

THE AWAKENING

Written by

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On Halloween night, a woman attempts to conjure the spirit of her deceased grandmother, but unknowingly ends up awakening powerful mysterious forces within herself instead.

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INT. HISTORIC NEW ENGLAND HOME - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Standing in the open doorway SARAH, 50s, a woman with expressive eyes, talks with RAVEN 40s, a woman with dark hair and eyes, standing inside. A nearby coffee table is set up for an informal seance; it contains lit candles, crystals, tarot cards and a few scattered vintage photographs.

RAVEN

I'm surprised your grandmother didn't come through during our seance. I could have sworn she'd appear; this is the time when the veil is the thinnest.

SARAH

Maybe she didn't have anything to share from the other side.

RAVEN

I feel she was trying to come through. I felt a sense of urgency. There's still a few more minutes left till midnight, maybe she'll reach out to you before that.

SARAH

Halloween, or rather the ancient celebration of Samhain, was Granny's favorite holiday.

RAVEN

Mine too. For good reason.

SARAH

I'll let you know if anything happens tonight. Thank you Raven.

As Sarah moves to leave, Raven stops her.

RAVEN

Sarah. Wait. Do have your photos?

SARAH

I don't.

Raven turns and darts back to the coffee table, returning with the photos and a flickering black 7-day ritual candle.

RAVEN

Sarah, I know you've told me that you don't have your grandmother's gift. But I think you're wrong. I think you have the sight.

SARAH
I've never-

RAVEN
Maybe it hasn't been activated yet.

Raven hands Sarah the photos and the lit candle. There's an old photograph of a young woman holding two objects in her lap; a silver hand mirror with an ornate design set face down, on top of a worn leather mailbag.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
(re: the photograph)
It's too bad your grandmother's black mirror disappeared. We could have used that tonight to try and reach her thru scrying.

Sarah flips the photo over, and touches the elegant handwritten words "At home in Salem. 1922" on the back.

SARAH
(re: the handwriting)
Granny had such elegant handwriting. She always used to write me letters when I was little.

RAVEN
Take care tonight, Sarah. The energy feels intense.

Sarah steps out of the door, taking her leave.

SARAH
Goodnight Raven.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A breeze ruffles thru the neighborhood as Sarah heads past historic homes, decorated for trick or treaters that have long gone home. Sarah clicks her car alarm which CHIRPS and moves to open the door when she spots a yellowed vintage page of paper stuck on a nearby hedge, RUSTLING in the wind. Curious, she leaves her car behind to investigate.

Sarah pulls the paper off the hedge and tries to read it in the dim light. It appears to be a vintage letter typed in the uneven font of a manual typewriter. She moves the candle closer to light up the letter. The wind snuffs out the flame. Sarah is stunned when the candle spontaneously re-ignites.

She moves the candle in closer at an angle and hot wax splatters onto the page forming a translucent stain which reveals the word "Look", written in Granny's elegant script.

SARAH

Granny?

Sarah flips the page over, looking for the word revealed by the oily spot, but it's blank and there's no sign of the wax bleeding through. The word appears to be trapped inside the page. A gust blows the page out of her hand. She chases it.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF NEW ENGLAND CHURCH - NIGHT

Sarah catches up to the letter on the cracked sidewalk in front of an old church. Wild roses have been left alone to climb it's surrounding walls, untamed.

Sarah stows the errant page in her handbag. Another page stuck on a thorny rose branch, RUSTLES in the wind. Sarah removes it and pours wax onto it revealing the word "within". Another blast of wind whips the page out of her hand and she chases it down the cracked and buckled sidewalk.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND - RUSTY GRAVEYARD GATE - NIGHT

Sarah catches the page in front of a rusted gate of an ancient cemetery. She stuffs it into her purse. Nearby, another paper RUSTLES in the wind, caught on an old headstone. She cautiously heads toward it, thru the gate.

EXT. ANCIENT NEW ENGLAND GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Sarah grabs the page from a headstone before it can blow away and drips wax on it, revealing the words, "the boneyard". She gathers her pages together to read the words in sequence.

SARAH

(reading Granny's words)

Look. Within. The boneyard.

Sarah is stunned. Nearby a few more pages RUSTLE in the wind.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(calling out over the
cemetery)

Granny?

Suddenly, a flood of pages are released into the air, strewn by the wind like a flutter of wings. They are coming from the center of the cemetery.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Granny? Are you there?

EXT. CENTER OF ANCIENT NEW ENGLAND GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Sarah approaches the center of the graveyard and is shocked to find the wind whipping away a few remaining loose pages from the open flap of Granny's vintage mailbag.

SARAH
Granny?

Sarah darts forward to catch the last page before it's blown away. She pours hot wax onto it, revealing a few phrases in Granny's writing, including brief instructions and a spell.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(reading Granny's
instructions)
This spell must be read three times
for your protection while walking
clockwise in a circle. Don't stop
until you are done. This is vital.

Sarah spots a lump in the mailbag; she reaches inside and pulls out Granny's silver antique hand mirror. She flips the mirror over and examines its shiny black face which reflects her own shadowy image within the candlelight. Sarah stands, holding the black mirror in one hand and the letter and candle in the other. She recites the spell while walking clockwise in a circle, periodically pausing to glance within the black mirror.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(chanting the spell)
I call forth my ancient power. I
chose to seek my second sight. I no
longer hide in darkness; I chose to
see within the light. Cast aside
the mystic veil; it's the season,
it's the time. With my power to be
triggered by the tolling bell, on
the very final chime.

Sarah finishes the spell and returns to recite it again.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(chanting the spell twice)
I call forth my ancient power-

Sarah glances into the black mirror and sees the reflection of a few black hooded figures standing behind her.

She turns around, but no one is there. She looks in the mirror again, but the figures are gone.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(shakily continuing)

I chose to seek my second sight. I no longer hide in darkness; I chose to see within the light. Cast aside the mystic veil; it's the season, it's the time. My power to be triggered by the tolling bell on the very final chime.

Sarah finishes the spell and returns to recite it a third time. She looks into the mirror, but doesn't see the figures.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(chanting the third time)

I call forth my ancient power-

Sarah looks up from the spell as church bells start to TOLL the midnight hour. She's terrified to find herself encircled by hooded figures. She forces herself to continue the spell.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I chose to seek my second sight-

As Sarah turns clockwise and faces each figure, their hooded robes collapse and transform into a pile of pages that are whipped away by the wind, leaving nothing behind.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I no longer hide in darkness; I chose to see within the light. Cast aside the mystic veil; it's the season, it's the time. With my power to be triggered by the tolling bell on the very final chime.

The final bell tolls as Sarah reads the last line. The wind subsides and Sarah stands alone, holding the black mirror.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What the hell was that, Granny?

Sarah picks up the mailbag, placing the mirror and the candle inside it and heads out of the cemetery. She doesn't notice that her body now emits a subtle shimmer of light.

As Sarah leaves, a breeze picks up, and a single page of a vintage letter flutters and slides, following after her.