

FAMILY

Short, Horror

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1. INT. DERELICT BUILDING - NIGHT

The camera follows a man (early 40s, unkempt appearance, wearing worn clothes) as he drags a heavy black bag along the floor. His face is hidden; only his silhouette is visible in the dim light. Dust particles float in the air, disturbed by his movement.

CLOSE-UP on his hands, smeared with dirt and something darker. The house is filled with old furniture, decaying antiques, and relics from the past. Every step echoes ominously through the derelict house.

The man stops in front of a large, old chest. He heaves the bag up and drops it inside with a dull thud. He pauses, listening to the silence, then slowly closes the chest.

2. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The camera shifts to a first-person perspective—the victim's view. Cautiously, the victim trails the man down the narrow hallway. Faded portraits line the walls, their eyes seeming to follow each movement.

The victim's footsteps are light, almost silent, but suddenly a floorboard creaks beneath them. They freeze.

The man stops mid-step, as if he's heard something. After a long, tense moment, he continues down the hall.

The victim exhales, and then follows.

3. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The victim slips into a dining room filled with cluttered, broken furniture. A long dining table sits in the middle, still set for a meal that never happened. Plates, cutlery, and glasses sit undisturbed, blanketed in dust.

The victim glances toward a nearby cabinet and opens a drawer, revealing strange objects: rusted knives, scratched-out photographs, and small boxes containing animal bones.

A vintage camera sits on a tripod nearby, pointed directly at the dining table, with old tapes stacked beside it.

The victim closes the drawer and leaves quickly.

4. INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The victim ascends a creaky stairway, breathing heavily, each step amplifying the claustrophobic atmosphere. At the top, a door stands slightly ajar.

## 5. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Inside the bedroom, everything is old and broken—torn wallpaper, a cracked mirror, and an unmade bed. The victim's eyes are drawn to a photo frame on the bedside table.

They wipe away the dust, revealing an image of a family: a man, woman, and young girl. The woman's face is scratched out, leaving only the man and child.

A loud creak echoes from the hallway. The victim's heart races.

## 6. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The victim, now panicked, rushes back down the hallway. Their breathing becomes shallow, and their movements clumsy. The sound of approaching footsteps grows louder.

The victim turns a corner—

## 7. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Faceless Caretaker stands in the centre of the room, holding a large knife. He faces the victim, his mask cold and expressionless.

Slowly, the man tilts his head. He has known about the victim's presence all along.

The victim tries to run but is quickly overpowered.

## 8. INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

The screen fades in and out of darkness, blurry at first. Heavy breathing fills the air.

A bag is yanked from the victim's head, and they blink in confusion, gasping for air. The victim is tied to a chair, staring up at the masked figure of the Faceless Caretaker.

A single swinging lightbulb illuminates the room, casting shadows that seem to pulse.

The Caretaker tilts his head, examining the victim. He crouches down and picks up the victim's phone from the floor.

MASKED MAN

You won't be needing that.

CRASH! He smashes the phone on the floor, scattering the pieces.

He leans in close, his voice barely a whisper.

MASKED MAN

What have you seen?

The victim's breathing grows faster, a frantic gasp of panic. They stammer, struggling to speak.

The masked man's voice becomes cold, demanding.

MASKED MAN

I said... what have you seen?

The victim opens their mouth, but only choked sounds come out.

The Caretaker stands, lifting his knife high, the blade glinting under the dim light.

He grabs the victim's hair, pulling their head back, and with one swift motion, drags the knife across their throat.

Blood splatters. The camera falls to the floor, capturing the victim's fading view as blood pools around them.

9. INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

As the camera lies on the floor, blood slowly seeping into view, footsteps approach. The quiet patter of bare feet splashing through the blood echoes ominously.

A young girl (12), dressed in modern, casual clothes, steps into view, her expression calm, unaffected by the horror around her.

She stares down at the victim's body, then looks up at the masked man, her father.

YOUNG GIRL

(calmly)

Daddy, we're going to run out of room soon.

The Faceless Caretaker doesn't respond, his head simply tilting slightly as he observes her.

The girl, as if nothing unusual has occurred, turns and walks away, leaving her father alone with the body.

The camera remains on the floor, watching the blood spread across the ground as her footsteps fade into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK

10. EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

From the victim's first-person view, they regain consciousness in a shallow grave.

Muffled voices—the Faceless Caretaker and the young girl—can be heard.

The bag over their head is lifted, and they gasp for air. Dirt is being shovelled onto them.

The young girl, about twelve, calmly buries the victim, her face shielded by a simple cloth.

FADE TO BLACK

11. EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Complete darkness. The faint sound of scratching grows louder, as though something or someone is digging.

Suddenly, the victim's view returns as air rushes in. The dirt is being cleared from their face. Gasping, they take a deep breath as the young girl's face appears, looking down at them.

She removes her face covering, her expression calm, her gaze steady. She extends a hand, helping the victim sit up in the dirt-filled grave.

YOUNG GIRL  
(shushing gently)  
Breathe... breathe. Daddy likes to  
welcome us this way.

The victim's breathing is ragged, their vision unsteady. The girl pulls down her collar, revealing a long scar across her neck.

YOUNG GIRL  
This is how Daddy welcomes us into  
the family..

The girl tilts her head, watching as the victim's horrified gaze fixates on her scar.

YOUNG GIRL  
(slight, dark smile)  
You're one of us now.

The victim's perspective goes dark as the girl continues to watch, calm and expressionless.

FADE OUT