

THE DISTURBANCE

by

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1 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

1

A DETECTIVE, mid 40's, thick mustache, on the heavier side, is sat by the chair opposite on empty seat. Pen and notepad in hand as he keeps glancing over his watch.

There's a knock at the door. The detective gets up to answer it. Halts when the door opens.

Officer TYRELL MANNING, early 30s, athletic build, jeans, jacket over his arm sling holding his left arm walks in. He doesn't look comfortable.

The detective presses the RECORDER.

DETECTIVE

(to Thomas)

Thought you weren't going to make it.

MANNIG

Don't have much of a choice, do I?

DETECTIVE

Time is a half past NINE, PM. Would you state your name, please?

MANNIG

Officer Tyrell Manning.

DETECTIVE

Let's take it from the beginning.

Manning zones out, legs shaking, right hand clutched into a fist.

DETECTIVE

Manning?

MANNIG

(clears throat)

Sure. I responded to a disturbance at the Phillips' household down by Old Ring Road.

DETECTIVE

When was this?

MANNIG

About a month ago, I think, 3 weeks ago to be exact.

The detective takes down some notes as Manning looks over curiously.

DETECTIVE

(notices)

Please proceed.

MANNING
(clears throat)
Yes, it was about midday.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

2 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 2

ANNMARIE, early 40'S, face filled with worry, hair untidy.
Paces back and forth as she bites her fingernails.

SAM, 10 years old, sat by the couch, rocks back and forth.
The bottom of his face buried under his crossed arms.
Annmarie attempts to comfort him but he pushes back.

There's a knock at the door. It's Officer Manning. Annmarie answers.

ANNMARIE
What seems to be the matter,
Officer?

MANNING
Afternoon ma'am, my name's Officer
Manning. We got a call about a
disturbance from this house.

ANNMARIE
I think you have the wrong house.

MANNING
I think not, may I take a look
around?

ANNMARIE
Now wouldn't be a good time.

MANNING
There never is.

Silence.

MANNING
Am only doing my job, ma'am.
Someone from this house called the
police.

Annmarie looks behind the door.

ANNMARIE
Ok, come in.

His eyes dart around the room as he walks in. He immediately takes notice of the boy.

Manning leans over to talk to him. He won't make eye contact.

MANNING
(to the boy)
Hey, what's your name?

SAM
Sam, short for Samuel.

Manning notices a large bruise on the right side of his leg.
He glances at the mother and then back at Sam.

MANNING
(pointing)
Can you tell me what happened over
here Sam?

Sam looks at his mother. A tear rolls down his cheek.
Annmarie continues to bite her fingernails.

SAM
(to Manning)
I.. Had.. A bad dream.

Manning doesn't buy it one bit.

MANNING
Are you sure?

SAM
Ye.. Yes. I fell off my bed.

MANNING
Let me get this straight, you woke
up from a bad dream and fell off
your bed? Hence the bruise on your
leg?

ANNMARIE
(interrupts)
That's right.

MANNING
I need the boy to answer, ma'am.

He turns his attention back to the boy.

MANNING
Is that what happened?

SAM
That's what happened.

Manning examines the room and the boy for any clues.
Nothing.

MANNING
Alright then.

He get's up to leave.

Just then, BERNARD, 40s, walks in. Drunk.

BERNARD
What's the police doing in our house?

ANNMARIE
It was a misunderstanding.

BERNARD
It better be! Am hungry.

He makes his way to the kitchen. We can hear the opening of a beer can.

Manning walks up to Annmarie.

MANNING
Am going to have to call this in.

ANNMARIE
No.

MANNING
It's obvious what's going on here.

ANNMARIE
It's not what you think.

MANNING
You don't have to cover for your husband ma'am. I have seen this many times. It doesn't end well for anybody involved.

ANNMARIE
My husband just got back, he's a truck driver. You can check with his employer. My son fell off the bed and that's the truth officer.

Manning takes a moment to think it over.

MANNING
I'll take your word for it.

Bernard makes his way back. Belches as he takes another chug of his beer.

BERNARD
Is everything all right honey?

ANNMARIE
Everything's fine.

BERNARD
Is this about our neighbors the Hudsons? Word on the street is they
(MORE)

BERNARD (cont'd)
in that M.J business, that
marijuana, the ganja. But you
didn't hear it from me. No sir.

Bernard sips more of his beer.

MANNING
Ya'll have a lovely day. And get a
doctor to check on your son, make
sure he didn't fracture anything.

BERNARD
Fracture? You been hiking in the
woods again, boy?

SAM
No, sir.

ANNMARIE
We will officer. Thank you.

Manning makes his way out.

END FLASHBACK.

3 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

3

The detective scribbles down his notes in incredible detail.

Manninng looks over, in silence.

DETECTIVE
Did you believe the mother?

MANNING
Not really. But the father appeared
to have no knowledge of what was
going on, which gave some truth to
what the mother had told me.

DETECTIVE
And the boy?

MANNING
What about the boy?

DETECTIVE
Did you believe him?

MANNING
I'll admit, I wasn't so sure.

Detective scribbles. Silence.

DETECTIVE
Then what happened next?

MANNING

Do you mean that night?

DETECTIVE

Yes, the night it all happened.

MANNING

I already told the previous guys everything, had me strapped on a lie detector and everything. My story isn't going to change.

DETECTIVE

I am well aware. We just want to compare notes, see if there is anything you missed out?

MANNING

Does this look like I would forget anything?

With great PAIN, Manning unbuttons his shirt and then removes a large bandage on the left side of his SHOULDER.

He reveals a grotesque wound still fresh, the shredded part of his skin can still be seen as if a wild animal bit right into his shoulder.

The detective can barely look.

DETECTIVE

I've seen enough.

Manning covers it.

DETECTIVE

We are trying to figure this out. You may have to told us what happened but we have to prove this in court, the people out there want your head! So help me, help you.

Silence.

MANNING

I'd.. Huh.. Just come from the convenience store, I believe.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

4

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

Sam is curled up under the sheets on his bed. Lamp by the bedside is on. He looks frightened.

The hooting from the owls outside has his eyes moving from side to side.

The lamp suddenly goes off. Sam rushes to turn it back on. A few clicks, NOTHING. Seems power has gone from the whole house.

He quickly gets back under the covers of his sheets. He starts sobbing.

He can hear the slow turning of the doorknob. He shuts his eyes hoping this is all a bad dream.

A terrifying thud one after the other makes it's way to the end of his bed.

The bottom part of his bed cover unravels itself, peeling back slowly, revealing his feet.

Silence.

Sam slowly pulls his leg back under covers, as quiet as possible.

Before he can realize it, he is suddenly YANKED from his bed by an invisible force and held UPSIDE DOWN.

He lets out a loud cry! His hands are far to reach for anything to hold on to.

The door unlocks itself and floating in the doorway, eyes shining WHITE, dressed in nightgown is his mother Annmarie.

She appears to not be herself as she lets out a growl.

SAM

Dad! Help Me! Please!

5 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

5

Manning walks out the store to his car.

MANNING (V.O)

It was just the end of my shift,
when I got a call from dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O)

This is dispatch, respondent needed
at the phillips' house.

Manning reaches for the receiver.

MANNIG

(on receiver)

Dispatch, am 10-49, over and out.

6 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

6

The lights are out. Manning walks in gun drawn accompanied with a flash light.

MANNIG

Hello?! Anybody here?

He hears rattling in the kitchen. Carefully walks towards the sounds of kitchenware banging against each other.

7 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 7

Manning shines a light on Bernard. He looks distraught, going through the kitchen cabinet.

MANNING

Hands behind your head sir!

BERNARD

(P.O.V)

Oh Thank God. You're he..

Manning's face is filled with horror. Bernard hasn't realized yet.

His head faces Manning but the rest of his body is turned back to the kitchen cabinet.

He looks down and yells out in horror, suddenly collapsing to the floor. Dead.

Manning can barely move.

MANNING

(panic)

Oh shit! Shit! Shit!

He slowly walks towards Bernard's dead body. Three steps in and an invisible entity suddenly yanks him with brute force by his left shoulder.

He fires shots aimlessly as he is dragged on the floor, out of the kitchen.

8 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 8

Manning collides with the coffee table which brings him to a stop.

He jumps up to catch his breath.

A sharp pain shoots through his left shoulder, his uniform cut right through. He leans side ways. His left arm lets out droplets of blood.

DETECTIVE (V.O)

Why didn't you call for backup?

MANNING (V.O)

It didn't hit me at that moment, I guess I'd gone into survival mode.

He points his gun in any direction, watching out for any movement.

SAM (O.S)
Help! Someone please!

Manning looks up the staircase. He dashes up without hesitation.

9 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - STAIRCASE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

9

Manning makes it to the door of Sam's bedroom. To his astonishment, he finds him floating uncontrollably.

Sam sees the officer. They both look clueless as to what to do next.

Manning is just about to enter the room when Annmarie pounces on him from the side. Her eyes still ghostly white accompanied with a great amount of strength throws Manning across the hallway.

She walks towards him as she produces a loud growl enough to burst his ear drums.

DETECTIVE (V.O)
What happened next?

MANNING (V.O)
I.. Huh...

BANG! BANG!

Manning fires two shots to the chest. She collapses on top of him. His face covered in her blood. He pushes her away.

DETECTIVE (V.O)
Did she die on the spot?

MANNING (V.O)
Yes. She did.

As he slowly crawls away, his foot is held. He quickly turns to shoot. It's Annmarie, back to her human self. She attempts to talk as blood gashes out of her mouth.

ANNMARIE
Help.. Me..

Manning leans against the wall bewildered. He watches the life drain out of her body. He can hear Sam sobbing in his bedroom.

With the bit of energy left, he enters Sam's bedroom and walks out carrying him on his right shoulder, covered with a blankie.

END FLASHBACK.

10 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

10

MANNING

(shaking)

I got the boy out and that was that.

The detective scribbles his final notes. Manning bites his thumbnail nervously.

DETECTIVE

I guess that does it.

A yellowish liquid flows towards Manning's shoes, the detective doesn't seem to notice it.

Manning looks for the source on the floor which leads his gaze to Annmarie, her face is cold. In the far corner of the interrogation room, still in her nightgown. She appears to be peeing on herself. Her hand reaches out for Manning.

ANNMARIE

(mumbling)

Help us!

Manning turns to look at the detective.

DETECTIVE

Anything else you want to add?

He points to the corner. There's nothing there. The detective turns to look.

MANNING

Nothing, that's all.

DETECTIVE

Alrighty then. The good thing the kid is willing to testify on your behalf. Looks like a simple case of child abuse.

Manning shakes his head disappointed.

MANNING

(whispers to himself)

I know what I saw.

DETECTIVE

You're already serving your suspension. Not going to lie it won't be easy getting you back on duty. So if you want my advice, keep the wild parts of your story to yourself.

MANNING

Where's the boy?

DETECTIVE

Sam? With his aunt and uncle, they actually live close by from where the incident took place.

MANNING

That's good.

DETECTIVE

Head on home. Get some rest and don't do anything I wouldn't do.

11 EXT. DRIVE WAY - NIGHT

11

A car pulls up in the dead of night opposite the Phillips house.

Yellow tape has been wrapped at the door indicating it's still a crime a scene.

Hooting from owls can be heard from the nearby neighbourhood forest, covered by vivid moonlight.

Manning steps out of the vehicle, takes a few steps ahead then halts as he lights a cigarette and smokes it all with his right hand. His back facing the car.

He looks deep in thought obviously recollecting the sequence of events that took place that fateful night.

SAM (O.S)

I knew you would come back.

Manning turns in fright recognizing the voice.

MANNING

(chokes on his smoke)

Sam. How, why are you here?

The boy stays silent. Manning puts out his cigarette.

MANNING

You are not supposed to be here.

SAM

I need your help.

MANNING

Let's get you back home, you don't need to worry anymore.

SAM

I need to find my friends. Will you help me?

Manning takes a step back confused.

MANNING

Friends?

SAM

Yes, they needed me to help them get out and I told them Officer Manning would help.

MANNING

And where are these friends of yours?

SAM

(points at the house)

In there.

MANNING

Were those the same friends that gave you the bruise on your leg, sam?

SAM

They didn't mean it. I got angry and told them I didn't want to see them again but they wouldn't listen. Am the only friend they have.

Manning is speechless. He shakes his head in disbelief eventually laughing it off.

MANNING

Ok, let's get you home Sam. It's not safe out here. Your aunt must be worried.

SAM

Will you help me?

MANNING

(sarcastic)

Sure, sure I will.

SAM

Thanks, let's go.

MANNING

Let's go?

SAM

Mmm mmm.

He can feel something crawling and taking over his body. He steps back as he stares at his hands. Something isn't right. He can feel his blood boiling, almost hear it. He pounces on Sam grabbing him by his jacket with both hands.

MANNING

What is happening to me?

SAM
(innocent face)
You said you'd help.

MANNING
Sam!

SNAP!

Manning's neck has bent backward almost 360 degrees. He drops dead to the ground.

Sam looks on without a worry in the world.

SAM
Let's go.

Sam walks towards the house. Behind him is Manning's lifeless body dragging itself in his direction as if with an invisible leash.

Sam takes down the tape and opens the door to enter, followed by Manning's lifeless body. A pair of EYES, just eyes look outward from the door entrance.

The door shuts itself.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.