

TRAILER: 'The Haunting of No. 82'

By

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1 EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE IN LONDON - MODERN DAY

HARPER (24) stands outside a Victorian style house. The sky is grey and sombre.

She holds a notepad and pen, glancing down at the writings scribbled onto the page. She looks directly at us and begins:

HARPER

I had just moved into this house - a house that was once my aunties. A beautiful house - a calming fireplace, wonderful wooden beams. Little did I know the horrors that would await inside. Let me tell you.

2 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Old Victorian furniture litters the inside. It's dated. Minimal light seeps through the windows. The fire roars in the background.

HARPER

this is the living room. My auntie used to sit in that chair right there
-

She motions to an old chair that is stationed in a dark corner. It has a feeling around it... ominous, as if no one has sat in it since her auntie left. You can almost see the impression of her body still in the chair.

HARPER

she had a couple of problems... went through a hard time... lost her mind a little... and now... well, you'll see soon.

3 INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Harper washes some dishes at the sink. The place is fairly messy. Notes and documents are pinned to the wall in a creative frenzy.

In the reflection of the window, we see the shadowy face of a VICTORIAN WOMAN.

HARPER

it was here where I first saw the woman

She GASPS suddenly and turns; we do too. The woman is gone.

Harper looks at us, eyes wide, struggling for breath.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harper holds the notepad once again, skimming over the notes.

HARPER

I decided to go and visit my auntie,
to see if she had experienced anything
similar whilst living in this house

Harper walks towards the closed hallway door. With
hesitation, opens it. Through the door we see:

5 INT. HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Her AUNTIE (late 40s) sits in a hospital chair. She is
verging on hysterical, eyes glazed over, hands waving.

AUNTIE

she sits by the fire... she SCREAMS!
Bloody cries for days and days! -

Harper shuts the door. Looks at us, concerned.

HARPER

you can probably see why this did not
help me feel any better

She walks away.

6 INT. OFFICE - LATER

Notes and photographs are pinned to the wall. It is rather
bare except from a desk, chair and laptop. Some boxes remain
unpacked.

Harper sits at the desk, typing on her laptop. Looks up at
us, opens one of the draws on the desk.

HARPER

it was in here that I found this

She pulls out an old, vintage diary. The pages are filled
with scribbles in beautifully curled handwriting.

HARPER

of course, I had to read it. Little
did I know...

She stops for a moment, thinks.

HARPER
(to herself)
no, I don't like that

Changes a couple of words on the document on her laptop.

HARPER
(to us)
I was unaware of the incredible,
disturbing story I would find imbedded
within this diary. It's all too much
to tell right now

7 EXT. DESOLATE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Harper walks through the alleyway, wrapped up tightly in a coat and scarf.

HARPER
through investigating the diary, it
led me to this pub. Within this pub
lies an underground club... well,
you'll see

In the background we see a COUPLE (mid-late 40s) walking down the street. A group of masked figures come out of the darkness and surround them. Harper watches, stuck, terrified. She turns to us, shakes her head as if trying to forget a memory.

HARPER
sorry about that

-and walks away.

8 INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - LATER

The cellar of an old traditional British pub. Warm toned wood dominates the decor. Small tables and old, decrepit bar stalls are stationed around.

A group of Victorian women sit at these tables, deep in concentration, paper and pens in hand. One of these women is the reflection we saw in the kitchen.

HARPER
this underground club was extremely
important to our writer; she spent a
lot of time here. She explains it as a

beautiful place... oh, there is too
much to explain right now

9 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Harper stands in the living room, facing towards us. Behind her a fire roars, the main source of light. The flames dance reflections on the walls.

HARPER
but it is here, *right here* that the
main horror happened. It was so
gruesome I could barely even believe
it when I found out-

The Victorian woman enters the frame and sits by the fire, crying. She stares deeply into the flames.

HARPER (CONT'D)
it must've taken days, *weeks* to get
rid of the mess. I can't even imagine
the pain-

A CLOAKED FIGURE enters the frame and sneaks behind Victorian Woman.

HARPER (CONT'D)
the feeling of when...

Harper puts her fingers to her neck.

SLOW ZOOM ON HARPER'S FACE:

well, this is all too *grotesque*, too
extreme to explain... for now

CLOSE UP:

Victorian woman's wide, deer in the headlight's eyes. A blood curdling scream is released, so deep it could echo through your soul.

CLOSE UP:

Her hand falls to the floor... blood engulfs it.

CREDITS.

THE END.

