

**EVIL 'S REVENGE**

Written by

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**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Spread out on the couch is TED SANDERS (30's), a disheveled mess with a beer one hand the TV remote in the other.

TED  
Seven hundred fucking channels and  
all shit!

He finally stops hitting the remote buttons as a smile comes across his face. The sounds of ORGAZMIC MOANING from a female comes from the TV. He relaxes...

Suddenly SUSAN SANDERS (30's) and EMMA SANDERS (10) walk through the front door with groceries - The MOANING continues.

SUSAN  
Jesus Christ Ted!

Ted scrambles for the remote.

EMMA  
That's disgusting daddy!

The moaning stops.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Susan start unloading the bags. Emma is looking in the fridge.

EMMA  
Mom, there's nothing for me to eat.

SUSAN  
Don't you see I'm working on it?

EMMA  
Just beer, beer, beer...

Ted walks in.

TED  
Speaking of which, hope you got me  
some more.

SUSAN  
You still have a 12 pack in the  
fridge.

Ted start looking through the grocery bags.

TED  
(pissed)  
You fucking kidding me?

He starts to go through the bags with more vigor.

TED  
What the fuck Susan? I said get me  
more fucking beer!

He grabs on of the full bags and SLAMS it to the ground! Emma is horrified.

TED  
Emma, get to your room!

She BOLTS out.

Susan DROPS to the ground in fear and starts cleaning up the mess.

TED  
I ask for one... mother... fucking  
thing!

He walks over to the fridge and opens it up.

TED  
OH...You still have a twelve pack  
in the fridge.

He pulls out a handful of beers.

TED  
I don't have a fucking twelve  
pack...I have EIGHT god damn beers  
left!

He grabs her off the floor. She petrified.

TED  
You're going to go back to the  
store and grabbing me a case of  
beer right... fucking... now!

SUSAN  
But...

TED  
But what?

SUSAN  
We don't have enough for a case of  
your beer.

TED

What the fuck do you mean we don't have enough?

SUSAN

Money...the checks...the checks for all the bills posted...and my link card won't pay for the beer.

TED

We have no money? You're saying we're broke?

SUSAN

Teddy... We can't live off only my income, you haven't work in months.

TED

I haven't worked in months? What are you trying to say Susan...I'm a loser?

He gets in her face.

TED

A deadbeat? Fucking lazy?

Ted SLAPS her across the face! Susan drops to the floor.

TED

YOU CALLING ME A BUM?

She wipes the blood from her nose.

TED

I saved your fucking ass! I saved you from your horny daddy! You had no one! You had no friends! Everyone fucking picked on you...little weak Susan! I remember you back in high school crying like a little bitch because everyone picked on you!

Susan starts sobbing.

TED

EXCEPT FOR ME!

He grabs her off the floor.

TED

You done crying?

SUSAN  
(frighten)  
Yes...

TED  
Good...now get out of my face!

She races out of the kitchen as Ted grabs another beer. She turns around watching him bending over into the fridge.

SUSAN  
(whispering)  
You're day will come. All of you  
will pay.

FADE TO BLACK

**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**

Emma is asleep in her Winnie the Pooh PJs...the WHISPERING continues in the background outside her bedroom door.

Her 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 passed out on the La-z-boy with his 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 sits in a white nightgown on the carpeted floor with her legs crossed, surrounded by lit white candles. Blood still dripping from her nose.

A OUIJA board rests on her lap.

SUSAN

When, Master, when? What can I do?  
To seek revenge on all who have  
wronged me! I'll do anything you  
ask. Just give me the power. Give  
me the power to kill everyone that  
has hurt 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 (another day) slaps Susan across the face. She slumps to the ground, crying, her mouth is bloody.

**END FLASHBACK:**

**INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

SUSAN

Please, I beg of you...give me the  
power to do your bidding 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 lying  
bitch better of paid those bills.

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.)  
Just one more beer left.

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 in school! 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 -