

HAUNTED

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EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A car pulls into a parking space close to the side entrance of the hotel. It's silent.

WILL steps out. His shoes are dirty with mud. He walks to the back of the vehicle and opens the trunk.

WILL, a tall black man with a lean build. His clothes are wrinkled, they don't fit correctly.

He picks something heavy from the trunk. Plastic shuffles loudly. He grunts from the weight. Blood slowly trails behind him as he walks.

He shuts the trunk and enters the side entrance. He climbs up a few flights of stairs before finding his room.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will enters the apartment. He breathes heavily.

The apartment nice and modern. Two beds sit in the center in the room with a couch and television in front of them. The curtains of the balcony window are old fashioned.

Clothes are everywhere and the lamps have been left on. He takes in deep breath before walking further. A clock hangs on the wall.

TICK.

He stops in front of his couch and gently lays down what he was carrying: the body of MASON.

MASON, average height man, dead, stab wounds in his chest and back, bruises around neck.

His stabs wounds are very visible. There are bruises around his neck.

He removes his coat.

A little stab of pain appears in his head. He presses his right temple then brushes it off.

He walks back to the couch and sits down, facing Mason's body. He stares at it for a moment then scowls. He reaches for a bottle of vodka that sits on the tv stand.

WILL

Don't look at me like that.

He takes a swig of the liquor and glances back at the body once more before laying down.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - LATER

CUT TO:

TICK.

He abruptly awakens and scans his surroundings.

The space now has a cold feel to it. The warm lamps are now off.

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Will, confused, reaches for the lam next to the couch and turns it on, but it doesn't work. He arises and goes to the bathroom, suddenly bothered by the mess he's made on himself.

He washes his hands, dries them, and as he goes to step out of the door, he stops. There's a trail of blood that starts from the door of his apartment, which is now open, to the living room.

Will follows the trail back into the living room.

Goosebumps appear on the back of his neck.

Mason is gone.

All that is left is the plastic he was wrapped in. Will stands there for a moment in disbelief.

WILL

Fuck!

His eyes dart around, he's panicking. He sucks in a breath and storms out of the room.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Will stumbles onto the hotel parking lot. He searches.

It's dead quiet.

He senses something behind him. He hesitates. The hairs on the back of his neck stand up. We pan from behind to his front. A figure of a man stands behind him.

He very slowly turns his head to face Mason who stands a few yards away from him.

Mason is still quite dead. His wounds still showing. Skin is pale. His eyes bloodshot, but there is life in them. Something unreadable.

WILL

Mason?

He gets no response. Will musters up the courage to take a step towards Mason. As he does, Mason takes a step back. They continue this until Mason suddenly takes off running.

Will goes after him.

EXT. A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

They arrive at a very quiet, eerie neighborhood. Cars are parked along the street. There are a few street lights, but not many.

Mason continues to run, but Will slows his pace and eventually begins to walk. Mason's moves like a puppet on strings as he slows.

Will observes the houses. Something about them leaves him disturbed. He finally reaches an old house and stops. The paint is worn off and peeling. The grass is no longer green and is overgrown. There's a mail box at the front of the house.

Will slowly approaches the mailbox, entranced by its presence. He touches it softly.

He stiffens. He turns to face Mason who's been watching him. His head turns to face the house as well.

WILL

Why are we here?

Mason turns back to him. Will grits his teeth.

WILL (CONT'D)

You not gonna answer me?

Mason cocks his head to the side. He's expressionless.

He begins to walk away. We see their feet moving in sync again. When he takes a step, so does Mason. Will spins back.

WILL (CONT'D)

Listen I don't know why or how
you're fucking with me right now,
but just stay the fuck away from
me.

He turns to face him and is startled. Something changed in Mason. His body is starting to decompose, his eyes are sunken in.

Mason moves. He rushes at Will. Will panics. He steps backward holding up his hands as if to ease Mason.

Will makes a break for safety. He sprints away with Mason not far behind. They move further into the neighborhood. Will picks up his pace. The houses repeat themselves.

He finally stops, breathing so hard that he's heaving. He looks behind him fearing that Mason is about to strike but he's not there. He hears people talking.

He scans his surroundings. He's in front of that same house. A MAN and a WOMAN step out onto the yard.

TICK.

WOMAN (late 30s), a petite, Black woman; She wears a cocktail dress and heels with a coat due to the cold weather. She has a clean look, makeup put on nicely.

MAN (late 30s), an average height Black man; He wears a dress shirt, pants, and dress shoes with a jacket.

Both are stressed. He slowly backs up to keep a safe distance but remains in earshot.

WOMAN

What are we going to do about Will?

The man shrugs.

MAN

I dunno. We can't send him
anywhere.

WOMAN

Well he can't come to the dinner
with us. If-When he acts out-if he
has an episode, people will ask
questions. You know damn well we
can't risk that. What about Hailey?

MAN

She and every other babysitter we had made it very clear that they can't handle him.

WOMAN

Well my parents can't take him and yours won't. And I wouldn't dare ask the church ladies. Everybody would know by Sunday and you know how close I am to being in their inner circle.

The man lets out a frustrated sigh.

MAN

Yeah yeah I know. What do you want to do then?

The woman ponders for a moment. She appears to be regretful but regains her composure quickly.

WOMAN

We'll leave him here.

MAN

Alone? He's a kid.

WOMAN

He's 8. That's not too young. We'll just give him a book to read or something. He'll be fine.

She notices his reluctance and puts on a face of sincerity.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Honey, we don't have a choice.

The man is unsure.

MAN

And Mason?

She crosses her arms. Seriousness returns to her face.

WOMAN

He comes with us. We can say Will is sick. I mean it's not a complete lie.

The man winces. It came off meaner than she meant, but her tone remains dry.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. What do you want to do?

He ponders for a moment. His face becomes stern.

MAN

We leave him here. But we're quick tonight k? We say our hellos, write a check for the donation and leave.

The woman starts to walk back into the house before he finishes.

WOMAN

Fine by me. I'm going to finish getting Mason ready.

Will watches them go into the house in awe. That feeling is quickly mixed with fear when he notices Mason out of the corner of his eye.

Mason approaches him again. His vision begins to blur and he begins to sweat. A sharp pain appears in his head. He grabs the sides of his head.

We see a blurred shot of Mason as he gets closer. Will begins to cower.

The pain begins to cease and when Will looks up, Mason is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - LATER

TICK.

Will stumbles on to a busy street. Cars fly by on the streets. He slouches as he walks. His face is tear stained.

He reaches a bus stop and decides to rest on the bus stop bench. His eyes dart around. He's paranoid.

He looks up to see two figures walking on the sidewalk across the street. They come into the light under the one of the street lights. They stop and face Will. They're the same people from the house.

Will immediately stands. He goes to take a step towards them but the light at end of the street turns green and cars zip past him. He pulls back the couple disappears.

Will sits down again. He turns away.

TICK.

He looks over again but instead of the couple there's Mason.

Will no longer has any energy to run. He gets up and walks sluggishly away from both the bus stop and Mason.

Mason watches him, his eyes following him.

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - LATER

Will enters the complex even more drained than before.

TICK.

As he approaches his apartment, he catches Mason in the reflection of one of the cars. He snaps.

WILL

Leave me the fuck alone Mason. I'm
done okay? I've had enough.

Mason seems to be decaying more. His eyes match Will's.

The sharp pain in Will's head returns. He cries out in pain. Mason comes towards him. Will leans up against a nearby car, and begins to sob.

WILL (CONT'D)

Please just leave me alone...please

He begins to shake his head while holding it in his hands. He falls to ground, curls up and cradles himself, putting his head on his knees. He rocks back and forth.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Will, still cradling himself, has stopped crying. He holds a blank stare while looking at the ground. After a moment he looks up to see Mason standing directly in front of him.

This time Will is unfazed. He gets off the ground and looks Mason in the eye before going to sit on a bench a few yards away.

A beat.

Mason follows him to do the same.

They sit together in silence. They refuse to look at each other.

Finally Will speaks in a low tone.

WILL

If you're trying to get me to regret what I did, I don't.

He pauses. Inhales deeply then exhales.

WILL (CONT'D)

But I don't hate you. I'm not stupid; I remember you were there when were kids. Stayed with me until I got my head on straight. But.. you left me. They were busy shaping you to be their only son. A fucking prodigy. And it worked.

Mason looks over at him. Will stays facing forward.

WILL (CONT'D)

It made me wonder. What about me was so.. wrong? Then I realized what the problem was.

He laughs.

WILL (CONT'D)

It makes perfect sense actually. With all they had to deal with, keeping up with both of us was too much. They only had the time make one heir. It couldn't be both of us.

He begins to grow more manic. Mason let a tear slip from his left eye.

WILL (CONT'D)

After all those years of putting on fake ass smiles in church, there was one story that spoke to me. God made a choice. Cain *and* Abel couldn't remain. Cain *had* to sin. He *had* to be exiled. It was *necessary*. I'm simply just showing our parents the right choice.

He stands.

TICK.

We pan over to see that Mason is gone. Will doesn't notice.

His face goes back to a blank stare. He pulls out a phone from his back pocket and dials 911.

OPERATOR

911, what's your emergency?

Will quickly changes his composure, his face transforming from blank to deep concern and fear. He picks up his breathing. He lets the panic settle in.

WILL

Someone is following me. He's at my hotel room and trying to get in. I have a wife and kids. Please send help.

He hangs up before the operator has a chance to respond. His face falls, the blank stare returns. He saunters into his apartment.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Will walks into the apartment. A warm dim glow coming from the lamps. He drags himself to the couch and lets his body fully relax. He freezes. Goosebumps appear on his skin. He slowly turns his head slightly to the left.

There lays the body of Mason wrapped in plastic. Untouched since he was first placed there.

A tears begin to pour on Will's face in realization.

There's a pounding on the door.

POLICE

Police!!

The pounding and yelling continues but Will barely hears it.

He looks down at Mason. He sits up. Staring at Mason, he lets out a stressed chuckle.

CUT TO: BLACK

CREDITS ROLL