

AMITYVILLE CHRISTMAS

Written by

Patrick John Doran

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7404B 25 street SE
Calgary, AB T2C 1A2 Canada
1-825-407-8883
Patrick_doran1@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

TITLE SEQUENCE.

The scene opens with the iconic Amityville house, covered in a fresh layer of snow. Christmas lights twinkle in the dark, casting eerie shadows. The camera slowly pans across the exterior, capturing a single, cracked window.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Close-up shots juxtapose cheerful Christmas decorations with unsettling imagery:

A beautifully decorated Christmas tree, its lights flickering ominously.

An antique Santa Claus figure, its face twisted into a disturbing grin.

A nativity scene, with shadows that seem to move on their own.

A fireplace with stockings hanging, the flames casting long, dark shadows.

Soft, haunting Christmas music plays in the background, slowly becoming distorted.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: Amityville Christmas

END TITLES.

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The moon casts an eerie glow over the infamous Amityville house, adorned with flickering Christmas lights. Snow falls gently, covering the ground in a deceptive calm.

SUPERIMPOSE: Amityville, Christmas Eve

INT. HENDRICKS FAMILY CAR - NIGHT

DR. ROBERT HENDRICKS (mid-50s, intense, scholarly) grips the steering wheel as he drives. Beside him, MARY HENDRICKS (mid-40s, weary, supportive) glances at a map.

MARY

Robert, are you sure about this?
Spending Christmas here seems...
off.

ROBERT

(earnestly)
Mary, this house is legendary. The
experiences we document here could
redefine everything we know about
the afterlife. Imagine the impact
on my book.

In the backseat, SARAH (16, rebellious, sarcastic) and
MICHAEL (15, quiet, troubled) are arguing over a tablet. The
two toddlers, NOAH and LILY, are asleep in their car seats.

SARAH

This is so stupid. Who cares about
some old haunted house?

MICHAEL

(whisper)
Maybe it's not just a house...

Sarah rolls her eyes. The car pulls into the driveway of the
Amityville house.

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The family steps out of the car, looking up at the imposing
structure. Robert is filled with a sense of purpose, Mary
with trepidation, Sarah with disdain, and Michael with an
unreadable expression.

ROBERT

Alright, everyone, let's get inside
and set up. We have a lot of work
to do.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The front door creaks open. The family enters, their breath
visible in the cold air. The house is eerily silent, save for
the faint creaking of floorboards.

Robert places a large duffel bag on the floor and unzips it,
revealing various paranormal investigation tools: EMF meters,
cameras, and a thick notebook.

ROBERT

This is it. Let's get everything set up. Michael, you take the first floor. Sarah, the second. Mary and I will handle the cameras. We're going to prove it once and for all.

The family disperses, the camera lingering on Michael as he heads upstairs, a shadow crossing his face.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Robert and Mary are setting up cameras around the living room. The room is filled with old, dusty furniture and cobwebs. The Christmas tree in the corner seems out of place, its ornaments clinking softly as if moved by an unseen hand.

MARY

You really think we'll find something here?

ROBERT

I know we will. This house has a history, Mary. We're standing on the precipice of a ground-breaking discovery.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah unpacks in her room, tossing clothes haphazardly onto the bed. She pauses, noticing a cold draft. The window is slightly ajar, the curtains fluttering.

SARAH

(to herself)

Great. Just what I need.

She walks over and shuts the window, not noticing the figure that briefly appears in the mirror behind her.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael is setting up his equipment meticulously. He glances at an old, ornate mirror on the wall. His reflection seems normal at first, but then it smirks at him, a malevolent glint in its eyes.

MICHAEL

(whisper)

Hello?

No response. He shivers and turns away, missing the reflection's eyes glowing faintly.

Michael sits on his bed, rolling a joint with practiced hands. He retrieves a small bag of marijuana from his backpack and begins to smoke. As the smoke curls around him, he relaxes, sinking deeper into the hazy atmosphere.

The door creaks open, and SARAH, his sister, peeks inside.

SARAH

Hey, got room for one more?

MICHAEL

Always room for you, sis. But watch out, this stuff's potent

They share a laugh as they pass the joint back and forth, the tension of the haunted house fading away in the smoke.

SARAH

So, what's the deal with Dad? He's acting like we're on some holy mission or something.

MICHAEL

You know Dad. Always searching for meaning in the weirdest places. But hey, if it means we get to spend Christmas in a haunted house, I'm not complaining.

As they smoke, Michael's gaze starts to linger on Sarah, his eyes flickering with a hint of something more than sibling affection. Sarah notices and raises an eyebrow.

SARAH

What? You got a problem with your sister joining you for a smoke?

MICHAEL

Nah, no problem. Just... appreciating the view, I guess.

Sarah laughs, playfully punching him on the arm.

SARAH

Keep dreaming, little bro. Let's just enjoy the high and forget about creepy old houses and Dad's crazy theories for a while.

They continue to smoke and chat, the room growing hazier with each passing moment.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Meanwhile, downstairs, Dr. Robert Hendricks sets up his camera in front of the fireplace. He adjusts his glasses and clears his throat, preparing to record.

ROBERT

(into the camera, in a
pompous professorial
tone)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
Dr. Robert Hendricks here,
reporting live from the infamous
Amityville House. Tonight, we
embark on a journey into the depths
of the unknown, in search of
answers to life's greatest
mysteries.

He gestures dramatically, the firelight casting eerie shadows on his face.

ROBERT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Tonight, I will delve into the
sordid history of this house, from
the DeFeo murders to the chilling
accounts of paranormal activity.
Through meticulous research and
firsthand exploration, I aim to
shed light on the dark forces that
inhabit these walls, and perhaps,
prove the existence of God and the
afterlife.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Michael and Sarah continue to smoke and chat, Michael's gaze becomes increasingly fixated on his sister. He tries to shake off the strange thoughts, but FLASHES OF EROTIC IMAGES intrude into his mind.

He blinks, trying to clear his head, but the images persist, mingling with the smoke and distorting his perceptions.

MICHAEL

(under his breath)

What the hell...

Sarah notices Michael's sudden change in demeanor and furrows her brow.

SARAH

You okay there, Mikey? You're looking kinda... spaced out.

Michael shakes his head, forcing a smile.

MICHAEL

Yeah, just... zoning out. Must be the weed.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Robert stands in front of the camera, a glint of fervor in his eyes. The fireplace behind him crackles softly, casting dramatic shadows on the walls.

ROBERT

(into the camera,
passionately)

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we stand at the precipice of understanding, at the crossroads between the material and the metaphysical. This house, this place of horror and mystery, it is a perfect microcosm for the eternal struggle between order and chaos, between good and evil.

He paces slightly, his intensity growing.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You see, in Judeo-Christian mythology, the idea of the dragon of chaos is paramount. It is the serpentine force that represents the unknown, the feared, the unpredictable. And what is life if not a constant battle against this chaos? We strive to impose order, to find meaning in the face of this ever-encroaching darkness.

(beat)

The story of Genesis, for example, begins with chaos. In the beginning, there was void and darkness upon the face of the deep. And God said, 'Let there be light.' That moment, that divine utterance, is the imposition of order upon chaos. It is the foundation of existence itself, the very essence of life and consciousness.

His voice wavers slightly, overcome by the significance of his words.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And here we are, in a house steeped in chaos and malevolence. The DeFeo murders, the subsequent terrifying experiences—these are not just random acts of violence and fear. They are manifestations of the dragon of chaos, seeping into our reality, challenging our very sense of order and purpose.

He pauses, tears welling up in his eyes, his voice trembling with passion.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What drives me, what compels me to seek out these dark places, is the profound belief that through understanding these forces, through confronting them head-on, we can transcend our fears and find a deeper meaning to our existence. It is the same journey that our ancestors undertook, the same path that led them to develop rituals, myths, and religions to make sense of the unknown.

Robert wipes his eyes, his voice breaking with emotion.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Jordan Peterson speaks of the importance of these myths, these ancient stories that have guided humanity for millennia. They are not mere fabrications or outdated superstitions; they are the distilled wisdom of countless generations, the roadmap for navigating the chaos of life.

He gazes into the camera, his eyes burning with conviction.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

My hope, my desperate hope, is that through this exploration, through documenting and understanding the supernatural phenomena in this house, we can tap into that ancient wisdom.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We can prove, once and for all,
that there is more to life than
mere material existence, that there
is a divine order, a purpose, a God
who watches over us.

His voice softens, choked with tears.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Because without that, without the
belief in something greater, in the
triumph of good over evil, what are
we? We are lost, adrift in a sea of
chaos, with no anchor, no
direction, no hope.

Robert takes a deep breath, composing himself.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

So here we are, in the Amityville
House, facing the dragon of chaos.
And we will not turn away. We will
face it, document it, and in doing
so, find our place in the grand
tapestry of existence.

He stands still, his face a mixture of resolve and
vulnerability, as the camera captures the weight of his
words. He takes a deep breath, his composure momentarily
regained. But as he continues, a darker, more intense energy
takes hold.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(into the camera, voice
rising)

But there is another force at work
here, a force that seeks to
undermine everything we hold dear.
Cultural Marxism! Postmodernism!
These insidious ideologies are the
true enemies of meaning and order.
They tear at the fabric of our
society, dismantling the very
foundations of truth and morality.

He paces erratically, his gestures becoming more animated and
aggressive.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

They tell us that everything is
relative, that there is no
objective truth, no inherent
meaning in life.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

These postmodernists, with their nihilistic drivel, they want to drag us into the abyss, into the same chaos we have fought so hard to escape!

Robert's face contorts with anger, his voice growing louder and more frantic.*

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And then there are the New Atheists! Richard Dawkins, Sam Harris—these men are not just critics of religion; they are evangelists of emptiness! They preach that life is nothing but a series of random events, devoid of purpose or design. They strip away the sacred, leaving nothing but a cold, barren landscape of despair.

He points a trembling finger at the camera, his eyes wild with fury.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Dawkins, with his smug arrogance, dismisses millennia of human wisdom and spirituality as mere superstition. He parades his ignorance as enlightenment, leading the lost and confused into a desert of meaninglessness.

Robert's face reddens with rage, his voice trembling with barely contained emotion.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And Sam Harris, oh, Sam Harris! He talks about spirituality and mindfulness, but what does he offer? An empty shell, devoid of the divine spark that gives life its true meaning. He speaks of morality without God, as if such a thing were possible! He is a charlatan, a peddler of false hope.

He slams his fist onto a nearby table, the sound echoing through the room.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

These men, these purveyors of atheism and relativism, they are the true enemies of humanity.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

They seek to rob us of our connection to the divine, to the transcendent. They want to plunge us into a world where nothing is sacred, where life is stripped of its beauty and wonder.

Robert's voice breaks, tears of rage and frustration streaming down his face.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

But I will not let them! I will stand against this tide of nihilism and despair. I will prove that there is more to life than what they can see, more than what they can measure or quantify. We need our myths, our stories, our connection to the divine. Without them, we are nothing.

He takes a shuddering breath, his eyes blazing with a manic intensity.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We will confront the chaos, face the darkness, and emerge stronger, with a renewed sense of purpose and meaning. This is our mission. This is our fight.

Robert stands tall, his face a mask of righteous fury, as the camera captures every raw emotion.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARY HENDRICKS stands at the kitchen counter, preparing cookies with her two toddlers, NOAH and LILY. The atmosphere is a strange mix of holiday cheer and the underlying tension of the house. A small radio plays soft Christmas music in the background.

MARY

(cheerfully)

Alright, kids, let's make these cookies look festive! Noah, you handle the sprinkles. Lily, you can help me with the frosting.

The toddlers giggle and happily get to work, their innocence a stark contrast to the house's eerie ambiance.

NOAH
(excitedly)
Look, Mommy, lots of sprinkles!

LILY
(pointing)
Snowman cookie!

Mary smiles warmly, but her eyes dart around nervously. The unsettling feeling in the house is hard to ignore. As she reaches for a cookie cutter, the radio begins to crackle and distort, the cheerful music warping into something more sinister.

MARY
(frowning)
That's odd...

She taps the radio, and it briefly returns to normal before distorting again. The lights flicker, and the temperature seems to drop. Mary tries to shake off the unease.

MARY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
It's just an old house. Nothing to worry about.

NOAH
Look, Mommy, I made a star!

LILY
And I made a reindeer!

Suddenly, the kitchen door CREAKS OPEN on its own. Mary stiffens, staring at the dark hallway beyond. The sound of faint WHISPERING seems to emanate from the shadows.

MARY
Robert... is that you?

No answer. She steps toward the door, leaving the toddlers at the counter. The WHISPERS grow louder, more insistent.

MARY (CONT'D)
Who's there?

As she reaches the doorway, the whispers abruptly stop. The silence is deafening. Mary takes a deep breath and closes the door, trying to regain her composure.

MARY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Just the wind... nothing more.

She turns back to the kitchen, only to find that Noah and Lily have gone silent, their eyes wide with fear. They point toward the window.

NOAH
(pointing)
Mommy! Look!

Mary follows their gaze and sees a PAIR OF GLOWING RED EYES staring in from the darkness. She gasps, her heart pounding in her chest.

MARY
Stay back!

She rushes to the window, yanking the curtains shut. The eyes disappear, but the sense of dread lingers. She gathers the toddlers into her arms, holding them tightly.

MARY (CONT'D)
(soothingly)
It's okay, babies. It's okay.
Mommy's here.

The Christmas music on the radio resumes its normal tune, but the atmosphere remains thick with unease. Mary takes a deep breath, trying to calm herself and the children.

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The camera pulls back to an exterior shot of the Amityville house, bathed in the cold, pale light of the moon. Snow continues to fall gently, blanketing the ground in a deceptive tranquility. The infamous quarter-moon windows of the house, resembling sinister, watchful eyes, seem to glow with an unnatural light.

A gust of wind blows through the trees, making them sway and creak ominously. The lights in the house flicker, casting erratic shadows that dance across the snow-covered lawn. The camera slowly zooms in on the house, the sense of foreboding growing with each passing second.

The windows, with their eerie eye-like appearance, seem to pulse with a malevolent energy. The house almost breathes, absorbing the dark, supernatural energy that lingers in the air.

As the camera continues to push in, a faint, ghostly mist begins to rise from the ground, swirling around the house. The windows' "eyes" appear to narrow, focusing intently on the viewer, conveying a sense of being watched and judged.

The wind picks up, howling through the cracks and crevices of the old house. A low, almost imperceptible hum of energy vibrates through the air, making the house seem alive, aware, and sinisterly hungry.

The camera pans upwards, capturing the full facade of the house. The roofline is sharp against the night sky, and the dark silhouette of the structure looms menacingly.

For a moment, everything goes still. The wind stops, the lights stabilize, and the mist dissipates. Then, as if on cue, the windows pulse one last time, and a chilling whisper echoes faintly on the wind.

WHISPER (V.O.)
Welcome home...

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary is pacing back and forth, still shaken from her encounter. Robert enters the room, carrying his notebook and camera, his face alight with enthusiasm from his earlier recording.

ROBERT
Mary, I've just had the most incredible session! The ideas are flowing, the connections are clear...

MARY
(interrupts)
Robert, listen to me. Something happened. I saw... I saw these glowing red eyes outside the window.

Robert's eyes widen, and a look of excitement washes over his face.

ROBERT
Glowing red eyes? That's fantastic! Did you document it? Do you have any evidence?

Mary's face contorts with frustration.

MARY
Evidence? No, Robert, I didn't think to grab the camera while I was holding our terrified children!

Robert's excitement fades into irritation.

ROBERT

Mary, we came here to document these phenomena! Every encounter, every sighting is crucial. How could you not—

MARY

(snaps)

How could I not? Maybe because I was too busy trying to protect our kids!

Her voice rises with each word, a mixture of anger and hurt.

MARY (CONT'D)

You're so obsessed with your theories and your book that you forget what really matters. This isn't just some experiment, Robert. This is our life, our family. And you...

She stops herself, taking a deep breath, trying to regain her composure.

MARY (CONT'D)

(softly)

You're losing sight of what's important.

Robert stands there, his face a mix of guilt and stubborn resolve. He steps closer to Mary, reaching out, but she pulls away.

ROBERT

Mary, I'm doing this for us. For our future, for the truth. Don't you see?

Mary shakes her head, tears welling up in her eyes.

MARY

(voice breaking)

No, Robert, you're doing this for you. And if you can't see that, then maybe you're more lost than any of us.

She turns away, wiping her tears, and heads towards the staircase to check on the children. Robert watches her go, a troubled look on his face, torn between his ambition and his family.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sarah, still feeling the effects of the marijuana, decides to unwind with a hot bath. She fills the tub with steaming water, adding bath salts and lighting a few candles. The warm glow of the candles creates an intimate, relaxing atmosphere.

She undresses and steps into the tub, sinking into the water with a contented sigh. Closing her eyes, she allows herself to drift, the warmth easing her tension.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Michael sits on his bed, his tablet in hand. He opens a browser and begins to research the history of the Amityville house. He finds articles and videos about the DeFeo murders and subsequent terrifying paranormal experiences.

As he scrolls through the information, his interest grows, and he clicks on a documentary about the hauntings. The eerie music and dramatic narration pull him in.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR

(overlapping audio)

In 1974, Ronald DeFeo Jr. murdered his entire family with a high-powered rifle in this house, claiming voices told him to do it. A year later, new residents moved in, only to flee 28 days later, claiming the house was possessed by malevolent spirits...

Michael's eyes widen as he watches the chilling footage of interviews and reenactments.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sarah continues to soak in the tub, her eyes closed. The room is silent except for the soft dripping of water and the occasional creak of the old house. She starts to relax, but the tranquility is short-lived.

The water begins to ripple, though Sarah remains unaware. The candles flicker, casting strange, dancing shadows on the walls.

Suddenly, the temperature of the water drops dramatically. Sarah gasps, her eyes snapping open. She looks around, bewildered.

SARAH
(shivering)
Fucking cold! What the hell...?

She reaches for the hot water tap, but it won't turn. The water continues to grow colder, chilling her to the bone. She sits up, hugging herself for warmth. As she does, the mirror on the wall begins to fog up, despite the cooling water.

Sarah watches in horror as words begin to appear in the foggy mirror, written by an unseen hand: GET OUT.

Sarah's breath catches in her throat. She scrambles to get out of the tub, slipping slightly on the wet floor. The candles blow out simultaneously, plunging the room into darkness.

Panting and terrified, Sarah grabs a towel and wraps it around herself. She fumbles for the light switch, her hands shaking. When she finally flips it on, the room is empty, the mirror clear again.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael is still deep into his research, unaware of his sister's ordeal. He clicks on a forum dedicated to paranormal investigations, reading through theories and personal accounts from others who have encountered the supernatural.

He suddenly feels a chill run down his spine and glances at his bedroom door, half-expecting to see something lurking in the shadows. But the door remains closed, and the room is quiet.

Returning his attention to the tablet, he finds a post about the specific room layouts of the Amityville house. He traces his finger over a floor plan, realizing just how close his room is to the infamous locations of the past events.

He looks up from the screen, and there, standing in the doorway, is Sarah. She is completely naked, water dripping from her body, her eyes fixed on him with an unnaturally wide, evil grin.

MICHAEL
Sarah...?

Michael lets out a startled yelp, his heart racing. He does a double take, blinking rapidly, and suddenly she's gone. The doorway is empty, the room silent once more.

He sits there, frozen, trying to process what he just saw. His mind races, questioning his sanity. He gets up, walking cautiously towards the doorway, peeking into the hallway.

Nothing. The hallway is empty and quiet, the only sound his own ragged breathing.

Shaken, he closes his bedroom door and locks it, his hands trembling. He returns to his bed, staring at the tablet screen, unable to focus on the words. The eerie silence of the house presses in around him, and he can't shake the feeling that he's being watched.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sarah, still shaken, quickly dries off and puts on her robe. She exits the bathroom, glancing back one last time at the now ordinary-looking tub and mirror.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - ROBERT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Robert sits at his cluttered desk, surrounded by books, notes, and his recording equipment. He is still processing the heated exchange with Mary, his mind oscillating between guilt and resolve. Determined to continue his research, he opens his notebook and begins to jot down more thoughts.

ROBERT

(muttering to himself)

Stay focused, Robert. This is for
the greater good. For the truth.

He reaches for a book on Judeo-Christian mythology, flipping through the pages with fervent intensity. As he reads, he begins to speak aloud, recording his thoughts.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(into the recorder)

The dragon of chaos, a primordial
force that represents the unknown
and the disorderly. In overcoming
this chaos, we find meaning, we
find God. Our myths are not mere
stories, but blueprints for
navigating the existential
landscape of our lives...

His voice is filled with passion and conviction, but it starts to waver as the room's temperature drops and a palpable chill fills the air. Robert shivers, but tries to ignore it, continuing his monologue.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And it is in these ancient symbols,
these archetypes, that we discover
the structure of our psyches. We
confront the abyss, and in doing
so, we...

Suddenly, the lights flicker and the pages of the book rustle as if caught in an invisible breeze. Robert stops speaking, looking around the room nervously. His breath is visible in the cold air.

He stands up, clutching his notebook and the recorder, scanning the room. The shadows in the corners seem to deepen and shift. A low, almost inaudible whisper begins to echo around him, sending chills down his spine.

GHOSTLY VOICES (V.O.)

(incoherent, overlapping)

...find us... see us... we are
here...

Robert's eyes dart around, trying to locate the source of the whispers. The intensity of the cold increases, and he starts to see his breath more clearly. Panic begins to set in, but he forces himself to remain calm, grabbing his camera to document the phenomenon.

ROBERT

Alright, let's see if we can
capture this...

He turns on the camera, pointing it around the room. The whispers grow louder, more insistent, and he can feel a presence watching him. The camera lens fogs up from the cold, and the viewfinder shows distorted images, like fleeting shadows darting just out of sight.

GHOSTLY VOICES

(clearer now)

...Robert... we see you...

His name being spoken sends a jolt of fear through him. He drops the camera, and it clatters to the floor, the screen cracking. The lights flicker violently, then go out completely, plunging the room into darkness.

Robert stands frozen, the whispers now a cacophony of voices surrounding him. He fumbles for his flashlight, his hands shaking uncontrollably. When he finally switches it on, the beam of light cuts through the darkness, revealing nothing but the cluttered study.

The whispers stop abruptly, and the room falls into an oppressive silence. The temperature begins to rise, and the lights come back on, flickering once before stabilizing. Robert stands there, panting, drenched in cold sweat.

ROBERT
(breathless, to himself)
This... this is real. It's all
real.

He picks up the damaged camera, clutching it tightly, his mind racing with the implications of what he just experienced. The fear and excitement mix in his eyes as he sits back down at the desk, determined more than ever to uncover the truth.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary is in the children's bedroom, tucking Noah and Lily into their beds. The room is softly lit by a small nightlight shaped like a snowman. The walls are adorned with festive decorations and Christmas-themed drawings.

MARY
Alright, my little elves, time to
go to sleep. Remember, Santa won't
come unless you're fast asleep.

Lily and Noah nod, their eyes wide with the innocence of childhood. Mary smiles, kissing them both on the forehead.

NOAH
(whispering)
Goodnight, Mommy.

LILY
Night, Mommy.

MARY
Goodnight, my loves. Sweet dreams.

She turns off the main light, leaving the nightlight glowing softly, and quietly closes the door behind her.

LATER:

The room is quiet and still, the soft glow of the nightlight casting gentle shadows on the walls. Noah and Lily lie in their beds, staring at the ceiling, trying to fall asleep. Moments pass, and the room grows colder, the atmosphere thickening with an unseen presence.

Suddenly, a foul smell fills the room. Noah sits up, wrinkling his nose in disgust.

NOAH
(whispering)
Lily, do you smell that?

Lily nods, her face scrunching up. They both look around, confused and scared. Without warning, the smell intensifies, and they see dark, smeared stains appear on the walls, resembling fecal matter.

The children gasp, clutching their blankets tightly. A low buzzing sound fills the air, and out of nowhere, a swarm of flies materializes, filling the room. The flies buzz angrily, landing on the children's faces and hands. Noah and Lily scream silently, too terrified to make a sound.

SHADOWY FIGURES dart around the room, moving too quickly to be fully seen. The temperature drops further, and the children's breaths become visible. Groans and disturbing voices echo around them, whispering unintelligible words and sinister promises.

DISTURBING VOICE (V.O.)
(hiss)
Join us... stay with us...

The children's eyes widen in horror as they watch their crayons lift from their box and begin to move on their own. The crayons draw disturbing images and demonic faces on the bedroom walls, the sound of crayon on plaster harsh and grating.

Noah and Lily huddle together in one bed, watching in paralyzed terror as the images become more and more grotesque. Demonic faces leer at them from the walls, their eyes seeming to follow the children wherever they move.

The nightlight flickers, casting eerie shadows that twist and writhe. The buzzing of the flies grows louder, mixing with the groans and whispers, creating a cacophony of supernatural dread.

The crayons continue their frantic drawing, filling the walls with scenes of torment and despair. The children watch, tears streaming down their faces, too scared to cry out.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - ROBERT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Mary paces back and forth, her face etched with worry. Robert sits at his desk, still shaken from his own encounter, but trying to maintain a semblance of calm. The tension in the room is palpable.

MARY

Robert, something is seriously wrong with this house. The kids are terrified, I'm seeing things...

She stops, looking at Robert with desperation in her eyes.

MARY (CONT'D)

Why did we come here? This isn't worth it.

ROBERT

Mary, I know it's been... intense. But this is exactly why we're here. To document these phenomena, to understand them. Think about the implications.

He reaches out to her, but she pulls away, her fear turning into anger.

MARY

Implications? Our children are being traumatized, Robert! This isn't just research. It's our lives!

Just then, Sarah enters the study, still visibly shaken from her earlier experience. She hesitates at the door before stepping inside.

SARAH

Mom, Dad... I need to talk to you.

Robert and Mary turn to her, their expressions softening with concern.

MARY

What is it, sweetheart?

SARAH

(voice trembling)

When I was in the bath... I saw something. The water got freezing cold and the mirror fogged up. Then I saw...

She hesitates, glancing at Robert, unsure of how to continue.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I saw words. "Get out," written in the mirror. But there was no one there.

Mary's face pales, and she moves to comfort Sarah, wrapping an arm around her.

MARY

(softly)

It's okay, honey. We're all experiencing strange things. We'll figure this out together.

Robert, though concerned, can't hide his intrigue.

ROBERT

This is incredible. The intensity of these manifestations... it confirms everything. We're on the brink of something monumental.

Mary shoots him a look of disbelief and frustration.

MARY

Robert, this isn't the time for your theories. We need to protect our family.

Sarah nods in agreement, clinging to her mother.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michael, needing a break from his research, heads to the bathroom. The hallway is dimly lit, the eerie silence only broken by the creaking of the old house. He enters the bathroom, flips on the light, and relieves himself.

As he finishes and steps back into the hallway, he is confronted by a SWIRLING VORTEX OF NOTHINGNESS right outside the bathroom door. The vortex pulsates and swirls, dark and foreboding, emitting a low, hypnotic hum.

MICHAEL

(whisper)

What... what is this?

The vortex continues to swirl, the edges of reality warping around it. Michael's breathing becomes shallow, his pulse quickening. He is completely mesmerized, unable to break free from its hypnotic pull.

As he stares into the abyss, images flash within the vortex - scenes of chaos, torment, and darkness. His face reflects the horror and awe of what he is witnessing.

The hum grows louder, vibrating through his body, and Michael feels himself being drawn closer, almost as if the vortex is reaching out to consume him.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK:

The TERRIFIED SCREAMS of Noah and Lily.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The terrified screams of Noah and Lily pierce through the house, sending Mary, Robert, and Sarah running to the children's room. They burst through the door and are hit by the overwhelming stench and chaos inside.

The room is swarming with flies, their angry buzzing filling the air. The walls are smeared with fecal matter, and disturbing, demonic figures and faces are drawn in crayon all over the room.

Noah and Lily are huddled together on one bed, crying and trembling in fear. Mary rushes to them, gathering them in her arms, her face a mask of horror.

MARY

Oh my God, my babies...

Sarah stands frozen at the door, her eyes wide with shock. Robert, on the other hand, looks around the room with an overwhelming sense of excitement and enthusiasm, unable to contain himself.

ROBERT

This is incredible! Do you see this? This is undeniable proof! The intensity of these manifestations...

Mary turns on him, her face filled with rage.

MARY

Robert, are you fucking serious right now? Our children are terrified! This isn't some scientific breakthrough, it's a nightmare!

Robert's enthusiasm falters slightly under Mary's anger, but he can't completely hide his fascination. Sarah steps closer to comfort her siblings, shooting Robert a look of disbelief and disappointment.

Michael arrives, looking strangely aloof and skeptical, despite the chaos around him. He glances at the room, then at his family, his expression unreadable.

MICHAEL

(cooly)

What's going on? Is this some kind of prank?

Mary, still holding Noah and Lily, glares at Michael, incredulous.

MARY

A prank? Michael, look around you! This is real!

Michael shrugs, crossing his arms.

MICHAEL

It just seems a little too... convenient, don't you think? All these manifestations happening right when Dad wants to document them?

Robert steps forward, his excitement turning to frustration at Michael's skepticism.

ROBERT

Michael, this is exactly why we're here. To document and understand these phenomena. This is not a prank. This is real, and we need to take it seriously.

Mary, overwhelmed by the situation, hugs Noah and Lily tighter, trying to calm them down.

MARY

We need to get out of this house. This isn't safe for any of us.

ROBERT

(enraged)

Leave? Are you out of your mind? We can't leave now! This work is too important.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Society is on the verge of
collapse, falling into nihilism and
despair because of the growing
atheism movement!

Mary and Sarah watch, stunned, as Robert's rant continues.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(unhinged)

If these manifestations prove the
existence of the supernatural, then
they prove the existence of God.
And by God, it's our duty to save
society from this abyss!

Michael, standing aloof, suddenly bursts into laughter,
mocking his father with an attitude no one has seen before.

MICHAEL

Oh, come on, Dad. Listen to
yourself. You sound like a crazy
person. "Duty to save society"?
You're just trying to save your own
fucking ego.

Robert's face turns red with anger, and he steps closer to
Michael, his fists clenched.

ROBERT

What did you say?

Michael smirks, crossing his arms defiantly.

MICHAEL

You heard me. You're so wrapped up
in your own pretentiousness, you
can't even see how ridiculous you
sound. Society isn't collapsing
because of atheism. It's because of
people like you, forcing your
beliefs down everyone's throats.

Robert's anger reaches a boiling point, but Michael
continues, his voice growing colder and more cutting.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You think proving the supernatural
will save the world? That's a joke.
And don't forget, the Ontario
College of Psychologists took away
your license because of your
outspoken politics and bizarre
antics. You're a laughingstock,
Dad.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You violated professional ethics,
attacked the transgender community,
and now look where we are.

A beat.

ROBERT

(shaken)

Michael... how can you say that?

Michael, steps closer, his eyes cold and unfeeling.

MICHAEL

Because it's the truth. Your
academic work is a joke, and so are
you.

Robert is left speechless, his confidence shattered. He looks around at his family, his eyes filled with pain and confusion. Michael just laughs again, shaking his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(smirking)

I'm done here. Enjoy your ghost
hunt, Dad.

With that, Michael turns and leaves the room, heading back to his own room. The rest of the family stands in stunned silence, the tension hanging heavy in the air.

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The iconic facade of the Amityville house stands ominously against the dark night sky. Snow begins to fall gently, but quickly increases in intensity, turning into a full-blown snowstorm. The flakes swirl in the howling wind, obscuring the view of the house momentarily.

As the snowstorm rages on, the house itself seems to pulsate with dark energy. The infamous windows, resembling evil eyes, glow faintly with a sinister light. The entire structure appears to breathe, as if alive, exuding an aura of malevolence.

The camera slowly zooms in on the house, the storm intensifying, adding to the atmosphere of dread. The wind howls louder, and the snow falls heavier, blanketing everything in a thick, white shroud. The house stands as a foreboding presence, pulsating with the dark energy that seems to grow stronger with each passing moment.

Cut to the windows, which now flicker with an eerie, almost otherworldly light, as if the house itself is watching and waiting for something.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael is lying on his bed, scrolling through his tablet, the dim light casting shadows across his face. The sound of the storm outside is faintly heard. The door creaks open, and Sarah steps in, still shaken from the confrontation earlier.

SARAH
(cautiously)
Michael, can we talk?

Michael looks up from his tablet, a smirk playing on his lips.

MICHAEL
Sure... what's up?

Sarah closes the door behind her and steps closer, her expression a mix of confusion and admiration.

SARAH
What was that all about? What you said to Dad... I've never seen you like that before.

Michael shrugs, sitting up on the bed.

MICHAEL
(casually)
Someone had to say it. He's been acting like a lunatic. It was about time someone put him in his place.

Sarah crosses her arms, her expression softening slightly.

SARAH
(sighs)
I know, but still... I can't believe you actually stood up to him like that. It was... kind of impressive.

Michael's smirk widens, and he leans back against the headboard, eyeing his sister with a newfound intensity.

MICHAEL
(flirty)
Impressed, huh? Maybe there's more to me than you thought.

Sarah shifts uncomfortably, feeling a strange tension in the air. She fidgets with the hem of her shirt, avoiding Michael's gaze.

SARAH

Michael, this isn't funny. We're dealing with some serious stuff here. And... you know, the way you talked to Dad... it was harsh.

Michael gets up from the bed and steps closer to Sarah, his tone shifting to a more seductive one.

MICHAEL

(playfully)

Come on, Sarah. Don't tell me you're scared. I thought you liked a bit of rebellion.

Sarah's eyes widen, and she takes a step back, feeling increasingly uneasy.

SARAH

Michael... I... I should go.

MICHAEL

(softly)

Hey, don't go. We're just talking. Nothing wrong with that, right?

She pulls her arm away, disturbed.

SARAH

I need to go. Goodnight, Michael.

She quickly exits the room, leaving Michael standing there, a sly grin on his face. The camera lingers on him for a moment, his eyes darkening as he watches her leave.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Robert stands alone in the children's bedroom, the door slightly ajar. The room is in disarray: flies buzz around, fecal matter is smeared on the walls, and disturbing crayon drawings of demonic figures and faces cover every surface.

Mary and the children have already left the room, leaving Robert to his work. He pulls out his phone and begins taking pictures, the flash illuminating the grotesque imagery.

ROBERT
(muttering to himself)
This is incredible... proof of a
higher power.

He snaps picture after picture, documenting every disturbing detail. The buzzing of the flies grows louder, and Robert grimaces, pulling a can of insect spray from his bag. He begins spraying the room aggressively, aiming at the swarming flies.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(determined)
Let's see how you like this.

The flies drop to the floor one by one, the buzzing slowly subsiding. Once the room is quiet again, Robert sets the can of spray aside and surveys the mess. He pulls out a cloth and cleaning supplies, taking a deep breath before getting to work.

He starts with the feces, scrubbing the walls with a mixture of cleaning fluid and water. The stench is overwhelming, but Robert remains focused, determined to clean up the evidence while preserving his documentation.

Next, he tackles the crayon drawings, scrubbing at the grotesque images with a stubborn resolve. His phone occasionally buzzes with notifications, but he ignores them, consumed by the task at hand.

The camera zooms in on Robert's face, showing his grim determination and underlying excitement. His eyes occasionally dart to the dark corners of the room, as if expecting something to emerge.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
This is it... the breakthrough I've
been waiting for. This will prove
everything.

The room gradually begins to look more normal as Robert continues his cleaning. The flies are gone, the walls are slowly returning to their original state, and the crayon drawings are fading under his relentless scrubbing.

He pauses occasionally to take more pictures, capturing the "before" and "after" of his work. His face is a mix of exhaustion and exhilaration, driven by a fervent belief in the significance of his discoveries.

Finally, Robert stands back, surveying the room with a sense of accomplishment. He takes one last picture, then tucks his phone into his pocket, wiping sweat from his brow.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

There. Almost as good as new.

He turns to leave the room, but hesitates, glancing back at the now-clean walls. His expression shifts, a flicker of doubt crossing his face. He shakes his head and exits, closing the door behind him.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary sits on the edge of the king-size bed in the master bedroom, gently tucking Noah and Lily under the covers. The toddlers are wide-eyed with fear, clutching their stuffed animals tightly. The storm outside continues to rage, but the room is filled with a warm, comforting light.

NOAH

(worried)

Mommy, is Santa still coming? What if he doesn't come because the house is haunted?

Mary chuckles softly, stroking Noah's hair reassuringly.

MARY

Oh, sweetheart, Santa isn't afraid of any ghosts. He's been delivering presents for hundreds of years, and nothing is going to stop him.

Lily looks up at her mother, her eyes filled with concern.

LILY

Are we going to call the Ghostbusters tomorrow, Mommy?

Mary laughs again, the tension in the room easing slightly.

MARY

The Ghostbusters, huh? Well, if we need to, we can definitely give them a call. But I think we can handle this ourselves. We just need to stick together and be brave.

Noah and Lily exchange a glance, their fear giving way to curiosity and a hint of excitement.

NOAH
So Santa's really not scared?

MARY
(shakes her head)
Not at all. Santa is the bravest of
all. He'll come down the chimney,
deliver your presents, and eat his
cookies just like always.

The children giggle, their spirits lifting as Mary continues
to tuck them in, making sure they're snug and warm.

LILY
(giggling)
Maybe Santa will even scare the
ghosts away!

MARY
(chuckles)
Maybe he will. Now, close your eyes
and try to get some sleep. The
sooner you fall asleep, the sooner
Santa will be here.

The toddlers nod, their eyes slowly closing as they nestle
into the pillows. Mary sits with them for a moment longer,
her heart aching with love and concern. She kisses each of
them on the forehead and stands up, careful not to disturb
them.

She looks around the room, the shadows dancing on the walls
as the storm rages outside. Despite the eerie atmosphere,
Mary feels a small sense of relief, having reassured her
children.

MARY (CONT'D)
Goodnight, my loves. Sweet dreams.

She quietly exits the room, leaving the door slightly ajar.
The sound of the storm outside seems a bit more distant now,
the room filled with a peaceful silence.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - ROBERT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Robert sits in front of his camera, his face illuminated by
the soft glow of his computer screen. He takes a deep breath,
trying to compose himself after the events of the night. The
room is dimly lit, casting eerie shadows on the walls.

ROBERT

(into the camera)

It's Dr. Robert Hendricks here, coming to you live from the heart of the Amityville horror. And what a night it's been.

(beat)

I've witnessed things tonight... things that shake me to my very core. Not because of some supernatural force, but because of something far more unsettling. My own son, Michael, dared to challenge my beliefs... to mock and belittle me in my own home.

He leans forward, his eyes intense, his voice growing more passionate.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

But it's moments like these that remind us of the importance of our mission. The forces of darkness are at work in this world, my friends. They lurk in the shadows, waiting to devour us whole.

He gestures dramatically, his words echoing in the empty room.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And what is driving this descent into chaos, you may ask? Postmodernism. Nihilism. Atheism. These are the enemies of truth and righteousness. They seek to tear down the very fabric of society, leaving nothing but ashes in their wake.

He leans back in his chair, his gaze intense, his voice filled with conviction.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Without the guiding light of Judeo-Christian values, we are lost. We are adrift in a sea of moral relativism, drowning in our own decadence and depravity.

He leans forward again, his eyes blazing with fervor.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(vehemently)

And don't even get me started on the falling birth rate. The selfishness of these pathetic weasels who refuse to bring children into this world... it sickens me. They are sealing their own fate, consigning themselves to oblivion.

He pauses, his expression darkening, his voice lowering to a menacing whisper.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And what of casual sex? Is it not the ultimate expression of our descent into hedonism? And yet, it is hailed as liberation, as progress. But I ask you, at what cost? Will it not lead to tyranny by the state, as the bonds of family and tradition are eroded away?

He sits back in his chair, a triumphant smile playing on his lips.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

But fear not, my friends. We are not alone in this fight. We have the truth on our side, and with it, we will prevail. We will rise above the darkness, and we will reclaim our destiny.

He reaches forward to turn off the camera, his face glowing with a sense of righteous purpose.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Until next time, stay vigilant.
Stay strong. And never lose faith.

The camera cuts to black, leaving Robert alone in the dimly lit study, his words echoing in the silence.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The camera floats silently through the darkened halls of the Amityville house, moving from room to room with eerie grace. It glides past the master bedroom where Noah and Lily sleep soundly with their parents, Mary and Robert, unaware of the unseen presence lingering in the shadows.

In Michael's room, the camera hovers near his bed, capturing his form as he sleeps fitfully, disturbed by unknown dreams. Shadows dance across his face, adding to the atmosphere of unease.

Across the hall, Sarah tosses and turns in her bed, her sleep troubled by unseen forces. The camera lingers for a moment, capturing the tension in her features, before moving on.

As the camera roams through the house, subtle signs of supernatural activity manifest. The Christmas tree lights flicker and change colors, casting eerie shadows on the walls. Strange noises echo through the corridors, cackling laughter and ghostly whispers that seem to emanate from nowhere.

Footsteps echo in the empty halls, though no one is awake to make them. Shadowy figures dart in and out of sight, fleeting glimpses of something otherworldly that send shivers down the spine.

The camera continues its silent vigil, capturing the subtle but undeniable presence of the supernatural that permeates every corner of the Amityville house.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah lies sound asleep in her bed, bathed in the soft glow of moonlight filtering through the curtains. The room is silent, save for the gentle rustle of the wind outside. Suddenly, a shadow falls over her, casting a dark silhouette across the room.

Unseen by Sarah, a figure stands at the edge of her bed, watching her with an intense, almost predatory gaze. It's Michael, his eyes burning with a disturbing mix of desire and malice. He leans in closer, his breath ragged with anticipation, as he reaches out to touch her.

With a sinister grin, Michael adjusts the collar of Sarah's nightgown, his fingers lingering on her skin as he seeks a better view of her breasts. His other hand moves to his own pants, fingers fumbling as he indulges in his perverse desires.

Suddenly, Sarah's eyes snap open, wide with alarm, as she senses a presence in the room. She gasps, sitting up in bed and scanning the darkness, her heart pounding in her chest. But there's nothing there, only the empty room bathed in moonlight.

Confusion and fear wash over Sarah as she realizes she's alone. Was it all just a dream?

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Robert lies in bed next to his wife, Mary, their two toddlers nestled between them, sleeping peacefully. The room is bathed in the soft glow of moonlight, casting eerie shadows on the walls. Robert tosses and turns restlessly, his brow furrowed in troubled sleep.

EXT. ANCIENT CANAAN - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Robert finds himself transported to ancient Canaan, a land shrouded in darkness and mystery. The sky is a swirling mass of ominous clouds, and the landscape is dotted with grotesque statues of pagan deities.

The Canaanites engage in barbaric rituals, indulging in acts of unspeakable cruelty and human sacrifice. Babies are torn from their mothers' arms and offered up to sinister gods, their cries of terror drowned out by the chanting of the priests.

The dream is filled with surreal visuals and occult symbolism: swirling mists of blood, grotesque statues of pagan deities, and shadowy figures lurking in the darkness.

Robert is paralyzed with fear, unable to look away as the nightmare unfolds before his eyes. The sense of dread and foreboding weighs heavily on him, suffocating him with its intensity.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Robert jolts awake with a gasp, his heart pounding in his chest. He sits up in bed, his body drenched in sweat, trembling with the residual terror of his nightmarish vision.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is shrouded in darkness, illuminated only by the soft glow of the Christmas tree lights. Michael, in a trance-like state, sleepwalks down the stairs and enters the room, his eyes vacant and unfocused.

Standing beside the Christmas tree is a sinister figure dressed in a twisted version of a Santa Claus costume. This is the Evil Santa, his features distorted into a grotesque parody of holiday cheer. He holds out a bloody sack, the stench of decay wafting from its depths.

As Michael approaches, the Evil Santa flashes him a malevolent smile, revealing jagged teeth stained with blood.

With a slow, deliberate motion, he opens the sack, revealing its gruesome contents: severed body parts and entrails, still dripping with blood.

Despite the horror before him, Michael remains in his trance, his expression eerily serene. He peers into the sack, his eyes glazed over with a detached curiosity.

In response to the Evil Santa's smile, Michael's lips curl upward into a twisted grin, mirroring the malevolence before him. The exchange between them is chilling, a silent acknowledgment of the darkness that lurks within.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CHRISTMAS MORNING

The living room is bright and festive, filled with the warm glow of Christmas lights and decorations. The children, Noah and Lily, are eagerly tearing open their presents, their faces alight with joy and excitement. Mary watches them with a loving smile, holding a cup of coffee. The atmosphere is one of pure, wholesome family happiness.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: Christmas Morning

The only thing out of place is Michael. He sits off to the side, his eyes vacant and distant, his demeanor eerily calm and aloof. He watches the festivities with a strange detachment, a darkness still stirring within him. Despite this, he doesn't spoil the mood for the rest of the family, who are too absorbed in their celebrations to notice his odd behavior.

Robert stands by the Christmas tree, observing the scene with a contemplative expression. He takes a deep breath and addresses Mary, who looks up from the children.

ROBERT

I've been thinking... about everything that's happened. I want to bring in a team of paranormal researchers. Let them take a look at the house, see what they can come up with.

Mary frowns slightly, her concern evident, but she nods in agreement.

MARY

If you think it will help, Robert. Maybe they can give us some answers.

Noah looks up from his new toy truck, his face bright with curiosity.

NOAH

What are paranormal researchers,
Daddy?

Robert kneels down beside Noah, ruffling his hair affectionately.

ROBERT

They're people who study strange
and unexplained events, like the
ones we've been experiencing. They
might be able to tell us more about
what's happening here.

Lily holds up a new doll, her eyes wide with excitement.

LILY

Are they like Ghostbusters?

Mary chuckles, shaking her head slightly.

MARY

Not quite, sweetheart. But they'll
try to help us understand what's
going on.

Sarah enters the room, looking more at ease than she did the previous night. She sits next to Mary, watching her younger siblings with a soft smile.

After what I experienced last night, it's more than just curiosity for me. We need to know what's happening here.

ROBERT

Exactly. And if we can document
these occurrences properly, it
could be groundbreaking.

The camera lingers on Michael, his eyes still glazed over, a sinister undercurrent to the otherwise joyous morning. He remains silent, his presence a stark contrast to the lively family scene.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - FOYER - MORNING

The family is bustling about, putting on coats and gathering their things as they prepare to leave for church. Mary helps Noah and Lily with their winter gear while Robert stands by the door, looking impatient.

ROBERT

Come on, everyone, we're going to be late.

Michael stands at the bottom of the stairs, arms crossed and a defiant look on his face.

MICHAEL

I'm not going.

The room goes silent. Robert turns to face Michael, his expression darkening.

ROBERT

What did you say?

MICHAEL

You heard me. I'm not going to church. I don't believe in that religious bullshit.

Mary looks worriedly between her husband and son, sensing the tension rising.

MARY

Michael, please. It's Christmas. Can't you just come with us?

MICHAEL

Oh, sure, I'll just sit there and listen to more fairy tales about invisible men in the sky. Sounds like a great way to spend the morning.

Robert's face turns red with anger. He takes a step towards Michael, his fists clenched.

ROBERT

You watch your mouth, young man.

MICHAEL

(grinning)

What are you going to do, Dad? Hit me? Go ahead. Prove how righteous you are. Chicken-shit.

Robert raises his hand, about to strike, but stops himself. He stands there, trembling with rage, his hand slowly lowering. Michael just smiles, a dark, triumphant look in his eyes.

MARY

Robert, no. Let's just go.

Robert takes a deep breath, his eyes never leaving Michael's. Finally, he turns away, his face a mask of frustration and hurt.

ROBERT

Fine. Stay here. We'll talk about this later.

Mary quickly gathers the children, her face a mixture of disappointment and concern. She gives Michael one last pleading look before ushering Noah and Lily out the door.

MARY

Come on, kids. Let's go.

The family leaves, the door closing behind them. Michael stands alone in the foyer, his grin fading into a cold, blank expression. He turns and walks back into the house, the emptiness around him echoing with silence.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael sets up a camera on a tripod, making sure it captures him and the background of the living room. He turns it on and steps back, slipping into an exaggerated imitation of his father's mannerisms and voice.

MICHAEL

Hello, everyone. Dr. Robert Hendricks here, bringing you another insightful and deeply profound vlog.

He waves his hands dramatically, mimicking Robert's emphatic gestures.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Today, we're diving deep into the mysterious and oh-so-spooky world of the Amityville house. That's right, folks, the same house with all those scary stories. But don't worry, I'm here to document everything for my new book on the supernatural.

Michael grabs the camera and starts moving around the house, pretending to search for ghosts.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(as Robert)

Hmmm, no ghosts here. Where are the ghosts?

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Surely they must be hiding
somewhere, just waiting to reveal
themselves to validate my beliefs.

He moves into the kitchen, opening cabinets and peering
inside with exaggerated seriousness.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(as Robert)

Ah, yes, only a mind as brilliant
and arrogant as mine would be bold
enough to move into the infamous
Amityville house. All in a
desperate attempt to conjure up
spirits, just to prove and justify
my religion.

He continues walking through the house, now entering the
hallway leading to the bedrooms.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(as Robert)

But let's not forget, dear viewers,
that this isn't just about proving
the existence of the supernatural.
No, no, it's also about my self-
serving quest for media attention.
After all, what's the point of
being a psychologist and professor
if you can't use your position to
cram your opinions, religious and
political, down everyone's throat?

Michael stops in front of his parents' bedroom door, turning
the camera to his face and dropping the imitation for a
moment, speaking in his own voice.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's pathetic, really. Watching him
try so hard to be relevant, to be
heard. And all he does is make a
fool of himself.

He turns the camera off, his expression a mix of anger and
satisfaction. He sets the camera back on the tripod and walks
away, leaving the house eerily silent once more.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

The church is adorned with festive Christmas decorations.
Pews are filled with families dressed in their holiday best,
singing hymns as the choir leads the congregation. The
atmosphere is warm and reverent.

Robert, Mary, Sarah, Noah, and Lily sit near the front. Robert tries to focus on the service, but his mind keeps drifting back to the argument with Michael. Mary holds Noah and Lily close, trying to maintain a semblance of normalcy.

PASTOR DAVID

(reverently)

...and as we celebrate this joyous day, let us remember the true meaning of Christmas. It's a time for family, for love, and for the light of Christ to shine in our hearts.

Sarah, sitting next to Robert, leans in and whispers to him.

SARAH

(whisper)

Dad, are you okay?

Robert forces a smile, but it's clear his thoughts are elsewhere.

ROBERT

(whisper)

I'll be fine, Sarah. Just trying to stay focused.

Mary glances over at them, sensing the tension. She offers a reassuring smile, but worry lingers in her eyes.

MARY

(whisper)

Let's just get through the service, okay?

The choir begins another hymn, and the congregation rises to sing. Sarah looks around at the peaceful scene, contrasting sharply with the chaos they left behind at home.

NOAH

(innocently)

Mommy, why didn't Michael come with us?

Mary kneels down to Noah's level, her face softening.

MARY

(whisper)

Michael's not feeling well, sweetie. He needed to rest.

Lily tugs on Sarah's sleeve, looking up at her with wide eyes.

LILY
(whisper)
Is Michael mad at Santa?

Sarah chuckles softly, trying to ease her sister's worries.

SARAH
(whisper)
No, Lily. Michael's just... going
through some stuff.

Robert closes his eyes, taking a deep breath, trying to find solace in the hymns and prayers. But the events at home and Michael's troubling behavior weigh heavily on him.

PASTOR DAVID
(continuing)
Let us bow our heads in prayer and
ask for God's blessings upon us
all, especially those who need His
guidance in these troubled times.

The family bows their heads, but the serenity of the church does little to ease their troubled minds.

INT. AMITYVILLE UNIVERSITY - PARANORMAL RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Robert steps into a modest, cluttered office filled with books on the occult, paranormal equipment, and posters of famous hauntings. He approaches a group of young paranormal researchers gathered around a table, reviewing footage from a previous investigation. The team leader, JASON, a confident and passionate young man in his late twenties, looks up and greets him.

JASON
Dr. Hendricks, it's a pleasure to
meet you. We got your message about
the Amityville house. Quite the
history there.

ROBERT
Thank you, Jason. Please, call me
Robert. I appreciate you seeing me
on such short notice.

Jason introduces Robert to the rest of the team: LUCAS, a grounded and skeptical member, and EMMA and OLIVIA, both enthusiastic and deeply interested in the paranormal.

JASON

This is Lucas, Emma, and Olivia.
We're excited to hear about your
experiences.

ROBERT

Nice to meet you all. My family and
I have experienced some... unusual
events since moving into the house.
I was hoping your expertise could
help us understand what's
happening.

Lucas, arms crossed, leans back in his chair, a skeptical
look on his face.

LUCAS

(raising an eyebrow)
You do know that the Amityville
haunting was exposed as a hoax,
right?

Robert nods, acknowledging Lucas's point but remaining
resolute.

ROBERT

I'm aware of the controversies,
Lucas. But what we've
experienced... it's hard to dismiss
as mere fabrication.

Emma leans forward, her eyes wide with interest.

EMMA

What exactly have you experienced,
Robert?

ROBERT

Strange noises, cold spots, objects
moving on their own. My two
youngest had a particularly
disturbing encounter last night.
Swarmed by flies. Feces on the
walls, and demonic figures drawn in
crayon. It all feels... very real.

Olivia, excited by the prospect, jumps in.

OLIVIA

Sounds like a classic haunting.
We'd love to investigate, see what
we can find.

Jason places a reassuring hand on Robert's shoulder.

JASON

We'll stop by the house today and set up our equipment. We'll get to the bottom of this, one way or another.

Robert visibly relaxes, grateful for their willingness to help.

ROBERT

Thank you. I can't tell you how much this means to me and my family.

Lucas, still skeptical, gives a half-smile.

LUCAS

Don't thank us yet. Let's see what we find first.

Robert nods, understanding the cautious approach.

ROBERT

Fair enough. I'll see you at the house later.

Robert shakes hands with Jason and the team, then turns to leave, a mixture of hope and apprehension on his face.

The door closes behind Robert, and the team members exchange glances. Lucas is the first to speak, his skepticism turning into open apprehension.

LUCAS

(seriously)

I have to say it: getting involved with this guy could be a huge mistake. You know who Dr. Robert Hendricks is, right? Controversial right-wing nutjob, attacks on the transgender community, his license revoked... the guy's a walking scandal.

Jason looks thoughtful, but Emma and Olivia seem curious rather than deterred.

JASON

(sighs)

Yeah, I know. But his experiences could be genuine. And this could be a big break for us, considering the historical significance of the Amityville house.

LUCAS

(shakes his head)

Historical significance? The Amityville haunting was proven to be a hoax. And don't get me started on Ed and Lorraine Warren. Re-opening an investigation into that house is like throwing gasoline on a fire that's already burning our credibility to the ground.

Emma leans in, her curiosity undiminished.

EMMA

But what if there's something there this time? Something real? We can't just ignore it because of past hoaxes.

OLIVIA

Yeah, and if we do find something, it could be huge for our research and the department.

LUCAS

(groans)

Or it could be the final nail in our coffin. They already want to shut us down and transfer funding to other departments. And let's not forget Hendricks' personal baggage. The guy abused prescription Benzos and mixed them with Ritalin. He had to be put in a medically induced coma for withdrawal symptoms. This is the guy we want to tie our reputation to?

Jason raises a hand, trying to calm the group down.

JASON

Look, I get it. There are risks. But we can't deny the potential. If we find something substantial, it could validate our work. We'll proceed cautiously, and if we sense anything off, we'll pull the plug.

Lucas sighs, reluctantly nodding.

LUCAS

Fine. But I'm not getting my hopes up. And I'm keeping my eyes wide open.

Emma and Olivia exchange a look, their excitement tempered by the gravity of the situation.

EMMA

We'll be careful. But let's see what we can find. Maybe there's more to this than we think.

OLIVIA

And who knows, maybe Hendricks is onto something. We'll just have to find out for ourselves.

Jason nods, making a final decision.

JASON

Alright, let's gear up and head to the house. We'll meet Hendricks there and see what we're dealing with.

The team members gather their equipment, the weight of Lucas's concerns lingering in the air as they prepare for their investigation.

INT. CHURCH - PASTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary sits across from Pastor DAVID, a kind-faced man in his late fifties, in a modest, warmly-lit office. She looks tired and worried, her hands nervously clutching a handkerchief. Pastor David listens intently, his eyes full of concern.

PASTOR DAVID

Mary, it's good to see you. You said you wanted to talk about something important?

MARY

(sighs)

Yes, Pastor. I... I don't know where to start. Things have been so difficult lately. Moving to Amityville, the house, Robert's obsessions... It's all too much.

Pastor David nods, encouraging her to continue.

PASTOR DAVID

Take your time, Mary. What's been happening?

MARY

(trembling)

We've been experiencing... strange things in the house. Unexplained noises, objects moving on their own, cold spots... It's terrifying. And the kids, they're so scared. I don't know what to do.

Pastor David's expression softens, understanding the gravity of the situation.

PASTOR DAVID

I see. That does sound troubling. Have you considered reaching out for spiritual guidance?

MARY

(tears welling up)

That's why I'm here, Pastor. I was hoping... if you could come by the house, bless it, maybe... maybe it would help. I don't know what else to do.

Pastor David reaches out and places a comforting hand on Mary's shoulder.

PASTOR DAVID

Mary, you've come to the right place. I'll gladly come by and offer a blessing. Sometimes, a gesture of faith can bring comfort and peace in times of uncertainty.

Mary's eyes brighten with gratitude, a small glimmer of hope in her expression.

MARY

Thank you, Pastor. I don't know what we'd do without your support.

PASTOR DAVID

(smiles)

It's my duty to help those in need, Mary. You and your family are part of our community, and we'll do everything we can to support you.

Mary offers a weak smile, feeling a bit lighter with Pastor David's reassurance.

PASTOR DAVID (CONT'D)

(standing up)

I'll make arrangements to visit
your home as soon as possible. In
the meantime, remember, you're not
alone. We're here for you.

EXT. AMITYVILLE TOWN - DAY

The Hendricks family car winds its way through the quaint streets of Amityville. The winter sun casts a golden glow over the snow-covered landscape, giving the town a serene, almost magical ambiance.

Inside the car, Robert sits behind the wheel, his brow furrowed in thought. Mary sits in the passenger seat, her gaze fixed on the passing scenery. In the back, Sarah and the toddlers are quiet, each lost in their own thoughts.

The car moves steadily, the only sound the soft hum of the engine and the occasional crunch of tires on snow. As they approach the familiar sight of their street, a sense of apprehension hangs in the air.

Robert breaks the silence, his voice tense.

ROBERT

(softly)

We're almost home.

Mary offers a small nod, her expression unreadable.

MARY

(somber)

Yes, we are.

The car pulls up to the curb in front of the Hendricks' house. The engine cuts off, and for a moment, there is silence.

Robert turns to look at his family, his eyes filled with a mixture of determination and uncertainty.

ROBERT

(trying to sound

optimistic)

Well, here we are. Let's make the
best of it, shall we?

Mary forces a smile, though it doesn't quite reach her eyes.

MARY
(quietly)
Yes... let's.

With a heavy sigh, Robert opens the car door and steps out onto the snow-covered driveway. Mary follows suit, her movements slow and deliberate.

The children, sensing the tension, exchange uneasy glances before reluctantly unbuckling their seatbelts and exiting the car.

As the family gathers in front of the house, a palpable sense of foreboding hangs in the air, overshadowing the picturesque scene.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The family is gathered in the living room, Robert pacing anxiously. The doorbell rings, and Robert rushes to answer it. He opens the door to reveal the paranormal investigation team, led by LUCAS and EMMA. They are accompanied by two more team members, JASON and LINDA, who carry various pieces of equipment.

ROBERT
(relieved)
Thank you for coming. Please, come in.

Lucas and the team step inside, taking in the eerie atmosphere of the house. The family exchanges nervous glances as the investigators set up their equipment.

LUCAS
(looking around)
Alright, let's get started. We'll need to set up in various parts of the house.

Emma approaches Mary, who looks anxious.

EMMA
(reassuring)
We're here to help. Can you tell us more about what's been happening?

MARY
It's been... chaotic. Strange noises, shadows, cold spots... and the children's room... it was covered in flies and...

ROBERT
(interrupting)
We've experienced a lot. I've
documented some of it myself.
Follow me, I'll show you where most
of the activity has been happening.

Robert leads Lucas and Jason upstairs while Emma and Linda stay downstairs with Mary and the children.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Robert opens the door to the children's bedroom. Lucas and Jason enter, immediately noticing the unsettling drawings on the walls. Jason sets up an EMF detector while Lucas takes notes.

JASON
(setting up equipment)
We'll start with an EMF sweep.
Let's see if we pick up anything
unusual.

The EMF detector begins to spike erratically as Jason moves around the room.

LUCAS
This is interesting. High readings,
but we need more evidence...

Suddenly, the temperature in the room drops noticeably. Robert shivers, rubbing his arms.

ROBERT
Do you feel that? The temperature
just plummeted!

LUCAS
(calmly)
It's definitely colder. Let's set
up the thermal camera and see if we
capture anything.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma and Linda are talking to Mary and Sarah, who are visibly on edge.

EMMA
Can you tell us more about your
experiences?

SARAH
(nervously)
I've seen things... felt things.
It's like the house is alive,
watching us.

Linda sets up an audio recorder on the coffee table, looking around thoughtfully.

LINDA
(to Mary)
We'll be using this recorder to
capture any EVPs - electronic voice
phenomena. Sometimes, spirits
communicate through these
recordings.

Mary nods, trying to stay calm. Just then, a cold breeze sweeps through the room, causing everyone to shiver.

EMMA
(to Linda)
Did you feel that?

Linda checks the recorder, nodding.

LINDA
Yeah, I felt it. Let's see if the
recorder picked up anything.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lucas and Jason review the footage from the thermal camera, noticing a strange, cold shape moving across the room.

JASON
(whispers)
Look at this... it's like something
is moving around.

Lucas studies the footage, frowning.

LUCAS
Could be a draft, but let's keep
monitoring.

Suddenly, the door slams shut, startling everyone. The EMF detector spikes dramatically.

ROBERT
Did you see that? The door just
slammed on its own!

LUCAS

(calmly)

We need to stay focused. Let's document everything and see if we can find a rational explanation.

Jason continues to monitor the equipment, while Robert watches with a mix of fear and excitement.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma and Linda listen to the playback from the audio recorder, straining to hear any unusual sounds. They catch a faint, whispering voice.

GHOST VOICE (V.O.)

...get out...

EMMA

Did you hear that? There's definitely something here.

Mary looks frightened, clutching Sarah's hand.

MARY

What did it say?

LINDA

(seriously)

It said, "get out."

Mary exchanges a worried glance with Sarah, the tension in the room palpable.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Paranormal team is scattered throughout the house, conducting their investigation. Pastor David enters the house, holding a Bible and a vial of holy water.

PASTOR DAVID

Good afternoon, everyone. I'm here to bless the house.

Robert steps forward, shaking Pastor David's hand.

ROBERT

Thank you, Pastor. We appreciate you coming on such short notice.

Pastor David nods and begins his blessing, moving room to room, sprinkling holy water and reciting prayers. He passes by Michael's bedroom door, which is slightly ajar.

PASTOR DAVID
(cheerfully)
Hello, Michael.

Michael slowly turns his head, meeting the Pastor's gaze with a cold, unblinking stare. The intensity of Michael's eyes sends a shiver down Pastor David's spine. Suddenly, the bedroom door slams shut on its own, right in Pastor David's face.

PASTOR DAVID (CONT'D)
(startled, but composed)
Well, that was unexpected.

Pastor David shakes it off and continues his blessing.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pastor David finishes his blessing, returning to the living room where Mary, Sarah, and the toddlers are gathered.

PASTOR DAVID
All done. May this house be
protected from any evil forces.

MARY
Thank you, Pastor. We feel much
better now.

Pastor David nods and takes his leave, offering a final comforting smile before exiting the house.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Lucas and Jason are in the basement, examining the area with their equipment. Lucas finds a dead animal in a corner, its decaying body covered in flies.

LUCAS
(grimly)
Here's the source of the flies.
Poor thing must've been here for a
while.

Jason nods, taking notes. They continue their investigation, moving to another part of the basement where a cold draft is noticeable. Lucas inspects the area closely, finding a small crack in the foundation.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Here's your draft. Air's coming
through this crack.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma and Linda analyze the audio recordings. They hear faint voices. Lucas emerges from the basement and rejoins them.

LUCAS
These voices might be from a nearby
radio signal. The house's old
wiring could be picking it up.

Robert overhears this and storms into the room, his face red with anger.

ROBERT
Are you telling me this is all
explainable? That there's nothing
supernatural here?

LUCAS
(calmly)
Robert, we're just presenting the
evidence we've found. There are
rational explanations for what's
happening.

Robert's rage boils over, his face contorted with frustration.

ROBERT
(furious)
Get out. All of you. Get out of my
house!

The paranormal team exchanges uneasy glances but begins to pack up their equipment. Lucas approaches Robert, trying to reason with him.

LUCAS
Robert, we're just trying to help.
Sometimes there are logical
explanations...

ROBERT
I said get out!

Lucas raises his hands in a placating gesture and nods to the rest of the team. They quickly gather their things and head for the door.

As they leave, Robert stands in the hallway, fuming, his family watching him with a mix of concern and fear.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

Michael stands by the window, a smirk on his face as he watches the paranormal team pack up their equipment and leave the property. From downstairs, the muffled sounds of Robert's enraged shouting and cursing can be heard, adding to the tension in the house.

The door creaks open, and Sarah steps into the room, her face etched with worry and distress.

SARAH

Michael, what's going on? Dad's losing it downstairs.

Michael turns to face her, his smirk softening into a more comforting expression.

MICHAEL

Hey, come here.

Sarah walks over to him, visibly upset. Michael gently takes her hand, leading her to sit on the bed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(softly)

I know it's been rough. Dad's... well, you know how he gets.

SARAH

Yeah, but it's getting worse. This whole thing, moving here, all for his stupid book... It's tearing us apart.

Michael nods, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and pulling her close. Sarah starts to relax, comforted by his presence.

MICHAEL

You know, I didn't go to church today because... I just can't buy into all that stuff anymore.

Sarah looks up at him, curious and concerned.

SARAH

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

(sighs)

I've been thinking a lot lately.
About life, existence, all of it. I
just don't believe in this
religious stuff anymore. It
feels... empty.

Sarah listens intently, her worry giving way to intrigue.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I've been reading about existential
nihilism. The idea that life has no
inherent meaning. At first, it
sounds depressing, but... there's a
kind of freedom in it too. We get
to create our own meaning, our own
purpose.

SARAH

That's... actually really
interesting. I've never thought
about it that way.

Michael smiles, seeing he's drawn her in. He gently brushes a
strand of hair from her face, his touch lingering.

MICHAEL

You know, Sarah, you're really
special. So beautiful, so smart.
I've always admired you.

Sarah blushes, feeling a mix of flattery and unease, but she
can't help but be drawn to his words.

SARAH

Michael, I...

Michael leans in closer, his eyes locking onto hers.

MICHAEL

(whispers)

You don't have to say anything.
Just know that I'm here for you.
Always.

Sarah hesitates for a moment, then leans in, closing the
distance between them. Their lips meet in a tender, yet
charged kiss. The kiss deepens, and the siblings find
themselves lost in the moment.

As the tension builds, Michael gently lays Sarah down on the
bed, his hands caressing her face.

She responds, pulling him closer. They make love, the world outside their room forgotten in their forbidden embrace.

But soon, Michael's touch becomes more aggressive. His kisses grow rougher, his grip tighter. Sarah's eyes widen in fear.

SARAH

Michael, stop... you're hurting me.

Michael's expression darkens, a sinister smile creeping across his face.

MICHAEL

(snarling)

Say it. Say the Lord's name in vain. Blaspheme for me.

Sarah shakes her head, terrified.

SARAH

No, Michael, please...

Michael's grip tightens even more.

MICHAEL

Do it. Now.

Sarah struggles, finally managing to push him off. She quickly gets up, grabbing her clothes and dressing hurriedly, her hands shaking. Michael lies back on the bed, laughing maniacally.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(laughing)

You slut. You actually fucked your brother.

Sarah, now dressed, stares at him in horror before bolting out of the room. She rushes to her own bedroom, slamming the door shut and collapsing onto her bed, sobbing into her pillows.

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - DUSK

The sun dips below the horizon, casting long, eerie shadows over the Amityville house. The sky is painted in deep shades of orange and purple, slowly giving way to the encroaching darkness.

The house stands ominously, its iconic windows like empty eyes staring out into the growing night. A cold wind rustles the trees, and the shadows seem to dance across the lawn and the walls of the house.

As the darkness deepens, the house seems to pulse with an unsettling energy, its sinister presence growing stronger with the fading light.

The Christmas lights, once festive, now flicker erratically, casting strange, almost menacing patterns on the snow-covered ground. The camera slowly zooms in on the house, focusing on the windows that now resemble hollow, soulless eyes.

The wind picks up, carrying with it the faint sound of distant, ghostly whispers. The sense of foreboding intensifies as the scene FADES TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Robert sits at his cluttered desk, surrounded by old books, newspaper clippings, and printed articles about the Amityville house. His eyes are bloodshot, and his hands tremble slightly as he sips from a mug of cold coffee.

The room is dimly lit by a single desk lamp, casting eerie shadows on the walls. Robert flips through pages feverishly, muttering to himself. His focus is intense, his anger from earlier fueling his determination.

ROBERT

(mumbles)

There has to be something...
something they missed... a sign, a
symbol...

He finds an old newspaper article about the DeFeo murders and the subsequent haunting experienced by the family that moved in after. He reads aloud, his voice filled with a mix of frustration and excitement.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(reading)

"The family claimed to have seen...
red, glowing eyes staring at them
through the window." Yes, yes, but
what does it mean? What's the
connection?

He tosses the article aside and grabs a leather-bound book on occult symbols and rituals. He flips through the pages, stopping at a section about ancient gateways and portals.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(to himself)

A gateway... of course.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The house is a conduit, a bridge
between worlds. If I can prove it,
if I can document it...

His eyes widen with realization, and he jots down notes frantically. The room seems to grow darker, the air heavier, as his obsession deepens.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(to himself, more
agitated)

This is it. This is the proof. I
need more... more evidence. I have
to show them... all of them.

He stands abruptly, knocking over his coffee mug, which shatters on the floor. He doesn't notice, his mind entirely consumed by his discovery.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(to himself, pacing)

The world needs to know. Without
this, we're lost... falling into
nihilism, chaos... but with this,
we can find our way back. I can
find my way back.

He pauses, staring at a family photo on the desk. His expression softens for a moment, then hardens again as he turns back to his research.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(to himself, resolute)

I won't let them win. I won't let
them destroy everything.

He dives back into his research, the weight of his obsession pressing down on him. The room seems to pulse with a dark energy, mirroring the depth of his fixation.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary is bustling around the kitchen, preparing Christmas dinner. She glances at the clock, worry etched on her face as she thinks about her husband and the state of their family.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, shadows dancing on the walls as Michael sits hunched over his desk. His eyes are wide, unblinking, fixed on something unseen.

A chilling silence envelops the room, broken only by the faint whisper of the wind outside.

DEMONIC WHISPERS (V.O.)
Kill... embrace the darkness...

Michael's hands tremble, fingers curling into fists as he clutches the edge of the desk. His breath comes in shallow, ragged gasps, chest heaving with each inhalation. Sweat beads on his forehead, glistening in the dim light.

MICHAEL
No... no, I can't...

The whispers grow louder, more insistent, echoing through his mind like a relentless tide. His expression twists with agony, torn between his own thoughts and the invasive voices.

DEMONIC WHISPERS (V.O.)
Embrace us... show them your
power...

Michael's gaze flickers, his eyes darkening with an unseen force. His breath catches in his throat, heart pounding in his chest. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, his features contort, the lines of his face shifting into something darker, more sinister.

The scene lingers on Michael's haunted expression, the weight of the whispers pressing down on him like a suffocating blanket.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is bathed in a soft, eerie glow from the moonlight filtering through the curtains. Sarah sits on her bed, her face buried in her hands, shoulders shaking with silent sobs.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Noah and Lily are seated on the floor, surrounded by their new toys from Christmas morning. The room is dimly lit by the glow of the Christmas tree lights, which change colors in a festive but slightly eerie way. The toddlers are content, lost in their play.

The camera lingers on the Christmas tree, its lights twinkling in a way that feels both festive and foreboding, hinting at the unseen forces still lurking within the house.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary stands by the open oven, carefully placing a large, stuffed turkey inside. The kitchen is filled with the comforting smells of Christmas dinner being prepared, a stark contrast to the eerie atmosphere of the house. Mary hums a Christmas carol softly to herself, trying to maintain a sense of normalcy.

She closes the oven door and sets the timer, wiping her hands on a dish towel. She glances around the kitchen, momentarily pausing to take a deep breath. The weight of the past day's events lingers in her expression, but she forces a smile for the sake of her family.

MARY
(to herself)
Alright, dinner should be ready soon.

Off-screen, from Robert's study, the faint sound of his voice can be heard. He's still deep in his obsession, muttering to himself as he pours over old books and articles.

ROBERT (O.S.)
(mumbling)
...the house is a gateway... I know it... just need to find the proof...

Mary sighs, her smile faltering. She knows her husband's obsession is spiraling out of control, but she doesn't know how to help him. She shakes her head and turns her attention back to her preparations.

The kitchen is a scene of domestic activity. Pots and pans are scattered on the counters, and various ingredients are laid out in an orderly fashion. Mary moves with practiced efficiency, checking on side dishes and stirring pots on the stove.

MARY
(sadly)
Just one normal Christmas... is that too much to ask?

She glances toward the kitchen door, where the sounds of her children's laughter can be faintly heard from the living room. A small smile tugs at her lips, and she seems to draw strength from their joy.

Mary wipes her hands again and moves to the fridge, taking out a bowl of cranberries to make sauce.

As she works, the camera slowly pans out of the kitchen, moving down the hallway toward Robert's study.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - ROBERT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Robert is hunched over his desk, surrounded by piles of old books and yellowed papers. His eyes are wild with obsession, and his muttering is more intense.

ROBERT
(to himself)
This house... it's the key. If I
can just prove it... everything
will make sense...

He scribbles notes furiously, barely noticing the world around him. The study is dimly lit, casting shadows that seem to flicker with a life of their own.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits on her bed, still shaken and teary-eyed from her earlier encounter with Michael. The room is dimly lit by the soft glow of a bedside lamp. The door creaks open slowly, the sound echoing ominously in the quiet room.

Michael stands in the doorway, his presence menacing and unsettling. Sarah looks up, her eyes wide with fear. She stands up, taking a hesitant step back, her back pressing against the headboard.

SARAH
(pleading)
Michael, please...

Michael steps into the room, seeming to float as he moves closer. The door slams shut behind him with a loud bang, making Sarah jump. He reaches out, his fingers brushing against her cheek, caressing her face tenderly. His touch sends a shiver down her spine.

Michael wipes away a tear from her cheek with his finger. Sarah's fear begins to melt away, replaced by a strange trance-like state. She looks up at him, her eyes glazed over.

Michael leans in and kisses her. The kiss is intense and consuming, a mix of passion and darkness. He disrobes her, pulling off her clothes with a rough urgency. Sarah responds, her own movements mechanical, as if she's under a spell.

He lays her down on the bed, his touch both gentle and aggressive.

Their bodies entwine, moving together in a primal, animalistic rhythm. Sarah curses God, her voice filled with a mix of ecstasy and blasphemy. Michael grins wickedly, his eyes gleaming with dark satisfaction.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Fuck you, God... fuck you!

They both laugh, their voices mingling in a shared evil glee. Their laughter echoes through the room, a haunting sound that seems to reverberate off the walls.

As their unholy act continues, the room grows darker, shadows creeping in from the corners. The bed creaks with their movements, the sound merging with their laughter and the distant murmurs of the house.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family is gathered around the dinner table, the centerpiece a beautifully roasted turkey. Sarah and Michael sit across from each other, exchanging smirks and knowing glances. Robert, seated at the head of the table, is lost in his own thoughts, mumbling occasionally about his research. Noah and Lily, seated next to Mary, are being adorably playful, their laughter a stark contrast to the tense atmosphere.

MARY

Alright, everyone. Let's enjoy our Christmas dinner.

She begins carving the turkey, placing slices on each family member's plate. The toddlers eagerly start eating, making happy noises. Robert absently forks some food onto his plate, his eyes distant.

SARAH

(smirking)

So, Michael, how was your day?

MICHAEL

(matching her tone)

Oh, you know, just full of surprises.

They exchange another knowing look, their smiles widening. Mary notices but doesn't comment, her focus on keeping the mood light.

MARY

Let's try to enjoy ourselves, alright? It's Christmas.

As they start eating, the room suddenly grows colder. The lights flicker, and a low hum begins to emanate from somewhere deep within the house.

ROBERT
(snapping out of his
thoughts)
Did anyone else feel that?

Mary looks around nervously, trying to maintain her composure. Suddenly, the turkey on the table starts to twitch. Everyone freezes, staring at it in shock.

LILY
(scared)
Mommy, what's happening?

The turkey begins to convulse violently, then, to everyone's horror, it lifts off the platter and seems to come alive. Its wings flap frantically, and it lunges towards Robert.

MARY
(screams)
Oh my God!

The turkey's legs stretch out, reaching towards Robert, who tries to fend it off with his fork but is slapped away by a flailing leg. Michael and Sarah watch with twisted amusement, while Mary grabs the carving knife and desperately tries to help her husband.

NOAH
(crying)
Make it stop, Mommy!

The turkey flaps its wings, knocking over dishes and sending food flying everywhere. Robert manages to grab the turkey and wrestle it to the ground, slamming it repeatedly against the floor until it stops moving.

Panting heavily, Robert stands up, the room in disarray, his family staring at him in shock and horror.

But it's not over. The house seems to groan, and the low hum grows louder. The flickering lights intensify, casting eerie shadows on the walls. The family huddles together, the reality of their situation sinking in deeper with every passing second.

INT. AMITYVILLE UNIVERSITY - PARANORMAL RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Lucas, Jason, Emma, and Linda gather around a table cluttered with notes, photos, and electronic equipment. The room is dimly lit, the atmosphere tense.

LUCAS

Alright, let's go over everything
we recorded at the Hendricks house.

Lucas sets up a laptop connected to an audio recorder and several cameras. The team gathers around as he plays the recordings.

JASON

Look at the temperature logs. These
drops don't make any sense given
the time of year and the house's
heating system.

EMMA

Check out the EMF readings. Spikes
all over the place, especially in
the kids' room and the master
bedroom.

Lucas fast-forwards through the audio, then pauses, rewinds, and plays a section again. The team listens intently as faint whispers and static fill the room.

WHISPER (RECORDING)

(inaudible) ...help us...

LINDA

Did you hear that? Replay it.

Lucas rewinds and plays it again. The whisper is clearer this time.

WHISPER (RECORDING)

Help us...

JASON

That's not interference. That's
something else.

EMMA

Look at this. On the video from the
living room camera.

Emma points to the screen as the video shows shadowy figures darting around the room, barely visible but undeniably there.

LUCAS

Hold on, what about the draft I found? It should've been the old windows.

Jason shakes his head and pulls up a thermal imaging scan of the room.

JASON

I thought so too, but the scans show no gaps or drafts. The cold spots appear and disappear without any logical source. And the flies. You found the carcass of that dead animal, but there were too many flies for just that. Plus, they were swarming in patterns that don't make sense biologically.

LINDA

Listen to this section of the recording. Right before the whispers, you can hear footsteps. They don't match any of our movements from the timeline.

Lucas listens intently, then nods.

LUCAS

This changes everything. We need to go back.

LINDA

But how do we convince Dr. Hendricks to let us back in after how he reacted?

LUCAS

We show him this. He needs to see that there's something real going on in his house.

JASON

We need to be prepared this time. Bring more equipment, more sensors, everything we've got.

EMMA

Agreed. Let's compile everything and head back.

The team nods in agreement, their determination renewed by the evidence they've uncovered. They start packing up their equipment, ready to head back to the Hendricks' house.

LUCAS

Let's hope Robert is willing to
give us another chance.

EXT. AMITYVILLE UNIVERSITY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lucas, Jason, Emma, and Linda load their equipment into a van. The atmosphere is tense but determined as they prepare to head back to the Amityville House.

JASON

Alright, everyone ready?

LUCAS

Ready as we'll ever be.

They pile into the van, Lucas driving, and head out into the night.

EXT. AMITYVILLE ROADS - NIGHT

The van drives through dark, winding roads. The only light comes from the van's headlights and the occasional streetlamp. Inside, the team discusses their plan.

JASON

Once we get there, we should set up
the sensors in the main hotspots
immediately.

EMMA

Agreed. We'll cover more ground
this time.

Suddenly, the van's radio flickers to life, static hissing before eerie whispers emerge.

WHISPER (RADIO)

Turn back... Turn back...

LUCAS

What the fuck? Did you guys hear
that?

The whispers grow louder and more insistent. The temperature inside the van drops suddenly, their breath visible in the air.

LINDA

It's freezing! What's going on?

JASON
Something's not right...

Without warning, the van's engine sputters and dies, forcing Lucas to pull over to the side of the road. The headlights flicker and go out, plunging them into darkness.

LUCAS
Fuck! The van's dead!

EMMA
We're not that far from the house.
We can walk the rest of the way.

LUCAS
With all our equipment?!

As they begin to exit the van, a dense fog rolls in, enveloping them in an eerie mist. Shadows dart through the fog, barely visible but undeniably there.

JASON
Stay close. Don't wander off.

They gather their gear and start walking, but the shadows in the fog grow more aggressive. Emma screams as she's yanked back by an unseen force, disappearing into the mist.

LUCAS
Holy fuck! Emma!

They rush towards where Emma was, but they're met with a horrific sight: Emma's body, mangled and torn apart, lies in a pool of blood. Her limbs are twisted at unnatural angles, and her eyes are wide open in terror. The shadows close in, and panic sets in.

LINDA
(crying)
Oh my fucking God! Emma!

Jason is next, pulled violently into the fog. He reappears briefly, suspended in the air. His limbs are wrenched apart by invisible forces, his body contorted in a grotesque dance of death. His screams are cut short as his jaw is forced open wider and wider until it dislocates and rips apart, blood gushing down his neck.

LUCAS
Shit! Shit! Shit!

Linda is lifted off the ground by an invisible force. Her body contorts and twists, bones snapping audibly.

Her eyes are forced open, and she is made to watch as her own hands are pulled into her mouth, fingers breaking as they are jammed down her throat. She gags and chokes, blood spilling from her nose and mouth.

LINDA
(sobbing)
Please... no...

A shadowy figure emerges from the fog, a grotesque, demonic entity with a nightmarish visage. It reaches out, and Lucas is pulled towards it. The entity forces him to kneel, making him witness the horrors before him. His skin begins to bubble and blister, blood oozing from every pore. His eyes roll back as he screams in agony, his body convulsing violently. He is held upright as his skin is slowly peeled away by unseen hands, inch by inch, revealing raw muscle and bone beneath.

LUCAS
(screaming)
Help me! Somebody, please!

His screams fill the night as the scene FADES TO BLACK.

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The house stands ominously in the night, unaware of the horrific fate that has befallen the paranormal team.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, the remnants of the Christmas dinner scattered around. Mary is on her knees, scrubbing the floor where the turkey attack left stains. Her hands are trembling, her eyes red from crying.

She scrubs harder, but the stains seem to spread rather than disappear. The lights flicker, casting eerie shadows on the walls. Mary pauses, looking up nervously.

MARY
Robert, where are you? I need you.

The whispering starts softly, almost indistinguishable from the hum of the refrigerator. Mary's eyes dart around the room.

WHISPERING VOICES (V.O.)
Mary... Mary...

She clutches her head, trying to block out the voices. The chandelier above the dining table sways slightly, as if disturbed by an unseen force. Mary's eyes widen in fear.

The lights flicker more violently, and the whispers grow louder. The refrigerator door swings open, and the TV in the adjacent living room turns on by itself, showing static. Mary jumps, dropping the scrub brush. She stares at the TV, frozen.

MARY
(terrified)
Please... just stop...

The static shifts, revealing brief, horrifying glimpses of ghostly faces, demonic symbols, and scenes of violence. Mary's breath quickens as the images grow more intense. She crawls backward until she hits the dining table, curling up into a ball.

WHISPERING VOICES (V.O.)
Mary, you can't escape...

Mary covers her ears, rocking back and forth. The images on the TV become more violent, showing flashes of what seems to be her family in danger.

MARY
(sobbing)
Stop it! Just stop it!

The TV suddenly shuts off, plunging the room into silence. Mary remains on the floor, shaking and crying, too terrified to move.

The lights flicker one last time and then stabilize. Mary slowly uncurls, looking around with wide, fearful eyes. She wipes her tears and stands up, shakily moving toward the kitchen, trying to regain some semblance of control.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - ROBERT'S STUDY - NIGHT

The study is cluttered with books, papers, and research materials about the supernatural. Robert is hunched over his desk, engrossed in an old, dusty tome. The door bursts open, and Mary storms in, her face a mask of fury and desperation.

MARY
Robert, we need to talk. Now.

Robert looks up, startled by her sudden entrance. He sees the fire in her eyes and knows this isn't a conversation he can avoid.

ROBERT

Mary, I'm in the middle of something...

MARY

(furious)

I don't care what you're in the middle of! I've had enough of this bullshit, Robert! You've put our family in danger for the sake of your fucking ego!

ROBERT

(defensive)

My ego? Mary, you don't understand. I'm on the verge of a major discovery here. This could change everything we know about the supernatural...

MARY

(interrupting)

I don't give a fuck about your discoveries! Look around you, Robert! Look at what you've done to us! We're living in a nightmare because of you!

Robert stands up, his expression hardening. He crosses his arms, trying to maintain his composure.

ROBERT

You don't see the bigger picture, Mary. This is important. This house is a gateway to the supernatural. If I can prove it, we can change the world.

MARY

Change the world? You've destroyed our world! Our children are terrified, our home is haunted, and you're too obsessed with your theories to even care!

Robert takes a step forward, his face reddening with anger.

ROBERT

I care, Mary. But this is bigger than us. Bigger than our family. Don't you understand? We're on the brink of something monumental here.

MARY

(tears streaming down her face)

Monumental? You're willing to sacrifice your family for your obsession. You're so consumed by this madness that you can't see what it's doing to us.

ROBERT

This isn't madness. This is science. This is discovery. And sometimes, discovery comes with sacrifices.

Mary takes a step back, looking at Robert with a mix of anger and disbelief.

MARY

Sacrifices? Our children's safety? Our marriage? Those are just sacrifices to you?

Robert clenches his fists, his stubbornness refusing to yield.

ROBERT

(steely)

If that's what it takes, then yes. I won't stop, Mary. I can't stop. This is my life's work.

MARY

Then you've lost us, Robert. You've lost me.

She turns and walks out of the study, leaving Robert standing alone, his face set in grim determination. He looks around at the chaos he's created, but instead of regret, his resolve only hardens.

ROBERT

(muttering to himself)

I'll prove it. I'll prove them all wrong.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary enters the master bedroom, her face set with determination. She heads straight to the closet and pulls out a suitcase, throwing it open on the bed. She starts packing clothes hastily, her movements frantic.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mary walks briskly down the hallway, phone in hand, dialing a number.

MARY
(on the phone)
Yes, hi. I need to book the soonest
flight out of Amityville to
Toronto. For myself and my
children. Tonight, if possible.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary continues packing as she talks on the phone.

MARY
(urgent)
Yes, I'll hold.

She tosses more clothes into the suitcase, moving quickly, her hands shaking with a mix of fear and determination. The children's clothes follow, each piece thrown in with a sense of finality.

LATER: Mary is now pacing, the phone still pressed to her ear.

MARY (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Thank you. Yes, I'll take it.
Please send the confirmation to my
e-mail. Thank you so much.

She hangs up, a look of relief washing over her face for the first time in days. She takes a deep breath, steeling herself for what comes next.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mary moves swiftly down the hallway towards the children's room. She opens the door gently and sees Noah and Lily playing quietly on the floor.

MARY
(softly)
Kids, come here. We're going on a
trip.

The toddlers look up, their faces lighting up at the mention of a trip.

NOAH
 (innocently)
 Where are we going, Mommy?

MARY
 (smiling, but with a hint
 of urgency)
 We're going back to Canada,
 sweetheart. We need to leave soon,
 so let's pack up your things, okay?

Noah and Lily nod, starting to gather their toys. Mary helps them, her mind racing with the details of the escape.

IINT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary places the last of their essentials into the suitcase and zips it up. She takes a moment, looking around the room, her resolve hardening. She picks up the suitcase and heads towards the door, ready to leave the chaos behind.

INT. PASTOR DAVID'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pastor David sits comfortably in his armchair, a steaming cup of tea in hand. The glow from the television bathes the room in a warm light as a Christmas movie plays softly in the background. He takes a sip of his tea and sighs contentedly, enjoying the peaceful moment.

A fly buzzes around and then lands in Pastor David's teacup. It flails and starts swimming in the liquid, creating tiny ripples. Pastor David's eyes narrow, and he stares at the fly, transfixed, his mind clearly wandering to darker thoughts.

Pastor David puts down the teacup and picks up the phone from the side table. He dials Mary's number and waits, the tension building as he listens.

PASTOR DAVID
 (into the phone)
 Come on, Mary, pick up...

Immediately, an automated message plays:

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O.)
 (filtered)
*The number you have dialed is no
 longer in service.*

Pastor David frowns, a sense of unease settling over him. He hangs up the phone and stares into the distance, lost in thought. The feeling of dread grows stronger, and he can't shake the terrible feeling in his gut.

PASTOR DAVID
(to himself)
Something's wrong...

His expression hardens with resolve. He knows what he has to do. He stands up quickly, grabbing his coat and keys.

EXT. PASTOR DAVID'S HOME - NIGHT

Pastor David rushes out of his house, the cold night air hitting him as he heads to his car. He gets in, starts the engine, and drives off, his determination clear as he makes his way back to the Amityville house.

INT. PASTOR DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

Pastor David grips the steering wheel tightly, his mind racing as he speeds through the quiet streets. The Christmas lights and decorations blur past the windows.

PASTOR DAVID
(to himself)
Hang on, Mary. I'm coming.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - ROBERT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Robert is surrounded by stacks of old books and articles about the Amityville house. He's pacing back and forth, muttering to himself, his eyes wild with obsession.

ROBERT
(to himself)
It's all here. The gateway... the supernatural. They were wrong. They're all wrong...

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE STUDY - NIGHT

Michael, his eyes cold and menacing, creeps silently toward the study. He holds a string of Christmas lights in his hands, gripping them tightly. The faint glow of the lights casts an eerie reflection on the walls.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - ROBERT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Robert is still lost in his thoughts, completely oblivious to his surroundings.

ROBERT
(to himself)
This is it. This will prove
everything...

Suddenly, Michael steps into the room, moving with a predatory grace. He stops behind Robert, who remains unaware of his presence.

MICHAEL
(chilly)
You brought us here to prove God
exists. But God doesn't live here.
Not in this house.

Robert spins around, eyes wide with shock, but before he can react, Michael lunges at him, wrapping the Christmas lights around his neck and pulling tight.

ROBERT
(choking)
Michael... what... are you...

Michael's face is a mask of cold fury as he tightens his grip, the Christmas lights digging into Robert's neck. Robert struggles, his hands clawing at the lights, but Michael's strength is relentless.

MICHAEL
You were wrong, Dad. There's no God
here. Only darkness.

Robert's struggles weaken as the life drains from him. His eyes bulge, and his face turns a sickly shade of blue. Michael's expression remains chillingly calm, his grip unyielding.

The room is filled with the sound of Robert's choking and gasping. The glow of the Christmas lights reflects off the walls, casting an ominous glow over the horrific scene.

Finally, Robert's body goes limp, and he collapses to the floor, the lights still wrapped around his neck. Michael stands over him, breathing heavily, a twisted smile playing on his lips.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(smirking)
Merry Christmas, Dad.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Pastor David's car pulls over to the side of the road, headlights illuminating the darkness. He steps out cautiously, his breath visible in the cold night air. As he approaches the parked van, a sense of dread washes over him.

PASTOR DAVID
(whispers to himself)
What in God's name...

He cautiously approaches the van, his heart pounding in his chest. The scene before him is one of utter horror. The bodies of the paranormal research team lie strewn about, their limbs contorted at unnatural angles, blood pooling beneath them.

PASTOR DAVID (CONT'D)
(shock)
Dear Lord...

He fumbles for his cell phone, hands trembling as he dials 911. The phone rings, each tone echoing in the silence of the night.

PASTOR DAVID (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Hello, yes... you need to send help
right away. There's been... a
massacre.

His voice trembles with fear as he struggles to convey the magnitude of the horror before him. The dispatcher on the other end listens intently, her voice calm and reassuring.

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(filtered)
Sir, please stay calm. Help is on
the way. Can you describe what you
see?

Pastor David takes a deep breath, steeling himself as he looks upon the gruesome scene once more.

PASTOR DAVID
(voice breaking)
It's... it's like something out of
a nightmare. They're all dead...
torn apart...

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARY's footsteps echo through the silent house as she descends the staircase, her expression etched with urgency and fear. She enters the living room, her eyes scanning the dimly lit space.

A gasp escapes her lips as she sees ROBERT crucified to the wall, the Christmas lights casting an eerie glow around him. His lifeless body hangs limply, a grotesque display of horror.

MARY
(screaming)
No! Robert!

She staggers backward, her hand flying to her mouth in shock and disbelief. Tears well up in her eyes as she realizes the gravity of the situation. The room seems to spin around her as she struggles to comprehend the nightmare before her.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARY bursts into SARAH's room, her heart pounding with terror. SARAH looks up, startled by her mother's frantic demeanor.

MARY
Sarah, we need to leave. Now.

SARAH
(alarmed)
What's wrong, Mom?

MARY
There's no time to explain. Just
pack your things.

Sarah nods, sensing the urgency in her mother's voice. She quickly begins stuffing clothes into her bag as Mary watches, her mind racing with fear and uncertainty.

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Mary rushes out of the house, frantically searching for the car keys in her pocket. She reaches the car, unlocks the door, and jumps into the driver's seat. Her hands shake as she tries to insert the key into the ignition.

MARY
Come on, come on...

She turns the key, but the engine sputters and dies. She tries again, but the car refuses to start. Frustrated, she pops the hood and steps out of the car to inspect.

Mary lifts the hood and gasps. The engine has been sabotaged, wires cut and components ripped apart.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh God! No! No!

She looks around, panicked, realizing she's trapped. Her breath comes in short gasps as she slams the hood shut and looks back at the house, feeling the weight of the situation.

Suddenly, she hears footsteps behind her. She spins around to see Michael standing there, a twisted smile on his face.

MICHAEL

Going somewhere, Mom?

Mary's eyes widen in fear as she slowly backs away, desperate to find another way out.

MARY

Michael, please. We need to leave.
This place is... it's evil.

Michael grabs her by the arm and forces her back towards the house.

MICHAEL

Evil? You have no idea what evil
is.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Red and blue lights flash as police cars surround the paranormal research team's van. Officers and paramedics swarm the scene, examining the gruesome remains. Pastor David stands with a POLICE OFFICER, giving his statement, his face pale and his hands trembling.

PASTOR DAVID

I... I found them like this. I was
on my way to check on the Hendricks
family when I saw the van.

POLICE OFFICER

Can you think of anyone who might
have wanted to harm them?

PASTOR DAVID
(shakes his head)
No, they were just researchers. But
something... something evil is at
work here.

The Officer takes notes, glancing at the horrific scene.
Pastor David's mind races.

PASTOR DAVID (CONT'D)
I need to get to the Hendricks'
place. That family is in danger.

POLICE OFFICER
We can send a unit to check on
them.

PASTOR DAVID
No, there's no time. I need to go
now. Please, understand. It's
urgent.

The Officer hesitates, then nods.

POLICE OFFICER
Alright, but be careful. We'll
follow as soon as we secure the
scene.

PASTOR DAVID
Thank you.

Pastor David hurries to his car, jumps in, and speeds off
towards the Amityville House, his heart pounding with a sense
of impending doom.

EXT. ROAD TO AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Pastor David's car races down the dark, winding road, the
urgency of the situation pressing heavily on him. His grip
tightens on the steering wheel as he mutters a prayer under
his breath.

PASTOR DAVID
Lord, protect them. Give me
strength.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael shoves Mary inside, slamming the door shut behind
them. Mary stumbles but catches herself. She turns to face
her son, fear and anger in her eyes.

MARY

Michael, stop this! What has gotten into you?

Michael steps closer, his expression darkening. He raises his hand and slaps her hard across the face. Mary gasps, holding her cheek, tears welling up in her eyes.

MICHAEL

You think you can just leave? After everything? After all the sacrifices?

MARY

(pleading)

Michael, this isn't you. Please, fight whatever this is. We can get help.

Michael laughs, a cold, hollow sound. He grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her.

MICHAEL

Help? From who? God? There is no God here, Mother. Only darkness. And you will learn to embrace it.

He shoves her to the floor. Mary sobs, looking up at her son, her hope dwindling.

MARY

(sobs)

Michael... please...

Michael towers over Mary, his eyes filled with a malevolent glee. He grabs the hem of her dress, beginning to strip her.

MICHAEL

You need to understand, Mother. This is the new order.

MARY

(crying)

Michael, no...

Just as Michael pulls at her dress, SARAH bursts into the room, wielding a fire poker. Without hesitation, she swings it at Michael, striking him hard on the back.

SARAH

Get away from her!

Michael roars in pain, stumbling forward. He turns to face Sarah, rage contorting his features.

MICHAEL
You little bitch!

Sarah swings the poker again, this time hitting Michael square in the shoulder. He snarls, but the impact forces him to step back.

SARAH
Leave her alone, Michael! This isn't you!

MICHAEL
(grins)
My cock was inside you...

Michael, now more enraged, lunges at Sarah. She dodges, swinging the poker wildly. Mary scrambles to her feet, grabbing a nearby blanket to cover herself.

MARY
Sarah, be careful!

Sarah keeps swinging, her fear fueling her strength. She lands another blow to Michael's side, making him double over in pain.

SARAH
Mom, run! Get out of here!

Mary hesitates, torn between fleeing and helping her daughter.

MICHAEL
(chilly)
You're going to pay for that, Sarah.

SARAH
I'm not afraid of you, Michael. Not anymore.

Mary takes a step back, her eyes locked on her son and daughter, fear and determination battling within her. She glances toward the door, knowing she needs to get help, but unwilling to leave Sarah alone.

Michael lunges at Sarah with a feral growl. She swings the fire poker again, aiming for his head, but he catches it mid-air, his strength overpowering her.

MICHAEL
(grinning)
Nice try, cunt.

He wrenches the poker from her hands and swings it back at her with terrifying force. The poker connects with her side, making a sickening thud. Sarah cries out in pain, collapsing to the floor.

MARY
(screams)
No! Sarah!

Mary rushes forward, but Michael swings the poker again, this time landing a fatal blow to Sarah's head. Blood splatters across the room as he continues his brutal assault, his face twisted in a sadistic grin.

MARY (CONT'D)
(pleading)
Stop it, Michael! Stop!

Michael stands over Sarah's lifeless body, breathing heavily. He turns to Mary, blood dripping from the poker.

MICHAEL
You're next.

Mary backs away, tears streaming down her face, her entire body trembling with fear.

MARY
What have you done...?

Michael takes a step toward her, brandishing the bloodied poker, his eyes filled with unholy fury.

MICHAEL
This is just the beginning, Mother.
The house demands sacrifice.

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Pastor David arrives at the Amityville House, a feeling of dread washing over him. He pushes the door open and steps inside.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pastor David gasps, recoiling in horror. Robert is crucified to the wall, strung up with Christmas lights, his face contorted in agony. He takes a shaky step forward, his eyes widening as he sees Sarah's lifeless body, her head smashed in, her corpse grotesquely posed.

PASTOR DAVID
 (trembling)
 Dear God in heaven...

He covers his mouth, fighting the urge to vomit, and forces himself to move further into the house. He stumbles upon the two toddlers, dead and mutilated, their tiny bodies a heart-wrenching sight.

PASTOR DAVID (CONT'D)
 Lord, give me strength.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pastor David gathers his courage and heads toward the master bedroom. He can hear disturbing noises, his heart pounding in his chest.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

He pushes the door open and freezes. On the bed, Michael is having sex with Mary, who seems to be in a daze, tears streaming down her face. Michael stops mid-act, sensing Pastor David's presence. He turns his head slowly, his eyes glowing with a malevolent light.

MICHAEL
 (snarl, in Latin)
 "Ecce pastor. Advenisti ad
 perditionem tuam."

Pastor David's blood runs cold as he takes in the sight. Michael's voice is no longer his own but a deep, guttural, demonic tone.

PASTOR DAVID
 (firmly)
 In the name of Jesus Christ, I
 command you to leave this house!

Michael laughs, a chilling, otherworldly sound. He releases Mary, who falls limply to the bed, and stands up, his body seeming to pulse with dark energy.

MICHAEL
 (in Latin, with a demonic
 voice)
 "Noli flere, pastor. Hic dominus
 non habitat."

Pastor David steps forward, holding up his cross. He begins to pray loudly, invoking the power of God to banish the evil from Michael and the house. Michael snarls, his eyes fixed on the cross, but he doesn't move, as if tethered by the holy words.

PASTOR DAVID

(with conviction)

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall
not want. He maketh me to lie down
in green pastures: he leadeth me
beside the still waters. He
restoreth my soul.

Michael screams, clutching his head, as if the words are burning him. The room fills with a palpable sense of tension as the battle between light and darkness escalates.

Pastor David continues to pray, his voice growing louder and more fervent as he tries to exorcise the demon from Michael. The room seems to tremble with the power of his words.

PASTOR DAVID (CONT'D)

(forcing the words)

Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil: for Thou art
with me; Thy rod and Thy staff,
they comfort me.

Michael screams, a horrific sound that pierces the air. He falls to his knees, clutching his head, but then a sinister smile spreads across his face. He looks up, eyes glowing with pure malevolence.

MICHAEL

(demonic voice)

You think you can save them,
Pastor? You are too late. They are
mine.

Suddenly, Michael lunges at Pastor David, moving with unnatural speed. The cross is knocked from Pastor David's hand, clattering to the floor. Michael grabs the pastor by the throat, lifting him off the ground effortlessly.

PASTOR DAVID

(choking)

No... In the name of...

Michael tightens his grip, silencing the pastor's words. With a sickening crack, he snaps Pastor David's neck and throws his lifeless body across the room.

MARY
 (weakly)
 Michael... please...

Mary, still on the bed, reaches out to her son, tears streaming down her face. Michael turns to her, his expression softening for a moment. But then the malevolent force within him takes over, and he grabs her by the hair, dragging her off the bed.

MICHAEL
 (demonic)
 There is no escape, Mother. This house... it's ours now.

Mary screams, but her voice is drowned out by the sinister laughter echoing through the house. The lights flicker violently, and the air grows colder. Shadows move with a life of their own, creeping along the walls.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house seems to come alive with darkness. The Christmas tree lights flicker from festive colors to a deep, blood-red hue. The shadows grow longer and more oppressive.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael drags Mary back to the bed and throws her onto it. He climbs on top of her, his eyes devoid of any humanity. He begins to chant in Latin, the words filled with dark power.

MICHAEL
 (in Latin, demonic voice)
 "Omnes animae vestrae mihi
 serviunt."

Mary struggles weakly, but her strength is fading. She looks into her son's eyes, searching for any sign of the boy she once knew.

MARY
 (weakly)
 Michael... please... come back to
 me...

But there is no recognition in his eyes. Only darkness.

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

From outside, the house is eerily silent. The once festive decorations now appear twisted and sinister in the cold, moonlit night.

INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary's screams echo through the house one final time before falling silent. Michael stands up, covered in blood, his transformation complete. He looks around the room, a satisfied smile on his face.

MICHAEL

(demonic voice)

The house belongs to us now. Ho ho
ho. Merry Christmas.

He walks to the window and looks out over the town of Amityville, his eyes glowing with an unholy light. The camera pulls back, revealing the horrific scene in the master bedroom: Mary lifeless on the bed, Pastor David's body crumpled on the floor, and the shadows dancing with sinister glee.

EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The camera slowly pulls back from the house, its windows glowing with an eerie light. The sound of sinister laughter echoes faintly as the screen FADES TO BLACK.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK:

THE SOUND OF APPROACHING SIRENS.

THE END.