<u>CRAFTED</u>

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Countless action figures line up along the shelves, and superhero posters loom over the bed. The colorful carpet's littered with Hot Wheels and other assorted toys.

On the counter sits HAPPY, an old-fashioned puppet in a clown/jester outfit. His face looks warm and colorful. His mouth's slightly open like he was stopped mid-speech.

He leans against the mirror, and his painted eyes stare right at CHRISTIAN, 8, innocent-looking.

Christian tosses and turns, his restless mind unable to sleep amidst the blanket of darkness.

Undrawn windows reveal a rampaging storm outside. One lone tree limb BANGS against the glass like it's trying to sneak in.

Christian's eyes are wide, and they scurry back-and-forth between the rain and his smiley-face night light, his only source of comfort.

Loud THUNDER booms down and echoes through the room, its soundwaves even RATTLING the mirror.

With each STRIKE, Christian cringes and cowers beneath his covers like a soldier in the trenches.

Soon, the turbulences dies down just enough so Christian can only hear the soft rhythm of raindrops hitting the window.

His gaze becomes transfixed by the same tree branch SCRAPING and BRUSHING against the glass.

A low HUMMING resembling a carnival tune travels from the counter.

Christian, startled by the noise, turns and sees Happy still leaning against the mirror.

Happy's green eyes remain fixated on him. His wooden mouth's now shut, yet the noise continues, and there's no doubt who the culprit is.

Christian leans in a little closer, his frightened curiosity getting the best of him.

The HUMMING grows louder and louder, sounding more and more deranged with each round.

Christian trembles and steps out of bed.

CHRISTIAN Happy. Happy, that you?

His foot scrunches an ambulance Hot Wheel while his subsequent steps crush other toys.

CHRISTIAN

Happy.

Once he's a few feet away, the HUMMING stops. Just the pitter-patter of raindrops rings through his ears.

CHRISTIAN

Why--

The night light cuts out, and darkness conquers the surroundings.

Christian glances at the bulb and notices that it's smiling cover has faded into weak obscurity. No more security.

Happy blinks.

Christian, sensing something weird just happened, confronts the figurine again. Happy stays motionless though, almost too still.

CHRISTIAN

Happy.

He reaches out toward the bizarre marionette.

SCRATCHING erupts from the window and stops him in fear.

He faces the window again and looks on toward the same tree limb, its edges like claws SCRAPING the glass.

Happy smiles and leans forward.

HAPPY (V.O.)

Christian.

Christian goes quiet upon hearing the voice run through his mind.

He lays eyes on the live puppet. Happy's smile looks wicked, his once-flamboyant face now flush with paleness.

He advances toward Christian, yet his mouth never moves.

CHRISTIAN

No.

HAPPY (V.O.) We're friends, Christian. I'm not gonna hurt you.

Christian takes a few steps back before he stops and stares at Happy, almost like he's being hypnotized.

HAPPY (V.O.) You've been a good boy, haven't you?

The interaction makes Christian's face go blank. He nods his head with no emotion. Happy's thoughts have him under control.

The puppet nears closer.

HAPPY (V.O.) You can trust me, boy. You can trust, Happy.

Happy stops on the edge of the counter. He raises his wooden arm to motion Christian over toward him.

HAPPY (V.O.) You're gonna listen to Happy, Christian. Gonna listen to me.

Happy's ominous LAUGHTER echoes through Christian's mind. He walks toward Happy in a daze like he's marching to his doom.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Christian's parents' room.

Traditional furniture populates the interior including a large, double bed and a flat-screen television.

A portrait of the nuclear, happy family hangs over the bed.

Several other photographs of them, showing all three members smiling, stand on various counters and shelves.

Outside, the storm lingers on, the lightning picking up like a blinking flash.

Christian's DAD, 35, and MOM, 34, remain sound asleep, both of them oblivious of their surroundings.

The door CREAKS as it swings open.

Christian's feet, encompassed in colorful shoes, step toward the bed. Bells JINGLE on his youth jester outfit.

HAPPY (V.O.) There you go, Christian. Be like me. Feel like me. Act like me.

Bright lightning STRIKES and illuminates Christian's face to be crafted in pale makeup while his gloved hand raises a sharp knife.

His DAD's face awaits the fatal impact.

Happy's CHUCKLES plague Christian's inner psyche like they're being played through a chamber.

Happy stands by the doorway, and the next bolt of LIGHTNING flashes to reveal his green eyes watching in anticipation.

FADE OUT.

THE END