

SCAREFEST PRESENTS:

"Premonitions"

By

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FADE IN:

Darkness.

Strained breathing close by.

A distant and muffled roar penetrates the darkness from somewhere unseen.

The breathing quickens.

Floorboards creak.

Dim light spill in as hands slowly push open a door and reveal --

INT. ROOM

-- faded wallpaper stained by crusted blood spatter. The wooden floor boards, semi covered by newspapers and other debris, show signs of heavy neglect.

Roaches dart across the floor as naked feet stalk through the room.

Droplets of blood hit the floor from above, some land on the feet.

A feminine hand rubs a deep blood-gushing cut on an arm.

A women moans.

She passes a cracked mirror, the reflection shows her long hair, her bruised naked body.

Her facial features obscured by the cracks in the glass though.

She freezes.

FEMALE VOICE

No. It was me.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(muffled)

Why do you seek me out?!

The deep basso voice reverberates against the walls.

Eyes search for an escape but find only boarded up window panes.

Heavy footsteps thump closer.

The feminine hand bangs against the wooden boards covering the pane. Puss and dust float to the floor.

A door splinters open.

Eyes turn.

A grotesquely deformed man stands in the shattered doorway. His swollen eyes gaze with a piercing stare.

Blood drips from a plastic apron wrapped tightly around his upper body.

Yielding a heavy axe, he takes a heavy step into the room.

THE GROTESQUE

Why do you all seek me out?!

FEMALE VOICE

(panicking)

It was always me!

Roaring, the man charges forward. He yanks the axe around, chops it down hard and everything goes

Black.

INT. DANA'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

DANA (30's) jolts in her bed, gasps for air. Her long hair sticks to her sweaty face.

She runs a hand across her face, wipes away the perspiration and gains control of her breathing.

Dana's soft features glow as the first faint rays of a dawning sun seep through the blinds.

Her puffy, sleep deprived eyes, blink. A sense of guilt looms deep within them.

KITCHEN

Dana sits down by a narrow table, pours herself a cup of coffee with one hand and flips on a small TV with the other.

Ignoring the TV, she sniffs the rising steam from the cup and looks up at news clippings fastened to a cupboard.

The largest clipping shows a black and white photo of a sparkling young girl, not even ten years old.

An embracing smile completes her young unconcerned face.

Bold letters headline the picture: "HAS ANYONE SEEN ANNABETH?"

On the second clipping, the words: "LITTLE GIRL FOUND DEAD", overshadow a picture of a small sheet-covered body lying in a rural ditch.

Dana sighs and sips the cup. She turns her attention to the TV.

INSERT - THE TV

An anchorman, sporting a unnaturally even tan, looks up with a serious look on his face.

ANCHORMAN

Authorities are still searching for clues in the disappearance of thirty-two year old Liz Hanson...

An image of a young woman fills the screen. Dark brown hair enclose her pretty - but not attractive - face.

ANCHORMAN

...Miss Hanson left work at Six PM last night and has not been seen since.

KITCHEN

Dana drops her cup. It glides through the air and smashes against the tile floor.

Mesmerized, she stares at the smiling Liz on the screen.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

(distant)

It was me.

Dana shakes her head and grabs her mouth.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)

So far the police has refused to comment on whether there could be a tie in to the disappearance of Sophie McAllister last week.

Tears roll down her face as her body trembles.

EXT. DANA'S RESIDENCE - DAY

An overcast sky looms ominously over a neat row of small suburban houses.

Dana, dressed in a formal business suit, exits her home and jumps into her car.

The small sedan revs and shoots off.

EXT. FREEWAY

A light drizzle showers the multiple cars zigzagging their way through traffic.

The outline of a major city grows in the horizon.

INT./EXT. CAR

Sucking hard on a cigarette, Dana maneuvers the car through a traffic jam under build up.

An expensive looking briefcase rests in the passenger seat.

She jabs the horn at the car in front of her, gesticulating with her arms.

DANA

Come on.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

(fading)

It was me.

Dana swallows and eyes a right turn a few hundred feet up ahead.

She shakes her head and focuses on the road in front of her.

Spots the turn again.

With a violent yank, she rips the car recklessly across three lanes, barely missing two cars on the way.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Dana's car pulls up opposite the entrance and she gets out. Her pumps click against the ground as she makes her way to the entrance.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

MIKE (40's), brash appearance but with jovial eyes, shows Dana a wooden chair near a table. She sits.

MIKE

Sorry about the room, miss. I hope you don't mind, but it's the only available one.

He hands her a Styrofoam cup of coffee.

DANA

Thanks. No, it's okay.

Mike sits down at the opposite side of the table, takes out a notepad and a pen.

MIKE

So, I understand you have some information about the disappearance of Liz Hanson, is that right?

DANA

Yes.

Mike looks up.

MIKE

And?

DANA

He's gonna kill her.

MIKE

Who?

DANA

The guy who took her.

MIKE

And you know this...how?

Dana nervously rub her hand against each other

DANA
I've...
(clears her throat)
...seen it.

Mike drops the pen.

MIKE
You've seen it? You actually saw
her get murdered?

DANA
Yes. Well, it hasn't actually
happened yet.

Mike stares at her.

DANA
But it will.

MIKE
Oh-kay.

He leans back in his chair, tosses the notepad on the table.

MIKE
So you're like one of them
psychics, huh? You see the future,
stuff like that?

Dana lowers her head.

DANA
I know how it sounds.

MIKE
I gotta admit, I'm a bit surprised
though. The other...
(smiles)
...psychics I've met don't usually
show up in a --

He looks at her suit.

MIKE
-- Donna Karan outfit.

DANA
It's a Vera Wang. And I'm not one
of "those" psychics. I'm telling
you it'll happen.

MIKE

I don't doubt that you believe that. But I'm a cop, lady, I need some kind evidence and unless --

WHAM. Dana slams her palm against the table.

DANA

It's happened before!

Her anger subsides only to be replaced by sorrow.

DANA

Remember two years ago? That little girl that disappeared?

MIKE

Annabeth?

DANA

Yes. I saw her kidnapped before it actually happened. I saw her die before she was killed. And I didn't do anything. I didn't tell a soul. You know why?

MIKE

Why?

DANA

Because I know how the world works.

Her lips tremble as she wipe tears from her eyes.

DANA

I'm a financial analyst and people tend to listen to me when I speak, but if I say I have visions then all of a sudden I'm a nutcase.

She takes a deep breath, calms down.

DANA

Prejudice, like yours, and my weakness killed that little girl two years ago.

Dana looks up at Mike with pleading eyes.

DANA

I'm begging you, don't let it happen again.

Mike sighs, slides his card across the table.

MIKE

If you have anything tangible, like
next week's lottery numbers, then
give me a call.

Dana fumes. She pushes the chair back and storms out of the room.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Dana stands by her car in pouring rain. Tears mix with precipitation. Furious, she kick the tire. A lightning cracks the sky.

QUICK FLASHES

-- Light reflects the blade of a hefty axe.

-- Blood spills off a table and shovers a dirty floor.

-- A woman screams in terror.

BACK TO SCENE

Physically hurt, Dana moans and stumbles against the car like a staggered boxer. She steadies herself and climbs into the sedan.

INT./EXT. CAR

Dana turns the key and the engine coughs to life. She adjusts the rearview mirror and puts the car in gear.

QUICK FLASHES

-- A dark basement

-- A set of stairs leading down.

-- An old rundown house.

BACK TO SCENE

Dana slams on the brake. The car wobbles and skids to a halt. She fixates on her reflection in the rearview mirror.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

It was me.

Around her, cars honk their horns at her but she pays them no mind.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

It was always me.

DANA

No.

She stomps the gas pedal and blows out into the street.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Dana's sedan creeps along wet streets, slowly inching its way forward.

Brake lights bathe the reflective road in red. The car rolls backwards and stops.

In front of an old rundown house.

EXT. HOUSE

Dana exits the car, stares at the building. No light escapes the house. An unkept lawn, overgrown and littered with garbage, leads to a wooden structure in dire need of a paintjob.

Dana bites her lower lip and moves forward.

Moving through knee-high grass, she spots a set of stairs at the base of the building -- leading down.

The wooden steps creaks as she carefully descends each one. She stops in front of a rusted door.

Dana cocks her ear and presses it against the door. The door creaks on its hinges. She pulls back. Presses a finger against it.

The door glides open a few inches. She peeks inside, sees nothing but darkness. Dana gently shoves the door open a bit more.

Rats shoot through the opening. Dana jumps back, holds a hand against her mouth to suppress a scream.

Calm again, she slips inside.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT

The scarce light from the outside reveals a decaying interior. Rusted pipes, piles of junk and mildew covered walls.

Dana nearly bumps her head against the low hanging ceiling. Mindful of her steps, she tiptoes forward.

Stops.

Muffled by the structure, she hears a woman's pleading voice.

DANA
(whispering)
Liz?

Something heavy thumps against the floor above her. The woman's screams grow louder.

Dana reaches out for the wall. Finding it, she uses it to guide her along the basement until she reaches a short flight of steps that leads to a door.

Something mechanical revs above her. The screaming ends abruptly.

Holding her breath, she turns the knob ever so gently. The door argues a bit but opens slightly. Dana bends to her knees and peers through the crack.

A large figure moves past the opening and disappears from view.

Dana pulls back instinctively. She checks the crack again. Nothing. She squeezes through.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Lit by a single exposed light bulb, the hall reeks of dereliction. Moisture bulging wallpaper hangs from the walls, barely holding on.

Smears of blood stain the otherwise dust covered floor.

Dana covers her nose with her blouse.

She gently slips out of her pumps and, like a minefield, tests the floor for creaks.

The house is eerily quiet.

Dana slides further down the hallway, casting quick glances in all directions. A closed door on her right side beckons her.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
No. No, please.

A floorboard creaks underneath Dana's feet. She freezes.

CLICK. The light goes out.

Heavy footsteps belt toward her. Her breathing quickens.

THUD. Dana moans. A body slumps to the floor.

INT. HOUSE - ABATTOIR

Bright light blinds Dana as her eyes struggle open. A crusted wound decorates the top of her forehead.

Her eyes adjust to the light, she looks around.

White tiled walls surround a large wooden table. Dried and caked blood cover the table's surface.

A thick and semi-translucent plastic curtain separates the room in two.

Behind the curtain, a blurred figure stirs about, fires up something that sounds like a buzzsaw. It rips into something wet and crunchy.

Dana gasps as a dark liquid showers the other side of the curtain.

She tries to move. Can't.

Dana looks down. Her feet dangles a few inches off the ground. She looks up and sees her bound hands secured to a meat hook.

Dana screams. Her naked body struggles against the restraints but to no avail.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Don't. He'll hurt you.

Dana twists her head to her right. A couple of yards next to her hangs LIZ HANSON. Shackled like Dana, her naked body displays fresh bruises.

DANA
Liz? Liz Hanson?

Liz peers a swollen eye at Dana.

LIZ
Yeah.
(puzzled)
How did you --

DANA
I saw you.

LIZ
On TV?

DANA
No. I saw you.

A realization dawns on Liz. She gives Dana an almost regretful smile.

LIZ
'You're clairvoyant too?

Taken aback, Dana swallows.

DANA
Too? You mean...?

A tear rolls from Liz' bloodshot eye. It crosses her broken nose and disappears into her mouth.

LIZ
Yeah. We both are.

DANA
"We"?

Liz nods towards the curtain.

LIZ
Me and Sophie. She disappeared
about a week ago. I...saw her too.

The curtain yanks to the side. Dana screams at the sight of a grotesquely deformed man.

His swollen eyes gaze with a piercing stare above a surgical mask.

Blood drips from a plastic apron wrapped tightly around his upper body.

He tosses something heavy at the table. It whirls around and comes to a dripping halt. Dana regurgitates.

The pulpy eyes on SOPHIE MCALLISTER's decapitated head stare up at her. Dana spews vomit all over the floor. Liz screams.

The Grotesque observes the two women for a moment and then pries Liz from the hook. He slams her against the table, squeezing her face with her massive hands.

THE GROTESQUE

Why are you here?! Why did you come?!

Liz cries out in agony.

DANA

Stop it!

THE GROTESQUE

Why do you seek me out?!

He grabs the leather cord secured around Liz' hands and jerks it. It doesn't come off. His big fingers fumbles with the knot. Nothing.

Huffing like an enraged bull he slams a fist against Liz' face. Again and again until her face is a bloody pulp.

Furious, he retrieves the buzzsaw from behind the curtain. He revs the blade. Bubbles of blood form in Liz' mouth.

LIZ

(weak)

Please.

The Grotesque drives the rotating blade through both her wrists. Her hands come off as blood spurts from exposed arteries.

DANA

No!

Free from restraints, Liz' arms flail about. She screams as blood shower the surroundings.

Dana jerks her hands violently against the meat hook.

The Grotesque grabs one of Liz' arms, steadies it against the table and wrenches the blade up through the middle of her arm, from the wrist to the elbow.

The arm flaps into two lumps, a severed bone in the center.

Dana manages to pierce the leather cord with the meat hook's pointy end. It shreds slightly.

Reaching the climax of his orgasmic rage, The Grotesque races the rotating blades across Liz' kneecaps. The bone shatter with a nauseating crunch.

Not satisfied, he turns to Liz' feet. One by one he slices off her toes. Liz doesn't move anymore.

Dana tugs her hands down hard. The cord snaps. She lands clumsily on her feet and tumbles around.

The Grotesque roars and lashes out at her. The buzzsaw graces her lower arm, opening a deep wound. Dana yelps and scampers to her feet and bolts for the door.

Seeing her disappearing into the hallway, The Grotesque drops the buzzsaw and grabs a hefty axe.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Darkness.

Strained breathing close by.

A distant and muffled roar penetrates the darkness from somewhere unseen.

The breathing quickens.

Floorboards creak.

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Droplets of blood hit the floor from above, some land on her feet.

Dana rubs the deep blood gushing cut on her arm and moans.

She passes a cracked mirror, the reflection shows her long hair, her bruised naked body. Dana freezes, sees her own face in the mirror's cracked reflection.

An awful realization dawns on her.

DANA

No. It was me.

THE GROTESQUE (O.S.)

(muffled)

Why do you seek me out?!

The deep basso voice reverberates against the walls.

Dana searches for an escape but finds only boarded up window panes.

Heavy footsteps thump closer.

Dana bangs a hand against the wooden boards covering the pane. Puss and dust float to the floor.

A door splinters open.

Dana turns.

Yielding the heavy axe, The Grotesque takes a heavy step into the room.

THE GROTESQUE

Why do you all seek me out?!

DANA

(panicking)

It was always me!

Roaring, the man charges forward. He yanks the axe around, chops it down hard and everything fades to

BLACK

THE END