

ROLE: KASPER LEIGHTON (lead)

TYPE: Video Format

ACT 1

EXT. LEIGHTON HOUSE - CAR - EVENING

KASPER's hands resting on the window of the car. The voice message still playing.

DAD (VO - static voice message recording)

I... I did what I thought was right.

A small scar on his right hand is visible for a split second. The sound of his breathing is controlled, as if he's trying to calm himself. While rummaging through the glove compartment we see a photograph of a child and its parents. a tired woman and a tall tired man - his face scratched out from the photograph. KASPER takes out the photograph and the house keys from the glove compartment. He closes his eyes, and attempts to calm himself before opening the car door.

DAD (VO - static voice message recording)

You needed direction. Discipline. But ultimately it... [stuttering]. I'm lost... and I don't think there's any coming back for me. It's too late for me. I just - I wish I could see you one last time. I can't... But I want to say this. You are -

The voice message gets interrupted. MARK, KASPER's partner, calls him. His hands are slightly shaking as he struggles to steady them.

MARK (on call)

Heyyy Kasper!

No answer. The anxiety coursing through his body, unable for him to speak.

MARK (on call)

Hello?

KASPER (on call)

(zoned out - snapping back out of it)

Hey, sorry about that. I ve been -

1.3 | D1 | EXT. LEIGHTON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

KASPER gets out of his car, holding onto the image of his family and sliding it into his back pocket.

MARK (on call)

Have you been listening to it again? I told you not to listen to it...

[pause]

Are you already there?

KASPER (on call)

Yeah, I just arrived...

As he walks to the door, his hand moves almost reflexively to his pocket, he pulls out a pack of cigarettes, the cardboard soft from its use. His fingers, anxiously, slightly trembling, retrieves one from the pack. He needs to calm himself down. He looks up to the dark empty windows, resembling hollow eyes.

MARK (on call)

I don't get why you're going back. What happened -

With the cigarette between his lips, he flicks his lighter, the flame, sputtering, before catching. He cups his hand around the flicker of light, shielding it from the breeze, from the cold.

KASPER (on call)

I know Mark. That day... All I know it was pretty fucked. The rest is just... I don't know. I can't remember. I just... I don't want him to be dead or something...

The tip glows as he inhales deeply, sharp, familiar burn filling his lungs. He closes his eyes for a moment, his body loosening. KASPER exhales, the smoke, the warmth, dissipating into the cold.

KASPER (on call - dismissive, trying to downplay)

I just have to make sure he's okay...

As he speaks, he stubs the cigarette out against the side of the house, watching the last bit of smoke rise from the dying embers, its silent screams.

ACT 3

The room suffocating his lungs. He gasps for air - struggling to breathe. He feels it. Something is here. Something that has always been here in this house. It. KASPER's breath quickens as he becomes aware of a presence in the room, the same overwhelming feeling of dread he felt before.

KASPER (hyperventilating, voice cracking)

No... no no no no...

(trying to struggle free)

Dad please... I'm sorry, I'm sorry... please...

KASPER's eyes widen in terror as he sees the entity enter, wearing the decayed corpse of his father like a grotesque puppet. Its eyes burn with a sickly yellow light, radiating malevolent intent. KASPER screams in terror while BARBELLO reveals itself to him, the mouth of his father's corpse not moving.