

ESPIRITISMO

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. Stillness.

Furniture lies beneath heavy sheets, yellowed with age.

Dust hangs suspended in the moonlight, slashing through old, salt-scarred, wooden shutters.

A mirror leans in the corner - shrouded.

A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING cuts across the window.

BOOM - a THUNDERCLAP hits a beat later.

The front door BURSTS OPEN with a violent gust of WIND. RAIN lashes the threshold, wild and chaotic outside.

A YOUNG PUERTO RICAN WOMAN stumbles in, drenched. A soaked, sun-bleached, pale RED DRESS clings to her skin.

She tenderly clutches a WRAPPED BUNDLE to her chest.

She crosses the threshold and -

The door SLAMS SHUT behind her.

Inside, the storm ceases to exist.

Silence. Unnatural SILENCE.

Only the whisper of her breath and the faint creak of the floorboards beneath her bare feet as she moves. She walks to the center of the room, sinks to her knees, unwraps the bundle.

Inside -

A CRUDE STONE CEMÍ - a PREGNANT WOMAN. The belly is cracked, features rough, primitive.

She begins to CHANT. Soft. Rhythmic. Words older than Spanish, older than the house.

The cemí TREMBLES in her hand.

A FORM rises - takes human form, feminine, but never stable -

The OPÍA.

Her face is obscured. Her body a fluid shape.

The Girl looks up, her eyes brimming with tears.

The Opía, now fully formed, lifts the girl in her arms, carries her out the door that opens without a touch and closes behind her with a solid THUNK.

EXT. LA CASITA ESPIRITUAL - NIGHT

The storm is gone. The earth glistens.

The OPÍA crosses the yard, the Girl in her arms, her body shifting like she's made of seaweed and smoke.

She moves toward a ritual casita: a palm-wood hut with old Taíno carvings, Espiritismo offerings, candles melted into the dirt, a santo in a rusting frame – intact, timeless, old.

The Opía lowers the Girl – now shrunken, her skin going gray, her limbs stiffening – onto the casita's low step.

First light breaks the horizon.

The Opía freezes, her body hardens – turning to stone.

She collapses forward into the mud, folding inward, shrinking, transforming until nothing remains except –

A stone figurine: smooth, grey, pregnant.

The soil loosens, opens. The figurine sinks, swallowed by the earth.

EXT. GATE - NIGHT

A MAN, face unseen, closes an imposing, iron gate.

He turns and walks a few steps to his waiting VAN, gets in and fires up the engine.

As he drives away down the overgrown, rutted track, moonlight barely illuminates a peeling "ISLA DEL ENCANTO" sticker on the side of the van as the jungle closes behind him.

EXT. LA CASITA ESPIRITUAL - NIGHT

A shaft of moonlight falls on a figurine inside the now crumbling casita:

The YOUNG PUERTO RICAN WOMAN, a smile on her stone-cold lips.

TITLE CARD: ESPIRITISMO: THE RETURN

EXT. RAFAEL HERNÁNDEZ AIRPORT - DAY

Heat shimmers off concrete.

TOURISTS spill out of the terminal into a tropical haze: Car horns, taxi hustlers – sensory chaos.

ANA MARÍA “ANA” ROSARIO (29) stands still amidst the chaos. Half-Puerto Rican, sharp eyes behind dark sunglasses, sweat already streaking her travel-weary clothes.

She scans the crowd with growing unease.

ALEX (38) – a rangy, sardonic American with day-old stubble and a too-heavy, well-aged Roots leather duffel slung over his shoulder, laptop bag dangling from his hand – stands beside her.

Alex checks his watch. Again.

ANA

Relax. They’ll be here. Island time.

ALEX

They were supposed to be here, like now.

ANA

Welcome to Puerto Rico, babe.

Alex looks around at the departing passengers loading into their pristine white resort shuttles.

ALEX

I guess those guys didn’t get the memo.

ANA

Could you relax and go with the flow? Adventure!

ALEX

The only adventure I want is one where we step into an air-conditioned villa where I will drink fruity drinks with tiny umbrellas while lounging by the pool.

Ana adjusts Alex’s shirt, buttoning an undone button.

ANA

Indulging your White Lotus fantasy?

ALEX
It's a good fantasy.

ANA
But it's not real like Puerto Rico.

ALEX
Hence, the purpose of our
"adventure." Ana's quest for the
real Puerto Rico.

ANA
I went to Indiana with you and I
barely complained at all. Even when
we drove thirty miles so you could
get a sandwich.

ALEX
Do not disparage the legendary
Indiana pork tenderloin sandwich.

ANA
Thirty miles.

ALEX
Of you complaining the whole time.

ANA
For a sandwich.

Alex pushes her slipping sunglasses back up on her nose.

Ana sits on the curb, eyes closed.

Alex paces, looks past Ana at something approaching.

ALEX
Whoa. Check this out.

Ana stands to see -

A BATTERED VAN rattling toward them - sun-faded paint, dented
panels, an "ISLA DEL ENCANTO" sticker on the side, marijuana
leaf air freshener dangling from the rear-view.

A faded sticker on the windshield reads:

"BIENVENIDOS A PUERTO RICO. SONRÍE."

The driver, CARLOS, (30s), sun-baked, curls pulled into a low
bun, leans out the window.

CARLOS
Ana Rosario?

She nods, smiles.

Carlos jumps out, swings open a creaky side door.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Come, mami. Inside. It's too hot to
be out here. You'll melt.

He slams his fist against the back lift door of the van and it springs open.

Alex watches, makes a "what have we gotten ourselves into?" face at Ana.

ALEX
I'll just...

He nods toward their luggage.

Ana shakes her head and climbs into the van.

ANA (O.S.)
OW!

Alex pokes his head in the open van door.

ALEX
You okay?

ANA
Yeah. Hot seat.

ALEX
Adventure!

ANA
I hate you so much.

ALEX
Hate you more.

Alex goes to help the Driver, reaches for a suitcase.

CARLOS
No, no, bro. I got it. Is my job.
Carlos takes care of everything.

ALEX
Thanks, Carlos. I'm Alex.

CARLOS
Alex. Mira. Pues vámonos, Alex.

He tosses the last bag in and slams the back shut. It bounces open. He closes it very carefully, listening for the CLICK

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Okay, Alex. Get in. Too hot out here. We go.

Alex gets in the van.

INT. VAN - DAY

Alex sits on the cracked plastic bench seat and jumps up.

ALEX
Oh my God, that's hot.

Ana laughs.

ANA
Actually, it's kind of nice once you get used to it.

She grinds the seat sensuously. Alex slides down next to her, very gingerly. Ana puts a hand on his thigh.

ALEX
I see your point. Onward, Carlito!

CARLOS
Carlos. But Carlito is okay.

ANA
It's a beautiful day, Carlos.
That's a good omen, I think

CARLOS
Isla del Encanto, mami. Many omens here. Some good. Some... not so.

He grinds the stick into gear.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Y algunos que es mejor no mirar.

EXT. RAFAEL HERNÁNDEZ AIRPORT - DAY

The van pulls away, wheezing toward the sun.

INT. VAN - DAY

MOVING

Wind from the open windows, the rumble of the engine, distant coquí frogs starting up.

Ana and Alex bounce around in the back.

ALEX

Hey, Carlos. Any chance of some air con back here?

CARLOS

Ay, mano, sorry. The A/C died last month. My cousin says he gonna fix it, but my cuz -

He taps the marijuana leaf air freshener.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

He got medical. Smokey smokey all day. Good vibes, bad mechanic.

ALEX

Hence, no air-con.

ANA

Oh, Alex, that's why I love you.

ALEX

Because I suffer?

ANA

No. Because you say "hence".

ALEX

I'm a writer. What can I say?

They pass stretches of beautiful COAST - palm-lined beaches, bright guesthouses, hammocks strung between trees, couples with drinks.

CARLOS

You want stop Crash Boat? Very pretty selfie spot. Piña colada. Wash the winter away.

ANA

Thank you, Carlos, but we want to get to my abuela's old house.

His easy grin fades a notch.

CARLOS

Old house is your family home?

ANA

Yes. My mom is Boricua. I'm Puerto Rican-American.

CARLOS

Your family not go that house anymore.

ANA

I know. That's why I'm here. I've never been. I inherited it when my grandmother died. I want to see where my people came from.

CARLOS

Much better I take you resort. Safe. Nice Beach. Good Buffet. Island Magic.

ANA

We're good, Carlos, thank you. I just want to see my family home.

CARLOS

See is okay. Stay is no good. Nobody stay there long time.

ANA

We're staying there.

Carlos' foot eases off the gas.

ANA (CONT'D)

The caretaker knows we're coming.

CARLOS

Caretaker left long time ago, mami. Nobody goes there.

ANA

It's okay. It's all been arranged.

They pass another dreamy hideaway.

Alex looks at it longingly as they rattle past.

ALEX

You sure we can't visit the ancestral home in the morning?

ANA

No. We're staying in my family's house tonight. Period.

ALEX

Okay. I surrender. Onward, Carlito.

Ana pulls up a photo on her phone: A weathered house on a seaweed-strewn shoreline. Sea and stone and jungle.

She leans forward and shows Carlos the picture. He nods.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I was picturing a cool drink
served by a beautiful Puerto Rican
goddess.

Ana smacks his shoulder. Hard.

ANA

I'm your beautiful Puerto Rican
goddess.

ALEX

Half-Puerto Rican.

She smacks his arm again. Harder.

ALEX (CONT'D)

OW. Okay. You're my goddess.

ANA

Say it right.

ALEX

Boricua goddess.

ANA

Thank you.

She looks out the window.

A faint CHURCH BELL rings in the distance. The sound threads through the wind and engine noise.

She breathes deeply – salt air, exhaust, somebody's cooking.

ALEX

You okay?

ANA

Yeah. Having a past life memory, I
think.

Carlos watches them in the rear-view mirror. His whole energy has shifted – quieter, more watchful.

ANA (CONT'D)
Mom never said much about Puerto Rico. It feels like I'm trying to remember something I never knew.

Alex takes her hand.

EXT. COASTAL TURN-OFF - AFTERNOON

The van pulls off the main road onto an overgrown dirt track leading into thickening coastal jungle.

Trees lean over the narrow, rough road, blocking the sun.

The track ends abruptly at an imposing, rusty iron gate.

CARLOS
This the place. You get out now.

EXT. GATE - DAY

The charming Carlito is gone completely. He looks around nervously as he hurries to open the back of the van.

He bangs the door like before. Nothing.

CARLOS
(under his breath)
Santa Bárbara bendita... cúbreme con tu manto...

He hits the door again. It springs open.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Santa Bárbara, protégeme.

ALEX
(whispers)
What's he saying?

ANA
(whispers)
A prayer. Old Catholic stuff. My Spanish's kinda rusty.

Carlos keeps whispering his prayer.

Alex crosses to the gate, gives it a push – it's shut tight.

Carlos drops their bags by the gate, moves to his van.

ANA (CONT'D)

Wait. Could you help us -

Carlos jumps into the van, backing down the track. Fast.

Ana and Alex stand in silence, watching the van disappear.

The gate looms ominously above them.

Ana moves to the gate, reaches out to push it open.

ALEX

I already tried it. It's -

The gate swings open before Ana touches it.

ANA

I didn't --

ALEX

Curiouser and curiouser, the Walrus said.

ANA

What?

ALEX

Alice in Wonderland.

Ana stares at Alex and heads through the gate.

ANA

Come on. It's going to get dark soon.

Alex grabs the bags and follows.

EXT. LA CASITA ESPIRITUAL - DAY

Ana looks around at the trees and vines, the overgrown path, the peak of the old house.

ANA

I'm kind of in love with this place already.

ALEX

I'm reserving judgment pending further investigation.

ANA

Oh, Alex. You do make me laugh.

ALEX
Happy to be of service.

The sun bleeds low, casting long shadows across the overgrown path as they follow it toward the house.

Just off the path -

LA CASITA ESPIRITUAL

Perched on a concrete foundation - a LITTLE HOUSE of weathered wood and cement, candles melted on a slab, faded saints and old offerings crowding the ledge, roof half fallen in, a stone figurine on its side.

Ana slows, moving toward it, drawn.

ANA
Ohhh. It's beautiful. But kind of run down. I'll have to take care of that.

ALEX
What is it?

ANA
It's an Espiritismo thing. A place where the spirits live. So they don't have to live in your house. They're everywhere.

ALEX
Spirits?

ANA
No. These little houses. I guess spirits too.

Her eyes scan the ground as if pulled by something unseen.

ANA (CONT'D)
Wait. What's this...?

The air is unnaturally still. Even the coquí chorus cuts off.

She kneels.

IN THE DIRT

Half-buried. Weathered. A tiny figurine of a pregnant woman - hand-made, earthen, primitive.

Ana reaches for it.

ALEX

Don't.

ANA

What?

ALEX

I don't think you should...

She picks it up, gently blows the dirt away. As she blows -
The figurine appears more clearly, more defined.

ANA

(whispers)

Quién eres?

She holds it in her palm. The belly is prominent. She rises
and walks up to the Casita Espiritual.

A faint, indistinct WHISPERING.

Ana turns, searching for the whisperer.

ANA (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

ALEX

Wind in the trees.

WHISPER

Shhhhhhhhhh.

A brush of wind? - Or a breath.

Ana moves closer to the little house and reaches up to put
the figurine inside.

INT. LA CASITA ESPIRITUAL - DAY

TWILIGHT.

Dim light slices through the warped wood slats. Dust motes
hang in the still air.

Ana carefully steps inside and places the figurine on a small
ledge near a faded altar - santos, shells, old rosary.

The air shimmers and the figure looks brighter - glowing.

A beat of silence, interrupted by -

EXT. LA CASITA ESPIRITUAL - AFTERNOON

ROSA (O.C.)
No toques lo que no entiendes.

Ana spins around.

Standing on the path is ROSA — mid-60s, stately, silver-grey hair pulled back, her presence sharp as a knife.

Simple island dress, a worn rosary wound around one wrist and a woven red thread bracelet with a small carved azabache hand.

Her eyes — black and bottomless.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Do not touch what you do not understand.

Ana steps back. Alex instinctively steps in front of her, protective.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Do not wake los Espíritus.

She points to the Casita Espiritual.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Mira.

Ana and Alex both look inside.

The pregnant woman figure now sits ON the altar and she looks a little cleaner, the crack is gone.

ANA
How —

She turns to ask Rosa.

Rosa is gone.

ANA (CONT'D)
Alex...

Alex turns around.

ANA (CONT'D)
She was right there.

ALEX
She probably took a different path or something.

They look back at the Casita. It looks a little brighter.
Cleaner.

A red candle now burns.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Let's go. This place is spooky.

Alex moves down the path, loaded with their bags.

Ana takes a last look at the casita and follows.

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - DAY

They head to the main house.

The sun is low in the sky.

The jungle, alive with sound – birds, distant waves, the soft
chorus of coquí.

Ana hurries to the weathered front door – carved wood, paint
long gone.

She lightly taps the wooden doorframe with her knuckles –
three gentle knocks without thinking.

As she pulls out the old brass key, the door swings open,
untouched, like the gate.

She turns to say something to Alex –

ANA
Did you see –

But he's struggling with the luggage, not looking her way.

ALEX
What?

ANA
Never mind.

She steps through the door into –

INT. BEACH HOUSE - EVENING

Wide wooden floors. Faded walls.

Dust motes drift in thick, humid light. The air feels held –
like the house hasn't breathed in years

Ana's frozen in place, unable to move. Caught in the spell of age and silence and history.

Alex stumbles in, spilling bags, breaking the spell.

He looks around.

ALEX

Whoa. Not creepy at all.

ANA

Stop.

They move into the main room.

A large open space with high ceilings, floor fans, faded photographs of unfamiliar people on the walls. Everything is draped in old, dust-covered sheets. Windows shuttered tight.

Ana takes a breath.

ANA (CONT'D)

Smells like camphor. And lemon.

She inhales again, deeper – then lets it out in a slow, controlled breath.

ALEX

And old wood.

Alex starts flipping switches on the wall.

A few dim, yellow lights and a couple of floor lamps come on, casting long shadows all over the room, making it look like an old photograph.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm not sure that's an improvement.

Ana heads into the next room.

Alex follows, uneasy.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Ana pushes into a room with a large, dark, four-poster bed, draped in mosquito netting.

She moves to the windows, opens the wooden shutters.

The trees outside are almost black now, last streaks of daylight bleeding through.

Alex stumbles in, drops the bags, pulls his phone out, staring at the NO SERVICE on the screen.

ALEX
Any chance of Wi-Fi?

Ana pulls the brass chain on a shaded bedside lamp.

ANA
Seriously? This place barely has electricity.

She clicks it several times; finally a dim yellow bulb flickers on.

ANA (CONT'D)
Who you gonna call?

ALEX
Don't say it.

ANA
Okay.

ALEX
Alright, say it.

ANA
Ghostbusters!

ALEX
I hate you.

ANA
Hate you more.

A faint TAP from a shutter closing.

ANA (CONT'D)
What was that?

ALEX
Nothing.

He pulls her onto the starched white sheets. They tumble together, laughing –

Behind them, the bedroom door eases shut on its own.

CLICK.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alex rinses his face in front of a patinated mirror.

A towel hangs on the rack beside the mirror.

He looks up. Sees himself.

And behind him - in the mirror - a shadowy figure. Dripping water.

He whirls around.

Nothing.

Back to the mirror.

The figures gone.

In the mirror - wet footprints on the floor.

A small, uneasy laugh slips out. He reaches for the towel on the rack - gone.

He scans the room. The towel hangs on the opposite wall.

ALEX

Okay... that's weird.

He snatches the towel, dries his face, trying to shake it off, then heads into -

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ana's's already curled up in the bed, wrapped in a shawl.

Alex drops down beside her.

ALEX

I saw something.

ANA

What?

ALEX

In the bathroom mirror.

ANA

What kind of something?

ALEX

I don't know. A shape. And wet footprints.

ANA

You sure?

ALEX

Yeah. I know how it sounds. I... I think something moved my towel.

ANA

Wait — moved?

ALEX

Yeah.

She studies him.

ANA

You're not joking.

ALEX

No, I'm serious.

ANA

You're handling this better than I expected.

ALEX

I reserve the right to be totally freaked out tomorrow.

ANA

Duly noted, sir.

They lean in and kiss softly.

A faint creak from the hallway. Both hear it.

ANA (CONT'D)

Did you...

ALEX

No.

Alex leans over and kisses Ana, pulls the brass chain on the bedside lamp.

The light seems to retreat into the corners of the room.

WHISPER

Ana-aaaaa...

Wind rises outside, rustling the trees like distant footsteps.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

LATER.

Moonlight through the open window.

An old pedestal fan rotates and hums rhythmically in the corner.

Alex lies back, reading a book.

GHOSTS & LEGENDS OF PUERTO RICO

The pages are yellowed and swollen from humidity.

ALEX

Hey, Ana. Listen to this.

She opens her eyes, turns to Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(reading)

"La Preñada de La Costa - the waiting mother. A pregnant Taíno woman who's Spanish lover sailed off to war and never came back."

ANA

That's sad.

ALEX

There's more.

(reading)

"She waited on the rocks by the sea. Then vanished. Now her restless spirit attaches to women and takes men."

Ana's more alert now.

ANA

Takes men?

ALEX

She doesn't just haunt. She hunts.

Ana looks past Alex, into the distance.

ANA

For her consort.

ALEX

How did you know?

She turns back to him.

ANA
I don't know. I just did.

ALEX
Woman's intuition?

ANA
Yes. And don't make fun of what you
can't understand.

ALEX
Why? Because I don't have a vagina?

ANA
No. Because you're a dick.

She smacks him. Pulls the sheet up around her. Turns away.

The wind keens under the eaves.

Silence stretches.

ANA (CONT'D)
Do me a favor?

ALEX
Sure.

ANA
Don't read me any more bedtime
stories.

Alex snaps the book closed.

ALEX
Deal.

Ana rolls back, stares up at the ceiling.

ANA
My mom used to talk about the
spirit world. Always there. You
feel it but you don't see it. And
then you do.

She turns her head. Looks at Alex.

ANA (CONT'D)
You like to say I'm "woo-woo
adjacent." But I think you like
that about me.

ALEX
I like everything about you.

ANA
Of course you do. I'm your goddess.

ALEX
Boricua goddess.

ANA
Exactly.

She reaches over him for her water bottle. Takes a sip.

ALEX
Sleep now?

The pedestal fan squeaks in slow rhythm.

ANA
In a bit.

Something CREAKS outside the door.

ANA (CONT'D)
Did you hear that?

She listens.

Nothing.

ALEX
Old houses make weird noises.

Ana grabs a breath, then -

ANA
I used to be scared of ghosts. Now -
I don't know.

Lightning flashes.

Thunder crashes.

Ana sits up sharply, stares at the empty doorway.

ALEX
What?

ANA
Nothing.

She lies back, but she isn't closing her eyes.

Only the sound of the waves remains – low, constant,
impossible to ignore and the steady click of the fan.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

LATER

WHISPERS – low, murmured. Like breath between the walls.

Alex sits up.

ALEX

Ana?

She stirs, half-asleep, MUTTERING.

The words are guttural, clicking, ancient – definitely not
English or Spanish.

ANA

(whispering)

Yucahú... Atabey... Guabancex...

Alex listens, skin prickling.

ALEX

Ana, wake up.

ANA

(louder)

ATABEY... GUABANCEX...

The whispers from the walls seem to ANSWER her – echoing the
same strange syllables –

Aaaaa-taaaaaa-beeeey..

ALEX

ANA!

She jerks awake, gasping for air.

ANA

What?

ALEX

You were talking in your sleep.

ANA

What was I saying?

ALEX

I don't know. It wasn't English.

She looks around the dark room, disoriented.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Or Spanish. It sounded... I don't
know - It didn't sound like any
language I've ever heard.

Ana rubs her throat, like the words left a residue.

ANA
I don't remember.

The fan continues its rhythmic pace.

A CREAK from the floorboards - like the house settling - or
someone walking...

Ana turns her head, searching for the source of the sound.

ALEX
Wanna talk?

ANA
Not now.

Ana rolls away.

The house SIGHS.

ALEX
O-kay.

Alex turns away.

Ana rolls back, reaches over Alex and takes his hand.

ANA
Sorry.

ALEX
It's all good.

ANA
You sure?

ALEX
Sure.

She pulls herself closer, wide awake, but holding Alex.

The fan hums and clicks.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The house CREAKS more loudly.

Shutters rattle.

Dried palm fronds skitter down the hallway.

Something unseen moves:

Through the slats of a shuttered window -

LA CASITA ESPIRITUAL looms in the moonlight - a cluttered thatched roof casita filled with candles and santos.

A SHADOW crosses the window - inside.

The shadow moves past an oval mirror in a wooden frame, leaving no reflection.

The Shadow moves to the closed bedroom door.

The door handle moves, slowly, soundlessly.

The WHISPERING WIND calls -

WHISPER (O.S.)
Aaaa-na-aa-aa...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Silent.

A sliver of moonlight cuts across the floor.

Ana's sleeping figure lies in a tangle of sheets.

WHISPER (O.S.)
Aaaa-na-aa-aa...

At the door: a FEMALE SILHOUETTE - tall, motionless, watching.

The air hums.

The WHIR and CLICK of the stand-up fan, rotating.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The shoreline stretches into darkness. Rocky shallows. Waves slapping stone.

A LITTLE GIRL in a pale red dress runs along the waterline – barefoot, laughing, wild.

Laughter echoes unnaturally – layered: child and woman.

She runs toward the sea.

A wave rises like a hand, swallowing her.

She disappears into the surf.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Ana BOLTS upright – breath ragged, eyes wide.

Alone in bed. Sheets twisted. A bead of sweat clings to her neck. She looks down –

A photograph lies in her lap.

A LITTLE GIRL. Wearing a pale red dress.

Her face turned away.

Running along a beach.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Ana steps out of the bedroom and moves quietly through the house in the dark. She's barefoot. Wearing a T-shirt.

She moves slowly, as if guided.

Moonlight slants through the wooden shutters.

She stops at the far wall and sees the seams of a door that wasn't there before.

She presses her hand against the faint outline and –

A HIDDEN DOOR opens with a soft WHOOSH of air.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM – NIGHT

Ana pushes the door open.

The room is filled with shadows.

In the far corner:

A cobweb-covered ESPIRITISMO SHRINE. Old. Faded. Covered in layers of melted red candle wax. A bright blue cloth draped behind.

Family photos in cracked frames. A glass of cloudy water. A dried cigar in a little dish. A bottle of rum, long evaporated. A chipped statue of the Virgen.

She steps forward. As she gets closer, the shrine seems newer. More vivid. The blue cloth shimmers.

Ana hugs herself against the now cold room, touches a carved wooden santos.

The floorboards creak behind her.

She spins around.

ANA

Hello?

Silence. No one there.

She turns slowly back to the shrine.

The once unlit candles are now LIT – tiny red flames.

Ana reaches toward the candles. Her hand hovers unnaturally close, then, as she's about to put her hand in a flame –

ALEX (O.S.)

You okay?

The candles go out as --

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ana opens her eyes. She's sitting upright in bed.

Alex watches her, half-asleep.

ALEX

You okay?

ANA

Yeah... Weird dream.

Ana's eyes scan the dark room. Something's off.

ALEX

Wanna talk about it?

ANA

No.

She rolls away.

ALEX

O—kay.

Ana rolls back, pulls him close to her.

ANA

Sorry.

ALEX

All good.

She settles against his back, spooning close.

He closes his eyes.

Ana stares over his shoulder into the darkness.

The fan continues its rhythmic pace, its steady rhythm increases its speed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

LATER

WHISPERS — low, murmured. Like breath between walls.

Alex sits up.

ALEX

Ana?

She stirs, half-asleep, but doesn't wake up.

Alex listens.

The whispers fade.

Then come again — from the hallway.

He slips out of bed.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dark. Narrow. Bare wood creaks under his bare feet.

The air is thick, heavy: he moves slowly.

WHISPERS drift - through the walls - overlapping voices,
Spanish threads through something older, softer.

A soft KNOCK - knock - knock. Three taps. Quick. Precise.

Alex looks around - nothing there.

He walks faster.

A sudden cold brushes over him; he rubs his arms, as if
trying to chase it off.

The house GROANS - wood flexing, but rhythmically.

Alex turns a corner.

A closed door ahead.

A soft TAP - TAP - TAP - on the door.

INT. SMALL SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens on its own - the room - empty.

Moonlight through shutters.

A cracked mirror on the wall.

Alex steps inside.

The door SLAMS shut behind him.

He whirls back.

The lock CLICKS.

ALEX
Not funny, Ana.

He rattles the doorknob. Locked

ALEX (CONT'D)
Seriously?

He turns back to the room.

The MIRROR catches his eye.

He steps closer.

His reflection SMILES.

Alex isn't smiling.

He raises his hand.

The reflection follows – but a BEAT behind.

Alex lowers his hand.

The reflection's hand keeps rising... and WAVES.

Alex is still, his hand is down.

ALEX (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
No. No – no – no –

He backs away from the mirror.

The walls give a LOW GROAN.

INT. BEACH HOUSE – MORNING

Ana moves down the hall, calling.

ANA
Alex!

No answer.

She rounds the corner – stops dead.

The house is **different**.

Shutters open. Floors swept, wood gleaming. Furniture uncovered, arranged.

Fresh flowers in a gleaming ceramic bowl.

She does a slow turn, taking it all in.

She steps forward into –

INT. BEACH HOUSE – KITCHEN – MORNING

Warm sunlight spills in – softer, golden, inviting.

Ana steps in and freezes.

The kitchen is spotless. Counters wiped. No dust. No cobwebs.

Everything in its place.

On the table: red and white candles. A full breakfast.
Tropical fruit. Eggs. Toast. Bacon.

A pot of coffee, steaming like it was poured seconds ago.

ANA

OK, Alex - you can come out now.

Silence.

She takes a step closer, studying the table.

INT. LOCKED ROOM - MORNING

Alex bangs on the door.

ALEX

Ana!

Nothing.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ana reaches toward the coffee pot.

FOOTSTEPS -

Soft. Behind her.

She turns fast. Nobody there.

Movement outside catches her eye -

A FIGURE slips past the window. Rosa?

Ana rushes to the door. Yanks it open.

Bright heat. Empty yard. Nothing moving.

Her gaze drifts to the Casita Espiritual in the distance - still, watching.

INT. LOCKED ROOM - DAY

Alex BANGS on the door again.

The lock turns - CLICK - the door opens.

The hallway is quiet, still.

Alex slips out, fast.

The door eases shut behind him.

He whips around.

The door is gone. No seam. No outline. Blank wall.

He presses his palms along the surface – searching.

Nothing.

EXT. PORCH – DAY

Ana stands in the doorway, tense, eyes scanning.

ANA
Who's there?

Sea breeze. Bird calls. A distant dog BARKS.

She steps out, barefoot.

Leaves rustle even though the air is still.

ANA (CONT'D)
Hola...

She exhales, turns, heads back inside –

INT. FRONT DOOR – DAY

40 And slams right into SOMEONE.

40

She SCREAMS, staggers back.

Alex screams too.

ANA
Dios mío!

She laughs, adrenaline pumping. Alex laughs with her, shaky.

ANA (CONT'D)
You scared the shit out of me.
Where were you?

He's still pale, not fully present.

ALEX
I'm... not sure. A room. But it
isn't there.

ANA
You okay?

ALEX
Something's - wrong with this
place.

The sea rumbles.

She stares at him for a beat.

ANA
Never mind. Come on.

She turns toward the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ana steps in ahead of Alex - just a few feet.

The house is still.

She draws a breath. As she inhales:

The shutters along the hall ease open, one after another

Soft daylight spills across the floor in widening stripes.

The old ceiling fan begins to turn, slow and smooth.

Ana freezes.

Alex steps in behind her.

The shutters stop. The fan stops. Ana stops.

Silence.

ALEX
Ana?

She shrugs it off, turns back to him.

ANA
Come on. You have to see this.

And pulls him into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Alex follows her in.

The kitchen is spotless.

Fresh breakfast laid out on the table.

ALEX
You did all this?

Ana shakes her head.

ANA
It was like this when I woke up. I
thought you did it.

Alex opens the fridge – clean and fully stocked.

Eggs. Fruit. Bottled water.

ALEX
Wow, this is great.

ANA
None of this was here last night.

He opens the pantry – also full: Rice. Goya beans. Plantain
chips. Café Bustelo. And –

A jar of peanut butter. Alex grabs it.

ALEX
Peanut butter! I love you.

Alex grabs a piece of toast and a knife.

ANA
Alex, I didn't do this.

He opens the jar and spreads peanut butter on the toast.

ALEX
Whoever it was, I'm eating.

ANA
Someone was here. While we were
sleeping.

Alex holds up a piece of bacon.

ALEX
Someone who knows I like my bacon
crispy.

ANA
It's not funny, Alex. This is third
level creepy.

ALEX
Rosa. Making up for yesterday.

ANA
You think? I thought I saw -
somebody - outside.

ALEX
There you go. Mystery solved.

ANA
But no one was there.

Ana finally sits.

ANA (CONT'D)
I think the house did this.

Alex stops chewing.

ALEX
That's crazy.

ANA
I know.

She sips some juice.

ANA (CONT'D)
So where were you?

ALEX
You know. Exploring.

She glances around, lowers her voice.

ANA
Something's changed. It feels like
the house is... watching us.

Alex sets his coffee cup down.

ALEX
We should leave. Grab our stuff and
go.

ANA
Where?

ALEX
Anywhere that's not here.

Her hands tremble as she pours coffee.

ANA
Let's just eat.

They settle into a tense silence.

Ana freezes – looking toward the hall.

A faint, wet footprint on the floor. It flickers, then vanishes, absorbed.

Alex sees her staring.

ALEX
What is it?

ANA
Nothing. I thought I saw something.

Alex nods, uneasy.

Ana turns back to the window.

Something moves in the trees.

Alex watches her hands tremble as she reaches for a mango.

ALEX
We're talking about ghosts like
they're real.

ANA
Because here – they are.

A long quiet moment passes.

ALEX
I miss us.

Ana looks at him.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You're... drifting.

Ana brushes her hand against his. Leans in.

ANA
Then catch me.

Their lips meet – slow, then hungry.

Ana knocks her glass over. Juice spreads.

They kiss harder. Deeper.

Ana climbs into Alex's lap, silverware clattering.

She bites his neck - hard - a drop of blood appears. She licks it.

Alex groans, lifts her, knocks a dish off the table -

CRASH.

Ana clutches him tighter, legs clinched around him.

He pushes dishes aside.

SMASH.

Sets her on the table -

Her legs open. He kisses her neck.

She pulls him into her. Her breath catches, then a long, slow exhale.

Outside the window -

The SHADOW moves from the trees.

Ana sees it, freezes, locks eyes with the Shadow.

A dish slides off the table by itself - CRASH.

Another - CRASH.

And another.

Ana's nails rake Alex's back, draw blood.

The SHADOW hisses, lunges toward the window.

Ana's hand jerks up. She screams!

ANA (CONT'D)

NO!

The shutters SLAM shut, sunlight snuffed out.

The shutters rattle.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ana stands inside, looking around the room - disoriented.

Her skin still glistens. Breath uneven.

On the bed:

A RED DRESS.

Vintage. Island-made. Deep red cotton. Hand-embroidered.

Laid out with impossible care. Perfect. Waiting.

Ana freezes.

A short, sharp inhale – half laugh, half tremor – then a long, slow exhale.

She steps closer, slowly, like approaching an altar.

The floor CREAKS, off beat with her steps.

A warped board releases a sound – a whispered “Guabá”.

41 Ana stiffens, reaches out – but doesn’t touch the dress. 41

The house is unnervingly still. Distant sea-murmur. A few faint coquí.

The RED DRESS waits, shimmering.

She reaches. Hesitates. Then drops her shirt, lifts the dress, slips it over her head. It slides down her body.

The fabric hugs her perfectly – like it was made for her.

She smooths the waist, fingers brushing lower – just above her pelvic line, resting there.

She takes a long, steady breath. Exhales slowly.

She crosses to the old, free-standing MIRROR – antique, silver backing cloudy, glass warped, distorting her image.

She studies herself.

The dress fits like it was sewn on her. She smooths it again, fingers lingering on her hips.

A flicker – in the mirror.

A shape. Behind her.

She spins –

Nothing.

Back to the mirror.

Alex is reflected in the doorway. Half-buttoned shirt. Leaning on the door frame, smiling. Watching her.

She turns slowly, almost shyly. Soft. Coy. But with an edge.

ALEX

You look... unreal. Where did that dress come from?

She tilts her head, playful, but not entirely Ana.

ANA

It was here. Waiting. For me.

ALEX

Who are you? And what did you do with my Ana?

ANA

You like?

ALEX

I love, but that's not the question.

ANA

What is the question, Alex?

ALEX

When can I take it off you, Ana?

ANA

Soon.

She steps closer, voice lower.

ANA (CONT'D)

Amor mi vida.

Alex smiles, uncertain, disarmed.

Ana turns back to the mirror.

Both reflections stand there.

Alex's reflection smiles. Ana's reflection does not.

Her face - older, drained, eyes too deep. And behind her, in the reflection only:

A WOMAN.

In the same red dress. Face lost in shadow. Watching.

Ana spins back.

Empty room.

She stares, frozen.

The mirror shows only Ana. No Alex.

Alone.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight filters through the slats - hard, white-gold Caribbean light.

Ana wakes, alone.

The house is quiet. Too quiet.

She sits up, uneasy.

Something's different.

Her clothes are folded in neat stacks.

On the dresser: the RED DRESS. Laid out perfectly.

Beside it on the dresser, a single red candle burns.

Ana stares, backs away, her eyes on the dress.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Alex stands on the front porch, staring out at the water.

Sweat-darkened shirt. Hair matted. He's a wreck.

The sea looks rougher - tide higher, undertow growling.

Ana steps out, arms wrapped around herself.

ALEX

I looked everywhere. No Rosa.

She moves beside him, gaze fixed on the horizon. Her hand resting on her abdomen

They stand in silence. Listening.

No traffic. No dogs barking.

Just waves and wind and the faint, steady chorus of coquí.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ana moves slowly down the hallway. Everything has been wiped clean. Dust gone. Cobwebs gone.

Even the old framed photos look clearer, less faded.

The big hallway mirror – freshly polished. Her reflection razor sharp – in warped glass.

She pauses, unsettled, notices a small wooden cabinet tucked into a corner that was empty before.

She stares for a moment, then moves to it, slowly. She kneels. Opens it.

Inside: an old photo album.

She pulls it out, sets it on a side table. Blows off a thin veil of dust. Opens it.

Blank, yellowed pages. Little black corner tabs where photos once sat. Faint, discolored rectangles – ghosts where images used to be.

She flips through – Nothing – Nothing – Nothing.

At the very back:

A WOMAN in a red dress standing on a rocky beach. This beach – the rocks, the line of palms, unmistakable.

The woman's face is slightly out of focus.

Ana stares hard.

The features sharpen, like a lens snapping into place.

It's Ana's face.

She SLAMS the album shut, a puff of dust rising from the pages.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Ana stands at the sink. Face pale. Breathing shallow.

One hand unconsciously pressed to her belly.

ANA
(low, to herself)
Not now. No.

Her breath trembles.

A DRIP.

She looks up. The shower-head is dripping.

BLOOD.

Dark red. Slow drops hitting the tile.

She steps closer, heart pounding.

But the floor beneath the shower – bone dry. No pooling. No stain. No blood.

Just a steady DRIP... DRIP... DRIP.

She reaches toward the shower handle. It's already off.

Another DROP falls.

She turns away, opens an old drawer beneath the sink.

Inside: a small brown glass bottle with a brittle, yellowed Spanish label, clearly from the deep past.

She picks it up with shaking hands, looks closely at the label – ornately hand-lettered in faded Spanish:

“TÓNICO PARA MADRES – FORTALECE EL VIENTRE”

Underneath, in tiny lettering in English:

“Tonic for mothers – strengthens the womb.”

A little stamp in one corner:

“Botánica Santa Marta – Loíza”

Ana's fingers tighten around it. She sets it down quickly, like it's too hot to hold.

Another DRIP.

She looks back at the shower.

The blood is gone. Just clear water dripping now.

She turns back, stares at her reflection in the mirror.

Her reflection smiles back.

She's not smiling.

She turns away from the mirror quickly.

The house MOANS softly – long, low, deep in the walls.

EXT. PORCH – DAY

The sky darkens, fast. Heavy, tropical storm clouds roll in from the sea, swallowing the blue.

Wind kicks up – sudden and strong. Leaves rattle. Palms bend.

Alex rushes out of the house, looking around.

A loud CRACK echoes from the mangroves – a branch snapping, or something heavier giving way.

He ducks, covering his face with his arm.

INT. LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

Windows rattle in their frames. The thin curtains breathe in and out with each gust.

Lights FLICKER.

Ana moves through the room, lighting candles – tall white velas, some new, some half-burned, ringed in wax drips.

She sits, the photo album on the low table before her. Opens it again.

This time – there are images. Not just one. Several.

Her ABUELA, younger, standing on the same porch.

She flips a page:

Her MOTHER as a girl in a faded sundress, hair in wild curls, grinning at the camera in front of the house.

Ana flips a page. Her hand freezes on a photo.

A photograph of a little girl in the yard out front – chasing a ball, half-turning toward the camera.

The girl is Ana. Same eyes, same crooked smile. Red dress.

She stares at the photo, the storm building outside, candles trembling in their glass.

The house GROANS – a deep, resonant sound like wood bending under immense weight.

A WHISPER, faint, almost lost under the wind –

WHISPER (O.S.)
Aaaa-naaaaa Maaa-ríiiiiii-aaaaaa...

She looks up. No one. Ana blinks, stares at the open album.

The room is darker – the light gone a stormy blue-grey.

The house SIGHS – unmistakable. A long exhalation.

ALEX (O.S.)
Hey.

Ana jumps.

Alex stands in the doorway with two mugs of coffee.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You okay?

ANA
Yeah. Got lost in this.

ALEX
What have you got?

ANA
Pictures. People who look like me
but aren't me.

He leans over her to stare at the photo, points.

ALEX
Is that you?

ANA
Maybe. I don't know anymore.

ALEX
That looks like the front of this
house.

ANA
I know.

ALEX
I thought you said you'd never been
here before.

ANA
I haven't.

ALEX

Whoa. I think we moved to Level 4
Spooky.

He studies her, offers a mug.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I made it strong. To ward off evil
spirits.

She firmly closes the album, takes the mug of coffee.

ANA

Coffee doesn't work on ghosts.

She sips.

ANA (CONT'D)

But it works on me. Thank you.

Thunder rumbles closer. The lights flicker.

The walls CREAK – a series of sharp pops like knuckles
cracking.

ANA (CONT'D)

You heard that, right?

ALEX

Old houses make weird noises.

ANA

That wasn't a house noise. That
was... something else.

The house MOANS again – undeniable.

ALEX

I think we just jumped to Level 7.

ANA

Yeah.

The lights go out, wind blows the shutters open, the candles
blown out.

INT. LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

The storm is in full voice now. Rain hammers the roof. Wind
howls around the corners of the house.

Candles flicker on every available surface.

Ana sits on the floor, the photo album open again in front of her, illuminated by candlelight.

Alex paces, restless.

ALEX
Okay. Tell me I'm crazy.

ANA
You're crazy.

ALEX
I mean about the house.

ANA
Be more specific.

He stops by the window, peels the shutter back a crack, peers out into the rain.

ALEX
It's like it keeps, I don't know -
changing.

ANA
I know.

He lets the shutter drop. Turns back to her.

ALEX
Last night I was locked in a room
that doesn't exist.

ANA
What?

ALEX
A little room with an old mirror
and a door that locked me in - from
the outside. Now it's gone.

ANA
You must have dreamed it.

ALEX
I bruised my shoulder on a door
frame that's not there. Look.

He pulls his T-shirt down. There's a bruise.

Ana stares at it, then at him.

ANA

Okay. That's... weird. Maybe - the house has more than one shape?

ALEX

A shapeshifting house. Great.

She smiles, her eyes drop to the album.

Another photo appears on a blank page.

It's the front porch - on it a woman stands with a little girl. The woman's face is turned away. The little girl's face is clear.

It's Ana.

Ana's breath catches; she pushes the album away.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What is it?

ANA

Nothing.

Alex looks down at the album.

The page is blank.

EXT. PORCH - EVENING

Rain slants across the yard in sheets, driven sideways by wind.

Ana stands under the shallow overhang, looking out, arms wrapped around herself.

The little Casita Espiritual is barely visible in the downpour - a pale shape in the grey.

Lightning flashes - for a split second, she sees a woman in red standing in front of the shrine.

Thunder.

When the afterimage clears, the woman is gone. The shrine stands alone.

ROSA (O.S.)

You should not stare at her.

Ana turns.

Rosa stands in the shadow of the doorway, dry.

ANA
I didn't hear you.

Rosa steps beside her, watching the rain.

ROSA
You hear them?

ANA
The waves?

ROSA
No, mija. The ones under.

Ana listens.

There is something – a low, constant murmur, like many voices speaking in unison.

ANA
What is that?

ROSA
Espiritismo.

Ana glances at her.

ANA
Spiritism?

ROSA
Ay... not like in the movies. No
card tricks ni gente charlatana.
It's talking to what lives here...
y darle un lugar. So they don't end
up sleeping in your bed.

Ana's hand moves unconsciously to her belly. Rosa notices.

ROSA (CONT'D)
You feel it.

Ana pulls her hand away, looks out at the sea.

ANA
My grandmother practiced it?

ROSA
Your abuela was strong. Too strong.
She opened doors. Then she got old
and afraid, and tried to close
them. But some doors, once open...

She lets it hang.

ROSA (CONT'D)
La casa no olvida.

ANA
Why didn't anyone tell me?

ROSA
You were not supposed to come back.

Ana turns to her.

ANA
I've never been here before.

Rosa looks at her – a long, searching look that makes Ana feel suddenly very young.

ROSA
If that is what you choose to believe, mi niña.

A beat. Rain pounds harder.

ANA
Did you leave us breakfast?

ROSA
I am not a cook, mija.

ANA
Then who?

Rosa's gaze is fixed on the Casita Espiritual.

ROSA
You put her back where she belongs.
(beat)
That was the right thing.

Ana swallows.

ANA
The little statue?

ROSA
La madre. La que espera. She likes to wander.

Ana studies Rosa's face.

ANA
Who is she?

Rosa's gaze never leaves the shrine.

ROSA
Someone who died waiting. Someone
who never got to finish being...

She trails off, searching for the word. Then -

ROSA (CONT'D)
... yucayu'.

ANA
I know that word. It's... life? No,
alive?

ROSA
Sí. Pero...

Rosa's hand drifts to her own abdomen for the briefest
second, then drops.

ROSA (CONT'D)
You should stay away from the sea
at night.

ANA
Why?

ROSA
Because she remembers your name,
Ana Maria Rosario.

Ana stiffens at the phrase.

ANA
She told you my full name?

Rosa finally looks at her.

ROSA
Tu abuela wrote it on every paper.
She never called you "Ana."
(soft)
Ana María Rosario.

She says it like a prayer and blesses her self with the sign
of the cross.

A ROLL OF THUNDER shakes the house.

Ana looks back.

Rosa is gone.

No wet footprints. No door opening.

Just empty porch.

And rain.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The storm still rages.

Rain lashes the shutters. Wind moans through cracks in the old wood.

Ana sits on the edge of the bed in the red dress, hair damp, staring at the floor.

Alex stands by the window, watching the blown-out lightning.

ALEX

Rosa's... intense.

ANA

She knew my name.

ALEX

We told her your name.

ANA

Not Ana. Ana María Rosario. Like my grandmother used to write it on cards. I never told her that.

ALEX

Small island. People talk.

ANA

About me? I've never been here.

He doesn't have an answer. She lies back on the bed.

ANA (CONT'D)

My mom always said it was better not to know.

ALEX

Know what?

ANA

Where the weirdness in our blood comes from.

The fan in the corner TICKS as it rotates.

ANA (CONT'D)
Maybe she was right.

She turns her head toward the open doorway.

For a split second, there's a figure in the hall – just outside the room, watching.

A woman's shape.

Ana flinches. Sits up. Stares.

The hall is empty.

ALEX
What?

ANA
Nothing.

She lies back again, pulls the sheet up.

ALEX
We should go. Pack up tomorrow,
find a nice, boring guesthouse with
bad art and better air-con.

ANA
You want to leave?

ALEX
I want you alive. Not pulled into
some... whatever this is.

She smiles, a little.

ANA
We can't leave yet.

ALEX
Why not?

ANA
(touches her stomach)
I think something's... happening.

He looks at her. Sees where her hand rests.

ALEX
Ana –

ANA
It's probably nothing. Stress. Or
the heat. Or your cooking.

ALEX

My cooking? That was a supernatural breakfast.

ANA

Exactly.

She forces a smile.

Then -

EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

Outside the window, in the angry wash of storm-light, a woman in red crosses the yard.

Walking quickly. Barefoot. Hair streaming in the wind.

Her head turns toward the house, her face obscured.

The woman disappears into the Casita Espiritual.

Lightning. Thunder.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The storm breaks overhead. Rain pounds the roof.

Thunder rolls like something alive above the house.

Ana stares at the red dress on the dresser.

It sits, waiting.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Full darkness now. The moon is hidden behind clouds.

The tide is rolling in - and the water GLOWS.

Bioluminescence. Every wave crests with ethereal blue-green light. Each ripple leaves trails of phosphorescent fire.

Ana walks slowly toward the water - barefoot, wearing the RED DRESS, moving like she's being pulled by invisible strings.

She steps into the surf.

The water around her ankles BLAZES with light - electric blue, unnatural, alive.

One step. Two. Three.

Each footprint in the wet sand glows behind her.

Waist-deep now. The fabric clings. Heavy, pulling her down.

The bioluminescence swirls around her like liquid stars – wrapping her legs, climbing her dress, pulsing with her heartbeat.

Her arms float, trailing ribbons of glowing light.

She hums something rhythmic. Almost a lullaby.

Her Eyes – REFLECTING the blue-green glow, making her look possessed, otherworldly.

The water around her begins to PULSE brighter.

ALEX (O.S.)

Ana!

He runs down the beach, his footsteps triggering explosions of blue light in the wet sand.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Ana, what are you doing?!

No reaction.

He crashes into the waves – the bioluminescence ERUPTS around him like he's running through liquid lightning.

He fights his way to her, grabs her arms.

She EXPLODES into violence – SCREAMING, clawing at his face, raking her nails down his arms.

Blood mixes with the phosphorescent water – dark ribbons through the blue-green glow.

ANA

NO! LET ME GO!

She fights like something wild, feral.

The bioluminescence responds to her rage – FLASHING brighter, pulsing faster.

Alex struggles to hold her, pins her arms as she thrashes.

ALEX

ANA! It's Alex. STOP!

Blood streams down his arm from deep scratches – lit from below by the eerie blue light.

ALEX (CONT'D)

ANA!

She suddenly goes limp. Stares up at him.

The bioluminescence calms, dims.

ANA

Alex?

The water around them still glows softly – pulsing like a heartbeat.

ALEX

What the hell were you –

ANA

I... I don't know.

He pulls her toward shore, stumbling. With each step, the water lights up beneath them – leaving glowing footprints that fade slowly.

She can barely walk. Her legs won't hold her. Alex lifts her in his arms.

ALEX

You were singing something. What was it?

ANA

(distant)

I don't remember.

The red dress drips. Clings tighter. Darker now. And clinging to the wet fabric – tiny dots of bioluminescence, like she's been marked by stars.

They reach the beach.

Alex's arms are SCRATCHED AND BLEEDING – deep gouges visible in the moonlight and the faint glow still emanating from the surf.

Ana's hair glows faintly in her dark curls.

ALEX

You okay?

ANA

I don't know..

Her eyes drift toward the horizon again – where the waves still pulse with ethereal light – calling her back.

She takes a step back towards the water. The surf glows brighter, as if responding to her movement.

ALEX

No.

He turns her firmly towards the house.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Let's get you out of this wet dress.

She turns, rubs against him seductively, arms snaking around his neck.

ANA

Promise?

There's something OFF about the movement. Not Ana.

ALEX

C'mon.

ANA

OK. But you promised.

She laughs, but there's an edge of hysteria in the laughter.

Behind them, the bioluminescence pulses – like a heartbeat.

A LOW MOAN echoes from the house – barely audible over the waves, but THERE.

As they walk away, Ana looks back.

The glowing water seems to reach for her – forming an almost human shape in the waves.

Then it collapses back into ethereal phosphorescence.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

The storm breaks overhead. Rain pounds the roof like fists. Thunder rolls like something alive above the house.

Ana stares at the red dress on the dresser. It sits, waiting. The WALLS CREAK rhythmically – almost like breathing.

ALEX

You okay?

ANA
Not really.

Alex sees the look on her face.

ALEX
What is it?

ANA
I'm pregnant.

The storm growls like a living thing above them. The house GROANS in response – a deep, satisfied sound.

ALEX
You're sure?

She nods.

ALEX (CONT'D)
But how is that even possible?

ANA
Gee, I don't know, Alex. Kitchen table?

A gust slams a shutter open.

They flinch.

Alex closes and latches it.

The walls CREAK louder – like they're excited, agitated.

ALEX
I mean how would you know. So soon.

ANA
Women know. I know. Just like I knew last time.

ALEX
Sorry. I wasn't trying to...

ANA
It's not just a baby. It's... something else... growing... inside me. I feel... wrong. And this house – knows.

The walls MOAN – a long, undulating sound. The floor vibrates slightly.

Alex looks around, alarmed.

ALEX
What the hell was that?

ANA
The house. Knows.

He puts his hand on her stomach. Tender. Tense.

ALEX
We'll deal with it. Together.

She puts her hands over his.

The wind rises. The lights flicker. The house SIGHS. Then –
POP.

Darkness.

Ana and Alex stand in the dark, breathing hard.

The walls CREAK – like a satisfied purr.

From somewhere deep in the walls: a faint LULLABY begins –
distant, in an unknown language.

INT. BEDROOM – MORNING

Soft light.

The storm has passed.

Ana lies on her side, eyes open, facing away from Alex. She
looks like she hasn't slept much.

The fan in the corner ticks and hums. The room feels heavy,
like the air's been wrung out.

She pushes herself up slowly.

The red dress hangs neatly on the back of a chair now, dry,
smooth, like it was never soaked.

Ana's in one of Alex's T-shirts. As she stands, the room
tilts for a second. She grabs the bedpost, rides it out.

Alex stirs behind her.

ALEX
You okay?

ANA
Yeah. Just... off.

ALEX
I vote we leave. Today.

She doesn't answer, looks at the red dress a moment, then quickly looks away.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Ana splashes water on her face, looks up at the mirror.

Her reflection looks back – but there's the tiniest lag on her blink. Blink. Blink.

She frowns. Tests it: lifts a hand; the reflection follows, but a beat behind her hand.

ANA
(under her breath)
We're not doing this.

She lowers her hand, opens the medicine cabinet.

Old bottles. Rusted razor. Faded band-aids. On the shelf below: the brown glass bottle with the yellowed label:

TÓNICO PARA MADRES - FORTALECE EL VIENTRE in bold letters.

"Tonic for mothers - strengthens the womb" in tiny English lettering beneath the Spanish.

She picks it up. Studies it like it might answer a question she hasn't let herself ask.

ANA (CONT'D)
Of course.

She sets it back, a little too hard. The bottle rattles.

She grips the sink as a wave of nausea hits. Gags. Nothing comes.

She forces herself upright, breathing slow.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

The world looks scrubbed. Clean. Puddles sparkle in the sun.

The sea is calmer, but the waves are rolling in higher than they should.

Ana steps out onto the porch, barefoot. She grips the railing, watching the water.

There's a subtle pull — like the horizon is leaning toward her, and her body is leaning back.

Her fingers tighten on the railing until her knuckles go white.

ALEX (O.S.)

Hey.

Ana jumps, spins around.

Alex stands in the doorway with a mug of coffee, hair a mess, T-shirt rumpled.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You're up early.

He steps out beside her, offers the mug. She takes it, more for something to hold.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We should go. Today. Now. We've had our haunted-house experience. Great story. We need to get out before something really weird happens.

ANA

Define "really weird."

ALEX

Last night you said you thought something was happening.

Her hand drifts toward her belly, then stops halfway, gripping the mug instead.

ANA

I was tired. Freaked out.

ALEX

You were serious.

She doesn't answer.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Look, we grab our bags, find a nice hotel with lights that don't flicker and zero ghosts.

ANA

You think the weirdness doesn't travel?

ALEX

I think I'd rather fight it where
the minibar works.

Despite herself, she smiles.

ANA

We stay until I understand what
this place is. Then we leave.

ALEX

That's exactly how everyone dies in
these stories.

The sea THUMPS against the rocks like a heartbeat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house is still unnervingly tidy from before – as if
someone pressed "reset" while they slept.

Ana wanders in, coffee mug in hand.

On the low table: the photo album she found earlier. It's
closed.

She hesitates. Sets the mug down. Opens it.

More pages are filled now. She flips:

- Her ABUELA on the porch, younger, smoking, laughing.
- Her MOTHER as a teenager, half in shadow, leaning against
the same railing Ana just held.

She turns another page. A new photo:

A LITTLE GIRL in a faded summer dress, standing in front of
the house. The paint is less peeled, the palms smaller, but
it's definitely this house.

The girl's face is turned slightly away.

Ana leans closer.

The emulsion seems to shift under her gaze – the girl's head
turns a fraction more toward camera, the profile sharpening.

It's Ana. Eight, maybe nine. A version of her that never
existed.

ANA
(whisper)
No.

She flips back a page. Another image has appeared.

Ana. Standing by the Casita Espiritual – holding a tiny stone figurine of a pregnant woman.

The figurine's outline is sharper than anything else in the frame. Almost glowing.

Ana snaps the album shut.

Her hands are shaking.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Alex stands at the counter with his phone, squinting at the screen.

One tiny bar of reception flickers, then disappears.

ALEX
Come on. I will personally
sacrifice my firstborn to the phone
gods.

Ana steps into the doorway.

ANA
Don't joke about firstborns or
sacrifice in this house.

He glances at her, catches the edge in her voice.

ALEX
That bad?

She doesn't answer directly.

ANA
Did you move the photo album?

ALEX
No. Why?

ANA
It's... updating.

ALEX
Like iCloud memories, but cursed?

ANA
Something like that.

He tries the phone again. Nothing.

ALEX
No signal.

A faint SOUND echoes from somewhere deeper in the house –
like a page turning on its own.

They both freeze.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Please tell me that was the fridge.

ANA
I don't think so.

They stand there a beat, listening.

Silence.

Then – that SOUND again. A soft, deliberate FLIP, like a
single page turning somewhere deeper in the house.

Ana and Alex trade a look.

Alex grabs a nearby wooden spoon like it's a weapon.

ANA (CONT'D)
Really?

ALEX
It's this or my winning
personality.

The sound comes again. Farther down the hall.

They move together, slowly, barefoot on old wood.

INT. HALLWAY / BACK WALL - CONTINUOUS

They reach the far end of the hall.

Blank wall. No door. Just faded paint and a crooked picture
frame.

Silence.

ALEX
Now what?

Ana steps closer to the wall. Something about it feels wrong.

She runs her fingertips along the plaster. There's a faint seam. A hairline.

ANA

Here.

Alex presses.

Nothing.

Alex steps back.

ALEX

Maybe it only opens for pregnant
women with questionable judgment.

She glares at him, then leans her shoulder into it, pushing.

The wall gives with a soft, WHOOSH and a narrow door edges inward, dust puffing from the frame.

Ana and Alex share a look at each other. Alex nods.

She pushes the door open.

INT. ESPIRITISMO ROOM - DAY

Dim. Still. Air thicker, heavier somehow. A small room,
window shuttered.

An ESPIRITISMO SHRINE dominates one wall:

Melted red candles fused into irregular towers.

Faded santos.

A chipped statue of the Virgen.

Glasses of cloudy water gone green at the edges.

A dried cigar in a dish.

An old bottle of rum with only a finger left at the bottom.

Family photographs crowd the wall around it – some from the album, some new. A few empty, cracked frames hang crooked.

The SOUND of a page turning inside the room.

Ana's gaze lands on a thin, hand-written notebook, cover worn and soft with handling.

ANA

This room was in my dream.

He looks at her.

ALEX

Great. Love that for us.

Ana steps in. Alex hesitates, then follows.

She picks up the notebook, opens it carefully.

Handwriting in Spanish fills the pages – looping, impatient script:

"Sesión 14 – Ana María Rosario..." "La casa la recuerda..."
"No debo llamarla otra vez."

Ana's eyes race.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What is it?

ANA

"Session fourteen – Ana María
Rosario. The house remembers..."

Her voice tightens.

ANA (CONT'D)

"The sea wants what was promised.
Ella mira desde el agua". She
watches... um – from water."

She trails off. Alex shifts uneasily.

ALEX

Your grandmother wrote that?

Ana flips to the front page.

Inside cover: "Cuaderno de Sesiones – M. Rosario"

ANA

Yes. I think so.

She closes the notebook. Holds it to her chest like a shield.

ALEX

Okay. So grandma was holding spirit
calls in here on ghost Zoom and you
were the invite?

Ana looks up at the shrine.

One of the red candles, unlit a moment ago, now burns with a small, steady flame.

ANA
Did you light... ?

ALEX
Not I... I think we should get out
of this room.

Ana nods, backing toward the door, notebook still in her hand.

As they step out, the candle flame FLARES, then dies.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

They step back into the hallway.

Alex pulls the door shut. As it closes, the seam disappears back into the wall.

ALEX
I'm burning this place down.

ANA
Pretty sure the house would just
rebuild itself.

ALEX
Yeah. You're probably right.

They move back toward the main part of the house.

Ana keeps one hand on her belly without seeming to notice.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The light has shifted. Longer shadows. The sea louder again.

Ana sits on the floor with the notebook and the photo album open side by side.

Pages of her grandmother's sessions:

"La madre del mar..." "La que espera..."

Alex hovers nearby, points to a line:

"Ana María Rosario viene en sueños pero no nace..."

ALEX

That's your name. What does it say?

ANA

Um - Ana Maria comes in - "suenos" -
mm - dreams but - "no noche" - um -
not born.

She taps the page.

ANA (CONT'D)

She wrote my name. Years before I
was born.

ALEX

Lots of people are named Ana María.

ANA

With our last name?

He doesn't have an answer.

ANA (CONT'D)

Whatever my abuela started, she
didn't finish it.

She looks toward the windows, where the last light of day
bleeds into early night.

ANA (CONT'D)

And whatever's out there seems to
think I'm the one to make it right.

Ana closes the notebook.

Alex watches her a beat, then looks away, unsettled.

ALEX

So we're past "haunted house" and
into "chosen one." Great.

She doesn't answer. Just stares at the darkening window.

EXT. PORCH - DUSK

The sky is bruised purple and orange, sliding toward night.

The sea looks deceptively calm - long, low swells breathing
against the rocks.

Ana stands at the porch rail again, notebook in hand, thumb
marking the page with her name.

Her gaze is fixed on the horizon. She barely seems to blink.

Behind her, the house glows softly with candlelight.

A floorboard CREAKS.

ROSA (O.S.)

When the day dies, you should be
inside.

Ana turns.

Rosa is there, half in shadow, like she's always been
standing just inside the doorway. She steps out beside Ana,
looks at the sea with her, like they're sharing a secret.

ROSA (CONT'D)

The house is awake now.

ANA

Was it... sleeping?

ROSA

Sleeping. Waiting. Same.

Ana holds up the notebook.

ANA

These are her sessions. My
abuela's.

Rosa nods once. No surprise.

ROSA

She talked too much to what lives
under the water.

ANA

"La madre del mar. La que espera."
That's what she wrote.

Rosa's jaw tightens.

ROSA

La que espera doesn't likes to be
left alone.

ANA

Is she real?

Rosa considers that.

ROSA
If you say her name with an open
heart.

She looks at Ana's hand, resting at her belly.

ROSA (CONT'D)
And your heart is very open now.

Ana's hand jerks away from her stomach like she's been
caught.

ANA
Whatever this is, it's not hers.

A long beat of shared silence, watching the sea darken.

ROSA
You should stay away from the sea
at night, Ana María.

ANA
Why?

ROSA
Because when the waves call your
name, you won't hear anything else.

Rosa turns and steps back into the house.

When Ana looks over her shoulder –

The doorway is empty.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Ana lies awake on the bed, eyes open, staring at the ceiling.
Alex is next to her, on his side, watching her.

The house is quieter than it should be. Even the coquí seem
muted.

ALEX
You're doing that thing.

ANA
What thing?

ALEX
The "I'm not thinking about the
thing I'm thinking about" thing.

She doesn't bother denying it.

ANA

Rosa thinks the sea wants me.

ALEX

Rosa thinks a lot of things.

ANA

My grandmother promised the sea something. She didn't deliver. Now something thinks I'm the promise.

He reaches over, lays his hand over hers on her belly.

ALEX

We're not giving it anything.

ANA

You say that like we get a vote.

Wind stirs outside. A low, distant RUSH, like surf under the floorboards.

ALEX

We always get a vote.

Ana's eyes go unfocused for a moment, like she's listening to something only she can hear.

ANA

It's louder at night.

ALEX

What?

ANA

The pull.

He watches her.

ANA (CONT'D)

I'm tired.

ALEX

Sleep.

He reaches up, pulls the lamp chain.

The room drops into darkness, save for a slice of moonlight on the floor.

EXT. YARD / LA CASITA ESPIRITUAL - NIGHT

Moonlight. The house looms in half-shadow.

La Casita Espiritual sits still, small, waiting.

A FIGURE in the red dress steps out from the shadows.

Barefoot.

Hair loose over her face.

Moving toward the shrine with the slow certainty of someone being pulled.

As she passes under the window, we see her:

ANA

But her eyes are wrong – unfocused, glazed.

She stops in front of the shrine.

Inside, the pregnant figurine glows faintly in the moonlight.

Ana reaches toward it.

A whisper, barely there:

WHISPER (O.S.)
Ana... María... Rosario.

Her fingers hover above the figure. It pulses.

From the house –

ALEX (O.S.)
Ana?

Ana startles, like snapping out of sleep.

She looks around, dazed taking in where she is – the dress – the shrine.

She backs away fast, breath quickening – then turns and runs for the house.

The figurine's glow dims, then fades completely.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

MOMENTS LATER

Ana bursts in, breathing hard.

Alex is half out of bed.

ALEX
Hey, hey – what happened?

ANA
I don't... I don't remember going
out there.

He moves to her, puts his hands on her shoulders.

ALEX
Out where?

ANA
The shrine. I was at the shrine. In
the dress. I didn't put this on.

She looks down – the red dress clinging like a second skin.

ALEX
I think we just moved to Level 10.

ANA
Alex –

ALEX
No. Tomorrow we're gone. I don't
care if I have to carry you out
past Rosa, the ghosts, and your
entire undead family tree.

He pulls her in – but in the mirror, Ana stands alone in the
frame, watching.

Ana jerks back.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hey. Look at me. You're here.
You're with me. You're okay.

ANA
I didn't walk out there, Alex. I
was pulled.

Thunder rolls deep, rattling the walls. Ana looks out the
window.

ANA (CONT'D)
You don't understand.

ALEX
Then help me. Explain it.

Ana answers – emotion and breath and fear tangled.

ANA
I felt... calm. Like I wasn't
alone. Like someone was - wearing
me - from the inside. And I wasn't
scared - until I was.

Alex steadies her.

ALEX
We're getting out.

ANA
(whispering)
I don't think we get to choose.

The lamp flickers. The fan slows - drained of power.

Ana nods - but her eyes turns to the mirror.

Her reflection stands perfectly still.

Not breathing. Not blinking. Still.

Waiting.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alex moves through the dark hall, restless, sleepless.

A faint rustle - like a page turning - pulls him on.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

He steps into a small study lit by a weak lamp. A desk.
Shelves. Neat. Lived-in.

Alex stops. Looks around.

ALEX
(quiet)
No... you weren't like this.

Same proportions. Same corner where the mirror should be.

But the room has remade itself - furnished, orderly, as if it
has always been here.

He takes one uneasy step inside.

He opens a drawer in the desk.

Inside: a JOURNAL. Leather-bound. Worn.

He picks it up. Opens it. Blank pages. He flips through.
Nothing.

Then – at the back – his name in his handwriting.

And entries – lots of entries.

Alex leans back, almost dropping the journal.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What the fuck...

He catches his breath and reads.

ALEX (V.O.)
"House isn't right. Shadows wrong.
Ana slipping. Don't trust Rosa."

He reads faster.

ALEX (V.O.)
Day 4 – or 5? Time moves wrong. Ana
in the water. She doesn't remember.
Day 5 – Tried gate. Path back to
the house. Tried jungle. Came back.
Beach path. Same. No leaving.

His hands shake. He looks down at the final entry, reads out loud.

ALEX
If I find this journal again, RUN!

Alex drops the journal.

It hits the floor, but makes no sound.

He bends to pick it up.

It's gone.

The drawer he left open is closed

A faint CREAK behind him. Alex turns–

The open study door is now swinging closed. Slow. Steady.
Like something on the other side is pulling it in.

ALEX (CONT'D)
No–no–no–

He lunges for it, SLAMS through – tumbles into –

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

He lands in the hall, breath knocked out of him.

69 The door behind him eases shut with a soft CLICK.

69

Alex tries the study door.

Locked.

He rattles the handle

The door swings open.

The study is completely empty.

No desk. No furniture. Four bare walls and a window.

Moonlight on old floorboards.

ALEX

No. No, no, no.

He turns.

Ana stands in the hallway. Watching him.

ANA

You okay?

ALEX

I... found something.

ANA

What?

ALEX

A journal. My journal. With things
I don't remember writing.

ANA

What kind of things?

ALEX

Warnings. To myself. About this
place. About you.

ANA

What about me?

ALEX

That you're... slipping.

She smiles. But it doesn't reach her eyes.

ANA
Maybe you're the one slipping,
Alex.

She turns and walks down the hall.

He stands, frozen, then follows.

The house CREAKS around them.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Ana pushes open a door Alex doesn't remember seeing.

A small bedroom. Dusty. Unused.

But the bed is perfectly made. Fresh sheets. And laid out on top:

The RED DRESS.

Beside it -

A small BABY BLANKET. Handmade. Crocheted. Old. White with delicate shell-pink edging.

Ana moves toward it slowly, drawn.

She picks up the blanket. Soft. Well-loved.

She brings it to her face. Breathes in.

ANA
Camphor. And... lemon. Like the
house.

ALEX
Ana, don't.

But she's already wrapping it around her shoulders like a shawl.

ANA
It's warm.

ALEX
It's a baby blanket.

ANA
I know what it is, Alex.

She looks at him. Her hand drifts to her belly.

ANA (CONT'D)

It's mine. Was mine. Will be mine.

ALEX

That doesn't make sense.

ANA

None of this makes sense.

She turns to the mirror in the corner.

Her reflection wears the blanket. But in the mirror, she's visibly very pregnant.

Ana looks down at herself. Still almost flat.

Looks back at the mirror.

The reflection's normal.

ANA (CONT'D)

We should go.

She sets the blanket down carefully, reverently.

Backs out of the room.

Alex follows.

Behind them, the baby blanket UNFOLDS itself. Spreads across the bed.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alex paces.

ALEX

We're leaving tomorrow.

ANA

I think we're inside something.

ALEX

What do you mean?

ANA

A memory.

She looks down at her stomach.

ANA (CONT'D)

It's getting bigger. Too fast.

ALEX
It's not possible.

ANA
None of this is.

She opens the photo album from the living room.
New pages have appeared. Grainy. Black and white.
ULTRASOUNDS.

A fetus at different stages.

ALEX
That's not real.

ANA
My abuela said it happened to her.
And her mother. And maybe every
woman who came here.

Alex drops the album on the table.
Thunder rumbles outside. But the sky is clear.
The walls CREAK – excited, agitated.

ANA (CONT'D)
I think I've always been here.

ALEX
Don't say that.

ANA
I think you've always been here.

The walls MOAN – a long, satisfied sound.
They sit in silence, listening.
There's no sound outside. Not even coquí frogs.
Just the house.
Breathing.

INT. HALLWAY – MOMENTS LATER

They walk side by side.

A candle in Ana's hand throws shadows along the walls.

But the shadows stretch farther than they should – longer than their bodies.

The shadows move independently. Reaching for them.

Alex notices.

ALEX

Don't stop.

The shadows follow them down the hall.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't look back.

The walls pulse softly – like a heartbeat.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candlelight illuminates the bed.

On it: a single, old-fashioned KEY. Heavy, rusted, ornate. Spanish colonial. Centuries old.

Ana picks it up.

ANA

It's warm. Like someone was holding it.

ALEX

What do you think it opens?

But Ana's already moving toward the door, holding the key out in front of her, like it's pulling her.

ANA

I have to know.

She steps into the hallway.

Alex follows, slowly.

The house CREAKS – expectantly.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ana walks slowly, holding the key out in front of her like a dowsing rod.

The key VIBRATES in her hand, GLOWS.

She stops at a section of wall near the hidden shrine room, presses her hand against the wood.

A seam appears. A hidden door.

She inserts the key. It fits - perfectly.

ALEX

Ana - NO!

She turns the key with a heavy CLICK.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We shouldn't --

Too late. She pushes the door open.

INT. ROSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room beyond is small. Intimate.

A bed. A small altar. Candles.

And photographs. Dozens of them. Covering one wall.

Ana steps inside, stares at the pictures.

The photographs are all of the SAME WOMAN at different ages, wearing THE RED DRESS.

Young. Middle-aged. Old. Pregnant.

The woman is ROSA. In every photo, she

ANA

Oh my God...

Alex looks closer.

In the background of each photo: THE HOUSE.

Different eras. Different states of repair. Always the same house.

ALEX

How many times has this happened?

Ana picks up a photograph from the 1950s, stares at it.

ROSA.

Young. Beautiful. Pregnant. Red dress.

She stands exactly where Ana stood on the beach, the water glowing with bioluminescence.

Ana turns to Alex.

ANA
We're not the first.

ALEX
What?

ANA
This keeps happening. Over and over. Different women. Same house. Same dress. Same...

She can't finish. She turns and looks at -

The ALTAR:

A collection of small stone figurines. Pregnant women. Dozens of them. All identical to the one Ana found buried outside.

ANA (CONT'D)
We need to leave. Now.

Alex nods. But as they turn to go -

The door SLAMS shut.

The KEY is gone from the lock.

The candles flicker.

In the walls: A LULLABY begins. Multiple voices. All female. All singing the same ancient song Ana has been humming.

Ana closes her eyes, swaying slightly. Her lips move - joining the song.

ALEX
Ana, stop!

But she keeps humming, harmonizing with the voices in the walls.

The candles burn BRIGHTER.

The photographs on the wall begin to CHANGE - the women's bellies growing larger in real-time, the red dress darkening, their faces aging.

ALEX (CONT'D)
ANA!

He grabs her shoulders, shakes her.

Her eyes snap open – but they're WRONG. Too dark. Bottomless.

She smiles.

ANA
(voice layered, multiple
women speaking)
She's almost ready.

Alex stumbles back. The lullaby SWELLS. Then –

SILENCE.

Complete. Absolute.

The door UNLOCKS with a soft click. Swings open on its own.

Alex grabs Ana's hand – her eyes are normal, confused.

ANA (CONT'D)
(normal voice)
What happened?

ALEX
We're leaving.

He pulls her out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

They stumble into the hallway. Alex slams the door behind them.

Turns to look – The door is GONE. Just blank wall.

Ana leans against the wall, breathing hard, her hand on her belly.

ANA
Alex... something's wrong.

ALEX
Damn right, something's wrong.

ANA
No. I mean... with me.

She lifts her shirt.

Her belly is visibly LARGER than it was an hour ago. A definite curve that wasn't there before.

Alex stares.

ALEX

That's not... how is that even...

ANA

I can feel her.

ALEX

There's no baby. There can't be.
It's only been - what?

ANA

Days? Weeks? Do you even know
anymore?

He doesn't answer. He doesn't know.

The house GROANS around them - satisfied, hungry.

ANA (CONT'D)

I'm tired. I need to lie down.

She moves toward the bedroom, one hand supporting her
slightly swollen belly.

Alex watches her go, then turns and runs to the front door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Alex YANKS the door handle.

Locked.

He throws his full weight against it.

Nothing.

Runs to a window. Shutters nailed shut from the inside.

Another window. Same.

The back door. Locked.

He's panting now, panicked.

The walls CREAK - almost like laughter.

ALEX

LET ME OUT!

From the bedroom, Ana's voice - singing the lullaby.

Soft. Distant. Wrong.

Alex slides down the wall, head in his hands.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ana lies in bed, humming, both hands on her belly.

Her eyes are closed but she's not asleep.

The red dress hangs on the wall behind her – swaying slightly though there's no breeze.

The humming continues.

Gets louder.

Other voices join from the walls. The house is singing her to sleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex sits in the dark, alone. Staring at nothing.

The photo album lies open on the table before him. A new page has appeared.

A photo of ANA and ALEX. Standing in front of this house. But the photo is OLD. Faded. Yellowed with age. Like it was taken decades ago. Yet it's clearly them. Their clothes. Their faces.

Alex picks up the album with shaking hands. Flips through.

More photos appear:

Ana, visibly pregnant, standing by La Casita.

Alex, hollow-eyed, staring at the camera.

The two of them at the table, not touching their food.

Ana in the red dress, belly huge, serene smile.

Photos that haven't happened yet. Or have already happened. Or are happening now, in some other fold of time.

Alex SLAMS the album shut.

Throws it across the room.

It hits the wall – but makes no sound as it lands, open, on the floor.

A new photo visible:

Alex. Alone. Standing at the iron gate. Looking back at the house.

He stares at it. Then stands, spins around in a circle.

ALEX
FUCK YOU!

And runs to the front door.

INT. FRONT DOOR – DAWN

First light bleeding through the cracks in the shutters.

Alex tries the door one more time.

It opens – easily. Like it was never locked.

He looks back toward the bedroom. The sound of Ana's humming drifts through the house.

ALEX
Ana! I'll come back for you.

He steps outside into a light thats too bright, overexposed.

The door slams shut behind him with a sigh.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL – DAY

Morning light. Harsh. Bright painful light.

ALEX storms past La Casita Espiritual at the base of the trail.

He pushes into thick jungle, hacking branches aside with his bare hands.

The trail vanishes quickly.

Only trees. Vines. The oppressive drone of insects.

He breathes hard. Keeps walking. Sweat pours down his face. He breaks through tangled undergrowth and –

Comes out behind La Casita Espiritual. The same little shrine. Same placement.

He stares, turns around slowly. No trail behind him. Just dense jungle.

ALEX

No. No no no.

He grits his teeth. Picks a different direction. Heads out again.

Same push through vegetation. New path. New direction.

Alex moves faster now, almost running.

Sweat soaking through his shirt.

Trees claw his arms.

Thorns catch his clothes.

He pushes through a stand of bamboo, sees daylight ahead – Relief floods his face. He breaks through and –

La Casita Espiritual. Front and center. Exactly where he started.

ALEX (CONT'D)

FUCK!

He kicks at the shrine's base.

His foot passes through it like smoke.

He stumbles back, falls.

The shrine is solid again.

The pregnant woman figurine inside seems to turn and watch him.

Alex scrambles to his feet. Runs.

Hard. Wild. Desperate.

Branches whip his face, drawing blood.

Vines trip his feet.

He doesn't stop.

The light shifts – too fast, like time is folding in on itself.

Dawn.

Noon.

Dusk.

Dawn again.

Running.

The shadows wheel around him.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(screaming)
LET ME OUT!

He crashes through a final wall of vegetation and – Stops.

He's *inside* La Casita Espiritual.

The walls are close. The ceiling low. Made of weathered palm wood.

Red light everywhere – filtering through the cracks.

He turns in a slow, panicked circle.

Dozens of pregnant figurines line makeshift shelves. All watching him. All smiling.

The main altar holds the original figurine – but now it's GLOWING. Pulsing with a faint red light. Then –

The figurine's belly CRACKS. Light pours from the fissure.

Alex backs against the wall.

The crack widens. Something moves inside the stone.

ALEX (CONT'D)
No... no no no...

Everything goes dark.

INT. BEDROOM – DAY

Alex wakes up gasping, his head cradled in Ana's lap.

She strokes his hair gently. Humming the lullaby.

ANA
(in Spanish)
Tuviste una pesadilla, mi amor. You
had a nightmare.

He sits up, shaking, disoriented.

ALEX
I tried. I tried to leave.

ANA
I know.

She rocks him gently. Like a child.

Her belly is noticeably swollen now. Not flat anymore.

ANA (CONT'D)
We're okay. You're okay.

ALEX
The shrine... I was inside it. The
figurines were all...

ANA
Shhhhh.

She keeps humming. The lullaby continues.

Her voice is joined by others – faint, distant. Coming from
the walls.

Alex sees he's covered in scratches. Blood on his arms and
face. Dirt under his fingernails.

ALEX
It was real.

ANA
Dreams are real here.

ALEX
It wasn't... a dream.

Ana keeps stroking his hair.

ANA
Rest now. You're home.

ALEX
This isn't my home.

ANA
(soft, distant)
Not yet.

Her hand rests on her swollen belly.

The humming continues – more voices joining.

Alex's eyes flutter closed despite himself.

The room darkens.

The last thing he sees before unconsciousness:

Ana's reflection in the mirror across the room. She's VERY pregnant. Nearly full term. Mirror Ana turns to look at Alex.

When he looks at the real Ana in front of him –

She's only slightly showing.

His eyes close.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Alex wakes alone.

The bed beside him is empty. Sheets twisted.

Moonlight through the window.

He sits up slowly, touches his face – the scratches are still there. Real.

He stands, shakily. Moves to the window. Outside:

Ana walks toward La Casita Espiritual. Barefoot. In the red dress, now a deep, dark, blood red.

Moving like she's in a trance.

ALEX

No...

He runs.

EXT. YARD – NIGHT

Alex bursts out of the house.

ALEX

ANA!

She doesn't respond. She reaches the shrine. Kneels before it.

Begins to arrange offerings – fresh flowers, fruit, candles she's somehow carrying.

Her movements are precise. Ritualistic. Like she's done this a thousand times before.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Ana, NO!

Alex takes a step towards the shrine – and freezes.

Something in the air stops him cold.

Ana turns. Bathed in moonlight, her face is serene. Distant.

ANA

Must prepare.

ALEX

For what?

ANA

What comes.

She lights a candle. Sets it carefully in the shrine.

The pregnant figurine glows in response.

ALEX

Please. Ana. Come inside.

ANA

I can't.

Ana's hand moves to her belly – much larger now than it was moments ago.

ANA (CONT'D)

Not ready.

The wind picks up. The candle flame doesn't flicker.

ALEX

Ana... you're scaring me.

She smiles, eerily calm.

ANA

Don't be scared, mi amor. This is what we came for.

ALEX

We came to see your family's house.
We've seen it. Time to go.

Ana shakes her head.

ANA

No. We came because she called us.

She turns back to the shrine.

ANA (CONT'D)

She's been calling for such a long time.

She stands, moves past him, toward the house.

Behind him, the candle in the shrine flares brighter.

He turns back, look at the shrine.

Inside, the pregnant figurine's belly glows. Pulsing.

Like a heartbeat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candles burn in every corner. Shadows loom like tall, watchful figures.

ALEX enters slowly, stops dead at what he sees.

ANA stands in the center of the room.

NAKED. HUGEY PREGNANT, glowing in the candlelight.

Eyes closed, swaying, humming the lullaby.

A RED STRING CIRCLE surrounds her - wax seals, flowers, bowls of ash and herbs.

ROSA moves around her, whispering, sprinkling sacred water.

Alex can't move, can't speak, frozen.

Rosa lifts THE RED DRESS - slips it over Ana's head carefully, like dressing a child.

The fabric slides down Ana's body, settling perfectly over her swollen belly, made for her.

Ana opens her eyes, looks at Alex.

ANA

You're just in time.

Her voice is layered - multiple women speaking through her.

ALEX

Ana...

ROSA

(sharp)

Sit.

Behind him, a chair appears from the shadows.

Alex resists, but his legs fold, he drops into the chair.

A red cord snakes across the floor, coils around his ankles with a HISS, tightens.

Rosa positions Ana facing the shrine – candles blazing, santos watching, the pregnant figurine glowing at its heart.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Completing what was started.

She pulls a CURVED BLADE from her sleeve. Old. Stained.

ALEX

NO!

He strains against the cord, muscles shaking.

Rosa raises the blade.

Ana tilts her head back, exposing her neck. Calm. Waiting.

The house GROANS.

Candles FLARE.

ALEX (CONT'D)

ANA!

He lunges – the cord snaps.

He crashes through the red circle.

Flames ignite the threads, turn it into a ring of fire.

He grabs the blade from Rosa, turns it on himself.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You want blood?

He SLASHES his wrist.

Once. Twice. Then a long drag down his forearm.

Blood PUMPS. Rich. Red. Arterial.

He drops to his knees before Ana.

She catches him, blood drenching her, soaking the red dress.

ANA

Alex!

Her belly collapses, instantly.

She gasps, clutches her stomach.

ALEX

(weakening)

Let her go...

Rosa kneels beside them.

ROSA

(softly)

Go.

Smoke coils from the shrine -

From the shadows -

THE OPÍA.

She has Ana's face but aged, terrible.

She lifts Alex's limp body like a mother cradling a child.

She carries him out the door into -

EXT. THE YARD - DAWN

The first golden light of dawn.

She glides across the yard to -

EXT. CASITA ESPIRITUAL - DAWN

She lays him gently inside the shrine house.

He breathes in, exhales.

The Opía kneels beside him, kisses him. When she pulls away -

Alex is STONE. A figurine. Peaceful. Still.

The Opía stands, belly softly glowing. She looks at Ana, now in the doorway of the shrine.

OPÍA
 (Ana's voice, layered with
 others)
 Gracias, hija.

The Opía turns toward the sea. Sunlight hits her –

She cracks, shatters. Falls in pieces that sink into the earth. Gone.

EXT. HOUSE – MORNING

Ana, red dress torn, streaked with dried blood, steps off the porch.

The house GROANS.

Walls fold inward. Roof caves. Vines EXPLODE from the ground, around and through the crumbling house. Within seconds, a ruin.

EXT. THE YARD – DAY

Ana, barefoot, a small cloth bag swings from her hand: inside it, the glowing pregnant figurine.

She walks past – La Casita Espiritual. Intact. Perfect.

EXT. THE GATE – DAY

Ana reaches the closed gate.

It opens and she passes through, heading up the track toward –

EXT. THE ROAD – DAY

She reaches the road. Stops. Listens. Nothing. She looks back one last time, then turns away and starts walking.

Slow. Steady. Bare feet on warm asphalt.

The sun climbs. The light gets harsher.

The bag at her side glows faintly with each step.

Her figure gets smaller until it disappears into the heat haze.

FADE TO BLACK.