

PEN, INK, BLOOD

Written by

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INT. DJ'S BEDROOM. DAY

The bedroom/studio of a couch-surfing nerd. Besides an unmade bed, there's a drawing desk in one corner with papers all over it.

D.J., a disheveled late-twenty-something sits at the drawing desk, he's manically scribbling away.

Off-screen, a woman's shrill voice shouts at him.

JULIE (O.S.)

D.J., your dad asked you to take
the garbage to the curb.

Annoyed at the interruption, D.J. mocks her.

D.J.

(under his breath) take the garbage
to the curb. You're not my mother.

JULIE (O.S.)

Come on. Give me a hand. Are you
still working on that silly comic
book?

D.J.

(Shouting) It's not a comic book.
It's a graphic novel!

JULIE (O.S.)

Whatever. Get off your lazy ass and
help me.

D J throws his pencil down, and stands to go help.

POV DJ'S DESK

On the screen is the title page of a graphic novel. The title is Old Wilbur. It's a bucolic picture of an old man fishing beside a lovely lake.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FISHING DOCK.DAY.

GARY, an old man(an unhealthy sixty-plus)fishes off a rotting and decrepit boat dock. A decrepit boat house sits at the land end of the dock.

Gary casts a line far out into the reedy lake. Then he sits down and pulls out a can of beer, pounding it in only a couple of swigs.

GARY

Come on Wilbur. Can't hide from me
forever. Today's the day.

Gary stares out over the water to the west. He smiles, then begins to HACK AND COUGH, barely catching his breath.

EXT.IN THE WATER.DAY.

On the other side of the dock, SOMETHING MOVES under the water, not quite visible but clearly large and causes ripples.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN'S DECK. DAY.

MIA, a trashy-hot forty-year-old in shorts and a top way too tight and age-inappropriate for her steps out onto the deck of a nice but not luxurious lakeside cabin. She holds a glass of vodka on the rocks in one hand, and expensive sunglasses in the other.

She squints against the bright sun and puts the sunglasses on. She takes a sip of the vodka, then leans on the railing, looking out over the lake and the mountains.

MIA'S POV

Gary sits with his back to the cabin, lazily fishing.

Mia looks at the time on her phone.

MIA

Really?

She slams the rest of her drink and stomps off.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING DOCK. DAY.

Gary is happily fishing. A coughing fit hits him and he hacks, then spits a big gob of phlegm into the water.

From behind him, MIA GROANS.

MIA
My prince charming.

GARY
Didn't know you were there.
Shouldn't be sneaking up on people.

MIA
It's not sneaking. Is it getting worse?

Gary shrugs off her question.

GARY
What are you doing down here? Those aren't exactly fishing clothes.

MIA
You said we were going into town today.

Gary begins reeling in his line.

GARY
Just gimme a little longer. I got a feeling Old Wilbur is hanging around.

MIA
Old Wilbur doesn't exist.
California doesn't have catfish. At least not big ones like that.

Gary feels a nibble on his line.

GARY
Ah! Shows what you know. Old Wilbur's lived in this lake for years. Local tribes talked about him. Miners have seen him. Everyone knows he's here, just no one's ever caught him.

The line tightens and the rod bends.

GARY (CONT'D)
 Oh shit. Until today. Come on
 Wilbur you old son of a bitch. I
 got ya.

Mia watches, semi-interested as Gary pulls up the tip of his
 rod, and reels frantically.

GARY (CONT'D)
 Oh... Jesus this is big.... I think
 it's Wilbur. Ha ha, I finally
 caught you, ya-

Gary's rod suddenly straightens, and he reels in a giant
 clump of weeds and sticks.

Mia SNORT-LAUGHS.

MIA
 Behold the mighty fisherman. Oh
 he's a keeper. Think you can clean
 him for dinner?

GARY
 I had him.

MIA
 Come on, you promised.

Gary, cleans the muck off his line.

GARY
 You go. I'm happy right here.

MIA
 That's one of us. Come on, you
 promised.

Gary pops another beer and casts his line again.

Mia lets out a FRUSTRATED GROAN and stomps off.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN. DAY

Mia storms through the door. She grabs her purse and car
 keys.

MIA
 Stupid old man-

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY. DAY.

A 10-year-old luxury car tears out of the cabin's driveway onto the main road.

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTIN'S APARTMENT. DAY.

JUSTIN, a thirty-year-old beachboy type wearing just shorts and flipflops sits on his couch playing a video game.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

Justin answers the door to see Mia standing there alluringly.

MIA
Pizza delivery.

JUSTIN
Where's the pizza?

MIA
Oops. Silly me.

She throws herself at Justin, kissing him longingly. He backs up and slams the door shut behind her.

Mia is throwing herself at him. Justin kisses her back less enthusiastically.

JUSTIN
I thought the old dude was coming into town with you today.

MIA
(Between kisses) So did I but he'd rather hang out with old Wilbur.

JUSTIN
That a friend of his?

MIA
It's a catfish. Shut up and kiss me.

They fall onto the ratty sofa, making out, their hands all over each other.

MIA (CONT'D)
Oh God, this is so much nicer than
hearing someone hacking and
coughing.

JUSTIN
Well, it's not like the old man
will live forever.

Mia stops and looks at him.

MIA
Say that again.

JUSTIN
What? Sorry. He's old, you said he
hasn't got long.

Mia becomes very turned on. She Grabs his hand and puts it on
her breast.

MIA
You do know how to turn a girl on.
Say it again.

JUSTIN
(confused) he hasn't got long?

MIA
(moans) like you mean it.

Justin catches on and whispers in her ear as he feels her up.

JUSTIN
Bad girl. He's going to die soon.

Mia, gets more and more turned on, breathing heavily.

MIA
And when he dies?

JUSTIN
You get all... the... money.

Mia GROANS ECSTATICALLY and kisses Justin madly.

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTIN'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Mia is quickly putting her clothes on. Justin lays naked on
the couch, watching her.

MIA

It's later than I thought. I forgot what it was like when a guy can go more than once.

JUSTIN

Why don't you just leave the old bastard?

Mia continues, getting dressed until she looks semi-presentable.

MIA

He's got the money- and like you say, he can't live forever.

JUSTIN

How much money are we talking about?

MIA

(thinking) you know I'm not even sure. Gary handles all that stuff.

JUSTIN

Well tell him to hurry up. I've always wanted to sleep with a rich widow.

Mia goes to him and kisses him roughly. She pats his face.

MIA

You sweet talking little boy.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN. NIGHT

Mia enters the dark cabin, trying to be quiet.

Gary is passed out in a recliner in the living, the TV on.

MIA

Gar?

He doesn't answer. She comes closer to him. It doesn't look like he's breathing.

Mia tentatively holds out a hand to touch his neck and check his breathing.

Just as her fingers make contact, Gary wakes up and sits upright, scaring Mia.

GARY
Huh? What?

MIA
Jesus, Gar. You scared me half to
death.

A clearly drunk Gary wipes his eyes and begins HACKING AND
COUGHING.

Mia half-heartedly pats him on the back.

MIA (CONT'D)
I thought you were dead for a
minute.

GARY
You wish.

MIA
Don't be like that. I worry about
you.

GARY
Yeah right.

MIA
Come on, let's go to bed.

GARY
You go. I'm good here.

Mia turns off a lamp and heads off to the bedroom. Gary
COUGHS again and changes the channel.

CUT TO:

INT.CABIN.DAY.

Mia comes in from outside holding the mail.

MIA
Gary? Mail's here.

There's no answer. She flips through the envelopes until she
sees one.

CU on ENVELOPE

The envelope is addressed to Gary from MORGAN FINANCIAL
ADVISORS.

MIA (CONT'D)
Gary? You here?

There's no answer. She stealthily opens the envelop and looks at the letter inside.

It's a financial statement. The bottom shows a withdrawal of one hundred thousand dollars, and a new balance of twenty thousand dollars.

MIA (CONT'D)
You son of a bitch.

INT. GARY'S HOME OFFICE. DAY

Mia storms in and rummages through papers on Gary's desk. She finds some financial statements.

She looks at them, horrified at what they show.

Mia SCREAMS

CUT TO:

INT. BOATHOUSE. DAY

Gary is HUMMING to himself as he repairs some fishing gear.

The DOOR FLIES OPEN WITH A BANG and Mia stomps in, a sheaf of papers in her hand.

GARY
What the hell?

Mia waves the papers in his face.

MIA
What the hell? What the hell is THIS? Where's all our money?

GARY
Have you been snooping in my office?

MIA
Answer the Goddam question. What's happened to our money?

GARY
Uh... uh... I told you I'm handling it.

MIA

About as well as you handle anything else these days. Where's the money?

GARY

Doctors, mostly. I don't know if you've noticed but your husband is sick.

MIA

Noticed? I spend half my life cleaning out spit buckets and washing your shorts when you piss yourself. Yeah I noticed.

GARY

I'm the man. I'm in charge of the money.

MIA sorts through the papers in her hand.

MIA

And a real good job you're doing, too. A hundred grand withdrawn. Fifty thousand on this one.

Gary has a hard time breathing, but becomes visibly angrier.

GARY

It's my money and I'll spend it any goddam way I want to. What's wrong, worried I'll spend it before I die? Don't worry, there's still plenty of insurance money.

Mia throws the papers to the floor and runs at him. She grabs him by the shirt and pushes him against the wall.

GARY (CONT'D)

Of course, you only get the insurance money if you don't kill me. They don't pay murderers.

Gary LAUGHS WICKEDLY which turns into HACKING AND COUGHING.

Mia slaps and punches him and Gary pushes her away, no longer finding it funny.

GARY (CONT'D)

Alright, knock it off.

He pushes Mia away from him. They are both panting and gasping.

Mia runs at him again, pushing him hard.

A nail sticks out of the wall. Gary's head flies back and impales itself on the nail.

Mia watches in horror as Gary flops like a fish and finally dies, still stuck to the wall.

Mia pulls Gary off the nail and the body collapses on the floor, next to a plastic tarp.

Mia is HYPERVENTILATING, frantically trying to figure out what to do.

MIA'S POV

Out the window of the boat house we see the lake as the sun starts to set.

Mia looks from the lake to Gary's body.

From Gary's body to the tarp.

Then she sees an axe hanging on the wall.

MIA
Fuck you, Gary.

Mia rolls out the tarp and turns Gary's body onto it.

She picks up the axe, and brings it down on him.

She kicks away a severed arm.

Blood flies and the axe swings until Gary's body is chopped to bloody pieces.

Mia is covered in blood and gore.

EXT. FISHING DOCK. NIGHT.

Mia drags the tarp and what's left of Gary's body to the end of the dock.

She picks up an arm and throws it as far as she can into the water.

She picks up a leg and throws it in a different part of the lake.

Finally she picks up Gary's head. Holding it by the hair she holds it up.

Blood spattered and wild-eyed she looks at it.

MIA
(CACKLING) Now you and Old Wilbur
can hang out as much as you like,
you old fart.

She throws the head into the lake, watching until it sinks.

Behind her but out of view, we see something swimming in the water just below the surface.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN. DAY.

Mia, dressed nicely and sipping a vodka rocks, is on the phone. She paces back and forth.

MIA
(On the phone) It's been two weeks.
I'm really worried, he said he got
bad news from the doctor and then
stormed out. I'm afraid he may
have... I don't know... harmed
himself.

Mia listens to the voice on the other end, making the blah-blah-blah face and pours another drink.

MIA (CONT'D)
Well, please let me know. I'm
worried about my husband. Thank
you, officer.

CONTINUOUS

She hangs up the phone, goes out to the deck and sits in a lounge chair, putting on sunglasses. She raises her glass in a toast to the lake.

MIA (CONT'D)
How are you boys making out down
there?

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN. DAWN.

Mia opens the cabin door and stumbles in doing the walk-of-shame. She's dressed to go out even as the sun comes up and not entirely sober.

She throws her keys at the bowl but they miss and fall onto the floor.

She heard the DECK DOOR SLAM.

CONTINUOUS

She moves to the kitchen and sees the door closed and everything looks normal. Then she looks at the floor.

Wet bare footprints track through the kitchen under her feet and into the main room.

Mia grabs a knife, and slowly follows the footprints. They lead to the bedroom.

Gently pushing the door ajar, she looks into the room.

MIA'S POV

On the bed is a damp outline of a body. In the center is a soaking wet pile of lake weeds and sticks.

Mia slams the door and runs out to the deck.

EXT. CABIN DECK. DAY.

Mia runs out, panicky. She's looking around but all she sees is a sunny morning in beautiful country. The lake looks like a postcard.

Her PHONE RINGS.

MIA

Hello?

POLICEMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Mrs. Mason? This is Deputy Talmadge down at the Sheriff's station.

MIA

Uh, yeah. What's going on. Have you found him yet?

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

Well, that's why we're calling.
Usually if someone harms
themselves, they do it close to
home. We'd like to come out later
today and take another looks
around.

Mia curses silently but puts on a brave voice.

MIA

Of course, anything. I'm so
worried.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

Okay then. We'll be up in a bit.

Mia hangs up and looks around frantically.

She sees the boathouse.

EXT. FISHING DOCK. DAY.

Mia staggers down the trail to the dock and the boathouse.
She opens the door to the boathouse.

INT. BOATHOUSE. DAY.

Everything is as it always was except for the plastic which
is no longer there. And the hole where the nail Gary died on
was removed and spackled over.

MIA'S POV

On the lake, she sees a shadow under the water and moves
closer to examine it.

As she nears the shore, she sees something on the muddy
ground.

MIA'S POV

It's a hand, waterlogged and bloody, washed up on the shore.

Mia picks it up, then drops it in disgust. Using a stick, she
flings it into the deep water.

Frantically, she checks that nothing else has washed up on
the shore. She stands with her back to the lake.

A figure moves under the lake causing ripples.

Mia is PANTING AND CRYING

MIA

Fuck. Fuck. Fuckfuckfuck.

Mia scans the shore one more time and doesn't see anything. She goes to the rotting dock for a better look.

As she looks out onto the water there's a BANG and the dock shakes.

MIA (CONT'D)

What the hell?

There's a SPLASH in the water. She tries to find the sound but can't.

Then there's another BANG on the dock and it shifts, almost making her fall into the lake.

She fights for balance. There's another SPLASH and she sees the hint of a giant tail fin.

MIA (CONT'D)

No. No way. You're not real.

With a BANG, the dock collapses throwing her into the lake.

Mia SCREAMS and thrashes around. All the action makes something pop to the surface of the water.

It's Gary's lifeless head, looking up at her.

Mia panics and flails around, SCREAMING.

Her body jerks as something under the water grabs at her, dunking her under water.

She fights her way to the surface.

Under the water a giant shadow moves towards her.

MIA Screams one last time and disappears under the surface.

There's thrashing and the water churns until it finally goes silent.

Mia's lifeless body floats on the surface of a serene lake, Gary's severed hand attached to her ankle.

A giant catfish swims away.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DJ'S BEDROOM. DAY

POV

The last page of the story. A woman's body floats face down in the water, a catfish's tale sticks out of the water as it swims away.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

THE KITCHEN OF A NORMAL SUBURBAN HOUSE. D J is rummaging through the refrigerator.

He's wearing shorts and a ratty t-shirt. Probably smells from not showering.

He grabs the milk and drinks directly from the jug.

From behind him, we hear JULIE'S VOICE

JULIE (O.C.)

Did you just drink from the jug?

D.J.

No.

JULIE

Ugh. You'd think you were raised by wolves instead of your father.

D.J.

And mother. Which you're not.

JULIE

Whatever. Did you throw out the garbage?

D.J.

On it. Jeez.

JULIE

And how's the job search going?
It's not like that comic of yours
is paying the bills.

D.J.

I've been looking. Just haven't
found one that gives me time to
work on my graphic novel.

JULIE

You know, your father and I are
running out of patience.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

We've let you stay here for free,
but you're eating us out of house
and home. Least you can do is chip
in a bit.

D.J. slams the fridge door, grabs the garbage and storms out.

CUT TO:

INT. DJ'S BEDROOM. DAY

POV ON THE DESK

A new title page for a story. This one has the exterior of a
nondescript office building

The title reads: FUR BABIES.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SHABBY OFFICE BUILDING. DAY

ALICE WILSON, a forty-ish woman with horn-rimmed glasses,
dressed like the epitome of a buttoned down office manager,
hustles down the street.

A HOMELESS PERSON tries to talk to her and she hustles by.

ALICE

Ugh. Get a job.

HOMELESS MAN

You hiring?

She shudders and elbows past another person on her way into
the building.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE CUBE FARM. DAY.

Three or four desks are separated by cubicles. Each has
someone busily working away.

Alice rushes past them.

OFFICE WORKER 1

Good morning, Miss Walker

Alice ignores him.

As she reaches her small office at the end of the workspace, her PHONE RINGS.

ALICE

Alice Walker, Director of Finance.
(She pauses, listening.) Ugh. Give
me a minute.

INT. ALICE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Alice storms in and throws her purse on the desk. She goes around to her computer and hits a few keys.

She studies the keys for a moment.

ALICE.

Patrice. Because of course it is.

She stomps out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE CUBE FARM. DAY.

PATRICE, a fifty-ish, lumpy-looking woman in a cheap sweater is HUMMING to herself.

On the desk is a framed picture of Patrice hugging a bored-looking orange tabby cat. A half-deflated birthday balloon is attached to her chair. She sips from a cup that says "CAT MOM."

ALICE'S POV

Alice walks up to Patrice from behind and studies the desk in disgust.

ALICE

(clears her throat.) Patrice.

Patrice turns in her chair, a cheery smile on her face.

PATRICE

Good morning, Miss Walker. What can
I do ya for?

ALICE

What you can do me for... is to get
the numbers for the Jackson account
right. We're off by five percent.

PATRICE
No, really? (Checks her monitor).
Well that's not too far off.

ALICE
Is it right?

PATRICE
Well, no.

ALICE
Then it's not right, is it?

PATRICE
I guess not. But you know I get
those numbers from sales.

ALICE
You know they're always fudging the
numbers. You have to stay on those
weasels. It's your job.

Alice SNIFFS loudly. She wipes at her eye, which is leaking
tears.

She lets out a huge SNEEZE.

ALICE (CONT'D)
(Sneezes twice) Oh damn it.

Patrice hands her a tissue from a cheaply decorated box on
her desk.

Alice snatches it. She COUGHS loudly. Now she's in the middle
of a full-blown allergy attack.

Several workers pop their heads over the cubicles to see.

ALICE'S POV

Alice's sweater is covered with long hairs.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Is that cat hair?

Patrice wipes at her sweater, hoping to clean it off.

ALICE (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry. I know you're
allergic, but Mister Whiskers gets
so cranky when he doesn't get his
cuddles. And he looked so cute this
morning.

ALICE (CONT'D)
 (stuffy and sniffly) We've talked about this. Several people here are allergic, not just me. If someone had a peanut allergy, would you just cover yourself in peanut butter before coming to work?

PATRICE
 Peanut allergies can be fatal. Cat allergies are just-

She stops, realizing Alice is not having it.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
 Sorry, won't happen again.

ALICE
 See it doesn't. And fix those darned numbers.

CUT TO:

INT. ALICE'S OFFICE. DAY.

TWO DAYS LATER

Alice is pounding away on her keyboard.

She stops, interrupted by A LOUD SNEEZE, then A HORRIBLE COUGH.

She gets up to look out her door.

ALICE'S POV

Across the office, she can see Patrice. She's HACKING AND SNIFFLING, dabbing her nose with a used tissue and generally looking like hell.

ALICE
 (to herself) Because, of course it's fricking Patrice.

She returns to her desk.

There's a KNOCK on the doorframe.

Alice looks up to see Patrice, looking like hell.

PATRICE
 Miss Wilson? I think I should work from home for the rest of the day.

ALICE

We've talked about this. Your job
doesn't qualify for work from home.
We need you here.

PATRICE

Well, then I guess I need to take a
sick day. I really don't feel good.

She HORKS up a ball of phlegm, looking desperately for
somewhere to spit it.

Alice rips a tissue from a box and hands it to her.

Patrice turns and spits it into the tissue, then offers it to
Alice, who doesn't take it. Patrice shoves the used tissue up
her sleeve.

ALICE

Sick days. Let me check something.

She punches at the keyboard and up comes a spread sheet.

Patrice tries to look but can't see.

ALICE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. You've used
your sick days. Four in January,
and three more this month.

PATRICE

OH those weren't for me. In
January, Jellybean got attacked by
a coyote. Actually lost his ear. I
showed you the poor little guy's
picture. And this month, Mister
Whiskers got really sick-

ALICE

(Incredulous) You used your sick
days when you weren't sick?

PATRICE

My fur babies were. Poor things.

ALICE

Sick leave is for you or your
immediate family.

PATRICE

But they are my babies. I couldn't
just abandon them.

ALICE

Cat's aren't people. They're, i
don't know, cats.

PATRICE

So...

ALICE

Suck it up. I'd report you to HR.
for misusing sick time but then I'd
have to deal with the morons in HR.
Just, I don't know, get some cold
medicine downstairs.

Patrice hesitates, then leaves. She COUGHS and HACKS all over
the door and through the office.

Alice pulls out some hand sanitizer.

CUT TO:

INT. ALICE'S OFFICE. DAY.

LATER THE SAME DAY

Alice eats a salad from a plastic container at her desk.

A SCREAM comes from out in the cubicle farm.

Alice is perturbed, but gets up to investigate.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE FARM. DAY.

Three or four workers are gathered around Patrice's desk.

Patrice is face down on her keyboard. Dead.

Her face is covered in snot and sweat. She's clutching the
picture of her and her cat to her lifeless chest.

OFFICE WORKER 2

Miss Walker, we found her like this
when we got back from lunch.

OFFICE WORKER 1

I called the paramedics.. What
should we do?

ALICE

How should I know? Nobody touch her
and let the paramedics pick up
the... Patrice.

Everyone mills around staring at each other. Several of them cry.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Really? You didn't even like her.

OFFICE WORKER 1
Yes I did.

ALICE
Nobody did. If you can control your crocodile tears, we still have work to do.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE FARM. DAY.

FRIDAY MORNING

The cubicle farm is empty. Alice walks in and looks around at the empty office. She looks at her phone.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN

It reads FRIDAY PATRICE SERVICE, WORK FROM HOME

ALICE
She's dead and still screwing up everyone's work.

Alice looks around the office and then begins walking desk to desk.

She stops, looks around to see if anyone's watching, then she opens a drawer and pulls out a liquor bottle.

She puts it away and makes a note in her notebook. Then she moves to the next desk.

She finds a bong on this one and writes it down.

The third desk, she finds a gun. She slams the drawer quickly and makes a note.

Alice SNIFFS loudly and her nose itches.

She hears a CATS MEOW and looks around, confused.

POV PATRICE'S CHAIR.

In Patrice's empty chair sits a huge orange tabby cat. The same cat from the picture.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Shoo. Scat.

The cat just looks at her.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Maintenance!

Hearing no answer, she stomps off to her office.

CONTINUOUS

INT. ALICE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Alice enters her office, blowing her nose.

A CAT'S MEOW comes from her desk.

A black and white cat with a badly chewed ear sits on her keyboard, looking at her.

ALICE
No. No. Go away.

She tries to shoo the cat away but it just looks at her.

Trying not to touch the cat, Alice opens the drawer and pulls out a box of allergy medicine. The pack is empty.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Oh for crying out loud.

Alice SNEEZES, then fumbles for her phone. She hits a number on speed dial.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Yes, this is Alice Walker, Director
of Finance. I want to report-

A RECORDED VOICE interrupts her.

RECORDED VOICE (O.C.)
You have reached the security desk
for 1056 Watson Street. We are away
from the desk. If this is a real
emergency, call 911. Otherwise
leave a message and we will respond
as soon as possible.

At the BEEP, Alice lets them have it.

ALICE

This is Alice Walker, Director of Finance. We have two feral cats up here on six and I need someone to come take care of that immediately please.

She hangs up and turns to leave the office.

She freezes when she hears TWO KITTENS MEW.

Alice looks down at the floor. Two small, adorable kittens are playing at her feet.

She watches, horrified, as one of them claws at her leg, snagging her nylons and drawing blood.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Ouch. That hurts you little shit.

She kicks her leg and the kitten HOWLS.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I... no I'm not sorry.
What are you doing here?

CONTINUOUS

Alice leaves the office and heads for the restroom.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM. DAY.

Alice rushes into the restroom, closes the door and locks it. She is near tears. Sniffing, she wipes her nose on her sleeve.

Yet a different cat MEWS.

Alice spins around to see a big white Persian cat sitting on the toilet tank, glaring at her.

ALICE

Oh, come on!

Her allergies getting worse, and panic rising, she unlocks the door and runs out.

CONTINUOUS

Leaving the bathroom, she sees the elevators. Wiping her eyes, she moves towards them but stops.

The orange cat is curled up on the floor in front of the elevator, looking at Alice.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this to me? Leave
me alone!

In full-blown panic, she sees the darkened IT department.
She makes a beeline for it, but that room is empty as well.

There's an office with a door on the far end of the room.

She hears the KITTENS MEW and sees the trotting towards her.
Alice kicks her shoes off, picks them up and runs as fast as
she can towards the door, stumbling and COUGHING HARD.

Alice trips over an electrical cord and falls hard to the
floor. She hears a bone SNAP.

Alice looks to see her wrist is broken and her hand hangs at
an ugly angle, the bone poking through.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(Screaming) No. Help me! Oh my God,
HELP ME!

As she sits on the floor, clutching her hand and crying
hysterically, she sees the second cat walking calmly towards
her.

She tries to scoot away on the floor and stops.

The white Persian cat is approaching from the other
direction.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Go away! I fucking hate you!

The cat doesn't stop. Alice is becoming more and more
unhinged.

The kittens approach from yet another direction.

Alice sees yet another cat emerge from an air vent on the
floor.

Alice is babbling now, almost incoherent.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Nice kitty. Shoo. Go away now.
Please. Leave me alone.

Alice rolls into ball, sobbing, chest heaving as the cats converge on her.

The kittens begin to climb onto her body.

Alice is screaming now, completely losing her mind.

The orange cat climbs onto her screaming face and settles in calmly, like it's about to take a nap.

Alice's INSANE SCREAMS are muffled as she's covered by a writhing pile of cats.

CUT TO:

INT. DJ'S BEDROOM. DAY

POV THE WRITING DESK

The last page of the story shows a business woman's bare feet sticking out from under a writhing pile of cats.

On PATRICE'S DESK we see the picture of Patrice and the orange cat as we hear ALICE SCREAMING AND GAGGING in the background.

ALICE (O.C.)
(Screams maniacally)

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

D.J. is playing video games.

He's interrupted by Julie.

DJ's POV

Julie is visible only from the feet to the hem of her dress. She's wearing killer heels, sexy stockings and the hem of her skirt sits high on her shapely thighs.

JULIE (O.C.)
Don't forget to turn the alarm off
if you leave.

D.J.
I'm not going anywhere.

JULIE
Of course not. You never do.

D.J.
You and Dad going out tonight? I
didn't know he was back from
Chicago.

JULIE
He's not. I'm meeting some
girlfriends for dinner.

D.J.
Girlfriends. Right.

JULIE
What did you say, you lazy twerp?

D.J.
Nothing.

JULIE
Didn't think so.

THE DOOR SLAMS

D.J. stares into space for a long time.
He gets up and walks to his bedroom.

INT. DJ'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

D.J. sits at his drawing desk.

He puts on headphones, cranks LOUD ROCK MUSIC and begins
drawing.

DJS POV

ON THE PAGE he's working of a drawing. It's a big house in a
ritzy suburb on a dark night. A luxury car is pulling into
the driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONNIE'S MCMANSION- QUIET STREET. NIGHT.

An expensive car drives the deserted street and pulls into
the gated driveway.

There's a momentary pause and the garage door rises.

CONNIE (O.C.)
Hold on tiger. You can hold out for
two minutes.

JASON (O.C.)
But can you?

CONNIE (O.C.)
Oh you bad boy.

Connie LAUGHS SEXILY as the car pulls into the garage

CUT TO:

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE- FOYER. NIGHT.

The door from the garage bursts open and two lovers are engaged in passionately kissing and groping each other.

CONNIE LINDSTROM (early forties, expensively and sexily dressed.) She is wearing expensive jewelry including a large wedding ring set.

KYLE ANDERSON (early 20s. He's hot in a douchebag frat boy way.)

The lovers kiss like they are eating each other's faces. Connie starts to pull Kyle's shirt up, revealing his six pack.

CONNIE
Mmmmm mama likes.

KYLE
Whoa. Whoa... you're sure your
husband isn't here?

Connie continues groping and seducing him despite his sudden nervousness.

CONNIE
Don't tell me you're getting cold
feet. You knew I was married when
you said you wanted to come home
with me. Remember?

KYLE
Yeah. I mean oh God... yeah. I just
don't want any trouble.

CONNIE
You're in trouble alright, kid. But
not with him.

He looks around nervously.

Connie begins groping and undressing him as she speaks, kissing him all over.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

He's not here. Now are you really going to give up the chance to have this hot... cheating.... married woman?

She displays her huge, gaudy wedding ring like she's hypnotizing him.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Are you going to stay and play in the big leagues or am I sending you home to your frat buddies?

Kyle's horniness overcomes his nerves.

KYLE

Stay. Definitely stay.

CONNIE

Good boy.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Her bedroom is massive. It's tastefully done, but the centerpiece is a huge bed, already turned down for the night. An enormous walk-in closet with a mirror on the door takes up one whole wall.

The light comes on.

The door opens and Connie leads Kyle in by the hand. He's far more willing now.

CONNIE

And here's the playground. You like?

KYLE

It's a hell of a lot better than my dorm room. For sure.

CONNIE

And I'm way, way better than those little cheerleader bimbos you're used to. You ever been with an older woman?

KYLE

Sure, a few but none of them...

CONNIE

Rich? Married? This hot for your college boy body?

Kyle loses control and grabs her trying to pull her to the bed. Connie breaks free and adjusts hair and dress.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Relax, lover. We have plenty of time. All night, in fact. No curfews or angry daddies to worry about.

KYLE

Cool.

He grabs for her again and she sidesteps him, LAUGHING.

CONNIE

Tell you what, kid. Why don't you make yourself comfortable and I'm going to change into something more appropriate... well, inappropriate but you know...

Connie disappears into the bathroom and shuts the door.

Kyle is all alone. He looks around, then begins ripping his clothes off. He sniffs his pits to make sure he's okay, then wipes his shirt under his arms just in case.

He strips to his underwear and sees himself in the mirror. He strikes a body builder pose.

He looks around the room, touching the very expensive furniture and decorations.

Trying to shake off his nerves, he gives himself another quick look in the mirror and likes what he sees.

One last look around the room and something catches his eye.

Kyle's POV

A bright red dot is visible. He steps closer and realizes there is a little camera in the ceiling at the corner of the room.

He steps closer to investigate. He waves his hand in front of it.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

A girl can't have too much security. You never know who might wind up in her house.

From behind him we see Connie has entered the room. She's dressed in a sexy silk robe with clearly not much on underneath except very skimpy lingerie.

KYLE

Is that a camera? I mean, I know it's a camera, but is it on?

CONNIE

My husband thinks we should protect the sanctity of the marital home. His wife and all his possessions.

She opens the robe and displays her body in the lingerie. She stalks towards Kyle.

KYLE

But it's on? What if it records... us? And what if he sees?

Connie begins trying to kiss on him again.

CONNIE

Afraid you're going to wind up on the internet or something? Don't be. I know how to delete it. And besides I like to watch later.

Kyle is nervous and steps away from her.

KYLE

I don't know...

Connie is not to be denied.

CONNIE

Don't you think it's kind of hot? We can watch it together later if you like. I mean, I'm sure you've been on camera before. Are you telling me you've never sent a picture of this to some girl?

She grips him by the crotch as she plants a hungry kiss on him.

KYLE
Just for us though, right?

Kissing down his throat.

CONNIE
You'll love it. Okay, scaredy cat.
Yes. It's just for us. Kay?

KYLE
Damn. You're wild.

CONNIE
You have no idea. Buckle up, kid.

Kyle drops his head to her neck and begins kissing Connie back, a little rough and out of control

He stops when he hears a MAN MOANING. It's faint, but it's there. He stops and looks around.

Connie tries to bring his attention back to her.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Get back to work. Oh, I like that.

Another MOAN, louder this time.

Connie tries to drag him to the bed.

KYLE
Shush.

He tries to listen.

CONNIE
Don't shush me, you little shit.

Kyle takes a step away from her, trying to locate the source of the noise. He takes a step towards the closet.

Connie grabs his arm.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Okay fine. You want to know the truth. You'll like it. You're a kinky little son of a bitch.

She grabs his arm and flings him onto the bed, straddling him. Then she bends down to whisper in his ear.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
 Since you like to ruin surprises,
 I'll tell you. My husband likes to
 watch. Drives him crazy.

Kyle tries to wiggle away but Connie's grip on his wrists is solid.

As Kyle wriggles to get away, Connie wriggles on top of him and MOANS.

Kyle relaxes a bit and lets his hands roam her body when he freezes.

He hears A LOUD AGONIZED MOAN

MOANING VOICE (O.C)
 Noooooo.

Kyle stops and pushes her off him.

He stands and looks around.

KYLE
 Is he here?

Kyle sees the mirror on the closet door.

CONNIE
 Get back here.

Kyle walks to the mirror and tries to see through it.

KYLE
 Is this one of those two way mirror
 things?

CONNIE
 He's watching on the camera. Don't
 spoil the fun. Come here.

Kyle throws open the door to the closet quickly.

INT. CONNIE'S WALK-IN CLOSET. NIGHT

A light comes on automatically. There's nothing in there but shelves of shoes and miles of expensive clothing.

Kyle takes a half-step in and looks around. He sees nothing unusual.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Satisfied? Because I'm sure as hell
not. Now get that tight little ass
back here.

Kyle turns to go back to her when the MOAN comes again.
Louder this time.

MOANING VOICE (O.C)
Don't. Please don't.

Kyle stops again. It's louder this time, but he still can't
place it.

KYLE
It's like it's coming from here but
there's nothing...

He steps fully into the closet and takes a closer look.

MOANING VOICE (O.C.)
Please don't do this again.

KYLE'S POV

At the far end of the closet, there's a half-sized door with
a brass handle. Kyle can't resist moving towards it.

CONNIE (O.S.)
No don't go in there.

KYLE
It doesn't sound like he's enjoying
this at all. (To voice) Hey, you
okay?

Kyle sees flickering light under the door. He flips the
switch and presses the door open.

CONNIE (O.S.)
(Shrieking) Get back here you
little son of a bitch.

INT. SECRET ROOM. NIGHT.

POV ON THE INSIDE OF THE DOOR.

The door pops open and we see Kyle crouched down to get
inside.

The room is lit by the light of half a dozen huge TV screens.

Stunned at what he sees, Kyle stands and enters the room. He is horrified at what he sees.

It's a small room, lit only by the video screens on all four walls. The screens display rotating angles on Connie's bedroom.

MOANING VOICE

Get out. Run.

In the center of the room is a white, powdery circle drawn on the floor. In the center of the circle is a spectral figure, hovering a foot off the floor.

It's the image of an older man, dressed in casual clothes.

Kyle draws closer for a better look.

The figure MOANS again and Kyle looks at its face.

BERT'S GHOST hangs in the middle of the circle. On one side of his face he's a good looking, middle-aged man. The other half of his face is bloody and gory, like he'd been hit in the face with an axe.

Kyle is frozen in fear.

BERT

For the love of God. Help me.

From behind him comes CONNIE'S VOICE.

CONNIE

Hi honey. I'm home.

She enters the room, wrapping her robe around herself.

Kyle backs away from her.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Like what I've done with the place?

KYLE

Who is that?

CONNIE

That's my loving husband Bert. Or what's left of him. I suppose you would call it his spirit. Ghost. Whatever. Lord knows he had no soul to speak of.

KYLE

Wh... how?

CONNIE

See that circle? Amazing what you can do with a simple bag of salt. He's trapped there until I decide to let him go. Which will be never. He gets to spend forever watching me have my fun. Isn't that right, Bert?

BERT

Please... please...

KYLE

This is awful. Why would you do this?

Connie tries to take his elbow and lead him away. Kyle rips his arm away from her.

CONNIE

Don't be like that junior. He had it coming.

KYLE

What could he possibly have done to deserve that?

CONNIE

(To Bert) You wanna tell him or should I?

Bert opens his mouth but all that comes out is a blood-curdling SCREAM.

Connie shrugs.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Okay, lover.

CUT TO:

INT. BERT'S HOME OFFICE. DAY.

Connie is dressed as a typical suburban wife- mom jeans and a sweater.

Connie stands in front of Bert's desk, holding a phone. She's staring in shock at what she sees.

POV PHONE SCREEN

Bert and a young woman (KRISTEN) are having sex.

Kristen giggles and wiggles under him.

KRISTEN

Hotter than your wife? Tell me I'm
hotter than your wife.

BERT

That wouldn't take much.

He goes back to ravishing her.

Kristen MOANS.

CONNIE stares at the phone in shock. She doesn't hear Bert
come in.

BERT (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Are you
snooping on my phone?

CONNIE

Damn it Bert. You said this would
never happen again.

BERT

Yeah well. Clearly it has. Give me
my phone.

Connie is too stunned to give it to him.

Bert grabs her wrist hard.

Connie tries to slap him. He snarls in anger.

BERT (CONT'D)

You snoopy bitch. You want to see?
You like to watch?

Bert pushes Connie onto her back on the couch and roughly
straddles her.

Connie SCREAMS and tries to get away.

Bert pins her down and holds the phone in front of her face.
She's unable to look away.

CONNIE

No. No....

BERT

You wanted to see? Well take a good
look. Maybe you'll learn something.

POV PHONE SCREEN

Bert and Kristen continue to have sex.

CONNIE

No. I don't want to watch you sick
asshole... I don't want to see it.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDENING SHED. DAY.

The door opens and Bert emerges. He takes half a dozen steps
and stops.

Connie is standing there, a garden hoe in her hand.

BERT

What the hell are you supposed to
be?

CONNIE

You said you wouldn't do that
again. You promised.

BERT

(Laughs.) You blame me? Look at
you. Do I need to show you what she
looks like again?

Connie looks like she's about to cry. Then her face changes.
She raises the hoe and brings it down on Bert's face, almost
cleaving it in two.

Bert's body falls to the ground. Connie takes two more good
whacks just for good measure.

CONNIE

(Swinging the hoe.) Look at you,
Bert. Look at you.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET ROOM. NIGHT.

KYLE

(Looks around him) When did you do
all this?

CONNIE

Bert couldn't stop being an asshole
even after I killed him.

(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)

He came back and thought he could
haunt me. Expected me to feel
guilty. (To Bert) Spoiler alert. I
don't. Not a bit. Didn't know I
knew about ghost traps and salt
rings, did you?

KYLE

And you're never letting him out?

CONNIE

Long as that circle is intact, he's
not going anywhere. He gets to
watch me now. And he's seen a lot,
haven't you Sweetheart?

Bert clutches his head.

BERT

(Screaming) Free me. Please free
me.

Kyle looks at Connie, then at the circle.

CONNIE

Don't even think about it.

Bert MOANS.

Kyle takes a step towards the door.

Connie relaxes, but Kyle suddenly turns and runs back to the
circle.

Using his foot, he kicks at the line, creating a visible
break in the salt circle.

Connie SCREAMS.

Bert's ghost disintegrates and the spirit flows out through
the break in the circle.

Bert's ghost stops inches in front of Connie's face. They
both SCREAM at each other.

Bert's ghost disappears.

Connie glares at Kyle, who steps towards the door. She steps
between him and the door.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You ruined everything!

KYLE
I swear. I won't tell anyone. Our
little secret.

Kyle ducks and sprints through the door.

Connie SHRIEKS in fury.

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Kyle bursts out of the closet door and slams it behind him.

He scrambles to pick up his clothes but can hear Connie
banging and cursing in the closet.

He turns just as Connie comes out of the closet.

CONNIE
Bastard. You men all stick
together.

Kyle flees the room, Connie right behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE- CORRIDOR- NIGHT.

Kyle has his hands full of clothes. In just his underwear, he
runs awkwardly down the hallway.

Connie is right behind him, SHRIEKING INCOHERENTLY.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE-FOYER- NIGHT.

Kyle runs to the door and tries to open it but it's locked.
Panicked, he fumbles with the deadbolt.

Connie leaps from the stairs to tackle him. They both go down
in a heap.

Connie is on top of him, punching, clawing, screaming.

CONNIE
All I wanted was a little fun. And
you had to ruin it.

KYLE
(Screaming) Help! Help me!

CUT TO:

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE-FOYER- NIGHT.

Two bodies burst through the door from the garage. CONNIE and JASON (twenties, could be Kyle's twin, but blond) are making out wildly.

JASON
You sure we're alone?

Connie chuckles and starts undoing his shirt.

CONNIE
Well, my boyfriend's home.

Jason tries to pull away. Connie grabs his shirt front and leans in with a smile.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
It's cool, honey. He likes to watch.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET ROOM. NIGHT.

Kyle's spirit hangs suspended in the salt circle, surrounded by all the screens. His body is bruised and his face scratched, one eyeball hanging out of its socket.

PoV ON THE SCREEN you see Jason and Connie in the bedroom, making out and undressing each other.

CONNIE (ON SCREEN)
Mmmm good boy. Let's put on a show.

KYLE
No. Please. God help me. Noooo

CUT TO:

INT. DJ'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The bedroom is empty. The lone desk light shines on the page where we see DJs work.

POV on the sheet we see a ghostly figure surrounded by TV screens. The dialogue bubble shows a scream.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

We hear KEYS FUMBLING

JULIE

Oopsie.

The door opens and Julie stumbles in, clearly intoxicated.

She is a little the worse for wear but still dressed to the nines.

SHE HAS THE SAME FACE AS MIA/ALICE/CONNIE.

She stops when she sees D.J. standing there.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Still up?

D.J.

Where have you been?

JULIE

I told you. Girls night.

D.J.

Girls night. Really?

JULIE

Yeah. Really. (pauses) I don't have to explain anything to you. You're not my husband.

D.J.

Or my mom.

JULIE

That too. Thank God. I'd never let you get away with leaching off us if I was. Your father's too fucking soft hearted.

Julie tries to leave the room, but D.J. stops her.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

D.J.
What were you really doing?

He holds his hand up and pushes Julie backwards a step or two.

Julie is sobering up quickly.

JULIE
What the... I told you. Girls night. At Maggio's.

D.J.
Liar.

JULIE
I'm not a liar, I'm... I don't have to explain myself to you, you freak. Go back to your stupid little comic books and leave me alone.

D.J. slowly approaches her.

In his hand is a huge knife.

Julie backs up and reaches for the door to make her escape.

D.J. grabs her and spins her around.

Julie slaps him.

D.J.
I'm not a freak. And it's not a comic book-

D.J. slashes at Julie. She SCREAMS.

Blood splatters the floor and walls as we hear her SCREAM and D.J. YELLING.

CUT TO:

DJ'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

POV ON THE DESK

A breeze blows the pages. It flips from the page with Kyle trapped to a new page.

This one shows a figure that looks like Julie Cowering from someone holding a huge, bloody knife. The title reads ENOUGH.

JULIE(O.C.)
(screams incoherently)

D.J. (O.C.)
It's not a stupid comic book you
idiot. It's a graphic novel!

CUT TO BLACK.