

Strange Times
(First Draft)

By

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INT. - LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

It is dark. Though we can't see it, the only light source is a surprisingly bright night light, illuminating everything from the bottom up. In fact the only thing we can see is a static shot of a kitchen, devoid of human presence, but we can hear that someone is in the house, shuffling around behind the camera.

The FIGURE--we'll call her DEB--walks past stealthily, even though you can hear the faint footsteps (from shoes that are obviously quite heavy) as she passes through. She stops and turns around and pulls the blinds of the small kitchen window shut and leaves again.

This activity continues, back and forth, carrying all variation of objects both ominous and neutral--a length of red yarn, a knife, some trash bags. We can hear shuffling in a room on the other side of the camera, where the Figure keeps going. With one loud shuffle and a thump, the back-and-forth ends. There is a lengthier pause before we see the Figure again, who this time heads toward the kitchen sink.

Here, she washes something that looks suspiciously like blood from her gloves, rapid and business-like. She washes off some of the other items we saw her carrying and drops them onto a thick but small plastic tarp. The first time we get the impression that her actions are not mechanical is when she sighs as she turns off the faucet and she raises her hand to her forehead and brushes her hair out of her eyes. She's still wearing the gloves and she accidentally wipes just a faint trail of blood onto her forehead. Back to business, she dumps the plastic into a trash bag. She slings it over her shoulder and walks back into the other room. We hear a door slam.

Finally we see the inside of this room, but only the door as it slams and the blinds clink back and forth against the door.

The room is something macabre, an overwhelming black and red color scheme making things seem almost bloody. We see blood spatter on the walls, red everywhere, but when we look again it's some form of wall art, paint on a canvas. It's an odd combination between crime scene and an ordinary bedroom, except that in an ordinary bedroom there usually isn't a GIRL lying dead on the floor in the middle of the room.

Or, is she dead? There's blood on her, but it's impossible to tell whether this is real or fake. When you look back and forth--between the blood art and the blood on the girl--it's difficult to tell. Her clothes are just like the

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Figure's--maybe they're the same--maybe it was too dark to know for sure. What we do see, albeit briefly, is that little bit of blood on her forehead.

Something about this just seems off. Just before blackness takes over the screen, we see--only a little--a twitch from the Girl, and simultaneously we hear one brief clunk from behind the camera someplace.

Cut to black.