

THE DEMON WITHIN

by

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DARKNESS

A baby GIGGLES.

Indecipherable WHISPERS.

The baby CRIES.

FOOTSTEPS pace across a floor.

Shrill anxious BREATHING.

The baby SCREAMS.

FADE IN:

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) A blood speckled light bulb flickers as it swings from a loose wire in the ceiling.

B) A hand grips a blood stained butcher knife.

C) Overturned furniture covered in blood.

D) Gore splattered ripped wallpaper drips red.

E) RICHARD, 33. Bloodied face. His eyes tremble in fear.

RICHARD

Don't do this... please don't do
this to us.

DARKNESS

Richard SCREAMS in pain.

A terrifying female SCREAM.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

A baby CRIES as she squirms in a blood covered pram. A menacing shadow crawls over her. She stops crying.

DARKNESS

FOOTSTEPS walk away. WHISPERS fade.

Silence.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

The blood covered face of blonde KAREN REED, 22. She stares into the abyss as her lip quivers with terror.

She sits huddled in a corner, covered head to toe in blood. She shakes uncontrollably, traumatized by the horror that has taken place.

Darkness...

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

...gives way to an array of mesmerizing colors. The beautiful iris. Bright whiteness of the sclera. Karen's dazzling eyes.

Karen, 30. She's reverted to her natural color, brunette. Her eyes maintain an inner beauty despite the haggard tracksuit she wears and the fatigued pale complexion of her skin.

A loud SQUEAKING sound snaps Karen out of her gaze.

A stern NURSE passes her with a medical trolley. Wheels SQUEAK with every other turn. She disappears down a bend.

Karen sits alone on a chair in a long white empty corridor. She fidgets. Impatient to get out, afraid to be free.

DR. WHITE (V.O.)

As Karen Reed's parents, you are aware of your legal obligations?

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

JILL REED (52, short blonde hair, oozes Susie Homemaker friendliness and comfort) and PETE REED (60, well-built, professional, Hollywood handsome, silver hair) sit together opposite a desk. They nod in agreement.

A stern therapist, DR. CLAIRE WHITE (40, red hair, drained face, sunken eyes hidden behind big red glasses), analyses their sincerity. Satisfied, she checks files on her desk.

DR. WHITE

I've passed on Karen's file to a therapist closer to home. You are still living at 219 Garden View?

JILL

Yes.

DR. WHITE

Very secluded area.

JILL

It is very beautiful. We both think
it would be perfect for Karen - -

DR. WHITE

She must meet with her therapist
once a week and take her medicine
daily.

White's coldness takes Jill and Pete by surprise.

DR. WHITE

She needs rest and recuperation.

White looks up at Jill and Pete.

DR. WHITE

The last thing she needs is
seclusion.

White fills out a form. Hands it to Pete.

DR. WHITE

I'll advise you not to push her.
Don't ask about what happened.
Don't try and force her to relive
the incident.

PETE

We understand, Dr. White. It really
has been an ordeal for everyone.

DR. WHITE

You deserve praise for what you're
doing. Some may have abandoned her
but you seem to understand Karen
was not to blame. It's important to
understand she too was a victim.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

A nameplate on a door: "DR. WHITE - THERAPIST".

The door opens.

Jill and Pete exit the therapist's office.

Karen stands. Looks at them like a lost puppy.

Jill and Pete hug her affectionately.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Pete's family car drives through busy traffic.

INT. PETE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

Pete drives. Jill in the passenger seat. Karen sits in the back. She gazes out at the hectic scenes with an innocent pensiveness.

EXT. CALIFORNIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Sun-kissed golden hills and fields.

Horses graze in green pastures.

Pete's car drives down a desolate twisting road surrounded by beautiful contrasts of green shrubbery and golden grass.

INT. PETE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

Radio plays a happy feel good song.

Karen admires the view. She raises an optimistic smile.

KAREN

Can I roll down the window?

JILL

Of course you can, honey.

Karen rolls down the window. Enjoys the cool breeze.

PETE

You don't need to ask, Karen.
You're free now, sugar. You don't
need to answer to Dr. No anymore.

JILL

Oh Pete, really.

PETE

Oh really what? I used to be a
doctor remember? I know a quack
when I see one.

Jill turns to Karen.

JILL

Dr. White seemed like a nice
person. Very professional.

Pete chortles in disagreement. Karen smiles.

KAREN

Are you still teaching, mom?

Jill smiles sheepishly. She turns back.

JILL
I've moved onto better things.

Pete looks harshly at Jill. She ignores his gaze.

PETE
We both have.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A long straight road divides a sea of golden hay on either side.

Blades of a windmill CREAK as they move gently from a small gust of wind. A worn but menacing scarecrow stands in a field. A desolate rundown old farmhouse.

Pete's car moves down the quiet country road.

EXT. ENTRANCE ROAD TO REED HOUSE - DAY

Pete's car drives down a long dust road.

A menacing four bedroom Victorian house looms at the top.

INT. PETE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

Karen squirms uncomfortably as the house comes into view.

EXT. REED HOUSE - DAY

A modest home surrounded by an acre of land. Immaculate gardens. Woodland circles the area. Yet, despite its splendor, there is a threat in the seclusion.

Pete parks his car.

Jill, Pete and Karen exit the vehicle. Pete takes a suitcase from the trunk and heads inside the house.

Karen scans the area. Old memories begin to return.

She gazes transfixed at a large distant gardening shed.

A hand gently touches Karen's shoulder.

Karen turns, slightly taken aback.

It's Jill.

JILL
You OK, baby?

Karen forces a smile.

Jill nods towards the gardening shed.

JILL

We were going to renovate it into a guest house and rent it out. It's just too big for our needs.

Jill gently rubs Karen's back. She coerces her towards the house like a fragile ornament that's about to break.

JILL

Come on. Let's get you inside.

Jill takes her hand and leads her towards the house.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Karen breaks hands with Jill.

She looks back at the gardening shed.

Windows glimmer in the hazy sunlight. Sinister.

Jill, anxious, keeps her distance.

JILL

Karen?

Karen turns to Jill with a reassuring smile.

KAREN

I'm OK.

They enter the house through a front door decorated with beautifully glazed stained glass panels.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - REED HOUSE - DAY

Jill and Karen enter inside.

A nearby door leads into the living room. A door at the end of the hallway leads to the kitchen. A balustrade protected staircase leads up into darkness. A TICKING grandfather clock rests against the shelf-laden staircase wall.

JILL

Home is where the heart is.

Jill notices Karen's suitcase on the floor. Hands-on-hips, she tuts and rolls her eyes.

JILL

Pete? Pete, where are you?

Pete replies from upstairs.

PETE (O.S.)
(agitated)
I'm in the bathroom.

JILL
You could have taken Karen's
suitcase with you.

Jill looks at Karen. Men. Useless creatures. Karen smiles.

JILL
Home is also where your father
spends most of his time leaving a
woman to do a man's job.

Jill takes the suitcase into the livingroom.

Karen gingerly explores the hallway.

Antiques sit on top of a large oak cabinet. A shelf contains
medical and teaching doctorates. Various notable
certificates. The grandfather clock.

Karen ventures further down the hallway.

A slim ray of sunlight differentiates the shade of peach
colored wallpaper.

She looks closer.

Various stains. Removed picture frames. A removed crucifix.

One photo frame remains. Karen steps back, shocked.

INSERT PHOTO FRAME PIC:

A happy couple on their wedding day. A younger heavily
pregnant Karen. The handsome groom, Richard.

BACK TO SCENE

Jill enters from the livingroom.

JILL
I put your case on your father's
favorite seat. That ought to --

She freezes as she spots Karen gazing at the photo.

Jill delicately approaches Karen. She gently takes down the
frame. She smothers it against her chest. Karen looks down to
the floor, unable to hide her pain.

Pete stampedes buoyantly down the staircase. He steps into
the hallway.

PETE

Karen, you're room awaits, my Princess.

Pete notices the sombre mood.

JILL

(to Pete)

You forgot to take this down.

Jill shows Pete the photo. Karen squirms uncomfortably.

An awkward silence.

KAREN

It's OK, seriously, no big deal.

Jill and Pete scowl at each other from across the hall.

KAREN

I'd like to have it.

Jill turns to Karen. Her frown changes instantly into a motherly smile.

JILL

Not just yet, baby. Not just yet.

She strokes Karen's hair, a bid to pacify the tame.

Karen meekly nods her head.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

An ancient '90s style radio plays an old '70s number.

Jill, apron-clad, cheerfully moves around a black and white checkered tiled floor like a chess piece Queen as she prepares a family dinner.

Moving back and forth from oak cabinets to a bead covered pantry, Jill meticulously takes and places food on a large sturdy dinner table.

Karen moves from a frosted window covered back door, keen to avoid a collision. She lingers in the hallway doorway.

JILL

Why don't you have a seat? Dinner won't be long.

KAREN

I might take a look around. Make myself feel at home again. Get reacquainted with the place.

Jill approves with her customary smile and nod.

JILL
OK, honey. I'll give you a shout.

Karen heads down the hallway.

Jill watches her. Her smile fades.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Karen enters a large spacious room.

Lavish furniture. Expensive ornaments and antiques sit on shelves. Sunlight reflects off expensive wood flooring. A full bookcase fit for a library. Karen takes little notice of two book titles which stand out: A PERSONAL SACRIFICE and SACRIFICING THE THINGS YOU LOVE.

Karen swipes dust from the top of a modest television. Not been used in ages. She takes the remote. Turns the box on and off, just to make sure it works.

A piggish GRUNT.

Karen turns to see -

- Pete asleep, SNORING in a reclining chair. Karen chortles.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Karen gazes up at the dark staircase. Intimidating.

Her hand grips a wooden rail as she makes her way up steep wooden steps.

Karen reaches halfway up the stairs. The rail CREAKS.

Karen stops. Fear -

- subsides into nervous giggles.

KAREN
Nothing changes.

She's about to step further up the staircase -

Jill calls out from the kitchen.

JILL (O.S.)
What was that, hun?

KAREN
Nothing, mom.

Karen crouches. She looks through the wooden balustrade and spots Jill standing at the kitchen door.

JILL

Don't worry about the stairs. Your father's gonna do something about that God-awful noise one of these days.

Jill disappears back inside the kitchen.

KAREN

(softly to herself)
Yeah right, mom. You said the same thing twenty years ago.

Karen makes her way up the remaining steps.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Karen emerges from the top of the staircase. She pauses as she looks down a gloomy hallway.

Slim rays of daylight seep from underneath four closed doors.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Karen enters the bathroom.

She remembers the sickly green wallpaper that covers the walls with revulsion.

She pulls back a shower curtain.

Light from a frosted window barely penetrates the room.

KAREN

Nothing changes at all.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY

A door CREAKS ajar.

Karen sneaks a look inside. Her jaw drops.

Splendidly lit by dazzling sunlight. Luxurious. Expensive furnishings. A four-poster bed fit for a King and Queen.

A cream colored rotary dial telephone sits on a decadent table near a white curtain window.

Karen's surprised. How can they afford all this stuff?

INT. SPARE ROOM - DAY

An empty room lit by glorious sunlight.

Karen stands by the window. She opens it. She savors the warmth of the sun's glow and the feel of a gentle breeze.

Karen looks out of the window.

A dirt ridden ledge. Vines spiral down the side of the house. The hazy sunlit gardening shed looms in the distance.

Karen, unsettled, closes the window.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Karen closes the spare room door. She's relieved to be out of there.

Taking a calm breath, she moves down the hallway.

She turns to two closed doors close together.

She opens the first door.

Something crashes down in front of her making a loud metallic CLANG.

Karen jumps back -- realizes it's just a step ladder. She's opened the boiler room door.

Karen laughs, relieved. She tuts at her own stupidity.

She looks up at the ceiling. A closed attic hatch.

She replaces the fold-up step ladder on a shelf inside the boiler room and closes the door.

Karen tries door number two. Opens it.

This is the one she was looking for.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Karen stands mesmerized at the doorway. Bathed in sunlight, it looks just how it was all those years ago.

Spotless. A comfortable single bed. Fresh linen. A dressing table and mirror. A giant double-door wardrobe.

Karen swipes her hand over the dressing table. No dust. She catches her reflection in a recently cleaned mirror.

She smiles. It's good to be home.

MOMENT LATER

Karen looks out of the window.

A scenic view overlooks the front of the house. Beautiful gardens. Sunlit greenery. The long entrance road that disappears in between a distant cluster of trees.

Warmed by the view Karen can't help but smile.

She takes a thoughtfully placed cuddly toy from her pillow and collapses on her bed with it.

She gazes up at a white ceiling, her eyelids growing heavy as she relaxes in comfort. It feels so good to be back home.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Red in the face, Jill grips a masher as she pounds potatoes in a saucepan. She beats the vegetable with vigor.

She pauses for breath.

JILL

Pete! Dinner's ready any minute.

Pete enters. He sits at the table. Yawns.

Jill, irritated, turns from the cooker.

JILL

Oh, you're tired?

PETE

We've had a long day, Jill. Don't start.

Jill turns back to the cooker. Sighs. Mashes the potatoes even harder.

Pete takes a newspaper and reads it.

Jill takes a moment. Calms down with some deep breaths. She calls out:

JILL

(Brady Bunch angelic)

Karen! Dinner's ready, sweetheart!

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Karen rushes excitedly down the stairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Karen strolls through the hallway. She stops halfway.

She's intimidated by the sight of a basement door.

She snaps out of it and heads inside the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Karen, Jill and Pete eat at the table. Happy families.

KAREN

Thank you for this, mom. It's really good.

Jill gives Karen a beaming smile. Strokes her hair.

JILL

Aww, bless. Anything for you my darling. A home cooked meal is just what you need.

Jill looks across at Pete. He wolfs down his food.

JILL

I'm not sure if your Dad's enjoying it or choking on it.

Pete looks up from his plate. Smiles broadly.

PETE

I've said it a million times. You're cooking is so good, once I start I just can't stop.

JILL

Well, it's always nice to hear a compliment.

PETE

I've complimented you every day for thirty-two years.

JILL

Thirty-three, Pete. We've been married thirty-three years.

Pete shrugs as he continues his mission to become the world's next best competitive eater.

KAREN

That's a long time these days. I'm thankful you guys have lasted.

Karen's compliment brings a flattered "ahh, how sweet" from Pete and Jill.

JILL

We're just delighted you're back where you belong. Home with us.

KAREN

Thank you. Both of you. I'm grateful. I'll make it up to you.

Pete savagely cuts up his remaining food. Karen notices. Something unsettles her about it.

KAREN

So tell me, guys. You seem to be doing really well. How come you switched jobs so drastically and still managed to buy out the Queen of Sheba?

Awkward silence. Pete and Jill look at each other.

Karen's about to apologize --

JILL

Teaching became difficult. The school adopted a different code of ethics that I was unhappy with so I felt it was time to move on.

PETE

They wanted your mother to move across state and teach elsewhere.

JILL

We were not prepared to do that. Just up and leave. Ridiculous.

KAREN

So now you just do charity work?

JILL

Just because I work in a charity shop doesn't mean I don't get paid.

KAREN

Oh... right. I thought that was the whole point.

Pete and Jill talk at the same time and get their words muddled up.

JILL

The point is I still get paid...

PETE

Your mother gets rewarded by helping others...

They laugh awkwardly. Karen senses it.

KAREN

Maybe it's none of my business.

PETE

Of course it is. We're a family. We share everything.

KAREN

I didn't mean to pry.

PETE

Your curiosity is understandable.
Your mother gave up a teaching job
and I gave up my position as an
M.D. -- to become a butcher. But I
have my own store. It provides
enough for both of us to get by on.
Comfortably.

Karen sips her drink. She doesn't buy the explanation.

KAREN

It's my fault isn't it.

Pete leaves the table. Stretches his arms and yawns.

Jill takes Karen's hand in her own. She gazes at her daughter
with sympathetic eyes.

Karen tries to withdraw her hands. She can't. They're locked
inside Jill's vice-like grip.

KAREN

Mom... you're hurting me...

Jill smiles.

JILL

I know, honey.

Pete opens a drawer.

His fingers linger over the cutlery. Knives. Skewers. Forks.
Meat cleaver.

Karen struggles to free herself from Jill's grasp.

PETE (O.S.)

A couple of questions bother me.

Pete walks around the table with the meat cleaver.

PETE

The first is what I really felt
about tonight's dinner.

Pete slams the meat cleaver into Jill's head - splits it in
two like a melon.

Jill's twitching hands pin Karen's to the table like robotic
machinery. Karen SCREAMS.

Pete slowly moves towards Karen.

Karen's scream becomes mute. No voice, no noise. Silence.

She can't move. Stuck to her seat.

Pete slams the meat cleaver into the edge of the table.

PETE

The second thing that bothers me;
people yapping when I'm trying to
eat.

Pete takes a carving fork from the table.

He stands behind Karen and directs the blade in her face.

PETE

So, Princess, why don't you just
eat this and shut the fuck up.

Pete slams the blade in Karen's screaming mouth.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Karen bolts up in her bed. Just a nightmare.

She scans the moonlit room as she adjusts to her
surroundings. Rain pelts the window.

Karen takes a pharmaceutical container from her bedside
cabinet. She pops a pill with a glass of water.

Karen lay back in bed. She closes her eyes.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Radiant sunlight beams on Karen's peaceful sleeping face.

Jill calls from downstairs.

JILL (O.S.)

Karen? You awake, honey?

Karen's eyes twitter open.

She sits up in her bed. Rustles her hair. Quite a night.

JILL (O.S.)

Karen? You've got your therapy
meeting today. We don't want to be
late, sweetie.

KAREN

(irritated)
I know, mom.

She takes a deep breath. Much calmer.

KAREN

Thanks. I'll be down in a bit.

An odd distant CREAKING.

Curious, Karen gets out of her bed.

A SQUEAKING mingles with the CREAKING. Closer.

Karen scans the room, trying to locate the noise.

It's coming from outside.

Karen brushes a white net aside and looks out of her window.

VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

A POSTMAN (23) rides a rickety old bicycle towards the house.

He vanishes from view. Sound of mail being posted downstairs.

A moment later, the postman rides away.

BACK TO SCENE

Intrigued, Karen keeps watching through the window.

She smiles. Amused by the ancient bicycle. Happy to see such a normal everyday activity.

She looks at a clock on her bedside table.

It reads - 9:50.

EXT. GOODWILL CLINIC - DAY

An old Victorian house that has been transformed into a therapeutic clinic.

A signpost reads - *GOODWILL CLINIC, EST. 1950*

INT. DR. BLACK'S OFFICE - DAY

A green iguana sits motionless in a glass cage.

Karen sits nervously at a desk. Her eyes lock on to the iguana. She's repelled by it.

Karen bows her head, intimidated.

She fidgets with her fingers.

Karen looks back up, refusing to lose to a harmless creature. She plays a short game of trying to stare-out the iguana.

The iguana wins.

The office door opens.

DR. MARION BLACK (55, a wrinkled grain-faced optimistic therapist) enters clutching a folder full of papers.

DR. BLACK

Karen Reed? I do apologize for the delay. I'm Dr. Marion Black.

Karen stands to greet her. Black bumbles around to shake her hand. She places her files on the desk. They finally shake hands. The lightheartedness eases Karen's mood.

Black gestures Karen to retake her seat as she sits opposite the desk.

KAREN

Your receptionist said it would be OK to wait in here.

Black nods as she takes a file from her drawer and places it on her overcrowded desk. She puts on some spectacles and looks up - notices Karen wincing at the iguana.

DR. BLACK

Eye catching isn't he?

Karen forces a smile.

LATER

Dr. Black observes as Karen pours out her soul.

KAREN

...and when I wake up, I feel like I can't breathe.

DR. BLACK

It really is perfectly normal, Karen. Of course I'm concerned but dreams are a subconscious way for the mind to deal with trauma.

KAREN

After eight years?

DR. BLACK

Going back to your childhood home is a big trigger point. It's a big step for you to take. But time does heal wounds.

KAREN

I'm not so sure. I can't imagine ever losing this pain. I'm not sure I'd want to.

DR. BLACK

Guilt is all a part of the grieving process. You worked on accepting these emotions in the hospital. It's a different kettle of fish, but you have to do the same now you're outside.

KAREN

I don't know if I'm strong enough. But I don't want to end up back inside...

DR. BLACK

That's the last thing I want to happen, Karen. And I don't believe you're not strong enough. It's going to be tough, sure, but when you feel like hiding - don't. Face your feelings. Understand them.

KAREN

Metaphorically speaking, I've gotta beat the demon within?

DR. BLACK

You don't have to beat anything, Karen. You have no demons. Only painful memories.

Karen nods solemnly. Black picks up her vibe.

DR. BLACK

But if you want me to don my Carl Jung philosophical hat - there's only one way to conquer your demons, Karen. You don't beat them. You deal with them face to face. Don't run away from them. Don't ever feel alone. I'm going to be here to help you every step of the way.

LATER

Dr. Black gives Karen a diary.

KAREN

Do I have to fill this out every day or...?

DR. BLACK

No, no, no. It's not a requirement.
It's something you might find
useful. Keep your mind active. If
it drifts, write it down. If you
feel scared, write why. You'll soon
see you're in control of your own
mind.

Karen heads to the door. It's been a positive session.

DR. BLACK

Oh, Karen?

Karen looks back. Dr. Black writes out a prescription.

DR. BLACK

I'm going to prescribe you
something slightly stronger.

Karen looks at the iguana. It's beady eyes locked on her.

Karen collects the prescription note.

The iguana HISSES. Flicks it's fork tongue.

Karen jolts back, unnerved.

Dr. Black smiles.

DR. BLACK

You'll get used to Harry. He's a
bit like me. All hiss and no bite.

EXT. VILLAGE - SHOPPING PARADE - DAY

Clean well-kept streets. Old fashioned country charm. Antique stores dominate the quaint parade.

Jill's charity shop. An old store empty of custom. Jill, depressed, leans on the counter.

Pete's butcher shop. Empty of custom. Pete aggressively sharpens his blades behind the counter.

Karen enjoys window shopping as she moves through the quiet old fashioned row of shops.

Karen admires a boutique. Many beautiful items in the display window. She notices a job advertisement.

The ad reads - *Salesperson and store helper needed! No experience required. Please apply within or call 07079779695.*

She tries the door. Locked. A sign reads - *CLOSED FOR LUNCH.*

Karen returns to the advert. She takes the diary and a pen from her pocket. She eagerly writes the phone number down.

Excited that her luck might be changing she turns around and bumps into - -

A stern OLD WOMAN (64).

OLD WOMAN

There's no point applying. You'd only be wasting your time.

KAREN

Oh? How come?

OLD WOMAN

It's not available.

KAREN

I see. Has it gone?

OLD WOMAN

No.

KAREN

Then how do you know it's not available?

The old woman unlocks the store door.

OLD WOMAN

It's my shop.

She enters inside and rudely slams the door behind her.

Karen stands puzzled.

EXT. BUS STOP - SHOPPING PARADE - VILLAGE - DAY

Karen stands by an empty bus shelter.

An ELDERLY COUPLE stare at her from across the street.

Karen fidgets, nervous. She looks to the ground. Looks back up.

SEVERAL ELDERLY PEOPLE stare at her from across the street.

Karen turns to check what monster lurks behind. Nothing there. She turns back to the gawking crowd. Intimidated, she awkwardly looks down at the pavement.

Karen's fist tightens. *Why are they staring at me? Stop staring at me.*

Karen looks back up. The sidewalk is empty.

A bus pulls in. Karen hops on board.

INT. BUS - DAY

Karen pays the BUS DRIVER. She turns to search for a seat - stops, horrified.

The elderly people from across the street stare at her from their seats. Disdain, frowns, menacing.

Within a blink, their faces change into wide-eyed gray colored demons.

EXT. BUS STOP - SHOPPING PARADE - VILLAGE - DAY

An elderly woman gently shakes Karen. She snaps awake. She looks up, terrified, at a friendly pensioner.

FEMALE PENSIONER

You're gonna miss your bus, dear.

Karen grasps her surroundings. A bus pulls in.

KAREN

Thank you...

Karen boards the bus, still shaky from her daydream.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

A bus drives past a large, quiet cemetery.

Karen opens a CREAKING gate. She enters inside.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Karen places memorial flowers over two close graves. She kneels in sombre mood.

KAREN

(sobs)

Why did you leave me? I'll do anything to make it up, anything.

Karen looks up, tears streaming down her cheeks. Her expression changes into fear.

A DARK FIGURE watches her from the far end of the cemetery.

Karen trembles, shocked. It's *him*...

No. Can't be. Karen looks down to the ground. Closes her eyes. Takes deep breaths. She can't resist. Looks up.

The dark figure has vanished.

Karen's shaky. She takes a moment to gather her thoughts.

A muddy hand CLUTCHES her shoulder.

Karen spins around.

A concerned CARETAKER (65) gazes down at her.

CARETAKER
Ma'am, you OK?

Karen stands up. She runs away leaving the Caretaker stunned.

EXT. ENTRANCE ROAD TO REED HOUSE - DAY

Karen, perplexed and confused by the events of the day, rubs her hair aggressively as she walks towards the house.

EXT. PORCH - REED HOUSE - DAY

Karen heads for the front door. She stops.

She gazes towards the gardening shed, unsettled.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - REED HOUSE - DAY

Front door CREAKS open. Karen enters inside.

An eerie stillness. TICK-TOCK of the grandfather clock.

KAREN
Hey mum.

TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK...

KAREN
Dad?

TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK...

Karen SLAMS the door shut behind her in a bid to show the house who's boss.

Karen relaxes. She removes her shoes.

KAREN
Of course. Normal people have jobs to go to.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Karen slumps it on the settee.

She flicks through various television channels.

Music videos. Daytime movies.

Karen turns the TV off with the remote. Sighs.

She sits up, determined not to dwell in her boredom.

MONTAGE

Karen cleans the downstairs of the house.

1. Karen vacuums the living room. She stops halfway. Flicks on the TV. Chooses a pop music channel. Smiles as she carries on cleaning.

2. Karen cleans the kitchen. She's happy to be active. Every tiny speck of grime removed brings a smile to her face.

3. Karen vacuums the stairs. She even manages small happy dance movements as the music plays.

END MONTAGE

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Karen dusts the grandfather clock and shelves.

She reaches the basement door.

Karen freezes. Something about it frightens her.

Music from the television abruptly stops. Silence.

Nervous, Karen turns to the living room doorway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Karen stands puzzled at the doorway.

The television has turned off.

Suddenly, the television turns on.

Karen stands transfixed. Too frightened to move.

Channels flick automatically. Rapid speed. Finally settles on a movie. Adult content. Pin number required. The pin number is automatically entered.

Karen stares in disbelief.

A horror movie plays. A slasher. Some maniac knifes a helpless guy to death. Screams and gore galore.

Karen grabs the remote. She turns the television off.
She stands shaking in silence.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Karen wakes on her bed. She sits up, confused.
RIOTOUS VOICES outside.
Karen groggily climbs out of her bed.
She looks out of the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

An angry group of TOWNSFOLK stand beyond the porch. Three men, a woman, a photographer and a journalist.

Karen strains to listen in on the heated argument.

Pete's overriding voice booms out. Karen takes a step back.

PETE (O.S.)

You ain't got no right bein' here
so you best get the hell on out or
I guarantee you there's gonna be
some trouble!

ANGRY MAN #1

We wanna know what you and your
wife are up to, Mister!

ANGRY WOMAN

The good people of this town have a
right to know!

ANGRY MAN #2

We don't feel safe with your kind
on our doorstep. We want rid!

PETE (O.S.)

I'm gonna give you a warning right
here and now. If you ever come here
again and bother my family --

ANGRY MAN #3

You'll what? Kill us?

Mocking laughter breaks out.

PETE (O.S.)

Get outta here!

The townsfolk flee down the path. A mixture of fear and
satisfaction that they've rattled the roost.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen, bewildered, steps away from the window.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Pete and Jill linger, flushed faces from their confrontation.

PETE

God-damn morons. Don't they know
this is the twenty-first century?

Karen rushes down the staircase.

KAREN

What was that all about?

Pete looks at Karen. Lost for words. He turns to Jill.

Jill smothers Karen with an unwanted hug.

JILL

Don't let it upset you, honey. It's
got nothing to do with you.

KAREN

I'm not upset, mom.

Karen breaks from Jill's embrace.

KAREN

Who were they?

PETE

Religious zealots. Pissed with us
for not attending church anymore.

Karen half-buys it.

KAREN

Seriously?

JILL

Times change but some people stay
the same.

KAREN

Talk about an overreaction. Why
bring a photographer?

JILL

People around here overreact all
the time. They held a protest over
Nancy Collin's cookie store
changing the recipe for God's sake!

Pete nods with a smile.

PETE

We were one of the biggest donators to that church. I think it's obvious they miss us more than we miss them.

KAREN

Wow. I thought I was nuts.

Jill smothers Karen with another overbearing hug as she laughs joyfully. Karen cringes.

Pete trudges off into the livingroom. Karen's grateful for the excuse to break from Jill.

KAREN

Oh, dad?

PETE (O.S.)

Yup?

KAREN

Is there something wrong with the TV?

Pete slowly emerges and stands in the livingroom doorway. He cuts an intimidating presence.

PETE

(off-kilter)

Why'd you ask, honey?

KAREN

Well it kept turning on and off --

JILL

Oh, that happens all of the time.

Jill patronizingly pats Karen on her back.

JILL

It's an old model. I'm surprised it turns on at all.

Jill gives Pete a spirited pat on his arm as she retreats to the kitchen, whistling an annoyingly cheerful tune.

Pete doesn't respond to the playful pat. He seems curious as to Karen's query. Serious.

KAREN

It just comes on one minute then turns off, then on again?

PETE

(under his breath)

Your mother or the television.

KAREN

Huh?

PETE

I'll take a look at it.

JILL (O.S.)

Oh, Pete. As if you know anything about that box. You never even watch it. Go get some rest, Karen. I'll wake you for dinner.

KAREN

OK... sure.

Karen heads upstairs.

PETE

Karen.

Karen stops halfway. Looks down at her dad.

PETE

You're taking your pills, right?

KAREN

Yeah... of course.

PETE

Good girl.

Pete retreats inside the livingroom.

Karen walks up the stairs, more confused than when she came down.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Moonlight shines through frosted front door windows.

TICK-TOCK of the grandfather clock.

CLOSE IN on the basement door. Something sinister lay beyond. But we keep slowly moving toward it as if in a dream state. We come up close to the door...

DARKNESS

Something (POV) emerges from beyond the basement door. Sweeps across the moonlit hallway.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Something drifts silently up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Something moves across the hallway. Stops at an ajar door. Peers inside Karen's bedroom. She's asleep in her bed.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Door SLAMS shut.

Karen bolts up in her bed, face glazed in sweat.

She looks around her room with alert eyes.

Wardrobe. Closed door. Dressing table. Window. Everything seems normal.

Karen remains on edge. She shivers. She can sense something strange within the room.

FOOTSTEPS across the hallway. Staircase rail CREAKS.

Karen gets out of bed.

She's drawn to the moonlit window. She looks out.

She notices a light on inside the gardening shed.

The hallway CREAKS.

MOMENT LATER

Karen opens her bedroom door. She peers out.

The dark hallway. The TICK-TOCK of the grandfather clock.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Karen, as if in a dream state, makes her way downstairs. Her white nightdress flails behind her. Every slow step CREAKS under her feet.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

UNEARTHLY noises from beyond the basement door.

Karen walks towards the door, transfixed.

She reaches for the handle.

A hand grabs her shoulder.

Karen spins around.

Pete. He's dressed in pyjamas, half-asleep.

PETE

Karen -- what are you doing?

Karen snaps out of her mesmerized state. She seems lost at her surroundings.

She stutters an excuse as if she were a fourteen year-old being caught up late.

KAREN

I -- I was thirsty. I just went to get some water.

Pete doesn't buy it. He gives her a stern look.

PETE

Go back to bed. You're gonna wake the whole house up.

Karen heads up the staircase.

Pete looks at the basement door. Concerned. Devious.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Karen lies in her bed.

She gazes up at the ceiling. Wide awake. Thoughtful.

She sits up. Takes the pill container from her bedside cabinet. Opens it and pours a tablet into her hand.

She replaces the container on her cabinet. Karen moves the pill close to her mouth...

She pauses as a ray of moonlight strikes the capsule in her hand.

Karen gets out of bed.

She looks out of the window.

The gardening shed. Dark. No light on inside.

Karen sighs.

She plops the tablet back into its container.

She lies back in her bed. Closes her eyes.

DARKNESS

A distant SQUEAKING. Close... Closer... Silence.

Loud SQUEAKING... Fades away.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Karen wakes in her bed.

She looks out of the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

The postman rides away on his squealing bicycle.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen checks her bedside table clock.

It reads: *9:50 am.*

She smiles, pleased to have settled into a routine.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Sunlight shines through frosted glass of the front door.

A dark shape approaches from outside and dims the light.

KNOCK KNOCK at the front door.

Karen, dressed for the day, stampedes down the staircase.

Another KNOCK at the door.

KAREN

I'm coming, I'm coming, hold on!

Karen opens the front door.

She's surprised by the visitor. Completely taken aback.

BEN CARSON (30, homely good looks, oozes friendliness) stands at the porch with a beaming smile.

KAREN

Ben...

Ben presents her with a bouquet of flowers.

Karen smiles, blushes.

BEN

Welcome home, Karen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Karen and Ben share coffee over the flower laid table.

BEN

I apologize for being a little full on.

KAREN

Don't be silly. It's a wonderful gesture. They're beautiful.

Ben admires Karen as she spreads out the flowers in a vase. He clearly thinks she is too.

KAREN

Reminds me of prom.

She looks at Ben with a warm smile.

KAREN

You sent me the same bouquet.

Ben's turn to blush.

BEN

You remember that? Wow. Good memory.

KAREN

I remember you went with Lindsey Jacobs.

BEN

And you went with Colin Donaldson.

The two look at each other for a moment. They laugh.

KAREN

My God, what were we doing?

BEN

Ah... we were good friends. Confusing things would have ruined our relationship.

KAREN

(flirting)
Our relationship?

Ben sips his coffee to shield his embarrassment.

BEN

Our friendship.

Karen smiles, flattered.

LATER

Karen serves Ben another cup of coffee. She sits opposite him, intrigued by his life story.

KAREN

She cheated on you... again?

Ben nods.

BEN

That was the kicker. I wasn't left with much of choice, right?

KAREN

Divorce must have been horrible.

BEN

You should have seen her lawyer. That guy would have taken my milk float if I was a milkman.

KAREN

Well good on you for sticking to your guns. You're on to bigger and better things. What are you up to nowadays?

BEN

I'm a milkman.

They share a giggle.

BEN

But seriously, I'm making plans to move abroad.

KAREN

Abroad?

BEN

My brother's offered me an opportunity to work for him in Dubai. I'm thinking about taking it.

KAREN

Of course you should. That's brilliant.

Ben doesn't think it's brilliant.

KAREN

Isn't it?

BEN

It's a fantastic financial offer. Something I really can't refuse.

KAREN

Then why don't you take it?

Ben looks at Karen. That look.

BEN

Sometimes things come along. Things that make you change your mind. Things that are worth more than money.

Karen's fingers move close towards Ben's.

She pulls away. Moves to make more coffee. Ben sits back in disappointment.

Karen toils with the kettle, avoiding the situation.

KAREN

Really think we've had enough coffee for one day. Any more and I'll be up all night.

BEN

You're right. I should be leaving.

He gets up.

BEN

I just want you to know something. I'll always be there for you if you ever need to talk.

KAREN

Wait.

Ben stops in the doorway.

KAREN

Some people say all you need to do is talk. You know, talk to someone about your problems. A problem shared is a problem halved, right?

Ben nods.

KAREN

I've been talking about my problems to people who couldn't give a damn about me for the last eight years. And I don't feel one bit better for it.

Karen's tearful. Ben moves towards her - gestures her to sit back at the table.

BEN

Here's the difference. I give a damn about you.

MOMENTS LATER

Karen and Ben sit at the table. Karen's dishing it all out. Ben is captivated, sympathetic, horrified.

KAREN

To be found... alone, left in that state of mind... with my whole family dying in front of me...

BEN

You've been to hell and back.

KAREN

I haven't come back, Ben. I can't forget what happened... what I let happen, how I allowed it to happen...

BEN

It's not your fault. You've got to believe that, Karen. It wasn't your fault!

KAREN

Then what am I supposed to believe? Huh? Am I supposed to say that "It's still out there?". "It's gonna come back for me?". I can't stop the guilt -- I don't want to!

Karen shakes. She breaks into silent tears. Ben hugs her comfortingly.

BEN

It's OK. Everything is OK now.

Karen breaks from the loose embrace. She's embarrassed. Ben looks lost at how to help.

Karen cracks an embarrassed cackle.

KAREN

No wonder everyone gawks at me. I'm the local town sideshow freak.

BEN

I don't care what they think. This town is stuck in a time warp.

KAREN

Bet you're glad you came here now, huh? Visit Miss Psycho.

Ben keeps his distance - he's pushed it too far and now he has no idea what to do.

BEN
I'm sorry, Karen. I really didn't
mean to push.

KAREN
Can you just go. Please?

Ben gets up. He lingers at the doorway.

BEN
I mean what I said. If you ever
need to talk...

Karen, her back to him, nods. It's time to go.

Ben walks down the hallway.

The front door OPENS. The front door SHUTS.

Karen breaks down in tears.

EXT. REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Drenched in darkness. Nocturnal woodland noises.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

TICK-TOCK of the grandfather clock.

Eerie deserted hallway. Staircase leads to darkness.

Basement door. Something menacing lurks beyond.

Something SCRATCHES behind it.

DARKNESS

CHAINS mingle together.

A cell door SLAMS shut with a spine chilling ECHO.

Indiscernible WHISPERS.

Female SCREAMS. Mocking LAUGHTER.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Light seeps through a barred window.

A terrified YOUNG GIRL stands on a bed. Her small tensed hands cling to the window bars, trying to pull them free, trying to escape.

Her frail WHIMPERS entwine with echoing drips of water.

She senses something.

Spins around, frightened.

She SCREAMS -- something moves towards her with menace.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DREAM #1)

Karen jumps awake with a silent scream.

Eyes wide open, fear drenched sweat drips down her face.

She regains her breath. Buries her head in her hands.

KAREN

Calm down. Get it together. You're
alright. Just a dream.

TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK.

Afraid, Karen slowly raises her head.

She's petrified by what she sees at the foot of her bed.

The grandfather clock.

Grimy. Covered in a dark pulsating liquid. Bulging veins
throb throughout its mutated wooden body. Cracks form across
its blood splattered clock face.

Karen scampers back against the wall.

Behind her the CRACKED wall THROBS and PULSATES.

Karen sinks inside the wall. The wall cements her body,
practically freezing her inside. With only her head free, she
looks on with terror.

The grandfather clock SPLITS in two as a writhing black ooze
covered snake like tail emerges.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DREAM #2)

Karen jumps awake with a silent scream.

She sits up, looks around her room with wide eyes.

She calms down. No crazy demonic grandfather clock. No
sinking wall.

She lie back down on her bed. Breathes a sigh of relief.

Large GREEN SCALE covered hands with dagger-sized nails grab
Karen from underneath her bed.

They SPLIT her torso apart.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Karen wakes with a start. She sits up in her bed.

She shakes her head clear.

Karen taps the wall behind her. Solid.

She looks under the bottom of her bed. Solid wooden frame.

Karen sighs as she rummages her hair, bewildered.

MOMENTS LATER

Karen gazes out of the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

The desolate quiet long entrance path.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen looks at her bedside table clock.

It reads: *9:58 am*.

Unnerved, Karen looks back out of the window.

KAREN

Where's the postman?

EXT. BACK GARDEN - REED HOUSE - DAY

Jill aggressively digs up weeds with a hand shovel.

The house back door slides open. A curious Karen enters the garden. Jill quickly changes her mood.

JILL

Good morning, sweetie.

KAREN

Morning, mom.

Jill notices Karen's tone.

JILL

Something wrong, honey?

KAREN

Do we have rats?

JILL

Rats?

KAREN

Furry little critters. Range in size but usually have long tails and sharp teeth. AKA rodents.

JILL

I know what a rat is thank you Miss Sarcasm. What made you think that?

KAREN

I've heard some weird noises the last couple of nights.

Jill stops digging.

JILL

Oh? Like what?

KAREN

Scratching. Creaking. Sounds like something under the floorboards or inside the walls.

Jill carries on with her weeding. Karen notices the spot she's working on is already bare.

JILL

I'm sure it's nothing. Probably just house noises. I'll get your father to take a look when he gets home.

Karen shrugs away Jill's odd behavior. Her answer is the best she could have hoped for.

KAREN

Did we get any mail? I've applied for a couple of jobs and it's been a few days.

JILL

Nothing in today's post, honey.

KAREN

Strange.

Jill tries to keep her cool. Karen's onto something.

JILL

What is, sweetie?

KAREN

The postman never came today.

Jill looks on edge.

She brushes it off - albeit a little snappy.

JILL
Maybe he didn't. I can't remember
everything.

Jill stands up. She looks serious.

JILL
Have you been taking your pills?
It's Karen's turn to feel on edge.

KAREN
Of course.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Dim light from a bedside cabinet lamp. Radio plays relaxing soft music.

Karen's lying on her bed writing an entry in her diary.

INSERT DIARY

The first page of a new diary. Words read: Taken advice from Dr. Black. Write down all my thoughts, fears, desires and targets for a new life.

BACK TO SCENE

The radio song finishes.

Loud ARGUMENTATIVE VOICES from downstairs.

Karen turns the radio off.

The voices are Pete and Jill.

Karen gingerly creeps across her room.

She carefully opens her door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen creeps tip-toes across the dark hallway.

She perches at the top of the stairs. Listens to Jill and Pete in the midst of their argument.

PETE (O.S.)
It's risky. Damn right dangerous.
More and more people are gonna find
out about us and we're gonna pay
the price.

JILL (O.S.)

Oh God, Pete. You're shop got a brick through the window. So what? What's more important here?

PETE (O.S.)

What's important? I'm the one with the livelihood, Jill. Your facade working in a charity shop is over, sweetheart.

A small silence.

Karen strains to hear what they're saying. The argument has lowered in volume.

JILL (O.S.)

We can't just keep thinking about ourselves anymore, especially now Karen's back. But we have to keep doing what we're doing.

PETE (O.S.)

I fully intend to. We have no choice.

Sound of a bottle being uncorked. Cork hits the ceiling with a loud BANG. Karen steps back in shock.

PETE (O.S.)

I toast my self sympathy.

JILL (O.S.)

You knew the risks. We can't let anyone get in our way. We can't allow that to happen.

PETE (O.S.)

They don't know the half of it anyway. Given time, it will all calm down.

Karen listens intently, confused.

JILL (O.S.)

That's right. We've got to stick together. Me and you. It's us against them. Just like always.

Karen frowns.

KAREN

(to herself)
Against who?

PETE (O.S.)

Just look at what we've got... this house, the furniture, the life we've always wanted. I don't want us to lose any of it.

JILL (O.S.)

We just go back to what we did before. What we've always done.

PETE (O.S.)

And try and act like an everyday loving mother and father? Just keep the ruse going?

Karen's eyes well up. The words "ruse" hit home. They're just pretending to care about her?

JILL (O.S.)

It's only a ruse if you don't believe in what we're doing.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Karen creeps inside.

She carefully closes the door.

Karen sits on her bed in introspective mood.

She gazes at her worried reflection in the mirror.

MOMENTS LATER

Karen fidgets nervously with her diary.

Opens it. Closes it. Opens it. Closes it.

She drums a pen against the diary, dwelling in her thoughts.

MOMENT LATER

Karen lies in her bed, perplexed.

She turns the light out.

Karen struggles to get comfortable.

Her gleaming eyes beam wide awake, lost in thought.

DARKNESS

CHOP. CHOP. CHOP.

QUICK FLASH

A glimmer of an angelic baby's smiling face.

A distant SCREAM echoes...

CHOP. CHOP. CHOP.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Karen jolts awake, sits up in her bed.

She ruffles her hair in relief...

CHOP. CHOP. CHOP.

Continuous distant chopping sounds.

Karen's scared. This is not a dream.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Karen, dressed in a flowing white nightgown, sneaks across the hallway floor.

She stops at the top of the staircase.

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

She peers down at the hallway below.

Sunlight beams through the front door. The shadow of the grandfather clock bends bizarrely across the floor.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Karen descends the staircase.

The CHOPPING and the TICK-TOCK of the grandfather clock entwine rhythmically.

Karen's frightened with every step, too intrigued to stop.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Karen creeps through the hallway. She stops midway.

The CHOPPING noise comes from beyond the ajar kitchen door.

Karen peers through the crack in the doorway.

KAREN'S POV

Pete, dressed in butcher attire, slams his meat cleaver into a large bloody piece of meat. It resembles a human leg.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen lingers on the sight.

KAREN'S POV

Pete repeatedly slams his cleaver into the meat.

CHOP-CHOP-CHOP...

Blood flies in the air. Red splatters across the table.

An intense fury in Pete's eyes. Pent-up anger.

The cleaver penetrates the meat, splits the limb in half.

Pete breathes a sigh of relief. Anger replaced by euphoria.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen backs away from the kitchen door.

She turns - face-to-face with the basement door. Blood drips from its edges. Hinges suck up the juice.

Shocked, Karen gazes downwards. Her feet stand on a gushing blood covered floor.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Pete takes ghoulish delight in splitting several scattered parts of meat with his cleaver. Stress relief.

Feeling fulfilled, he takes a moment to gather himself.

The kitchen door CREAKS.

Pete looks up, surprised.

Karen stands zombified in the doorway. Pale white. Like she's seen a ghost.

Pete's dumbstruck.

PETE

Karen...

Karen looks at the basement door. Down to the floor. Everything is back to normal.

She stares at the blood-soaked table. A massacre.

Pete quickly makes his way round the table to block the view. He scrambles together an excuse.

PETE

My shop got vandalized. A bunch of thugs threw a brick through the window. Damn nearly hit me.

Karen remains sombre. Motionless.

PETE

I had to take my work home with me, Karen. I can't afford to get behind. We can't afford to lose a day's pay.

Karen nods morbidly.

KAREN

It's OK.

Karen snaps out of her daze.

KAREN

(half-hearted)
I'm gonna take a shower.

She turns and wanders down the hallway, not convinced by Pete's story. She heads up the stairs.

Pete looks at his reflection in the blood soaked cleaver. He slams the blade into the meat in frustration, sending spirals of blood into the air.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Refreshing water sprays down from a shower head.

Karen, draped in a towel, stares at her reflection in a medicine cabinet mirror. She gives herself a stern look. *Get it together, girl.*

Karen opens the cabinet. She takes out some painkillers. Pops a pill into her hand. Replaces the carton. Closes the cabinet.

She pauses - senses something in the room with her.

She slowly turns around.

Nothing. Just the closed bathroom door.

Behind her, blood pours from the shower head.

Karen shrugs the odd feeling aside.

She opens the shower door.

She steps into the shower. It's back to running water.

Karen washes herself behind the frosted glass shower cover. Something watches her.

Karen stops washing herself. Senses something.

She looks timidly up at the ceiling. A sense of dread.

Nothing. Just the ceiling.

Karen opens the shower door.

Scans the empty bathroom.

Odd noises. A SCUFFLING. Something SLIMY.

Karen looks at the large pipes near the toilet. They trail against the wall from the floor to the ceiling.

A GURGLE. Followed by a SLITHERING, SLIPPERY sound - as if something alive inside.

A small crack in the wall.

Beyond it - watching her - a reptilian yellow eye.

Karen panics. She nearly slips in the shower.

She turns the shower off.

Despite her fear she cuts short a scream for her dad.

She steps out of the shower. Wraps a towel around herself.

Looks at the pipes. The noises have stopped.

She examines the crack in the wall. It's a hole the size of a nailhead. No demonic watching yellow eye.

She breathes a sigh of relief. Feels foolish.

Something catches her attention.

From the crack in the wall, Karen traces the faint outline of a faded picture frame.

INT. KITCHEN / DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Karen (dressed) rubs her fingers against the table surface. Spotless.

Pete (dressed casual) enters through the back door. He's surprised to see Karen looking so sprightly.

PETE

Hey! You feeling better, honey? You looked a little peaky earlier.

KAREN

Where is everything?

Pete heads into the hallway. He puts on his shoes.

PETE

In the trunk. I've gotta store it in the work freezer ASAP. Working here isn't exactly the height of hygiene standards but I've gotta do what I've gotta do.

Pete smiles at Karen as he opens the front door. An uneasy smile that fails to bring reciprocation.

KAREN

Hey dad?

Pete's eager to get on his way.

PETE

Uh-huh?

KAREN

There was a picture that used to be in the bathroom. What was it?

Pete shrugs.

PETE

You'd best ask your mother. She deals with all that. I'll see you in a few hours.

Pete exits the front door. Closes it behind him.

Karen stands alone in the kitchen.

TICK-TOCK of the grandfather clock.

Karen opens a cupboard. Grabs a glass. Fills it with water from the sink tap.

She takes a sip as she gazes out of the window.

Her eyes widen. Her hand trembles.

The glass slips from her hand. It hits the floor and SMASHES into pieces.

THROUGH KITCHEN WINDOW

Droplets of blood sprinkle the garden path.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen stares through the window. Curious.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

Spots of blood stretch all the way up the path.

Karen follows the path.

The path stops at a solid wooden gate.

Karen opens the gate.

EXT. WOODLAND TRAIL - DAY

Blood dots speckle a winding pathway. Overhanging trees shunt the daylight sun.

Karen follows the trail. Her mind races.

Karen stops in her tracks. A huge splattering of blood.

She breathes heavy. Wobbles on her feet.

She closes her eyes. Stops herself from having an anxiety attack with some simple breathing techniques.

Calm. She opens her eyes.

Her eyes widen in fear.

The gardening shed looms in the distance.

EXT. GARDENING SHED - DAY

Overgrown weeds surround a dingy grime covered shed. An upside down horseshoe hangs on a sturdy wooden door.

Karen nervously twists a rusty door handle.

The door CREAKS open. Darkness looms beyond.

Karen backs away. Rubs her arms from a sudden chill.

She's in two minds. Go inside and fight my fears? Run away and play safe?

Karen steadies herself. She steps inside the doorway.

INT. GARDENING SHED - DAY

Dank. Gloomy. Light glimmers through dust coated windows.

Karen covers her mouth from a despicable rotten smell.

Gardening equipment and household tools hang on shelves. Old furniture stored with little regard.

Across a wall hangs upside down crucifixes. Smashed framed photos of various Christian religion iconography.

Karen examines a large robust table. About the size of an average adult human. Two vices attached at both ends.

Spots of fresh blood on the table. On closer examination, the entire table is blemished by a dark reddish dried residue.

Karen's seen (and smelt) enough. She heads for the door.

Stops in her tracks.

The postman's bicycle.

INT. LIVING ROOM - REED HOUSE - DAY

Karen sits on the edge of the sofa with the house phone in her hand. She constantly looks behind, scared.

KAREN

Ben? Thank God you're home.

BEN (V.O.)

(on phone)

Hey Karen, are you alright? You sound a little on edge?

Karen stares at the doorway. She's uncomfortable. Frightened someone - or something - might enter at anytime.

KAREN

I know this is gonna sound crazy...

BEN (V.O.)

I said I'd be there for you. Try me.

KAREN

I think my parents are up to something.

BEN (V.O.)

What do you mean?

Karen turns to the window, afraid something might be watching her from outside. She pulls the curtains together.

KAREN

I don't know... something sinister.

BEN (V.O.)

Are you sure you're not just being
paranoid?

Karen toys with the thought for a moment. She's convinced.

KAREN

Do you know why the locals don't
want my parents at church anymore?

BEN (V.O.)

How did you know about that?

KAREN

Please tell me.

BEN (V.O.)

The minister had a problem with
what they were doing.

KAREN

What were they doing?

Short silence.

KAREN

Ben?

BEN (V.O.)

I'm not sure I should tell you over
the phone. It's something your
parents should tell you --

KAREN

Ben, please! I need to know.

BEN (V.O.)

You know what the church is like.
They're out of touch. They're still
old fashioned, especially when it's
to do with things they don't
understand.

KAREN

Don't bullshit me, Ben.

BEN (V.O.)

They called them devil worshippers.
Said they were committing sins
against God.

Karen's hands tremble. She's shaken.

BEN (V.O.)

You've got to realize your parents
were incredibly vocal in their
support of you...

Ben's words fade... barely audible.

Karen sits frozen in fear.

KAREN
Thank you, Ben.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cutlery drawer opens.

Karen looks at the large selection of knives. Daunted.

She takes a butcher knife.

Karen brings the gleaming knife close to her face. She studies her reflection on the blade.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Karen opens her bedside cabinet drawer.

She drops the butcher knife inside as if it were the most despicable object in the world.

She slams the drawer shut.

Downstairs, the front door opens.

Karen bites her nails.

From downstairs, Pete and Jill moan about their day: "I'm tired!" "What's for dinner?" "Why don't you cook for me for a damn change!" "I've been on my feet all day!"

Karen sits on her bed. Tense. Unnerved. Afraid.

EXT. REED HOUSE - TIME LAPSE

Day turns to dusk. Dusk turns to night.

Windows lit by eerie light.

All lights turn off one by one.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark.

Karen lay in her bed, introspective eyes wide awake.

FOOTSTEPS from the upstairs hallway. Louder. Closer.

The door CREAKS ajar.

Jill peaks her head inside.

Karen lay fast asleep.

JILL
She's out like a light.

PETE (O.S.)
Good.

Jill gently closes the door.

Jill and Pete's FOOTSTEPS fade away.

Karen's eyes spring open.

She gets out of her bed, still dressed.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen sneaks across the hallway.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Karen creeps down the stairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen moves cautiously toward the basement door.

She stops. Hits the hallway light switch.

Lights spring on.

Karen's taken aback.

Basement door has a padlock attached to a newly fitted latch.

MOMENT LATER

Karen takes a batch of keys hanging on a coat rack.

Karen grips the keys in her hand as she moves towards the basement door.

She stands opposite the basement door. Face to face with her fear.

She crouches. Tries the first key in the lock, anxiously looking over her shoulder for any sign of her parents.

The key doesn't fit.

She tries another. And another. And another. None work.

The ceiling light flickers.

Karen looks up at the light. Checks the staircase. All clear.

Karen tries another key. It jams. She tries to pull it free. Not happening.

Karen tries every possible way of removing the key: twisting it, pulling it, pushing it back and forth. None work.

Karen, determined, retries her methods.

Ceiling light flickers.

Karen's too indulged in her mission to notice.

Over Karen's shoulder - shadows of figures silently descend the staircase beneath the flickering light.

Karen works on releasing the key. She almost has it.

By her side - the kitchen door silently opens.

The shadow figures move in on Karen, closer with every flick and flash of the ceiling light.

Karen yanks the key free in her hand. She sighs in relief. She stands up and turns around -

- she looks around the empty hallway. Nervous. She can feel something. A presence.

MOMENT LATER

Karen returns the key-chain to the coat rack.

She looks up at the ceiling light. Seems to be working just fine. She looks up at the staircase. Smirks. No longer afraid of the darkness. Turns to the grandfather clock. TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK...

Karen, inspired, moves towards the closed kitchen door.

She opens the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Karen switches the light on.

She searches the bead-covered pantry.

Various domestic cleaning items stocked inside.

Finds a selection of keys hanging on a nail.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

A crack emerges in the wall.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Karen takes the pantry keys.

She walks back into the hallway.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen tries the pantry keys on the basement padlock. Determination in her eyes. This thing is gonna open one way or the other.

KITCHEN

Pantry door beads JINGLE as they swing side to side.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Karen turns. Looks in the kitchen.

KITCHEN

The beads remain motionless.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Something moves toward Karen from behind.

Karen pauses. Feels a presence. An evil presence.

KAREN

What do you want from me?

Karen shakes in fear. Terrified. Too scared to move.

KAREN

Why are you doing this to me?

Something blows her hair.

Karen spins around - scared, angry - about to scream.

Nothing. Nothing there. Just a blank hallway wall.

Karen sits. Given up. That's it. She's just nuts.

A SCRAPING noise. Karen turns to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A chair SCRAPES across the floor. It seats itself at the table.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen's terrified. This is real.

KAREN

Who are you?

Karen stares into the dark kitchen. Trying to locate someone, something she can talk with.

KAREN

(angry)

Who are you!?

Something in the air changes. Karen can sense it. Dread.

VOICE (V.O.)

(vile, creepy)

You know who I am.

Karen stands. Backs away. Her feet wobble. She falls to the floor, petrified. She's close to tears. Scrambles away from the kitchen.

A CRACKING noise.

Karen turns to the wall.

A large spiderweb-like crack extends across the wall.

Karen backs up against the base of the staircase.

The crack in the wall pulsates. Something wants to burst out from within.

A vicious demonic GROWL from beyond the basement door.

Karen cowers in fear, unable to move.

FOOTSTEPS rise from beyond the basement door. Tens. Twenties. Hundreds. A stampede. Closer and closer.

Karen SCREAMS - audibly a weak whimper - she gets to her feet and scampers into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN/ DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen runs towards the back door. She tries to open it. It won't budge. Locked.

She frantically searches the pantry for the keys - gone.

She looks back at the hallway. The keys lay on the floor.

The hallway light flickers.

The shadow figures stand in the hallway.

With every flick of light, more and more figures emerge. With every flick of light, they appear closer to the kitchen door.

Something BANGS against the basement door. Whatever is trapped inside wants to get out.

The crack in the wall widens. It spreads out across the entire wall. Plaster falls to the floor revealing a pulsating mass of slimy green scales exposed beneath.

Karen backs up against the door. She's frozen in fear and disbelief.

The table shakes. Overturns by itself. It flies across the floor, crashes into cabinets with such impact overhead cupboards burst open. Plates and glasses spill to the floor and SMASH.

Remnants of plaster fall from the hallway revealing a wall of slithering green scaled skin underneath.

Karen grabs a chair. Smashes it against the door window. It won't break. The glass is too tough.

The kitchen light turns out.

Hallway light flickers out.

KAREN'S HALLUCINATION

Darkness. Silence.

Karen's frightened breathing.

Like light slowly emerging from a lamp...

...A dim blue light glows from the hallway. The kitchen is submerged in a hellish vibrant red.

Karen kneels in the corner. She slowly looks downward.

She cradles a newborn baby in her shaking arms.

Sensing something else with her in the kitchen, she looks up at a figure dressed in black. Richard.

He kneels opposite her and smiles warmly. He plants a loving kiss on Karen's forehead.

END HALLUCINATION

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lights flicker.

Karen cradles herself as she rocks back and forth against the door. Her terrified eyes gaze into the dark hallway.

Both hallway and kitchen lights turn on.

Damage in the kitchen is horrendous. Table overturned. Broken chair parts scattered on the floor. Smashed plates and glasses, cups and mugs. Broken drawers and cabinets.

A massive crack in the hallway wall. Plaster scattered over the floor.

Karen wearily gets to her feet. She's confused. Scared.

SMASH!

Glass flies from the door as Karen falls to the ground.

She looks behind - as a huge dark-green scaled tentacle lashes through the window frame and tries to grab her.

Karen runs, SCREAMING hysterically.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen runs past the basement door. She darts past the gaping crack in the wall.

She reaches the front door. Fumbles as she tries to open it. She pulls the door open - it slams back shut, rebounding from the deadbolt locking mechanism.

Approaching FOOTSTEPS behind her.

Karen unlocks the deadbolt. Opens the door.

EXT. REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen's set to run to freedom.

A hand clasps her mouth. Pete drags her back inside kicking and screaming.

The door SLAMS shut.

DARKNESS

RAIN pelts against a window.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen opens her eyes.

She sits up in bed, still dressed in her clothes.

She flicks on her bedside cabinet lamp.

She overhears the downstairs voices of Pete and Jill.

Karen turns her light off.

She creeps across her bedroom to the door. She listens intently to Pete and Jill's heated argument.

PETE (O.S.)

We have to do it. We've got no choice. It's beyond our control now. She knows!

JILL (O.S.)

What if anybody finds out about this? What we're doing to our own daughter? They'll have a field day.

PETE (O.S.)

No one will find out. You said it yourself the other night. Our family name has suffered enough.

JILL (O.S.)

We've got to do it quick. I don't want to see her suffer.

PETE (O.S.)

We'll get it done before she wakes up. We can't keep up this facade any longer.

Karen opens her bedside cabinet drawer.

Her hands tremble as she takes out the butcher knife.

KAREN'S POV

The room swims. Blurry. It's as if she's suffering the effects of demonic possession - or the after effects of being drugged.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen staggers to the door. She steadies herself.

She reaches for the door handle. Pulls away.

She looks at the knife in her shaking hand.

She makes a fist with her hand. Grits her teeth. Come on. Be strong. Do this.

Karen reaches for the handle. Grips it.

Karen opens the door.

The upstairs hallway is clear.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen creeps across the hallway.

She pauses.

Warm light from the downstairs hallway creates an odd shadow as it casts through the staircase railings: Jarred askew slightly bent bars.

Karen moves further ahead.

She overlooks the staircase. Crouches like a gargoyle.

She watches Pete and Jill pacing in and out of the livingroom.

Karen looks down at the front door. Little chance.

She grips the knife in her hand.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Karen gingerly places a foot on the first step.

No creak. Relief.

She presses her hand against the wall for balance as she takes another daunting step downwards.

She takes baby steps until halfway down the staircase.

A teasing moonlight glow beams through the door window.

Karen moves faster. Her hand slips on the wall -- she grabs hold of the rail.

A LOUD CREAK.

Karen pauses, frozen in fear.

Her hand grips the staircase rail.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pete appears from the livingroom with a beer in hand.

He walks to the bottom of the staircase. Gazes up at the darkness. Gives it a suspicious check.

JILL (O.S.)

Well?

Pete takes a swig of his beer.

PETE

Nothing. Just the house.

He strolls back into the livingroom.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen leans back against the wall as she sighs in relief.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The table based cream colored rotary dial telephone.

Karen picks up the receiver. Looks a little lost at how to use it. Figures it out. She rings a number.

She crouches down by the table. Her eyes lock on the closed door. Nervous.

A tired voice answers the phone.

BEN (V.O.)

Hello?

KAREN

(using phone)

Ben! I need your help! You've gotta come quick, they're gonna sacrifice me and kill me...

BEN (V.O.)

Hold on, hold on! Who is this? This some kind of joke?

KAREN

Ben! It's me, Karen!

BEN (V.O.)

Karen? What...?

KAREN

I need your help, please! They're keeping me captive, they're gonna sacrifice me to a demon they keep in the basement...

A long quiet moment.

KAREN

Ben!!!?

BEN (V.O.)

I'm on my way.

Karen breathes a sigh of relief.

BEN (V.O.)

Karen?

KAREN

I'm here.

BEN (V.O.)

Keep calm OK? I won't be long.

The sound of Ben hanging up his phone.

Karen's about to hang up -- she hears another line open.

Her parents have been listening on the phone downstairs.

Karen's motionless. A sense of overwhelming dread.

Karen hangs up the phone.

KAREN

Ben...

Karen picks up the receiver.

KAREN

No! Don't come, don't come!

She dials his number. Places the receiver to her ear.

The telephone line is dead.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen exits her parents room -- just as FOOTSTEPS run up the staircase.

JILL (O.S.)

Karen!!

PETE (O.S.)

Karen!!

Karen backtracks down the hallway.

She tries a door -- it opens and she rushes inside.

INT. SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Karen looks around the room for something to block the door. Unfortunately for her, it's not called a spare room for nothing. The room is bare.

She panics. Hyperventilates.

Darts to the window.

She forces open the ancient hinges of the window pane. She opens the window wide.

Karen clammers outside on to the window ledge.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen balances precariously on the window ledge. She grips the window frame as a shrill night wind hits her.

She looks down. Tears well in her eyes. No way out.

Wind picks up. Scattered vine that drips down the house flows like a Godsend.

Karen clammers down the vine.

Halfway down, she loses her grip and falls to the ground, twisting her knee.

A light flicks on inside the house.

Karen clutches her knee painfully. She gets to her feet. She hobbles toward the only place she can hide.

INT. GARDENING SHED - NIGHT

Karen enters inside. She closes the door behind her.

Karen barricades the door with furniture.

Satisfied she's safe, she peers out of the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

The dark house. No lights on inside.

BACK TO SCENE

Unnaturally tired, as if an earlier sedative has kicked in/found a second wind, Karen slumps against the wall.

Her tired eyes strain to keep open but to no avail.

She falls asleep.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. CELL - NIGHT

The little girl turns from the barred window.

YOUNG KAREN. A scared twelve year old child.

The cell door UNLOCKS.

Young Karen trembles in fear.

Several figures enter the cell. Faceless in the darkness. Moonlit shadows spread across the wall: Pointed horns adorn their heads; extended chins; long inhumane fingers eager to touch.

A viscous liquid bubbles in ceiling cracks. It drips down the walls coating them in blood as indecipherable voices echo.

Young Karen backs against the wall. She SCREAMS.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Two tall dark cloaked figures lead a gurney from the cell.

A sedated Young Karen lays strapped to the gurney.

She gazes up at the ceiling as her vision distorts.

Hazy blue florescent lights. A distant vibrant red surrounds a fire exit sign. Colors entwine creating a blurred otherworldly vision. Dizzying. Disorienting.

The dark figures gaze down at Young Karen as they drag the gurney. She catches a glimpse of malevolent demonic faces.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - NIGHT

Lit by a mixture of candlelight, oil lamps and modern lighting equipment.

The dark figures lead Karen's gurney inside.

They crowd around and peer down at her, their faces obscured by overhanging hoods.

KAREN'S POV

Demonic faces. No pity. Gleeful at her suffering.

BACK TO SCENE

A tray of medical equipment. A mixture of old and new.

A decayed rotting hand takes a syringe from the tray.

KAREN'S POV

A figure preps the syringe. Smiles with evil intent.

DARK FIGURE
(menacing)
This won't hurt. Much.

Modern surgical lights beam down in Karen's eyes.

Young Karen SCREAMS.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. GARDENING SHED - NIGHT

Car headlights drift across Karen's face. Sound of a nearby car engine.

Karen wakes, momentarily dazed. She gets to her feet and checks the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

Ben's car parks outside the house. The car engine cuts. Ben steps out and heads to the house door.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen panics. She doesn't want him anywhere near that place. He's in danger.

Karen desperately wanders the shed at a loss at what to do.

With no regard about revealing her hiding spot, Karen bangs her hands against the window. She screams after him.

KAREN
Ben! Don't go in there!

EXT. PORCH - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben walks up to the front door. He curiously scans the area. It's a quiet night. Peaceful, pleasant.

He knocks on the front door.

INT. GARDENING SHED - NIGHT

Karen tries to open the window. The rusty grime covered latch refuses to budge.

Karen looks for something to break the window.

She scours the work-top for something, anything. There's nothing to be found.

KAREN
(desperate)
Come on!

She grabs a crucifix from the wall. A nail scrapes her hand. She drops it in pain.

She looks at her hand. Blood drips from a cut in her palm.

She heads back to the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

The front door of the house opens.

Ben enters inside.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen's beside herself. She's let him down - big time.

She drops to her knees. Sobs into her hands.

DARKNESS

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A stark white room.

Karen, 22. Sullen, heavily pregnant. She sits opposite a desk from a white haired DR. GRAY, 45.

DR. GRAY
Depression is normal in these
circumstances. Pregnancy brings
bouts of emotions. Ups and downs.

Dr. Gray hands a prescription to Karen.

DARKNESS

Odd mutterings. Weird babble talk: "Kill it." "Keep it."
"Love it." "Hate it."

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Karen, post pregnant, sits opposite Dr. Gray. She's shed her baby fat. Looks ill, weak. Drained.

KAREN

You don't understand. I -- I need to speak to someone that understands.

DR. GRAY

I *do* understand, Karen. Child birth can be a traumatic event for a woman. It's natural for depression to set. It can be an emotional roller coaster for mind and body.

Dr. Gray hands her a prescription.

DARKNESS

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A hand grips a blood soaked knife.
- Richard's dead body lay against a blood splattered wall.
- A baby SCREAMS in a cot.
- Covered head-to-toe in the red stuff, Karen rocks back-and-forth in a pool of blood.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Bare trees wilt on a bleak barren hillside. Snow falls over a marsh overflowing with blood.

A menacing DRONE lingers in the distance...

Dazzling pure white snowflakes land on the ground - and explode like a blood-filled capsule. They are the source of this nightmarish river of blood.

The DRONE becomes louder, growing closer...

Dark figures surround Young Karen as she kneels before two gravestones.

CLOSE UP ON GRAVESTONES

Words etched on the rotting stones read: RICHARD JONES, 30 YEARS OLD and EMILY JONES, 3 MONTHS OLD.

BACK TO SCENE

Young Karen looks up. Blood seeps from her eyes like tears.

YOUNG KAREN
I just need another chance...
please, just give me one more
chance...

The unnerving DRONE reaches its peak...

INT. GARDENING SHED - NIGHT

The sound of a car wakes Karen from her distant gaze.

She heads to the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

A car parks close to Ben's vehicle.

Dr. Black exits the car. She heads to the house.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen screams. She bangs on the window. This is her second chance. Can't afford to blow it.

She searches the walls. Finds what she's looking for near the door. She flicks on the light switch.

She turns back to the window. Screams for Dr. Black. Her cries go unheard.

Karen runs back to the light switch. Turns it on and off repeatedly as she screams deliriously.

KAREN
Help me! Help! Come on! I'm here!

Karen rushes back to the window. Surely she saw that?

THROUGH WINDOW

The front door of the house opens.

Dr. Black walks inside.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen slumps to the floor on her knees. It's hopeless.

A pile of books lay underneath the work table.

Karen takes one. They're photo albums.

She curiously opens it.

INSERT PHOTO ALBUM PICTURES

YOUNG KAREN poses with Jill and Pete. Happy memories from twenty-years ago.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen takes another photo album from the pile. She opens it up. The opening page reads: "*Karen and family*".

INSERT PHOTO ALBUM PICTURES

Karen and Richard at their wedding day. On honeymoon. Various family pictures of them at home. Family bliss.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen cries. She strokes a picture affectionately.

INSERT PIC

Karen, Richard and their six-week-old baby, EMILY. Richard smiles, a proud father. Karen broods. She looks haggard.

BACK TO SCENE

Karen holds the picture close to her as she breaks down in tears.

MOMENTS LATER

Karen peers through the window. Gazes at the house. Frowns. A determination in her eyes. She can't hide anymore.

Karen removes the door barricade.

Anger grows with every item that she moves. She doesn't care how much noise she makes.

The doors' unblocked. Karen grabs a breather.

Karen takes her knife from the work table.

She opens the door.

EXT. WOODLAND TRAIL - NIGHT

Karen, filled with dread, looks at the dark trail ahead of her. She grips her knife.

Pumped on adrenaline, Karen storms down the trail.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen spies on the house. All lights are out.

Karen creeps to the back door.

She delicately tries the door handle. Grimaces as she slowly twists it. The door opens.

INT. KITCHEN - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen slides inside. She gently closes the door.

The place is a wreck. Just as she left it.

She ventures further inside.

A loud CRUNCH underfoot as she steps on broken glass.

Karen pauses, silently curses herself.

She looks at the hallway. Moonlight shines through the glass of the front door.

She uses it as a guide to move through the kitchen.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen moves slowly down the dark hallway.

She slips - manages to grab hold of a shelf to keep balance. She looks down at the floor.

A thick liquid substance coats the floor.

KAREN

What the --

She moves cautiously across the hallway.

KAREN

(whispers)

Ben?

She moves towards the dark livingroom doorway.

KAREN
(whispers)
Marion?

She creeps closer to the livingroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Karen steps inside. She flicks on the light switch.

A loose connected ceiling bare bulb flicks on.

Blood everywhere. Walls, carpet, overturned furniture.
Smashed television.

The light fizzles out.

Karen, terrified, backtracks into the hallway.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen backs up against the base of the staircase.

She stares into the livingroom darkness.

Something lurks inside.

Karen turns to the front door.

Light seeps around it. An angelic glow beams from its
surrounding stained windows.

The windows explode!

Glass cuts Karen's face as she cowers on the floor.

The door bursts open.

DEMON (O.S.)
Get out.

Karen crouches terrified, paralysed in fear. Stares at the
open door. Freedom beckons.

DEMON (O.S.)
GET OUT!

Karen trembles.

KAREN
(weak)
No...

Karen stands.

KAREN
(assertive)
No!

The door swings shut.

Karen circles the hallway. Searches for the source of the demonic voice.

KAREN
Where are they? What have you done
with them?

A distant SCREAM. Distant CRIES of a baby.

Karen heads towards the source of the noise.

The basement door.

A baby wails inside. Cries desperately. A swarm of menacing indecipherable whispers drown out the cries.

Karen backs away from the basement door.

She bumps into something.

She turns around - Richard stands behind her.

KAREN
Richard?

Karen begins to sob. Confused. Afraid.

Richard caresses her hair.

RICHARD
You did the right thing.

KAREN
What -- what do you mean?

RICHARD
You know you've got to stay here.

KAREN
I don't understand...

Richard nods toward the basement.

The basement door is open.

Richard takes Karen's hand.

RICHARD
We'll face this together.

Richard leads Karen into the basement.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Karen follows Richard down a CREAKING wooden staircase. A seemingly never ending descent into darkness.

Karen breaks her hand from Richard. She wipes a cloth of web from her face. Richard continues downwards.

Karen notices a dim flickering light from below.

KAREN
What's going on?

Richard vanishes in the darkness.

Karen tries to keep up with him.

The dim light illuminates a wet spot on his back.

KAREN
Richard -- talk to me.

The wet spot on Richard's back has spread. It covers him in a gloopy gel like substance.

Richard fades into the darkness.

Karen quickens her descent, trying to keep up with him.

KAREN
Richard -- wait!

Richard reappears in the dim light. He's stopped.

Karen looks aghast.

He's covered in blood. His ripped shirt reveals an exposed spinal cord and rotting ribs. Knife wounds surround his pale shredded flesh.

He turns his balding head to the side. His face gaunt - eyes sunk deep inside their sockets. Motions a whisper with a skeletal finger.

RICHARD
Don't wake them. They're sleeping.

Richard continues downwards.

KAREN
Who?

Richard disappears.

Karen follows.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A flickering bare light bulb swings back and forth.

GASPS. Near-death harsh BREATHING.

Dr. Marion Black's face. Bloody. Battered.

Her shaking hand holds a cell phone to her ear. She's got just enough strength to make this call.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(from Marion's phone)
9-1-1, what's your emergency?

MARION
Please... help... me...

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Karen holds on to a wooden rail as she continues downwards.

She pauses - pained by a splinter caught in her palm.

She pulls the splinter free. Blood brims from the pin-sized wound and spreads across her palm. Karen rubs her hands together. They're covered in blood.

Karen continues downwards.

KAREN
Richard? Where are you?

Karen grips her blood stained knife.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The flickering light bulb sways.

Ben's horrified blood covered face.

A STABBING sound.

Pain etched on Ben's face. Blood drools from his mouth.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Karen takes another step downwards.

She catches sight of Richard. He's a few steps below her.

KAREN
Richard...?

Richard's back is now completely skeletal. His bare skull concealed by only thin strands of skin and hair. The torn rags he wears for clothes hang loose around his frame.

RICHARD
(raspy, hoarse)
We're almost there.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The flickering light bulb sways.

CLOSE UP

Pete's blood-soaked face. He chokes on his own drool as blood pours profusely from his nose.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Karen can see the dim surface of the floor.

She stops.

KAREN
I'm not going any further. Not
until you tell me what's going on.

Richard slowly turns to face her.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The flickering light bulb sways.

It stops. Fresh with splattered blood.

CLOSE UP

Jill's blood covered face. Inhaling and exhaling harsh painful breaths. She's almost dead. Eyes glazed.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Karen's gripped with fear as Richard turns to face her.

His blood covered rotten skeletal frame barely holds leaking inner organs; shreds of skin hang by threads; his face nothing more than a distorted, dented skull.

Karen can't take the shock.

She collapses down the remaining steps to the floor.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Groggy, Karen rises from the bottom of the staircase.

The dim flickering light gives a gloomy glow to murky surroundings.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Home sweet home.

Karen squints in the dim light. She fearfully looks in all directions, unable to locate Richard.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Home is truly what you make it.

Richard appears in front of Karen, startling her with his menacing, decayed, corpse-like figure.

Karen SCREAMS.

She scrambles back against a cobblestone wall.

She bumps into something.

Slowly, she fearfully turns her head --

A line of gruesome bodies nailed to the wall.

Dr. Marion Black. Ben. Pete. Jill.

Something RUMBLES from underneath.

The basement foundations shake. Beams crack and splinter.

The staircase collapses in a huge cloud of putrid dust.

Karen turns to Richard - he disintegrates into a pile of dust in front of her horrified eyes.

Something bursts through the floor.

Debris flies across the room.

Several massive ooze-ridden green squid-like tentacles rise from the ground. They scour the room, aggressively knocking beams aside, before planting their huge puss-filled suction cups on the ground.

A huge lizard head emerges from the depths. Repulsive wet scaled leathery skin, demonic red eyes with dark pupils scan the room.

The lizard demon ROARS. Tentacles wave frantically - the creature can only climb head height into the room.

It's stuck - it has been for some considerable time - and it's body has grown, mutated, embedded inside the foundations of the house. Now it wants out.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Floor tiles swell, expand as something underneath tries to burst free.

Pipes explode - as the creature's tentacles wither free.

The wall cracks, splits apart - revealing the creature's heaving crawling skin beneath. It truly is the root of all evil.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The wall collapses - replaced by a swarming sea of putrid green scaled skin.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dust covers Karen as she cowers against the crumbling wall.

The demon creature turns its menacing head towards her.
SNARLS.

Thrusts a snake-like tentacle towards her.

It slashes Karen's thigh like a knife.

Karen SCREAMS.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The house where we began prior to the massacre eight years ago. Homely, well-furnished. A miniature grandfather clock hangs above a fireplace.

Karen (22) SCREAMS angrily as she stands in a doorway leading to the kitchen.

Her target of frustration, Richard, sits watching television. His veneer of calm is at breaking point.

KAREN

You just don't give a fuck do you?
All you do is sit on that fucking
chair and watch shit all day long!
You're a fucking loser, Richard! A
fucking loser!

A baby CRIES.

Richard sighs. Runs a shaking hand through his hair.

RICHARD

Now you've gone and woken up Emily.
Again.

Six-week-old EMILY cries in her pram.

Karen storms across to Richard. Stands over him.

KAREN

I suppose you think it's my fault?

Richard looks up at her. Intimidated.

KAREN

Well? Say it!

RICHARD

You're the one screaming and
shouting, Karen.

Karen slaps Richard's face. He takes it. He's used to it.

KAREN

You useless bastard. You blame me
for everything don't you?

Karen storms into the kitchen.

Richard takes a breather.

KAREN (O.S.)

I'm fed up of being the one who has
to deal with everything. I'm fed up
of your bullshit, Richard.

Richard gets up. This is gonna be a long night.

He takes Emily from her pram. Comforts her in his arms. She
stops crying.

Karen continues to make noise in the kitchen; opening and
slamming cupboards and drawers; smashing plates on the
ground; cursing like a sailor.

Emily cries.

Richard puts Emily back in her pram.

He turns to the kitchen doorway.

Karen stands in the doorway. Hands behind her back. Crazy
expression - wild distant eyes.

RICHARD

Karen! Just take your goddamn
tablets!

KAREN

He's telling me what to do again.

Richard frowns.

Karen cocks her head to the side -- as if she's looking at someone else in the room. Someone of great importance.

KAREN

You're right. You're always right.

RICHARD

Karen?

Karen looks at Richard. A frightening hateful expression.

A silent pause. An uneasy still moment between the two.

Karen darts towards Richard like a wild animal.

A crazed SCREAM as she reveals a butcher knife in her hand. She holds it over her head and stabs Richard in his chest.

Karen stabs Richard repeatedly as he falls against the wall YELLING in pain. Karen shows no mercy. Blood flies.

Richard falls to the floor dead.

Karen mounts his body. She continues her frenzied attack. Stab after stab after stab...

She rises, eyes wide, crazed, covered in blood.

She looks around the room. Stares at the blood-covered grandfather clock. She's located her imaginary "friend".

KAREN

It was summertime. Sometime last year. July. Perhaps August.

As if someone asked her a question, she turns to the corner of the room. A vase full of fresh flowers sits on a table.

KAREN

Seventeen seventy-eight? I'm honestly just taking a guess.

She turns to the set of curtains. Once again, she responds as if someone were there speaking with her.

KAREN

You're right. I agree. You're absolutely right. Thank you.

Karen embarks on a mini-rampage. SCREAMING wildly, she tears down the curtains. Overturns the furniture. Smashes the television. Tears a lamp-shade from the ceiling light.

Emily CRIES.

Karen turns to the pram.

EMILY IN PRAM POV

The blood-splattered ceiling light bulb sways side to side.

Karen gazes down with distant dark eyes.

She raises the knife above her head.

INT. BASEMENT - REED HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT TIME)

Another tentacle from the demon creature slashes Karen's leg. She writhes in pain on the floor.

INT. CELL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Karen (22), dressed in an orange prison jumpsuit, kneels on her bed as she clings to the bars of a narrow moonlit window. She stares out with pained sorrowful eyes.

A chilling CREAK of a cell door being opened.

Three sniggering MALE ORDERLIES enter inside.

Karen backs up against the wall in fear.

ORDERLY

She's being transferred to the
psycho ward. Max security wing.

ORDERLY #2

Guess that means we can party.

ORDERLY #3

Let's give her a proper send off.

Karen cowers as the three orderlies approach her.

INT. BASEMENT - REED HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT TIME)

Karen slides into a corner - she narrowly avoids the SNAPPING reach of the demon creature's tentacles.

She cries as she looks at her slashed legs.

The humongous beast battles to get free, demonic eyes determined to get her.

KAREN

Please stop... please!

The demon sends forth another tentacle - lashes Karen's arm, slicing her forearm deep.

Karen SCREAMS.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CAR PARK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jill and Pete smother Karen as they pass across the lot.

A sign reads: *HEAVEN HILLS - PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL*

DR. WHITE (V.O.)

You're taking on a great responsibility. Not just as parents but as custodians of the law. It becomes your legal duty to keep Karen within set perimeters.

Jill and Pete help Karen inside their car.

DR. WHITE (V.O.)

Her terms of release into your custody have been set. But let me warn you. It won't be an easy ride. Despite our belief Karen's rehabilitation be taken to the next level, facts are she's just spent eight years inside for the murder of her husband and newborn baby.

Pete's car drives out of the car park.

DR. WHITE (V.O.)

I advise you to execute caution. Your neighbors might not take kindly to her early release.

INT. DR. BLACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Karen circles the office, whimpering, losing control.

KAREN

...and when I woke I saw this face, but it wasn't a face, not a human face, more like a...

She frowns at Harry the iguana. The lizard watches her, motionless in its cage.

A concerned Dr. Black studies Karen from her desk.

KAREN

...and I realized I wasn't in my bed, I was sitting in a park on a bench...

(MORE)

KAREN (cont'd)

...I tried to get home but everyone kept looking at me, staring at me, like they all wanted to get me and I couldn't breathe...

Dr. Black rises from her seat. Gestures Karen to calm down.

DR. BLACK

Karen -- have you been taking your prescription?

Karen's angered by Black's condescending tone.

KAREN

Have you even been listening to a word I said? You think popping a pill's gonna help what I've just been through?

DR. BLACK

Karen listen to me. You're having paranoid delusions. They're not real, it's all in your mind...

KAREN

No you're not listening to me! You haven't listened to a word that I've said!

Black's losing control of the situation.

DR. BLACK

I'm listening to everything --

KAREN

This whole thing's a big joke to you. To everyone! None of you give a shit, you're all in it together!

Karen storms to the door.

KAREN

I'll tell you another thing, Doc. I felt a lot safer back at the hospital.

Karen opens the door.

DR. BLACK

Karen, where are you going? We're not done yet!

KAREN

Oh, we're done alright.

Karen marches out, slams the door behind her.

A stunned Dr. Black sinks back in her chair, deeply concerned. She contemplates her thoughts. Sighs.

She picks up a desktop cell phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Pete talks on the phone. He's anxious.

PETE

Is there anything we can do? She's self-destructing.

DR. BLACK (V.O.)

(on phone)

I was afraid this might happen. Did you follow my instructions?

PETE

We gave her a sedative to keep her calm. She crashed out but it was only a small hit, I couldn't be sure what else she was on.

DR. BLACK (V.O.)

I'll be round straight away.

PETE

Thank you, Doctor.

DR. BLACK (V.O.)

I'm afraid I'm going to have to notify the police as she's violated her parole.

PETE

Please Doctor, is that really necessary?

DR. BLACK (V.O.)

It's strict procedure. I'm very sorry.

Pete nods. He's crushed but understands. He hangs up.

Jill stands in the doorway. Pete's expression says it all. Jill looks devastated.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jill fumes as she storms down the hallway.

PETE (O.S.)

What was I supposed to say for Christ's sake?

Jill turns to Pete. He stands near the living room doorway.

JILL

You're supposed to be a father. A father would do anything to keep their child from going back to that hell-hole of a place.

PETE

We've been through this a million times.

JILL

I'd go through it a million more.

PETE

She's not getting better, Jill. She's getting worse.

JILL

You think sending her back for another ten years is going to help her? She needs to be home. With us. She needs time.

PETE

You know what Jill? I'm beginning to think you're the one that needs mental help.

FOOTSTEPS storm down the staircase.

Pete turns -- Karen stabs him in his chest with her knife.

Jill SCREAMS.

Pete, shocked, falls back against the wall.

Karen savagely stabs him again and again as he falls to the floor leaving a trail of blood on the wall.

Karen faces Jill. She shakes, stunned into silence.

Mother and daughter exchange a glance. Karen's cold eyes. Devoid of any emotion.

Jill turns and runs into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jill runs to the back door.

Tries to open it. Locked.

She looks back at the hallway, terrified.

Karen stands with her knife.

Jill tearfully sinks against the back door to her knees. Holds up her hands in defence as Karen walks towards her.

JILL
Karen... my baby....

EXT. REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Silence is broken by Jill's terrified SCREAM.
The sound of plates and glasses being SMASHED.
A brutal STABBING sound. A sickening CRUNCH.
Jill's death SCREAM.

INT. KITCHEN - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Overturned kitchen table. Broken chairs. Smashed glass. Broken bits of plates and bowls.
A puddle of blood spreads across the floor.
Jill's dead body lay propped against the back door. Eyes lazed, body leaking blood from multiple stab wounds.
Karen gazes down at the sight. Wide wild eyes.
Pete gargles blood (O.S.).
Karen turns. She looks into the hallway.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pete crawls into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pete crawls across the floor in agony. He makes slow progress, leaving a trail of blood behind him.
He eyes the phone on a nearby table.
Pete reaches the table. Hope gleams in his eyes.
His trembling hand reaches up for the phone...
Karen takes the phone. She stares down at Pete. Shakes her head. She throws the phone across the room.
Pete struggles to talk to her - to beg for his life - all he can do is gargle and choke on his own blood.

Karen kicks the table away. She moves towards the window. Tears down the curtains. Grabs the bookcase shelf. Pushes it down on top of Pete. The heavy structure lands on top of his body, crushing bones in his torso. Gotta hurt.

She drifts across the room as if in a trance. Stops.

She converses with invisible beings. Speaks gibberish.

She grips her knife. Tense.

She laughs hysterically...

Silence.

A frightful expression on her pale face. Gaunt tight skin. Distant dark eyes. A human demon.

Karen SCREAMS as she launches herself on top of trapped Pete.

She brutally stabs his face repeatedly, SCREAMING wildly with every skull-crunching strike.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

An ever growing puddle of blood covers the floor.

A KNOCK on the front door...

The doorbell rings.

EXT. PORCH - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. Black waits at the door.

The door slowly opens.

Dr. Black's smile drops from her face.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen stabs Dr. Black in her stomach. Pulls her falling body inside the house.

Karen slams the door shut... but it hits the swinging chain of the door lock and remains ajar.

Karen stands over Dr. Black.

Stabs her multiple times in her back.

LATER

Blood covers the floor. Splatters the walls.

A KNOCK on the door. Enough to push it marginally open.

EXT. PORCH - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben stands curiously on the porch.

BEN
Mr. Reed? Mrs. Reed?

He opens the door and enters inside.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben stands staggered at the front doorway.

Blood. Carnage.

BEN
Oh my God.

He turns to leave --

Noises from beyond the ajar basement door. Someone slumping something down steps.

BEN
Karen.

Ben treads across the blood covered floor. He's disgusted, shocked with every step. The thought Karen might be in danger keeps him going.

He makes it to the basement door.

BEN
Karen?

He reaches out to open the door...

LAUGHTER. Sinister CHILDISH GIGGLES from beyond the door.

Ben steps back.

The door bursts wide open.

Karen stands at the doorway. Crazed glare in her eyes. Hands behind her back.

BEN
Karen! Thank God you're OK!
(beat)
Are you alright?

Karen stabs Ben in his stomach with her butcher knife.

INT. BASEMENT - REED HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT TIME)

Karen stabs an attacking tentacle with her knife. Green ooze spills from its wound as the limb retreats back to its underground nest.

Another tentacle comes at her from the side. Karen slices it in half.

The tentacle shrivels to the size of a maggot and retreats back to base.

The demonic beast HOWLS in pain.

Blood-covered Karen smirks at the demon's agony.

She moves towards the demon with her knife like an ancient gladiator about to slay a mythical monster.

She slices away defensive tentacles and watches them sizzle to dust on the floor.

She ventures towards the defenceless demon's head.

Face to face with the demon. Eye to eye.

Karen rams the knife into the eye of the foul creature. She withdraws the blade with hysterical laughter as ooze spurts from the demon's wound.

Karen falls to her knees. Blood runs from her mouth. She's shocked by her sudden weakness. Doesn't understand.

Dust falls from loose foundations above.

Karen stabs the demon's head. Black and green ooze spurts out like a fountain, covering her.

The demon ROARS in pain.

Karen ROARS with anger as she strikes the knife into the beast over and over again.

The demon descends into its pit.

Karen doesn't let up. She continues to stab the beast.

Karen relents from her stabbing frenzy.

The demon disappears down the pit.

Karen rocks on her knees at the edge of the pit. Her hysterical laugh turns into a tearful cry.

Karen SCREAMS, crazed.

EXT. REED HOUSE - NIGHT

A WAIL of a police siren.

Flashing red and blue lights illuminate the dark house.

A police car pulls up.

OFFICER JONES (O.S.)

One Adam Ten to dispatch. Officer Jones and Reese have arrived at the scene. Please tell us how you would like us to proceed, over.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE / RADIO (V.O.)

Subject has violated their parole and are to be taken into custody. Proceed with caution, over.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - REED HOUSE - NIGHT

OFFICER JONES and OFFICER REESE enter through the ajar door. It's pitch black. They draw their guns.

Jones tries the light switch. Won't work.

They flick on their flashlights.

Blood covers the room.

Karen's shrill SCREAM echoes from the basement.

Reese grabs his radio.

OFFICER REESE

One Adam Ten to dispatch. Requesting immediate back up!

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Reese and Jones rush down the staircase.

They stop near the bottom.

Their flashlights reveal blood on the ground.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Reese and Jones shine their flashlights around the room, both sickened by the sights.

Dead bodies lay against the wall. Jill. Pete. Ben. Dr. Black.

Reese grabs his radio.

OFFICER REESE

One Adam Ten to dispatch. We've got
bodies here... need ambulances.

Jones shines his light over the room.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Roger that One Adam Ten. EMT
services on their way. Advised to
wait for back up, over.

Jones' flashlight shines on Karen. She's barely alive, back
against the wall, covered in blood. Multiple stab wounds.

OFFICER JONES

Oh Jesus Christ! We got a live one!

Karen raises her knife.

OFFICER JONES

Ma'am! Drop the weapon! We're the
police, it's OK!

Karen stabs herself in the chest.

She slumps back against the wall.

Sirens WAIL in the distance.

Karen's eyes flutter. They close as she releases a final gasp
of breath.

Reese and Jones' flashlights shine over Karen's face.

A smile. She's reached peace at last.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.