

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Two young women are having dinner together. Plates are laying out and the two are talking over drinks.

KATIE

I cant believe your grandmother just left you this place. It's so quiet out here.

JEANNA

Yeah, It did take some time getting used to it. I have to keep a fan running in the bedroom at night just to keep me company.

KATIE

You poor thing.

JEANNA

It's been nice, really.

KATIE

Is it weird? Knowing she died in here?

JEANNA

No, not really. She loved this place, and was happy. I kind of feel she's still around.

KATIE

Well, you still have all her stuff here.

JEANNA

Yeah. But to be honest I really didn't know her all that well. Having her stuff here in a strange way lets me get to know her a little better.

KATIE

So what have you learned so far? Apart from her affinity for a boat load of knickknacks?

JEANNA

(Laughing)

Smart Ass...

Well she liked art, and sewing, she has a whole closet of un-used material in the back.

(Picking up the bottle they are drinking out of)

She liked Wine obviously. She loved my grandfather, never re-married...and

yes, she has an affinity for  
knickknacks. lol!

KATIE  
(pointing to a strange  
bowl)  
What is that thing by the way? I've  
never seen anything like it.

JEANNA  
This?

KATIE  
Yeah. Is it tribal?

JEANNA  
No, it's actually called a friendship  
cup. It's Italian.

KATIE  
Italian? I would have never guessed  
that. What does it do?

JEANNA  
It doesn't "do" anything. In the  
winter, you fill it with Coffee,  
Grappa which is a kind of Italian  
alcohol and sugar..

KATIE  
Get out of here...

JEANNA  
You light it on fire to heat it up and  
pass it around with your friends to  
drink out of it. Kind of different.

KATIE  
Wow.

JEANNA  
That's odd, there's something rolling  
around in there.

Jeanna shakes it a little, then opens the top of the lid.

JEANNA (CONT'D)  
Oh my god!

KATIE  
What?!

Jeanna pulls out a roll of undeveloped film.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Is that a roll of film?

JEANNA

It's never been developed. It looks old, who knows how long it's been sitting here.

KATIE  
Really? You should have it developed!

JEANNA  
What? I don't know, that's a little morbid isn't it? I'd feel weird.

KATIE  
You said you wanted to get to know her.

JEANNA  
Yeah, but who knows what I might find on there.

KATIE  
(laughing)  
It'll be cute grandma shit. What do you think is going to be on there?!

JEANNA  
Yeah, I guess you're right. I'll think about it.

KATIE  
You gotta call and let me know what you find. Maybe it will be some hot late night rendezvous with the men grandpa didn't know about.

JEANNA  
Eeewww! You're such a perv. She was old, like a sweet caring silver haired grandma! She wasn't banging the mail carrier.

KATIE  
(laughing)  
You never know. My mail carrier is kind of hot.

JEANNA  
(laughing)  
You know you've had too much to drink now. You're cut off after that remark.

KATIE  
I think I have actually. You might have to drive me home girlfriend.

JEANNA  
Well I don't think I'm sober enough to drive either, looks like you will be crashing on the couch tonight.

Jeanna tosses the film back into the bowl and continues talking to Katie. The camera is looking down on the bowl as it pulls back and fades out of the scene.

A WEEK LATER

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeanna comes into the house from work via the front door dressed in office attire and what obviously was a long exhausting day. She walks through the living room dropping down onto a nearby table a closed package of pictures newly developed from the photo lab.

She Walks through the kitchen down the long hall to the bedroom, changes her clothes, takes a bath, and gets ready for a cozy evening at home. She Grabs a glass of wine from the kitchen and sits down on the couch to relax, pulls out the pics from the paper sleeve and starts to go through them.

She sees what first would be some provocative imagery that catches her off guard, then gets to an assortment of cult ritualistic images depicting her grandmother surrounded by candles, and what appears to be her saying chants. As she keeps going through the pile they get more explicit. She starts to notice shapes in the back ground and finally people in the room with her, a dead body bloodied on the floor circled by candles in some gory ritual. Jeanna's heart racing, she stares at this particularly brutal pic obsessively, then realizes there are still more images in the pile.

She slowly turns over the next pic that reveals an image of Jeanna alone in a room sleeping. She drops the rest of the pile on the floor where the images scatter everywhere. A slow pan of the pics show more imagery of Jeanna sleeping with cult like ghostly figures standing around her. Jeanna's realization that she is being photographed while she sleeps in the house leaves her in a state of fear and paralyzation ...a small pause and finally the grandmother apparently back from the grave leaps up with a large butcher knife from under her filling the frame while Jeanna still sits in the chair.

A scream, a flash...and Jeanne sits up breaking out abruptly from what appears to be a bad nightmare. She spills the wine she was holding all over herself and a telephone is ringing in the background.

Still trying to snap out of the alarming vision, she reaches down and picks up one of the photos, slowly bringing herself to see what's on it. She reluctantly turns the photo over to reveal an image of a sweet old grandmother smiling and sitting around a table with friends celebrating her last birthday. She's holding a butcher knife with all smiles as she cuts her own birthday cake

with smiling people around her. She notices all the people around her are from the dream including the stabbed body that was lying on the floor.

The phone is still ringing and finally kicks over to her answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, this is Jeanna. I'm not home right now but if you leave your name and number at the beep, I'll call you back...thanks!...BEEEEP!

KATIE

Hi J, it's Katie. Just thought I would call and say hi. Had a wonderful time over there Sunday evening with you...and was wondering if you ever got those pictures developed. Anyway...call me girlfriend...let me know whats up...love ya...bye.

Jeanna look down at the pic she's holding in her hand one more time and remembers back to what Katie said about the photos initially...

JEANNA

(mumbling to herself)  
It'll be cute grandma shit.

Jeanna shakes her head a little and picks up what is left in the glass of her wine.

JEANNA (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday Grandma...

The Camera starts lifting up to exit the scene slowly while Jeanna starts cleaning herself off and goes about her business. As the camera keeps rising it reveals what appears to be another role of film, but this one is actually hidden in a place that seems like someone was actually trying to hide it.

Fade to black...

The End..