

HELP ME, I'M HURT

Written by

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EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

A sleepy old cottage about the size of a one-bedroom apartment. Surrounded by backwoods, it is lit only by a yellow porchlight.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The floorboards creak as NANCY (80) frantically checks that the front door is locked. She doublechecks the windows, closes the curtains, and dims the lights.

Nancy finally sits in the only living room chair. With hands clasped, she murmurs to herself - praying.

A muffled male voice rattles Nancy -

VOICE (O.S.)
(Desperate)
Please! Please help me! Please!
Please help me! Please!...

The voice, almost robotic in its delivery, continues as Nancy whimpers to herself. She stands and looks through the peephole of the front door.

NANCY'S POV -

A POLICEMAN lays prone in the road leading up to the house. His hand is outstretched towards the front door.

POLICEMAN
Please! Please help me! Please!
Please help me!...

NANCY
Go away, won't you!

The voice continues with its unnerving delivery. Nancy moves to the couch and takes cotton balls out of a bag.

The voice gets louder and closer. Nancy stuffs cotton balls in her ears and lays on the couch.

Knock. Knock.

Two quiet knocks at the door. Nancy covers herself with a blanket in preparation for the-

BANG!

The whole house shakes. Without any pattern, an onslaught of knocks and bangs continue on the front door.

The THING, now sporting a woman's voice, beckons Nancy.

THING (O.S.)
 Help me, I'm hurt. Please! Help me,
 I'm hurt. Please!...

Nancy trembles under the blanket.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

The morning sun tiptoes around the curtains and blinds. Nancy stirs. She takes the cotton from her ears and adds them to a pile in the waste paper basket by the couch.

She opens the front door and takes a deep breath of the empty countryside. She walks to the phone in the room and sleepily dials a number. Dark circles and bags hang from her face.

NANCY
 (on the phone)
 Bill? Hi Billy, I need help. I need
 you here, how long 'til you here?
 Noon? Yes that'll be fine. Long as
 you're here before sunset.
 (beat)
 Listen Bill, I need you to bring
 your gun. No, it's-
 It's nothin' like that-
 Please, just do it. Thank you.
 Okay see you soon.

Nancy hangs up.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Knocks at the door wake Nancy from her nap on the couch. She opens the door revealing - BILL (53), a balding stout mechanic-type with glasses. Nancy hugs Bill with fervor.

BILL
 Mom, what's goin' on? Are you hurt?
 Why you look so tired?

NANCY
 I'm fine, I'm fine. Haven't had a
 good night's sleep in days. Did you
 bring it? The gun?

BILL

I always got it in my truck, now
what the hell is goin' on here?

NANCY

Bill. There's somethin' out there.
I need you to believe me, there is
some kind of monster. I think it
lives in the woods down yonder.

BILL

What are you-

NANCY

(desperate)

Bill! Listen to me. The Jensens who
live about a mile down the road
have gone missin'. Nobody will
believe me about this, I think this
thing came down and took 'em.

BILL

This thing?

NANCY

Yes. It started about two weeks
ago. I would hear this moanin'
comin' from the trees. It sounded
like a deer in heat or somethin'.

BILL

(incredulous)

Okay...

NANCY

I thought nothing of it, but it
kept happenin', only at night. Then
about ten days ago, that moanin'
started sounding like a person. It
sounded like someone who didn't
speak English tryin' to fake it.

Bill sighs and walks to the kitchen to make himself a coffee.

NANCY (CONT'D)

And the voice... It kept changing.
Sometimes it sounded like Kathy
from the corner store, sometimes it
sounded like Trevor Jensen. It
didn't feel right, I tell you.

BILL

Maybe someone's messin' with ya?

NANCY

I thought that too, at first. When I called the deputy to come down he said that nothing was there. He said that there was probably some kids in the area playing pranks. But after he left, the monster came looking like the deputy with the voice of Trevor Jensen. It was talking too. It just kept saying "Hello?" Over, and over, over-

BILL

How you know he had Trevor's voice?

NANCY

He's my closest neighbor, I see him all the time.

(beat)

You don't believe me do you.

BILL

(wisecracking)

You're sweet on Trevor ain't you?

NANCY

No! Of course not, besides what does that matter? I'm talking about the thing! The monster, you believe me about that don't you?

Bill sighs as he takes a seat on the couch. He takes a slurp of his coffee and sits back.

BILL

Ma, I think we gotta get you into a home. One where you can rest your mind and get a good night's sleep.

Nancy sighs and rests her head in her hands. She slowly looks up resigning herself to her fate.

NANCY

You know what? That's fine. Take my freedom away, just stay with me the night won't you?

BILL

Sure, I can do that. I'll sleep on the couch and play "lookout" while you get some rest.

NANCY

You better get your things from the truck now. You can't go out when it's dark, you here me?

BILL

Yes ma'am.

NANCY

And don't open the door for nobody! That thing can talk and pretend to be anybody. The last few days it's been knocking on the door now too. Smart little-

BILL

So why doesn't it just eat you then? You got windows ain't you?

NANCY

It's playing with me. It wants to be *let in*.

BILL

So we're dealing with a polite monster.

NANCY

Bill, I'm serious. Don't even open the door for the police if they come hollerin'. Just get your gun and stay with me the night.

Bill exits the front door as Nancy rubs her eyes. She washes her face in the bathroom as Bill returns with a rifle and a box of ammunition.

BILL

I'll take the couch and you can sleep in the bedroom then.

NANCY

I've been sleeping on the couch actually.

BILL

Why?

NANCY

I don't like the thought of that thing being at my front door and me being all the way in the bedroom.

BILL
No, no, no, I insist. You take the
bed and get you some rest.

Knowing he won't change his mind, she walks into the bedroom.

NANCY
I'm just gonna shut my eyes for a
bit then. Wake me up before
sundown. I'll stay up wit' you.

BILL
'Night Ma.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy lays in her bed with a long sigh. Her eyes close.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Slam!

Nancy is awoken by the sound of the front door slamming shut. She notices no light coming from the blinds. Realizing she overslept she leaps up from bed and walks into the-

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy walks in on Bill and the thing standing by the front door. The Thing looks exactly like Nancy.

BILL
Ma, how did you sneak out there?

Nancy gasps in horror.

THING
Help me, I'm hurt.

The thing smiles at Nancy.

END