

Blood in the Bath
Draft #5

by
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INT. FREDERICK'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

DRIED BLOOD all over the room. It's on the floor, running down the bathtub. In the sink. FREDERICK (30's) sits on the edge of the tub. He looks at the ground, puts his head in his hands and starts to cry violently.

INT. FREDERICK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frederick sits in a chair in his living room. He's talking to a friend, of his, MARSHALL (30's), who sits on the COUCH. The room, and the house, have seen better days.

FREDERICK

That was before they cleaned everything up. They told me not to go into the house. But I did anyway. I don't know exactly why. Something compelled me.

MARSHALL

I can't believe you're still living here, man.

FREDERICK

Why not? It's my house as much as it was hers.

MARSHALL

It's just -- there's memories everywhere.

FREDERICK

I want my memories. They're all I've got left.

INT. FREDERICK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frederick walks in, loosens his work tie, lays down on his bed. He closes his eyes, sighs.

A noise. Something like an otherworldly angry growl.

FREDERICK

Hello?

The sound continues. Frederick gets up. The sound is coming from the closet, so he walks toward it. Suddenly, though, he stops dead in his tracks. There are a pair of RED EYES staring at him from the closet. Vaguely CANINE.

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FREDERICK

Go away.

INT. FREDERICK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

FREDERICK

The beast is growing. It's getting big. What's worse is I know it has to feed.

MARSHALL

Don't tempt fate. Don't let the beast in.

FREDERICK

It's too late. It's in. The question is, what do I do with it.

MARSHALL

You tame it. Or, no, you kill it is what you do. You kill that thing, you hear me? We need you back. Your friends miss you. I miss you.

FREDERICK

It wants to eat me, but I have to come to it.

MARSHALL

Don't go toward it.

FREDERICK

What should I do?

MARSHALL

Kill it before it devours you.

INT. FREDERICK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the closet, a pair of RED EYES looks out at Frederick. Frederick sits on his bed, stares intensely at the creature.

FREDERICK

Why don't you come out of the closet? Let me see the rest of you.

The beast responds with a growl.

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FREDERICK

I'm getting used to you, if you can believe that. I like having you around. And I suppose like anyone else, you need nourishment.

INT. THE FREDERICK'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom is clean. Frederick is at the sink, shaving. He's in a t-shirt and boxer shorts, getting ready for bed.

He cuts his cheek shaving. He slices the skin and blood flows from the wound.

Frederick touches his wound.

FREDERICK

Ah!

He notices blood in the sink. Then he looks around, sees blood everywhere.

FREDERICK

Get out of my head!

He hits himself on the side of the head.

FREDERICK

Just get out of my head. Please.

INT. FREDERICK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARSHALL

You can't -- you can't let the beast get to you. You have to do something. Talk to someone.

FREDERICK

It wants to devour me.

MARSHALL

For god's sake, man, you can't let it do that.

FREDERICK

Sometimes I get close to it. Very close.

INT. FREDERICK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frederick is close to the closet. The red eyes of the beast watch him intensely.

FREDERICK

All I ever see is her.

The beast growls.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

You won't come to me, will you? I have to come to you. Well, I won't, goddamn it. But I have an idea.

INT. FREDERICK'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Frederick opens the door to the bathroom and Marshall steps in. Frederick walks in behind him.

FREDERICK

What do you see?

MARSHALL

Nothing. Well, the room could use a broom and mop. But other than that...

Frederick looks around, we see the room filled with blood from his POV.

FREDERICK

I see blood. Everywhere. You're right -- I should have left this place. Listen, I can't be in this room anymore. Come with me, okay?

They walk down the HALLWAY and Frederick opens the door to his BEDROOM.

INT. FREDERICK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

The beast in the closet growls as soon as the two step inside the room.

MARSHALL

Jesus, fuck, Frederick, what the hell is that?

FREDERICK

There's another option, Marshall.

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MARSHALL

What? What fucking option?

FREDERICK

Feed the beast. Let it grow. Let
it be my companion.

MARSHALL

You were -- it's real!

Frederick grabs Marshall by the collar and pushes him
toward the closet. We FADE TO BLACK. The last thing we
hear is Marshall's screams.