

Yarn

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MEGAN SHONE (20s) sleeps, but not for long.

Through the room's dark threshold limps AUNT WYNNE (70s).

The incoming moonlight falls upon the old woman's face, the skin textured like a shelled walnut.

Looped around Aunt Wynne's head and shoulders: thirty yards of four-ply wool yarn.

She looks like she's haplessly escaped from the web of some colossal, sci-fi spider.

In her hand: A knitting needle, sharp, long-shafted.

A belly-deep moan from Aunt Wynne shocks Megan awake.

Megan shrieks, scared witless. Snap. On goes her night lamp.

MEGAN  
Stay the fuck back!

Recognition sets in.

MEGAN  
Aunt Wynne. Jesus.

AUNT WYNNE  
No cursing in front of me.

MEGAN  
But you scared the shit...

She reconsiders her words.

MEGAN  
My heart is pounding. Oh, God.

Megan assesses her aunt.

MEGAN  
What's wrong? What's on your head?

Aunt Wynne jabs points the knitting needle at Megan.

AUNT WYNNE  
Gotta tell you a secret. The time's  
come.

MEGAN

Let me fix you some tea and get you  
back to bed.

AUNT WYNNE

Piss on your tea. This secret's  
gotta be told right now.

Megan slips out of bed.

AUNT WYNNE

Your life depends on knowing it.

MEGAN

Give me four more hours of sleep  
and then you can share any secret  
you want with me.

AUNT WYNNE

Shame on me for not telling you  
sooner.

A glance out the window.

AUNT WYNNE

Should've taught you how to protect  
yourself. Should've taught you how  
to ward off his hex. Everything's  
aligned. Tonight's the night.

MEGAN

Let's get you back into bed. You're  
all worked up.

Aunt Wynne tugs on the yarn that hangs from her neck.

AUNT WYNNE

I ain't worked up. What I am is a  
hag. Washed up. Got mold and  
barnacles in me. Hook worms.

The old woman takes Megan's hand.

AUNT WYNNE

I wanted you to stay innocent, so I  
told you nothing. Kept you in the  
dark. But he's here. You gotta  
listen up.

She coughs and spasms.

AUNT WYNNE

I'm so sorry. So sorry.

Aunt Wynne clutches her stomach, seizes up, and collapses.

Every muscle rigid. Eyes wide and wild. Lips pulled back, locked in a rabid opossum grin. Teeth with a greenish tint.

Megan screams and rolls the woman to the side.

Unable to break her aunt out of her fit, Megan reaches for her cell phone on the nightstand and dials.

She shouts to the emergency dispatcher:

MEGAN

My aunt's having a seizure. I need help.

She listens to instructions, but the phone dies.

A loud cry of frustration.

MEGAN

Hang in there, Aunt Wynne.

Megan grasps a blanket from the bed, wraps it around Wynne. She pulls her close and tries to speak with a hopeful tone.

MEGAN

They'll be able to locate my call. Someone's on the way.

A hint of panic, but Megan forces it away.

MEGAN

I'm here for you, Auntie.

Wynne glares, lips stretched as far as they'll go.

MEGAN

You and me together. Always.

Megan's tears fall. Her voice is tender, earnest.

MEGAN

Us against the world.

Megan tries to hum a familiar tune to calm her aunt, but her effort is scattered and unmelodious, so she hugs her tighter.

The old woman gags. Her lips flutter and clamp together.

Hack. Cough. Up her esophagus rushes a large glob.

Lips bulging, Aunt Wynne coughs and spits something out.

Onto the floor flops a spotted goldfish, eyes stupid and cold, flecks of black and gray.

Droplets of silvery water collect on the floor as the fish flails.

Megan recoils in disgust.

MEGAN

Oh, Christ. Did you eat that?

Aunt Wynne's rabid, shitty grin returns. Her arm spasms and she points unsteadily to the dying fish.

She grunts out indiscernible instructions.

Megan gawks at the flapping, gulping fish. Hypnotized by it.

She springs to action. A quick dash to the bathroom. The sound of a running faucet. Megan returns with a water glass.

Megan scoops the fish and plops it into the glass.

Relieve for the Aunt Wynne's stomach fish.

Grunts and moans from Wynne. Vaguely approving, perhaps.

MEGAN

Oh, crap! Oh, shit!

Megan shouts to anyone who will hear.

MEGAN

Help!

Aunt Wynne gags again. Out of her mouth comes a single black marble.

It rolls past Megan and into the dark, unlevel corner at the end of the room. The rolling is amplified, unnatural.

One more marble pops out of the old woman's mouth. This one sputters and comes to rest near Megan's knee.

She holds it up. Perfectly dark. Perfectly luminous.

Megan's eyes connect with Aunt Wynne. Desperate to hang on.

The night lamp flickers and dies. The room is once again lit only by faint moonbeams.

The marble in the far corner rolls again on its own.

The shadows from the corner shift. Where the marble came to rest stands something humongous and misshapen.

For now, the hulking entity is hidden in the shadows.

But it takes one small, terrible step forward.

Panicked breaths from Megan. She leans closer to her aunt.

MEGAN

What's happening? Tell me. What is that thing?

Another step closer by the dark hulk.

Aunt Wynne shudders. Her arm spasms, her hand clutches the knitting needle.

She thrusts it forward in a wild jerk, nearly taking out Megan's eye.

Megan pulls the needle away.

The old woman's breathing falters. She croaks out two final words...

AUNT WYNNE

Your...uncle.

The old woman sags into death. Megan clutches her, pushes on her chest to revive breathing, lifts her head in desperation.

As she does this, Megan gets entangled with yarn. It's everywhere. Around Megan's arms. Around her shoulders. In her hair.

As Megan struggles to untangle herself, the shadow of the dark hulk falls upon her, ready to engulf her completely.

Megan clutches the knitting needle and swings it wildly, a hopeless defense.

Slash. A moan. The shadow falls away. The needle worked.

The dark hulk retreats back to the corner--for now.

Megan stares at it. A standoff.

MEGAN

(to the dark hulk)  
Keep the fuck back.

She slashes the needle in the air as a warning.

A quick glance at Aunt Wynne's corpse.

MEGAN

What do I do, auntie?

No answer to that rhetorical question. The dark hulk drifts forward again.

Megan's eyes dart about the vicinity. She spots the yarn, the black marble, the knitting needle, and the ugly fish.

Her face fills with understanding.

Slowly, deliberately, Megan gathers the yarn and makes a large circle with it--approximately five feet in diameter.

Next, Megan grabs a few more strands of yarn and positions them carefully alongside the marble and the fish.

The arrangement of these items has an ancient appearance--witchcraft from the Old World.

Each item is a talisman. Together, they represent a makeshift pagan circle of protection.

She points the needle toward the dark hulk.

MEGAN

You can't get me in here, can you?

A nervous nod from Megan. A half-smile.

MEGAN

Guess I catch on pretty quick.

She points the knitting needle toward the dark entity. A glance at her dead aunt.

MEGAN

Thank you, auntie, for protecting me.

The dark entity shifts.

It drops a black marble to the floor.

The marble rolls ominously and comes to rest alongside Aunt Wynne's corpse. Right by her ear.

As soon as the marble touches Aunt Wynne, her corpse stirs to life. The old woman's body lurches and sputters and scurries off into the corner next to the dark hulk.

MEGAN

Aunt Wynne!

Megan takes two steps toward her aunt, but stops herself just before stepping over the protective yarn circle.

Megan peers into the dark corner, desperately trying to catch sight of her revived aunt.

MEGAN

Get away from that corner, Auntie.

Swish. Clomp. Swish. Clomp.

Lurching from the shadows is Aunt Wynne's corpse.

But it's not the same version of Aunt Wynne anymore.

This resurrected "Aunt Wynne" is covered in black yarn. Black yarn over the face. Black yarn across the torso.

Dripping from the ends of the fabric: a foul oil, dark as midnight. It leaks on the floor and spreads.

Resurrected Aunt Wynne shuffles unnaturally--all of her joints completely akimbo.

She's like a puppet on a string. Nightmarish. Jittery.

Megan takes a step back.

MEGAN

You're not my Aunt Wynne!

Swish. Clomp. Swish. Clomp. Aunt Wynne lurches forward.

MEGAN

Aunt Wynne would never hurt me!

Frightened breaths.

MEGAN

Us against the world, right?

Aunt Wynne reaches the circle of protection that Megan had created.

MEGAN

You aren't welcome in this circle!

After the slightest hesitation, the awful Aunt Wynne lurches into the circle--no harm to her whatsoever.

Megan screams. She swings the needle at her aunt.



A glancing blow. Ineffective. The old woman grasps Megan by the throat.

Megan sputters. She foams at the mouth. She tries to scream, but she can't.

Her mouth is full of wet, black yarn.

With desperate eyes, she looks to the corner occupied by the dark hulk. It's coming her way--fast.

Something falls over Megan's eyes, obscuring her vision. It's a strand of dark yarn.

A second strand falls over Megan's line of sight. A third. More and more.

It's not long before the strands have blocked everything out.

She's been completely overtaken, buried in yarn.

One last muffled cry from Megan, followed by eternal darkness.

FADE OUT: