

DON'T GO IN THE SHED

Written by

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EXT. FARMHOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

An overcast, gloomy day. In the distance, a rainstorm. Lightning flashes from afar, followed by RUMBLING thunder.

An old SHED sits in the backyard. A padlock keeps the door sealed.

TOM (V.O.)

Heather, I want to thank you again for watching over my beautiful Margaret. She's the only thing that keeps me going these days.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Of course. I'm happy to help in any way I can.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Standing at the front door is HEATHER (25), angelic face, straightened hair parted down the middle, and gives a strong vibe of the late Sharon Tate.

Beside her is TOM (late 30s), proper, pristine, holds himself high and he knows it.

TOM

I have to run a few errands. If you need to tend to Margaret, she is in the sunroom. It is her favorite room.

HEATHER

I'll be sure to treat her well.

TOM

I'll be gone for just a little bit. I went over everything you need to know, however if you have any questions, feel free to reach out.

HEATHER

Yes, Mr. Grant.

TOM

Call me Tom. You're our caretaker, and now our friend.

Heather smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)

This is now your home, too. You are welcome to anything in the house, and any space in the house. Anywhere but the shed. It's very private.

HEATHER

You have my word.

Heather crosses her fingers behind her back.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Tom climbs into his old pickup truck, drives off. Heather watches from the front door. Finally, she sinks into the house and shuts the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Heather paces back and forth as she SPEAKS on a phone.

HEATHER

(into phone)

Yeah, the guy's sweet, but maybe a little too sweet. Kinda fake, to be honest. And his wife, well, I think it's his wife. It might be his mom. I don't know, he never said. This is all a little strange, but a job's a job, ya know?

(beat)

I'm fine. I've done this before, just another dollar. Hold on...

Heather opens the door to the sunroom and peeks inside. She sees a woman, her face unseen, sitting in a wheelchair and staring out the windows into the backyard.

She shuts the door, returns to her phone call.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What...? Well that's what happens when you get older. Feed her, bathe her, she's a baby trapped in an old woman's body.

(beat, laughs)

You're the worst. Yes, I even wipe after her. Christ, Jessica, she can't take care of herself. Look, I gotta go. I have a job to do.

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Sure. Whatever. Bye, bitch.

Heather hangs up, looks back at the sunroom door.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Heather stands behind MARGARET (50s), in the wheelchair, with long gray hair and a solemn, wrinkled face. She stares out the sunroom windows at the shed in the backyard.

Heather gently brushes Margaret's hair, parted down the middle just like hers.

HEATHER

Beautiful day today, isn't it?

Margaret remains silent.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I've always found cloudy days better than sunny days. They're imperfect. The contrast is stronger. It creates a more effective mood, in my opinion.

On a table nearby, Heather glances at a couple photographs:

One photograph is of Tom and Margaret centered in the photo, both young and in their late 20s/early 30s. Margaret is not in a wheelchair, and Tom hasn't aged a bit since the photo was taken.

Another photograph is of Margaret, around the same age she is now, in her wheelchair, with a YOUNG WOMAN standing next to her with a smile. They stand to the side of the photograph, as if there should be a space for Tom, but he is not in the photo.

Heather pauses brushing Margaret's hair, grabs the second photograph and looks at it. She holds it out to Margaret.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Is the woman in this photo the previous caretaker?

Margaret is silent.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Do you know why she's no longer here?

Still, more silence from Margaret.

Heather sets the photo back down, and glances above one of the sunroom windows: the sun-faded mark of a CROSS, as if one hung there for decades and then one day was taken down.

Heather smiles down at Margaret, who continues to stare outside.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What are you looking at, Margaret?

Heather searches for where Margaret is looking: at the shed.

She pauses brushing Margaret's hair, looks down at her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Do you know what's in the shed,
Margaret?

Again, Margaret doesn't speak. Heather waits for a response, realizes one is not coming, and continues brushing the old woman's hair.

She stares out of the sunroom window, at the shed in the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Heather JIGGLES the padlock on the shed door. She peeks through a window, but the other side is covered.

She turns away from the window, thinks. She looks over at--

A rose garden nearby. Among the bushes, a small garden statue of a cat.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Heather examines a few keys on a key rack. Each are labeled: FRONT DOOR, BACK DOOR, GARAGE, BASEMENT, etc. She twists her lips, determined.

Suddenly--

Heather searches through drawers, closets, rooms, anywhere that she can find a key.

Heather returns to the kitchen, with no luck. She SIGHS a flustered GROAN.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The small garden cat statue sits peacefully in the rose garden by the shed.

Heather snatches it--

BANG! She smashes the statue against the padlock.

The clouds grow THICKER, and the sun is nothing more than a spotlight in a fog.

Darkness grows around the farmhouse.

BANG! Heather throws the stone against the padlock again. The padlock loosens.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Meanwhile, Margaret remains in the sunroom. She watches Heather as she attempts to break into the shed.

A tear falls from one of Margaret's eyes.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

One more impact, and the padlock BREAKS.

Heather pulls it off the latch, twists the knob, opens the shed door...

INT. SHED - DAY

The door SQUEALS open slowly. The darkness of day bleeds into the pitch black of the shed.

Heather slowly walks inside.

Dingy. Dark. A place that reeks of something BAD.

But Heather's curiosity gets the best of her, and she treks further into the shed.

She looks in the darkest corner, stops her gaze on...

Bare, clawed feet. Attached to thin legs. Part of a starved, anorexic body, arms folded across its emaciated chest. Its head hangs low, with long ratty hair covering its face.

In a flash, this THING snaps its head up, piercing eyes open wide, with a smile full of sharp FANGS.

It LUNGES at Heather!

She SCREAMS--

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY (TRAVELING)

Heather's SCREAMS echo away as Tom drives while he WHISTLES an unfamiliar tune.

In the passenger seat sits a rose bush with white roses.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Tom, the rose bush in his arms, stares at the shed with the door open.

He sets the rose bush down on the ground, walks toward the shed and slips into the darkness inside. Hold on this for a moment.

In the distance, thunder CRACKS--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Tom uses a shovel to pat dirt around the rose plant.

He waters the rose plant with a watering can.

He uses a pair of pruning scissors to trim the roses. SNIP, SNIP, SNIP...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Another gloomy, overcast sky hangs over the farmhouse. Tom's old pickup truck sits in the front driveway.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Margaret sits in her wheelchair and stares out the sunroom windows.

Tom walks into the room, stands behind Margaret, and looks out the windows as well.

The shed sits in the backyard, the door closed and the lock replaced.

TOM

I planted another rose bush. White ones this time.

He grabs the hairbrush from nearby and begins to brush Margaret's hair, parted down the middle.

TOM (CONT'D)

White symbolizes purity. Just as she was. Just like the rest were.

(beat)

I told Master I would keep him alive. That I would take care of him and bring him what he needs. Just as you take care of me, with your love...

(beat)

...with your life.

He stops brushing her hair, kneels down next to her ear.

TOM (CONT'D)

Thank you for taking care of me, Margaret. My beautiful Margaret.

(beat)

You're the only thing that keeps me going these days...

He kisses her cheek, smiles, revealing FANGS.

He rises back up to his feet, then turns and leaves the sunroom.

Margaret remains silent in the wheelchair, staring out the windows at the shed in the backyard.

A tear falls down her cheek.

FADE OUT.