

THE BLOOD CURSE

Written by

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EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

We see a quiet street in a quiet neighborhood and a cul-de-sac with houses similarly colored.

INT. LAURA'S ROOM - MORNING

LAURA (26), an athletic assertive princess type, with OCD, awakens from a sound sleep and quickly gets dressed and gets herself ready for the day. She picks up her phone after it starts to ring, it's DR. GORDON, her psychiatrist.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

She walks into the kitchen and see her husband, STEVE (30), a tall, lanky, goofy pushover, pours her coffee. She answers her phone.

DR. GORDON (O.S.)  
Good morning Mrs. Cutler, I see you missed our four o'clock yesterday, is everything ok?

LAURA  
I have to reschedule, I'm sorry. Something came up.

DR. GORDON (O.S.)  
Ok...well, do the exercises we discussed, and don't forget your meds. Can we try again this Friday? I have a one o'clock open.

LAURA  
Yeah, that's fine. See you then.

She hangs up the phone and her husband gives her a long look.

STEVE  
So what came up?

LAURA  
I just don't feel like going in today.

STEVE  
Well, your little rituals are getting worse, so...I dunno maybe we do what he says.

LAURA

(sighs)

I will, that's why I'm going on my morning run. It helps to empty my thoughts.

STEVE

You know if you keep dressing like that, I'm gonna have to start joining you on these runs.

She takes her coffee and has a quick sip.

LAURA

Like you could even keep up with me?

She puts down the cup and proceeds to the front door. Steve playfully slaps her on the butt as she passes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

If you keep that up, I might run away with Bob.

STEVE

Ha...Ha

Laura blows him a kiss and winks before she does her doorknob ritual, tap, tap, tap, turn, turn, turn. She then exits the house.

EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING

Laura starts her jog and puts in her earbuds. She goes down her usual path.

She is stopped by her neighbor Mrs. Osiris(60), a brown-haired curmudgeon, pain in the ass, waving her down.

MRS. OSIRIS

You have to stop leaving your trashcan out into the evening on trash day.

LAURA

I'm sorry, is that bothering you?

MRS. OSIRIS

This is a nice neighborhood, and we like to keep everything neat and orderly here. Also, y'all keep parking in the mud, and it's been leaving tracks on the street.

(MORE)

MRS. OSIRIS (CONT'D)

Can you tell that husband of yours  
to clean it up, please?

LAURA

Look, I get it. You don't like us.  
Ever since we moved here, you  
always got some new, tiny bullshit  
detail we're not doing to make you  
happy.

MRS. OSIRIS

Yeah, stop doing things around here  
half-assed and I'll shut my mouth.

LAURA

I'll tell Steve about the tracks.  
I gotta go.

She starts her run again.

MRS. OSIRIS (O.S.)

(yelling)

You'd better. If you don't want me  
to go to the HOA again.

LAURA

(mumbles)

Bitch!

Laura continues her run and turns the corner off her street.

EXT. TWO NEIGHBORHOODS AWAY FROM HOME - MORNING

Further down the road she hears someone yell.

DOG OWNER (O.S.)

Julie! Come back!

Laura turns to see a DOG run away from the DOG OWNER. She  
tries to help chase her down. She follows the dog into an  
abandoned silo.

EXT. ABANDONED SILO - DAY

The dog stops and starts to sniff and dig up something. She  
approaches, but the dog runs away again.

She walks over to the spot and sees the dog has unearthed a  
small, dirty object wrapped in cloth. To her surprise, she  
unfolds the cloth and sees an ANCIENT KNIFE. She picks it up  
and examines it closely.

LAURA

Wow, where the hell did this come from? Looks ancient, hmm... might be worth a few bucks.

She tries to put the knife back in the cloth, but it's stuck in her hand's palm. She pulls it with all her strength and shakes it vigorously with no evade.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Shit! Damn thing won't let go!

She sees a vehicle approach. Quickly, she puts the cloth over the knife and hides it behind her back. A STRANGER steps outside his car. He wears your typical blue jeans and flannel and walks over to her.

STRANGER

Hey madam, this private property, you can't be here.

LAURA

Oh, I so sorry, I was looking for my...

She sees the dog run by.

LAURA (CONT'D)

My dog, Julie, come here girl!

STRANGER

Oh, it's ok, I'm sorry, good luck catching her. Have a good day.

She gives him a gentle wave as he gets back in the car and drives away, she starts to run back to her house a little worried.

EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

She arrives back in her neighborhood and sees Mrs. Osiris. She tends her garden, and gives Laura a nasty look. Laura makes haste to her house and burst thru the door.

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

She storms through the front door, exhausted from the run and searches for her husband.

LAURA  
Steven! Hey, where are you?!  
Just getting rid last  
nights dinner.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
(confused)  
Huh? Oh, taking another crap,  
perfect. Please spray the poo-  
pourri and hurry; we have a  
situation here.

There is a flush in the bathroom, and he comes out to the  
kitchen to see her.

STEVE  
So, what happened? What's Mrs.  
Osiris bitching about today? No  
wonder her husband left.

LAURA  
Yeah, she bitched about the mud  
tracks again but forget about that.  
This is serious, I'm in trouble.

She reveals the knife in her hands. He looks at the knife  
closely.

STEVE  
Ok, the knife is pretty sweet.  
Where'd you find it and what's the  
emergency?

LAURA  
By that old, abandoned silo, but  
that's not important. I can't get  
the damn thing out of my hand; it's  
stuck on there really good.

He grabs it by the hilt and tries to pry it off, but it  
twists her wrist, and she yelps in pain.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Ow! That's not gonna work.

He grabs a butter knife out of the drawer and starts using  
that to free it from her hand, but it bends the butter knife.

STEVE  
You're not kidding this thing is on  
here really good, we prolly need to  
go to the E.R.

LAURA

No hospitals! You know how I feel about them. I'll look online for answers; maybe it's like glue or something.

STEVE

I guess if you wanna be stubborn. We'll do it your way, but if we don't have this thing off by tomorrow, I'm taking you to the doctor even if I have to drag you.

LAURA

Deal, shake on it?

She reaches over with the knife hand.

STEVE

Ok, now we have jokes.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

They search for tools in their messy garage. Laura almost stabs Steven but he moves out the way in time.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

In the bathroom, they grab some alcohol and try remove it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

They use a larger knife to pry it without avail.

END MONTAGE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tired of all of it, she wraps her hand in a cloth and watches TV with her husband. After a bit, she gets up, and then falls back down, she looks pale and weak.

STEVE

Hey are you alright?

LAURA  
I don't know; I feel a little  
dizzy.

STEVE  
Have you had anything to eat yet?

LAURA  
No, could you make me a quick  
omelet, please?

STEVE  
Sure thing baby bear.

INT. LAURA'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Steve pulls out all the ingredients and chops some onions and bell peppers. Laura walks in and notices how crappy his technique is.

LAURA  
Do you mind?

STEVE  
Sure, you are the house cook; how  
dare I impose in your domain.

She looks at the awkward situation and realizes she can't use a knife in her other hand and will have to use the cursed blade.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Wait, you're not going to use that,  
are you? Is that thing even clean?  
Will you at least wash it...

Ignoring his plea, she starts chopping onions, then bells peppers brilliantly, but she accidentally cuts her finger in the chaos.

LAURA  
Oww, shit!

She sucks on her finger as it bleeds and looks down at the knife, covered in blood. The knife's blade absorbs the blood, color returns to her pale face and is now wide eyed with energy; Laura holds the knife up and stares at its mystery.

STEVE  
What in the Stephen King was that?  
Did that thing just drink your  
blood?



LAURA

Yeah, that was freaky, but the crazy thing is, I feel... so much better, like the wave of fatigue just disappeared.

STEVE

I don't like this one bit. Where the hell did that thing come from? Should we get it looked at by an archeologist?

LAURA

Maybe... maybe its like from Mesopotamia... who knows, I'll figure it out tomorrow. I'm hungry.

They cook the omelet, and she eats it.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Much better. Now let's see if I can help you around the house without hurting myself again.

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY

Throughout the day she does chores around the house awkwardly with the knife in her hand. She folds clothes, wipes the kitchen counters, sweeps and mops the living room and kitchen.

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Laura goes around the house, doing her ritual, by locking all the doors three times, flipping on and off the light switches, then paces around and quietly talks to herself.

STEVE

Have you been taking your meds?

LAURA

Yes, it's just I'm a little more stressed out than usual.

INT. LAURA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura brushes her teeth with Steve at the side sink.

LAURA

So tonight, I think it's best if we sleep separately, just in case I have knife terrors.

STEVE

Ha...ha... you're on a roll today, but I think that's best for everyone; we wouldn't want a slumber party massacre on our hands. I'll get the couch.

INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laura falls asleep and begins to toss and turn and talking in her sleep. She sweats profusely and shakes.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Two GREEK WARRIORS fighting each other.

A NATIVE WOMAN protecting her CHILDREN from a RIVAL TRIBE.

A GANG LEADER is assassinated.

A RANCHER finds his WIFE cheating, and kills her lover.

Mrs. Osiris kills her HUSBAND.

INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laura wakes up and screams.

LAURA

AHHHH, My leg! Shit! Steven, I need you!

Steve runs in, turns on the light, and looks down at the bloody sheets. She uncovers herself and sees the cuts on her legs covered in blood.

The knife absorbs most of the blood, and her wounds start to heal. She feels the knife start to loosen, but it is still stuck to her hand.

STEVE

What happened? Did that knife just suck up your blood again?

Laura is scared and breathes heavily.

LAURA

Babe, I had the worst dream. This thing... it's been killing people for centuries. The craziest thing... Mrs. Osiris. She killed her husband with it. It was like I was there.

STEVE

It was just a dream, that old bag may be a bitch, but she's no killer... right?

LAURA

I dunno, babe; it felt too real, like scarily accurate. This thing it's absorbing blood. It's like it needs it. When I cut myself earlier, it took in the blood, and I felt better. It freaked me out. Hell, it's still freaking me out.

Steve lies down next to her and gives her a hug as she cries.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Will you lay with me please? I don't wanna be alone.

STEVE

OK honey, but first let's get that thing wrapped up better.

He quickly wraps the knife with several washcloths and then wraps it in tape. They lie down and fall asleep.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Laura and Steve sit and share coffee together.

LAURA

Something is going on with Mrs. Osiris; that dream, it felt too real.

STEVE

Do you really think she killed him? I mean, I don't put it past her. But why don't we call the police?

LAURA

And tell them what? My scary little nightmare saw her stab her husband.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

I have to go over there. Force a confession.

STEVE

Why are you gonna do that? This is not like you at all; we're not detectives.

LAURA

(enraged)

LET ME FUCKING DO THIS!

He backs away from her with a look of disgust and fear.

STEVE

(Scared and confused)

What...What the hell was that?

Laura shakes with fear and comes back to reality.

LAURA

(Scared)

I... I don't know. Something just came over me, like a wave of anger. I'm scared baby, this thing, it changes you. It's hard to explain. I'm so sorry.

He hugs her.

STEVE

It's not your fault. I don't want you going over there alone...just in case she is a murderer.

LAURA

This knife. It's telling me things, making me feel something. Something hateful and malicious.

Laura breaks away from the hug.

LAURA (CONT'D)

It's just... I've been lying to you babe. I haven't been taking my meds. They make me feel empty. It's like I'm always looking at life through a window, but I can't participate.

STEVE

So what am supposed to do? Sit back and watch you lie to your doctor.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

We keep doing things your way and then I'm stuck picking up the pieces. I know the meds put you in a bad place, but I'm not gonna just continue to watch you get worse. I don't want you to suffer like this.

LAURA

I love you, and I don't wanna hurt you either. Just let me figure this out first, please?

STEVE

Ok, but what if she is a killer? I don't want you to go there alone.

LAURA

Don't worry about me. I have a knife.

STEVE

Not funny. Ok, so what are you gonna do? Just walk right through her front door? "Hey, have you done any stabbing lately?"

LAURA

No...  
(thinking)  
I'll bring a gift.

STEVE

Like what?

She looks into the pantry and finds something.

EXT. MRS. OSIRIS'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Laura rings the doorbell three times as she holds a cake. Mrs. Osiris opens the door puzzled.

MRS. OSIRIS

What the hell are you doing here?

LAURA

I felt terrible about our shortcomings as neighbors and wanted to bring you a gift, a peace offering.

MRS. OSIRIS

Well, I'm not much for sweets.

Looks at Laura's disappointment

MRS. OSIRIS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Well come on in then, my a/c is  
running.

They both enter the house.

INT. MRS. OSIRIS'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Osiris takes the cakepan and puts it on the kitchen  
counter.

LAURA  
So how have you been?

MRS. OSIRIS  
Well, my damn knees have been  
killing me. The grandkids have been  
pissing me off too.  
(sighs)  
Other than that, I guess I'm  
surviving.

LAURA  
I'm sorry to hear that.

MRS. OSIRIS  
Ahh don't worry about it.

LAURA  
So, how have you been adjusting?  
Since Merl?

MRS. OSIRIS  
Oh, that bastard, good riddance. I  
am much happier now. You probably  
couldn't tell.

LAURA  
Well, that's good to hear.

MRS. OSIRIS  
What the hell happen to you?

LAURA  
Oh, yesterday I fell and hurt it  
pretty bad.

The knife starts to radiate and black veins spread throughout  
her arm. She starts to bleed through the wrap down her wrist.  
Mrs. Osiris sees her bleeding.

MRS. OSIRIS

Well, you're bleeding all over the place. Here put it sink, or your gonna ruin my goddamn floor.

Laura puts her hand in the sink and runs it thru water.

MRS. OSIRIS (CONT'D)

Let me get you some paper towel.

LAURA

(Nervously)

Oh, I should be fine, don't worry about it.

MRS. OSIRIS

Don't be so stubborn. What the hell is wrong with you anyways?

LAURA

(Angrily)

BACK OFF!

Mrs. Osiris is taken back from the outburst and sees the knife revealed in the sink. Mrs. Osiris backs up in horror.

MRS. OSIRIS

You gotta go, you can't be here.

LAURA

So, it's true. You did kill him.

Laura approaches Mrs. Osiris as she is backing up to the corner of her living room, panicking and knocking over things. She starts to sob and gets hysterical.

MRS. OSIRIS

No... no... no. You don't understand. I had no choice.

LAURA

What happened? Where did you get this knife?

EXT. GALVESTON BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mrs. Osiris walks on a beach and finds a knife poking out of the sand. She picks it up and exams it.

INT. MRS. OSIRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

MR. OSIRIS stands in the living room with his luggage while Mrs. Osiris stands in the hallway to the front door.

MRS. OSIRIS (V.O.)

I found it at the beach. I just needed some time to think about our relationship. Twenty-five years, down the drain. I saw it poking out from the sand. A beach I had never been to before. Like you, I couldn't get that damn thing off my hand. I get home, and he's packed up and ready to go.

INT. MRS. OSIRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mr. Osiris has his luggage packed and confronts Mrs. Osiris in the hallway.

MR. OSIRIS

Come on now, don't make this any harder than it has to be.

She stands in the hallway scared, hiding the knife behind her back.

MRS. OSIRIS

Just one last hug before you go?

MR. OSIRIS

Ok, one last hug.

They embrace each other for a long hug, and then she brutally stabs him in the back; he screams in agony and then falls to the floor.

INT. MRS. OSIRIS'S HOUSE CURRENT - DAY (END FLASHBACK)

MRS. OSIRIS

It doesn't give you a choice. It keeps draining you and draining you till you will do anything to quench its ravenous thirst for blood.

Mrs. Osiris looks at the knife and realizes what she must do. She lunges at Laura, trying to get ahold of the blade and plunge it into her chest. They continue to struggle while they crash into furniture and roll on the ground. A scream is let out then a pool of blood begins to form on the ground.



The knife is dropped on the floor finally free of from Laura's hand.

EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

There's a knock at the front door. Steve opens it. Laura stands in front, shaken and covered in blood.

STEVE

What the fuck happened?

LAURA

Remember when you said you loved me enough that you'd help me bury a body? I'm gonna have to pull that favor.

STEVE

Hurry up and get inside. I'm gonna call a friend, and let's pray he picks up.

She runs into his arms, and they hug in a big sigh of relief.

LAURA

(crying)

She was right, it doesn't give you a choice.

EXT. RECYCLE YARD - NIGHT

Steve hands over money to his friend KEVIN and he lets them use the shredder to dispose of the knife and the body. They put Mrs. Osiris's body into the shredder piece by piece and then finally put the knife into it.

LAURA

Do you think we'll be ok?

STEVE

I'm not sure. I don't even know how to feel. This changes everything.

LAURA

Let's just go home and try and forget about this.

She takes her meds out her bag and pops a pill.

The two hold hands and walk away while they have two full bags in their other hands. They toss the bags into the trunk of their car and drive away.

Kevin closes down and leaves the plant.

The knife emerges from the shredder next to it on the ground, unscathed. A shadowy, dark, and foreboding PERSON appears from out of the mists and picks up the knife with its blackened and vicious hands.

EXT. GOLGOTHA OUTSIDE OF JERUSALEM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

JESUS on the cross, he suffers and then is finally impaled.

INT. ANCIENT ROMAN HALL - (FLASHBACK)

PILATE and a DARK FIGURE construct the spear of destiny. The dark figure whispers some strange and unworldly language over the spear. The figure cuts its hand and drips its blood on the spear. It then glows red.

EXT. RECYCLE YARD - NIGHT (END FLASHBACK)

The dark figure takes the knife in hand and examines it closely. A hole opens in the ground that spews fire from its entrance. Shadowy spirits screech out into the night. The dark figure descends into it with the knife as it glows red, and a scorched pentagram is left at the site.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.