

LIVING NIGHTMARE

Written by

Umm...

FADE IN:

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A neat, tidy room. Everything has its place.

SUPER: 2:00AM

CASSIE, 30, attractive despite her red, dark circled eyes and pale skin, sits on the couch and channel surfs mindlessly with the television volume down.

The only sound, the rhythmic TICK TOCK of a clock.

LATER

Cassie lies on the couch, stares at the ceiling.

SUPER: 4:00AM

CASSIE

Fuck!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. FOSTER, 50, clean-shaven, in a suit and horn-rimmed glasses, sits across a table from Cassie. He jots a point down in his notepad.

Cassie could doze off at any minute.

DR. FOSTER

And how long would you say this has been happening?

CASSIE

I honestly can't remember the last time I had any kind of quality sleep. I'm exhausted, Doc, but my body won't let me rest.

DR. FOSTER

When you do sleep, do you dream?

CASSIE

Never.

DR. FOSTER

Never?

CASSIE

I can't remember ever having dreams, at least not in recent memory. Maybe as a child, but I don't know.

Dr. Foster nods as he writes in his notepad.

DR. FOSTER

I think it's a classic case of Insomnia. I'm going to give you something to help you sleep.

He produces a prescription pad and fills out the top page.

CASSIE

Are there any side effects?

DR. FOSTER

Nothing to worry about. Some people suffer from dry mouth, others report vivid dreams, at the very worst you may sleep walk. If you experience anything more severe let me know and we can try a different medication.

The prescription is ripped from the pad and handed to Cassie.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassie sits up in bed, empties two pills from a bottle into her hand.

She washes them down with a glass of water.

CASSIE

For the love of God, just work.

Cassie lies down, pulls the covers over herself, and rolls over to switch off the bedside lamp.

LATER

The room fills with gentle snoring.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY - DREAM

JEMMA, 10, Cassie's identical twin, runs as CASSIE, 10, chases her. The girls laugh hysterically.

CASSIE
Slow down, Jemma!

JEMMA
You're such a slowpoke, Cassie!

Cassie's hand extends enough to tap Jemma on the shoulder.

CASSIE
Tag, you're it!

BACK TO SCENE

A thin smile crosses Cassie's sleeping face.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Cassie slowly opens her eyes.

She stretches in satisfaction.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Cassie, red eyes and dark circles replaced by a vibrant, healthy complexion, sits across from Dr. Foster.

DR. FOSTER
I'm glad to hear you're feeling better. Any issues or side effects?

CASSIE
The vivid dreams, like you said, but I don't mind them to be honest.

DR. FOSTER
Are they about anything in particular?

CASSIE
My twin sister mainly.

DR. FOSTER
The one that ran away?

CASSIE
Yeah, but they're good dreams, about when we were kids.

DR. FOSTER

We haven't talked about her in
awhile. Are you sure you're okay
with that?

CASSIE

Nothing to worry about, Doc. It's
nice to have her back in my life,
even if it's just in a dream.

DR. FOSTER

Well then, it's a good result. Keep
the same dose, and I'll see you in
a few weeks.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassie takes her pills, climbs into bed, and turns off the
bedside lamp. She quickly nods off.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT - DREAM

Cassie makes her way down the stairs and turns into the

KITCHEN

where JEMMA, 16, sits with her back to Cassie.

Cassie stops.

CASSIE

Jemma?

JEMMA

I'm leaving.

CASSIE

What are you talking about?

JEMMA

I can't be here anymore. I'm going
away.

CASSIE

What... why?

JEMMA

It's your fault.

Cassie walks forward, places a hand on Jemma.

Jemma turns her head, bones CRACK as her neck breaks and turns one hundred and eighty degrees.

Cassie removes her hand, takes a step back.

JEMMA
It's all your Fault!

BACK TO SCENE

Cassie's eyes fly open, she breathes heavily as sweat drips down her brow.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cassie sits on the couch, an old photo album on her lap.

She turns the page, takes it in for a moment, then turns another. She laughs.

INSERT - PHOTO

CASSIE, 16, and Jemma pull ridiculous faces for the camera. Their arms slung around each others shoulders.

BACK TO SCENE

Cassie runs her hand over the photo.

CASSIE
It wasn't my fault.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

An indistinguishable BANG jolts Cassie from her sleep. She sits up.

Cassie turns the bedside lamp on.

Her eyes quickly scan the room.

CASSIE
Is somebody there?

Nothing but silence.

Cassie rolls over to turn the bedside lamp off.

As she rolls back, someone lies under the covers next to her.

Cassie muffles a scream.

She inches her way out of the bed.

Both feet softly touch the ground.

She starts to lift up from the bed. Suddenly a hand with sharp nails darts out and grabs Cassie's arm, she screams.

Cassie tries to free herself, one last pull, and flesh separates from bone as Cassie's arm is ripped away from the hand. She yells in agony.

In a flash, Cassie vanishes under the blankets as her body is pulled under.

Jemma straddles her, smothers her with a pillow.

Cassie fights, but slowly loses consciousness.

BACK TO SCENE

The blanket flies off Cassie as she kicks and punches herself awake from the nightmare.

She clutches at her chest, tries to suck in deep breaths of air. She inspects her arm, nothing.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Cassie's red, dark circled eyes have returned.

CASSIE

I can't do it anymore. I can't dream. I hate them! I'd rather not sleep than have one more.

DR. FOSTER

And this has been happening for about a week and a half?

Cassie cries.

CASSIE

Every night. Every night it just gets worse. Jemma's trying to kill me.

DR. FOSTER

I'll prescribe you something else.
It might take a few days for the
previous medication to fully leave
your system, but you shouldn't have
the same side effects with the new
meds.

CASSIE

How long?

DR. FOSTER

Maybe one or two days.

CASSIE

Please, just no more dreams.

Cassie cries uncontrollably.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A large pot of coffee sits waiting.

Cassie removes it and pours herself a mug, drinks it black.

CASSIE

Just gotta stay awake for two days.
Easy done, you've been awake a lot
longer than that before.

Cassie takes another sip.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The coffee pot rests on the living room table, barely a cup
remains inside.

Cassie sits on the couch and stares at the television, she
begins to nod off.

She whiplashes herself back to consciousness, grabs the
remote and turns the volume up high.

LATER

Cassie sleeps awkwardly on the couch.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

A fire alarm's BEEPING wakes Cassie, she runs into the

KITCHEN

The burnt contents of a pot on the stove fills the room with thick smoke.

Cassie removes the pot and turns off the stove.

She grabs a dish cloth, stands on a chair, and waves frantically at the alarm.

An obscured figure lurks in the haze and startles Cassie. She loses her balance, falls to the ground, and knocks her head.

With great effort, she gets to her hands and knees.

The figure is gone.

Cassie crawls to her phone which sits on the kitchen counter, retrieves it, dead battery.

JEMMA, now the splitting image of Cassie, grabs her by the hair and pulls her up.

CASSIE
Jemma, please stop!

Jemma skull drags Cassie to the stove. She pushes Cassie's face down towards it.

Cassie fights with everything that is in her.

It is useless. Cassie's cheek sizzles as it touches the hot plate. She screams.

As Jemma lifts Cassie's face back up, some of her skin remains seared to the hot plate.

JEMMA
They always loved you more. Mom,
Dad, Cassie the little angel.

Jemma drags Cassie into the

LIVING ROOM

A large ornamental mirror hangs on one of the walls.

JEMMA
Look at you now, you ugly bitch!

Half of Cassie's face is burnt off, she cries.

CASSIE
Please, stop this!

Jemma throws Cassie onto the ground and then walks back into the kitchen.

JEMMA (O.S.)
You knew what Dad used to do to me
and you didn't do a damn thing
about it.

Cassie lies there stunned.

Jemma returns, she holds a large knife.

CASSIE
We were young, what could I have
done?

JEMMA
It doesn't matter now anyway.

Cassie tries to get up. Jemma kicks her in the ribs, rolls her onto her back.

Jemma kneels over Cassie, raises the knife above her head.

In one last ditch attempt to escape, Cassie punches Jemma in the face and pulls herself free from under her.

She sprints into the

KITCHEN

and grabs the largest knife she can find.

She goes back into the

LIVING ROOM

Jemma is gone.

Cassie searches the room.

BACK TO SCENE

The door bell RINGS, Cassie jumps.

She cautiously opens the door, Jemma stands waiting.

JEMMA

Hey, Sis. Long time.

Jemma smiles.

Cassie shrieks as she pounces. She hails down stab after stab. Jemma falls, and Cassie follows her to the ground.

Blood sprays as the knife continues to pierce flesh.

Jemma's body lies limp, lifeless.

Cassie drops the knife, lies back relieved.

She is out of breath.

CASSIE

Finally, I can rest in peace.

Cassie gets up, walks back through the living room.

As she passes the mirror she looks at her blood-soaked image.

Her face is perfectly fine, no burn to be seen.

Wide eyed in a moment of horrific realization.

She looks back at the front door, Jemma's body still lies butchered in a pool of blood.

Cassie opens her mouth to scream.

FADE OUT.