

Within The Closet

By

Brennan Scott

Copyright: Synoptic Films

BrennanLScott@gmail.com

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the darkness, WHISPERS echo through the room.
Indecipherable FEMALE voices.

A man, PAUL, squirms as he tries to sleep on his bed. The
VOICE gets louder until Paul finally leans up in the bed.

He turns on the lamp.

PAUL
STOP IT! ENOUGH!

The VOICE stops.

Paul lets out a deep breath as he falls back onto his
pillow. He looks over towards the CLOSET.

Rolling over, he turns the lamp off.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An hour later, Paul is asleep. A WHISPER echoes out right
next to him.

VOICE
Who are you?

Paul awakens as the VOICE seems to retreat into the CLOSET.

Paul turns on the lamp again. He looks towards the CLOSET.

PAUL
I'm not going in there. You hear
me? It's over. I'm done. (pauses) I
can't...

Paul starts to turn off the lamp when --

-- THE VOICE STARTS AGAIN; LOUDER AND LOUDER.

Paul covers his ears, but it is no good.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Please. Stop! (pauses) Alright, I'm
going.

Paul stands and walks to the CLOSET, his hands still over
his ears.

Right as he opens the door --

-- SILENCE.

Beat.

The VOICE has stopped. Paul looks down towards the floor of the CLOSET. He bends down.

He picks up a SMALL BOX. He takes it to the bed.

Hesitantly, he opens the box. His hands are shaking as he reaches inside.

Removing the contents, he reveals PHOTOGRAPHS. Each of the same WOMAN. Suddenly --

-- SHARP FLASHES FLOOD HIS MIND.

Paul winces as the thoughts seep in. Paul starts to remember.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT/INT. WOMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Paul uses TOOLS to pick a lock. GLOVES cover his hands.

Paul watches a WOMAN as she sleeps.

He walks closer, until he is standing right over her. She suddenly wakes as we hear her VOICE.

WOMAN

Who are you?

Paul panics as he grabs a PILLOW and covers her face. He suffocates her until she dies.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

As the memory passes, Paul rocks back and forth. He holds onto a PICTURE and gently rubs the Woman's face.

PAUL

I like watching you sleep. You're so beautiful. I just wanted to look at you. All the time. (pauses) You weren't supposed to wake up. But, it's okay now. It's okay.

Paul puts the PHOTO back and shuts the lid. He walks back to the CLOSET and sets the BOX back onto the floor.

The VOICE echoes from the darkness of the CLOSET.

Paul stops as he looks towards the back of the CLOSET. In a flash --

-- A HAND GRABS PAUL'S ARM; PULLING HIM INTO THE CLOSET.

Paul's SCREAMS swim away as the room falls SILENT.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.