

EVIL KARMA

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A car, headlights on, is parked in the woods.

BRAD, 35, handsome, clean-cut, with perfectly slicked back hair, kneels over and strangles a WOMAN, 20's, attractive, despite her blue complexion.

They are illuminated by the car's lights.

Gloved hands wrapped tightly around her throat. He shakes her, as if to get the last bit of life out of her.

Brad's fringe falls onto his forehead.

The woman's eyes close, it is over.

Brad leans back on his heels, catches his breath, combs his hair back in place with his hand.

Goes to his car, pops the boot, removes a knife, rope, and a tarp.

Throws the tarp and rope down next to the woman then kneels back over her with the knife.

A piece of hair is cut from her head, put in a small bag then placed safely in a pocket.

Brad studies the woman's face. He looks deep in thought. He cuts her face, cuts her again, an artist with his canvas. The cuts continue.

Satisfied with his work, Brad stops.

BRAD
Beautiful.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

A row boat drifts across the lake, oars lap at the water.

The woman's body, wrapped and secured in the tarp, lies at Brad's feet.

The rowing stops.

Brad tosses the woman into the lake, bubbles rise as she sinks.

He smiles, a job well done.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

This is a well-to-do neighborhood.

Brad's car turns into the street then pulls into a driveway.

He exits the car then enters the house.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Keys are placed in a bowl located near the door, everything has its place.

BRAD
Amy, you home?

No answer, he smiles.

Brad moves to the

HALLWAY

where walls are lined with photos of Brad with family and friends. They tell a story of a very normal, happy life. Laughter, smiles, and exotic travel destinations.

Brad enters the

HOME OFFICE

takes a key out of the desk drawer, opens a locked cabinet to reveal a safe.

The safe BEEPS as the combination is entered. Brad opens it and takes out an old scrap book.

He sits down, opens the book to a random page.

Attached to the page is a newspaper article and a hair clipping.

Brad strokes the hair.

He flicks through the book. Each page has the same two items. He stops when he comes to a blank page.

Brad gets the bag of hair out of his pocket, takes the hair out the bag, smells it, really takes it in. He quivers with exhilaration.

The hair gets attached to the page. The newspaper article soon to follow, no doubt.

The book is closed and returned to the safe.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad takes off his clothes, leaves his boxers and undershirt on.

Dirty clothes are carried to the adjoined

BATHROOM

And placed in a laundry basket.

Brad brushes his teeth in front of the mirror, leans over to spit.

Reflected in the mirror, a figure crosses the entry to the bathroom, it goes unnoticed.

He lifts his head back up and admires his pearly whites.

A shower, with a frosted door, is next to Brad.

Ever so slowly, a silhouetted figure rises in the shower.

Brad catches a glimpse out the corner of his eye, turns, nothing there.

He opens the shower door, empty. He smirks.

BRAD
(to himself)
Get a grip.

The shower is turned on.

He removes his underwear, tests the water then hops in the

SHOWER

Brad lets the water run over his body, lathers himself with soap.

He dispenses some shampoo, closes his eyes, and washes his hair.

The silhouette of the figure, visible again on the other side of the shower door, waits and watches.

Brad rinses his hair, opens his eyes.

The figure is gone.

Off-screen, a loud, indistinguishable BANG. Brad jumps.

Quickly opens the door, gets out the shower, hot water still running.

BATHROOM

Grabs a towel, wraps it around his waist, and sticks his head out into the

BEDROOM

to survey the room, nothing odd.

BRAD

Amy?

He listens, all is quite.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Babe, you there?

Brad shakes his head.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(to himself)

You're losing it.

Shrugs it off. Pulls his head back into the

BATHROOM

and turns the water off.

The air is thick with steam.

Brad stands in front of the fogged mirror, cuts a long line across it with his hand to clear the condensation.

Next to his now visible face is the face of the woman. She is dripping wet and has blueish gray skin. Her face is cut to shreds. Her dead eyes yearn for revenge.

Brad's eyes grow wide with terror as her hands come up in a flash. They wrap around his neck.

FADE OUT.