

THE SHED

Written by

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EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

The golden lights of the town flicker once, twice, then go out completely. The town plunges into darkness.

A phone RINGS. It RINGS again.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Labeled boxes line a wall. On the bedside table is a picture of ED, 30, and ERIN, 28. They smile at each other beneath the broken glass of the picture frame.

Tissues are scattered on the floor and the bed.

Illuminated by the light of his cellphone, Ed, 42, rolls over in bed. His clock flashes: "2:06 AM."

He answers the phone.

ED

What?

ROBERT (V.O.)

Good morning to you, too.

ED

Seriously, what?

ROBERT (V.O.)

The power is out again.

ED

As always. I'm going back to sleep.

Ed moves to put his phone back on the bedside table.

ROBERT (V.O.)

Wait! There's something on the grid. I need you to check it out.

ED

It's two in the morning.

ROBERT (V.O.)

Three, actually.

ED

Can't it wait? I'm not exactly in the right state of mind for work.

Ed clicks on an electric lantern. His eyes are red and puffy.

ROBERT (V.O.)
You sick? You sound sick.

ED
No. I'm just...

Ed takes a deep breath and rubs his eyes.

ED (CONT'D)
I just miss her. Been a bad night.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Damn. Ed, I'm sorry.

ED
It's fine.

ROBERT (V.O.)
She was a wonderful person.

ED
I said it's fine.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Take tomorrow off and sleep.

A revolver protrudes from Ed's blanket. He grabs it and thumbs open the chamber to reveal a single round.

ED
I'm up. What did you want me to do?

ROBERT (V.O.)
I can get Reese or Sullivan.

Ed tosses the gun back on the bed.

ED
Rob, I'm fine--

ROBERT (V.O.)
Thanks, man. There's a power spike up at the abandoned Caulford place. Every time there's a power outage.

ED
What's the address?

ROBERT (V.O.)
1144, John Road. Take your hand unit. I owe you.

ED
Yeah, you do.

Ed tosses his phone. After a deep breath, he gets out of bed.

EXT. WINDING FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Ed stands next to his truck. The vehicle is equipped with ladders and cables. The side reads: Norwich Public Utilities.

Ed stares up a short, dirt road, wreathed in shadows.

A dark, two-story house stands at the end of the road.

Ed plucks the walkie-talkie from his waist.

An owl HOOTS. Wind RUSTLES the leaves.

ED

Rob, there's nothing out here.
Literally. Over.

A static charge CRACKLES over the walkie-talkie.

ROBERT (V.O.)

Maybe check it out, anyway? Over.

Ed grabs a flashlight and hikes to the house.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ed casts the beam over the shambled house. Vines climb out of broken windows and up faded walls. The beam passes over a rusted Bentley, its tires flat and the bumper on the ground.

Ed lets out a quiet whistle.

ED

What a waste.

He approaches the front door. It's ajar. He peers inside.

ED (CONT'D)

Hello?

The door CREAKS as he pushes into the house.

INT. GRAND FOYER - CONTINUOUS

His flashlight reveals dusty floors and cabinets, and a chandelier in disrepair. "Lisa" is scrawled over every inch of the walls in thick black letters.

Dried and blood stained animal bones litter the floor.

ED
What the...?

Two stairways curve up to a balcony.

ED (CONT'D)
Anybody home?

Another static CRACKLES on the walkie-talkie.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Find anything? Over.

Ed pulls the walkie-talkie from his belt as he eyes the room.

ED
Nothing. Must be a glitch in the
system. Over.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Damn. Sorry I sent you out there.

ED
Rob? Call Noreen at dispatch. Get
her to send a black and white out
here tonight. Something weird is
going on.

ROBERT (V.O.)
What do you mean?

ED
Maybe a homeless hangout. Someone
needs to check it out.

Ed heads for the door.

ED (CONT'D)
I'm going home. Over.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Drive safe. Over and out.

Ed leaves the house.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Ed looks back at the house. His flashlight beam goes over the faded facade. He turns to leave but stops short.

He looks up past the house, into a grove of trees.

A sliver of yellow light shines through the trees.

Ed's flashlight cuts through the shadows to reveal a shed. Light glows from between the wooden slats of the walls.

Ed walks toward the shed. Leaves crunch under his feet.

EXT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

Gravel and piles of animal corpses surround the shed.

Ed covers his mouth, turns away, and coughs. He peers through the wooden slats into the shed.

ED

H-hello? Anybody in there?

He shakes his head and opens the door. It CREAKS and grinds on the gravel. He steps into the shed.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

The hairs stand up on Ed's arms and neck.

A low HUM vibrates throughout the shed.

Animal corpses, ripped open, hang on the walls. A wall sconce illuminates the room. Tables with rusty tools line the walls. A trapdoor on the floor is open. A stairwell leads down.

ED

Rob, there's a shed. Seriously weird. Dead animals everywhere. I don't think this is the homeless.

A static burst CRACKLES from the walkie-talkie.

ED (CONT'D)

Rob? You there? Over.

More static CRACKLES from the walkie-talkie.

Ed covers his mouth with the crook of his arm and shines the flashlight down the stairwell. Shadows give way to a landing and stairs that lead down.

Ed hesitates. The HUM grows louder.

ED (CONT'D)

Rob, you owe me *big*.

Ed turns back to the stairs and descends into the shadows.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ed's flashlight reveals a dozen gas generators against the walls. They HUM quietly.

Cables and wires protrude from the generators and gather in a single conduit that travels along the center of the ceiling.

ED

Hello?

The conduit leads through a doorway.

Ed casts the flashlight beam around the room and makes his way into the next chamber.

INT. SECOND CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ed clicks off his flashlight. Halogen lights hang from the ceiling and cast spastic shadows.

Animal corpses hang from the walls in dozens. Their torsos are torn open and wires and cables twist together to join the conduit. Black blood stains the walls and floor.

Ed's breathes deeply. He retches and coughs. He produces his walkie-talkie.

ED

Rob, if you can hear me, get the
cops out here tonight. Right away!

A static BURST replies.

A rifle is propped against the door to the next chamber.

Ed examines the rifle but doesn't touch it. He straightens his shoulders and slowly moves into the next room.

INT. FINAL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Pictures of scenic valleys and mountains hang from hooks. A floor lamp glows next to a piano in the corner.

There is a bed against the far wall.

The conduit of cables crosses the ceiling and falls behind the bed. The wires and tubes are attached to the chest of the corpse of LISA, 70.

Chopin's Etude Opus 25 PLAYS lightly on a horn Victrola.

Ed holds out his flashlight like a sword. The other hand holds his walkie-talkie. He moves closer to the bed and covers his face with his elbow.

Lisa's corpse is skeletal and leathery brown. Her skin is rotten. Maggots writhe in her eye sockets. Cables and wires jut from her open chest.

Her lungs pulse once.

Ed's eyes bulge and he stumbles away. He falls to the floor and retches. He scrambles to his feet and runs for the exit.

ED

Jesus. Rob, are you there? Rob?

Static CRACKLES.

A SMACK echoes as Ed is hit in the back of the head with a rifle butt. Ed falls to the floor, unconscious.

INT. FINAL CHAMBER - MINUTES LATER

From the Victrola, Chopin's Nocturn Opus 9 Number 1 PLAYS.

Ed comes to, one arm handcuffed to a post on the bed.

He touches the back of his head. Blood comes away on his fingers. He struggles. The bed shakes and the wood CREAKS.

FRANKLIN

I hate Chopin. But the wife is quite the fan.

FRANKLIN, 78, steps into the room. He holds a rifle in the crook of his arm. He dabs at his forehead with a cloth.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Please don't struggle so violently. She is resting.

Ed pulls once at his restraints.

ED

Who are you?

FRANKLIN

Franklin Caulford, here to serve.

Franklin bows, the rifle against the floor like a cane.

ED

Pleasure, Frank. Let me go.

FRANKLIN

Franklin. And, no, I'm afraid. She won't allow it.

Ed, confused, struggles against the handcuffs.

Franklin, the rifle under his arm, points to the bed.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

My dear wife. She does not abide intruders and there's only one thing for it, I'm afraid.

Franklin points the rifle at Ed.

Ed's eyes go wide. The bed rattles and CREAKS.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

There's no use fighting it.

With his free hand, Ed searches his person. He looks around the room. His walkie-talkie sits next to the Victrola.

ED

Wait. Please. Don't kill me!

Franklin CLICKS his tongue.

Ed punches the bedpost. It CRACKS. His knuckles bleed.

FRANKLIN

I am sorry. Wife's orders.

ED

I can help you! I'm an elec--

Franklin abruptly lowers the rifle.

FRANKLIN

Perhaps you *can* help me.

Ed pulls hard on the handcuffs.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Yes. The animals aren't enough, as you can clearly see.

Franklin gestures toward Lisa.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

They aren't human, after all.

He paces.

ED

I'm a electrician. I can help with whatever it is you're doing.

Franklin smiles.

FRANKLIN

Yes, you can. But not like that. No, my boy, you will be my next tapestry. She so loved the wall hangings. You know how wives are.

Franklin chuckles.

Ed looks up at Franklin.

ED

Yes, I do. I know what it's like to lose one.

Franklin stops before Ed.

ED (CONT'D)

I know how bad it hurts.

Ed gestures to the bed and the conduit.

ED (CONT'D)

Lisa wouldn't want it this way.

Tears run down Ed's cheeks.

ED (CONT'D)

They only want us to be happy.

Franklin turns his gaze to Lisa's corpse and sighs.

FRANKLIN

He is just a boy. He doesn't understand. Doesn't know. How could he? No one knows what I did to you.

Franklin places the rifle on a table in the back of the room. He returns with a large butcher's knife and a sinister smile.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

No, you are wrong. She's never wanted me to be happy. But she will be reborn. Starting with you.

Franklin moves toward Ed. He raises the knife.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Your chest will prove a challenge
to open, no doubt.

The Victrola skips. Chopin's Scherzo in B Flat Minor ECHOES
off the walls.

ED

Damn it!

Ed punches the bedpost. With a loud CRACK, it breaks free. Ed
tumbles away from the bed as Franklin slices the nearby air.

The bed THUMPS onto the floor. Lisa's corpse slides. The
wires go taught. Her body stops inches from the floor.

Ed scrambles to his feet.

Franklin SNARLS. He lunges at Ed, knife first.

Ed dodges a jab for his stomach. He grabs Franklin's arm and
tries to punch him.

Spittle hangs from Franklin's chin. He SCREAMS and throws Ed
to the floor. He dives on Ed.

Ed throws up his arms as Franklin slices at him. The knife
cuts his wrists and forearm.

Ed kicks Franklin. Franklin stumbles against the bed.

Ed gets to his feet and runs for the door.

FRANKLIN

No!

Franklin runs to the table and grabs the rifle. The knife
CLATTERS on the floor.

Ed passes through the doorway.

INT. SECOND CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ed heaves for air as he runs. Blood runs down his legs and
drips on the floor. He nears the first room.

A gunshot RINGS out.

Ed SCREAMS and collapses.

Franklin enters. He stands over Ed. Ed gasps for breath and
clutches his stomach. Blood seeps through his fingers.

FRANKLIN

Be a good lad and try not to struggle. Can't miss twice. The wife is so judgmental.

Franklin points the rifle at Ed's face.

Gunshots sound. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Franklin stumbles back, blood spews from his chest. He looks down at the fresh wounds.

A POLICE OFFICER, 30, stands over Ed with his gun out.

Ed passes out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Ed wakes, an IV in his arm. His heartbeat BEEPS on the monitor behind him. A curtain separates the room. A cardiac monitor BEEPS behind the curtain.

Ed blinks and GROANS as he wakes.

The doctor, MICHAEL, 40, enters the room.

MICHAEL

Mr. Milton. How are you feeling?

Ed tries to sit up, but winces and falls back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Try not to move much. You have the Devil's luck. Wound was shallow.

Michael chuckles and examines a clipboard.

ED

What happened?

MICHAEL

You were shot. The police arrived just in time. Shame that man had to die, though.

Ed nods.

Michael replaces the clipboard at the foot of Ed's bed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

However, this isn't entirely a sad ending. You and Mrs. Caulford will be just fine.

Ed blinks.

ED

Who?

MICHAEL

Lisa Caulford. She was extremely malnourished and in desperate need of a bath, but she'll pull through.

Michael jabs a thumb at the curtain that separates the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm certain she would love to hear from the man who saved her life.

Michael smiles and passes around the curtain.

Ed tries to get a look behind the curtain but fails.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

How are we feeling, Mrs. Caulford? You look much better.

Michael laughs.

A voice MUMBLES incoherently.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Pardon?

More MUMBLES.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can arrange that. Hold on.

Ed, eyes wide and his breath short, tries to stand. He winces. His bare feet touch the floor.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There we go. I think I found something you'll like.

Ed reaches for the curtain. His hand shakes.

Chopin's Nocturn Opus 9 Number 1 PLAYS from behind the curtain.

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