

The Weekend - Scary Story (C0156)

A: Oh no! The lights went out! Honey can you light a candle?

B: Sure. What do we do now?

A: Well, we can just talk, you know, like we used to. Hmm... I know! I'll tell you a scary story! It happened to me and my dad when I was a teenager... (fade out - fade in new s I was living with my father at the time, when he received a phone call.

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Father: (phone rings) Hello? Yes this is him. I see, I'm sorry to hear that. Ok no problem. I'll be there shortly. (hang up the phone) Pack some clothes Tony, my great aunt is very ill and no one in the family wants to take care of her. We are going to stay at her house for a few days.

Kid: Aunt? What aunt? I never knew you had a great aunt!

Father: Well, the family doesn't talk about her or get near her, for that matter.

Kid: Why is that?

Father: Come on, we have to go.

B: So we arrived at this old house on the outskirts of our town. There was almost no one around and the house had an eerie look to it. Once inside the house, we walked to her room and I was surprised to find my dad's great aunt in a wheelchair, yelling at someone, but we were alone in the room.

Father: Hi, aunt Ursula! This is my son Tony.

Ursula: Why have you come? Why are you here? Don't you know it isn't safe? My time is near, he is coming for me.

Kid: Who is coming for you?

Ursula: The prince of darkness! The lord of the underworld, the tempter, the old serpent.

Father: Come on, aunt Ursula let's lay you down. You need to get some rest. Tony, help me lay her down.

B: That night, we slept in one of the 12 rooms of that big old mansion. The trees outside seemed to come alive and their shadows formed ghoulish shapes on my bed. All of a sudden, we heard screaming.

Ursula: Ursula: (muffled distant screaming, kid runs towards the sounds - her volume increases) Ahhh! Get off me beast! I won't let you take me! Ahhh!

Kid: Dad! Dad! Something is attacking aunt Ursula!

Ursula: Ursula: Take your claws off me! Go back to the underworld you demon! I shall be judged before you can take me!

Father: The door is jammed! Stand back! (kicks the door down) Aunt Ursula! Where are you?

Kid: Over here! (heavy breathing fx)

B: And as we approached her, she was lying on the floor, with her hands and feet open like the Vitruvian Man, breathing heavily with bloody marks and scratches on her arms, legs and face. Remember how I mentioned that she was in a wheel chair? My aunt had been paralyzed from the neck down for just over a year. After this incident, strange things would happen in the house and my aunt would yell and scream, according to her, warding off the evil that had come to get her. As the days passed, she became very weak and eventually was unable to talk. My dad had to work during the day, so I was left to care for her. When she lost her voice and laid on her death bed, I would hear her breathe, in and out.

Ursula.: (Breathing wheezing fx spaced out between inhale and exhale)