

DON'T LOOK

Written by

A Person, Place, Or Thing

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Low lighting. Candlelit ambience.

A family settles at a large dining table. A grand Thanksgiving feast sits at the table, and everyone prepares their plates.

At the table:

GRANDPA LIEBER (70s) at the head of the table. He wears sunglasses, blind.

VAL OLSON (late 30s), the mother of the family, and daughter of Grandpa Lieber.

CARL OLSON (early 40s), the husband to Val, and a goofy one at that.

BRETT OLSON (17), hair slicked back and gives off that wannabe "cool kid" vibe.

SUSAN OLSON (14), a soccer player-kind of gal, who looks tough on the outside, but is super soft on the inside.

As Brett sets his full plate down, he looks over at Grandpa Lieber, who seemingly stares ahead.

BRETT
Grandpa, how'd you go blind?

VAL
(stern)
Brett Olson.

BRETT
Sorry.

GRANDPA LIEBER
It was on Thanksgiving, a long,
long time ago. I took my eyes out
with a fork after I saw the face of
God.

Brett SNORTS out a chuckle. Grandpa Lieber smirks slightly.

BRETT
Good one.

VAL
Uh, gross, Dad? Can we just say
grace? Dinner's getting cold.

GRANDPA LIEBER
 (to Brett)
 You'll see...eventually...

SUSAN
 What do you mean, Grandpa?

CARL
 Don't listen to him, honey. He's
 gone and lost it a long time ago.

GRANDPA LIEBER
 It'll return one day...It said so.
 One Thanksgiving, It'll come
 back...
 (beat)
 Tonight could be the night.

Val looks at Carl. He mouths the words "What the fuck" back
 to Val.

GRANDPA LIEBER (CONT'D)
 It showed me everything. There was
 nothing more for me to see.
 (beat)
 So I took the fork, and I--

VAL
 Okay, Dad, this is why I don't talk
 to you much anymore, this is why
 Mom divorced you, this is why I
 didn't want to invite you to
 tonight's dinner. I thought this
 Thanksgiving could be different,
 but I guess not.
 (beat)
 So, grace?

GRANDPA LIEBER
 May I?

VAL
 No, Dad.

GRANDPA LIEBER
 I'm sorry, sweetie. I just...
 (beat)
 I'm sorry.
 (beat)
 Please, let me at least say grace.

VAL
 I don't think--

CARL
 (just let him)
 Sure, Mark.

Val looks at Carl, incredulous.

GRANDPA LIEBER
 Thank you. Everyone, bow your heads
 and close your eyes. Do not open
 them until I say so.

Everyone looks at one another, perplexed, before they all
 close their eyes and bow their heads. Everyone holds hands.

Grandpa Lieber leans into Susan and whispers something into
 her ear. He leans over to Brett's ear.

GRANDPA LIEBER (CONT'D)
 (whisper)
 No matter what you hear, don't open
 your eyes.

Brett peeks out of one eye at Grandpa Lieber before he closes
 it again.

GRANDPA LIEBER (CONT'D)
 Oh Holy One...thank you for this
 wonderful feast you've provided for
 us, on this magnificent planet that
 you have set us down upon. Thank
 you for the wonderful family that
 you said you'd send to me. We await
 your arrival, and I give myself to
 thee as a gift of thanks for
 everything you've given us, in
 return that you protect my family
 for another generation.

A KNOCK at the front door startles everyone. They look at the
 front door.

GRANDPA LIEBER (CONT'D)
 Everyone, keep your eyes closed.

VAL
 Dad, what's going on?

The front door CLICKS open (O.S.)

GRANDPA LIEBER
 Keep your eyes closed, honey. I
 promise, everything will be okay.

Something DRAGS itself closer to the dining room.

VAL

Dad?

GRANDPA LIEBER

(stern)

I said keep your eyes closed.

(beat)

Whatever you do, don't look.

Brett and Susan keep their eyes closed. Carl hesitantly closes his eyes, but Val keeps hers open.

VAL

Dad...

Grandpa Lieber SLAMS his fist on the table.

GRANDPA LIEBER

Keep your eyes closed!

She closes her eyes.

The lights flicker and dim. The candles flicker, and most burn out, but a few remain lit.

Grandpa Lieber lifts his head up. He takes his sunglasses off and reveals two empty sockets, healed over with skin.

GRANDPA LIEBER (CONT'D)

I've been waiting for you...

A sharp HISS, like sandpaper rubbing together, splits through the air as a THING stalks around the dining table. It is only heard, and never seen.

THING (O.S.)

(dry, raspy)

Open...your eyes...

GRANDPA LIEBER

Don't listen to it.

VAL

Dad?! What's happening?

GRANDPA LIEBER

Take me. I give myself to thee, in return for more protection, guidance, and fortune for my family.

THING (O.S.)
 Look at me...
 (beat)
 LOOK AT ME!

GRANDPA LIEBER
 I plea to thee, take me! I am the
 one you want!

Everyone's eyes remain closed, but the fear painted on their faces shows that the sounds of something horrifying stalks around them.

THING (O.S.)
 Open your eyes...Look at me...
 (beat)
 LOOK AT ME!

Some jump, startled. Others are near tears.

Val shakes in fear. She squeezes Carl's hand. He keeps his head bowed as the thing HISSES into his ear--

THING (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 OPEN YOUR EYES!

--but he only squeezes his eyes shut tighter.

GRANDPA LIEBER
 Do not listen to it!
 (beat)
 Take me! Take me!

THING (O.S.)
 Look at me...

Val breathes heavily with her eyes sealed shut.

THING (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Look at me...

She breathes heavier as the voice gets closer.

THING (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 LOOK AT ME...

Val's eyes are shut so tight, she squeezes a tear out.

AN INHUMAN HAND CREEPS AROUND HER NECK--

She GASPS and spins around to LOOK--

She lets out a SCREAM that CUTS OFF--

And everything goes silent.

SUSAN

Mom?

No response.

GRANDPA LIEBER

Sweetie? Val?

Everyone remains in their seats.

Val, stoic, takes the carving knife and CUTS INTO HER THROAT. Blood SPRAYS onto the table.

Carl opens his eyes.

CARL

Honey--?

Carl SCREAMS before they're cut off, as if something was sucked from him.

GRANDPA LIEBER

I said take me! Why won't you take me!

Carl, also stoic, holds his arm out over an open candle flame and lights his sleeve on fire. His entire body is engulfed, and he sits back in his chair and burns.

BRETT

Grandpa!? What's going on!?

GRANDPA LIEBER

Don't look!

SUSAN

I'm scared!

GRANDPA LIEBER

You've got what you came for!
Leave! Spare the innocent.

The Thing hisses a CHUCKLE.

Another breeze flows around the room as the lights flicker back on, and the candles re-light themselves.

The front door shuts on its own.

Susan and Brett remain seated at the table with their eyes closed. Their dead parents sit at the table, Val a bloody mess, and Carl, a charred and smoldering body.

Grandpa Lieber sits at the end. He puts his sunglasses back on.

Susan CRIES, while Brett keeps his eyes squeezed shut, to himself.

SUSAN

I'm afraid to open my eyes!

GRANDPA LIEBER

Don't.

BRETT

What was that, Grandpa?

GRANDPA LIEBER

Something I'm going to tell you about. Something you'll continue to pass on down the family line. Something we've been stuck with for generations before, and generations to come. It's what gave us the nice lives we've lived.

(beat)

However, it will visit, as it just has. And when it does again, which it will, it will take what it needs. Just remember, when it does come back...

(beat)

...don't look.

CUT TO BLACK.