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Creative Writing

### Assignment #7

List of external conflicts:

1. Haunted House (Ghost in the Attic)
2. "Peeping Tom" at the window
3. Scratching at the door
4. No more "special" medicine

Scene: *Katrina and her husband Derek are in the kitchen of their small home in New Jersey.*

"Babe, Tom is pacing outside the house *again*."

"I'm sure the doors and windows are locked but I'll check again." Derek said while glaring out the window at Tom's stout little frame. The bright kitchen lights and heat coming from the stove made seeing Tom hard but anyone with eyes could see the pudgy little man tottering back and forth on the sidewalk outside Number 6, Briarcliff Place.

"He's so weird D. It's almost alarming. I sometimes wonder if maybe he's lonely or in need of company but is afraid to ask."

"You're always trying to help someone Katrina. Some people are past the point of psychological aid and just need to be put away."

"That's not nice Derek!" Katrina scolded, propping herself up onto the granite counter in front of the kitchen window.

"It's true. Your PH.D in all these demented nut-jobs must have taught you at least that. Some people just need a good kick in the...."

"Derek! Now he's just standing there. He's just standing there staring at the house."

Derek scoffed and walked to where his wife stood peering at Tom through the blinds. As Katrina explained, Tom stood dead center in the middle of the sidewalk staring intently at the house. His expression showed some confusion, like he didn't remember quite where he was. "What a creep! Get of the counter and away from this window. By this point, he must know how often you sit up on this counter."

“That’s so creepy, don’t you think? That he’s out there so much that he would know that this is my favorite spot. Maybe I should go talk to him, Derek. I’ll grab my notes.”

“I don’t think anyone is gonna want to be analyzed by you Kat – especially since he didn’t ask for it. Leave him alone and think of your safety for once.”

“I’m just saying. I took a vow to help people like Tom. He carries all the signs of classic depression and paranoia.” Katrina explained animatedly while turning off the stove and removing what looked like dinner for the night.

“Kat, this crap is stupid. I’ve had enough. Tom’s done this every night since we moved in and he only gets creepier and creepier. I’m not gonna let this loser stalk you!”

“It doesn’t bother me because he seems sweet. He’s probably just lonely. Look at his facial expression sometimes. He always looks so confused and HOLY SHIT! Derek! Tom is at the window!”

Derek looked up just in time to see the blinds snap off as Kat fearfully pulled her hand back. Her chicken dinner was splattered all over the kitchen sink.

“Back the fuck up! Back up NOW or I’ll call the police loser!”

Tom stared at Derek’s livid expression with confusion.

“Tom! I think he’s trying to get in!” Katrina exclaimed, as Tom raised his hand to the glass. Derek slammed his door against the window seemingly breaking Tom’s trance. Tom eyes darted up to where Derek stood livid and briskly walked away from the window. As he crossed the street he stopped and looked back toward the house. As Derek yelled lewd and violent things out of the small kitchen window Tom mouthed “I’m sorry” and quickly darted into his small home across the street.