

## "Sleep Witch"

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CA. - WILSHIRE AND VINE - DAY

Cars move about the busy intersection. In the **B.G.**, people can be seen moving about on the sidewalks, coming and going, in and out of various businesses.

Cars move through the intersection, both ways on Wilshire. The light changes from green to orange, to red.

A red lead car, northbound on Vine, moves to drive. From **O.S.** out of nowhere, a tires skidding black sporty luxury car on Wilshire that attempted to beat the light, crashes into the front end of the red car.

With both cars stopped, and no other cars moving about the intersection, an angry white male JOHN, in suit and tie, jumps out the red car. The female driver in the black car, remains in the driver's seat.

John leaves his door open as he moves to the seated, stunning beauty of a female driver with long black hair, black lipstick, etc. He starts out yelling at her in total rage, before she can utter a word.

JOHN

(to female driver)

What the fuck is wrong with you!  
Didn't you see the fucking light! I  
had the damn right of way! Why the  
fuck didn't you stop, freaky bitch!

(beat)

Well don't just sit there! This is  
your fucking fault!...Who's your  
insurance company!...Are you deaf!  
You're gonna pay for this!

As he **O.S.** continues to (ad lib) yell at her, she gives him a blank emotionless stare...

Scanning toward the back of her car, in the **B.G.**, no traffic is moving in any direction. Several spectators around and about, stare at **O.S.** John, who's still yelling at the female driver.

On the back of her car, her personalized license plate reads in black letters, "W.I.C.C.A."

The female driver continues to stare up at **O.S.** John, who's still ranting and raving at her.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD, L.A. - DAY

John's red car rolls down the suburban street until it makes a right turn up into the driveway of his house. As the car comes to a stop, he's seen in the car still angrily cussing to himself. He gets out to go into the house, still angry. But first, he stops to look at the damage to his car.

JOHN

(to self)

Think cause you're rich, my shit ain't worth nothing. When I get through suing your ass, uma have a Ferrari too.

He unlocks the door, and enters his house, slamming the door behind him.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pacing about his living room, John's on the phone talking to the female driver's Lawyer.

JOHN

(calm)

...My fault. Is that what she said?...Oh, she's got witnesses... Oh, she's contesting the police report. It's in the Judge's hands, huh.

(beat)

Alright...Good bye...

He hangs the phone up, and tosses it bouncing onto a nearby sofa. He stares out with a, "I'll get even" look on his face.

EXT. HIGH CLASS SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT --  
LATER

Seen from the waist up, John who's garbed in all black, including a black wool cap. He looks around left and right, grunting a little. With black gloves on, he lifts into view with both hands, a large heavy rock over his head.

He looks around right quick, then drops the rock, smashing in a large spot on the female driver's black Ferrari's windshield. He picks the rock up again, then smashes it into the car's dome.

With heavy black boots on, he uses his right heel to further damage the windshield. Then with a slight hop, he mashes in the engine hood.

EXT. HIGH CLASS SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT --  
LATER

Dressed to the nines in basic black, the female driver stands looking at her smashed up luxury car. She still has an emotionless look on her face.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT -- LATER

Laying in bed with the covers up to his waist, a shirtless John smirks as he reaches to turn out his nightstand light.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT -- LATER

In the dark bedroom, John tosses and turns while asleep on his pillow, until he finally ends up on his stomach. The covers are still at waist level. He swishes his head from side to side a few times, then suddenly his body jerks some. Afterwards he seems to go rigid, stiff as a board.

With his face turned to the side, suddenly his eyes snap open. Some obvious trauma is written all over his face as he appears to be trying to scream, but can't. His breathing becomes that a pant, where he can't seem to catch his breath. His eyes start to widen as his trauma turns to panic.

At this point, his face lifts from the pillow, but it doesn't seem like it's of his own doing. There's a definite strain on his face as his head rises up. Now the sound of something cracking comes from his neck and spine.

From a wider perspective, his hair appears to be grabbed by an invisible hand as it's being abruptly tugged upward. With all this happening, he doesn't seem to have the ability to move or make a sound.

His hair is being pulled so hard that hairs are seen and heard snapping. He's finally at the point where his head, chest, and stomach are off the bed.

As this continues, the covers slide back off his backside by invisible means. Next, the boxer shorts he's wearing are grabbed and pulled down off his ass.

In midair, they're moved to the side of the bed, then dropped to the floor. Now the same invisible force appears to violently grab and squeeze his buttocks hard, then sharply release them.

Seconds later, what looks like an invisible mouth/teeth biting into his ass cheeks, occurs. Still he shows no means of resistance. Suddenly his hair is released, and his upper body bounces on the bed.

Now still with no ability to move, the same trauma is on his face. Suddenly his legs are thrown open wide like a perfect "Y" formation.

FADE OUT:

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

With the bed sheet around his body from the waist down, John sits on the bed with his back against the headboard. He looks stunned and exhausted. He then slowly moves the sheet away some to look down at his crotch area. Putting the sheet back, he hyperventilates some as he looks around again.

INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE - L.A. - DAY

Sitting at his desk wearing shirt and tie, John stares at a blank computer screen.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frightful and precautious, John climbs into bed. This time in full pajamas. Laying on his side, he pulls the covers up around himself, then reaches to turn the light out.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT -- LATER

An extremely stressed out look is on John's face. His eyes are wide, and his mouth is agape. In a "twist-tie fashion" the bed sheet is around a nude John's neck.

He's hoisted in the air some with the sheet being like a thick rope, pulled up by an invisible force in two different directions, while he's in a sitting position. The cover sheet is up to his thighs, just covering his privates.

As the powerless John is being choked and lifted, at the foot of his bed under the sheet, something is moving toward his covered crotch. As it reaches and stops at his privates, he attempts to cry out, but can't.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

John drives his car up into his driveway. Sitting behind the wheel dressed in his business suit, he doesn't get out the car. Nervous and shakily, he brings a lit cigarette to his mouth a few times for a smoke, all the while staring at his house.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

John stands by his front door in the lighted living room. He looks about with a sense of uneasiness, seemingly afraid to move from that spot.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Still dressed in his business suit, looking all frumpy now, John's asleep on his sofa. He appears to be having a nightmarish dream as his face expresses some sort of trauma. Suddenly he breathes through his nose deeply, as his body stiffens up.

Now like magic, the living room light goes out. Suddenly the stiff, sleeping John's body elevates off the sofa about three feet. Slowly, feet first, his unconscious body floats to, then down the hall to his bedroom.

As the stiff body enters his dark bedroom door, his suit is miraculously torn from his body and dropped to the floor.

INT. JOHN'S DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

With his eyes wide-open, and his mouth agape, John's head is turned to the side. He's again powerless, as his left cheek slides back and forth in a wet drool spot on his bed sheet.

Now from a wider perspective, with the cover sheet over his bare ass, he's on his knees being jolted forward by some invisible force, which makes his cheek slide on the mattress.

FADE OUT:

EXT. FEMALE DRIVER'S CONDO - L.A. - NIGHT

A subdued, humble John knocks at the door of the woman's condo he had the accident with. Shortly, she opens her door to greet him. Not saying a word, she just blankly stares at him...

JOHN

Hi...Please, can I talk to you, for  
a minute?...

FADE OUT:

"THE END"

