

VIVIEN HASN'T BEEN HERSELF LATELY

Written by

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All you hear is growling.

Snarls.

Drool hitting wooden floors.

Restraint.

All you see are teeth.

Tongue.

Foaming gums.

Hunger.

This will be one of the better days.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

TOM stares at THE TERRIER that would be attacking him were it not for HIS WIFE holding it back.

TOM
You got a dog?

VIVIEN
No, Tom, I got a deformed cat.

She thinks this situation is hilarious. He doesn't. That's them in a nutshell.

TOM
How long have you been planning on getting a dog?

VIVIEN
Not long enough to have a list of potential dog names.

The dog, which is slightly larger than a black plague carrying rat, keeps snarling. It doesn't like Tom.

The feeling is mutual.

TOM
Where's the list.

Vivien bites her lip. She does this when she's caught.

VIVIEN
Probably not in the second drawer of my desk.

TOM
Vivien-

VIVIEN
I really think it'll help me and I knew you'd say no at first.

She looks at him pleadingly.

He sighs. He could never say no to her.

TOM
My blood'll be on your hands.

She breaks into a fourth of July smile.

That alone makes this dog a little more worth it for Tom.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Tom and Vivien sit on their back porch, drinking wine and playing chess. Mostly in silence.

Vivien stares at the board in deep concentration. She's losing. As always.

VIVIEN

The day I beat you will be the best
day of my life.

She makes a move. Looks up at him hopefully.

TOM

Hmmm.

While he plots his move, she laughs. He looks up at her and finds her smiling at him.

VIVIEN

Hold still.

She reaches out and sinks her fingers into his hair and-

Pulls out a tiny firefly.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Your hair was glowing!

She laughs and admires the small insect in her hand.

Tom watches the firefly burst into light, sparkling against his wife's eyes.

They smile at each other. Their socked feet touch.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's 3am and there's crying.

Tom wakes up and looks over at his wife. Her back towards him as she cries. His heart breaks.

She glances back at Tom nervously. Bitten lip.

He pretends to be asleep. It's not fooling anybody.

MONTAGE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

This is the house where everything will happen.

The kitchen where Tom will drown.

The basement closet where he'll hide from her.

The shower where Tom will put her before he understands.

The bed where Tom will watch her change.

The living room where the birds will fly.

The den where Tom will find the child.

The backyard where Tom will see the deer.

The garage where Tom will try to keep the nameless dog safe.

The bedroom where Tom will do everything for his wife, in the end.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Tom is meeting with one of his senior students. Her name is BRANDY. She'd fuck you.

She leans forward to show him a problem on her schedule. He sees the soft of her breast. It's not an accident.

He looks away.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Tom is checking out a stack of library books. THE LIBRARIAN is a woman his age. Happy.

THE LIBRARIAN
You starting a garden?

She asks this because the five books are all on gardening.

TOM
I'm flirting with the idea.

THE LIBRARIAN
When I lived in Iowa I grew sunflowers one summer, but they kept drooping over.

She makes an impotent hand gesture.

THE LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
Story of my life.

They both laugh as she hands the books over to Tom.

THE LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Have a good one.

TOM

You too.

EXT. THE LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

As Tom walks to his car, he passes the book return bin.

Drops all five books in without a second thought.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Vivien have friends over for dinner. Charles and JILL. STUART and PHILIP. BRITNEY, forever alone.

They are on desert. Ice cream melting into chocolate cake.

Tom watches his wife laugh from across the table.

VIVIEN

It was just a disaster. Do you remember hunny?

TOM

I cleaned it, of course I remember.

The table laughs. Tom forces a little. Vivien has tears in her eyes she's laughing so hard.

VIVIEN

I-I, I don't even know what I was thinking-

TOM

You were afraid it would go bad. It was almost the middle of March and I was flying back from Phoenix and three glasses turned to more and you saw the chocolate and thought it would all go bad.

They look at each other. They almost have a moment but she looks away.

VIVIEN

So he comes home and I'm just-
(vomiting)

(MORE)

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Puking into the toilet, pure
chocolate.

She takes a bite of chocolate cake. Looks directly at him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
I've hated chocolate ever since.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tom watches deer graze in his back yard through the window.
Jill approaches.

JILL
They're doing dishes together and
singing Springsteen.

Tom doesn't look, but she's not lying. Charles and Vivien are
doing dishes together, singing Springsteen.

TOM
I can't believe I got a chocolate
cake. I just wasn't thinking.

JILL
Have you ever been up to Starry
Point? It's by the old radio tower.
Sometimes kids go up there. I used
to.

TOM
It's so stupid because I don't even
like chocolate that much. She just
asked me to grab a desert and I
just wasn't thinking.

JILL
I think I'm going to go up tomorrow
night. Probably around 11. His
poker shit won't end til 1 or 2, at
least.

She looks at him. He never looks at her.

The deer, three of them, walk off into the darkness.

TOM
I wonder where they go.

A dish BREAKS behind them. Tom looks at the kitchen and sees
Vivien and Charles laughing hysterically.

She touches his arm.

Tom looks back outside and drinks his wine.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are getting ready for bed. Silently.

TOM

Did you name the dog, by the way?

Vivien stops rubbing moisturizer on her arms.

VIVIEN

Fuck.

TOM

I hope that's his name.

VIVIEN

I forgot to feed him.

And wherever she goes after realizing this, it's a dark, dark place.

Tom gives her an encouraging smile. He goes to rub her shoulder but she moves out of the way. Like a reflex.

Looks at him apologetically.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Tommy-

TOM

No, shh, it's okay. Get ready for bed, I'll feed the pooch.

She gives all she's got to force a smile back.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's okay. I promise.

She nods and does not believe him.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tom opens one of the kitchen closets, finds it completely stacked with large dog food bags. He sighs.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The dog springs to its feet the second it sees Tom.

It approaches aggressively but stops when it notices the food Tom brings. Awaits impatiently.

Tom pours it into the bowl and the dog begins to eat.

He stares down at it.

TOM

Fucker.

Leaves.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are in bed. Silence.

TOM

I'm sorry about the cake. I just wasn't thinking.

She is awake. She does not respond.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Tom is brushing his teeth. Vivien walks in.

VIVIEN

Want to take a shower with me?

Tom looks at her, mouth full of toothpaste.

TOM

(with toothpaste)

YES.

Vivien laughs. It's a beautiful sound.

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

He walks into the shower behind her. Wraps his arms around her collar bone gently. She's a head shorter than him.

He buries his nose into her wet hair. They stay like this.

She starts to cry. He tries to calm her.

TOM

Vivi.

VIVIEN

I'm so tired.

TOM

I know.

She cries into his arm. Just for a moment.

And then she slinks away from him and out of the shower. Tom stands there alone in the water, giving her time to dress.

They will be back here tonight and it will be horrible.

EXT. COLLEGE - DAY

Tom walks across the college campus. It's fall.

He passes a couple making out on a bench and is powerless to stop it.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

Tom drives through their neighborhood. A hundred yards separate each house, all of which are very nice.

The trees are tall, their leaves starting to turn blood red.

He pulls into the drive way. It's one o'clock.

Her car is still there.

INT. HOME - DAY

Tom walks into the house with the mail.

TOM

Hey Vivi, you home?

There is no answer. He doesn't seem to mind.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He eats lunch by himself at the kitchen island. Drinks a beer. Debates opening another. Goes with water instead.

The dog is barking in the garage. Ignores it.

Works on a list of dog names, trying to be helpful. Sticks it on the fridge with a photo magnet of their wedding.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Tom jogs upstairs and into the bedroom. He opens a dresser and pulls out a warmer sweater. As he puts it on-

He notices Vivien laying on top of the bed. He's startled.

TOM

Oh, Vee! I didn't realize you were home. We could've had lunch.

He walks into the bathroom and she does not answer. He takes a mouthful of mouthwash and looks back into the bedroom.

She's laying there. Motionless.

He swishes and spits.

TOM (CONT'D)

You alright?

He walks quietly up to her, thinking she's asleep. Finds her laying dead still, eyes wide open. Like glass.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh shit-

He takes her head in his hands. Starting to panic.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, can you hear me? Vivien?

She does not move. He checks her pulse. Beat-beat. Beat-beat.

Puts his ear to her mouth. Her breath moves the tiny hairs of stubble breaking from his pores.

Waves in front of her eyes. Snaps. Nothing.

He rushes to the bathroom. Pulls his cell out of his pocket.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

As he puts 911 in the phone he checks all her pill containers.

They're all reassuringly full.

Right before he dials-

She coughs from the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He's back at her side.

She's perfectly still, except for her jaw. She opens and closes it, almost mechanically.

Open, beat. Close, beat.

He watches her for a moment. Glass eyes motionless and open.

Calls a different number instead.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

On the phone.

TOM

So you can sleep with your eyes open? - I've never seen her do that before, no. - She coughs, moves her jaw a little. Breathing fine. - I checked her pills but there's nothing-

A yawn from the bedroom. He looks in.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey Doc, I'll call you back.

He hangs up and walks in.

She's sitting up. Out of it.

VIVIEN

What time is it?

TOM

Two something.

She rubs her head and looks at him.

VIVIEN

Why aren't you at class?

She sees his expression.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Why do you look like that?

Tom has to laugh.

TOM
You were sleeping with your eyes
open and I couldn't wake you up.

Vivien looks at him like he's crazy. Chuckles too.

VIVIEN
You're kidding.

TOM
Uh-uh.

She straightens her hair.

VIVIEN
Weird.

TOM
I was terrified.

He sits on the bed. Exhausted. Laughs and catches his breath.

His concern affects her. She reaches out her hand and touches
his back.

A thousand little kisses surging up his spine.

VIVIEN
You have plans tonight?

TOM
Not really. The Phils are playing.

Vivien smiles.

VIVIEN
Fuck the Phils.

INT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tom and Vivien are dressed up. Tom is beyond delighted.

TOM
I've always loved that color on
you.

That color is purple.

VIVIEN
That's why I wore it.

TOM
I remember the first time I saw-

VIVIEN

I'm sorry.

He stops. Lowers his fork.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I know I've been...

She makes messy hand gestures. Bites her lip and looks at him for help. Rubs her head again.

TOM

It's okay.

VIVIEN

Is it?

TOM

Yes. It is. And the more you talk about it the more you'll convince yourself that it's not so let's just jump tracks in the conversation. Please?

She smiles.

VIVIEN

Okay.

TOM

Wanna play chess when we get home?

He eats. She doesn't answer. He looks up.

She's staring at her plate. Her breathing is strange, like she's trying to breathe too much air through her nose.

More odd than anything.

She suddenly snaps back. Keeps eating as if nothing had happened.

VIVIEN

This is fun. We should go out more often, right?

She grins at him. He lets the weirdness slide. Smiles warmly back.

TOM

I agree completely.

INT. TOM'S CAR - NIGHT

They drive through their Pennsylvanian town. There are orange lights up. Halloween soon.

The radio plays. Tom sings along quietly.

Vivien moves her head over to his shoulder and curls up. She looks incredibly uncomfortable.

TOM

You're burning up babe.

VIVIEN

I feel like crap.

He strokes her hair. Beads of sweat.

Cracks a window.

Her hair flickers in the breeze.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

She's asleep as he parks.

He scoops her up in his arms and carries her out of the car.

She grunts pacifistic protests.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still asleep. She's sweat through her clothes. Tosses and turns.

He takes off her shoes. Her clothes. Puts her into a nightdress.

Puts a cold damp cloth on her forehead, which calms her.

When she's sleeping soundly, he leaves the room.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

He smokes as the dog takes a shit.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

He drinks a beer as he watches TV. Phils lost.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

With a pen, he adds a few more dog names to the list.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Still asleep on her back.

He changes in the bathroom, door open.

As he changes, Vivien begins to rise in the air behind him, like she was a rag being lifted from the middle.

She folds completely in half, snapping at the waist, hovering a few inches above the bed.

She remains silently like that while Tom brushes his teeth.

After a moment, she unfolds slowly until she is laying down.

As if nothing strange had ever happened.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom touches Vivien's forehead. Still hot. Still asleep.

Notices the cloth he placed on her forehead is on the ground.

Puts a fresh cloth on her forehead. Throws the old one into the bathroom.

Climbs into bed. His back to her. Closes his eyes.

Her eyes snap open.

HOURS PASS.

His feet are freezing, poking out of the blanket. He pulls them in. Wakes up.

He sees his breath. It takes a few seconds for him to acknowledge this.

He grumbles:

TOM

Vee d'you turn the air on?

He rolls over to her.

She is panting. There is frost on her eyebrows. Ice covers her mouth, her nostrils.

She grabs his shirt. She can't breathe.

Tom's wide awake now.

He breaks the ice covering her mouth with his hand.

Her teeth snap shut, barely missing his fingers. He doesn't even notice.

He grabs her and carries her to-

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gently puts her down in the shower. She keeps inhaling sharply.

He turns the shower on and she reacts with a deep moan. Tries to move away from it. A fish out of water.

TOM

It's okay, it's okay.

The water gets hot. He rushes out of the bathroom and back-

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where he grabs his phone. Calls 911.

TOM

I need an ambulance, it's my wife,
she's, I don't know-

He heads back-

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

TOM

We went to sleep and I woke up and
she was li-

He stops talking when he sees her.

Steaming blood pours out of the shower head.

She is on her knees, head arched back, drinking it in with her flickering tongue.

She opens her eyes and looks in his direction without moving her head or stopping.

When she speaks, it's not her voice anymore. It's cracked and broken, like someone hit the words on different xylophone keys.

VIVIEN

Want-to-take-a-show-er-with-me?

And out of her erupts hyena-laughter.

He does the only thing that makes any remote sense.

He runs away.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Flies down the stairs and throws open the front door.

Doesn't shut it behind him.

EXT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

He runs half way down the block, barefoot in his boxers, before stopping.

He turns back to the house.

The lights all off except the bathroom.

He tries catching his breath. He tries understanding. Staggeres about in shock.

A deep, ungodly moan seeps into the air. Coming from his home.

His wife.

It happens again and again. Like the death moans of a great beast, finally slain.

He looks around frantically for help. For something.

But no one is outside.

Sees a dead possum on the ground. Road kill.

Another moan.

He gazes down the street. And back towards her.

He makes his choice.

He begins to walk and with-

A RUSH OF SOUND-

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

TWO AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS try to restrain Vivien to her bed as she convulses. Tom tries to help.

Their plastic gloves melt when they touch her skin.

With a sigh, she levitates into the air.

The attendants stare up at her in horror-

Before she SLAMS down into the mattress, breaking the bed.

After a silent, still moment, they approach her again.

She snaps up and spits black tar into one of their eyes.

He screams. Steam rises from his boiling skin.

Vivien laughs. Looks at Tom. Says one word.

VIVIEN

Run.

He does not.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

A PRIEST is attempting to perform an exorcism on Vivien.

She is restrained to the bed posts. He speaks in Latin. She snarls in the language back at him.

Tom can only watch.

The Priest sprinkles Holy Water on her. She hates it. Warns him to stop.

He does not obey.

In the blink of an eye, the entire bed crushes the priest against the wall.

We hear his muffled screams.

Tom leaps for the bed and with all the strength he has tries to pull it off the wall.

He is useless.

At last, the bed flops back.

Tom falls to the floor.

The Priest has had his upper lip bitten off by Vivien. He grabs his face as blood gushes through his fingers.

Still restrained, she swallows the lip and laughs to herself, spewing more Latin at the priest.

She turns again to Tom. Eye level on the broken bed.

VIVIEN

Run.

But he does not.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

TWO PRIESTS attempt to give Vivien an exorcism. She is tied to the broken bed by thick rope.

Tom can only watch.

Vivien snaps the rope from the bed post and grabs a priest. Shoves the rope into his throat and forces him to swallow.

Her voice is reptilian.

VIVIEN

Swallow me, you holy fuck!

She rises into the air. The priest hangs from the inside out.

The other priest forsakes his brother and flees.

Tom grabs the legs of the choking priest. Lifts.

TOM

STOP! LET HIM DOWN!

VIVIEN

We wear the husks of your whore!

With a gross, wet slip, the rope vomits from the Priest's mouth. Tom falls to the floor with the man, who vomits blood as he crawls from the room.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Run or join your slut in hell.

Tom does not follow the priest.

TOM
I'm not leaving you.

His wife floats back to the floor. Her head bowed.

It's just the two of them now.

She looks up at him through her drenched, blood-matted hair.

And giggles.

VIVIEN
This will be fun.

She grabs him by the collar.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Hi, hunny.

And throws him through the window of their second storey bedroom.

EXT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

Tom falls back first onto the bushes in their front yard and-

The screen freezes as the title is revealed.

VIVIEN HASN'T BEEN HERSELF LATELY

EXT. HOME - RETURN

He sits up on his bushes.

Awkwardly crawls out of the glass infested shrubs. Several neighbors from across the street watch with concern.

NEIGHBOR
Tom? Are you-

TOM
GO THE FUCK INSIDE!

They instantly obey.

VIVIEN (O.S.)
*"Go the fuck inside! Go the fucks
inside! Go inside the fucks!"*

He goes back inside.

INT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

The living room is covered in stalagmite webs. They stick to Tom's bare chest like bitter little fingers as he creeps through the room.

Vivien continues mimicking his voice solely for her own amusement.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tom locks the basement door bolt behind him.

Flimsy fucking bolt.

There is banging upstairs. It starts slow and gets faster. Almost sexual.

He ignores this as best as a man in his situation can.

Their basement, like many basements, is unfinished.

Damp stone. Boxes. Plumbing lines.

He walks to a small closet. Opens it. Inside are old towels. Sheets you use only when in-laws visit.

He pulls out the bottom shelf as quietly as he can. Sets it on the floor.

Crawls inside the closet and closes it behind himself.

The banging upstairs continues.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

He goes to cover his ears when he notices tiny bits of glass in his arm. He pulls them out and throws them aside.

Now covers his ears. Closes his eyes. Tries to sleep.

He will not succeed.

BLACK.

INT. CLOSET - MORNING

It's quiet. He waits.

Listens.

Nothing.

Opens the closet door a tiny bit.

Nothing.

Pushes it the rest of the way and-

Sees VIVIEN, standing at the opposite end of the basement.

She watches in silence.

Too late to go back and hide.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

He stumbles with a tremendous lack of grace out of the closet. She doesn't move.

VIVIEN

You locked the door.

She shakes her head *no-no* style. Very, very slowly.

TOM

Why are you doing this?

She tilts her head.

But does not answer.

They stand off for much too long.

Tom finally moves towards the stairs. At the top he finds the wooden door completely torn from its hinges.

Vivien watches him walk up the stairs slowly.

He reaches the top stair, unable to be anything but surprised that she hasn't followed him yet.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Still no Vivien.

The webs are all gone.

There are burn marks on the floor from her footprints.

There are burn marks on the ceiling too, from when she was up there.

He looks back and, without having made even a tiny sound, Vivien is upstairs. She's on the wall like a spider, just watching him.

Enjoying it.

TOM

What are you going to do to me?

She blinks. Says matter-of-factly:

VIVIEN

The next time you asks us a question we will bite off a finger.

Tom swallows.

He walks to a cabinet. Reaches for it when-

It swings open and smacks him hard in the face.

TOM

Fuck!

Vivien giggles. Above him now.

All of the cabinets swing open and close rapidly. He holds his bleeding forehead and watches.

She crawls in front of him and looks him over.

Licks the blood from his wound cunnilingus style.

His eyes are pressed shut. He sweats and trembles.

And she scurries away.

He opens his eyes and looks behind him.

She's sitting at the table, on a chair, waiting for him.

She folds her hands in her lap like a lady. Some of his blood remains on her lips.

Waiting for him to join her.

VIVIEN

Eat.

TOM

Okay.

Tom nervously reaches for a bowl in the cabinet. Takes it. Gets cereal. Walks to the fridge. Grabs milk.

He sits across from her and makes himself breakfast. She watches, like a curious child.

A very evil curious child.

VIVIEN

She was so scared when we came into her.

Tom tries to force himself to eat and ignore her.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

She cried and cried and cried and cried and cried and cried and cried and cried-

TOM

Okay, I get-

VIVIEN

Don't interrupt us!

The wooden table cracks a spider-web pattern in her anger.

She glares at him. Waiting.

TOM

I'm sorry.

VIVIEN

For what.

TOM

For interrupting you.

Vivien mulls this apology offer. Accepts.

VIVIEN

And cried and cried and cried. She tried to run but we grabbed her by the hairs, see?

Vivien snaps her head unnaturally far forward. Tom sees the bloody roots from where Vivien's hair was grabbed.

It's the spot Vivien kept rubbing.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

We crawled inside her and we
learned her and then you came home.
We hid inside her bones until we
were ready.

She's quiet. Like the story is over. Tom reaches for another spoonful of cereal when the bowl tilts upside down on its own, spilling all over Tom.

Vivien laughs at Tom like it's the funniest thing that's ever happened.

He doesn't move. The milk drips on the floor.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

You should eat that.

The milk puddles around his bare feet.

TOM

No, thank you.

She stares him down, before casually throwing the entire table against the wall and hobbling away.

The table breaks into splinters against the wall.

Tom remains seated, milk around his feet, not sure what to do.

He breathes deeply.

Suddenly, Vivien stumbles back into the kitchen.

Frantic.

Out of breath, like she was running away from something.

Her voice trembles.

VIVIEN

Tommy, what's happening to me?

He sees his wife and runs to her. They embrace.

TOM

We need to go. Now.

He takes her hand and flinches back in pain.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're so hot.

His fingers are red.

She starts to cry.

VIVIEN
I'm so scared-

TOM
Come on, follow me-

VIVIEN
No. I want to stay.

TOM
What? Are you fucking kidding me?
Let's-

VIVIEN
Tom.

He looks back at her.

She's smiling, running her fingers over her pale lips.

TOM
What are you-

He realizes too late as-

Vivien pops her wedding finger into her mouth and-

TOM (CONT'D)
NO!

Chews it off.

He tries to stop her but she swats him against a wall with minimal effort.

With a jerk of her head, the finger snaps free.

She spits it into her hand.

Walks over to Tom and pouts.

VIVIEN
We broke our finger.

She drops it in front of him and hobbles up the stairs.

It takes her time to make her way up. It's something she struggles with. When she reaches the top step, she moans and walks out of sight.

Tom looks at the finger in front of him. Looks up the stairs.
It's silent.

He moves to action.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Tom opens the freezer and puts Vivien's finger inside, safe
inside a plastic bag.

Pray it's the last.

He opens a trash bag and fills it as fast as he can. Forks.
Knives. China plates. Table splinters. Wine glasses. Beer
bottles.

He fills bag after bag and runs-

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

He throws every bag curb side. Runs back in the house-

INT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

Closes and locks the door and-

Finds Vivien standing in front of him.

She sighs.

Punches a hole in the wall, pulls out a piece of said wall
and clocks Tom upside the head with it.

He falls to the floor and-

INT. LIVING ROOM - NOW

Tom wakes up with a start. Gasps for breath.

Looks around. Vivien sits on the floor near by.

VIVIEN
Hiiiiiiii.

TOM
Ugh.

She nods in agreement.

He touches his head. It's bloody.

Again.

VIVIEN
You should leave before they get
here.

He looks at the big hole in the wall.

TOM
You broke the wall.

VIVIEN
Sorryyyyyy.

Tom tries to stand. Woozy. Vivien studies his movement.

TOM
You're not sorry.

VIVIEN
Sorryyyyyyyyy.

He chooses his words carefully.

TOM
It's too bad I can't ask you
anymore questions.

VIVIEN
You can ask, you can ask all you
like, we'll bite and gnaw and tear
wether you asks or not.

She flicks the bloody finger stump with dis-satisfaction.
Looks up at Tom.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
You are so delicious.

Tom has no argument. He walks into the kitchen and stops.

TOM
I'm not going to ask why there's a
hole in the ceiling.

VIVIEN
It wasn't us. Promises.

He continues downstairs.

Vivien stays, tracing lines of ashen burn into the wooden
floor she sits on.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Tom is asleep in the closet when Vivien begins banging on it as fast as she can.

VIVIEN
They're coming they're coming
they're coming they're coming-

She scurries away as Tom awakes.

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Vivien is (literally) climbing on the walls with excitement.

VIVIEN
Can you smell them? We can smell
them coming! So many! So many!

TOM
All I smell is you.

Vivien leaps and wraps herself around Tom. Like a backpack.

Her skin burns him and he winces.

VIVIEN
Shh. Listen to them.

He's quiet and sure enough, he hears footsteps approaching.

His face contorts into a question mark when-

The door bell rings and the worst sentence he's ever heard cries out:

THE CHILDREN (O.S.)
TRICK'R'TREAT!

Vivien gleefully hobbles to the door.

Tom leaps after her and tries to hold her back-

TOM
No, please, listen to me! Don't do
this! They're just children-

Tom has absolutely no impact on Vivien's hobble to the door. Her eyes are wide and happy.

TOM (CONT'D)
(to the children)
GO AWAY! RUN! PLEASE!

Vivien shrugs Tom off with a shake.

VIVIEN
Fuck off, Tommyyyy.

She finally answers the door.

Three children stand there in traditional Halloween garb.

Cowboy. Soldier. Monster.

They look at Vivien and think her grotesque appearance is a costume.

They hold up their candy bags.

THE CHILDREN
Trick'R'Treat!

Vivien grabs one of their bags.

Vomits black tar inside before thrusting it at the owner.

VIVIEN
Your mothers are whores and cunts!

And with that proclamation, she slams the door in their faces.

She laughs to herself as the children scream and run away.

Sits in front of the door, anxiously awaiting the next visitors.

Tom takes in what just happened.

He tries tackling Vivien a second time-

But she flips him with ease and in a blink-

She's on top of Tom with her hands around his neck, strangling him.

His eyes are bulging out of his head. Vivien's fingers are turning his skin raw with their heat.

She looks down at him curiously. A cat playing with a mouse.

She lets go and Tom breathes in hard. Coughs. Catches his breath.

And then starts strangling him again.

HOURS PASS.

She lets go of his neck for maybe the twentieth time.

The sun is rising.

Tom is completely finished. Barely has the strength to cough anymore.

She left hand prints on his neck.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Where did all the children goes?

TOM
...You... probably scared them all
away...

VIVIEN
All of them?

Tom coughs again.

TOM
...I don't know-

VIVIEN
Are you scared?

TOM
Yes.

VIVIEN
But you are here?

Tom weakly nods.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Why?

Tom spits over onto the floor.

Stares into Vivien's broken eyes with not a doubt in his mind. Says with all the energy he has left:

TOM
*Because I'm gonna get you out of
her.*

Vivien starts strangling Tom again.

She looks him in the eye and shakes her head, no.

INT. KITCHEN - A DIFFERENT DAY

Tom is slumped against the wall, wheezing. His throat is red raw and purple bruised.

He sips water from a plastic cup. It hurts.

Vivien is laying on the floor nearby, watching him.

VIVIEN

We are here forever. We are the new Vivien.

TOM

I'm not going to call you Vivien.

VIVIEN

We have many names, for there are many of us inside your slut-whore.

TOM

Well. Fuck all of you.

VIVIEN

We called your schools and told them you left. Ran out on poor, pretty Vivien.

Tom laughs as best as his body will allow.

TOM

I forgot I had a job.

VIVIEN

You don'ts anymore.

Vivien laughs to herself. Weakly.

TOM

You're tired.

VIVIEN

You're tired.

Tom chuckles. Holds his throat sorely.

Vivien's head suddenly snaps towards the glass door. Like an animal.

Tom looks and sees, in the distance amongst the trees, a deer walking around.

Vivien crawls to the glass door to watch. She puts her hands on the glass and it fogs up instantly.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
What is its?

TOM
It's a deer.

She just watches, wide eyed and fascinated.

And as Tom watches her, he gets an idea.

TOM (CONT'D)
You want to see it?

Vivien's head twists away from her body so she can look at him.

Her expression is child-like and she nods.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Tom carries his tiny wife's body through the backyard. He's weak but manages.

He's put on a long sleeve shirt so as not to burn.

Vivien's head moves this way and that as she takes in the new surroundings.

It is November. The world is dying.

Tom slows as they near the deer. It watches them skeptically. Vivien watches it excitedly.

TOM
You have to be quiet if you don't want to scare it away.

Vivien is surprisingly still. The deer snorts and seems confused.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's so beautiful. They can run pretty fast. I always wonder where they go. Sometimes, I'd think about what it would be like to be a deer. I could explore the woods, not be cooped up in a house all the time.

He swallows. Doesn't look at her.

TOM (CONT'D)

You know... You could go inside
this deer. Even just some of you,
you could-

The deer's head snaps in two different directions violently
as its neck cracks and it dies. Falls to the ground.

Tom's breath quickens as he looks at Vivien.

Who looks pissed as hell.

She slashes at his neck with her fingers, cutting him by the
collar bone.

He drops her hard.

Scrambles back towards the house. Holding his bleeding wound.

Slides the glass door open-

INT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

And slides it closed again just as-

BAM!

Vivien hurls herself against the door. It doesn't break.

Tom locks the door. There is blood all over his shirt.

Vivien, on all fours, stares in at Tom.

She begins banging her head on the door, harder and harder,
faster and faster, until blood begins to smear.

Tom can barely stand to watch.

TOM

Stop! Please, stop!

VIVIEN

Let me in. Or run away.

Tom looks down at the freak his wife has become and-

Slowly unlocks the door.

It slides open on its own and Vivien crawls inside. Laughing
sinisterly.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
 Want to know what the deer was
 thinking before we killed it?

Tom doesn't answer.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
 Nothing! It was just a fucking
 deer!

Vivien keeps laughing to herself.

Tom goes to close the door when he sees shapes moving in the woods.

His eyes go wide as he realizes what it is-

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
 Look! Friendses.

She laughs as the pack of wolves bursts from the trees, rushing the house.

Tom slides the door shut and locks it.

Tries to bring Vivien to her feet. She weighs thousands of pounds.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
 They're not going to hurt me,
 retard.

Tom reacts to being called "retard".

The first wolf collides at a stunning speed against the door. It cracks, followed by a second wolf. Third.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
 They will definitely hurt you.
 Sorryyyyyy.

Tom lets go of Vivien and runs as fast as his bleeding body will let him.

He's on the stairs when he hears the door shatter and the patter of wolf feet enter the house.

VIVIEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hiiiiiiii, welcome to our hommmmmme.

He hears the wolves coming.

The growls.

He turns and runs into-

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

And runs straight into more long, thick webs. They stick to his body like desperate hands as he trudges through them.

The mattress is in pieces, hung around the demon web.

There are holes in the floor and ceiling. The dark sky above.

Tom reaches the broken window as the first wolf gets to the room.

It gets tangled in the web as it barks and bites for Tom.

But Tom peels the last of the webs off his body and climbs out the window-

EXT. THE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

And pulls himself up to the roof of the house. A wolf snaps at his foot, missing by an inch.

Tom sits on the pointed roof, catching his breath, staring down at the angry wolves below through the holes in the ceiling.

It starts to rain.

He looks up and lets the cold water wash over him. Rubs at the cuts around his collar bone.

Cries.

HOURS PASS.

Tom shivers in the rain.

Walking behind him along the point of the roof is Vivien. The rain hits her skin and steams.

She stands behind him silently.

TOM

You're gonna push me off the roof.

VIVIEN

Eventually.

Tom laughs. Rubs his arms for warmth.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
We saw the first rain fall. It
didn't make life. Just muds.

She is staring straight up into the heavens.

TOM
The wolves are gone.

VIVIEN
For now.

Tom looks at her hand, with the missing finger.

TOM
You swallowed her rings.

VIVIEN
No we did nots.

TOM
You're lying.

VIVIEN
Vivien wasn't wearing ringses.

TOM
Then where are her rings?

VIVIEN
In an envelope with your name on it
besides your beds. There's a letter
inside. It reads,
(suddenly **Vivien's voice**)
"Dear Tommy, I-"

TOM
Yeah, I don't care.

He stands up. Salutes Vivien.

TOM (CONT'D)
See you in there.

And slides off the roof, landing back in the bushes.

Vivien never takes her eyes off the heavens.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Tom gets back into the house, picking branches and shrubs
from his wet arms.

The destruction of the wolves is everywhere. There is shit and slobber on the floor. Tufts of hair.

There's a dead wolf in the kitchen. It's been mostly eaten.

Tom bee-lines it for the garage-

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Thinking nameless dog must be dead, or gone, or something horrible.

The garage is a mess. Dog food is everywhere.

And in the corner, under a table, the mutt chews the food.

It spots Tom and growls.

Tom kicks the kibble covering the floor curiously, and leaves.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tom showers. Steam billows.

Vivien enters. Leans her head against the glass divider numbly.

Tom never turns to face her.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Tom marches into his den and grabs his laptop. This room is for the most part untouched.

When he grabs it, he notices it feels wet.

He sets it down. Opens it.

Vivien threw up inside. The screen sticks to the keys with thick strands of mucus.

Tom slams it closed and carries it with him.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The laptop is thrown out of the broken glass door.

The rain has calmed.

Moments later, Tom drags the wolf carcass out of the house and through the yard, into the woods.

Passes the remains of the deer.

Mostly bones.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

When he returns, he sees that a crow has flown into the living room.

Vivien silently crawls up the wall, then the ceiling, getting closer to the oblivious bird.

When it flies near her, she grabs it with her hand-

And bites its neck.

It dies in her mouth.

She looks at her terrified husband with a bloody smile. Holds the bird out.

VIVIEN
Hungry, hunny?

She laughs to herself and goes back to eating.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Tom tries to sleep in the closet. He hears Vivien fucking around outside.

VIVIEN (O.S.)
*We're going to kill you. We're
going to rip out your eyes with our
tongues. We're going to feed on
your lungs.*

He sits up as it goes on like this.

An idea.

INT. HALLWAY - THE NEXT NIGHT

Tom walks through the hallways, looking for Vivien.

TOM
Hey. Hey!

He looks in this room and that, finding nothing, until he turns into the bathroom where he showered and-

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finds Vivien, stuck to the shower wall, ripping off chunk after chunk of tiling and pipe.

She looks up at him. Growls.

TOM

Kill me.

She cocks her head too far counter-clockwise.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come on. It's what you want to do right, or are you all talk? Let's go.

Vivien doesn't need to be asked twice.

She throws the chunk of shower wall at Tom, striking him in the chest.

She grabs him before he hits the ground and throws him through the wall.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She brings him to the ceiling and throws him like silly putty to the ground, landing on top of him.

He's hurt, but-

TOM

-I'm still alive-

She screeches and tosses him down the stairs.

She's back on top of him instantly. She flips him over and pulls one of his arms behind his back until we hear a revolting squelch as it comes out of his socket.

He screams in pain and she tosses him away again.

He smacks the wall and falls to the floor.

Forces himself to stand up. His arm dangles.

TOM (CONT'D)

You can't do it, can you.

She springs to him and takes a bite out of his broken arm. He groans in agony but keeps going.

TOM (CONT'D)
You can't kill me. *You're not allowed.*

She screams in his face, makes two fists and pounds violently at his head with both of them.

Even after he falls unconscious she keeps beating at his skull.

She goes to hit him one more time and her fist *stops*.

Centimeters from his bleeding scalp.

Against her will.

She looks down at Tom's broken body. Taps at his head like a child that broke a toy.

Grabs his shoulder and drags him away.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tom awakes in a haze.

He opens his eyes. Blurry at first.

Then, sees what looks like his Vivien in front of him.

TOM
...Viv?

He blinks a few times and finds the demonic Vivien standing across from him.

Slumped in a chair, Tom is bruised and bloody all over. But the first thing he notices is-

TOM (CONT'D)
You fixed my arm.

He moves it. *Ah*. Still sore.

VIVIEN
She was leaving you.

TOM
And you fed the dog-

VIVIEN
She didn't wants you anymore.

Tom looks at her.

TOM
No shit. Now get out of my wife.

VIVIEN
No.

TOM
Now.

VIVIEN
NO. We like it here. Her body is cold and you are a deeeelight.

TOM
Can you kill her?

VIVIEN
You can.

Tom sighs. That's it.

TOM
You want me to kill her.

VIVIEN
Or run away and leave her behind forever and ever and ever amen.

TOM
Will she die if I do?

VIVIEN
Who gives a fuck.

TOM
I do.

VIVIEN
You should not.

TOM
Why?

VIVIEN
Because she'd have left you. She was going to and that's while things were a-oh-kay. Maybe once you leaves, we will too.

TOM
If you promise me you'll leave her
alone, forever, then I'll leave.

VIVIEN
We promise.

TOM
On second thought, I don't know how
much value I place in your
promises.

Vivien cackles.

VIVIEN
We'd leave. HER DEAD.

She laughs again.

TOM
So I'm gonna stay.

VIVIEN
Goodie.

TOM
You fixed my arm.

Vivien shrugs.

She reaches across and with a slight tug, pulls his arm out
of his socket again.

TOM (CONT'D)
FUCK!

VIVIEN
FUCK!

Tom stands, hobbles over to a wall, and slams his arm back
into place. He groans in pain.

Vivien mimics his groan.

He tenderly walks back to the chair.

TOM
I probably should have waited to do
that later.

VIVIEN
We remembers when you learned hows.
Bones and sockets and cracks and
pain.

Tom sits and listens.

TOM
You have her memories?

Vivien grins. Like she has the winning hand.

VIVIEN
Yesss. Broken shoulders. Not long ago, my poor Tommys. Not long at all.

TOM
It wasn't, no.
(fuck)
I guess a year or two.

VIVIEN
We loved you that days.

TOM
You didn't love me. Vivien did.

Vivien rolls her eyes (too far into her skull) and passes this off.

VIVIEN
Who can say.

TOM
I can say.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a crumpled cigarette and a lighter.

He puts the cigarette in his mouth and flicks the light-

Vivien's eyes dart at the sight of fire.

When the cigarette is lit, she instantly grabs the lighter from him.

Hides it in her hand as she whispers in his ear.

VIVIEN
What if we were here that whole times.

TOM
You already told me you came the day I found her in bed.

VIVIEN
We're demons. We lie.

TOM
How many of you are inside her.

VIVIEN
Millions.

TOM
Why her?

VIVIEN
Why not?

TOM
Can she feel you?

Vivien doesn't understand.

This is the most difficult part for Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)
Are you hurting her?

Vivien smiles and nods slowly, up and down.

TOM (CONT'D)
Can she hear me?

VIVIEN
We told her you ran *so far away.*

TOM
Fuck you.

VIVIEN
She is alone in hell. We play with her. All of us.

TOM
I don't believe you.

Vivien opens the hand with the lighter, where it has melted into liquid. She lets it drip out on to the floor.

VIVIEN
We don't care? She cries when we enter her. We enter her from *everywhere.* And when she pleads to God we tell her that he exists but he does not believe in *herrr.*

TOM
And what do you believe in?

VIVIEN

We believe in suffering. In
breaking bones and peeling flesh.
(thoughtful pause)
We're going to drown you now,
before the children come.

TOM

The children aren't coming back.
You scared them all away on
Halloween.

Vivien hobbles to the sink and turns on both faucets. She
tears part of that same night dress off and uses it to clog
the sink.

Her skin is pickled and moldy, like a jack-o-lantern left on
the front porch until Thanksgiving.

VIVIEN

Come here to us.

TOM

You didn't say the magic word.

Vivien either pretends to orgasm or pretends to be tortured.
She uses Vivien's real voice, scrunching up her face in
either ecstasy or hell.

VIVIEN

*Please, oh God, oh Please, oh God,
oh-oh-oh please.*

She opens an eye and grins at Tom.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Now come here. Now.

He gets on his feet weakly.

TOM

Why? You can't kill me.

VIVIEN

We wants to see what happens.

Tom's chair moves away from him on its own.

He takes a last drag of the cigarette.

TOM

This is my last one.

VIVIEN

It's a perfect day to quit.

He puts it out against the wall.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Once we were in a tiny girl who
fell off a boat and drowned.

It takes Tom a while to walk to her.

She is patient.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Except she didn't fall. Her parents
threw her in because they thought
she was a witch.

(girlishly excited)

But she wasn't!

Tom stands beside Vivien. The sink is overflowing.

TOM

That's an awful story and you smell
like rotten meat.

Vivien grabs his neck and brings him close to her mouth.

VIVIEN

Maggots are dying in your pretty
wife's womb.

And with that, she thrusts Tom's head into the sink. She
watches with fascination as he tries to hold his breath.

A little girl staring into a fish tank.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vivien drags Tom's unconscious body into the living room. His
face is blue.

She kneels on top of him. Studies him carefully. Plays with
his mouth before she leans down.

As if to kiss him.

She sticks her tongue out, but it grotesquely keeps going,
like a tentacle made of intestine.

It pries open his lips and goes into his mouth.

Down his throat.

He remains unconscious and blue as the lump pushes against his skin as it travels through his esophagus.

When it reaches his lungs, Vivien begins swallowing.

Drinking the liquid from inside.

His eyes snap open and he tries to breathe but can't-

He struggles underneath her. Useless.

They make eye contact. His frenzied. Hers calm.

She winks.

And like a vacuum cleaner, her tongue whips back into her mouth in less than a second.

He throws up on her.

She likes it.

HOURS PASS.

They are both laying on the floor across from each other. Vivien is on her back relaxing.

Tom is a wreck. More bruise than skin.

TOM

I wanted you to do it.

She doesn't respond.

Vivien floats to the ceiling and crawls away.

Tom stays on the floor. Exhales.

Forces himself to get up. It takes entirely too long.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

He sticks his head inside the freezer. The cold feels good.

Opens his eyes.

Sees Vivien's finger in the plastic bag.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Tom collapses onto his blanket pile in the closet. Groans, begging for sleep to come.

He does not see Vivien, laying upside down on the top of the closet.

She watches him sleep.

INT. GARAGE - A DIFFERENT DAY

Tom stumbles into the garage. Sits on the garage step weakly.

The damn dog growls at him.

TOM
Oh, shut up.

The dog does not obey.

TOM (CONT'D)
You doing okay?

The dog barks and retreats into a corner, eating more kibble that's still strewn about.

Tom tries to breathe in through his beaten nose.

TOM (CONT'D)
I can't smell.

He laughs. It hurts and he grabs his ribs.

TOM (CONT'D)
I think it's only a matter of time
for you if you stay here.

He reaches for a string on the stair rail. At the end of the string is the garage opener.

TOM (CONT'D)
I really hoped that you might
change things.

The dog looks at him. Sniffs.

TOM (CONT'D)
You better get outta here.

Pushes the button. It opens about a foot when it stops.

Thick mucus gluing the door to the floor. The mechanics of the door pull and chug to no avail.

The dog barks angrily at the door.

Tom stands. Pushes the button again. No luck.

He looks at the dog when-

BANG.

Something hits the garage hard from the outside.

He falls back in shock. The dog barks once before hiding.

Grabs the garage opener and hits the close button.

It begins descending when tiny, off-white hands grab the closing door.

And begin pulling it up.

They *murmur* amongst themselves. Unsettling.

Tom opens a tool drawer. Looks at the small dog, who gets it.

Runs up and hops inside.

Tom slams it closed and-

Hears Vivien **SCREAM**. High pitched. Makes his blood run cold.

Tom runs out of the garage-

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

To get to her, to make sure she's okay and-

A door swings open in front of him. Slowing him down.

He holds up. Sees something start coming in on the other side-

Pushes past it, knocking it over with the door. Moans an anguished retort.

Tom keeps going through-

INT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

When he sees THEM.

They are everywhere. Dozens.

At first glance, maybe they are children.

But the closer Tom gets, the more he realizes that everything about them is wrong.

Their limbs protrude out of their bodies at the wrong places.

Their faces are jumbled like a Mr. Potato Head tragedy.

They all look at Tom.

He moves through them slowly. They reach out and touch him with their two and ten fingered hands.

Some more harshly than others. They start to gather around him. These little three and four foot tall freaks.

Blocking his way up the stairs.

Vivien screams again. His eyes harden.

He pushes them out of his way as he makes his way up the stairs.

Fast as can be.

INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

They completely flood the upstairs. A mass leading to Vivien's bedroom.

He forces his way through.

Some bite at him with extended jaws. Some cry.

He finally reaches the bedroom to find-

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vivien. She's sitting on the floor. One of the freaks lays in her lap.

She's breastfeeding.

Looks up at Tom.

VIVIEN
Look! Childrens!

The one in her lap snaps its head around to look at Tom. It has an eye below its mouth and no other features.

Its mouth is covered in blood.

Tom steps back in terror as it returns to her breast.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Babies, just like she wanted!

Tom leaves.

He walks down the hall to a closed door. The freaks push past him for Vivien.

He keeps his head up the entire time, not looking down.

He opens the door-

INT. THE DEN - CONTINUOUS

It's empty, miraculously.

He closes the door behind him.

Straining himself, he pushes a desk over to block the door.

The little freaks jiggle the handle.

To no avail.

It's quiet in the room. Dark.

Tom can only hear Vivien chattering in the other room.

He looks around the room. Save for a fallen bookshelf, it is unmolested.

The TV even still stands on the table. The recliner has strange holes chewed out of it, but still exists.

Tom sits in the recliner and-

That's when he hears *it*.

The sound of something behind the recliner.

He does not move as a tiny hand with three fingers grabs onto the chair from behind.

It comes out of hiding.

Stands against the chair so Tom can see it for the first time.

The glint of an eye where a mouth should be.

A mouth on the top of its head. It moans softly.

Shivers.

Tom moves slightly and the freak child flinches back in fear.

Keeps shivering.

Tom is terrified but holds up his hands.

TOM
I am not going to hurt you.

The freak child shivers and moans.

TOM (CONT'D)
I promise, I'm not-

The child suddenly lunges for Tom-

Who soon realizes the child is simply climbing onto his lap.

Tom does his best to accept it.

TOM (CONT'D)
Ohhhhhhhhhkay. Okay. It's okay.

The child shivers there. Its head against Tom's chest.

Tom looks down and sees the mouth on the scalp. Three tongues wrestle for room.

TOM (CONT'D)
Are you cold?

Moans.

TOM (CONT'D)
Here.

Tom scoots the child in his arms and holds him closer.

Vivien screams again, followed by a cackle. The child reacts in fear, burrowing deeper against Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's okay. I won't let her near
you.

Moans.

TOM (CONT'D)
Don't be scared.

Vivien cries out again.

The freak child clings to Tom fearfully, becoming more frantic.

TOM (CONT'D)

Shhh, shhh, it's okay. Wanna hear a story? Yeah?

Tom can't tell if the child can even understand him, but begins anyway.

TOM (CONT'D)

There was once a boy, and... and one day he met a princess. Her hair was black like night and... her eyes were brown like... chocolate. And he loved her instantly. It took her a while to feel the same, cuz he was just an ugly little boy and not special like her. But eventually, she saw something in him that no one else could - he never knew what it was - and she fell in love with him. And they loved each other, the beautiful princess and the ugly little boy.

And they were happy, for a spell, until you see, the ugly little boy, he got... he got scared. Of growing up and of love and all that shit. Sorry.

He looks down at the freak child he's just apologized to for swearing.

TOM (CONT'D)

Actually, fuck it, he got scared. And... even though he loved her, he was a coward, and he ran away. And he traveled America and grew up, and not a day went by when he thought of the princess, and hoped she was happy, and thought maybe she might forgive him one day when he found his courage. And after years, he finally got brave enough to try to talk to her again.

Tom pauses.

TOM (CONT'D)

But she had, uh, she had died, only a couple weeks after he had ran away. She was just walking outside and I guess, it was pouring and she had ran and slipped and hit her head.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

It took three days for her to pass.

And when the ugly little boy heard this, he hated himself so much, that she must have been sad before she died because of him, and that he couldn't have spent every single fucking second at her bed when she was hurt. And he wanted to die.

Tom almost smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)

And on the night he chose to die, he was gonna go up to the radio tower at Starry Point and just jump, and he was driving there when he saw a castle. Not a usual stone one but a bouncy one, full of adults too. And he thought, fuck man, why not. So he pulled over and went inside and that's when he met her.

And now, he didn't realize it at the time, but she was actually a princess as well. And this girl saved his life. She wouldn't let him go up to Starry Point that night. And after a few months, he stopped wanting to. And a few months after that, he realized he was starting to fall in love with her. And of course it took her a while to feel the same, but, eventually she came round. And the ugly little boy was now an ugly little man, and he knew, he had a second chance, to do it right and better. And they lived happily ever after.

He looks down at the freak child. Asleep, cooing in his arms.

Quietly, to himself:

TOM (CONT'D)

She wanted this to be a bedroom.

No one answers.

Tom holds the sleeping child close, and shuts his eyes.

INT. THE DEN - MORNING

Tom is asleep when the desk blocking the door pushes away from the door all by itself.

He awakes.

The child is gone.

The door opens and Vivien slinks into the room.

VIVIEN
They're all gone.

Her old nightie is stained red with blood around her breasts from where the children fed.

She seems genuinely distraught.

Vulnerable, even.

Tom stands and walks towards her slowly.

TOM
...Are you hurt?

Vivien's eyes light up with excitement.

VIVIEN
Are you?

TOM
Yeah.

He looks at her bloody nightie.

TOM (CONT'D)
What's something you want from me?

Vivien cocks her head at him. A smile almost cracks through.

VIVIEN
We want a secrets. A *bad* secrets.

TOM
I'll give you one if you let me clean up my wife's body.

She ponders this.

VIVIEN
A-oh-kay.

TOM

Good.

Tom goes to leave the room, but Vivien walks in.

He looks back and sees her hobble to the television, still atop the table.

Until she pushes it slowly off the edge, so it shatters when it falls face down.

She looks up at him and grins.

VIVIEN

We feel better already.

TOM

That was a gift from Vivien.

VIVIEN

Ffffffffffuck Vivien.

Tom sighs.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

The nightie disgustingly clings to Vivien's bleeding body as Tom peels it off.

TOM

Does it hurt?

Vivien is pleased.

VIVIEN

Yes!

Tom ignores her as he removes the dress from her breasts.

Whatever it is that they look like, it's clear that it breaks Tom's heart.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

They were so hungry.

TOM

(quietly)

I know.

Tom has a bottle of disinfectant. He unscrews the lid.

VIVIEN

What is that?

TOM
Disinfectant. It'll sting.

Vivien smiles like a kid about to get a lollipop.

TOM (CONT'D)
I remember the first time I got to see Vivien naked. *That* was a good day. She did this whole-

Tom seductively lowers his shoulders.

TOM (CONT'D)
Thing. It drove me insane.

Tom pours the liquid on a cloth and goes about dabbing her breasts. She giggles.

VIVIEN
You were rights! So much pain!

TOM
It's funny how breasts are the thing you're most excited about and then one day there's nothing sp-

Vivien grabs Tom's throat and squeezes. He chokes.

VIVIEN
I wants my bad secret.

Tom nods as she loosens her grip just enough.

TOM
In my work boots, there's a piece of paper with a number written on it hidden in the toe.

VIVIEN
A number?

TOM
It's a phone number. I had a student. A senior, this... girl.

Vivien lets go of Tom and leans forward, listening with excitement.

VIVIEN
What's her name?

TOM
Brandy.

VIVIEN

And Brandy's a ssssslut?

Tom almost laughs as he throws out a now-red rag.

TOM

Something like that. Anyway, she made a pass at me, gave me her phone number in case I ever wanted to "talk".

VIVIEN

To "fuck".

TOM

I assume so, yeah. And I kept going to throw it out but...

VIVIEN

You couldn't throw it outs!

TOM

I couldn't.

VIVIEN

Because you wanted to fuck her too!

TOM

I wanted to feel... wanted, and some nights when Vivien would... I dunno, *be Vivien*, I would go down to the garage where my work boots are and take out the paper and roll it around it my hands and think about what would happen when I called her.

VIVIEN

What do you think would happen?

Tom looks at her. Her matted, ruined hair.

TOM

Can I cut your hair?

VIVIEN

Can you suck our cock?

TOM

I think we would have sex.

VIVIEN

How would you feel?

TOM
I would feel... nothing.

Vivien licks her lips.

VIVIEN
That's a great secret.

TOM
Well. Thanks.

VIVIEN
Vivien never knew that one.

TOM
That's why it's a secret.

VIVIEN
Vivien had so many secrets too!
Like how she was fuck-fuck-fucking
Charlie Cottridge.

And with that revelation, Vivien walks out of the bathroom,
naked.

Tom is left sitting there.

Holding a bloody rag.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Tom opens the tool drawer angrily.

Does not wait to watch the dog poke its head out.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tom paces back and forth in the basement.

Hands rubbing through hair.

He stops facing the door. The exit.

His fingers clench the roots of his scalp until the white of
his knuckles try to burst like a zit.

This is when Vivien starts upstairs.

VIVIEN (O.S.)
Fuck me Chuck! Chuck! Chuck! Fuck!

Tom closes his eyes tight and covers his ears. Her condescending orgasms are muffled.

When he opens his eyes-

The basement door is open.

Inviting him to the cold outside air.

He looks around. No Vivien. She's still upstairs.

VIVIEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Up Chuck My Up Fucked Chuck!

A gust of wind blows in. He closes his eyes.

Takes a step to the door.

Outside are tiny purple flowers. Thistle weeds.

Amongst them are the bones of birds.

He looks to the ground before him. The land free of the house.

And without taking his eyes off that spot, reaches for the door handle and closes himself in.

INT. KITCHEN - A DIFFERENT NIGHT

Tom roots through the kitchen for food. He pours cereal into his hand and eats with abandon.

VIVIEN (O.S.)
We're hungry.

Tom looks up and sees Vivien. She's wearing a dress.

TOM
What do you want?

VIVIEN
We ordered delivery.

Tom snorts, laughing, almost choking on his food.

Vivien doesn't laugh.

Tom tries to recover from Vivien's surprising comedy.

TOM
That's a good one.
(beat)
You put on clothes.

VIVIEN
For the delivery.

Tom's laughter calms as things become less humorous.

TOM
What happened to your face?

There is a slight blue bruise on Vivien's eye. It becomes more full and angry by the second.

Her nose starts dripping blood. Red drops bead down her chest and hit the linoleum.

TOM (CONT'D)
(terrified)
What did you do?

Vivien smiles.

VIVIEN
No one visits you. No one calls. No one cares.

And this is when there is a hard knock at the door.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
We thought we should have peoples over.

And then she starts screaming, as Vivien.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
No! Get away from me! Help! Help!

And runs for the door.

Tom chases her desperately.

TOM
No! Don't come in! Please!

Vivien swings the door open and falls into the arms of

A POLICE MAN. Young and handsome.

VIVIEN
He's trying to kill me! Please, make him stop! Help me!

She sobs in his arms.

The Cop sees Tom, who by now barely looks like a functioning member of society and-

Points his gun at him.

COP

Sir, I'm gonna need you to get on your knees, hands above your head-

Tom raises his hands and begs.

TOM

You don't understand what she is-

VIVIEN

He's been trying to exorcise me! I don't know what's happening to my husband!

The Cop puts himself in front of Vivien and steps towards Tom.

COP

Ma'am, it's alright, no one's going to hurt you now.

He takes another step at Tom.

COP (CONT'D)

Sir, get on the ground NOW.

TOM

STOP! Don't let her out of your sight!

But he has.

And Vivien knows it.

She stands up from behind the Cop with a big, hungry grin on her face. She looks at Tom.

COP

Sir, you have til three-

TOM

(to Vivien)
Please, don't-

COP

One. Two.

TOM

NO!

Before he gets to three, Vivien thrusts her hand at the back of the cop's neck.

His eyes go wide as Tom hears a nauseating *squealch*.

Vivien's hand is inside the back of the cop's skull. His eyes move involuntarily.

She approaches Tom casually. The Cop on her hand.

VIVIEN

You ever think it sssstrange? That
no one came by the house for you?
That no one ever called and asked,
where is Tom?

Tom backs up from her.

TOM

You... you just killed that man.
You killed that poor-

COP

SHUT UP, TOM!

Tom almost falls over as Vivien starts speaking through the cop.

The poor man's eyes still flutter in spasms.

VIVIEN

Awww, be nice to Toms, he's just an
ugly little boy.

COP

That's why he has no friends!

VIVIEN

You think so?

COP

He was friends with Charlieee!

VIVIEN

So was Vivien!

They both laugh. It's awful.

COP

Where's Charlie now, Tom? Where is
he?

VIVIEN
We know the answer! We know where
parts of Chuckie are!

COP
Where?

VIVIEN
INSIDE OUR STOMACH FROM WHEN SHE
SWALLOWED HIM.

They both burst into laughter. Tom is backed against the wall.

His horror is slowly being replaced by something far more primal.

COP
How's that make you feel, Tom?

VIVIEN
It made us feel gooooooooood.

The Cop awkwardly pulls out his gun and points it at Vivien's face. He moves like a marionette.

COP
Should I kill her, Tom?

VIVIEN
His skin is under our nails from
when we scratches his back.

COP
Should I blow her brains out all
over your face?

VIVIEN
He came on our face!

TOM
Stop it...

COP
It all ends Tom, if she dies Tom-

VIVIEN
We don't even have tits anymore!
Why live! Fuckie-Chuckie won't fuck
us without our tits!

The cop laboriously cocks the gun.

COP
Ready, Tom! Ready ready!

VIVIEN
She didn't love you, she didn't
want you, she didn't even like you.
She betrayed you. You-

TOM
Yes, I think it's strange.

They both stop. Tom is quiet. Shaking. Tears in his eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)
I think it's strange no one's come
here. I know you fucked up the
phones but I still would've thought
someone might have come. I would've
yelled at them to leave but I still
thought someone would have come.

The Cop puts the gun in Vivien's mouth.

COP
It can all be over Tom! Just say
all the magic words.

Tom shakes his head as he starts to lose it.

TOM
No. No, I, I told you before, I'm
gonna get you outta her.

Vivien rolls her eyes (too far).

COP
How's that going, Tom? Get anywhere
with that, Tom?

TOM
You. Can't. Kill. Her.

VIVIEN
(with gun in her mouth)
Kill us on threes!

COP
One!

TOM
No.

COP
TWOS!

TOM

I said NO!

Before the cop can say three, Tom tackles him, ripping him from Vivien's arm.

His body slides across the floor like a toy.

Vivien looks down at Tom in disappointment.

VIVIEN

Why did you do that?

Before Tom can answer-

BANG!

A gun shot blasts as Tom flinches away!

The Cop is trembling in the corner. His gun raised.

The bullet he fired suspended in the air millimeters from Tom's face.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

You would hurt him?

Tom looks at Vivien.

It is most definitely the first time he has seen her truly angry. And there is nothing more terrifying.

COP

S-stay back! Stay back! I'll-

VIVIEN

HE IS OURS! YOU DO NOT STRIKE AT HIM YOU FILTHY FUCK!

The room is shaking. The cop cries-

COP

Whatthefuckareyou.
Whatthefuckareyou-

Tom tries to reason with her.

TOM

Listen to me, I'm okay, just let
him go.

Vivien turns to Tom.

VIVIEN

He can't live after trying to hurt
you.

TOM

Wha-

The cop cries harder at word of his impending death and aims
his gun again-

TOM (CONT'D)

NO!

He fires three times at Vivien.

The bullets melt before they reach her.

It just makes her angrier.

VIVIEN

We are the evil incarnate. You will
suffer under our heels until you
can no longer remember anything but
pain and agony.

The cop tries to run for the door but is tossed through the
air by an invisible force.

He slams hard into the floor and slowly is dragged towards
Vivien-

She raises her hands.

Her fingers have become long and sharp, some like blades,
some like syringes.

The Cop whimpers on the ground, trying to scramble away as
the unseen current pulls him into her when-

Tom pounces on the man and begins punching him in the face.
Over and over again.

Vivien steps back and the room calms.

She watches as Tom begins to cry harder with every punch.

TOM

You fucking bitch! I never hurt you
like you hurt me. *I hate you!* I
hope you hurt. I-I-I-I met a woman,
a librarian, and I was just waiting
for you to finally fucking leave
before doing anything.

The Cop becomes possessed again.

He simply laughs as Tom breaks his nose.

TOM (CONT'D)

You think I don't remember what you were like when we first met? You were so, so fucking good. I've watched you die every day since I've met you.

He brings The Cop's pulpy face up to his and snarls:

TOM (CONT'D)

Don't you see? *I am the demon.*

Tom's sobbing his eyes out. Completely broken. His punches are barely even landing.

He heaves and rests his head on the poor man's chest.

TOM (CONT'D)

I love you and I just don't know where you went and I miss you. I don't, I just, I don't-

He puts his head in his hands and cries. Falls to the floor beside the man he's beaten.

The Cop, bloody and broken, crawls slowly out of the house.

Vivien watches everything with a wonderful look of surprise.

This may be the be the highlight of her existence.

VIVIEN (V.O.)

Why did you hit him?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's freezing here. November with broken windows.

Tom has ice on his swollen red hands. Sits inside a wrapped blanket on the floor. He looks spent.

Vivien lays upsidedown on the wall, head pointed to the floor.

Demon and her husband are bizarrely face to face.

TOM

I didn't want you to kill him.
I thought you did when you put your
hand in him, though.

VIVIEN

We were just playing.

TOM

He did nothing wrong.

VIVIEN

Oh, he's done plentttttty wrong.
(beat)
We don't know a librarian.

TOM

I'd pick up the books Vivien would
ask for. Even though she'd never
finish them.

VIVIEN

Do you wants her?

TOM

No. I wanted Vivien to want me and
I couldn't think of any other way
to make that happen.

VIVIEN

(droll)
Aww.

Tom almost laughs.

TOM

You feel sorry for me?

VIVIEN

No one likes you enough to feel
sorry for you.

TOM

Why did you stop the bullet?

VIVIEN

He tried to kill you.

He looks at her.

TOM

And that upset you?

VIVIEN
Yes.

TOM
Why?

VIVIEN
Your reactions.

TOM
I don't... I don't understand what
that means.

VIVIEN
They are either scareds of ussss
and run away. Or they kill the body
and send us away.

She clicks her tongue against the roof of her mouth.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
You fassssscinate us.

Tom's not sure how to take this.

TOM
I'm scared.

VIVIEN
Good.

TOM
I'm scared you're the most honest
relationship I'll ever have.

Vivien leans over and with a black, dead tongue licks Tom's
face slowly, from chin to forehead.

He grimaces and takes it.

When she's finished, it slithers back into her mouth.

VIVIEN
Honesty is for cunts.

EXT. THE HOME - MORNING

Tom, with a shovel, scoops up the bird carcasses that litter
the back yard.

The dog watches from a distance. It shivers in the cold.

Tom digs a small hole in the ground. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a tiny piece of paper.

He opens it up. It's a phone number.

He rubs it between his fingers...

Before crumbling it into a tiny ball. Drops it in the hole. Fills it in.

Tom takes a breath and looks at the mutt.

TOM
I think we mighta missed
Thanksgiving.

The dog does not respond as Tom resumes scooping up the carrion.

TOM (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll find a turkey here,
yeah?

He laughs to himself. Grimaces. Grabs his ribs.

TOM (CONT'D)
I wonder if I still have health ins-

AAAAEEEEEEEEEE!

Vivien screams.

Every window of the house explodes.

Tom falls over from the power of the scream.

The dog runs away.

She does not stop screaming.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tom creeps to the bedroom, shovel raised.

There is commotion inside as she cries out frantically.

The language she speaks is not human.

Tom peaks into the room.

Vivien is scratching desperately against a wall. Trying to get away.

There is something *unseen* in the room with her.

The walls warp around it, horrible creaks and moans of wood dying.

Vivien does everything she can to burrow through the wall, but seems incapable.

She is the living portrait of fear.

She slides powerlessly to the floor and hides her head against the wall as whatever it is comes closer when-

Tom steps between her and the Thing.

He slowly raises his eyes, as if to look It in the face.

His shirt begins unthreading itself until there are hundreds of tiny threads like eels, trying to escape.

The walls crack. The floor bends and buckles.

Tom takes a step back, sandwiching Vivien against the wall.

She screams her foul tongue at the Thing.

With a shuddering thud, it steps forward.

And Tom steps back.

Beads of sweat roll backwards across Tom's brow.

The Thing is around him. His shirt is gone.

Tom holds his hand back for Vivien.

Through her hysterics, she looks at it.

Up at Tom, shielding his face from the unspeakable wind-

She takes it and-

The Thing vanishes in an instant.

The room groans its relief as it relaxes.

Tom collapses on the floor beside Vivien.

They both catch their breath.

TOM

The fuck was that?

Vivien doesn't answer. Tom lays his head on the floor.

He looks at her.

She punches him in the eye for no reason at all.

He groans and rolls over. Rubs his temple.

TOM (CONT'D)
When is it gonna end?

Vivien stands up and intentionally steps on Tom as she walks out of the room.

VIVIEN
Never.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Tom walks into the trashed bathroom. He turns on the sink and drinks.

He looks up and sees his reflection in the shattered mirror.

The first time he's seen himself in weeks.

He's thinner. His beard is patchy.

But most notably are the dozens of scars that cover his body.

He runs his fingers over them, a memory each. He doesn't recognize himself anymore.

He smiles.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Tom finds Vivien outside.

She's found Tom's pile of dead birds and is scattering them across the yard in a carefully planned mess.

He approaches her nervously.

TOM
Do... Do you want to play a game?

Vivien throws a bird skeleton at him.

VIVIEN
Catches?

It hits the wall beside him.

TOM
I win, you leave her.

VIVIEN
If we wins, whats?

TOM
I don't know. You can punch me
again.

Vivien considers it.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Tom pulls out a chess board. He sets the pieces.

TOM
Since Vivien knew how to play, that
means you do too, right?

VIVIEN
Rrrrrrrright.

Tom motions to the board.

TOM
You can go first.

Vivien nods. She grabs a pawn and-

Hits all of Tom's pieces off the board gleefully.

VIVIEN
This was your big plans, Tommy?

Tom sighs, defeated again.

TOM
I don't know. Maybe. I'll figure it
out.

Vivien beats Tom over the head with the chess board. It does
not hurt.

VIVIEN
Nopes.

It does hurt when she punches him clean off the porch.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
We wins.

Tom stares at the stars. He achingly turns his head and sees Vivien, shoulders drooped like she's exhausted.

She goes inside slowly. Tom rolls over and closes his eyes.

INT. GARAGE - A DIFFERENT DAY

Tom finds Vivien tearing apart the garage. She's frustrated.

TOM

The dog ran away when you scre-

She turns and throws a boot at him.

He stops it with his hands. She throws another and he does the same.

TOM (CONT'D)

Stop throwing shit at me!

VIVIEN

Where is its?

TOM

Where's what?

VIVIEN

The bad secret! We can't find its!

TOM

Why do you care?

VIVIEN

Because we wants it!

TOM

It's not here.

Vivien stops her rampage. Glares at him.

VIVIEN

Where?

TOM

Nowhere.

She cocks her head at him. Does not understand.

TOM (CONT'D)

She never wrote the number. I wrote the number. Just a random number.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I'd write it on dozens of pieces of papers and I'd hide them around the house, hoping Vivien would find just one and ask me about them and just look jealous for a few seconds. But she never did.

Vivien drops the tool box she was holding.

VIVIEN

That's manipulative. You lied!

TOM

I did.

Vivien looks at him admiringly.

VIVIEN

This is a great day. What was she like?

TOM

Who?

VIVIEN

Vivien. What was she like?

TOM

You know what she was like. You have all of her-

VIVIEN

What was she like *to you*s.

Tom thinks for a second.

TOM

She was the moment when you slip off a ladder and realize you've landed on pillows instead of cement.

VIVIEN

Did you ever cheats on her?

TOM

Only in my heart.

VIVIEN

You never hit her.

TOM

No.

VIVIEN
You never yelled at her.

TOM
No.

VIVIEN
What did Charles have that you
didn't?

Tom winces.

TOM
Besides a bigger dick?

VIVIEN
Yours is bigger.

Tom thinks on this.

TOM
I can't tell if that makes me feel
better or worse.

VIVIEN
Did you know about Chuckie Charles?

TOM
Yeah. Yeah I think I did.

VIVIEN
Did nothing about it, cowards.

TOM
What could I have done?

VIVIEN
Murders.

TOM
That's not... No. I couldn't have
done *murders.*

Vivien is quiet for a second.

VIVIEN
Everyone knew, didn't they. All her
friendses.

TOM
I think so.

VIVIEN
No one defended you.

TOM
Seems not, but... maybe they did.

Vivien walks towards Tom.

VIVIEN
You should let her die.

TOM
No.

VIVIEN
Please?

Tom laughs at Vivien's sincere attempts to be polite.

TOM
No.

VIVIEN
Can we kill Charlies?

TOM
NO.

Vivien pouts. Looks at Tom with disappointment.

She bites her lip. Tom remembers this.

Savors this one small reminder.

VIVIEN
It's going to snow.

TOM
Yeah, pro-

Vivien grabs Tom's head and with a swift push, cracks it against the wall, knocking him unconscious.

BLACK

INT. GARAGE - HOURS LATER

Tom wakes in a puddle of his own blood.

He breathes a fogged breath and painfully sits up.

Takes a few moments to gather his wits. He touches the wound on the back of his head.

Red fingers.

The garage door is open. It is snowing.

He looks at the snow. And realizes-

TOM
Oh fuck.

INT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Tom checks every room in the house for Vivien.

TOM
Oh no. Oh God.

She is not here.

EXT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Tom rushes outside the house. Searches when-

He sees footprints through the snow. Scorched earth beneath.

TOM
FUCK!

He runs to his car like the world was about to end.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Vivien hobbles happily. Snow melting beneath her bare feet.

Tiny puffs of steam rise off her body as the snow melts when it touches her skin.

She is hobbling with purpose.

She passes a LITTLE BOY making a snowman. He turns away from his creation and stares at Vivien, still dressed in her skimpy nightie.

LITTLE BOY
Aren't you cold?

Vivien grins to herself and keeps hobbling as-

The branch arms of the snowman begin bending towards the little boy.

INT. HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Vivien's reflection through the glass. Distorted and warped.

Doorbell rings.

And after a beat, JILL appears to answer it.

She opens the door and gasps when she sees Vivien, with her modly skin and her ruined hay hair.

JILL
Ohmygod, Vivien, are you alright?!
Get in here!

She reaches out to help Vivien inside and burns her hand.

JILL (CONT'D)
AUGH!

She puts her fingers in her mouth. Shocked. Confused.

Vivien stares down the hall.

JILL (CONT'D)
Where is Charles Chucks.

Even in such a bizarre situation, we see Jill's heart hurt the second her husband's mistress asks for him.

JILL (CONT'D)
He's in the back.

VIVIEN
Bring him to us. *Nows.*

Jill can only nod.

INT. CAR - DAY

Tom speeds down a street.

He knows exactly where Vivien is going.

He slows down when he sees a group of men trying to pry the crying little boy free from the iron grip of his snowman's branch arms.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Charles cautiously approaches the front door with his wife. Vivien glares at him angrily.

CHARLES

Vivien? What's going on? You don't
look so good - Do you need help?

She does not answer.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Vivien-

She suddenly dry heaves. Hard.

Charles and Jill take a nervous step back as she keeps
heaving. A deep, guttural moan.

She's forcing something up.

She looks up at them as she continues heaving. Specifically
Charles.

Her eyes convey the one truth: *she's excited about this.*

We see the lump rise in her throat.

Charles and Jill are powerless in their fear until-

Vivien's entire bottom jaw *clicks* as it unhinges itself.

And before Jill can scream-

A BLOODY MASS slips out of Vivien's mouth and onto their
doorway.

Now Jill screams.

The bloody mass, the size of a football, seems to be just
muscle and sinews and bones.

But the worst part is that it's most definitely *ALIVE*.

And it's most definitely in pain.

JILL

What is that! WHAT THE FUCK IS
THAT?!

Charles stares as his brain shuts down.

Vivien starts laughing.

The more Charles and Jill fall apart, the harder Vivien
laughs.

Tom's car pulls roughly into the drive way. He dashes for
Vivien.

TOM
What did you do?!

She turns back to him and smiles sweetly.

VIVIEN
Defended yous.

He sees The Abomination in the doorway and stops short.

It begins to cry. The scraping of jagged bone on jagged bone.

A plea to die.

TOM
Holy shit.

Vivien starts laughing all over again.

VIVIEN
Charlie put it in Vivien's
stomachs. Happy birthdays!

She laughs harder and yells at Charles.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Congratulationses on the new
arrival Chuckie!

Charles is losing his mind.

CHARLES
I'm... I'll call the police. What I
can do is... I'll make a call.

Jill is on the floor in a pile. Sobbing uncontrollably.

TOM
Come on!

He grabs Vivien by the waist and carries her to the car.

VIVIEN
ADULTERER! ADULTERER! ADULTERER!

And keeps laughing.

Tom pops the trunk and throws Vivien inside. She looks up at him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Don't want to sit heres!

TOM
I don't give a shit.

And he closes the trunk.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Tom is driving down a street when-

BANG!

The car bounces, as if it hit something.

TOM
STOP IT!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

And with a final **BANG!** the car almost flips over.

In the middle of traffic, Tom stops the car. Gets out.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Opens the trunk.

Vivien slinks out and is still laughing.

TOM
BE GOOD.

VIVIEN
Fuck you!

TOM
Just five minutes. That's all.
Please.

Vivien stares at him.

VIVIEN
A-oh-kay.

TOM
Thank you. Now get in the fucking
car.

VIVIEN
You didn't say the magic words.

TOM
NOW, YOU CRAZY BITCH!

Vivien giggles and slides into the front seat.

Tom looks at the cars waiting in line for him to get moving.

Their passengers are all stunned.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

They are driving through town.

Vivien stares at all the Christmas lights in wonder.

Tom sees a CHURCH up ahead to the right and stealthily tries to turn to turn towards it but-

The wheel is locked. No matter how hard he tries.

He looks at Vivien.

She shakes her head in disappointment.

INT. CAR - LATER

Vivien has her head out the window like a dog.

Tom looks over at her.

Her hair flickers in the wind.

The snow is coming down hard.

TOM

Why did you do that? To Charles and Jill.

VIVIEN

Why didn't you?

Tom laughs.

TOM

I don't think I can do whatever it is you did.

VIVIEN

Pusssssy.

Tom laughs again. And keeps laughing.

They drive through the forest. He still can't stop laughing.

Vivien joins in.

TOM

I've, I've wanted to beat the shit
out of him for so long. But that,
that was-

Vivien suddenly grabs the steering wheel and with a quick
jerk, crashes the car violently into the forest.

A tree cuts the front of the car in half.

Windshield shatters. Airbags explode.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Snow from the branches drifts softly on the car as it moans
out its defeat.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tom leans away from the airbag in agony.

Vivien is perfectly fine. She admires the tree that's now in
the car with them. Separating them.

VIVIEN

Look. Trees.

Tom coughs. He tries to move but is stuck by the wreckage.

TOM

Why'd you do that? You said a-oh-
kay.

Vivien blinks.

VIVIEN

I lied.

Tom's eyes snap to her.

TOM

What did you say?

Vivien ignores him. Gasps with delight.

VIVIEN

Bone!

Tom looks down.

His shin bone sticks out of his leg like a shark fin.

TOM
Ah shit. Bone.

He looks back at the street behind them.

TOM (CONT'D)
I gotta get you out of here.

VIVIEN
Why! Let's wait for helps!

TOM
No. I don't want you to hurt anyone.

He tries moving his leg. Cries out.

He leans back in the seat.

TOM (CONT'D)
Listen to me, you need to get out of here. Run back to the house, I'll-

Vivien suddenly sighs. Seems to faint.

Tom is momentarily surprised.

TOM (CONT'D)
Hey. He- *Ungh.*

And then he gasps.

His body starts convulsing violently.

As the demon that was in Vivien begins to possess Tom.

While he convulses, Vivien wakes up.

But it's not the demon-possessed Vivien. It's truly VIVIEN.

It takes her a moment to realize she's free. To gather her surroundings.

She sees Tom convulsing beside her.

VIVIEN
T-Tom? Oh my go-

Tom's eyes snap open at her, even through the convulsions. Full of seething, demonic hatred.

His leg begins to heal.

TOM

I'm going to rip out your eyes.

He lunges for Vivien!

Vivien screams and throws open the car door.

She tries to run outside but her legs fall from underneath her. As if she hadn't used them in months.

She crawls desperately away from the car. Crying.

Tom watches her go.

The leg heals and-

With a similar sigh, the demon leaves Tom.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Footprints the shape of goat hooves burn through the snow.

They follow Vivien. Catching up to her.

VIVIEN

No! No! PLEAS-!

And like a foot sliding into a slipper, the demon resumes control of Vivien.

She stands up and quietly hobbles back to the car.

Tom snaps awake.

Quickly pulls himself out of the seat and throws up in the snow.

Vivien climbs on top of the car and watches.

TOM

Don't you... ever... do that to me again.

Police sirens fill the air.

VIVIEN

Friends!

Tom forces himself to stand up.

TOM
Home's on the other side of the
trees. Hurry up before the car
explodes.

Vivien is still.

VIVIEN
Explodes? With fire?

TOM
Yeah, let's-

Vivien leaps off the car and hobbles her way through the
woods.

Tom follows.

EXT. DEEP IN THE FOREST - NIGHT

All is quiet.

Tom shakes with cold. Trying to keep up with Vivien, who has
no difficulty.

TOM
I... I need to s-s-stop.

Vivien looks back at him.

VIVIEN
Why are you colds?

TOM
Because it's fucking freezing.

Vivien looks around. Like she's learning this for the first
time.

Tom falls to his knees and tries to rub his arms.

Vivien curls up like a dog near by.

VIVIEN
Should have waited for friendses.

TOM
You'd have killed them.

VIVIEN
But you'd be warm.

Tom laughs.

TOM
You said "I lied" instead of "we
lied".

Vivien doesn't answer.

TOM (CONT'D)
I could pick you up and throw you
in the tr-tr-trunk of the car. I
never had been able to move you an
inch before that. You're weaker.
You get tired more.

Vivien remains silent.

TOM (CONT'D)
There's just one of you now, isn't
there. The mill-mill-millions are
gone.

Vivien raises her head.

VIVIEN
Yessssss.

TOM
And when do you leave?

Vivien laughs.

VIVIEN
Never.

TOM
That thing in the bedroom. What was
that?

VIVIEN
It was temptation.

TOM
For what?

VIVIEN
There's a baby in Mexico. Its
parents have been trying for years
to conceeeeeeive. They succeeded.
And now they will wish they didn't.

She cackles.

TOM
Why didn't you go-

VIVIEN
Stop asking questions-

TOM
Or what, you'll bite off another
finger that you could heal this
whole time?

Vivien flays out her fingers. All ten of them.

VIVIEN
Oops.

TOM
I mended your breasts-

VIVIEN
You asked to. Why argue?

Tom shudders. The cold is killing him.

TOM
How-how-how do I get rid of you?

VIVIEN
Kill her. Or yourself.

TOM
You never re-really came here for
her, did you.

VIVIEN
No. We wanted to play with you.

She crawls towards him and lays by his feet. Her heat
instantly warms him.

He can't help but sigh his relief.

TOM
What's hell like?

She's quiet for a second. A horrible memory.

VIVIEN
It's burning. Always burning.

She glares threateningly at him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Next question you ask rips an eye
out of your skull.

TOM

Okay.

VIVIEN

Once there was a prophet making his way town to town. It was snowing. We all went into the worms and knit ourselves together. He came upon us and told us to be gone, but the permission was ours and we consumed him. It took months. He never prayed. Do you pray?

TOM

I haven't stopped praying since you showed up.

VIVIEN

What do you pray for?

Tom leans his head against a tree.

TOM

I just want her to be happy.

He looks down and finds Vivien asleep.

He notices that beside her head is a large stone.

He stares at it. Reaches out and touches it with his fingers.

He looks at her sleeping face. Her cracked skin and her weed hair.

He considers it.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

Tom carries his sleeping wife through the shattered glass door in the backyard.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lays Vivien on the broken sofa and stares at her.

He turns and finds the dog is back. Alone and cold.

TOM

Come on, Fuck.

For once, the dog follows Tom without any protest.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tom finds the closet completely destroyed.

He doesn't move. The dog waits mid-way down the steps.

TOM

I don't know what to do now.

Vivien begins laughing to herself upstairs.

Tom sits down on the floor and does nothing else.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

There's a crow in the room.

Vivien's eyes follow as it flies from perch to perch.

Tom watches from the kitchen as he finishes a can of cold baked beans.

She starts to scurry up the wall, but stops half way.

Breathes deep. Exhausted.

The crow flies away from her.

She crawls back down and glares at the crow. Waiting for it to fly near her.

She'll do this all day if she has to.

Tom throws the can out of the house through the broken door.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Tom rummages through the garage. Vivien appears behind him.

VIVIEN

What are you looking for?

Tom does not pay attention to her. He throws something shiny and silver down on the ground.

TOM

This was from Halloween, a couple years ago. We were both really into it, way too much. We had costumes, she was like a space ranger and I was an alien, with this big goofy head.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

And we bought shitloads of candy, pretty much cleaned out an aisle at Walmart. And while we were waiting for the first trick-r-treaters, we were flirting and I chased her and, cuz I was wearing that goofy head I couldn't see well, and I ran my shoulder straight into the door frame. It hurt like a motherfucker, and she was there, worried about me but laughing because it was a hilarious situation, me in an alien suit.

He tosses something to Vivien's feet.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's my favorite memory of my wife. Nothing was ever that bad when she was around.

Vivien picks up the goofy alien head.

She rolls it in her hands.

Looks at Tom.

And rips the rubber head in half slowly.

VIVIEN

Your wife couldn't remember a favorite memory about you anymore.

Tom nods and goes back to his drawer.

TOM

I know.

VIVIEN

You should leave. Find new fucks.

TOM

In the forest, there was a rock beside your head.

VIVIEN

You could've used its. Started fffffresssh.

Tom doesn't reply. Vivien slinks away.

Once she's gone, Tom exhales.

He pushes the silver alien suit over-

Revealing a canister of gasoline.

He takes a deep breath. And then another.

He picks it and a lighter up. Walks back towards the house.

He pushes the garage opener on his way out.

It opens just fine.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tom passes through the kitchen. Vivien has pushed over the refrigerator.

She holds up the plastic bag holding her finger.

VIVIEN
Looks! Irony.

Tom ignores her and goes upstairs.

Vivien growls and hobbles slowly after him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She passes through the living room, where the crow still flies around.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

She crawls up the stairs. She stops half way to catch her breath.

INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

She hobbles through the hallway and into-

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

To find Tom standing there. He's breathing hard.

TOM
I want the letter.

VIVIEN
What letter?

TOM
The letter she wrote and put her
rings in.

VIVIEN
Why?

TOM
Because I want to take it with me.

He starts to crack.

TOM (CONT'D)
I can't do this anymore.

Vivien squints at him. Like she doesn't understand what she's
seeing.

She walks to a piece of the broken mattress. Reaches inside.

Pulls out the letter.

She hobbles to Tom. Hands it out to him.

He reaches for it. She pulls it back.

VIVIEN
Say please.

TOM
...please.

She hands it out to him.

He reaches for it. She pulls back again.

VIVIEN
Say please, Vivien.

He stares at her, this thing that looks like his wife.

His eyes overflow.

TOM
Please, Vivien.

Vivien bites her lip when she smiles.

Holds the letter out to him. He takes it.

Stares at it in his hands.

The envelope simply says: *Tommy*

He feels the impression of the ring inside.

TOM (CONT'D)
I don't know what else to do.

He looks up at her, tears streaming down through his stubble.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

VIVIEN
Good.

He grabs Vivien by the neck. Hard. Choking.

She grins.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Is it a game?

He pulls her close to him. Like he's hugging her.

He starts crying harder. Drops the envelope.

TOM
I'm so sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

Vivien giggles.

Tom reaches into his pocket.

Pulls out the LIGHTER.

Vivien's eyes go wide at the sound of it lighting.

VIVIEN
NO!

But it's too late.

He throws the lighter on the envelope on the ground and the room lights up from the gasoline.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOO!

Tom grabs her neck harder as she tries to scramble away.

For the first time, he's stronger than her.

He slams her body into the wall. Crying hard.

TOM
I'm sorry I let you down. I'm sorry
I wasn't better.

Vivien shrieks at the approaching flames.

VIVIEN
I won't go back! I WON'T!

Vivien lashes out her tongue. It wraps around Tom's neck like a python.

He grabs it tightly as it chokes him.

It bleeds black blood under his fingernails until-

He snaps it.

It recoils back into her mouth as she begins to stab at him with her fingers.

She's cutting him, but the damage is not enough to stop him.

He presses her harder into the wall. Body checks her there repeatedly to try and sedate her.

She is beyond hysterical.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
NOO! MAKE IT STOP! STOP IT! NOOO!

She realizes she is too weak for him.

TOM
You wrote that letter! She had her
rings on at dinner! She was *trying*!

The fire reaches his feet.

He screams as he begins to burn.

Vivien's eyes dart everywhere. Like a frantic dog.

TOM (CONT'D)
I-I'm sorry I couldn't save you!

She pleads and sobs.

VIVIEN
I can't go back! I can't!

Tom groans in agony. The room is all flame.

He pushes her tighter against the wall.

TOM
You don't have to go. You don't
have to leave me.

He grimaces. Pushes himself as close to the wall as he can to
avoid the inevitable flames.

It almost looks like they're hugging.

TOM (CONT'D)
You just can't have her anymore!

VIVIEN
Why?

TOM
Because I love her.

He cries into her neck and slides to the ground.

And he stays like that, crying.

Until he hears her crying as well.

Her fingers clenching the back of his neck tightly.

VIVIEN
I-Is it over?

It doesn't sound like Vivien. He looks at her-

And notices the flames are gone. The room black and burned.

His feet red and wet with death.

He leans back and sees that-

THE DEMON IS GONE.

And Vivien lays before him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Tommy!

She sobs and holds onto him.

He is shocked.

TOM
Is it you? Is it you?

She nods.

VIVIEN
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry about
everything.

TOM
It's okay. I forgive you. I forgive
you.

She hides her head into his chest. She heaves her relief and
says:

VIVIEN
I love you so much-

He closes his eyes and lets the words melt inside.

The wife and her husband cry on their bedroom floor, alone
together.

MONTAGE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

This is the house where everything happened.

The kitchen where Tom drowned and hid her finger.

The ruined basement closet where Tom slept alone.

The broken shower where Tom met the demon for the first time.

The living room where she choked him.

The den where Tom told his bedtime story.

The backyard, full of bones.

The garage where Tom kept the nameless dog safe.

The bedroom, burned and ruined, empty now.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

This is their home, where they lived and survived, to some
extent.

EXT. HOTEL - SOME NIGHTS LATER

And this is the hotel where they are starting over.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vivien looks at herself in the bathroom mirror.

It's really her. She has to keep telling herself that.

She turns off the light and walks-

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And finds the room empty.

VIVIEN
(scared)
Tommy?

TOM (O.S.)
Out here!

She sees a curtain blowing softly in the winter wind.

Rushes out into the-

INT. HOTEL BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

And finds her husband sitting on a bench.

His bandaged feet are propped on the balcony ledge. He's only wearing a white t-shirt and boxers.

It's snowing hard.

VIVIEN
Aren't you freezing?

He shakes his head.

TOM
It feels good on my feet.

VIVIEN
Oh. Good.

She stands there awkwardly. Trying to find the right groove to settle back into.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Can I... can I sit with you?

He looks at her and smiles softly.

TOM
That'd be nice.

She curls up beside him.

Sees the laceration under his neck. The bite on his arm.
Dozens of cuts tattooed on his skin forever.

VIVIEN
You have so many scars, I barely
even recognize you.

He looks down at her.

TOM
Maybe that's a good thing, Viv.

She looks into his eyes. A sad nod.

VIVIEN
I'm gonna go get a blanket, okay?

TOM
Okay.

She goes to leave, then comes back and kisses his forehead.

He melts.

She steps back inside.

Tom brushes some of the flurries out of his hair and-

They float down to the nameless dog, asleep in Tom's lap.

The snow puffs into steam as it hits the fur.

The dog stretches and curls closer to Tom.

It loves him so much.

Vivien comes back with her blanket.

She cuddles beside her husband, burying her head into his
shoulder.

He wraps his free arm around her. Continues scratching the
dog.

It continues to snow.

THE END.