

When the Time Comes

By

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INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

An EGG is cracked and dumped into a frying pan. Instantly it begins to sizzle.

GERALD, 30's, whistles as he discards the eggshell. In the background, an episode of Jeopardy can be heard.

TV HOST
When you let these be these, you
decide to forget past
disagreements.

Gerald answers at the same time as the contestant.

GERALD
What are bygones?

TV HOST
Correct!

Gerald continues to talk at the same time as the game show contestant as he finishes cooking and scoops the eggs onto a plate.

GERALD
How do you get by for 800.

TV HOST
It's a standing rule--

The game show is quickly interrupted by a NEWS ANCHOR.

NEWS ANCHOR
We interrupt this program for some
breaking news--

The News Anchor is cut short as Gerald hits the rewind button on the VCR. The game show is recorded on tape.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRWAY - SAME

Gerald walks up the stairs, carrying the plate.

He stops for a moment to acknowledge a consistent KNOCKING at the front door near the base of the stairs.

He continues upwards.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Someone pushes on the bedroom door. It's jammed. On the second try it opens and Gerald enters.

GERALD

I need to remember to fix this door.

He looks towards the bed.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I made your favorite.

In the BED, lies LISA. She's about the same age as Gerald. She looks awful, sweaty... maybe the flu.

Gerald sits the plate on the bedside table next to her. She quickly turns her head away from it.

GERALD (CONT'D)

You need to eat.

Lisa's voice is weak.

LISA

I'm not hungry.

Gerald pulls back the bottom of the blanket, revealing her ankle. It's wrapped in bloody bandages and appears to be infected.

GERALD

You're gonna need the energy.

He puts the blanket down and sits in a CHAIR next to the bed.

He gently grabs her hand.

GERALD (CONT'D)

What do you want to do today?

Lisa doesn't answer.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Anything you want... this is your day.

It takes Lisa a moment--

(CONTINUED)

LISA
I want to go home.

Gerald nods in agreement.

GERALD
We will, both of us... when the
time comes.

He stands up, still holding her hand.

GERALD (CONT'D)
But until then, you name it.

Lisa thinks for a second before she looks Gerald in the eyes.

LISA
My needles... My knitting needles.

A smile comes across Gerald's face.

GERALD
Perfect. Where are those?

LISA
In the shed.

Gerald hesitates.

GERALD
If that's what you want.

He bends down and kisses her on the forehead before walking towards the bedroom door.

His smile fades away.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gerald stares at the back door, which we now notice is boarded up. His fear of leaving the house becomes obvious.

He opens a cabinet below the kitchen sink and pulls out a HAMMER.

He slides opens a drawer to find a FLASHLIGHT.

Very gently, he pulls back part of the blinds hanging on the kitchen window. It's dark out, he can't see anything.

Using the back of the hammer, he quietly pries nails out of the boards covering the door.

He takes a deep breathe before he opens the door and--

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

--steps outside.

It's dark out but there's a strange feeling that it might not be nighttime. Almost as if something is blocking the sun.

The sky glows in the distance as if countless structures are burning far away. What looks like snow, but could be ash gently falls all around.

It feels like the apocalypse.

The SHED is about fifty yards from the house. A single light above the door shows its location.

Gerald looks around before inching his way forward.

Shadows are moving all around him but it's impossible to tell what's causing them.

It sounds like something is GROWLING behind him. He stops and turns. Nothing.

He grips the hammer tighter as he turns back towards the shed to see--

A FIGURE moves under the light of the shed. Too fast to tell what it was. Gerald quickly gets behind a tree.

GERALD
(quietly to himself)
Don't let her down... don't let her
down...

He pokes his head out from behind the tree. He doesn't see anyone... or anything.

GERALD (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Just run for it... just go!

Gerald takes off running for the shed.

He's halfway there when the sound of his footsteps becomes the sound of many.

Something is chasing him. More than one. He doesn't look back, we don't look back. Eyes on the shed.

Almost there.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

The DOOR swings open. Gerald slings himself inside and slams it behind him just as--

Something else crashes into the door.

Gerald gets the doors shut.

The THING outside doesn't fight to get in, but simply keeps knocking into the door. Just like the noise heard at the front door of the house.

Gerald locks a small latch to keep the door shut. He turns on the flash light and looks around.

He walks away, not noticing the latch is slowly being loosened from the wall with every hard knock.

BOXES UPON BOXES are stacked to the ceiling. All are labeled: KITCHEN, BEDROOM, HOLLY, BABY CLOTHES...

He digs through them, tossing some to the side until--

GERALD

There you are.

He finds one labeled LISA, with a HEART drawn over the name.

From inside he pulls out a stack of PICTURES.

Captured moments of Gerald and Lisa on vacation, out to dinner, at the alter, picnic in the park...

He stops on one of Lisa knitting a BABY BLANKET. She looks happy.

Using his thumb, he rubs the picture as a tear falls from his eye.

Back inside the box he finds the KNITTING NEEDLES, tied together with YARN. He picks them up as--

The consistent knocking against the shed door causes the latch to finally break. The door opens.

GERALD (CONT'D)

No, no!

Gerald leaps towards the door. As he does, he knocks Lisa's box over. The pictures decorate the floor.

(CONTINUED)

The flashlight hits the ground and begins spinning, causing eerie light to come and go as--

Gerald slams his back to the door, shutting it again.

Without the latch to keep it shut, the creature outside can open it with every push.

Gerald holds his back to the door as he slides to the ground. He sits, catching his breath as the creature shows no signs of slowing down.

The flashlight comes to a stop on the floor.

The shed door begins to crack.

Gerald looks down to realize he's still holding the needles. He takes a deep breath.

GERALD

I'm so sorry baby.

He brings the slender piece of metal to his throat.

The door cracks more. Any moment it will collapse and whatever is outside... will be inside.

GERALD (CONT'D)

This was supposed to be your day...
and I failed you.

He presses the needle harder near his jugular. He's about to break skin when--

He notices the flashlight shining directly onto a photo. One of him staring lovingly at Lisa as she holds their newborn baby, wrapped in the blanket she was knitting.

He lowers the needle as he admires the photo.

GERALD

I'm coming back.

He gets to his feet just as the door gives way. He raises the needles, screams and turns to swing them--

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The backdoor is slightly open and creaks in the night breeze.

From outside come the noises of a struggle. Growls and grunts. It sounds like a body drops to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

After a long moment... the door swings open.

Gerald pulls himself inside, slamming the door behind him.

He's covered in blood. It's unclear if any of it belong to him.

He looks down at the knitting needles. They're also covered in blood with a possible PIECE OF BRAIN hanging from one.

He turns the sink on and scrubs them clean. The water comes out in spurts, as if the well is running dry.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Gerald walks up the stairs. He stops for a moment to acknowledge the knocking at the front door has stopped.

He continues up the stairs but now notices--

A BLOODY HANDPRINT smeared up the wall.

GERALD

Lisa!

He races up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gerald gets to the bedroom door finding it still shut.

GERALD

Lisa? Are you okay?

He's just about to open it when something else catches his attention.

Hidden in the shadows at the end of the hallway is the SILHOUETTE of a human. It's tall and appears to be staring right at Gerald.

Gerald's hand slowly moves towards the doorknob. He turns it.

It's jammed.

The creature lets out a hellacious scream and charges from the shadows.

Gerald struggles with the door. The screams and footsteps are very quickly getting closer.

He doesn't look to see the thing coming at him. He's focused on the door. One last shove and--

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gerald bursts into the room. The dark figure is inches behind just as he gets the door shut.

BAM...BAM...BAM...

It begins that familiar knocking on the door but it can't get in for now.

Gerald walks to the bed. Lisa looks more peaceful than she did before.

He places the knitting needles in her hands, upon her chest. She resembles a recently deceased person in a coffin.

Gerald sits in the chair next to the bed. He leans his head back, finally able to relax. He looks content as he closes his eyes.

GERALD
(whispering)
I love you.

The room goes dark as the knocking begins to fade...

... Silence ...

BAM-BAM-BAM...

The knocking is back and louder than before as Gerald's eyes shoot open.

He sits up straight and looks around the room as if trying to remember where he is.

He looks to the bed and realizes Lisa is no longer in it. He stands up.

He realizes why the knocking is so loud this time... It's coming from within the room.

GERALD
Lisa... honey.

Lisa stands at the door with her back to Gerald. She keeps walking into the door, as if trying to pass through it but not knowing how to open it.

(CONTINUED)

GERALD (CONT'D)

Sweetie... what are you doing?

She stops walking into the door and stands perfectly still for a moment. Then, she slowly turns around.

Gerald takes a deep breath when he sees her face.

Her eyes are bloodshot. Her nose is broken from the door. She no longer resembles his loving wife.

She grips the needles, one in each hand.

Gerald fights back tears.

GERALD

We can both go home now.

Lisa takes a step towards Gerald.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.