

**THE INFERNAL DEVICE**

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**MALLORY CHAMBERS'**

frail, trembling form sits before a cherry red typewriter in a dark room. Her nail bitten fingers hover over the keys, poised to strike.

She eyes a framed photo of herself years prior. Youthful, smiling, at a book signing. A lifetime ago...

Mallory places the photo facedown, types.

She eyes the door behind her, blocked by a table.

Did the knob just turn?

She returns to work, typing as if on a very tight deadline.

She stops every now and then, looking at the blocked door.

Mallory yawns, massages her hands.

PAPER RUSTLES just outside the door.

Mallory rises, listens.

There it is again.

The unmistakable sound of rustling paper...

She backs towards the wall.

MALLORY

No. NO!

Mallory grabs the typewriter, hurls it at the door.

Silence.

The door's forced open and the table flies into Mallory, pinning her to the wall.

KILLER'S POV

An inverted reflection of Mallory's typed words all but obscures the killer's vision.

Mallory pushes the table towards the Killer.

The Killer throws the table over, creeps ever closer.

Mallory screams.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Mallory utters a Charlie Brown-like cry, chugs her latte. The only thing she's written on her laptop is **Chapter 1**. The blinking cursor waits.

**JAVIER**, 30, handsome, fun loving, Hollywood stock on the rise, reads over Mallory's shoulder.

JAVIER

Riveting.

They kisses. Javier sits across from her.

MALLORY

Didn't recognize you without someone from TMZ trailing behind.

JAVIER

Who, me? I show up when they tell me, do the press tour thing, and I'm in my own bed by eleven. I'm the most boring actor in Tinseltown. What are you working on?

MALLORY

Nothing so far. It would be easier if everyone wasn't breathing down my neck for the follow-up to "Chance".

JAVIER

When your first novel debuts number one on the New York Times' best-seller list and you sign a fat ass contract... Yeah, get used to that.

MALLORY

I sound horrible.

JAVIER

Despicable even. You need to get out of the city for awhile. What better time than Independence Day? We could get some fireworks, watch Netflix.

MALLORY

And chill?

Javier grins mischievously.

JAVIER

That too. It'll be good for you.

MALLORY

For us.

They kiss again.

**INT. GENE'S CAMPER - NIGHT**

Ants march to and fro over crushed coffee cups.

**GENE**, 50s, hasn't slept in a year or at least looks like it, drums his fingers on a cracked wooden table. Before him lies a single item: The cherry red typewriter. The words **FOR SALE** have been etched into its back.

Gene closes his eyes, tucks a shotgun under his chin.

BAM!

Just a knock on the door.

JAVIER (O.S.)

Hello? You open?

MALLORY (O.S.)

Let's come back in the morning.

**EXT. GENE'S CAMPER - NIGHT**

Mallory rolls her eyes while Javier peers in the window.

MALLORY

This is how people get murdered.

Gene sidles up to the pair, catches them by surprise.

GENE

Can I help you?

JAVIER

We'd uh, like to buy some fireworks.

Gene eyes the **FIREWORKS** and **YARD SALE** signs on his camper as if seeing them for the first time.

**LATER**

Mallory examines a shrunken head next to other oddities. Javier lugs a heavy sack of fireworks over his shoulder.

JAVIER

Mission accomplished.

Gene plucks his beard. He's fixated on the typewriter, visible through the camper's now open front door.

Mallory and Javier follow Gene's gaze.

Gene moves towards the camper in a trance. Mallory follows despite Javier's silent protests.

MALLORY

How much do you want for it?

Gene looks at Mallory in disbelief.

GENE

What?

MALLORY

The typewriter? It's for sale, right?

GENE

R-Right. Whatever you think it's worth will suffice.

Mallory offers Gene a buck twenty. Gene pockets the cash like a drug dealer, shoves the typewriter into her arms.

MALLORY

Thanks.

GENE

Hope it brings you better luck than it ever did me.

Mallory nods, weirded out by that, heads back to the car with Javier. Gene watches them speed away, hangs his head.

**EXT. FIELD - NIGHT**

-- Mallory and Javier throw firecrackers at one another.

-- They light Roman candles, race to safety.

-- Mallory and Javier lock lips under the firework lit sky.

**INT. MALLORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Mallory's typing up a storm. Javier's on the couch, nearly choking on popcorn as he laughs at the LOUD movie on TV.

Mallory looks up. *Really, dude?*

Javier mutes the TV, moves to her, bowl of popcorn in hand.

JAVIER

What'cha writin'?

MALLORY

Killing King. It's about Stephen King's creations coming to life.

JAVIER

And?

MALLORY

And it's not finished yet.

Mallory grabs some popcorn, eats.

JAVIER

Groovy.

MALLORY

You did not just say that.

Javier kisses her neck.

JAVIER

Do I make you horny, baby?

MALLORY

No. Maybe.

JAVIER

Time for some hot, sticky inspiration.

MALLORY

In a minute. Leave the popcorn.

Javier hands over the bowl, bowing subserviently, heads into the bedroom. Mallory stretches her fingers, goes back to burning the midnight oil.

TIGHT on the typewriter as Mallory types the words **He never saw the killer emerge from the shadows.**

**EXT. PISTOL PETE'S PIZZERIA - NIGHT**

Home of the rootin'est, tootin'est, greasiest, cheesiest pizza in town.

**DAVE**, 30s, delivery driver wearing a pizza themed cowboy hat, talks to someone on his cell phone.

There's a faint sound of PAPER RUSTLING.

DAVE

(into phone)

Mom, are you sitting down? Sit, sit.  
No, I'm fine. Better than -- Will you sit? Trudy said yes!

**THE KILLER** -- suit and tie, papier-mache mask -- sways out of the darkness, approaches Dave. It grips a razor sharp knife made of paper in its left hand.

The Killer grabs Dave, slashes his throat.

Dave's blood SPRAYS onto the windshield.

Dave slumps to the ground, phone still in hand.

The Killer looks up, revealing its papier-mache mask is a perfect replica of Mallory's face...

**INT. MALLORY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Mallory springs awake, rattled. She's still at her desk, typewriter before her. Mallory rips the sheet of paper out, crumples it, pitches it into a waste basket.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

A teary eyed **BARISTA** drops coffee cups. Mallory and OTHER PATRONS look up. The **MANAGER** helps the Barista clean up.

MANAGER

Go home, Trudy. I got this.

BARISTA (TRUDY)

I just need a minute.

Mallory notices Trudy's engagement ring, side eyes the typewriter. She grabs it up, passing Trudy.

MALLORY

I'm... Sorry for your loss.

TRUDY

How'd you --

But Mallory walks away without uttering another word.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Mallory vomits, drops the typewriter into a dumpster. SLAMS the lid, sending us to BLACK.

OVER BLACK, WE HEAR HAMMERING.

**INT. MALLORY'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Mallory's beating the hell out of the typewriter with a hammer. Javier takes the hammer from her.

JAVIER

Mal, stop!

MALLORY

It followed me home! It's evil!

JAVIER

You're being --

MALLORY

Ridiculous? Crazy? I threw the damn thing in the trash, Javier. How did it beat me back here?

JAVIER

You've been working nonstop since you bought it. Maybe you just need some sleep.

MALLORY

It's not that. The last thing I need is more nightmares.

Mallory drops onto the couch. Javier takes her hands, kneels in front of her.

JAVIER

You didn't kill anybody by writing a freaking story. It was just a coincidence.

Mallory shakes her head, not convinced. Javier picks up the now broken typewriter.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Look, it's just an antique piece of --  
Shit!

The typewriter REFORMS, trapping Javier's finger inside. He yanks it free, kicks the typewriter across the room. Holds his bloody digit.

MALLORY

See?!

JAVIER

This is too freaky.

Javier throws the door open.

MALLORY

Javier!

The Killer slashes Javier's throat.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

NO!

The Killer shoves Javier to the floor, goes after Mallory.

Mallory grabs the knife just in time. The blade punctures her hand. She screams, grabs the typewriter, brains the Killer with it.

The Killer slumps to the floor, black blood -- no, **ink** -- pouring from its wound.

Mallory drops the typewriter on the Killer's head, hugs Javier. He's shivering. Going into shock.



MALLORY (CONT'D)

Stay with me. Javier...

Javier stops breathing. Mallory fights back tears, gets out her phone. There's the unsettling sound of PAPER RUSTLING...

The Killer rises in the BG, slashes Mallory's arm.

Mallory races out the door, the Killer sways after her.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE / INT. MALLORY'S CAR - LATER**

Mallory climbs inside, gasps. In the REARVIEW MIRROR she spots the typewriter. On the backseat. Not a scratch on it.

The Killer raps on the driver's side window.

Mallory wheels out of there, speeds away.

**EXT. GENE'S CAMPER - NIGHT**

Mallory's pounding on the door.

MALLORY

I know you're in there!

Gene presses a shotgun to Mallory's back.

GENE

You don't know jack. Now get back in your car and start typing.

Mallory spins, catches Gene by surprise, pushes the barrel away from her.

GENE (CONT'D)

Let go!

MALLORY

You knew it was cursed, didn't you?!

GENE

Of course I did! Selling it to a willing buyer's the only way to... To get rid of it.

MALLORY

You mean pass on the curse!

GENE

You think I wanted to... It won't stop. I traced the damn thing back to H.P. Lovecraft. Now I don't know if it started with him, but the pattern's always the same.

(MORE)

GENE (CONT'D)

Long as you feed it, it'll leave you alone. The second you stop, it bites the hand that feeds it. Hell, eats it whole. Once you die, it'll come back for me and so on and so forth and on and on and on and --

MALLORY

There has to be some way to stop it.

Gene laughs bitterly.

GENE

How? Blow up the typewriter? Been there, melted that. Even buried it. Twice. Then poof! It came back! It always comes back! Return to sender! Think of all the books you get to write, right? WRITE! RIGHT!

Gene cackles. Mallory slaps him. Gene raises the shotgun.

Mallory shrinks back. Gene aims behind her.

The Killer punctures Mallory's tires.

BLAM!

It takes a shot to the chest, turns to Mallory and Gene, keeps swaying hypnotically towards them.

GENE (CONT'D)

Start typing, kid! It's the only way.

Mallory runs to her car.

GENE (CONT'D)

(singing)

OLD YELLER! COME BACK, YELLER!

Gene fires at the Killer. No effect. He whacks it on the head with the butt of the shotgun.

Mallory, typewriter in her arms, runs inside the camper.

**INT. / EXT. GENE'S CAMPER - CONTINUOUS**

Mallory stands in the doorway.

MALLORY

Gene, come on!

The Killer slashes Gene's ankle and Gene hits the dirt hard.

GENE

Forgive me, kid.

Gene turns the shotgun on himself, blows his brains out.

The Killer turns its attention back to Mallory.

Mallory slams the camper door shut. She locks it, barricades the door with a table.

The Killer RUSTLES outside the door.

Mallory resigns herself to her fate, drops into a chair, starts to weep and type. And type. And type...

### **LATER**

A year, maybe two later, we're right where we began.

Mallory's frail, trembling, half mad, still she types.

She stops to massage her worn, callused fingers.

PAPER RUSTLES just outside the door.

JUMP CUT TO:

Mallory backing towards the wall.

MALLORY

No. NO!

She throws the typewriter at the door.

The silent calm before the storm, then --

The door's forced open with enough force to send the table flying into Mallory, pinning her to the wall.

The Killer sways in, bloodthirsty as always.

Mallory pushes the table into the Killer.

The Killer turns over the table, goes in for the kill.

Mallory douses the Killer with lighter fluid, sets it ablaze.

The Killer slashes Mallory's face before the flames consume it.

**EXT. GENE'S CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER**

Mallory escapes seconds before the camper goes up in flames.

She lies on the grass, crying tears of joy.

Her hand hits something behind her.

Mallory slowly turns, finds the cheery red typewriter before her. She hangs her head, whimpers.

Off the sound of RUSTLING PAPER --

CUT TO BLACK.