

Evil Dead Short

“Oh my, that was scary!” said Sarah, closing her eyes and hugging Chris. She cuddled him on the couch, her arms wrapped around his torso. He sat upright, his arm over her shoulders and gave her a squeeze.

“Yeah, but it was so good! Really does credit to the original. Can’t wait for *Evil Dead Remake 2*,” said Chris.

“Yeah, but I need time to get un-scared,” Sarah giggled as she said the non-existent word. “I’ll just hold you until I’m better ok?” Chris looked down at her and smiled.

They sat on the couch in the small apartment. The only light coming from the lamp in the corner, casting shadows across the room and bathing them in a soft light. After what felt like an hour, Sarah sat up on the couch, fell away from Chris onto the other side and said, as she closed her eyes, “wanna go to bed hunny?”

She didn’t hear a response so she opened her eyes to look at him. He sat perfectly upright and turned only his head as he began to speak, “*we’re gonna get you*,” he said in a masked voice.

Sarah’s eyes widened as confusion washed over her face. “What?” she said nervously.

Chris’ body slumped into a natural state, no longer the rigid posture from seconds before. “You know what was missing, that iconic scene. When the possessed girl is in that basement hatch and then she says ‘we’re gonna get you.’ I mean, it was in the trailers, but not the final cut,” said Chris in his normal voice.

“Ohh, ha ha,” Sarah said, “I gotchya. Yeah, oh well. She closed her eyes and asked him again, “Shall we go to bed? It is kinda late.”

She didn’t hear him respond but felt him get up off the couch. She squinted open her eyes to see him walk over to the bathroom. “I’ll take that as a yes,” she quietly said to herself. She waited on the couch as the minutes passed by, no sound coming from the bathroom. She didn’t notice the absence of sound until ten minutes had passed and he had yet to return. She looked at the bathroom door from the couch on the opposite side of the room. She looked at the sliver of light coming from under the door. She saw flickers of light and shadow. He was in there. He was moving.

“Are you okay, babe?” she said, sitting up on the couch. Concern fell upon her as she said out to him, “Babe, what’s wrong? Everything okay in there?” No response. She got up off the couch and walked over to the bathroom door. She knocked three times before trying the knob. It turned slowly in her hand and she pushed to door open.

Chris was standing with his back to the door. She took a step inside and reached to touch his back when she noticed the blood dripping on the floor. A pool of red had gathered at Chris’ feet.

“Oh my God! What happened!” She shouted as she pulled his shoulder to turn him around. She let out a scream as he turned around and revealed the source of the blood.

In his right hand were a pair of nail scissors, and in his left hand was a piece of his cheek and upper lip. He pulled the skin off his face, cutting with the scissors as he did. He did so silently, as though he felt nothing. A blank expression on his face. Eyes staring straight through Sarah, as if looking into her soul.

Sarah stood in shock as Chris finished cutting off the piece of skin. He dropped the scissors and they clattered across the floor. Blood dripped and oozed from the wound. Sarah took a step backwards as Chris raised his hand and flung the piece of skin at her. It hit her face with a wet smack. Blood splattered across her face. She staggered backwards and fell over onto her back.

Sarah sat up and started to shuffle herself backwards on the floor away from the bathroom door. Chris half-smiled from the doorway, his skin now a pale grey, eyes a brownish yellow. His veins rose from his skin. He moved with an awkward lurching movement as he stepped out of the bathroom. *"You are going to die tonight,"* He said, the masked voice returning from earlier. He cackled as he stepped forward again towards her.

"Oh God, please no!" shouted Sarah, "How is this possible!" She scrambled backwards until she slammed into the couch.

"Nowhere to hide now!"

BANG! A loud thump at the door of the apartment. Sarah turned to look towards the door and then back at Chris. He had stopped moving too. He had heard the sound, so it wasn't just in her head.

BANG! There it was again. Another thump at the apartment door, this time harder. With a third BANG, the door crashed open. It slammed into the wall of the small entrance-way to the apartment, bits of door and frame spraying into the air. Splinters of wood flew forward and in a cloud of sawdust, in stepped a man.

He was tall and slim, but muscular. His wavy dark hair was wet with sweat and grease. His face was determined with large brown eyes and a chin that stuck out predominantly. He was dirty, looked like he had been through hell to get there. His navy shirt was blood-soaked and torn across the stomach and shoulders. His brown pants were splattered with more blood and dirt. In his left hand was a sawn-off shotgun and where his right hand should have been was a chainsaw, rudimentarily attached to the stump of his wrist. The light from the hallway glowed behind this random savior of the night.

Sarah took it all in from her position on the floor. She was baffled to see this man, standing in her apartment. So awestruck in fact, that she forgot about the demonic creature that used to be her boyfriend, lunging toward her.

The mysterious man jumped forward and landed a kick to the demon's ribs, sending him flying across the room, crashing into a side-table. The demon's arm smacked into a radio as he fell, turning it on. Elvis Presley's *Hound Dog* began playing through the radio.

“Hail to the King, baby,” said the stranger. The demon lay motionless on the floor. Sarah got up and, unable to speak from shock, reached forward and gave him a hug, thanking him for her rescue.

“Oh you’re welcome,” he said, squeezing her back with the chainsaw arm.

“Thank you. . .” she trailed off, not knowing the man’s name.

“Ash,” he said with a smile.

She looked up at him, still in disbelief, and hugged him again, burying her face in his chest.

There was a crash from behind them, a blood-curdling yell, and suddenly Ash released from the hug, turning around as he raised his shotgun up, perfectly timed with the lunge of the demon. The barrel of the shotgun sunk into the demon’s open mouth and stopped it in its tracks. Ash smiled and pulled the trigger, blasting its head clean off in a spray of blood.

“Groovy.”