

A Bag of Pills

written by

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EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

MARY (31), wearing a tailored suit, sits in her car, an old, red, rusted machine. She frowns at the house: a lonely Victorian mansion perched on a hill. Vines have conquered the walls, the paint long faded.

Mary sighs and grabs a pharmacy BAG FILLED WITH PILL BOTTLES.

MARY

*(whispering)*

Please don't be fucking dead.

She gets out of the car and makes her way through the overgrown garden to the front door. A silhouette peeks from a window. She knocks. Nothing. She knocks again. Still nothing. She raises her fist to knock a third time, but the door slightly creaks open.

No one is there.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mary pushes the door open and steps inside, cautiously. The interior is cold, dusty, and dark. She turns on the flashlight of her cell phone, illuminating the house. Coats from another time hang in the foyer. Shoes are scattered on the floor. Yellowed papers and wooden toys lie nearby.

MARY

Viviane? Are you there?

Something metallic drops in the kitchen. Mary stiffens, then hesitantly walks toward the sound.

MARY (CONT'D)

I saw you upstairs. Cut it out now.

She enters the kitchen. The table is still set, as if dinner was just served. The food has turned to dust, yet bugs still crawl between the plates.

A door slams behind her. She jumps as she turns. Her flashlight points in the hallway, directly on the outside door that she'd forgotten to close. She places a hand on her chest, breathing deeply to calm herself.

A woman's laugh echoes behind her. Mary turns. No one is there.

MARY (CONT'D)

Vivi, stop fucking with me. This isn't funny. I got your meds.

As Mary looks around, she notices a door in the kitchen, slightly ajar. She approaches and pushes it open, revealing a staircase leading down to the basement. It's pitch-black, but as she squints, a silhouette is barely visible. As quickly as it appeared, it blends with the shadows and vanishes.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Vivi? Are you there?

VIVIANE (O.S.)  
I'm here.

MARY  
Are you hurt?

VIVIANE (O.S.)  
*(laughing)*  
No yet. I found it. I finally found it!

MARY  
I'm calling an ambulance.

VIVIANE (O.S.)  
No, please! Just come down.

Mary raises her phone to her ear, then hesitates.

MARY  
I'm not going down there. It's fucking creepy.

VIVIANE (O.S.)  
Just come, please. Trust me.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Mary sighs and hesitates. Then she steps down, crouching to peer into the darkness. She sees nothing. She begins her descent, moving slowly, stopping with every creak of the wooden steps.

A candle flickers to life in the shadows. A silhouette stands next to it: VIVIANNE (31), with a shaved head and the look of countless sleepless nights. She's wearing a hospital gown.

MARY  
Let's just go now.

Viviane takes the candle and walks deeper into the basement.

Mary follows her at a safe distance.

Viviane stops at a wall and lights more candles, revealing an old wooden door with an massive, metallic knob.

MARY (CONT'D)

I didn't know our basement had an ancient, freaky door in it.

VIVIANE

Because it doesn't belong here.

MARY

What?

VIVIANE

This is why our house is haunted. They are coming from *this*. This isn't a door, it's a portal. It all comes from *here*. It all makes sense now!

Mary sighs and rolls her eyes.

MARY

Not this again. We've been through this a million times before.

VIVIANE

It's real this time! It's not a mistake, I promise!

MARY

I'm taking you back to the hospital.

Mary grabs Viviane's wrist and pulls her away. Viviane resists and breaks free.

VIVIANE

Please, listen to me! I already have the crystal to stop them from crossing to our world!

MARY

No! I'm not doing this anymore! Do you hear yourself? I'm done running after you! I'm done looking for you in every forest in the province. I'm done being your emergency contact! Do you have any ideas how scared mom is? What I'm supposed to say to her? "Sorry mom, but we're on a secret mission in a parallel dimension? Gotta call you back."?

VIVIANE

I appreciate everything you've done for me, really, but you have to understand. This is not a joke. They will be back, and we're the only one who can stop them.

MARY

I'm not listening to you. I miss my sister. I miss the Viviane before the drugs, before you dropped out, before you gave up on yourself. I want Vivi back!

VIVIANE

I miss you too, Mary. You have no idea, but this—  
*(She points at the door)*  
 This is for the greater good.

MARY

I'm going to force those meds down your throat.

Mary grabs Viviane by the neck and tries to force her mouth open. The two women struggle, crashing on the ground. Punches cut through the air. The BAG OF PILLS drops on the floor.

Suddenly, the door slams open. On the other side: vast sand dunes under a pale moonlight. A cold wind blows into the basement, extinguish every candles. Viviane freezes, fear warping her expression.

VIVIANE

*(whispering)*  
 They're here.

A long, clawed hand grabs Mary by the ankle and yanks her through the door. She screams, scrambling to hold onto Viviane, but the hand is stronger. She's pulled into the dunes.

Viviane jumps on her feet and run after her, but the door slams shut in her face. She grabs the knob, but it crumbles to ashes in her hands. She screams, pounding on the door, crying. She collapses, gasping for breath.

On the ground, she sees the BAG OF PILLS. She picks it up, opens the bottles, and swallows them all. Then, she lies down on the cold floor, silent, in the dark.

THE END