

DRAGGING CHAINS

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rain SMACKS against the window pane, as the wind rustles trees loudly on the other side of it.

In the bed, a MAN (20's) stirs in his sleep. He flips over to his other side, mumbling in his sleep, RESTLESS.

A CREAK echoes through the room. The man remains asleep.

The man flips over again, not able to stay still, until...

BANG.

His eyes blink slowly open, waking from the deep sleep. He forces himself up to his side, looking at the bedroom door. OPENED SLIGHTLY, breathing light into the room.

The man squints his eyes, forcing himself to his feet. He groans, slipping on a pair of slippers.

The man steps towards the slightly opened door, taking him into-

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The man slowly steps onto the wooden floor, CREAKING with each step. He turns to his right, noticing the television on. The news station plays on mute: "ABDUCTOR STRIKES AGAIN - LOCK ALL DOORS."

The man squints his eyes, more confused at the news station. He picks up the remote off of the coffee table and flips it off.

PAT. PAT. PAT. PAT. PAT.

The sound of BARE FEET scrambling floods the room. The man turns to his right to find...

THE FRONT DOOR WIDE OPEN.

He begins cautiously walking towards the door before...

PAT. PAT. PAT. PAT. PAT.

He stops in his footsteps. His eyes dart around the front door, examining the area. No sign of anything.

The man continues walking towards the door.

He turns to his left as he walks towards the front door. The bathroom door there. Shut. He continues walking to the front door.

The man tilts his head as he reaches the door, finding it UNLOCKED. He squints his eyes at it, confused by it.

He sticks his head out into the hallway of his apartment complex. He looks to the left. Nothing. No movement. No life.

He turns his head to the right. Nothing. No movement. A mirror image of before.

The man bites his lip, confused. He slowly draws his head back inside. He closes the door behind him, making sure to lock the door behind him this time.

PAT. PAT. PAT. PAT.

The man SWINGS his head around back to the area he just came from. He begins walking towards it.

As the man steps towards the bedroom area, a SHADOW watches from the wall. It retreats into the room.

The man reaches the bedroom to find the door WIDE OPEN. He peers into it.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The rain continues to give life to the motionless room. Nothing moving. Except...

On the bed, the blanket is lifted into the air, as if something lays under it.

The man steps into the room, looking behind the door to make sure nothing resides behind it.

He steps further towards the blanket on the bed, each step carefully quiet against the floor.

The man GULPS as he slowly reaches towards the blanket. He shakes, placing his hand on the blanket.

He FLINGS the blanket off to find...

A pile of pillows lays on his bed, lying under the blanket.

A HAND SHOOTS OUT FROM UNDER THE BED, GRABBING THE MAN'S FOOT.

The man screams in horror as he swings his leg carelessly, trying to break free of the intruder's grasp.

The man FALLS to the ground as the intruder releases his leg.

As he lays on the floor, he peers under the bed to find...

TWO EYES STARE BACK AT HIM.

The unseen figure CRAWLS OUT from under the bed like a spider, revealing a WOMAN (20's) covered in ASH and DUST as the moonlight bathes her face.

The man YELPS, trying to CRAWL behind himself, still lying on his back.

The woman JUMPS onto his chest, placing her dirty, BLOODY hands on his neck TIGHTLY.

He gasps, taking a final breath. He struggles, gurgling what air passes into his lungs.

The woman grits her teeth, tightening her hands more. The man reaches up, trying to grab her face.

She turns her face, continuing to force her hands onto the struggling man's neck.

The man's hand slowly begins to retract itself, as the man's struggle begins to fade.

He lays on the floor, LIFELESS. The woman continues to squeeze the corpse's neck.

The woman finally releases her hands. Her teeth CLATTER as she looks at the fresh dead body.

She lets out a quick, loud LAUGH. The laugh slowly deteriorates into a SOB, as she begins to hug the man's dead body.

After a moment of hugging the dead body, she hears:

PAT. PAT.

She looks up in the direction of the noise.

The woman stands up and walks towards the DRESSER. She pulls the top drawer open, finding a SET OF KEYS. She grabs them.

The woman makes her way into-

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The woman LIMPS towards the closed bathroom door, where she slowly opens the door to it. She pushes it open, leading us into-

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The tile floor wears a BRIGHT RED color as DRIED BLOOD soaks it. Towards the cabinets, a loose pair of handcuffs sits.

In the bathroom, a WOMAN lays, barely awake. Her face drips with BLOOD, as her body wears RIPPED CLOTHES and SLASH MARKS and BRUISES. Her arm dangles against the faucet, CHAINED to a pair of handcuffs. She forces out a mumble through her mouth covered with DUCT TAPE. She slams her feet onto the wall of the bathtub:

PAT. PAT. PAT. PAT.

The woman with the keys steps towards her, slowly touching her arm. The woman in the bathtub SHUTTERS, JUMPING back from the other woman in fear. She responds softly:

WOMAN

Hey, hey, hey. It's okay.

The woman presents the keys to the woman in the bathtub, who begins to breath a sigh of relief.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I got them.

The woman begins working at the woman's chains, allowing her to break free as well.

CUT TO BLACK.