

OUIJA

Written by

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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 loong?

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 her 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
Shhssshh. 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.

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