

# NIGHTMARE

by

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EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT.

Cold night. Suburban middle-class residence. The dining room is the only place lit inside the house. Christmas decorations cover the entire house. Jolly, indeed.

INT. HOUSE -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT.

DAVID (23) and KATE (22) sitting at the dining room table. Eating. Silent.

DAVID  
Did you take the trash out to the  
corner this morning?

Kate hesitant. Shakes her head.

KATE  
Forgot...

David stares at her a long time. He stands, knife in hand, walks to the other side of the table. Lifts the knife above Kate's head and WHAM -- hammers down -- .

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT -- LATER.

David still staring at Kate. In silence. He resumes eating his dinner.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT.

David placing his dirty dish into the running faucet. Turns the water off. Exits the kitchen.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT.

Kate still seated at the dining room table. Plate in front of her.

Dave walks by her. Heading down the hallway.

KATE (O.S.)  
I thought we were going to talk.

David stops. Sighs.

DAVID  
I have work in the morning.

KATE  
So do I.

DAVID  
Then, we'll talk tomorrow. After  
work.

David starts to walk away.

KATE  
DAVE.

David stops again. Turns.

DAVID  
Okay. Talk.

Kate glances at the seat across from her.

David pauses. Sits.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Better?

Kate sits up. Straightens herself.

David waits for her to speak.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Well...?

Kate contemplates her words carefully.

KATE  
My grandmother was seventeen when  
she had my mother... You've met  
her. She's the most bitter woman  
on the planet.

DAVID  
Yeah. She's a bitch...

Silence.

KATE  
Right...  
(beat)  
You've never heard the woman sing.  
She had one helluva voice. She  
could've had a successful career  
as a performer... Not a doubt in  
my mind. But that opportunity's  
passed her by. She'll never have  
it again... She doesn't say it...  
And she never will but she blames  
my mother for stealing that dream  
from her.

DAVID  
And that's no one's fault except  
her own.

KATE  
Let me finish.  
(beat)  
I'm twenty-four. I'm married. I  
own a house. And...

(MORE)

**KATE (CONT'D)**

instead of being overjoyed or proud, I'm depressed. Worried.

(beat)

Dave, I'm scared shitless.

**DAVID**

So our marriage was a mistake?

**KATE**

Goddamnit, I didn't say that.

**DAVID**

Sounded like it...

**KATE**

Are you ready to be a father?

**DAVID**

I can't answer that...

**KATE**

Why not?

**DAVID**

It's not fair. No one knows if they're ready to be a father until they become one.

**KATE**

Maybe you're right...

**DAVID**

You don't think you're ready to be a mother... I'm scared too, Kate...

**KATE**

I suppose... what I'm really trying to ask is... at this point in your life, do you want to be a father?

**DAVID**

Why are we discussing this?

**KATE**

What do you mean? This is pretty goddamn important.

**DAVID**

But it's done. We fucked. You're pregnant. With our child. We can't change that.

**KATE**

We can't?

Silence. David stares. Stands.

**DAVID**

Oh, Jesus...

KATE

If we had the ability to make our situation different... would you do it?

DAVID

Kate, I... I can't believe what you're saying...

KATE

I didn't plan on this...

DAVID

How's that possible? Believe it or not, there's a logic to marriage. Once you marry, move into a house together, -- typically -- the idea is to raise a family. Have children. I don't understand why that's confusing.

KATE

I still want to accomplish things...

DAVID

Such as what? Being an actress? Starring in blockbusters? No. Grow up. Why should our child have to suffer because you can't adjust your schedule?

KATE

I feel we've made a mistake, David...

DAVID

I don't consider it a mistake.

KATE

Has it occurred to you how much our lives will change if we have this baby?

DAVID

Has it occurred to you that maybe I want that change...?  
(beat, rhetorical)  
Do you remember my father at all?

KATE

Of course not... I never met him.

DAVID

And do you recall why, Kate?

Kate silent.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Cause he's the prick sitting in prison for rape.

(beat)

I was conceived on probably the most horrific night of my mother's entire life.

(MORE)

## DAVID (CONT'D)

And she refused an abortion. She doesn't believe a child should suffer the consequences of someone else's fuck ups.

(beat)

And I agree with her.

(beat)

I love my mother too, Kate. As much as you love your own... but that doesn't give us the right to hide behind them...

## KATE

I'm not your mother. And I don't agree with her. Or you. I'm thankful you're here. I truly am. But I wouldn't have made the same decision she did.

## DAVID

Cause you're afraid of responsibility.

## KATE

No. I'm afraid of regret. The moment the doctor gave me the news... I pictured us. Twenty years from now. Kids. White picket fence. The whole clichéd package --

.

## DAVID

But that's what I don't understand, what the hell is so wrong with that?

## KATE

Nothing! Nothing is wrong with that. But it's wrong for me. I don't want that --

## DAVID

Why'd we get married, then?

And there it is. The question on both of their minds.

## DAVID (CONT'D)

You keep saying "I". "Me". "Myself". But this isn't just about you! This --

(points at the ring)

-- isn't for show. We both wear one for a reason. This is a fucking marriage. An 'eternal bond'. It's not just you. Or me. It's us. I don't drop a quarter into a fucking gumball dispenser without your express fucking consent. If we don't both agree on something, then it shouldn't happen.

## KATE

So, you want to be a father.

DAVID

Maybe I do.

KATE

And I don't want to be a mother yet.

(beat)

We don't agree.

(beat)

Now what?

David stuck. Silence.

Kate stares at him. Waiting for an answer.

David turns around. Leaves the dining room.

Kate simply watches him.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- LATER.

Kate and David both asleep. Far apart.

Kate opens her eyes. Abruptly. She takes a deep breath. Sits up in bed. Leaves.

David still sleeps.

A NOISE. Vague.

David opens his eyes. Turns over. Kate's gone.

The NOISE again. From down the hallway. Strange.

David gets out of bed.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT.

David comes to the bedroom door. Stops. Listens.

The sound again. Becoming clearer.

DAVID

Kate?

Silence. Not a sound.

David walks down the hallway. Hesitant.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT.

David turns on the light.

Blood. On the counter. Kitchen knife is missing.

David's eyes gravitate toward the tile floor... More blood. A trail.

The NOISE again. Definitely CRYING.

INT. FAMILY ROOM -- NIGHT.

David follows the trail of blood.

It leads into the den. Which is shut. Light on.

CRYING. It's a baby. Coming from behind the door.

DAVID

Kate?

No response.

David approaches the door. Tries to open it. Won't budge.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Kate?!

The CRIES intensify.

DAVID (CONT'D)

KATE?! Open the door!

No response. The CRIES just become louder.

David's anger and frustration skyrocketing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

KATE!

David pulls. Hard. The door smashes open.

INT. DEN -- NIGHT.

David inside. Standing. Frozen. Looking down at the floor.

DAVID

(inaudible)

KATE!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

David awakens. Eyes burst open. He looks around. Dazed. Forehead perspiring. Heart rate calming.

David catches his breath. Sits up. Collects himself. Turns around. Kate isn't there.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT.

David coming out of the bedroom. Walking down the hallway.

The dining room light is on.



INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT.

Kate sits at the table. Looking out the window. She isn't asleep.

David stares at her for a while. He sits on the otherside, opposite her.

Kate still hasn't acknowledged him. She's looking out the window still.

KATE  
I heard you talking in your sleep.

DAVID  
Bad dream.

KATE  
You want to talk about it?

David shakes his head: 'no'.

DAVID  
Why are you up?

KATE  
Same reason. Couldn't sleep.

DAVID  
Do you want to talk about it?

Kate looks out the window. Doesn't answer.

Silence. Unsure what to say to each other.

KATE  
I can only remember the end of  
it...

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY.

Kate awakening. Center of the bed.

KATE (V.O.)  
It was morning...

Kate sits up in bed. Realizes she's sleeping in the center. David isn't there.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And you weren't there. It was like  
you never were.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY.

Kate coming out of the bedroom. Examining the house. Christmas tree in the center. No photos on the wall.

KATE (V.O.)  
 The walls were... bare. The  
 furniture... all of our furniture  
 was gone. The house was empty.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

Kate checking the empty kitchen.

INT. DEN -- DAY.

Kate peaking inside the empty den.

KATE (V.O.)  
 I kept looking everywhere...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

Kate approaching the back doors. Staring outside.

KATE (V.O.)  
 And then I saw something... In the  
 backyard...

Woman in a white dress standing outside. Back facing the house.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 There was a woman. She was wearing  
 a white dress. I wasn't sure who  
 she was. Couldn't open the door...

Kate attempts to open the door. Won't open.

The woman turns around. It's Kate. Wearing a white dress. Make-up. Looking beautiful.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Then, she turned around. And she  
 looked at me... And then I  
 realized, that I was looking into  
 a mirror.

They stare at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT.

KATE  
 Then, I woke up.

Silence.

DAVID  
 I can't remember mine...

FLASH TO --

From the dream: David screaming. Staring at the floor.  
Horrorified. Inaudible.

BACK TO:

Silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What do you think it means?

KATE  
What?

DAVID  
Your dream.

KATE  
I don't know.

Silence. Kate and David stare at each other. The distance between them greater than it's ever been.

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT.

Kate lunges across the table at each other. Knife in hand. Brings it down over David's head.

The dining room light turns off.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

THE END