

SHOWER FEAR

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY PARK - EVENING

The city in silhouette. KATIE, in her prime, jogs with ear buds, through the park, her rhythmic strides, carry her as she looks over her shoulder.

MOM (V.O.)  
Sorry to miss your call, I know  
your father is really looking  
forward to seeing you.

EXT. INTERSECTION - EVENING

Katie catches the eye of a LITTLE GIRL in an SUV window. She WAVES. Katie offers a warm smile and waves back.

MOM (V.O.)  
Good luck in the big meeting! We're  
rooting for you, call me back. love  
you, bye.

INSERT: Katie hangs up the voice mail on her smartphone.

A male runner. RED hoody over his head. Stops just behind her waiting to cross. FACE UNSEEN. She steals a glance.

EXT. PARK POND - DUSK

Rounding the pond. A DOG, tail wagging, leash trailing. His owner catch's up, grabs the leash and thanks her, she smiles and sees the RED hoody and she darts away panicked.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

It's silhouette looms. A flame sparkes. A cigarette's ember.

BILL (50's), worn, leans on a pillar, the smoke curling around him. His attention shifts, and ours with it, to a jogger.

Katie approaches her Airbnb, materializing a business card:

Kaite Hawthorne, COO of Sterling Global Media, "Empowering Brands Worldwide".

She flips it over: # 237

Katie punches the keypad. As the lock clicks, she steals a glance behind, catching Bill's figure in a cloud of smoke. A flicker of concern.

INSERT: Katie's hand engages the deadbolt.

INT. LIVING ROOM -

Running shoes, placed perfectly next to executive heels.

A crooked reprint of Salvador Dalí's The Persistence of Memory, hangs, her hand comes in and straightens it.

INT. BEDROOM

A perfectly organize suit case, She withdraws Eberjey Gisele pajamas.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A sanctuary of cleanliness, in a unique style.

An Airbnb gift basket over flows with goodies.

Katie enters, Phone buzzes-- Meeting 8am. Her attention shifting to the shower. She quickly undresses, folding her clothes immaculately and turns on the tap.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill smokes, watching her house, his pockmarked skin moves as he inhales, the dirt on his collar thick with sweat.

The Red hoody, jogs by the Airbnb.

INT. KATIE IN SHOWER

Over the curtain bar we can see the bathroom door, not entirely closed.

Her hand tests the waters; Perfect.

Yet, apprehension lingers.

EXT. BLUE AIRBNB HOUSE - NIGHT

A figure, shrouded in smoke, halts before the house, his gaze locked on the entrance.

INT. KATIE IN SHOWER

A sigh of relief as the warmth of the water embraces her. Rubbing her eyes and face looking somewhat relieved.

Bottles line the shower, with images, A City Scape, A POND With a dog. Gripping a bottle of shampoo with a LITTLE GIRL on the front, and squeezing a generous portion she begins to lather.

EXT. BLUE AIRBNB HOUSE - NIGHT

The smoky figure looks in the window and tests the door handle, it yields. He enters.

INT. KATIE IN SHOWER

A sudden frigid gust invades from the unknown shadows of the house. GOOSEBUMPS.

Her senses sharpen, fear seeping in. Eyes dart to the half open bathroom door, suspicion flickering within.

KAITE

Hello?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

False alarm.

Katie's focus turns to the soap. She scrubs, methodically cleansing each limb. Reaching down to her feet.

A subdued thud resonates.

Her body tenses, instincts awakened.

KATIE

Anyone there?

She stands, a statue, LISTENING. Shampoo slowly making its way down her forehead. The misty air swirls, thick with foreboding.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Her senses strain, searching for any sign of danger amidst the rushing water. The soap continues its descent.

Her gaze sharpens - Is there someone in the house?

Her eyes catch a glimpse of her SOAP on the floor.

The shampoo invades her eyes.

Yeow!!

Her eyes clamp shut.

She struggles, but the soap is relentless.

Blind and vulnerable, her mind races.

Now, the door creaks open. She attempts to clear her sight, flicking the soap away, she pauses, listening.

She can't hear anything.

Pungent SMOKE circles up into her nostrils.

She REELS. And plunges her head beneath the shower's embrace, desperate for clarity.

The water's roar muffles all else.

The bathroom door closes in silence.

Steam now hangs thick.

Katie's head turns, one eye squinting through the soap's sting, breathes rapidly, investigating.

A shadow dances across the curtain.

The bathroom's glare is overwhelming.

Eyes slammed shut against the impending burn.

She desperately blinks into her water filled cupped hands.

**A hand comes up holding an enormous bread knife.**

She scrubs her face, driven by fear. Her back to the curtain.

A hand reaches up, grasps the shower curtain, tearing it.

She whirls around, reacting to SOUND and sensation.

A look of pure horror flash's on her face.

The flint of the blade comes down.

SLASHING.

TEARING.

THE CURTIN RIPPING AWAY!

QUICK.

DEADLY CUTS.

SHE SCREAMS.

And then silence.

Katie opens her eyes fully, to see --

Nothing, an empty bathroom. She breathes easy. Pulling on her towel, she steps out of the shower relieved. Right on to --

The SOAP!

Her foot slides on the soap, sending her head over heels, body into mid air.

SLOW-MOTION

She hangs there. Her eye swiveling around looking for help.

And then the dreadful thump as Katie's body falls on the tub.

Head hitting HARD.

Lying there, her one eye wide open as if popped. A single thread of blood streams down, thick and dark.

The CAMERA moves away from the body, travels slowly across the bathroom, across the living room over the locked dead bolt, over to the window and looks up to the OLD HOUSE, and as it gets there we see -

Bill putting out his smoke and entering his front door.

FADE OUT.