

"GO TO SLEEP"

by

Steve Johnson

FIRST DRAFT
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INT. BARN - NIGHT

FADE IN:

A caption FADES IN:

"Michigan Paranormal Group Investigation.

November 4th

Emmet County, Michigan."

Caption FADES OUT.

Caption FADES IN: "12:15am"

Five (5) people are standing in the centre of a dark, musty barn. Several have camcorders. Other have digital audio recorders. Three (3) are men (MIKE, GEZ and PAUL) and two (2) are women (SUSAN and JULIE).

We can hear a loud, thumping sound. The group are excited, looking around, trying to find the source of the noise.

MIKE

Where the hell is it coming from?

SUSAN

It seems to be everywhere.

GEZ

(looking up to the barn's upper level)

Could be somebody up there?

GEZ climbs a ladder and disappears. We see his flashlight moving around. After a few seconds, he reappears.

GEZ

Nope, there's nobody up here.

MIKE

Maybe it's outside.

MIKE exits the barn and we follow him outside. The thumping sound ceases. He goes back inside, we follow him, and the noise can be heard again.

MIKE

Fucking weird, man. You can't hear it outside. I mean, this place isn't exactly sound-proofed, is it?

Suddenly, the thumping stops, leaving the group standing in silence. GEZ climbs back down the ladder.

JULIE

(holding audio recorder to her ear)
I just played back the last few seconds.
I can't hear the noise.

She holds out the recorder and presses play. We hear MIKE's last words again, but there is no evidence of the thumping noise.

PAUL

Could we all have imagined it? Group hypnosis?

MIKE

I don't think so. I'm sure the sound was real.
(He looks to everybody in turn.)
What do you guys think?

They all shrug or shake their heads, except SUSAN.

SUSAN

I think we have a genuine paranormal event here.

FADE OUT:

INT. FARMHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FADE IN:

A caption FADES IN: "1:27am"

The group is sitting quietly in the living room.

Suddenly, a sound comes from upstairs. It sounds like furniture being dragged across the floor in one quick movement.

MIKE, GEZ and SUSAN head upstairs to investigate.

CUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE, GEZ and SUSAN enter the bedroom and find the large, king-size bed at an odd angle. The carpet is rolled up near the legs, telling us that it was this piece of furniture that was moved.

MIKE

(smiling)
Excellent.

We hear a very faint female laugh, but the group seems not to hear it.

FADE OUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

FADE IN:

A caption FADES IN: "1:45am"

MIKE is sitting in a chair by the window, while GEZ and SUSAN are sitting on the bed, now moved back to its original position.

MIKE is holding a camcorder. SUSAN is holding an audio recorder.

SUSAN

If there is anybody here, can you make your presence known? (pause) What is your name?

Nothing is heard.

GEZ

Did you live here?

No response.

MIKE

Is there anything you want us to know?

A faint whispering can be heard. It is too quiet to be heard clearly.

MIKE

Thank you. Could you speak more loudly, please?

More whispering, a little louder, but still too low to be clear.

SUSAN

I'll play back, eh?

MIKE

Sure.

SUSAN fiddles with the recorder and holds it out. We hear from the speaker:

MIKE

Is there anything you want us to know?

GHOST

(whispering)
You should leave.

MIKE

Thank you. Could you speak more loudly, please?

GHOST
(whispering)
Go to sleep.

MIKE, GEZ and SUSAN look to each other, there eyes questioning what they had just heard.

FADE OUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE/HALL - NIGHT

FADE IN:

A caption FADES IN: "2:05am"

The camera is low, moving slowly and keeping the hall and stairs in shot. JULIE is standing in the hallway, scanning the area with a camcorder. She slowly makes her way to the foot of the stairs.

We hear a noise, the sound of a creaking step. JULIE hears it and looks up the stairs, pointing her camera there at the same time. In the darkness, we see a shadow move and then disappear quickly.

JULIE
Holy shit!
(shouts)
Guys! GUYS!

MIKE, GEZ, PAUL and SUSAN rush out of the living room and join JULIE in the hallway.

JULIE
I just saw something up there. A shadow.

They all look up the stairs.

MIKE
(goes to foot of stairs and shouts)
Hello? Anybody up there?

JULIE
There's nobody up there, Mike.

MIKE
We don't know that, Jules. Gez, come on.

MIKE and GEZ climb the stairs. We stay at the bottom with the others, looking up. The two men walk backwards and forwards on the landing at the top of the stairs.

MIKE
Where did it go, Jules?

JULIE
It seemed to go to the right, towards the bathroom.

MIKE and GEZ disappear to the right at the top of the stairs. We hear them call out 'Hello' a couple of times. Two doors open and then close. Then another door is heard to open.

GEZ

Mike? Check this out.

JULIE, PAUL and SUSAN wait patiently for a few seconds.

JULIE

Guys? What is it?

A couple of seconds later, MIKE appears, holding a white sheet with eye holes cut into it. MIKE is smiling.

MIKE

Looks like we've been had.

JULIE

That's not what I saw, Mike.

GEZ moves into view. He is holding something and he and MIKE come back downstairs.

GEZ

Check this out.

(he holds out a wad of photographs)

Somebody's been screwing with us from the start.

The photographs are passed among the group. They depict members of the group in various parts of the house. Some of the angles are strange, seemingly from very high up, by the ceiling. Some are very close to the people in the pictures, particularly MIKE.

PAUL

I don't get it. Who took these photos? I mean look at this.

(he holds one of MIKE. It is an extreme close-up of MIKE's face)

Didn't you see somebody take your picture?

MIKE

(shaking his head)

No. It's dark, but I'd see somebody that close.

JULIE sighs and paces back and forth.

JULIE

One of you is fucking around, right?
Gez? You took the pictures, right, and
stashed them upstairs?

GEZ

(angry)
Fuck you. What do you think I am?

JULIE

No, fuck you! You're always doing shit
like this.

GEZ

What?

MIKE is looking at the photos and a quizzical look emerges
on his face.

MIKE

Look. I just noticed.
(he holds several of the photos out
for us to see.)
All these photographs were taken with a
flash.

FADE OUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FADE IN.

A caption FADES IN: "3:15am"

MIKE is sitting in a chair in the living room. In front of
him is a monitor screen. On it, we can see the other members
of the group in the bedroom upstairs. We cannot hear if they
are speaking.

MIKE's eyes keep closing and after a few seconds, he nods
off to sleep.

Staying focused on MIKE's face, we hear a door creak and a
faint breeze moves MIKE's hair.

Then a drip-white hand moves into shot and gently touches
MIKE on the face with the tips of its fingers. Then it moves
out of shot and we hear the door creak closed.

MIKE awakes with a start.

MIKE

Jesus!

He rubs his face with his hands.

FADE OUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A caption FADES IN: "3:27am"

MIKE is still sitting in the chair. The others have come back from the bedroom. GEZ and JULIE are arguing.

JULIE

You're full of shit, Gerald!

GEZ

Who the fuck twisted your nipples? Just because I try to find a rational explanation for this stuff?

JULIE

No, because you're an asshole.

GEZ

Is that your professional opinion, Doctor Shit-for-brains?

MIKE stands up angrily.

MIKE

GUYS! Stop it! What the fuck is wrong with you? We're supposed to be on the same team.

(he moves to the group)

We're here to investigate the paranormal claims in this house. The stories of the apparitions, the banging, the lights flashing, the voices. (pause) We're supposed to be skeptical, Jules. We're supposed to stay open-minded, Gez.

(he moves away from the group, then turns to face them)

We're not supposed to act like children!

GEZ

Mike, the ghost costume and the photos show that we're being screwed with.

MIKE

They're evidence. Not proof. How do you explain the photos being taken with a flash? We'd have seen a flash. We saw nothing.

SUSAN

The banging in the barn and the whispering in the bedroom were definitely paranormal.

GEZ

How the hell do you know that, Sue? There could be tape players hidden in

the walls for all we know!

Mike buries his face in his hands, exasperated.

MIKE

Look, we've still a got a lot...

Suddenly the living room door slams shut loudly, causing them all to jump out of their shoes. Incredibly loud banging and thumping comes from all around them. The camera whirls, as though trying to locate the source. The lights begin to flash.

A caption FADES IN: "3:30am"

The noise is deafening and some of the group clasp their hands to their ears. MIKE and SUSAN bring up camcorders and start filming. As suddenly as it started, the noise and flashing stop.

GHOST

(in a loud whisper)

Go to sleep.

All of the group, except for MIKE, fall to the floor, unconscious. MIKE tries to rouse his friends, but they are all unresponsive. He begins to panic. What the hell is going on? All is quiet, except for MIKE's breathless panting.

He tries the phone on the stand, but it does not appear to be working.

MIKE

(slamming down the receiver)

Shit!

He pulls his cellphone out of his pocket, but the screen is blank and will not do anything.

MIKE

Fuck!

We cut to MIKE's POV as we watch the living room door begin to swing open. Then we switch to 'the GHOST's' POV as it smoothly glides into the room towards MIKE.

We hear an echoing laugh and the camera rushes towards MIKE's face. He screams and we

CUT TO
BLACK:

THE END

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