

Honest Fear
Written by
Yosemitesam

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

An SUV with no lights on sits at the end of the long, black driveway.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Behind the wheel sits LAURA JACKSON, 18. She talks into a cell phone as she stares at the dilapidated old farmhouse.

LAURA

Jesus this place is kinda scary. Why the hell would he bring her here?...Yeah I just got here...I put a small GPS in his glove box...No it's fine. Just a little creepy...I mean he's obviously here. I see his car. And candlelight in the window. I bet he's fucking her right now...OK I will thanks. I'll call you when I leave...Bye.

Laura hangs up the phone.

She looks around at the darkness surrounding her. Then turns the car off.

Lightning fills the sky. Thunder soon follows.

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

A dank, dark basement. One bulb provides the only light. Water seeps from the walls.

A large MAN with a disfigured face stands at a makeshift workbench.

He meticulously sharpens a machete on an old sharpening wheel.

He stops the wheel. Runs his thumb across the blade of the machete.

A small line of blood emerges from his thumb. He wipes the blood onto the leg of his mechanics jumpsuit.

The Man puts the Machete down. Grabs a sweaty glass of milk that sits on the table.

He takes a large gulp.

A slimy tongue licks the milk from his gnarled lips.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

CHAD ANDREW, 19, sits slumped and unconscious in a wheelchair. His hands and feet bound to the chair with chains.

A shrine of sorts fills the room. Photos of Laura Jackson. Candid photos of Chad and Laura. Photos with Chad's face cut out. All lit up by dozens of candles.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

BOOM! Thunder.

Laura quietly makes her way to the porch. She peers in through a window.

Dark. Empty.

She tiptoes to the front door. Locked.

Lightning fills the sky.

She stays in the shadows as she walks to the side of the house and climbs in through a broken window.

Laura scans around the dark, empty room.

Quiet as a church mouse she walks out of the room.

She stops to let her eyes adjust to the darkness before making her way to a staircase.

She pauses at the bottom of the staircase and looks up at the darkness.

BOOM! Thunder shakes the glass in the windows.

Laura tiptoes up the stairs.

A stair CREAKS! She stops instantly.

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

CREAK! A floorboard creaks upstairs. The Man with the disfigured face suddenly stops sharpening a butcher knife.

He tilts his head toward the ceiling and listens quietly.

BOOM! Thunder.

He goes back to sharpening the knife.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Laura continues walking up the stairs.

She sees light coming out from underneath of a closed door.

She makes her way to the door. A light rain drips on her from small holes in the roof.

A bright flash of lightning illuminates the hallway. Roaring thunder right behind.

She stops in front of the door. Puts her ear against it and listens.

She readies her hand on the door knob.

BURSTS through the door.

LAURA
Happy Hallowe--

She stops instantly.

LAURA (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Laura stares at Chad in horror. She looks at the shrine.

Chad struggles to raise his head and look at her. His eyes filled with terror.

He tries to talk through the duct tape on his mouth.

She shuts the door then moves quickly to Chad.

Laura carefully removes the duct tape.

She holds his face in her hands. Brings his eyes to hers.

Laura looks at him lovingly and starts to sob.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Oh my god. What happened to you?

She starts sobbing harder. Kisses him softly.

CHAD

I don't know. I went to the store...The last thing I remember is starting the car. Then waking up here.

She throws her arms around him. Starts crying. Kisses him.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Where are we? How did you find me?

As if realizing something, Laura quickly goes to work trying to remove the chains. Still sobbing.

LAURA

It's not really important now.

She gets frustrated with the chains.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Frantically she looks around the room.

Suddenly they both hear footsteps walking up the stairs.

They look at each other. Fear.

Laura quickly puts the tape back over Chad's mouth.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I love you.

She desperately looks around the near empty room.

She runs to a closet with the door half off the hinges and cowers in the shadows.

The footsteps get closer.

Laura looks out through a crack in the door frame.

Thunder ROARS. A hard rain starts pelting the tin roof.

The footsteps stop outside of the room.

Laura struggles to control her heavy, uneven breathing.

The door opens.

The footsteps continue into the room.

Laura looks through the crack but cannot see anyone.

Chad mumbles hysterically under the tape.

Laura fights to stay quiet.

The Man, without saying a word, wheels Chad out of the room.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Laura listens from the closet as the Man lugs the wheelchair down the stairs.

Chad screaming under the tape the entire way down.

She waits until the noise stops before she stands up ever so quietly.

She tip toes to the door.

Silently makes her way down the stairs, careful to avoid the creaky step.

Shuffling and rummaging noises from another room become louder as she reaches the bottom of the stairs.

Suddenly, Chad's duct taped screams fill the air. The sound of his body taking repeated blows reverberates through the house.

Lightning fills the house with light. BOOM! Thunder shakes the windows.

The screaming stops. The thunder stops. Silence.

Laura stands frozen, horrified, at the bottom of the stairs. She fights back tears.

Footsteps break the dead quiet.

Quickly and silently Laura makes her way back up the stairs.

She goes into a room. Tries the window. Jammed shut.

She sneaks to the bathroom.

Footsteps start coming up the stairs.

Laura starts to panic. Tries the window. It opens. The hard rain comes inside.

Using the toilet as a footstool she climbs head first out the small window.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

She struggles to gain her footing on the sloping wet roof.

She quickly and quietly closes the window.

Laura moves away from the window. Braces against the wind and the rain.

She watches the window. Nothing happens.

Lightning and Thunder fill the sky simultaneously.

Carefully she walks across the steep roof.

She slowly makes her way to a tree growing next to the house.

Suddenly she slips on the wet roof. Desperately struggles for something to grab. Too slippery.

She slides over the side of the roof and hits the ground hard.

Laura moans in pain. Her ankle mangled.

Covered in mud and soaking wet she takes a second to gather her bearings.

She sees her car about thirty yards away.

She rolls awkwardly and manages to get her car keys from her tight jeans pocket.

Laura desperately drags herself towards the cars. Always keeping an eye on the dark house.

The rain pours down on her.

She pushes the automatic unlock button on Chad's car. Doesn't work.

Laura drags herself to the door. Pulls herself up by the handle and unlocks it.

She climbs in and shuts the door as quickly as possible.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Laura tries to start the car. Won't start.

She looks at the dark farmhouse.

SLAMS her fist on the steering wheel. Starts sobbing.

She flings open the door of the car. Steps out on her bad foot and falls down instantly to the ground.

Laura moans in agony.

Lightning makes it daytime for a few seconds.

Laura looks at the house.

The Man, wearing a grotesque clown mask, his jumpsuit covered in blood, stands on the porch of the house looking at her. A machete in his hand.

Thunder BOOMS!

Darkness.

FADE OUT.