

NIGHT TERROR

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INT. MATTHEWS' HOUSE - KACEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

8-year-old KACEY MATTHEWS, blonde pigtails, peacefully sleeps in her bed. A low-pitched GROWL echoes throughout the room.

Kacey's eyes slowly open... she quickly sits up in her bed.

The closet door opens and in the darkness two BRIGHT RED EYES appear.

KACEY
Mommy! A monster!

The GROWL intensifies, Kacey clenches her blanket.

KACEY (CONT'D)
Mommy!

Kacey throws the blanket over her head. The bedroom LIGHT flicks on.

35-year-old CLARA MATTHEWS, Kacey's mother, enters the room.

CLARA
Kacey, darling.

Kacey throws the blanket off of her head.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What's a matter?

KACEY
(Points to closet)
A monster. A monster!

Clara glances over toward the closet.

The closet doors are closed. Clara approaches.

CLARA
A monster, inside?

Kacey bites her nails as she nods.

Clara shakes her head and opens the closet door. There's nothing but Kacey's clothing inside.

A look of shock forms on Kacey's face.

Clara digs through the closet, moving clothes around to prove no monster resides there.

CLARA (CONT'D)

No monster, Kacey.

Kacey's look of shock stays on her face as Clara tucks her into bed and kisses her forehead.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Now no more of this monster talk. Get some sleep.

KACEY

But Mom-

CLARA

That's enough, sweetie. It's late and I'm tired. Good night.

Clara turns the light off.

KACEY

Night, Mamma.

Clara smiles and leaves.

Kacey pulls the blanket over her head. The blanket SHAKES from her nerves.

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The moon sits off to the left. The time-lapse brings the moon to the middle of the sky.

INT. MATTHEWS' HOUSE - KACEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is quiet, Kacey's BREATHING is the only noise in the room. Her head is still under the blanket.

The bedroom window is cracked open, and fog slowly drifts inside.

The bed violently SHAKES, waking Kacey up. She throws the covers off and grabs her headboard, holding on for dear life.

KACEY

Mommy! Mommy!

The bed's shaking ceases. Kacey ducks her face into her knees. She CRIES.

The fog grows thick on the floor around the bed. It starts to flow up the sides of the bed.

Kacey lifts her head to see the fog.

KACEY (CONT'D)

Mommy!

Kacey attempts to get off the bed but as she does a loud GROWL stops her. She lifts her blanket up to her head and just as her head is about covered, the blanket is yanked off her and the bed.

KACEY (CONT'D)

(Screams louder)

Mommy! Help!

A high-pitched WHIMPER of a puppy startles Kacey.

KACEY (CONT'D)

Huh?

She turns toward the door.

KACEY (CONT'D)

Mommy! Did you buy me a puppy?

She receives no answer. The WHIMPER grows louder. Kacey slowly crawls toward the end of her bed, toward the whimper.

KACEY (CONT'D)

Puppy? You okay?

She reaches the end of the bed and a large green hand with large claws reaches up and grabs Kacey, pulling her off the bed. She CRIES as she's pulled under the bed.

FOOTSTEPS BANG in the hallway. Clara rushes into the bedroom.

CLARA

Kacey, what's-

She stops and stares at the empty bed. Her face turns pale.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Baby, where are you?

Clara rushes to the closet. She opens it, turns the light on, and no Kacey.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(Screams)
Kacey! Baby! Oh, my God, no...

She checks under the bed..

There's nothing under the bed.

Clara jumps up, she grabs her hair.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Kacey... please..

A strong BREEZE blows in from the open window.

Clara's eyes open wide.

She rushes to the window and looks out.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Oh, my God. Kacey!!!

Clara frantically pats her pockets. She pulls out her cellphone.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Let my baby go!

A faint EERIE LAUGH is heard.

NINE-ONE-ONE OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Nine-one-one, what's your
emergency?

CLARA
Send help! Someone has my
daughter!

NINE-ONE-ONE OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Hey, slow down. Who has your
daughter and where?

Clara bites her nails and paces back and forth as she stares out the window.

CLARA

She's, she's outside, and a man has her. He's grabbing her around her neck.

NINE-ONE-ONE OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

What's this man doing? Is he taking her somewhere? Do you know this man? What's he look like?

CLARA

I don't know him and he's wearing one of those old hats, a fedora or whatever. All I can see is his large smile but not his eyes and he's just standing, staring up toward me.

NINE-ONE-ONE OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

Okay, okay. Help is on the way. Don't try to confront-

CLARA

Hey! No, put that down!

NINE-ONE-ONE OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

Put what down? Ma'am?

CLARA

He's got a knife!

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Underneath a dimly lit streetlight stands a MAN in a trench coat and a fedora bent over his eyes.

An eerie grin is on his face. He's holding a knife up to Kacey's neck. His other hand is over her mouth. The man's hands are green with long claws.

CLARA (O.S.)

Let my baby go!

INT. MATTHEWS' HOUSE - KACEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clara paces back and forth. She's shaking uncontrollably.

NINE-ONE-ONE OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
 Remain calm, ma'am. Help is on
 the way. Just let me know if
 he's still there.

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The man's hand that's holding the knife lifts up toward the fedora.

INT. MATTHEWS' HOUSE - KACEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clara leans out the window.

CLARA
 He's still-

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The man grabs the fedora off his head to reveal his whole face. He wears small round glasses and is bald with a bad comb-over.

CLARA (O.S.)
 He took off his hat!

The knife slowly creeps back toward Kacey's neck.

NINE-ONE-ONE OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
 Can you give me a description of
 his face?

POLICE SIRENS are heard in the distance.

The man jerks Kacey's head back even further. The knife is pressed against her neck.

INT. MATTHEWS' HOUSE - KACEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clara frantically jumps up and down, not sure what to do.

CLARA
Let her go, now!

She turns and runs out of the room.

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The man jerks his head back and LAUGHS. He quickly slices the knife from left to right and everything FADES TO BLACK.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The same man on the street wakes up in bed covered in sweat. At the end of the bed his dog, a Golden Retriever, sits up.

MAN
Oh, my, Rocky. I had the
craziest dream ever.

He grabs his glasses off the nightstand and jumps out of his bed. He heads to the bathroom, and the dog follows.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The man flicks on the light and turns the water on. He splashes his face.

The dog lies on the floor, continuing to watch his master.

MAN
Damn, Rocky. That really was a
messed up dream. I suppose you
want to know what it was, huh?

The dog stares at him with a blank expression.

MAN (CONT'D)
Well, I was out in the street,
holding onto some little girl
and I pulled a knife.

The dog gets up and walks over to the tub. The shower curtain is pulled halfway shut.

MAN (CONT'D)

I remember someone yelling at me
from a house. Maybe it was the
girl's mother.

The dog jumps up to look in the tub. He starts to
GROWL.

MAN (CONT'D)

Then I guess I slit her throat.

The dog BARKS.

The man turns the water off and stares at the tub.

MAN (CONT'D)

Rocky? What's gotten into you?

He walks over and taps the dog. The dog jumps back,
and the man pulls back the curtain.

The man falls back, hitting the sink. His face turns a
pale color.

MAN (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Lying in the tub is Kacey. A large wound is on her
neck.

The end.