

**AMONG US**

by  
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Based on the life of Chris Davis.

A M O N G U S

BLACK. Silent screams echoing through. Puffing. Panting. Drowned out syllables, unable to be deciphered. A small WHIMPERING noise, rattling through, and we --

FADE IN:

A YOUNG BOY -- DEAN. His eyes widened in horror, jaw dropped with shock. Blood drips from his nose, and we --

BLACKOUT:

Darkness consumes the screen. The child is gone. The echoes and screaming continues. An image of a bloodied hand, launching into FRAME is seen. It FLOPS to the side, hitting the road. A locket, wrapped in between the fingers.

A distorted face FLASHES in sight, smiling wickedly and we --

FADE IN:

Dean continues to toss and turn in the bed. He is SHAKING, struggling to pull out of this nightmare. Its almost as though he's entered some sort of fit. He GASPS and we --

BLACKOUT:

Several images overlap one another. Blood dripping on all of them. The distorted face approaches the body. A shot of them ripping the locket out of sight. A shovel. Digging. The man, dumping the body. It all fits together. He faces us.

KILLER

I know you're watching --

FADE IN:

Dean RISES from his bed, GASPING. His heart is racing a thousand miles and he SHRIEKS from the images that went through his head. As he sits up, the murderer stands at the foot of his bed.

Dean CLUTCHES at the covers, sliding back until he leant up at against the wall. The killer steps forward, into the moonlight, raising his shovel.

KILLER (CONT'D)

Leave us alone!

Opening his mouth, the kid SCREAMS with all his might. Hoping to alarm his parents. The killer swings the shovel and it CLOBBERS Dean across the jaw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He literally FLIES out of bed, and hits the ground, rolling to the wall with blood dripping from his face. PULL BACK passed the bed to:

THE DOOR. It kicks open, and in steps STACY (40 years of age, long blonde hair, in her revealing pajamas) and JACK (42 years of age, wrinkles above his forehead, boxer shorts and singlet), the kid's parents.

STACY

Dean? Oh my god! Dean!

Running over to her son, who lies bloodied on the floor, Stacy grabs him, and cradles him in her lap. She strokes his face, passing the large cut on his face.

Jack looks on, in shock.

JACK

What the hell happened here?

Kneeling down, he scrapes up the large patch of dirt, and holds it in front. It begins to slip through his finger and slowly pour back down to its original spot.

He looks at his wife and child, in total awe.

**BLACKOUT:**

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. AIERES COVE - CITY - MORNING.

The gorgeous sun sprouts a radiant gloss over the city, illuminating it -- showing it off in all its glory. The quiet town makes little, if not, no noise, and on its beauty we --

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVIS RESIDENCE - AIERES COVE - MORNING.

The residence of the Davis family enters FRAME, slowly closing in on it. It seem quiet, somewhat peaceful. But really, its not.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVIS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING.

Entering the kitchen, phone to her ear, is Stacy, frantically beginning to pack her childrens' lunches for school today. She rests the phone on her shoulder, pressing against it to listen and speak.

STACY

What was I supposed to do, Ally? My son was lying on the floor bleeding all over his quilt. What mother has to go through this? He hasn't even spoken to us since it happened.

Pause. Her friend speaks on the other line, and Stacy begins sweeping mess off the kitchen table. She grabs out two bowls, and places them down alongside the boxes of cereal and milk.

STACY (CONT'D)

How am I supposed to handle this? I can't even begin to imagine what happened to him. I'm just hoping his psychiatrist will be able to get some answers out of him.

Another pause. She closes the cupboards, immediately cleaning her mess. She STOPS -- leaning against he counter, a sigh is released from her mouth.

STACY (CONT'D)

Who, Jack? He's pretending like nothing ever happened. I'm telling you, this whole family could use a shrink. Especially with Dean only speaking to Alex.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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STACY (CONT'D)

She told me Dean said he think he's being haunted. That he's been having visions. I mean, you tell an eight year old that, she's going to believe you. And its going to make her even crazier than him!

Little ALEX enters, smile on her face, approaching the table and making her breakfast. Stacy gives her a little cute wave and turns away from her -- continuing her conversation.

STACY (CONT'D)

What if it happens again? What if this time he doesn't leave with just a scar.

(pause)

Yes, I am afraid whatever is happening to him might kill him! Why wouldn't I be? He's my child, Ally. I love him. And watching this happen to him is killing me.

(turns)

And the rest of the family.

In enters Dead, warn around the eyes. He looks pale, shivering. He approaches the table, and begins to eat his cereal -- Nutrigrain.

STACY (CONT'D)

Look, Ally, I've got to go. Yeah, he's out of his room. Bye.

Placing the phone down, hanging up, she approaches her children with a warming smile.

STACY (CONT'D)

So, what's happening at school today? Anything special?

Turning with excitement, little Alex replies. A wistful smile forming wider. Gitty.

ALEX

Mr. Peterson is bringing in his pet bird Dr. Featherstrom for show and tell. We all had our turns at bringing stuff in and now he has to as well.

STACY

I don't remember you bringing in anything ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX

Well I did! Remember. I brought in grandpa's old telescope. Everyone loved the stories it told about him. Wish he was here to tell the class himself though ... they would have loved meeting him.

Stacy smiles, and pats her shoulder, affectionately.

STACY

I'm sure they would, Alex.

She turns to her older boy, Dean.

STACY (CONT'D)

So, what about you Dean? What's going on today?

DEAN

Stuff.

STACY

Yeah? What kinda stuff?

DEAN

School stuff, mum. The usual.

Standing, he takes his half eaten cereal up to the sink, finished with it. Turning from the sink, he takes a glance at his heartbroken mother, and to his little sister.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Come on, Alex. Don't want to be late for school.

STACY

How 'bout I drive you to school today. Come on, it'll be fun.

DEAN

Don't worry, mum. We'll take our bikes.

Wrapping his arm around his little sister, the two EXIT.

PULLING BACK in TIGHT on Stacy as she stands, we catch her worry, looking on as her children leave her sight. She clutches her stomach, sad.

The light in the kitchen, FLICKERS on and off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Stacy turns to it, looking up with confusion. Its literally turning itself on and off. A weird SURGING noise and --

BANG!

The light SHATTERS. Shards of glass SHOOT out through the room and Stacy stumbles back with a startled SHRIEK. She catches her breath, hand on heart, and calms herself down.

A small sigh of relief, shaking her head, and she continues to clean up.

CLOSE UP: BROKEN LIGHT -- The smashed light, containing nothing but a sharp cut hanging piece of glass, is tight on our view. The reflection of a dead girl (pale white skin, black hair, blood stained all over her, cuts and bruises) shines off the glass. Her angered look grows deeper and we --

SMASH CUT TO: