Memo and Salma enter the office to find OFFICER RAIMI (30s) standing in front of a desk, waiting for them.

 OFFICER RAIMI

 (to Memo)

 I know you.

 MEMO

 (nods)

 Yeah..

 OFFICER RAIMI

 Twice in two days..

 SALMA

 Huh?

 MEMO

 He's the cop who took my report yesterday.. After I was attacked the second time..

 OFFICER RAIMI

 Given the circumstances, it's a bit tough to chalk this one up to coincidence.

 SALMA

 What do you think's going on?

 OFFICER RAIMI

 Well, yesterday a man went crazy and attacked your brother two separate times. By the way, he claims to have no idea why he did it. Doesn't even **remember** doing it. And now.. your deceased brother's body has been taken along with another child. Turns out this has happened in at least three other cemeteries.. and they're all connected.

CONTINUED:

SALMA

In what way?

OFFICER RAIMI

(beat)

They were all victims of Tom Hooper.

Raimi stares at Memo as he reveals this, watching for his reaction. Memo notices this.

MEMO

You think I'm involved? You think I'd dig up my own brother? For what, some publicity stunt?

OFFICER RAIMI

All press is good press, right?

SALMA

Excuse me? What--

OFFICER RAIMI

Alright, I shouldn't have--No one is accusing you of anything. I'm just putting the facts together and the fact is, it all comes back to you, whether you like it or not. We're trying to make sense of this madness and hopefully give you some answers soon. If there's anything either of you can think of that might help, drop me a line. Otherwise, just sit tight and wait to hear back from us.

SALMA

You have some fucking nerve.

OFFICER RAIMI

(beat)

Ma'am, I apologize if I acted unprofessional, I just.. Your brother's work seems to rub a lot of people the wrong way.

(to Memo)

They don't see you as a victim.

MEMO

(provoked, beat)

Good. Neither do I.

EXT. MEMO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Memo stops outside his door, noticing the door knob is caked with dirt. He looks around. No one. He snaps a picture of it.

He reaches for the door knob, feeling the dirt then looks down to see his welcome mat smeared with the stuff. Like dried up mud. He snaps another picture.

INT. MEMO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/ENTRANCE

Memo enters his apartment, looking down at the dirt trail leading through his living room. He snaps a picture of the trail then follows it into the

HALLWAY

The trail continues towards his bedroom. He stiffens up without meaning to. He snaps a picture then follows the trail to his room. As he nears it, he slows to a creep.

BEDROOM

Memo reaches the doorway of his bedroom, prepared for a fight. He freezes as he sees where the trail ends. Sitting on his bed is little Demián. Dead as can be. A rotting corpse. Eyes gone. Face and body distorted, yet somehow he sits on the bed like a live person, keeping his weight balanced.

Memo can't help himself. He snaps a picture of the grisly, confounding sight.

He moves in for a closer look. Still slow, as if expecting Demián to spring to life. He studies Demián's face then body. He's covered in dirt, including under the fingernails. Memo snaps a few more pictures. Full body and close ups. Tight on the hands.

Memo walks past Demián, checking his window. Still locked. He turns his attention back to Demián.

MEMO

How did you get in here?

Memo gets face to face with Demián, waiting for an answer. Demián doesn't move an inch. Memo covers his nose from the stench.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Still getting me in trouble.

(beat)

Little fucker.

CONTINUED:

HALLWAY

Memo opens the door to his darkroom. It's empty. He checks the bathroom. Empty.

LIVING ROOM

Memo double checks his front door and front windows, but there's no sign of any sort of break in. Everything's still closed and locked. Memo scrunches his face, confused.

HALLWAY

Memo calls up Salma. He's still waiting for her to pick up when he stops at the doorway of his bedroom to find Demián gone.

MEMO

Wha--Where the fuck--

SALMA (VO)

Hello?

Memo has a stupid look on his face.

SALMA (VO) (CONT'D)

Hellllloo?

MEMO

My bad. I'll call you back.

SALMA (VO)

Wha--

Memo hangs up then goes into his

BEDROOM

He checks behind his bed. Nothing. His closet. Nothing. Under the bed. Nothing--

Somebody runs down the hall behind Memo. He quickly turns to find it empty.

He stands back up then cautiously makes his way down the

HALLWAY

Chains CLINK CLINK CLINK from the living room.

CONTINUED:

Memo stops to look into the living room. Empty. More running behind him then the SLAM of a door.

He does a quick 180, now facing the bathroom. He slowly turns the knob then kicks the door open. Empty.

More scurrying. Towards the kitchen now.

KITCHEN

Memo enters, this time ill prepared for what he may face. There's almost a look of relief when he finds it empty too.

The entire apartment has gone totally quiet now. Memo waits for the other shoe to drop. It does, but in a way he was not expecting.

A glass sitting near the sink suddenly flies across the kitchen, SHATTERING against the wall. This startles Memo.

Quiet again.. then.. all of the cabinets start to wildly swing open and shut. The drawers eject themselves then shut, back and forth. More glasses go flying. Plates. Silverware. The house is possessed. "They're here."

MEMO

Arh! Fuck! What the fuc--

Memo tries to defend himself from the onslaught of flying kitchenware. A fork flies straight into his upper back. He grits his teeth then runs out of the kitchen, back into the

HALLWAY

As he runs towards the living room, a giant puddle of water is forming, leaking out from the bathroom as the toilet overflows. Memo slips in front of the doorway, falling onto his stomach and banging his face onto the floor in almost slapstick nature.

He looks towards his front door to see it getting further and further away. There's no time to question anything. The whole apartment is shaking. The TV in the living room flicks on, speed-flipping through channels.

Memo gets up as his bedroom door shuts. He runs into his

DARKROOM

locking the door behind him. The shaking continues. Memo struggles to reach the fork in his back, but eventually finds it and yanks it out.

CONTINUED:

He winces then slides onto his butt, covering his eyes as something continuously slams into the door, almost throwing him forward.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME - KIDS BEDROOM (FLASHBACK)

Kid Memo sits in the corner of the small room, watching little Demián play with old beat up toys. They both have black eyes and bruises on their skinny bodies. They're both chained at the ankle (just one leg). The chains lead out of the bedroom, from under the door (which has been made to have a gap at the bottom to accommodate the chains).

The wallpaper is a faded blue sky complete with clouds and a happy sun. There are no windows. Near Memo is a baby crib filled with other beat up toys. The floor is dusty. Cobwebs in the corners.

They both tense up when they hear heavy footsteps coming down the hall followed by that horrible humming. A pair of steel toe boots stop in front of the room and can be seen through the gap under the door.

The door creaks open to reveal Tom Hooper holding a plate of shredded chicken, Memo's Polaroid camera slung around his neck. He leans down to lower the plate then drop it on the floor from a foot high. Some of the chicken bounces off the plate.

Memo and Demián both scurry towards it, practically fighting over the scraps.

TOM HOOPER

Come on now. There's enough for everybody. Don't act like you're starving. That's rude.

Demián starts to cry. There's a sudden, angry change in Hooper. He grabs his temples.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

What'd I say about doing that? You want something to cry about?!

Memo lets Demián have what's left of the chicken so he'll stop the waterworks. Hooper notices Memo's quick thinking. Hooper calms down.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

Is this your camera?

CONTINUED:

Memo nods.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)
Your first?

Memo nods again.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)
(thinks)
Come on. I want to show you something.

Memo hesitates before standing up. He looks down at Demián (who is shaking) then back up at Hooper, sure this will be the last time he and Demián are together.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)
It's over here.

Hooper walks off to his left, leaving the doorway. Memo slowly follows, entering the

HALLWAY

Hooper is already at the end of the hall. He turns as Memo closes the gap. The chain at Memo's ankle has reached its end. It tightens, stopping Memo from going further.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)
Hm.

Hooper walks back a few feet over to Memo while digging into his pocket. Much to Memo's surprise, he takes a knee. He stares at Memo as he pulls out a set of keys on a ring. He leans down and unlocks the cuff around Memo's ankle then stands back up as he pockets the keys.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)
Well, come on then.

Hooper continues to the end of the hall and stops at the door. Memo follows, his heart beating faster and faster.

DARKROOM

Hooper opens the door, signaling Memo to come in first. He does. Hooper shuts the door behind them.

It's your typical darkroom (and in fact resembles Memo's own in the present) complete with red light. Memo's eyes go wide. He's clearly fascinated by it all.

CONTINUED:

On one of the counters are Hooper's various cameras. Memo studies each of them. Hooper is having fun watching his curiosity.

Hooper reaches into one of the drawers nearby and pulls out a PHOTO ALBUM with a cover that reads "Memories". He presents it to Memo proudly.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Open it.

Memo turns to the first page. On each page there are two rows. Each row contains a pair of photos. Before and after. The left photos are of different children. Some are crying, some are fake smiling. All of them look to have been hurt in some way. The photos on the right are each of the same children except dead. A true before and after..

It's a lot for Memo to take in. He should be revolted, scared to death, but instead.. his fascination only grows. There's a seeming disconnect between him and these other children. They can't be real. They're just pictures.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

(nervous)

Well? What do you think of my little project?

Memo looks up at him and nods slow.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

I can tell when someone really appreciates the work. You're an artist. Like me.

Memo turns back to the photo album, continuing to flip through the pages.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

I don't like the ones that cry.
Like your brother.

Hooper's right hand trembles. Memo notices. Hooper holds it with his other hand to stop it.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

(beat)

That's why I think.. maybe you and I can be friends.

Memo looks up at him again.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

Would you like to be my friend?

CONTINUED:

Memo takes longer to answer than he should. He nods.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

I have such sights to show you..
friend.

Hooper smiles. There's something really uncomfortable about how warm it is. There's suddenly something real filling his usually dead eyes.

Memo doesn't know what to do with that. He starts to smile back.

INT. MEMO'S APARTMENT - DARKROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

We speed through the process of Memo developing a roll of photos.

Memo hangs up a developed photo next to several others on the wire above him.

The photos go from left to right in order of when Memo took them starting with the pictures he took of the dead homie and ending with the pictures of the dirt trail going through his apartment.

He hangs up the first of Demián sitting on his bed. He stops, noticing something in that first picture. He hangs up the next one which is a medium shot of Demián and studies it, his eyes drawn towards Demián's hands.

He hangs up the next one. A close-up of Demián's hand. He finally locates what he thought he was seeing, but didn't yet have a clear enough look at: in the close-up, Demián's hand is in a fist with the middle finger sticking out, directed at camera.

MEMO

(realization)

Son of a bitch!

Memo hangs up the next photo. A close-up of Demián's face. He's smiling (he wasn't before).

MEMO (CONT'D)

You little.. bastard.. Why are you
doing this?

Memo looks around the room frantically, expecting Demián to just pop out.

CONTINUED:

MEMO (CONT'D)

Wait.. I know what you're doing.
 (raises voice)
 You're trying to make me look like
 a psycho, right? No one's gonna
 believe a deranged lunat..

Memo trails off, waiting for an answer, but the entire apartment has gone quiet. Beat. He laughs.

MEMO (CONT'D)

(resigned)
 Well it's working..

Memo's cell phone VIBRATES in his pants pocket. He checks it. A text message from Bam:

INSERT - MESSAGE FROM BAM, which reads: "You coming?"

HALLWAY

Memo pokes his head out. The hall is empty. He leaves the darkroom then turns his attention towards his bedroom.

He turns the knob slow then kicks the door open. Empty. He reaches in and grabs one of his smaller digital cameras off the shelf near the door then shuts it.

DARKROOM

Memo hurries back in, yanking down the still-drying photos of Demián from the wire. He pockets them.

MEMO (CONT'D)

You wanna play? .. Okay, let's
 play.

LIVING ROOM

Memo appears in the doorway to the living room. He scouts it before entering. Demián's nowhere in sight. The front door has been left wide open.

Memo speed walks across, anticipating an ambush that never comes. He makes it to the front door. He takes one last look around before shutting it from the outside.

INT. MEMO'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Memo drives down an isolated road on his way to Bam's place for the big party. His digital camera in the passenger seat.

He turns on the radio, flipping through stations. It's all static and bits of words. The words are becoming more clear the more Memo messes with it. We hear a message made up from bits of different songs as the radio station continues to change.

RADIO

(through static)

They're coming to take me away, ha-ha, they're coming to take me away, ho-ho, hee-hee, ha-ha, to the funny farm.. I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.. I'm so happy, dancing while the grim reaper-cuts, cuts, cuts, but he can't get me-I'm as clever as can be, and I'm very quick-but don't forget, we've only got so many tricks-No one lives forever!

Frustrated, Memo punches the radio dial, turning it off.

He stops at a stop sign, just now noticing the car behind him. He drives forward again. The car behind him rolls right past the stop sign, following close.

Memo watches it through his rearview mirror. It stays on his ass. It's difficult to make out the DRIVER's face. They seem to be wearing a Halloween mask. He continues to drive, becoming annoyed at the other driver. He speeds up. So does the other car.

MEMO

What the hell is this guy doing?

Memo watches the car as it stays on his tail. He speeds up some more, but it closes the gap again. He signals his left signal. The car continues what it's doing.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Asshole..

Memo rolls down his window and motions with his hand for the car to pass him. It stays the course.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Go.. around!!

CONTINUED:

Memo speeds up some more. The car does the same. They both go faster and faster, reaching dangerous speeds.

Memo gently hits the brakes, hoping to force the car to stop. It instead swerves to its left, switching into the opposite lane.

The car speeds up until its side by side with Memo's. Memo now has a clear look at the driver. A man wearing a DEVIL MASK. Memo squints his eyes at him, waiting for him to say something. The driver stares back at Memo, silent.

MEMO (CONT'D)

What?!

The other car starts to move in close to Memo until it's scraping his car. Memo moves right, but doesn't have enough road. The car continues after him. Memo can see ahead if he doesn't do something, he's going right into a ditch.

Memo turns his wheel hard to the left, pushing the other car away. They go back and forth another half mile, trying to push the other off the road until..

The other car swerves left then off the road. It tries to stop, but its too late. The car FLIPS sideways, ROLLING a couple times and finally, ending up on it's back.

Memo hits his brakes, coming to a screeching halt. He's a little shell shocked. He looks around. No one else in sight. He grabs his digital camera then exits his car.

EXT. ROAD

He meanders over to the wreck.

The driver is sticking out of the broken front windshield. His body contorted in unnatural ways. His face covered in blood and broken bits of glass (making it impossible to actually see his face). His devil mask a few feet away.

MEMO

Uh...

No response. Memo brings up his camera to snap some quick pics when the driver suddenly springs to life. He army crawls towards Memo, the shattered glass of the windshield shredding his body. Memo is startled, tripping over himself and onto his back.

The driver continues after Memo, crawling on top of him with inhuman speed. He grabs hold of Memo's camera. Memo wrestles him for it.

CONTINUED:

MEMO (CONT'D)

Get. Off.. Fuck. Off!

Memo kicks the driver square in the face. He kicks again then again then again until he releases his grip.

Memo shoots back up onto his feet. The driver has stopped moving. Memo waits for him to move again, but he doesn't. Memo picks up the devil mask then watches him closely as he walks backward the rest of the way back to his car.

He gets back in and takes off, watching through his rearview mirror. The driver has vanished.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Memo pulls over and exits his car. He slowly bends down to check underneath it. Nothing. Relief. He gets back in and takes off.

EXT. BAM'S PLACE - DAY

Memo pulls up outside Bam's place. He parks a little down the street (most of the parking having been taken up already). Even from the outside it's obvious there's a rager of a party going down inside.

Memo knocks on the front door, devil mask on and digital camera slung around his neck. He can hear Halloween-themed party music bumping from inside. He rings the doorbell twice, impatient. Bam himself finally answers the door. Memo raises the mask up (and keeps it there).

BAM

Hey! You actually came! What kind of--didn't I say no cutesy hipster bullshit?

MEMO

Oh, uh, I didn't have time to put together the rest of it.

BAM

(sighs, shakes head)
Come on then.

Bam leads the way in. Memo chases after him.

INT. BAM'S PLACE

It's a two story, very modern place. Even bigger on the inside than it appears from the outside. Artwork hung on walls. Giant flat screen TV built into the wall. Giant speakers on each end of the big open living room space. A fake fireplace. Hanging above that are two medieval swords. Tables covered with food and drinks (mostly alcohol) and of course drugs.

There are several groups of party goers filling the space, all in costumes. People talking, dancing. A DJ in the corner behind a set of turntables. A couple open crates of records beside him. People are drinking and getting high.

MEMO

Bam, we need to talk.

BAM

Yeah, let's talk. Let's meet some new people.

MEMO

What? No, I mean just us.

They stop in front of a couple.

BAM

Spike, Bradley. This is Guillermo, who I was telling you about.

SPIKE

Ohh, right! Guillermo the Grim Reaper!

BRADLEY

(jokes)

Don't know if I should shake your hand or run. Haha.

MEMO

Grim..? They're usually dead by the time I show up.

SPIKE

Exactly!

BRADLEY

Nice meeting you, Guillermo, but I need another drink. Another for you, hun?

SPIKE

Keep em coming.

CONTINUED:

Bradley leaves them for the booze table. Spike offers up a tray with lines of coke on it.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Hmm?

MEMO

(flustered)

No, I'm good, I--

(beat)

Yeah, sure.

Bam pats Memo on the back. Spike hands him a straw. Memo snorts a line.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Oh.. wow. Maybe one more.

BAM

Attaboy.

Memo snorts up a second.

MEMO

Thanks. Bam, we really gotta talk.
In private.

BAM

Now? It's a party, bro.

Memo stares at Bam, serious.

BAM (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. Excuse us.

Bam guides Memo away from the action, where it's a little quieter. A little.

INTERCUT

A group of SIX CHILDREN (ages 5-10), their clothes dirt-covered and tattered, march towards Bam's place (EXT). They're all wearing Halloween masks of different horror icons (hockey mask, Michael Myers, etc). Each drag a weapon behind them (machete, saw, sickle/hook, hammer, pickaxe).

INT. BAM'S PLACE

The coke is hitting, making Memo more manic.

CONTINUED:

MEMO

I don't really know how else to explain this, but.. I'm being haunted by my dead brother.

It takes a moment for Bam to process this. He laughs.

BAM

Sorry, but.. what the fuck?

MEMO

This is not a joke. Yesterday, you saw what happened.

BAM

The crazy homeless junkie who attacked you? He's working for your dead brother?

MEMO

Yes! Maybe. This morning I get a call that his body had been grave robbed. I go home and-an-and he's there. Just sitting on my bed, the little fucker. Next thing I know, he disappears. He's running around my apartment, shit's gone full-poltergeist, I'm being attacked by my own silverware, and now he's got me talking to myself, and then on my way here I'm almost run off the road by some maniac--

BAM

Memo!

Memo can't stand still anymore. His feverish energy practically radiating off of him.

BAM (CONT'D)

.. I'm not high enough for this.

MEMO

Wha--but..

INTERCUT

The DJ loses control of his turntables. They've become possessed. A new song starts up as

The six children arrive at the front door (which was left open by Memo). They enter. A DRUNK notices them.

CONTINUED:

DRUNK

Wow, that's incredible. Who did your make-up work?

It's clearer now that the children's bodies are walking, rotting corpses.

MEMO

Bam, I'm fucking serious. There's some shit going down. I don't know why this is happening, but it is. I just need someone else to see it too. So I know it's not in my head. I'm not losing my mind. That's what he wants.

PARTY GOER (OS)

Hey, who let the children of the corn in? Haha. But for reals, whose fucking kids are these? Argghhh!!

Memo and Bam turn towards the commotion. Others scream and look on as the party goer is attacked by the children. Memo realizes who they are. The other missing kids from the various cemeteries.

The UNDEAD children STAB, STRIKE and SLASH at the various party goers. Two of them work together to saw a man's legs off.

Bam freezes up, looking on in horror. He and Memo exchange looks. Bam believes him now.

The party lights are going crazy, flashing red everywhere like a Dario Argento film. The records are flying around the room, SLICING through and killing people. The DJ gets it the worst. Record after record crashing into him, cutting off each of his limbs.

The front door is the only way in or out. There is no escape from the horror. People are scrambling, high and drunk and so confused. Screaming drowned out by the even louder music. Running over each other to make it out. Some fight back against the kids, but you can't kill something that's already dead. They're quick, little unstoppable terminators with no quit in them.

Memo starts snapping as many pictures as he can. He needs the proof. Bam turns to him, bewildered by it all. By Memo's actions at a time like this.

Before he can say anything, the two hanging medieval swords vibrate then SHOOT across the room and into him, one by one.

CONTINUED:

He's been IMPALED, both swords crossing. His blood splatters all over Memo. He DIES with a whimper.

Memo, shocked, doesn't know what to do. For a moment he continues to watch the carnage unfold. He snaps himself out of the daze. There's no time to reflect. He takes one last picture of Bam.

MEMO

Sorry, Bam.

Memo lets his camera hang. He hesitates before grabbing one of the swords and with all his might pulls it out of Bam like Arthur pulling Excalibur from the stone.

He marches towards the front door, past all of the party goers running around like headless chickens (a couple being actually headless).

Spike is on the booze table, fighting off a couple of the kids. Throwing bottles and kicks.

Memo is confronted by one of the undead kids. He swings the sword, decapitating him. He kicks the headless body away then turns to see a few of the other children coming towards him. He chucks the sword then runs out of the house, shutting the door behind him to buy just a little more time.

INT. SALMA'S PLACE - BEDROOM - DAY

Memo alternates between knocking and ringing the doorbell, repeatedly.

Salma shifts in her bed, her eyes slowly opening.

SALMA

Ugh.. what?

The knocking grows louder.

ENTRANCE

Salma opens the door, beyond agitated, to find Memo covered in blood. His camera around his neck.

SALMA (CONT'D)

What's your problem, dude?

(pause)

Is that blood?

MEMO

Can I come in?

CONTINUED:

SALMA

Are you okay?

MEMO

No. I mean, yeah. This isn't mine.
I can explain. I just--

SALMA

What the fuck, dude?

MEMO

Were you sleeping? It's like seven
o'clock.

SALMA

I was taking a great nap before you
showed up. It's been a long ass
day.

MEMO

Tell me about it.

Memo pushes past her and lets himself in.

MEMO (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Close the door. Lock it.

She does.

SALMA

You wanted to explain, so explain.

MEMO

I need to preface this by saying I
know you're not gonna believe me,
but more than ever I need you to
believe me. Please.

Salma's still waiting for him to explain.

MEMO (CONT'D)

After the cemetery, I went back
home. I find this--

Memo digs into his pockets and removes the photographs he
took and developed earlier. He shows each one by one,
starting with the dirt-caked door knob and dirt trail leading
to his bedroom.

MEMO (CONT'D)

And right there, sitting on my bed-

-

CONTINUED:

Memo shows the photos of Demián. He's no longer smiling or flipping Memo off. They're a little smeared from not having dried long enough.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Okay, so they changed again, but look. There he is.

SALMA

Memo, what the fuck is this?

MEMO

Salma, you have to believe me. I didn't do this. I swear to fucking god I didn't. He's doing it.

SALMA

What?

Memo turns on his digital camera and quickly goes through the pictures for Salma. She's locked in.

MEMO

(scrambling)

When I called you. It was to tell you I found him, but I took my eyes off him for just a second.. and he was gone. Running around my apartment like some fucked up game of hide and seek. Then my kitchen attacks me. On my way to Bam's I'm almost run off the road. Homie crashes then fucking jump scares me. Then, I get to Bam's and while I'm trying to explain to him everything I'm explaining to you right now, the missing kids show up and start killing everyone. Including Bam. RIP.

It's so much for Salma to take in, but the pictures help. She stares at that last pic Memo took, of Bam impaled. The wheels are turning in her head. *Is this really happening?*

SALMA

Are you high?

MEMO

(pause)

Not anymore.

(beat)

You believe me, right? Please tell me you believe me..

CONTINUED:

SALMA

I honestly don't know how to respond to that, but I definitely believe that you believe it.

MEMO

It's him. It's fucking Demián. It's like he watched three horror movies and he's running through every cliché in the fucking book. But why now?

(low)

Why is this happening to me?

SALMA

(sarcastic)

I'm sure it has nothing to do with you parading his dead body around as the cover of your new book.

MEMO

Be serious.

Salma responds with an offended look. *Really?*

MEMO (CONT'D)

We don't have time for this shit.
We gotta go.

SALMA

Where?

INT. MEMO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - SAME

Salma surveys the mess. It's just as Memo said.

She wanders back into the

LIVING ROOM

to find Memo flipping through news channels on his TV. He finally stops on one.

NEWS ANCHOR

What began as a Halloween party has ended in a massacre. There were reports of neighbors complaining of loud music and even screaming. The home belongs to one Alabama Carver, aged 40.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

He, as well as many of his party goers were seemingly slaughtered by what the few survivors have identified, now get this, as children! Now, police are inside the premises, creating a crime scene.

(beat)

We are now getting footage from inside the house. We must warn the viewers at home that what you're about to see is incredibly graphic.

Footage is shown of inside the house. There are bodies everywhere. Blood, coke, limbs, broken bottles, records and furniture. Some of it is blurred.

REPORTER

Police are still trying to learn the identities of the deceased and the attackers...

The reporter continues on. Although already pretty convinced at this point, Salma's jaw drops at the grisly sight.

SALMA

This is actually insane.

MEMO

I told you. What do we do?

SALMA

I don't know. Give me a second.

Salma takes a moment to think it over and their options while Memo decides to change the channel. They're showing David Cronenberg's *The Dead Zone* (1983). Christopher Walken is having one of his visions.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Stay with me here, but.. when's the last time you saw Tia Aurelia?

MEMO

You wanna go see a fucking psychic? Really?

SALMA

How's that any crazier than half the shit that's happened to you today?

CONTINUED:

MEMO

(beat)

Fuck.

SALMA

Yeah. I'm calling her.

MEMO

Fine. Anything to make it stop.

Salma looks through her phone contacts, finding their Tia (Aunt). She calls her. It takes a sec to get through.

SALMA

Tia? Uhm.. we need your help.

DING DONG

INT. TIA AURELIA'S HOME - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

TIA AURELIA (50s) warmly welcomes Salma and Memo inside. She and her home are very old school Mexican. Paintings of Christ, the Virgin Mary and other Catholic imagery hung up throughout the house, as well as crucifixes. Aurelia wears a necklace with cross pendant and grips a rosary in her hands.

Near the front door is a console table. It's filled with *Day of the Dead* decorations and framed pictures of loved ones, including Demián.

Aurelia hugs and kisses each of them on the cheek.

SALMA

Tia, thank you so much for seeing us so last minute.

Salma elbows Memo.

MEMO

Yeah, thanks.

TIA AURELIA

It's no problem, mija. I saw the news. It's just like you said. We have to hurry before he causes more harm. Come.

She guides them into a smaller

INT. ROOM

where she has a little round table with candles lit all around it. Above it hangs the largest crucifix in the house.

She shuts the door behind them then sits down under the crucifix, middle of the table. The table itself is old and beat-up. It's seen some shit. At the center of it is a stack of blank paper and a cup filled with freshly sharpened pencils.

Behind her a bookshelf filled with all kinds of literature from the various editions of the Bible and other religious artifacts, books on things like astral projection and more.

TIA AURELIA
 (points to her left)
 Salma, you sit here.
 (points to her right)
 Memo, here.

They take their seats.

TIA AURELIA (CONT'D)
 Give me your hands and do not let
 go.

She raises hers. Salma takes her left hand. Memo takes her right.

TIA AURELIA (CONT'D)
 I am gonna try to speak with him
 first so you two keep quiet until I
 tell you.

They both nod with bated breath.

TIA AURELIA (CONT'D)
 Close your eyes now.

Aurelia does first, followed by Salma then Memo reluctantly.

TIA AURELIA (CONT'D)
 Lord, we, your children, are
 gathered here today to reach out to
 another of your children. A young
 boy.. who is lost. Who has been
 misled by the forces of evil.

That last bit makes Memo peek. He catches Salma doing the same. They exchange looks then shut their eyes again.

CONTINUED:

TIA AURELIA (CONT'D)

Lord, we ask that you protect us as we venture towards the gates of Hell in an attempt to bring little Demián back to the light. If you're with us, please show us a sign, Lord.

Memo and Salma peek again, waiting. After it seems like nothing will happen, the flames of the candles waver.

TIA AURELIA (CONT'D)

Thank you for hearing us, Lord.

(pause, deep breath)

Now, we reach out into the darkness. Demián, we are reaching out to you. Hear us. Hear us. And if you can hear us, follow my voice as we guide you out of that darkness and into the light. Hear us!

Salma tightens her grip, anxious.

TIA AURELIA (CONT'D)

HEAR US!

Her yelling startles the siblings. They both open their eyes as the house lights shut off.

MEMO

I think he heard us.

SALMA

(hushed)

Memo, shut up.

They both turn towards their Tia, noticing her head is down. She's not speaking. Is she breathing? They look at each other quizzically then back at their Tia.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Tia..?

Another moment of silence then a cold breeze. It passes over the candles, making the flames quiver again, then over Memo and Salma. They both react to the chill then

Aurelia starts to hum. That same horrible melody yet again. Memo knows it too well. Now he believes.

MEMO

He's here. I know that melody.

CONTINUED:

Aurelia SHOOTS UPRIGHT, her eyes cloudy WHITE. She continues humming.

SALMA

Demián? Talk to us. Please. Tell us why this is happening. We want to help you. Can you hear us?

They await an answer. She continues humming.

MEMO

Stop that fucking humming.

SALMA

Memo!

MEMO

He's doing it on purpose.

SALMA

Maybe something's making him. Why would he do all these horrible things?

MEMO

I don't know, ask him!

Aurelia releases Memo's right hand. Her hand goes into a writing motion. Realizing what she's doing, Salma grabs some of the paper and cup of pencils and pulls them in front of Aurelia.

Aurelia grabs a pencil and goes to write on the blank paper. The tip breaks. She drops the pencil then reaches for another. The tip breaks. She goes for a third. Each time, forcing the pencil down into the paper harder and harder. This one snaps in half. She continues this process as the humming grows louder. Too loud.

MEMO (CONT'D)

This is ridiculous.

SALMA

What do you want me to do?

MEMO

Nothing. I'm just saying.

SALMA

Well you're not helping! So stop saying..

After breaking two more pencils, Aurelia finally gives up. Her head drops again. The humming stops.

CONTINUED:

Even her breathing is quiet. The siblings watch her, waiting. Then, Aurelia speaks, but with the voice of little Demián.

TIA AURELIA
(Demián)
She's mine now.

Salma almost wants to cry. Memo only becomes angrier.

MEMO
Demi, you little asshole. Let her go!

TIA AURELIA
(Demián)
Or what? You'll tell on me?

This strikes a nerve in Memo. Salma looks over at him, questioningly.

Aurelia grabs a broken pencil and STABS through both her own and Salma's hands, impaling them together. Salma yelps!

Before Memo can react, Aurelia is already grabbing another broken pencil. She SWINGS her right hand back, STABBING Memo in the shoulder as he attempts to back up. He stands up, his chair falling back and almost making him trip over it.

He holds Aurelia back as she attempts to stab Salma again (with another broken pencil). Salma PULLS at the pencil in her and Aurelia's hands.

MEMO
Salma, get out of here now!

SALMA
(wincing)
I'm trying!

Salma pulls at it harder. Aurelia, not able to strike again because of Memo, swings her right hand inward, stabbing herself in the neck. Her blood sprays over Memo's face.

MEMO
No!

SALMA
No!! Demián, STOP!!

Aurelia stabs herself in the neck again. Memo gives up trying to help her and instead pulls her back to pull her further away from Salma.

CONTINUED:

Salma grits her teeth as she attempts again and successfully yanks her hand away, leaving a hole in the middle of her bloody palm. She's trying to hold back a scream.

The house shakes like Memo's apartment did. A mini earthquake. Memo hears the crucifix shifting above his head. He jumps backward as it comes down and impales Aurelia.

He quickly gets back up on his feet then goes around the table (opposite direction) to grab Salma. They step back looking on as Aurelia retains control of her body. She's in shock, dying from all her wounds then

The flames of the candles shoot up, rapidly spreading around the table. The bookshelf behind it goes up in flames. As does Aurelia. The flames start at her hands and travel up her arms until her entire body is consumed. She BURNS, still alive (barely).

Memo grabs Salma's arm and pulls her towards the door.

MEMO

We have to go! Now, Salma!

Salma watches Aurelia burn, tears in her eyes, unable to do anything. Memo's already opening the door, pulling her out.

SALMA

I'm sorry, Tia..

INT. SALMA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Memo drives, a furious look in his eyes. Salma sits in the passenger seat, tending to her hand. They're both still trying to catch their breath. In the background Aurelia's home can be seen consumed in flames.

MEMO

Are you okay? How's your hand?

SALMA

(cries)

It's bad, it's.. I'm not okay. This is fucked. Why would he do that to her? It can't be him!

MEMO

Of course it's him! Little asshole is doing all this to spite me.

CONTINUED:

SALMA

(scoffs)

Spite you?! Everyone but you is being hurt. You look fine to me!

MEMO

What about the fork--I took a pencil too, alright?

SALMA

Yeah, in the shoulder!

MEMO

Semantics.

SALMA

Seman--? That doesn't fucking mean anything!

MEMO

This is what he wants! For us to lose our shit. To lose control.

SALMA

(pause)

What did he mean by that.. "you'll tell on me?"

MEMO

What? I don't know. Nothing, probably. Just being a fucking crybaby like usual.

SALMA

Being a crybaby? A crybaby?! What the fuck is going on, Memo?!

MEMO

You know I don't know.

SALMA

.. You're lying..

MEMO

About what?

SALMA

What happened between you? What did you do?

MEMO

(defensive)

Why is it always what I did?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MEMO (CONT'D)

"What did you do, Memo?" "Why did you make him cry?" "Leave your brother alone." "Stop bothering him." I never fucking did anything.

SALMA

(realization)

You are hiding something.

MEMO

No, I'm not.

SALMA

Pull over.

MEMO

I'm not hiding anything.

SALMA

PULL OVER!!

Memo finally does. Salma mad-dogs him.

MEMO

What?

SALMA

What. Did. You. DO?!

Memo freezes, knowing he's in the hot seat. He takes a beat before slowly turning to Salma with an acknowledging look. She knows she's right.

SALMA (CONT'D)

(realizes)

This is the moment..

MEMO

.. What?

SALMA

You have to tell Mom and Dad.

MEMO

What? Why?

SALMA

Because, maybe that's the only way to stop him. You have to admit what you did and then his spirit will be put to rest.

CONTINUED:

MEMO

Oh, what kind of happy ending
horseshit--are you serious right
now?

SALMA

You have a better idea?!

Memo soaks it in. He sighs.

SALMA (CONT'D)

It's time, dude. You put it all out
there on front street. And then,
hopefully, together, we can put an
end to this.

Memo looks up at her and stares into her eyes. She's right.

SALMA (CONT'D)

We have to hurry.

Memo pulls away.

EXT. PARENTS' HOME - NIGHT

DING DONG

Salma rings the doorbell. She and Memo wait impatiently.

Their Mom answers the door. Her face shifts between a range
of looks. First, she's not totally happy to see Salma, even
less so to see Memo, then notices both of them (especially
Memo) are covered in blood. She notices Salma's bloody hand
next and becomes more than concerned.

MOM

(Spanish)

Salma, what happened to your hand?

SALMA

That's why we're here, Mom. It's a
long story.. We need to talk.

MOM

(beat, Spanish)

Come inside.

INT. PARENTS' HOME - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM

Mom leads Salma into the kitchen, in front of the sink. She
looks under the sink for their first aid kit while Memo
wanders into the LIVING ROOM.

CONTINUED:

Dad is already there, sitting on his favorite chair, beer in hand. He notices Memo standing in the corner.

DAD

Memo, what happened?

Dad is about to get up when Memo stops him.

MEMO

.. You should keep sitting, Dad.
It's uh.. it's a lot.

Mom helps Salma wash off the blood from her hand then disinfect it. She dries it then bandages it up. They join Memo and Dad in the

LIVING ROOM

Salma stands near Memo, Mom near Dad (each pair on the opposite end from each other).

MOM

When were you gonna tell me about Demián?

SALMA

That's why we're here.

MOM

He's been missing since this morning and I'm barely hearing about it an hour ago.

SALMA

We didn't want to worry you. We were trying to find him first.

MOM

You lied.

SALMA

Mom, okay, I'm sorry, but we have much bigger problems than that.
Memo?

Memo looks uncertain, knowing anything he's about to say will sound like crazy talk.

MEMO

Demián dug himself out.

Mom and Dad both turn to him, waiting for him to elaborate.

CONTINUED:

MEMO (CONT'D)

He's.. he's really pissed off and basically wants revenge against me.. for what happened to him.

MOM

(Spanish)

What is this? What are you talking about?

SALMA

It's true! Demián is haunting us. He's been torturing Memo. Him and the other kids. Other victims of Tom Hooper. They've come back and they're hurting people.. Killing people. I've seen it. We went to Tia Aurelia to see if she could help us communicate with him.

MEMO

To try and understand why he's doing this.

Mom is having a difficult time taking in all this nonsense. Dad is passive, his face blank, as he drinks his beer.

SALMA

Mom.. He killed Tia Aurelia.

Mom's eyes widen, her face drops.

MOM

What?

SALMA

She tried to help us.. and now she's dead.

Mom almost falls over dizzy. She catches herself, placing her hands on the table. Salma moves to help her, but she brushes her off.

SALMA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Mom, but there's no time. I think he's coming here next.

MOM

No. This is wrong. How can you tell me this?

CONTINUED:

MEMO

Because it's what's happening. He's "alive" and he's coming after the family.

SALMA

But we think.. maybe there's a way to stop him.

Salma looks over at Memo.

SALMA (CONT'D)

If Memo admits the truth.. and tells you what really happened.. **that** day.

All eyes on Memo. He hesitates before opening his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME - DARKROOM (FLASHBACK)

10 year old Memo sits at a desk in the corner with Hooper's victim photo album in front of him. He's cutting up and placing in more pictures.

Tom Hooper paces behind him, watching him work. He's humming that same melody then stops.

TOM HOOPER

Be careful not to take too much off the edges there.. Gotta be perfect.

Hooper's right hand trembles. He tries to hold it still with his left.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

You've been good. Better than the others.

Memo places a picture of Demián on a fresh page.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

Make sure to write his full name. First and last. Age.

Memo writes as he's told. *Demián Villarias. Age 6.*

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

Place of birth.

CONTINUED:

Memo finishes. He reveals the next picture. It's of him. He hesitates before cutting off the edges. He goes to place it in, but Hooper stops him.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)
 Why don't we.. leave that one out..
 Just for now.

A wave of relief passes over Memo.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)
 Good work, kid. Maybe one day
 you'll have your own book.

Hooper places a hand on Memo's shoulder. He gives it a squeeze.

INT. KIDS BEDROOM - DAY

TOM HOOPER (OS)
 (raging)
 Arrgghhhh!!

Memo stirs in his sleep.

TOM HOOPER (OS) (CONT'D)
 Who did this?!

Memo wakes as Hooper charges into the room, letting the door smack against the wall. Memo flinches.

Hooper grabs him by the collar and pulls him close so he's face to face.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)
 Did you do it? Did you? I trusted
 you!

Now Demián stirs, somewhere between dreaming and waking.

MEMO
 I don't know what you're talking
 about.

Hooper stares into his eyes, searching for the truth. He releases Memo, letting him hit the floor then storms out.

Memo listens as Hooper stomps around the living room then comes back in just as fierce, holding his photo album. He chucks it at Memo.

CONTINUED:

Memo looks down at it. It's been destroyed. Pages folded and pictures ripped. Writing scribbled over. He looks up at Hooper with pleading eyes.

TOM HOOPER

(fuming)

Are you telling me you didn't do this? Destroy my work?

MEMO

(shakes head)

No! It wasn't me!

TOM HOOPER

Then who was it?! I gave it to you last.

MEMO

(stammering)

Demián. Demián wanted to see it so I let him borrow it!

Hooper slaps Memo with his right hand. It's trembling now as he points it in his face.

TOM HOOPER

Don't lie to me.

MEMO

(fighting tears)

He started crying. So I let him look at it. I told him to put it back on the TV when he was done. Then I fell asleep.

Hooper processes this then turns to Demián. He yanks him up, waking him fully. Demián whimpers, confused. Hooper presents his ring of keys to Memo.

TOM HOOPER

Go into the darkroom. Get my camera. You know which one?

Memo, trying to keep his composure and almost failing, nods. Hooper drops Demián back down who cowers into the corner. He leans down to uncuff Memo's ankle. He presents the keys to him. Memo accepts them.

TOM HOOPER (CONT'D)

Don't take long.

Memo nods. He leaves the room, looking back as Hooper turns his attention towards Demián. Hooper grabs Demián by his shirt collar. His right hand trembles.

CONTINUED:

HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM

Memo goes the opposite direction, speed walking towards the front door. It's got three different locks on it. He tries each of the keys on the first lock until succeeding.

TOM HOOPER (OS) (CONT'D)
You little bastard! STOP CRYING!!

Demián cries from the bedroom as he's hurt by Hooper. He screams. Hooper screams louder.

Memo unlocks the other two locks then opens the door. The bright light comes in, blinding him with its intensity. It's the first time the sun has touched him in a week.

DEMIÁN (OS)
Memooo!!!

EXT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME

Memo runs for his life down the road and away from the house.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME - KIDS BEDROOM

Memo stands over Demián's body. In the background, the cops can be heard storming the garage just after shooting down Hooper. Memo brings up his Polaroid camera and snaps Demián's picture.

INT. PARENTS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Salma is so upset at Memo she's shaking. Tears rolling down her cheek. She angrily wipes them away.

It's the first time Memo has truly reflected on the event. It's evident in his face. He's working through some shit.

Mom doesn't blink through her hard stare at Memo, her eyes filled with tears.

SALMA
I spent so long defending you.. How could you? He was just a little boy.

CONTINUED:

MEMO

So was I!

(beat)

I was scared. Somehow I made a connection with this sick guy so I used it. To save us both.

SALMA

But you didn't!

MEMO

I didn't know he would..

SALMA

Didn't you?

MEMO

Oh, come on! Why would I want that?

SALMA

So you can be the favorite again?

MEMO

Yeah, right. You were still there. And what a great plan! Mom and Dad sure love me now, don't they?

Salma just stares at him, studying his eyes. Mom and Dad remain quiet, silently judging him.

MEMO (CONT'D)

(playing to the rafters)

.. I'm sorry.. I swear I didn't know what else to do.

Memo's eyes water.

SALMA

Okay, I've never seen you cry so don't start now.

(beat)

Fine. You were ten. You were an idiot. You still are. You did what you did to survive.. Fine. I can accept that..

Memo wipes his eyes dry.

MOM

(softly)

You killed my baby...

CONTINUED:

Dad, having finished his beer, gets up from his chair. It seems he's about to say something to Memo, but then doesn't. He leaves towards the kitchen. They watch him go, curiously.

Salma attempts to put her hand on her Mom's. She pulls away.

SALMA

Mom.. I know how you must feel,
but--

MOM

No! You don't know how I feel!

SALMA

He was my brother--

MOM

He was my son!! My baby!!

She shoots back up and points at Memo.

MOM (CONT'D)

You were supposed to watch him. You were supposed to take care of him!

MEMO

Yeah, cause you made me! If you didn't force me to take him with me, then you'd be one big happy family right now. Cause it would have just been me. It would have been.. perfect.

(beat)

I've lived with this all my life and I know it's gonna follow me to the grave, but maybe **you** should take some fucking responsibility for once. "Mom."

That rocks Mom to her core.

Salma turns to him, upset he's taken it in this direction.

Mom shuts down completely. No more words. No more blame. She sobs. Memo's admittance doesn't bring any relief. Only more complicated pain.

Dad saunters back in with a new beer. He's holding something behind his back in his other hand.. then suddenly..

ATTACKS Mom with a KITCHEN KNIFE. Salma is quick to react, jumping up to her aid. The knife point scrapes Mom's neck, just barely cutting into her. Salma tries to pull his arm back.

CONTINUED:

SALMA

Dad, what the fuck?!

Memo sprints across the room to help.

Dad, his eyes a cloudy white, SWINGS his beer bottle against Salma's head, knocking her down to the floor.

Memo TACKLES him to the ground, but his Dad is heavier than him. He flips Memo around, putting all his weight on him.

Mom is trembling in the corner, disoriented.

Dad brings the knife down stabbing Memo in the opposite shoulder of his last stabbing. He yelps. It's going in deeper, deeper.

Salma, dizzy, struggles to get back up.

MEMO

Dad, you gotta fight--he's in your head!

Memo uses all his strength to push the knife back up. It's slowly coming back out.

Salma, on her knees, grabs the beer bottle and smashes it over her Dad's head. He drops the knife, but doesn't need it. He runs his thumbs over Memo's eyes, about to gauge them out.

Without really thinking, Memo grabs the knife and stabs it into the center of Dad's esophagus. Blood gushes out, drowning Memo in it. He stares up into his eyes (the cloudy white fading) with regret. Dad comes crumbling down to his side, DEAD.

Memo and Salma are shaking. Mom is in the corner, crying her eyes out, inconsolable.

SALMA

(places a hand on him)

Dad?

(cries)

Dad?!

Memo wants to say something, to apologize, but instead his lip quivers. He can't speak. He puts his hands over his head. Salma notices and can't help but feel bad for him.

She manages to get back up on her feet. She wanders out of the living room and out of the house, for some air.

EXT. PARENTS' HOME

SALMA

Demi.. why?

The remaining undead children (five) appear out of almost thin air. They come out of the darkness, grabbing Salma.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Hey! No! What are--

INT. PARENTS' HOME - LIVING ROOM

Memo turns when he hears Salma's scream from outside. He's about to go after her when he's stopped in his tracks.

ENTRANCE

Demián stands in the doorway, blocking his way out.

MEMO

Demián.

Hearing Memo name him gets his Mom's attention. She slips in from around the corner to see what's going on. The sight of dead Demián almost paralyzes her.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Where is she?

Demián is silent.

MEMO (CONT'D)

(shouts)

What the fuck do you want?!

Mom puts a hand over her mouth as Demián starts to hum that awful melody. Hooper's melody.

MOM

Demi..

Something clicks in Memo's head. He makes a realization.

MEMO

.. You want Hooper..?

Demián stops humming.. then.. all of the lights in the house shut off for a few seconds. Then come back on and Demián is gone.

CONTINUED:

Memo runs to the door, looking outside. Salma and the other children are gone as well. He's about to leave, but stops himself. He goes back over to his Mom and tries to calm her.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Mom, Mom, listen. Hey. You need to call the police. I'm sorry. I have to go.

She stops him.

MOM

Don't leave me.

MEMO

I have to go or else Salma is next.
I need you to trust me. Just once..

She's frozen in fear, still processing all the craziness. Memo doesn't know what else to do.. He hugs her suddenly. Their first embrace in years. He cherishes it, however brief it may be. He kisses her forehead. She gives him a shocked look, unable to reciprocate.

MEMO (CONT'D)

(ashamed)

.. You were right about me.

Memo runs out, leaving her alone and helpless. His words only make her sadder.

INT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

20 years without maintenance has only made the house even worse. It's a wonder it's still standing.

Salma slowly comes to. A TV can be heard nearby. She wakes in the corner of the living room where it becomes the kitchen. She tries to stretch her leg, hearing the CLINK CLINK of a chain. She realizes her ankle has been cuffed and chained.

She looks up to see the five undead children sitting in front of the TV watching cartoons.

SALMA

(low)

How did I get here?

She pulls on her chain, looking for where it ends. Near the front door, a stake in the ground, under the wooden floorboards. Left of that are the children, who are now all facing her.

CONTINUED:

SALMA (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this? What did
Demián promise you?

None of them respond.

SALMA (CONT'D)
Think about your families. They
wouldn't want this for you.

One by one, the children slowly turn back towards the TV.
She's not gonna get through to them.

SALMA (CONT'D)
(sighs, irritated)
Fuck..

INT. SALMA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Memo, drenched in drying blood, drives with a mission. He
tries to call Salma, but he's not getting through. His phone
battery is low, almost dead.

He looks up as a PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL is coming into view. He
parks, takes a deep breath, then leaves the car.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

Memo sees his reflection in the car window. He looks down at
his bloody clothes.

He goes to the trunk of the car, sure enough finding one of
Salma's jackets.

Memo shuts the trunk then puts on the jacket and zips it up.
It's too short and bit tight. He looks up at the hospital,
weary.

INT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME

Salma stands up and surveys the surrounding area. The
children are unarmed. She looks towards the kitchen for a
weapon. The counters are clean. She tip toes over to the
drawers and carefully looks through them.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - FRONT DESK

A RECEPTIONIST sits behind the desk watching videos on her
phone. She doesn't notice Memo until he speaks up.

CONTINUED:

MEMO

I'm here to see someone.

She sits up, pausing her video then looks up at him. Memo, not recognizing her at first, realizes who she is. The same Young Lady from his book signing.

YOUNG LADY

Oh, hey, it's you!

MEMO

Uh, yeah. Hi again.

YOUNG LADY

It's a bit late for visitors--Oh..
Are you here to see **him**?

MEMO

Isn't this place open 24 hours?

YOUNG LADY

Yes, but that's more for
emergencies.

MEMO

This is an emergency. I **really** need
to speak with him. Please.

YOUNG LADY

(thinks)
I mean, yeah, I can probably..
You'll just have to go through
security first.

MEMO

Lead the way.

INT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME

Salma is still going through the kitchen drawers. She finds a screwdriver. She quietly sits back down.

She uses the screwdriver in an attempt to get through the lock of her ankle cuff. One of the kids shift in their spots, calling her attention. She hides the screwdriver, looking up as one of the kids turns to check on her. She stares back at the kid until he turns back to the TV.

She continues with the screwdriver, but stops again when she hears more movement. A different kid is staring at her now. She watches him as he pulls out a key from his pocket--the key she needs--then swallows it whole.

CONTINUED:

SALMA

Oh, you little..

He sits back down, putting his back to her.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

A SECURITY GUARD stops Memo as he enters the hallway. He starts to frisk him.

SECURITY GUARD

Reason for visit?

MEMO

I'm writing a book. Was hoping to interview him.

SECURITY GUARD

(chuckles)

Yeah, good luck with that.

He gives the NURSE the OK look then goes back to sit down and read his magazine.

The nurse continues to guide Memo into a certain wing of the hospital. Where they keep the "forever" patients.

NURSE

Surprised you want to see him. He doesn't get many visitors these days. Except for a protester here and there, he's been mostly forgotten.

MEMO

What's there left to protest?

NURSE

Well, family or friends of his victims, demanding he be killed. Which, obviously, is not something we do here. Hard to prove someone with brain damage was of the right mind when he.. It's one hell of a get-out-of-jail-free-card, I'll tell you that.

(beat)

Here we are.

They stop in front of a door to one of the rooms. The nurse unlocks it then opens the door.

CONTINUED:

Hooper, alive, sits in front of his window, staring out of it. A chill runs up Memo's spine.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Tom? You have a visitor.

INT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME

Salma is still trying with the screwdriver. She's been unsuccessful so far. She hears movement. She hides the screwdriver in her pocket as the kids turn their attention towards her. She's waiting for them to do something.

Four of the five children scurry over to her.

SALMA

Hey, wait--what are you doing?

They grab and pull at her while the remaining kid grabs the chain, pulling it, little by little, helping the others get her over towards the front door.

She fights, but is eventually overpowered. She trips over herself, hitting the floor. The four grab her legs and pull her. The other one continues to round up the chain.

They place her in the corner (to the right of the front door). She's trying to catch her breath as the four all wrestle to hold her down.

The chain puller wanders back to the TV. Sitting on top of it is Memo's Polaroid camera (the original). He grabs it then goes back over to Salma. He raises the camera up.

SALMA (CONT'D)

You're fucking joking, right?

Two of the kids near her pull at her cheeks, trying to force a smile.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Ahh, stop! You munchkin ass--Fine!!
Okay!

She finally stops struggling. She works up a fake smile. The little man, satisfied, snaps a photo of her.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - HOOPER'S ROOM

The nurse closes the door behind Memo. He cautiously approaches Hooper, who still has his back to him.

CONTINUED:

MEMO

Do you remember me?

Hooper looks at him through the reflection in the glass. He's clearly not the same man he was all those years ago. He's in his 60s now. Brain damaged from the shootout with the cops. He's notably slower in his speech.

TOM HOOPER

(weak)

Who?

Memo becomes bigger in the reflection as he comes closer, still behind Hooper.

MEMO

We were friends.

TOM HOOPER

.. Friend?

MEMO

You took me. And my brother.
Remember that?

Hooper is struggling to. He's barely present.

Memo comes a little closer, hoping he'll recognize him. There's just nothing there. That disappoints Memo.

MEMO (CONT'D)

You took my life from me. You took
his.. You took from so many people.

Hooper doesn't seem to understand. He responds with an incoherent mumbling.

MEMO (CONT'D)

You still into photography?

TOM HOOPER

I like taking pictures.

MEMO

What do you take pictures of?

TOM HOOPER

People. I like people.

MEMO

(frustrated)

You really don't remember me?

CONTINUED:

TOM HOOPER
 (thinks)
 Who are you?

MEMO
 Memo.

TOM HOOPER
 Hmm. Memo. Friend.

MEMO
 .. That's right..

Memo starts to hum that melody. There's a change in Hooper. Some recognition now. He joins Memo and starts to hum.

Memo reaches back and pulls the bed sheet off the nearby bed. He twists it up to get it skinnier, still humming. Memo can see a twisted look forming in Hooper's eyes. As if the melody has awoken something trapped deep inside him. His right hand starts to tremble.. then

MEMO (CONT'D)
 (resentful)
 Okay, Demián. It's all for you.

Memo brings the twisted sheet around Hooper's throat. He pulls it tight, choking him. Hooper struggles to get any words out. He can't yell. Memo pulls tighter as he continues to hum louder. He's watching Hooper's eyes in the reflection, waiting for that twisted look to be gone once and for all.

Hooper doesn't have a lot of fight in him to begin with. He kicks his feet out. His hands come up, but struggle to actually do anything.

Finally, Hooper ceases to struggle. He is DEAD. Memo stops humming. He releases his grip and lets the bed sheet fall to the floor. He double checks to make sure Hooper is gone then wipes his own sweaty forehead clean.

He takes a moment to stare at Hooper's lifeless body then looks around frantically, expecting Demián to show. He looks back at Hooper, figuring out where Salma might be.

EXT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME - NIGHT

Memo pulls up outside. He jumps out of Salma's car, ripping off her jacket. He goes to the trunk again. He stuffs the jacket back in and digs through the trunk. He finds a tire iron.

CONTINUED:

Memo runs over to the front door, using the tire iron to try and bash it in. He makes a few attempts when the door suddenly opens. Salma.

Memo hugs her then looks over her for any new injuries.

MEMO

You okay?

SALMA

Yeah, I'm alright. Just.. not going far.

She brings her leg up to show off the ankle cuff and chain.

SALMA (CONT'D)

One of the kids has the key. Ate it right in front of me.

MEMO

Where are they?

SALMA

I don't know. They must have heard you coming cause they stopped what they were doing and scattered like roaches. Where have you been?

MEMO

I.. Demián wanted me to kill Hooper..

SALMA

Oh my god..

MEMO

It's done.

(yells out)

You hear that? It's done! Let her go!

No response. Memo sighs, beyond tired of it all.

SALMA

And Mom?

INT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME

Memo joins her inside.

MEMO

I don't know. I had to leave her alone. I think she's okay though.

CONTINUED:

Memo notices a copy of his photography book "*The Book of the Dead*" on the floor. It's open on the last page. The photo of Salma has been pasted underneath Memo's author pic.

MEMO (CONT'D)

He always planned it this way..

SALMA

What do you mean?

MEMO

It's like Hooper's photo album..
Before.. and after.

SALMA

You need to get help.

MEMO

My phone's dead.

SALMA

Then take the car to the nearest
phone. There has to be another
house around here.

MEMO

There is.. I don't want to leave
you alone again. We don't know what
else he's got up his sleeve.

SALMA

It won't matter if we're dead and
no one else is around to see it.
(shows screwdriver)
I'll do what I can here, but you
need to go. Now.

MEMO

(shakes head)
I don't like this.
(beat)
Close the door. Lock it.

SALMA

Why? What's the lock gonna do?

MEMO

I dunno, buy you time. Just fucking
lock it.

SALMA

.. Hurry.

EXT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME

Memo steps out. Salma shuts it and locks it.

Memo runs over to Salma's car when something catches his eye. A machete sticking out of the front tire. He looks over and the back one has been slashed too. He assumes its the same on the other side.

MEMO

Fuckers.

Memo yanks out the machete then looks onward to the next house, some distance away. He starts running down the

EXT. ROAD

Just like when he was a kid, he runs for his life. No, this time its for Salma's. He picks up the pace, going faster then something clicks in his head.

He slows down, halfway to the neighboring house. He stops.

MEMO

This is what he wants.

Memo starts running again, heading back towards Hooper's place.

INTERCUT

Salma continues to try and force her cuff off with the screwdriver.

EXT. TOM HOOPER'S HOME

Memo runs into the door, wildly slamming his fist into it.

MEMO

Salma! It's a trap! Open the door!

INTERCUT

Salma goes to unlock the door when a HOOK emerges from underneath the floorboards, stopping her in her tracks. The house lights shut off and now she's in darkness. The hook slides back down.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Ahh!

CONTINUED:

Memo is being ambushed by three of the undead children. One has just bitten him on the ass. He elbows the kid off then starts swinging his machete wildly. Two of them practically sword fighting with him. One with a gardening shovel and the other with a little axe.

The third bastard with a hammer. He swings it, bashing Memo's knee.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Ooh, you little son of a bitch--

Memo punches hammer boy in the face.

INTERCUT

Salma is up against the wall, trying to avoid the hook coming in and out from under the floorboards when a second bladed weapon emerges. A saw. She screams with rage.

Memo swings his machete into the neck of the kid with the axe. It's stuck. He dodges an attack from the gardening shovel then yanks the machete out of axe kid's neck then hacks away at it until his head comes off.

He kicks the headless body away then is struck with the gardening shovel in the side. Hammer boy hits him in the knee again, this time dropping him down to their level.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Oh! Fuck!

He stops the hammer from coming down on his head. He's struggling.

INTERCUT

The saw comes up again, skimming Salma's foot and slicing it.

SALMA

Ow! Shit. Shit.

The hook comes up this time, she sidesteps it.

Memo pushes hammer boy away then pulls the gardening shovel out of his side. He returns the favor, shanking shovel kid over and over until hammer boy comes at him again.

Memo swings his machete, chopping off hammer boy's arm at the midpoint. It goes flying through the air. Memo proceeds to hack up both kids, caught in a rage-fueled flurry.

INTERCUT

CONTINUED:

The hook comes up, stabbing Salma's foot. She yelps. The house lights suddenly come back on, allowing her to see again. The saw comes up, missing her other foot. She reaches down and grabs the hook, it cutting into her hands, and pulls it up and over until it's hooked the saw, preventing either from being able to be retracted.

Memo chops into the door. He peeks through to see Salma on the ground, stabbing at the kids' hands coming out from under the floorboards (with the screwdriver).

Memo kicks in the door. He joins Salma, stomping on the floorboards that are already broken. Until he breaks through, creating enough of a hole for them to grab the little fuckers. Together they pull up hook kid. The other one crawls away.

Salma stabs hook kid (the same one who swallowed the key) repeatedly in the stomach, digging into it while Memo chases after the other (from above). He's gone. Salma stops, hook kid's stomach torn open. She unlocks the cuff around her ankle then messes with the other end.

They're both startled as Demián appears on the front steps.

MEMO

(pause)

Why?

Demián finally speaks, but his voice doesn't come from his lips. It instead travels, echoing through the house and back into Memo and Salma's ears, panning from left to right and back. As if he's in their head.

DEMIÁN (VO)

Why? WHY?!

(mocking)

"Why is this happening to me?" Why not? You lived my life.

MEMO

Fuck you. It was my life to live. I'm sorry!! Alright? I didn't know what would happen.. And that doesn't excuse what I did.. but it doesn't excuse what you've done either.

SALMA

He's right, Demi. Look at all the carnage you caused. All those people. Tia Aurelia. Dad!! And for what?!

CONTINUED:

DEMIÁN (VO)
 (pause)
 Because I can.

Memo screams, throwing his hands up against his temples, and falling to his knees. His hurt knee causes him to fall forward. His eyes are turning a cloudy white. Salma cowers in the corner. Demián is trying to take hold of Memo's body and mind.

SALMA
 Fight it, Memo! Fight it!! Demi,
 stop!!

Memo does. He looks like he's about to pull something, straining every part of himself. Veins popping. Teeth gritting. He fights until his eyes slowly return to normal. Demián's possession has failed. He looks up at Demián from the ground. Salma stays close, grabbing Memo's hand.

MEMO
 (exhausted)
 That's the best you got?

DEMIÁN (VO)
 (whining)
 It's not fair! It was supposed to
 work!! It's supposed to be my
 life!!

The TV EXPLODES

MEMO
 Cry about it. Maybe it's time you
 grew the fuck up.

DEMIÁN (VO)
 (beat)
 If you say so.

Demián's body starts to STRETCH, TWIST and PULL in unnatural ways. Muscles RIP. Bones BREAK. Demián literally GROWS UP, his kid body changing into an adult sized one. It's nasty and twisted up. An image that'll be seared into your brain forever.

SALMA
 (disgusted)
 Jesus..

DEMIÁN
 I still feel incomplete.

Demián's voice cracks now, as if he's stuck in puberty.

CONTINUED:

The house shakes violently.

The center of the living room is being sucked into the ground as a giant sinkhole is forming beneath it. Floorboards are going.

The severed limbs, headless body, all of the parts of the undead children come back to life again. They all grab onto Memo, holding him down and pulling him back.

DEMIÁN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. After he's gone, we can start over.

SALMA

There's no coming back from this. From any of it!

The children are pulling Memo towards the sinkhole. Flames shoot up from it. A literal gateway to Hell.

Other hands emerge to grab Memo, helping to pull him in, as well as the still-in-one-piece remaining child. Salma grabs hold of Memo, holding on with everything she's got.

MEMO

Salma.

Memo gives her a knowing look. He wants her to let go.

SALMA

Shut up!! I'm not--

The forces of Hell are sucking Memo's life force away. He's visibly changing. Dying. His life being transferred to Demián. Demián is reforming, little by little. His muscles developing, his skin and hair growing. His bones snapping back into place. Memo is gradually becoming a husk.

Salma is loosing the tug of war.

MEMO

(weak)

Why'd you ever stick up for an asshole like me?

SALMA

(breaking)

Your heart can break for more than one person.

CONTINUED:

MEMO
 (struggles to smile,
 acceptance)
 I'm done breaking hearts.

Salma struggles to accept what's happening, but she doesn't have much of a choice. She reaches down and brings up the end of the chain (that was stuck between floorboards) and hands it to Memo. Memo grabs hold of it as he's being pulled more and more towards the flaming hole.

The house is coming apart, now up in flames.

Salma releases Memo, falling backward onto the floor.

SALMA
 Demi!

Demián turns to Salma just as she is cuffing his ankle.

SALMA (CONT'D)
 Go to Hell!!

It's too late for Demián to react. Memo yanks his end of the chain. Salma kicks Demián's still forming leg (the uncuffed one), snapping it in half and making him fall onto his back. Memo yanks harder as he's almost swallowed by the flames.

Salma grabs Memo's Polaroid camera as she runs out. She trips and falls, rolling and ending up on her butt. She looks up to watch Memo be pulled into the hole. They share one last look. Demián is now on his stomach, trying to grab hold of anything and failing. He's yanked into the hole.

Salma stands up when she's thrown back as the house implodes, still ablaze. Again on her butt, she cries for Memo, watching it all burn.

A cockroach skitters away from the rubble and onto the road.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - A WEEK LATER

Salma consoles her Mom as her Dad's casket is being lowered beside Demián's grave (which has been restored). Aurelia's gravestone sits nearby.

Salma watches the casket go down then hugs her Mom tightly. She looks around as if hoping to see Memo's ghost there with them.

INT. SALMA'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - A YEAR LATER

CLOSE ON: TV. An ad for a new docuseries.

TV

Tonight, we give an inside look at the life of Guillermo Villarias. A complicated figure. The notorious death photographer with a scary secret origin who would go on to exact his revenge against friends, family and even the infamous serial killer who made him what he would ultimately become--

The channel changes to a psychic show.

TV (CONT'D)

You know, I believe it. Ghosts can be vengeful. How else do you explain the kids and the disturbed graves? Maybe they were being controlled by a greater, more evil force--

The channel changes again. A movie ad. An actor portrays a moviefied version of Memo, deep in contemplation.

TV MEMO

I'm.. I can't go back to the life I had, Selena. Something's changed.. inside me--

Salma turns off the TV, annoyed. She notices a reflection of someone else in the TV, standing beside her. Memo? She studies it harder and it seems to be him. She turns to find the room empty.

SALMA

Memo?

Nothing but quiet. Salma sits in the silence.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Salma finds herself at the same park Memo and Demián were abducted from. She's taking pictures with Memo's Polaroid camera.

She decides to turn the camera on herself. She snaps a photo. She waits for it to come out. She pulls it out and shakes it, drying it off.

CONTINUED:

Salma looks at the photo, something catching her eye. What appears to be a faded Memo beside her, smiling. She smiles, but it eventually fades..

She walks off as we look down on the field of flowers. At the center, a dead flower.

THE END