OUIJA

Written by

Anthony Cawood

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Establishing.

Woodland gives way to a well worn path to a small holiday cabin.

Indie music drifts on the night air.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

KURT, 20s, wraith thin, skinny jeans and tight fitted T-Shirt, tinkers with some wires sticking out of an upturned wooden board.

GRACE, very late teens, alabaster skin, jet black hair, piercings everywhere, drums her fingers with one hand, cradles a glass of red with the other.

GRACE

Much longer?

DEAN (O.S.)

Give the geek a break.

DEAN, early 20s, awkward hipster beard and extra thick glasses, joins them at the table with a pint glass of something cloudy, no doubt the latest craft brew.

DEAN

It's not like he's done this before.

KURT

No one's done this before.

DEAN

No one has been this stupid before.

Kurt makes to punch his friend.

GRACE

Yeah, like, appreciated... but does it really have to take this looong?

Dean laughs.

GRACE

What's funny?

He shakes his head.

DEAN

Your impatience, you --

GRACE

I am so not impatient.

DEAN

Point proven.

Grace makes to retort.

KURT

There, done.

Kurt smiles and turns the board over.

A pink, Parker Bros, Ouija board.

The wires snake out and drop below sight to the seat of a chair.

DEAN

Can't believe you've got a pink one.

KURT

I can.

Grace ignores Kurt.

GRACE

Dad got me it when I was seven, for Christ sake.

Kurt shakes his head.

DEAN

Okay, so that's done, should we test it?

IMOGEN (O.S.)

Test what?

IMOGEN, early 20s, waist length hair braided exotically, wafts into the room, flowery skirt billowing.

DEAN

The 3D printer.

**IMOGEN** 

Oh, are we still doing that?

KURT

(enthusiastic)

Oh yeah, it'll be fun. All Evil Dead like.

He sips from a glass of bourbon.

DEAN

They had a book of the bed or something though.

KURT

Book of the dead, not bed.

Dean laughs.

DEAN

I was close.

Grace toys with the planchette.

**GRACE** 

It's not fun, speaking to the spirits is serious stuff.

Kurt frowns at her, opens his mouth to speak --

DEAN

Whatever, point is we're gonna try.

Imogen shrugs - okay.

She picks up her glass, red wine too, only a sip left. She tops it up, to the top.

GRACE

Okay, we need to be seated around the board, hands on the planchette.

IMOGEN

The whatty?

Grace hold up the pink planchette.

GRACE

This.

Imogen stifles a laugh.

**GRACE** 

What?

**IMOGEN** 

Well, it's pink, looks a bit like a dildo.

GRACE

Really? So immature.

KURT

Yeah, Im... so lame.

Imogen nods, makes a shrug of apology and takes out a lighter and some incense sticks.

IMOGEN

Sandalwood okay?

Grace shrugs.

Imogen lights a few and places the incense sticks around the room, then a couple of candles.

Kurt winks at Dean, he shakes his head.

Imogen, Kurt and Dean pull chairs out, sit and settle down.

Grace dims the lights and joins them.

GRACE

Okay, so follow my lead, keep focused...

She stares balefully at Dean

GRACE

And don't take your finger off the planchette.

DEAN

Why not?

GRACE

Because the spirits don't approve.

She pauses and looks at them in turn.

KURT

Yeah, right.

**IMOGEN** 

Quit it, play nice.

Kurt shrugs, sheepish.

GRACE

Ready?

They nod their understanding one by one.

GRACE

Okay then.

She closes here eyes, breathes deeply.

Kurt glances at Dean, Imogen notices and shakes her head.

GRACE

(voice low)

I'm calling to the spirits in this cabin to enter into discourse.

Kurt mouths 'discourse', Imogen kicks him under the table.

GRACE

We seek audience.

Nothing happens.

Dean shuffles, uncomfortable.

GRACE

If there is anyone there... please guide our hands.

Nothing.

Imogen sips wine with her free hand.

GRACE

We mean no harm, if there is anyone there please give us a sign.

Silence.

KURT

(under his breath)

Bollocks to this.

A wind stirs in the cabin.

Dean and Imogen look at each other, surprise on their faces.

KURT

Window open?

Imogen shakes her head.

GRACE

Please show --

The printer whirs into life.

KURT

Whoa! What the --

GRACE

Shhsshh. Please show us... er, whatever you want.

The printer begins to create.

DEAN

No fucking way...

KURT

What's it printing?

IMOGEN

Guess, we'll soon see.

The printer slowly builds up a 3D shape, not immediately obvious what it is.

KURT

Impossible, it's not got anything programmed in.

GRACE

Nothing is impossible.

The printer continues, a rough oblong form to the shape.

DEAN

I mean... c'mon though...

The oblong grows, interrupted by indented shapes within it.

**IMOGEN** 

It's the cabin.

Sure enough, a few more layers and it is clear.

Then the planchette moves, takes them all by surprise.

KURT

Fuck, scared the shit out of me.

INSERT - Ouija board, planchette moving.

U

Т

INSERT - 3D Cabin

The cabin walls are almost complete.

INSERT - Ouija board.

Ν

0

W

INSERT - 3D Cabin

The printer gets to the roof, a jagged line intersects it.

INSERT - Ouija board

G

0

BACK TO SCENE

IMOGEN

What the...

Thunder rumbles in the night.

DEAN

What is that?

He points at the cabin.

KURT

Printer's broken?

Imogen jumps up, accidentally kicking her chair over, unplugging the printer... it continues to whir and print.

Thunder comes again.

The printer finishes up, still unplugged.

A lightning bolt is attached to the top of the cabin.

IMOGEN

Lightning.

She sprints for the door.

## IMOGEN

Come on, now!

She flings the external door wide and jumps through into the night, runs down the dirt road.

Grace is right behind, Kurt a few steps back.

Dean, hipster cool, slowly stands.

A loud peal of thunder is followed by flash of lighting that illuminates the cabin.

Dean bolts, knocks his own glasses off and scrambles away from the table, all pretense of cool vanished.

He smacks into the door frame as falls outside.

Distant sound of padding FOOTSTEPS retreating.

Silence.

Thunder.

Lightning flash.

On the board, the planchette moves.

INSERT - Ouija board, planchette moving between letters.

S

U

C

K

E

R

S

Back to scene.

A deep and rich disembodied voice laughs in the darkness.

FADE OUT.