

LAMIA
by
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK SUBURBS – NIGHT 1

Heavy RAIN falls violently on the pavement of a street in the suburbs. Across the road there is a house surrounded by a subtle mist.

The orange light of a street lamp hangs above the mist and faintly illuminates the front porch of a quaint, suburban house.

A shadowy figure inside the house quickly crosses one of the window frames. Droplets of RAIN slither down the second story window as the CAMERA goes through it and into Andrew's room.

2 INT. ANDREW'S ROOM – NIGHT 2

A sharp and unearthly CRY pierces through the storm's commotion.

ANDREW (9), a small, pale, innocent boy is suddenly woken by the horrible sound of the CRY. Agitated, he sits up. A chain with a small silver cross hangs from the child's neck.

Everything in the room is eerily still. Quiet. The silence is broken by FOOTSTEPS, getting gradually quicker, closer and closer to the bedroom.

The FOOTSTEPS stop just before the door. The doorknob TURNS and the door is slowly OPENED while Andrew observes from his bed, paralyzed by fear.

The open door reveals the silhouette of a woman. As the woman slowly walks toward Andrew's bed, the room gets visibly colder. The glass window is fogged by a sheet of frost and both Andrew and the woman's breath linger, white in the air.

Andrew shakes and BREATHES with difficulty as the mysterious figure STOPS three feet away from the bed.

Andrew moves his hand towards the lamp beside his bed and hesitates. He quickly pulls the bedsheet over his head.

The shadow of a deformed hand slowly crawls across the sheet and snatches it away with a violent tug.

The light beam entering through the window reveals ANA (30's), Andrew's mother. She is tall, thin and very pale. Her eyes are sunken; the pupils dilated and completely black.

Her long white dress is torn and has numerous stains of blood on it. Her left hand is suspiciously hidden behind her back.

ANA
(worried)
Andrew, baby...

ANDREW
Mom...

ANA
Come here, baby.

Ana inches closer, her arms and legs moving bizarrely, in just the slightest eerie jolts.

ANDREW
I had a... I thought I heard you
scream.

Ana's face twitches slightly, and she reaches her right hand out to Andrew, the left still hidden.

ANA
There's been a terrible accident,
sweetheart. You have to get out of
bed, okay?

ANDREW
Where's dad?

ANA
He's waiting for us in the car. We
have to go now.

ANDREW
But... Mom, you're bleeding.

He clutches at his silver cross. Ana sneers.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
And... you're... what are you
holding behind your back?

ANA
It's nothing, sweetie. Please, just
do as I say.

He starts to sit up on his bed, craning his neck, arching around to get a better look at her. She arcs around the room, carefully keeping the knife out of sight.

ANDREW
Who are you? You're not my mom.

ANA
 (agitated)
 Of course I am. Now come here.

Andrew hesitates, until he finds courage in himself to speak up.

ANDREW
 Who are you?!

Ana's face starts twitching again, and no longer able to contain herself, she lets out an enormous, malignant, otherworldly LAUGH.

The furniture in the room TREMBLES and the strange toys and souvenirs on top of it fall and CRASH on the floor.

Andrew curls up and holds on tight to the sheets as his bed SHAKES thunderously along with the rest of the room.

The LAMIA stops trying to conceal its true identity and now looks more menacing, its gaze set on Andrew as it mocks him with its terrible LAUGH.

Finally, Lamia stops LAUGHING and the room settles. The smile disappears from its face and with a ferocious CRY the creature pounces on the child. Andrew closes his eyes.

CUT TO: BLACK

Andrew BREATHES heavily, but nothing happens. Seconds crawl slowly as his BREATHING slowly goes back to normal.

CUT TO:

3 INT. ANDREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

3

Andrew opens his eyes and his possessed mother's face, covered in scratches and blood, is just a few inches from his. He tries to move back, but the wall stops him.

Ana's possessed body is floating several inches over the bed. With great effort, the Lamia slowly moves its right hand toward's Andrew's neck. Drops of blood land on the sheet, dripping from her long and broken fingernails.

The Lamia's hand snatches at Andrew, who dodges and throws his pillow, gaining confidence UNTIL, it grabs his silver cross, scratching Andrew's neck in the process.

She holds the cross tight, smoke rising from the palm where the cross burns its skin while she gets the knife closer to Andrew's exposed neck. In a violent thrust, Ana's possessed body is thrown away from Andrew.

4

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

4

We're straight on the staircase that goes down into the living room. The whole house SHAKES violently and the lights inside FLICKER as objects FALL on the ground.

The Lamia's horrible CRIES of pain are heard as the house continues to tremble. We hear running FOOTSTEPS and then a door being OPENED and CLOSED in a rush. Then it gets LOCKED.

Tiny FOOTSTEPS approach the staircase. A small shadow quickly approaches the stairs and shortly Andrew rushes down them, running for his life, bleeding. The lights FLICKER more violently than ever.

He runs straight for the door and fails to open it, the house's lights go out. Desperate, Andrew rushes straight through the living room.

He trips and FALLS face down onto the blood-covered rug in front of the fireplace. Andrew looks down at his bloody pajama and analyzes his hands. He soon realizes the blood is not his.

Beside him, there is a dead body. Andrew crawls towards the remains of what used to be a man. His face is completely destroyed.

The dancing shadows from the fireplace briefly reveal details on the man's face: a deep cut running through his neck, a pair of scissors sticking out of the corpse's right eye, numerous scratches.

Andrew carefully examines the body, until he spots a handmade bracelet on the man's right wrist.

ANDREW

Dad?

Andrew hugs and stirs his father's body as he tries to wake him up several times with no results.

ANA

(breaking down)

No, no, no. Dad?!

Broken inside, Andrew cries in grief. While he grieves his father we hear a door slowly OPENING in the distance and faint FOOTSTEPS getting closer.

Andrew takes the bracelet from his father's corpse and holds it tightly in his hand. He slowly regains his composure and puts the bracelet on. The FOOTSTEPS are closer.

The Lamia's shadow creeps enormous against the wall parallel to the staircase. Andrew spots it. He quickly stands up and runs to the red dining room, hiding from the Lamia behind the wall.

As he silently listens and wipes his tears, the Lamia goes down the stairs and creeps through the living room darkness in search of Andrew.

She crosses the living room and gets out of sight. Andrew takes advantage and quickly runs across the dining room. The Lamia, close behind, renters frame as it stands on top of her husband's corpse.

Andrew gets to a small drawer and hesitates. He slowly opens it, careful not to make noise. Suddenly, the drawer makes a small CREAK.

The Lamia turns its head towards the room and HISSES.

Andrew quickly takes a key chain from the drawer and hides beneath the table just as the Lamia comes into the room.

As Andrew attempts to stay out of the Lamia's sight he goes through the three keys. One is golden, the second is made of copper and the last one is rusty and worn out.

The Lamia slowly walks around the table, its joints and bones CRACKING with each movement. Andrew quietly crawls underneath the table, attempting to get to the kitchen without being heard.

The Lamia puts a hand on the table. Andrew waits for the right moment. She looks underneath the table, swooping, but he's already at the kitchen.

Andrew jets, the Lamia's footsteps behind him. He quietly closes the door and hangs a big cross on it to prevent the Lamia from getting through it.

He quickly rushes to the door and fumbles with the key chain. He tries to use the golden key, but the door won't budge. He switches to the copper key, same result.

The cross at the door FALLS and hangs upside down.

Just before trying the last key Andrew looks back. Silence. He calms down a little bit and introduces the last key into the door. He TURNS the knob, time slows down.

A sliver of golden light partially illuminates Andrew's face as he slowly opens the door.

From within the DARKNESS Lamia slowly emerges, knife in it's bony hand, an ancient malice projected on her face.

She firmly pushes her left hand against the door and, as it slowly closes, the sliver of light disappears from Andrew's face along with his hope of survival.

With her right hand she violently STABS Andrew in the back. His body shakes and his face contorts as blood comes out of his mouth.

Lamia swiftly pulls the knife out. Andrew falls in slow motion onto his bed as he closes his eyes. Blue sheets crawl up his body and envelop him, forming a soft and warm cocoon around him as his face twitches and contorts in agony.

5

INT. ANDREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

5

Andrew wakes up covered in sweat. His BREATHING is rough, strained. He instinctively touches his neck. There is no chain, the scratches are gone.

Inside Andrew's clenched hand he finds the silver cross and its chain. His father's bracelet is wrapped around his wrist.

He looks around the room. Everything is settled.

The window of the room is open and Andrew's breath is visible, but he's too agitated to notice. Andrew looks at the ceiling and, visibly relieved, walks towards the window, closes it and gets back into bed.

Smiling to himself, Andrew places the cross along with its chain on the night stand, covers his fragile body with the sheets and lays down. Just as he closes his eyes Andrew hears FOOTSTEPS approaching the room.

The FOOTSTEPS stop just before the door and a THUD, similar to a heavy suitcase being dropped on the floor, is heard by the boy. The doorknob TURNS and the door is slowly OPENED while Andrew observes, paralyzed by fear, on his bed.

As we hear the unseen guest's FOOTSTEPS slowly get closer to Andrew's bed, he quickly reaches for the night stand in search of his cross, but stops himself a few inches from it.

Andrew shakes his head and BREATHES with difficulty as the mysterious figure stops just two feet from the bed.

He hesitates for a moment, but decides to put his fear aside.

His hand slowly approaches the bedside lamp and with a flick of his finger, Andrew turns on the lamp beside his bed.

CUT TO: BLACK