

VIKKI

~~No, I'm fine. Seriously. I just
need a minute.~~

~~Vikki races out of the kitchen. The three look at each
other. "What the fuck was that about?"~~

~~INT. BATHROOM - SAME~~

~~Vikki leans over the bathroom sink. She reaches and grabs
for gauze out of the medicine cabinet. She slowly peels the
dish towel off her hand and looks down at the burn.~~

~~We see the severity of the burn. Disgusting. She quickly
runs her hand under the cold water of the sink. After a few
moments, she dabs her hand with a dry towel and wraps her
hand in gauze, wincing at the pain.~~

~~She stands up and looks at herself in the mirror. She
notices blood dripping from her nose again. She wipes it
away. She opens the medicine cabinet and finds Advil. She
pops a few of them, takes a deep breath and exits.~~

~~INT. DINING ROOM - SAME~~

~~The dining room table is set with a nice white linen table
cloth. Plates are out, Emma is putting food on each of them.
Mike and TJ are already seated at the table.~~

~~Vikki enters and sits down.~~

MIKE

(leaning towards Vikki)
Hey, how's your hand?

VIKKI

It's fine.
(to Emma)
Emma, the food looks delicious.

Mike keeps his concerned stare at Vikki for a beat.

EMMA

Thank you, thank you.

TJ has no manners and is already shoveling food into his
mouth.

TJ

She cooks up a nasty meal in the
kitchen and well, I cook up a nasty
meal in the bedroom.

EMMA

TJ, what the fuck?

TJ winks at Emma.

Vikki reaches over with her wounded hand and tries to scoop potatoes onto her plate. It's too painful for her to grab them. Mike grabs the spoon out of her hand.

MIKE

Here, let me.

Mike puts a scoop of potatoes on Vikki's plate.

VIKKI

Thanks.

Mike is still concerned about Vikki.

Emma raises her glass.

EMMA

Well, I'd like to make a toast.
Here's to a great weekend away from
the city. To great friends and a
great meal.

TJ

Here here!

They all clink glasses and take a sip.

TJ (CONT'D)

So Mikey, how's the new job going?

MIKE

So far so good. Just got a big
promotion so more money, but more
work. It's kind of a love hate
thing.

Vikki starts to zone out. Her vision becomes a blur as the conversation fades out. We see Mike still talking and laughing with TJ and Emma.

Out of the corner of her eye, the shadowy figure appears, moving closer to the table. He's standing behind Mike.

MONTAGE

-Mike screams as blood drips from his eyes.

-Mike slices his wrists. Blood squirts everywhere.

-Mike covered in blood at the table.

-Mike dead, his throat slashed open.

BACK TO SCENE

EMMA

Vikki --

Vikki snaps out of it. Mike is fine.

VIKKI

Yeah?

EMMA

I asked how your job was.

VIKKI

Good. It's good.

EMMA

Okay --

MIKE

So TJ, I don't think I ever heard how the two of you met.

EMMA

(to TJ)

Wanna take this one?

TJ

My pleasure. Actually it was your pleasure, but anyway -- I was hired to DJ this wedding. Young bride, tons of hot, single friends... enter Emma.

(sips beer)

Now she's eyeballing me all night. From across the dance floor I can see her checking me out. So, being the suave and sophisticated man that I am, I put on some sappy 90s boy band song, went out on that dance floor, grabbed her by the hand and serenaded her with my hips.

Mike laughs.

EMMA

It was very romantic.

MIKE

And that worked?

TJ

(motioning to himself)

Mike, I mean, come on.

Vikki looks towards Mike. The shadowy figure still standing in the shadows behind him.

Under the table, Vikki starts to unravel the bandage covering her wound. We see her starting to pick at the bloody skin on her hand. At her feet a puddle of blood is starting to gather.

The conversation is inaudible to Vikki. Mumbling, words slurring together. Emma, TJ and Mike are having a good time, laughing, talking, but Vikki is lost in her own world.

Her face is emotionless and pale. She begins scratching her arm under the table, getting harder and harder until finally she breaks the skin with her sharp nails. She continues to scratch, digging her nails deeper and deeper into her arm tearing the skin apart. Blood is now on her pants, the puddle quickly growing.

The shadowy figure has now moved closer to her, almost seeming to hover above her.

Vikki raises her hand over the table, reaching for the shadowy figure. Blood drips profusely onto the white linen cloth.

The table freaks out.

TJ (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

Vikki releases a blood curdling scream and bolts from the table.

EMMA

There's blood everywhere.

TJ

I'm going to be fucking sick.

TJ dry heaves. They all look at each other terrified and confused.

EMMA

(to Mike)

What the fuck Mike?

Mike just shakes his head speechless. Mike stands up and races after Vikki.

~~INT. HALLWAY -- SAME~~

~~As Mike races towards the bedroom, he notices blood streaks on the wall. He even slips on blood that's spilled on the floor and falls flat on his back.~~

~~MIKE
Son of a bitch.~~

~~INT. BEDROOM -- SAME~~

~~A blood soaked hand print on the door. Mike slowly pushes it open. He turns on the light. His hands and arms are covered in Vikki's blood.~~

~~MIKE
Vikki?~~

~~The bathroom door is open a jar. The shower is on, steam coming out from under the door.~~

~~MIKE (CONT'D)
Vik?~~

~~At the edge of the bed sits a pile of blood soaked clothes. Mike picks up her shirt. The blood is stained deep. He places it back on the bed and makes his way towards the bathroom door.~~

~~MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey Vikki? Are you in there?~~

~~INT. BATHROOM -- SAME~~

~~Mike slowly pushes open the door, steam fogging his vision. The fog clears and he sees Vikki, naked, in the fetal position. She is cut up, soaked in blood. The water in the shower stained red. She is crying.~~

~~MIKE
Vikki, oh my God!~~

~~He reaches for her, she pulls away. She looks up at him.~~

~~VIKKI
(crying)
What is wrong with me?~~