

REBECCA'S REVENGE

A Horror Short Film

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FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A stark, claustrophobic room. Harsh fluorescent light buzzes overhead. One metal table. Two chairs. A two-way mirror reflects nothing but darkness.

REBECCA TASSO (19), sits alone. Her black Adelphi Auxiliary Campus polo is torn across the chest, soaked in crimson. Blood mats her dark hair to her pale face. Her hands—cuffed to the table—tremble uncontrollably.

She rocks back and forth, her breathing shallow and ragged. Her bloodshot eyes stare at something we cannot see.

The door CREAKS open.

DETECTIVE CORTEZ (29), enters carrying a manila folder. He's young for a detective—tan skin, dark eyes that have seen too much. He wears a wrinkled button-down and a trench coat he hasn't had time to remove.

He pulls out the chair across from Rebecca. The metal legs SCRAPE against concrete.

DETECTIVE CORTEZ

Rebecca. I'm Detective Cortez.

No response. Rebecca's eyes remain fixed on the floor.

DETECTIVE CORTEZ

Do you know where you are right now?

Rebecca continues rocking. Her lips move silently—forming words only she can hear.

DETECTIVE CORTEZ

(leaning forward)

Rebecca... can you tell me what happened tonight? At your grandmother's house?

Rebecca's rocking intensifies. A tear cuts through the dried blood on her cheek.

REBECCA

(barely audible)

I didn't... I didn't do it.

DETECTIVE CORTEZ

What was that?

REBECCA

(louder, desperate)

I didn't kill her.

Cortez opens the folder. Slides crime scene photos across the table.

CLOSE ON: An elderly woman—SELENA TASSO (84)—sprawled on a kitchen floor. Stab wounds covering her neck, face, stomach, arms. Blood pooling beneath her.

Another photo: A kitchen knife, slick with blood and tissue.

Another: Fingerprints. Rebecca's fingerprints.

Rebecca recoils, gasping. She squeezes her eyes shut.

REBECCA

No. No, no, no—

DETECTIVE CORTEZ

Your fingerprints are on the murder weapon, Rebecca. You were found standing over her body. If you didn't do it... then who did?

Rebecca's eyes snap open. Wild. Terrified. She strains against her cuffs.

REBECCA

(screaming)

SHE DID! She made me do it! I had no control! SHE killed my grandmother!

Cortez stares at her. Unsettled.

DETECTIVE CORTEZ
(quietly)

Who?

Rebecca's mouth opens. But the name won't come.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "REBECCA'S REVENGE"

TITLE CARD: "THREE WEEKS EARLIER"

EXT. ADELPHI UNIVERSITY - DAY

A beautiful autumn morning. Cherry blossom trees line the walkways. Students bustle between classes.

Rebecca walks alone, earbuds in, head down. She clutches her nursing textbooks to her chest like armor. Other students flow around her—she's invisible to them.

REBECCA (V.O.)

College was supposed to be my fresh start. A chance to be someone new. Someone who hadn't lost everything.

She passes a bulletin board: "ADELPHI NURSING PROGRAM - EXCELLENCE IN CARE."

REBECCA (V.O.)

I promised my parents I'd finish. Before the fire took them. Before I learned what it meant to be truly alone.

INT. SELENA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

A modest but well-kept home. Religious icons and family photos line the walls. The smell of garlic and tomatoes fills the air.

SELENA TASSO (84) stirs a pot at the stove. Despite her age, she moves with purpose. Her white hair is pinned back neatly. A crucifix hangs at her neck.

Rebecca enters through the back door.

SELENA

(without turning)

You're late.

REBECCA

Sorry, Grandma. Had to pick up extra shifts at the maintenance office.

SELENA

Hmm. Wash your hands. Dinner's almost ready.

Rebecca moves to the sink. Notices a photograph on the counter—a much younger Selena in academic regalia, standing before Adelphi's nursing building.

REBECCA

I didn't know you kept this out.

Selena stiffens. Just slightly.

SELENA

Found it while cleaning. Old memories.

REBECCA

What was it like? Being a professor there?

A beat. Something flickers across Selena's face—fear? Guilt?—then vanishes.

SELENA

That was a long time ago, Rebecca. Another lifetime.

She turns off the stove. Her hand trembles as she reaches for the serving spoon.

SELENA

(changing subject)

Your mother would be proud of you. Following in my footsteps.

REBECCA

I'm following in hers. She wanted to be a nurse too, remember?

Selena doesn't respond. She stares at something distant—memories she's buried deep.

INT. ADELPHI UNIVERSITY - BASEMENT STORAGE - DAY

Fluorescent lights flicker in a cramped storage room. Decades of forgotten equipment, old furniture, and dusty boxes crowd the space.

Rebecca, wearing her work polo, drags a heavy box toward the door. She wipes sweat from her forehead.

A BOX TOPPLES. Old teaching supplies scatter across the floor—chalk, erasers, yellowed papers.

And something else.

Rebecca bends down. Her fingers brush against something cold. Metal.

She lifts it into the light: An ANTIQUE BRASS BELL. Ornate. Beautiful. Tarnished with age.

She turns it over. Etched on the bottom:

"PROF. S. TASSO - NURSING DEPT - 1975"

REBECCA

(to herself)

Grandma?

She examines the bell closer. Something about it feels... wrong. Heavy in a way that has nothing to do with weight.

Her SUPERVISOR calls from down the hall.

SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

Tasso! Break time's over!

Rebecca hesitates. Then slips the bell into her backpack.

INT. REBECCA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A small, sparse room. Nursing textbooks stacked on a desk. A single photo of Rebecca's parents by her bed.

Rebecca sits cross-legged on her bed, examining the bell. She runs her fingers over the engravings.

She sets it on her nightstand. Reaches for her phone.

Her elbow KNOCKS the bell.

It falls. Hits the floor.

RINGS.

The sound is WRONG—deeper than it should be, resonating in her chest, behind her eyes.

Rebecca GASPS. Clutches her head.

FLASH - A young woman in a 1970s nursing uniform, collapsing.

FLASH - Dirt being shoveled into a hole.

FLASH - A face, screaming, trapped behind glass.

Rebecca's eyes roll back. She COLLAPSES onto the bed.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ADELPHI UNIVERSITY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rebecca stands in a darkened corridor. The building is empty. Silent.

She looks down at her hands. They're not her own—or they don't feel that way. She flexes her fingers experimentally.

A JANITOR rounds the corner, pushing a cart.

JANITOR

Hey! Students aren't supposed to be here after hours—

Rebecca's head SNAPS toward him. Her eyes are DIFFERENT. Darker. Filled with cold fury.

She LUNGES.

CUT TO BLACK.

SOUND: A man SCREAMING. Then silence.

INT. REBECCA'S DORM ROOM - MORNING

Rebecca JOLTS awake. Morning light streams through the window.

She's back in her bed. Fully clothed. No memory of how she got there.

She looks at her hands. Her FINGERNAILS are dirty. Broken.

And on her shirt—a DARK STAIN she doesn't recognize.

REBECCA

(panicked)

What the hell...

Her phone BUZZES. A text from a classmate:

"OMG did you hear? They found the night janitor. Something attacked him in the hallway. He's in the ICU."

Rebecca's blood runs cold.

INT. ADELPHI LIBRARY - DAY

Rebecca hunches over a computer in a dark corner of the library. Her hands shake as she types.

SEARCH: "Adelphi University missing student 1970s"

Results populate. An old newspaper article:

"NURSING STUDENT VANISHES - Jessica Rodriguez, 21, last seen on campus"

A grainy photo shows a young woman—Hispanic, bright smile, nursing cap.

Rebecca clicks to another article:

"PARENTS OF MISSING STUDENT DIE - Broken Hearts, Family Claims"

She scrolls faster. Finds an old faculty photo.

A younger SELENA TASSO stands with the nursing department. Stern-faced. Unsmiling.

And standing in the back row—Jessica Rodriguez.

REBECCA

(whispered)

Grandma... what did you do?

INT. SELENA'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Rebecca creeps through her grandmother's attic, flashlight cutting through dust and cobwebs.

She finds an old trunk. Forces it open.

Inside: Newspaper clippings. A student ID—JESSICA RODRIGUEZ. A nursing exam marked with a large red "F." Photos of a young Jessica.

And at the bottom: A faded letter.

Rebecca reads, her face illuminated by the flashlight:

SELENA (V.O.)

(reading)

She came to my office. Demanding I change her grade. She didn't understand—I couldn't. My position was already under review. Her diabetes... she became so upset. She collapsed. I didn't know what to do. By the time I checked, she wasn't breathing. I buried her where no one would look. God forgive me.

Rebecca drops the letter like it's burned her.

DOWNSTAIRS—a DOOR CREAKS.

SELENA (O.S.)

Rebecca? Are you home?

Rebecca doesn't answer. Can't answer. Her world is crumbling.

INT. SELENA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca descends the stairs. Her grandmother stands in the doorway, grocery bags in hand.

Selena FREEZES when she sees Rebecca's face. The horror. The betrayal.

SELENA

Rebecca... what's wrong?

Rebecca holds up Jessica's student ID.

REBECCA

Who is she?

The color drains from Selena's face.

SELENA

(carefully)

Where did you find that?

REBECCA

I found everything. The letter. The exam.
What you did.

SELENA

You don't understand—

REBECCA

(exploding)

You let her die! You buried her like
garbage! Her parents died not knowing what
happened to their daughter!

SELENA

It was an accident! I panicked—I was scared—

REBECCA

For forty years, Grandma. Forty years you
kept this secret while I worshipped you.

From somewhere outside—a CHURCH BELL TOLLS.

Rebecca STIFFENS. Her eyes flutter.

SELENA

Rebecca?

When Rebecca looks up, her eyes are WRONG. Darker. Ancient rage
burning behind them.

But her voice—her voice is not her own.

JESSICA (THROUGH REBECCA)

(different voice, slight accent)

Hello, Professor Tasso. Do you remember me?

Selena STUMBLES backward, grocery bags crashing to the floor.

SELENA

(terrified)

No... no, this isn't possible...

JESSICA (THROUGH REBECCA)

You took everything from me. My future. My parents. My life. Now I'm going to take everything from you.

Rebecca/Jessica takes a step forward. Selena BOLTS toward the kitchen.

INT. SELENA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Selena crashes through the kitchen, grabbing for her phone. She dials 911 with shaking hands.

SELENA

(into phone)

Please, someone—my granddaughter—she's not herself—

Rebecca appears in the doorway. Moving with predatory grace.

JESSICA (THROUGH REBECCA)

I waited forty years for this moment.
Trapped between worlds. Feeling my parents' grief. Their broken hearts.

She picks up a KITCHEN KNIFE from the counter. Examines it with clinical detachment.

JESSICA (THROUGH REBECCA)

I was going to be a nurse, you know. I was going to help people. Save lives. And you... you stole that from me because you were afraid of losing your job.

SELENA

(backing against counter)

Jessica... please... I'm sorry—

JESSICA (THROUGH REBECCA)

You're not sorry. You're scared. Like I was scared when I couldn't breathe and you just watched.

SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE—a wind chime TINKLES. Bell-like.

For a brief moment, Rebecca's face FLICKERS. Her own eyes appear—terrified, aware.

REBECCA

(struggling)

Grandma—run—I can't—control—

Then Jessica SURGES back.

JESSICA (THROUGH REBECCA)

NO.

She LUNGES at Selena.

What follows is brutal. Quick. Merciless.

The knife rises and falls. Rises and falls.

Selena's screams echo through the house.

CLOSE ON: Rebecca's face—switching between Jessica's cold fury and Rebecca's horrified awareness. Trapped inside her own body. Watching what her hands are doing.

Finally—silence.

The wind chime TINKLES again.

Rebecca COLLAPSES. The knife clatters to the floor.

She looks down at her hands. Covered in blood.

Then at her grandmother. Motionless. Destroyed.

REBECCA

(shattering)

No... no, no, NO!

She SCREAMS. Primal. Broken.

SIRENS in the distance. Growing closer.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

We're back where we started. Rebecca. Cortez. The crime scene photos between them.

DETECTIVE CORTEZ

Rebecca. I need you to help me understand.
Who is "she"?

Rebecca stares at him. Exhausted. Hollow.

REBECCA

Her name was Jessica Rodriguez. She was a nursing student. Forty years ago, my grandmother... my grandmother killed her. Covered it up. And Jessica... she came back.

Cortez stares at her. Doesn't know what to believe.

DETECTIVE CORTEZ

Rebecca—

REBECCA

I know how it sounds. I know you think I'm crazy. Maybe I am now. But she was real. She was inside me. And she made me—

Her voice breaks. She can't finish.

DETECTIVE CORTEZ

(gently)

The evidence shows only one person was in that house, Rebecca. Only your fingerprints. Your DNA.

REBECCA

(crying)

I know. I know what the evidence shows. But I watched. I was there, trapped inside my own body, and I watched my hands do it. I felt everything. I couldn't stop her.

She looks at Cortez with desperate, broken eyes.

REBECCA

You have to find her body. Jessica's body.
My grandmother buried her somewhere. If you
find her... maybe then you'll believe me.

Cortez is silent. Processing. Unsure.

DETECTIVE CORTEZ

(standing)

I'll... look into it.

He gathers the photos. Moves toward the door.

REBECCA

Detective.

He stops.

REBECCA

The bell. The brass bell I found in the
basement. Don't let anyone ring it. That's
how she comes. That's how she gets in.

Cortez nods slowly. Exits.

Rebecca is alone. She slumps in her chair.

And somewhere, distantly—the soft CHIME of a bell.

Rebecca's head snaps up. Her eyes widen in terror.

She begins to tremble.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - PADDED ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

White walls. No windows. A single bed bolted to the floor.

Rebecca sits in the corner, knees drawn to her chest. She's thinner now. Her hair is longer, unkempt. Her eyes are vacant.

She rocks back and forth. Back and forth.

A NURSE enters with medication.

NURSE

Time for your meds, Rebecca.

Rebecca doesn't respond. Doesn't look up.

The nurse sets down the cup of pills. Notices something written on the wall—scratched into the padding with fingernails:

"SHE'S STILL HERE"

The nurse frowns. Makes a note on her clipboard. Exits.

Rebecca remains motionless.

Then—from somewhere in the building—a BELL RINGS. The call bell of another patient.

Rebecca's eyes SNAP into focus. But they're not her eyes anymore.

A slow SMILE spreads across her face. Jessica's smile.

JESSICA (THROUGH REBECCA)

(whispered)

I'll never leave you, Rebecca. We have so much more work to do.

Rebecca's face SHIFTS. Her own eyes return—filled with absolute terror.

REBECCA

(screaming)

NO! GET OUT! GET OUT OF ME!

She CLAWS at her own face. SLAMS her head against the wall.

ORDERLIES rush in. Alarms BLARE.

CLOSE ON: Rebecca's face as they restrain her. Half her expression is terrified—her own. The other half is smiling—Jessica's.

Two souls. One body. Trapped together forever.

SMASH TO BLACK.

SOUND: A bell rings. Once. Twice.

Then silence.

THE END

"Rebecca's Revenge"

*A psychological horror film about the sins we bury
and the justice that refuses to stay buried.*