

## Encyclopedia of Fear

INT. TYPICAL AMERICAN LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

A young boy, no more than 9 years old, sits in a Superman blanket watching a television set. His babysitter, an attractive, college-aged woman, lounges on a leather sofa texting on her smart phone.

The boy holds the blanket tighter to him. He's visibly unnerved by whatever it is that he's seeing on the television set.

On the screen is a nude woman, around the same age as the babysitter, in a bath towel walking toward a shower. Music rises as she reaches out to pull the black shower curtain. As she does, she notices that her toenail is bleeding. As she bends down to investigate, the curtain flings open revealing a slasher-villain dressed in a clown costume and brandishing a butcher knife.

In perfect sync with the clown attack, the hall clock chimes. These things together shock the boy enough to pull the blanket over his head. He's terrified.

The clock-radio on a table reads 10:00. The babysitter lifts her head up, eyes still firmly on the smart phone, and addresses the boy.

BABYSITTER

Alright, buddy. Time for bed.

The boy looks at the girl with abject terror in his eyes as he shifts his gaze from her to the growing black abyss of the rest of the house. The Babysitter keeps her eyes on her phone, but motions for the boy again.

BABYSITTER

Come on. I told your mom you'd be in bed by 10. I'll be up in a minute to tuck you in. Go on.

The boy nods silently and pulls his blanket to him. He wraps it around himself like a superhero embroidered armor. He walks to the base of the stairwell and looks up. What at first seemed like a totally normal stairwell, has now been cloaked in thick, inky blackness. There are growls, hisses and cackles from inside the darkness. Nothing is seen within, but the fear is evident on the boy's face.

## INT. THE STAIRCASE. EVENING

The boy hesitates as he walks to the edge of the bottom step. Amidst the blackness, white letters form spelling out:

Nyctophobia: Fear of the Dark.

The boy steps forward into the letters. As he does they disappear like smoke. As he begins his ascension upstairs, the darkness lessens to a more realistic sense, but as he steps the stairs begin squeaking and cracking. The rustle of his blanket on the stairs acts in rhythmic time with the step sound. The creaking slowly morphs into a witch's cackle. All around the boy, a grim green light begins rising up around him. As it does, the smoky silhouette of a traditional witch (pointy hat, gnarled fingers, dagger-like nails, cloak) materializes in front of him. Each step closer into her image, the cackling stairs grow louder and more present. In the center of the witch, another definition appears in glittering green letters:

Wiccaphobia: Fear of Witches.

The wispy witch reaches her claws out toward the boy. Her cackling intensifies. He shuts his eyes tight, preparing to be consumed by the witch, but then opens them again. When he does, the green light and the witch are gone, leaving just the regular remainder of the stairs.

He steps off onto the landing, and turns back around. The stairs have now morphed into a crumbling, decaying wooden staircase on a jagged, rocky mountainside that seems endless. He looks down, and it's as if he's standing on the precipice of a mountainside cliff. He looks down into the black nothingness that seems to go for miles. He looks down and the words in cloudy writing appear:

Acrophobia: Fear of Heights

The boy looks down over the edge. He kicks a toy Lego down the stairs and it seems to fall forever. Unseen, it clatters against the foyer floor. He looks into the abyss, but the Lego remains undiscovered. The sound of the toy alerts the Babysitter in the living room. Without stepping back around, she calls from inside the room. It echoes to the boy, like the sound of someone calling from deep within a ravine.

BABYSITTER

(OS)

It's time for bed. I'm coming up in a minute, and you had better be in that bed, little man.

(CONTINUED)

The boy frantically moves from the edge of the cliff and back onto the landing. He scrambles back to his feet. He peers back down at the now totally normal stairs. He sees the light on in the living room, and the shadow of the Babysitter crosses in front of it.

The boy rushes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM. EVENING

The boy steps into the bathroom. He turns on the light, but as he does, one of the bulbs blows. It leaves the bathroom in a dim, fading light. Shadows dance on the walls, as the perfectly normal bathroom shifts into something akin to a *Saw* movie. Cracked tile, blood/shit stained walls and in the far end of the room a claw-legged bathtub, with a black shower curtain (like the one from the film on the tv at the beginning).

The boy's attention is firmly on the shower curtain. He starts to walk toward it, but as he does, each footstep is echoed and amplified. The theme from *Psycho* is applied for atmosphere. He reaches his hand out to grab it. As he does, he hears clown-like giggling and the sound of metal against tile. He hesitates, closes his eyes and then yanks the curtain open.

A daddy-long leg spider cascades down into the tub, now filled with thousands of creeping, crawling spiders. They flood out of the tub and out onto the tile. The boy falls back against the floor as the spiders creep closer to him. Written in a stain on the shower wall, the words appear:

Arachnophobia: Fear of Spiders

The boy falls onto his blanket on the bathroom floor. The spiders creep closer as he tries to pull the blanket over his face.

Just as the spiders reach him, the light in the bathroom returns to normal. The spiders disappear, and the horror-esque bathroom returns to normal. The bathroom door is now open, and the Babysitter stands in the doorway.

The boy is laying on the bathroom floor in his pajamas, wrapped up in the blanket.

BABYSITTER

What the hell are you doing up here?

The boy stares blankly at her.

(CONTINUED)

BABYSITTER

Look, just brush your teeth and get to bed. No more playing. It's getting late. You hear me?

The boy nods wordlessly.

BABYSITTER

Ok. I don't want to have to come back up here. If I do, I'm going to have to tell your mom when she gets home. Do you want that?

The boy feverishly shakes his head.

BABYSITTER

Jesus Christ....

She says her last line as she closes the door.

The boy stands up and crosses over to the sink. He climbs up on a stool and faces the mirror. He checks his teeth out in the reflection with a bare-grinned smile. He picks up the toothbrush and toothpaste and begins brushing his teeth. He spits. As he does, a tiny droplet of blood appears in the foamy expectorate. He puts his finger in his mouth, as he does his eyes grow wide and his face pale.

He opens his mouth, and a flood of blood erupts forth onto the white porcelain of the sink. His broken, fallen teeth form to make the words:

Hemophobia: Fear of Blood

The boy fishes in the blood for his fallen teeth and tries to shove them back in his mouth. The blood disappears down the drain. His teeth are back to normal. He turns on the faucet to rinse and then climbs down off of the stool. He is shaken by all the horrors that he's imagined, but he is visibly trying to control himself.

INT. THE HALLWAY. EVENING

He fumbles around for a hall light. His hand slides along the length of the wall. As he does, his foot hits something long, black and thin. It begins to move under his feet. Suddenly it coils around his ankle. A loud hissing and gnashing of fangs is heard as now blocking his path is a 8-foot long black viper reared back to strike. He tries to move, but as he does, the snake's eyes stay firmly on him.

The snake's tongue flicks.

(CONTINUED)

The boy reaches around, it but the snake finds him again.

Above the snake's head, in spindly, Egyptian-esque lettering:

Ophidiophobia: Fear of Snakes.

The boy lunges over the snake, and reaches the hall light switch. As he does, the snake rears back and strikes at him. Just as the animal's fangs are about to reach him, the hall light comes on, revealing a black lamp cord.

The boy picks up the cord and shakes his head.

He pushes past it and opens the door to his bedroom.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM. EVENING

The boy enters his bedroom. He tries to turn on the light, but as he flips the switch, nothing happens. He frantically flips the switch again-and-again.

From downstairs, the Babysitter's voice is heard.

BABYSITTER

Get to bed! Now! Don't make me come  
back up there and find you still  
out of bed!

The boy looks back and forth between the door and his bed. He finally settles on his bed. He climbs into bed, and pulls the blankets up all the way to his nose. His eyes peek over the top.

The door to his closet is opened, just a crack and the wind outside his window begins to pick up. His eyes remain transfixed on the closet door. As the wind blows, it starts to take on the sound of a ghostly howl. He looks around the room, and a chair slides out from his desk on its own. His drawers open by themselves, and superhero posters begin to shudder and laugh on his wall. The closet door slams shut, and in cloudy, ghostly letters:

Spectrophobia: Fear of Ghosts

The boy pulls the blanket over his head. All around him, the blanket shifts and shakes, as ghostly howls surround him.

He counts to three on his fingers, before flinging off the blanket and grabbing a toy flashlight off his bedside table. He shines the light around the room.

(CONTINUED)

Everything is still in its place. The desk chair is back under the table. The closet door is still cracked and the drawers are still closed.

The boy sighs and turns over in his bed. He closes his eyes and begins to drift off to sleep.

-Fade to Black-

A scream is heard during the blackout.

The boy wakes up in a flash. He sits up in bed. And listens into the dark.

Another scream. Louder and more urgent than the first. It's a woman's voice.

The boy grabs his flashlight and holds it to his chest.

Another scream. It's clear now that it's the Babysitter.

BABYSITTER

(OS)

Please! Someone help me! No! No!

The boy closes his eyes and opens them again.

Silence. Then a clatter is heard in the living room.

He holds his flashlight at the closed bedroom door.

The posters on his wall are illuminated: Spider-man, Batman, Wonder Woman and Superman. All in heroic poses. He looks up at them all and nods.

He pulls his blanket around his neck like Superman's cape, and grabs the flashlight.

He climbs off of his bed and walks to the bedroom door. He opens it and looks out.

The flashlight illuminates the hallway. The creatures (the witch, the snake, the spiders, the blood) are all still present. All leading to the rickety stairs from before. The boy flashes his light at all of the nightmares and makes his way to the stairs. He holds the light down the staircase.

Everything in the light is back to normal.

The boy begins slowly walking down the stairs, holding out his flashlight in front of him like a sword.

He steps off the stairs and into the foyer. There is a spotlight on him from the living room.

INT. TYPICAL AMERICAN LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

The boy walks into the living room. A lamp has fallen, and the light is shining through the shade, causing the spotlight effect.

He walks further in and lets out a silent scream.

On the floor, in a pool of blood, the Babysitter lies dead.

The boy opens and shuts his eyes. Counts on his fingers. Shakes his head.

But the body still remains.

The boy drops his flashlight and turns to run. As he does, he sees a figure standing in the dining room opposite. It steps closer. The boy backs up. His foot steps in the blood.

The figure inches closer, now illuminated by the spotlight. It's a 6'foot man dressed in a colorful clown costume, and makeup stained in blood. He brandishes a butcher's knife and a permanent smile.

He walks closer to the boy. As he does, in bloody rainbow lettering:

Coulrophobia: Fear of Clowns.

The boy continues opening and closing his eyes, trying to make the clown disappear like all the other horrors, but this one remains and grows closer and closer to him.

The Clown raises his knife and gives the boy a terrifying smile.

The boy closes his eyes and tears start rolling down his cheek, as the Clown begins to stab the knife down, and.....

Cut to:

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM. EVENING

The boy wakes up screaming. He's drenched in sweat and tears.

The light in the hallway turns on, as an attractive, kind woman in her early 30s (MOM) walks into his bedroom. She's dressed for a higher-end dinner. She turns on the light, rushes to his side and holds him.

(CONTINUED)



MOM  
It's ok. Baby, you're ok. What's  
wrong?

The boy looks up at her, he's pale and still terrified.

BOY  
Sarah!

MOM  
What about her?

BOY  
Where is she?

MOM  
Sweetie, she's gone home. You'll  
see her again.

BOY  
Clown. The clown!

MOM  
What clown? What's wrong, honey?

BOY  
The clown!

MOM  
There's no clown. What are you  
talking about?

The boy starts crying. His mother holds him closer.

MOM  
It's alright. It was just a bad  
dream. Everything's ok. Just get  
some sleep, and we'll talk in the  
morning.

The boy nods. His mother kisses him on the forehead, pulls  
up his blanket to tuck him in and turns to walk out the  
door. She turns the light off. As she closes it, she turns  
back to him.

MOM  
Sweet dreams. Get some rest.

The smiles at him as she closes the door.

The boy turns over, and closes his eyes.

The sound of the closet door creaking open is heard.

(CONTINUED)

The boy opens his eyes and looks over the blanket.  
Standing at the foot of the bed, the Clown.  
Still holding the bloody butcher knife.

CLOWN  
Rest in Peace!

The Clown laughs, raises his knife.

The boy screams.

-Blackout-

-End-