

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.

There is a KNOCK on his bedroom door.

D.J.

What?

JULIE, his 40-something stepmom is completely in shadow.

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 look  
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 (O.C.)

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

D.J.

And mother. Which you're not.

JULIE (O.C.)

Whatever. Did you throw out the garbage?

D.J.

On it. Jeez.

JULIE

And how's the job search going? He gave you a bunch of places to apply, right?  
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. 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.

Speaking of, when is he supposed to be home from Chicago.

JULIE (O.C.)

Hopefully before the garbage gets taken out.

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

JULIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

God, he gives me the ick.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.DAY

5 MINUTES LATER

D.J Comes in from taking out the garbage. He stops when he hears JULIE'S VOICE ON THE PHONE. He pops his head around the corner.

DJ's POV

Down the hall, he can see Julie is in the living room, completely backlit through the window. He can't see her face but can hear her on the phone as she paces back and forth.

JULIE

(Laughs flirtatiously) Behave. And you can't text me that stuff any more.

D.J. tries to listen and knocks over a broom. It CLATTERS on the floor.

JULIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

D.J. Is that you? Ya better not be making a mess in there, I just cleaned up.

D.J.

It's just a broom. Jeez.

JULIE (O.C.)  
Still in Chicago, far as I know.  
Tomorrow night, yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. DJ'S HOUSE. DAY

D.J. walks back to his room down a corridor. He walks past a number of family photographs.

POV

One photograph is a picture of a younger D.J. and a woman, his mother. She's pretty in a mom way. D.J. runs his finger over her face.

The next is a photograph of D.J. and his father, an older gentleman who looks exactly like the Character of GARY, the fisherman In the first graphic story.

INT. DJ'S BEDROOM. DAY

D.J. enters and sits at his desk.

On the board is 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. From behind him we hear a CAT  
MEOW.

He turns and sees a cat looking exactly like one in the last  
story he drew. He stops and gives the cat a quick snuggle.

D.J.  
Hey buddy. You hiding from the evil  
stepmother?

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

D.J.'S 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 snoop 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. 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 leeching off us if I was. Your father's too fucking soft hearted.

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

D.J.

Too busy picking up strays you mean.

JULIE

What did you say to me you little puke?

D.J.

Does he know who you're out with?

Her PHONE RINGS.

DJs POV

Her phone is hanging out of her purse. It rings and the picture on the screen is a handsome guy.

D.J. grabs for her phone, and Julie grabs his hand, scratching him, leaving a faint bloody scratch.

JULIE

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. It's the beginning of a new story.

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!

FADE TO BLACK.