

A MOTHER'S GRIEF

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A WOMAN (31), kneels on the carpet beneath a window, hugging her daughter, GIRL (8), who is thrashing around in pain. Blood is flowing from a nasty BITE on the girl's arm.

On the other side of the room, an upturned ARMCHAIR is in lying in front of the DOOR as a barricade. Something is slamming against the door again and again, visibly straining the frame.

GIRL
(moaning)
Mummyyyyyy...

WOMAN
(frantically trying to stem
the blood flow with a soaking
red handkerchief)
Oh baby baby. It's okay. It's fine.
Hold still.

GIRL
Mummyyyy... It hurts.

WOMAN
I know baby. Mummy's going to fix
it up. There's a good girl.

GIRL
Daddy, why Daddy? Oww!

WOMAN
Shhh, don't worry about that now.
Look at me baby. Hold still.

The door continues to bang, and inhuman grunts and growls can be heard behind it. The bite mark is deep and the surrounding skin that we can see beneath the blood has dark veins running all over it.

GIRL
(wincing)
It hurts!

The woman continues soothing her daughter and ties the rag around the bite, but there's little more she can do. She hugs her child tight and rocks back and forth.

The girl's thrashing and moaning gradually grow weaker, until she is quiet and still in her mother's arms. The woman continues to hold her daughter's flaccid body tight, a lullaby hum getting stuck in her throat.

The door continues to bang, and there is the sound of SPLINTERING WOOD.

GIRL
(sotto)
Mummy, I feel...

WOMAN
(fighting the tears)
Shh, it's okay baby. Just relax,
everything will be fine.

The banging against the door is incessant and unwaning. The door and frame are both beginning to crack.

The girl's tiny body shudders for a few seconds and then grows limp once more. There is an audible SIGH of her last breath. Still holding her daughter tight, the woman's lips pull back and her face contorts into an expression of extreme grief.

WOMAN
Nooooo!

The door has not stopped banging. Splintering sounds are increasing. The growling is getting louder. This continues for a while, and the woman continues to sob against her daughter's body.

Then the little girl's arms begin to twitch, and soft guttural growls come from her throat. The woman opens her eyes and releases her grip, lifting her head up to look down at her daughter's pure white face. The dead girl's eyes snap open revealing cold dead eyes. Her blueish lips pull back in a vicious snarl.

The girl lunges at her mother, who screams and holds her at bay as they waltz around the room, bashing into the wall. The girl's arms are scrabbling and clawing like a rabid animal. Eventually the woman throws her daughter across the room and falls backwards, smashing into shelves, knocking books, memorial plates, ornaments and knick-knacks flying. The girl springs to her feet like a cat and lunges again. With superb reflexes, the woman grabs the nearest thing at hand, a SNOW GLOBE, and swings it hard through the air. Glass ball and preteen skull shatter and the girl's body crumples to the floor in a bloody mess.

The door continues to bang and the splintering sound increases in intensity.

The woman raises her fists to her temples and screams, clutching her hair and shaking her head wildly, driven out of her mind with the fear and guilt and grief.

The door frame finally gives up and showers the room with SPLINTERS. It swings open and the armchair skids to the side with the force of the impact. A large dark silhouette can be seen in the open doorway. There is silence for a beat, then an ear-splitting scream as the woman's husband, MAN (35), runs into the room, snarling and screeching like a banshee, with froth and blood dribbling from his mouth.

The woman's expression changes instantly from grief to fury, and she leaps to her feet, snarling herself, and lunges at her husband's reanimated corpse. They collide and fight in a frenzy of flailing limbs, chomping teeth and squirting blood. Sickening crunching and squelching noises can be heard.

The fight ends. The man crumples to the floor near his daughter's body. His body lands hard and his head would roll away but for the last remaining bit of neck skin holding it on.

The woman too collapses to the floor, leaning back against the wall, exhausted. She is sobbing soundlessly with deep, deep anguish on her face. Her mouth completely covered inside and out with glistening blood, which dribbles off her chin onto her already stained blouse.

FADE OUT: