

INT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

An alarm clock is blaring as we fade in on a young man, panicking in his room. As the camera pans past him, we see his body laying in the bed, unmoving.

LOGAN

Come on, man, wake up!

Logan paces for a moment, then throws a pillow across the room. He goes down into the fetal position.

LOGAN

Okay, okay. Breathe. I can figure this out.

CAGE (off camera)

You don't have to figure it out.

Cage appears in his room, standing next to the bed. She looks disdainfully at the corpse, then clicks off the alarm. She carries an umbrella.

LOGAN

Whoa, hey! Who are you? How'd you get in?

CAGE (amused)

I'm the one asking questions! Why are you here? You're dead!

LOGAN

No, no, I can't be dead!

CAGE

Yep, you are.

Cage slaps Logan's dead butt.

CAGE

As dead as they come!

Logan stares in horror for a moment, then collects himself and stands up.

LOGAN

You... are you an angel? Or like, a reaper?

CAGE

Oooh! An angel! That's a nice sound. Reaper is nice, too. Why do you ask?

LOGAN

Are you, like, here to collect my soul?

CAGE
Nothing to collect, *friendo*~

LOGAN
Can you help me? Please, I don't want to die, not yet!

CAGE
Ah, *sweetie*, can't help you there. You're *dead dead*! But, I think I can buy you some more time.

LOGAN
Anything, please!

CAGE
HMMMMMM, okay, I've got an idea.

Cage walks over to Logan, and opens her umbrella. She looks up into it for a moment, and then smiles. She holds it over Logan.

CAGE
Just a moment now, it'll be alright.

LOGAN
Okay.

Logan's form begins to shift, as if there are loading errors or glitches happening all along the edges of his form. His face begins to distort, and he turns to face Cage, but she just smiles. Her own face begins to distort a little, her smile stretching along the sides of her face. He tries to move, but suddenly, his entire body feels heavy.

LOGAN
Help... me...

CAGE (playfully)
What's that? Can't hear you.

LOGAN
... Please...

CAGE (knocking her head)
You'll have to speak more clearly. I'm old, got hearing issues, you know.

LOGAN

It... hurts...

CAGE

Hurts?

Cage leans in, placing her face against his own, tilting slightly.

CAGE

No, no, Logan, it doesn't hurt yet. That'll come soon.

We cut to black.

INT. LOGAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - BEDROOM

Logan's sister, Sasha, is making her way through the house. She is putting away her coat, and seems tired.

SASHA

Logan? I'm home!

After no response, she climbs the stairs. She opens Logan's door, but he is not in his room.

SASHA

Where the hell could he be right now?

She goes to her own bedroom, and preps to fall asleep. As she lays down, she notices something dark and triangular in the corner of her room.

SASHA

Is that my coat?

LOGAN

... It hurts.

SASHA

Jesus christ! Logan? Is that you?

Sasha turns to flick the bed lamp on, then turns back to face Logan, only to be filled with horror. His entire bloodied body has been contorted into a diamond shape, crushed and twisted against his will. A long arm twists around him like a rope. As he begins to unfurl, we fade to black.