

WHAT COMES AROUND

(c) Copyright 2013

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Early morning. The neighborhood barely stirs.

A clunker of a car chugs onto the driveway and shudders to a stop. The car's driver side door opens with some resistance.

LUCY, late teens, currently treading that thin line between innocence and experience, steps from the car.

Large spots of fresh blood stain her face and clothes.

She takes a wooden box, a bit smaller than a shoebox, from the car. With a dazed look, she heads for the house.

Blood oozes from the box's seams.

The house's front door opens before her foot hits the first step. CELIA, early 30's, could easily be mistaken for a vapid trophy wife if not for the wicked glint in her eye, steps onto the front porch.

CELIA

Good morning! Come on in.

Lucy hesitates. With a deep breath to steel herself, she shambles past Celia and into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Modern and beautiful but spotless to the point of sterile.

Celia pauses at the entrance to the hall and calls out.

CELIA

Girls! Five minutes!

She leans against the nook and reaches for a coffee press.

CELIA

Fancy a cup?

Lucy holds the box out to her.

LUCY

Just take it.

Celia's smile falters.

CELIA  
You disappoint me, Lucy. Never any  
pleasantries with you.

She snatches the box from Lucy's hand.

CELIA  
You really need to work on your  
social skills.

She peeks into the box and her smile returns.

CELIA  
But at least you're dependable.

Standing on tiptoes, Celia slips the box into a high cupboard  
among other similar boxes.

LUCY  
Now the amulet.

Celia opens her hand. A bulging leather pouch on a rough  
leather thong drops from her palm and dangles from her  
fingers as if out of thin air.

Lucy reaches for it but Celia jerks it out of her grasp.

CELIA  
There's just one more thing I'd  
like you to do for me.

Anger pushes past Lucy's fear.

LUCY  
I've already done enough.

CELIA  
That's for me to decide.

LUCY  
We had a deal.

Celia pats Lucy's cheek.

CELIA  
The funny thing about a deal like  
this is that the person with more  
to lose must suffer the whims of  
the person who holds the power.

She swings the amulet tantalizingly close to Lucy's face.

CELIA  
And which one do you think you are?

LUCY

The one who's sick of your crap.

Lucy punches Celia in the stomach and grabs the amulet.  
Celia gasps and doubles over.

Lucy darts down the hallway.

CELIA

You ungrateful little cow!

Celia storms after her.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As Lucy reaches each door it slams shut and locks. She passes a girls' play room.

INT. GIRLS' PLAYROOM - DAY

Celia's TWO DAUGHTERS glance up from their dolls and give Lucy a disinterested glance, as if bloody young women are a common sight for them.

They return to their dolls as the door slams shut.

The door opens and Celia pokes her head in.

CELIA

Three minutes.

They sigh in the melodramatic way only managed by girls that age and set their toys aside.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lucy reaches the last door and jiggles the handle. Her eyes dart to and fro as they search for an escape.

Celia gently closes the door to the play room and advances down the hall. She waves her fingers.

The doorhandle turns and Lucy falls through the doorway.

INT. COVEN ROOM - DAY

In stark contrast to the rest of the house, darkness shrouds the room. Ancient texts line shelves beside skulls and candles.

A large sealed container made from colored glass holds a special place of reverence on a pedestal.

Lucy stumbles around and tries to find a way out.

Celia stands in the doorway.

CELIA

You disappoint me, Lucy. I had such high hopes for you.

Lucy ignores her and pulls a covering from the window, bathing the room in light.

CELIA

You'll never make it out alive. Not with the things you've done.

Lucy unlocks the window. She tries to open it but it won't budge.

CELIA

You can't possibly think dirty deeds go unpunished.

LUCY

Shut up!

Lucy grabs the glass container and hurls it at Celia. It strikes the wall and shatters.

Terror fills Celia.

CELIA

Do you know what you've done?

Lucy glances down and notices the glass shards are now clear, not colored. In confusion, she looks towards Celia, framed in the doorway.

Celia gasps as numerous hands shoot out from behind her. They grab her and yank her backwards. The door slams shut.

A shrill scream pierces the early morning silence.

Lucy scrambles over to the window. She pushes against it and it now opens easily.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Lucy races to her car and jumps in.

INT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

With trembling hands, she forces the key into the ignition. The engine turns once and roars to life.

Lucy slumps in relief.

A sharp rap on her window startle her. Celia and her daughters, now bloody and haunted, grapple for the door.

CELIA  
Please! Let us in!

Lucy floor the gas.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Lucy's car lurches onto the road and speeds away.

INT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

Celia and her daughters recede in the rear view mirror. Lucy clutches the steering wheel, the amulet's thong wrapped around her hand.

EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - DAY

Lucy's car stops with a wheeze in the front of what amounts to little more than a shack.

She darts from the car and dashes the short distance into the house.

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - DAY

Clean but old and sparsely furnished.

LUCY'S MOTHER, 40's, dozes in front of the television. A brightly colored turban wrapped around her bald head gives a stark contrast to her pale, drawn face.

Lucy tiptoes over and gently slips the amulet over her mother's head, careful not to wake her.

She turns the television off and heads into the bathroom. A shower runs.

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - LATER

Lucy dries her hair with a towel as she heads out of the bathroom in a fluffy robe.

She stops short.

The sofa is empty. Clangs and sizzles come from the kitchen.

LUCY

Mother?

Lucy's Mother peeks around the corner. Her face is bright and clear.

LUCY'S MOTHER

Hi, sweetie! Just thought I'd make some breakfast. You hungry?

LUCY

Maybe you should take it easy.

LUCY'S MOTHER

It's so odd. I feel better than I have in months. I'd rather be up and about, to be honest.

LUCY

I'll just get dressed.

LUCY'S MOTHER

Maybe we can go out later.

LUCY

Let's just take things as they come, okay?

LUCY'S MOTHER

Ooh, my bacon!

Lucy wipes away a tear of joy and strides over to her room.

She opens the door and gasps. A multitude of hands grab her and yank her into the room.

The door slams shut.

FADE OUT.