

EVIL 'S REVENGE

Written by

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OVER BLACK

Mumbling echoes through the darkness.

The faint voice sounds like it could be from a woman, a mixture of jumbled English and Latin.

INT. EMMA'S BED - NIGHT

A young girl is asleep. EMMA SANDERS (10), wears her Winnie the Pooh PJs...the WHISPERING continues in the background outside her bedroom door.

Emma's eyes OPEN!

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma peeks out into the dark hallway.

On the other side of the hallway is another door, a insanely BRIGHT light shining from below it.

More light is also coming from downstairs, looks to be from a TV.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma's head pokes out from around the stairwell.

FOCUS ON: *TED SANDERS (40) passed out on the La-z-boy with his beer-belly flopped out.*

The mumbling gets louder back on the second level.

INT. HALLWAY

Emma tiptoes back upstairs toward the door. With each carefully positioned step, the floor creaks.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SUSAN SANDERS (37) sits in a white nightgown on the carpeted floor with her legs crossed, surrounded by lit white candles.

A OUIJA board rests on her lap.

SUSAN
When, Master, when? What can I do
to prove I am worthy? To seek
revenge on all who have wronged me!

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PLAYGROUND 1993 - DAY

Young Susan(12) outside getting bullied by other children.
One girl pushes Sandy down, the rest kick dirt at her.

INT. COLLEGE DORM 2005 - NIGHT

Susan(21) getting hazed by her roommate's. They hold her down
while WATER-BOARDING her by using a pitcher of beer.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A drunken Ted slaps Susan across the face. She slumps to the
ground, crying, her nose is bloody.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She looks up, as if someone is standing in-front of her.

SUSAN
To do your bidding Satan and feed
you souls!
(Latin)
Give me a sign! Give me a sign!

The tips of her fingers rest gently on the heart-shaped
"planchette" as it LEVITATES above the Ouija board with ease.

The planchette starts to move, spelling out...

K...I...L...L H...E...R

FOCUS ON: *The bedroom door slowly opens, revealing Emma.*

EMMA
Mom?

The planchette drops from Susan's fingertips, CRASHING onto
the board.

Emma looks up over her mother and sleepily focuses on a strange dark figure standing in the corner. The candlelight barely makes the ominous and foreboding silhouetted against the dark. A cowering child hides behind it...slowly poking it's head out from behind.

The child's head is a BULBOUS, skinless skull!

Emma blinks and...they BOTH disappear back into the shadows.

EMMA

Mom?

Susan is frozen in a hypnotic trance. A fake smile forms across her face.

SUSAN

(sweet, calm)

Go...go back to bed, sweetie.

Emma opens the door a tad more.

EMMA

What...what are you doing? Why are you...

Susan, in an EXPLODING RAGE, turns to Emma!

SUSAN

I SAID GO BACK TO BED!

Susan, wild eyed, gets up in a fury and rushes to the door, SLAMMING it on Emma's face!

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma cries her way back to sleep, her back turned away from the closed door. She clutches a stuffed animal as her eyes close.

FOCUS ON: *Emma's bedroom doorknob starts to WIGGLE.*

Emma finally falls asleep.

The door slowly CREAKS open, causing Emma's eyes to OPEN WIDE.

At the door is a silhouette of her mom, dark and sinister. Emma gets up and turns to her.

EMMA

Mom?

Her mother is motionless in the doorway. The outside light shines through her nightgown. Her eyes have a wicked glow to them.

EMMA

Mommy...are...are you ok?

Emma reaches for the pull-chain on her lamp.

LIGHTS ON...Emma GASPS!

Susan stands in the doorway with a CRAZED look...In her hand is a BUTCHER KNIFE!

Susan raises the knife over her head....

Terror fills little Emma's eyes, her mouth open in speechless horror.

Susan then RUSHES toward her daughter.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Ted is still passed out snoring. His tight white "wife beater" is stained from beer.

SUDDENLY; A small BLACK BLUR darts across the room. Followed by sounds of a child giggling.

Ted is startled awake.

TED

God dammit Emma! Get back to bed!

He looks around for Emma, no one is there.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He wonders in, the LIGHT SWITCH doesn't work.

TED

What the fuck? I swear that bitch better of paid that bill.

His cell phone light guides him to the fridge. He turns on all the stove burners - helping him to see just a little more.

He opens the fridge and uses his cell light to look around.
Just eggs and beer.

Bending over, we see his PLUMBERS CRACK, it's massive.

BEHIND HIM - *over his shoulder is a BLACK SILHOUETTE of a woman.*

TED (O.S.)
Beer it is.

FOCUS ON: *Bare feet - female - wearing a bloody white nightgown.*

Each step closer to Ted leaves a BLOODY print.

Ted hears something behind him and checks - Nothing!

The bloody footprints are GONE.

Back to the fridge, he reaches for a beer and knocks the carton of eggs over - half of the eggs roll out, SPLATTING on the floor.

TED
FUCK!

He reaches for the towel on the oven and...

EMMA STANDS THERE! Bloody, she is a ghostly shade of pale, her face emotionless.

Ted falls back onto the floor. His back to the open fridge door. He tries to get up but can't, his legs wobbly with fear.

TED
Emma? Baby?

The APPARITION of Emma raises her arm - she points at her father.

Then she raises her finger up over his head.

EMMA
Mommy.

Ted follows with his eyes the direction of her finger.

He shuts the fridge door.

FOCUS ON - *The dark laundry room.*

Ted tries to get up. He looks back to Emma - she's GONE.

FOCUS ON - *The dark laundry room. Something is inside - moving in the darkness.*

Slowly, a tiny hand comes out of the darkness and grabs the door frame from inside.

Ted can not believe his eyes - his heart races. He is mute with horror.

Then, a tiny body starts to form in the light - a BULBOUS SKULL peaks out.

TED (O.S.)
What the fuck?

The tiny body with the BULBOUS SKULL tilts his head like a curious dog. Looking at Ted.

Ted TILTS his head the other way, just as curious.

Then the tiny body slips back into the darkness...

Something else is inside...an outline of a person. Just standing, waiting in the shadows.

Ted leans forward to get a better look.

It's SUSAN - her skin a deathly shade of blue, her hair soaked in blood. She looks at her husband...

He falls back in utter terror.

Susan smirks...THEN LUNGES at him, SCREAMING!

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

A Facebook post appears, a white box with reads DANA ZEIGLER (30) along with her "smiling" profile pic.

DANA ZEIGLER
OMG...Susan Sanders from the class of 05 killed her daughter and husband last night! Police looking for her! #SickFuck

Than another post.

DAISY SHAFFER
You talking about SUZY THE SLOTH?

DANA ZEIGLER

YES! Her!

And another...

PATTI WILSON

I just heard on the news! Fuck her...I'm happy we made her life miserable back at NIU! Hazed the shit out of her ass!

ERIC BROWN

Stinky Susan Sanders! Remember when Daisy lit her hair on fire?

DAISY SHAFFER

Lol!

As the Facebook posts slowly fades away into black...

FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

DAISY SHAFFER (40's) sits up in bed, alone, glued to her cell phone as she reads the last post. She reaches over to the lamp and TURNS THE LIGHT OFF - DARKNESS follows.

DIASY

Crazy bitch.

Her head hits the pillow followed by a soft yawn...her eyes slowly closes...we can hear the CRICKETS from outside for several seconds. Then...they STOP...a floor board gently CREAKS...

A BLOODY SUSAN SANDERS STANDS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BED!

- THE END -