

Copyright (c) 2024 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

LOCUS

Written by

Jayden Rose

j.r.rosewrites@gmail.com

OVER BLACK

Click-click. An old TV powers on with a high-frequency whine and a rising hum that turns into...

FADE IN:

--the thick clouds in the rain.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A Catholic shrine burns on the windowsill. Candlelight stretches across overturned furniture and clothes... Too weak to push back the remaining darkness.

Saint Mary kneels in the center of the prayer candles. One of those white-washed ceramics. Her smile seems to say, "Get it together, bitch."

BRENNA (40s, aforementioned bitch) crumples on the floor like the clothes piles. Her hand trembles around a rosary.

CLOSE SHOT - BLOOD

drips from the stipe of the cross pendant.

BRENNA
(rambling)
Who am I? Who am... Brenna. Yeah,
Brenna Riley. No--!

WIDER

Brenna stabs the pendant into the crook of her elbow. Over the scars that map out her addiction.

BRENNA (CONT'D)
No... Not Brenna, *was* Brenna. I...
I gotta find... Where did I put it?
I just... I need it. I need to
think. One more, baby. One more and
I can be good to you. I can be
good... a good mom.

She fluctuates on a dime.

BRENNA (CONT'D)
You did this to me! You *bitch*...
You always get what you want. You
always... You think God gives a
shit about you? You owe me! I keep
you in business, you two-faced
piece of shit!

(MORE)

BRENNA (CONT'D)
 How could you just... What do you
 want from me? What do you... Where
 did you... Where did I put it?

She stops mid-sentence and--CHUCKS THE ROSARY! We track the
 beads across the floor and under the bed. An object in motion
 stays in motion unless...

THUMP!

Brenna freezes.

ANGLE - FROM UNDER THE BED

She scrambles TOWARD THE CAMERA.

A dusty BIBLE BOX slides INTO FRAME.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A chunky TV set crackles with static.

As we PUSH IN on the white snow:

TITLE CARD: "Locus"

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A boy sits inches from the unpowered TV.

He flattens a peeling sticker on the front panel.

FLASHBACK - INT. PORTER HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY (MOS)

SERIES OF SHOTS

FATHER (V.O.)
 Do you hear it? In the noise?
 Listen. It speaks. It wants to be
 understood. It knows we hear it.

- A boy and his father, reflected in the disassembled 1970s
 Panasonic CT on the workbench. Dad hands the boy a
 screwdriver and secures the front panel.

- He rotates the screws into place.

- Dad reaches across the workbench for a...

- STICKER. Wrench icon. Clean typography. A strong and legible font: "Porter Restoration Services."

- He smiles and gestures to the TV. *Do the honors.*

END OF FLASHBACK

LIVING ROOM

NOLAN (10, cute, acutely aware) watches the reflection of movement in the dark screen.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sauce SPITS on the burner. A large pot of water BOILS OVER. LOW DRONING from the range-hood. Too loud.

TILT-UP toward Brenna, spaced-out. She watches a fly buzz around in the window frame.

A mushroom cloud of steam as spaghetti SPLATS in the strainer. She moves to scratch her arm through the gauze bandage and bumps her elbow into a sauce jar.

She curses as the jar SMASHES on the floor.

ANGLE - FROM THE FLOOR

She plucks through the glass shards and--AH! A bead of blood buds on her thumb like a poppy flower. She regards the sliver of glass... and PICKS IT UP.

Brenna raises the shard to her neck.

CLOSE ON the point pressing into her jugular vein. Until--

--STATIC!

She pauses. Listens. Turns to find--

LIVING ROOM

--the TV screen bleeding white light.

KITCHEN

Brenna shakes and wheezes, choked by fear.

LIVING ROOM

As the CAMERA PUSHES INTO the living room, WORDS START TO FORM in the interference. A demonic rumble.

KITCHEN

She squeezes the shard, willing it to puncture her carotid, but something holds her back. Brenna pushes against it. Blood, slick and wet, dribbles down her hand.

NOLAN (O.S.)

Mommy?

KITCHEN

Brenna flinches. *No shard in her hand, no TV crackling with static.* Nolan peers at her from the doorway.

NOLAN

Do you need some help?

She laughs, shaky and airy.

BRENNA

Hi, baby.

(then)

No... No. Mommy will be fine.

He discards the large shard. Brenna watches, her smile straining against her cheeks.

BRENNA (CONT'D)

My sweet boy...

She takes his hand and squeezes a little too hard.

BRENNA (CONT'D)

Set the table for me?

KITCHEN - LATER

Under the steady HUM OF RAIN... Silence, thick and heavy. Except for the clink of silverware.

Nolan eats. Brenna itches through the gauze, spaced-out, staring at the bread knife.

NOLAN

You should eat, Mommy.

BRENNA

Hm?

He motions to her plate from across the table.

NOLAN

You like pasta.

BRENNA

(sotto)

I do...

Her hand trembles over the fork. *Convincing herself.*

BRENNA (CONT'D)

I do.

NOLAN

Eat.

Brenna obeys. Not without resistance. Her fork wavers all the way to her mouth. She chokes--her throat bobs, a tremor or repulsion.

Nolan watches her chew.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

(smiles)

You make good spaghetti. Dad liked your spaghetti, too.

STATIC--buzzing like locusts.

Brenna scratches--faster, harder.

CLOSE ON the blossoming splotches in the gauze.

BRENNA

I thought I told you to turn the TV off.

NOLAN

I know you hate me--

BRENNA

I just want you to turn it off.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

--like you hated Dad.

BRENNA (CONT'D)

Turn it off...

BRENNA (CONT'D)

Turn it off, turn it off...

NOLAN

He scared you. I scare you.

Brenna staggers to her feet.

CLOSE SHOT - BLOOD

dribbles down her ear.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
So you killed him. Like you tried
to kill me.

BRENNA
Enough... Make it... Stop.

She stumbles toward him. Blood gushes from her nose and
SPATTERS on the floor. We see the strain in her body.

Brenna fights...

NOLAN
(crying)
I just wanted you to love me,
Mommy.

BRENNA
I'm not... your fucking... mommy!

...and CLOSES THE DISTANCE.

With the tiniest SQUELCH--the static CUTS OUT.

TIGHT on Nolan. In shock. He coughs, sputtering.

REVERSE ANGLE

Brenna pants. A needle in her neck. She chuckles, a final
smile of ecstasy.

And collapses.

He watches her convulse. A spectral tendril whips out from
behind her head and retracts into his back.

NOLAN
No, no, no!

Nolan scrambles next to her body.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
You stupid bitch! I wasn't done
with you!

As the camera PULLS OUT--

We see a SWARM OF FLIES in the window--buzzing like static.

LIVING ROOM

ON THE TV SCREEN

A reflection in the spiderweb of cracked glass.

Nolan shakes and screams at Brenna.

A couple slumps at the dinner table. Dead and decomposing.
Mom and Dad.

CUT TO BLACK.