

HERE COMES THE BOGEYMAN

By

Zack Akers

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[zack.akers.89@gmail.com](mailto:zack.akers.89@gmail.com)

**OVER BLACK**

From far off... THUNDER.

FADE IN:

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Thick clouds blot out any moon light, cast dark shadows over the entire neighborhood.

The two-story house is small, quaint. The well kept front lawn is brightened by a light that shines down from an upstairs bedroom window.

The surrounding neighborhood is still, eerily quiet.

More THUNDER rumbles in the distance.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KIDS BEDROOM**

A typical young boys room.

Multiple toys are scattered around the floor. Action figures, Legos, Hotwheels.

On either side of the room sits twin beds, both complete with race car bed sets.

MARY, 28, petite brunette, dressed in jeans and a white blouse, stands over the bed on the right side of the room.

She tucks TYLER, 6, cute scrawny blond who is missing his front teeth, and DEVIN, 8, brunette like his mother, under the race car themed covers.

MARY

Tyler, when are you gonna start sleeping in your own bed?

TYLER

When you get us bunk beds.

Mary smiles at him, rubs his head and messes up his hair.

MARY

I love you boys.

TYLER

Love you too, Mommy.

Mary looks over to Devin, who faces the wall.

MARY  
Devin? Did you hear me?

DEVIN  
Love you...

She frowns.

MARY  
What's wrong, Sweetie?

Devin sits up, teary-eyed.

Overcome with sympathy, Mary grabs Devin by the shoulders,  
plants a kiss on his forehead.

MARY  
Devin, everything's okay. Why are  
you crying?

She wipes his tears away.

DEVIN  
Because...

He looks down, like he's scared to say anymore.

TYLER  
The Bogeyman...

She looks at Tyler, who stares back at her.

TYLER (CONT)  
He's scared of the Bogey--

Devin nudges his brother to be quiet. Tyler shoots Devin a  
nervous glance.

Mary bends down and squeezes both of her boys in a hug.  
Pulls back, warmly smiles at them.

MARY  
Now you boys listen to me, okay.  
There is no such thing as the  
Bogeyman. It's just a scary story.  
Cross my heart, hope to die.

Tyler perks up, but Devin still looks anxious.

MARY (CONT)  
Sweetie, I promise you have nothing  
to worry-

DEVIN

He said he's coming tonight.

Mary looks concerned.

MARY

The *Bogeyman* told you that?

Slowly, Devin nods.

MARY (CONT)

When?

DEVIN

Last night. In my dreams.

Mary looks to the ceiling and exhales, relieved. Her gaze falls back to her boys. She flashes a smile.

MARY

Oh, Sweetie, it was just a nightmare. Dreams can never hurt you. You know that.

Reluctantly, Devin nods. He lays back down.

Mary bends down, kisses both of her children goodnight.

MARY (CONT)

Now get to sleep you two. We've got a big day tomorrow.

Tyler's face beams.

TYLER

Is Luke coming-

MARY

It's a surprise. Now go to sleep.

Tyler rolls over, squeezes his eyes shut, grinning from ear to ear.

Mary stands, walks to the bedroom door, turns back to the boys. She puts her hand on the light switch.

MARY

Goodnight.

TYLER

Goodnight, Mommy.

She waits a moment for Devin to respond, but instead he just rolls over, faces the wall.

CLOSE ON Devin, who clutches his blanket tight.

The light goes out.

The door SHUTS O.S. FOOTSTEPS grow distant.

Devin trembles.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER**

The shadows in the neighborhood are darker, more sinister. The clouds above move fast. A storm brews.

A faint light comes from a downstairs window.

THUNDER RUMBLES through the neighborhood.

Slowly, it starts to rain.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

The room is modernly furnished and well organized.

An old black and white horror movie plays on the T.V. The volume is turned way down, almost inaudible.

Thick raindrops start to PELT the window from outside.

More THUNDER is heard.

MARY (O.S.)

I don't know. It just sorta creeped  
me out. That's all.

Mary walks into the room, her phone pressed to her ear with one hand, a half full glass of red wine in the other.

LUKE (V.O.)

Little kids and their bad dreams.  
Ya know, my brother used to have  
real bad dreams when he was little.  
He grew out of it though. I  
wouldn't worry too much.

She sits down on the love seat, perches her feet up on the coffee table.

A quick glance at the T.V. is all she needs to know she's not interested in what's on.

MARY

Yeah, you're right. I'm probably just overreacting.

LUKE (V.O.)

You're *definitely* overreacting.

Mary smiles, takes a sip of her wine.

LUKE (V.O.)(CONT)

So... You want me to come over?

MARY

Smooth.

He LAUGHS V.O.

LUKE (V.O.)

What?

MARY

No, that's okay. I'm totally drained. Bout' to hop in the shower, then hit the sack.

LUKE (V.O.)

Shower, huh? Sounds like an invitation to me.

MARY

Ha! You wish, Pervert.

LUKE (V.O.)

You sure? You're really missing out. I'm kind of a stud.

Mary shakes her head, lets out a good LAUGH.

MARY

I'm sure you are. But it's gonna have to wait until the morning.

LUKE (V.O.)

Alright. You're loss.

MARY

Goodnight, Stud.

LUKE (V.O.)

Goodnight. Love ya.

MARY  
Love you too.

She hangs up, puts her phone on the coffee table.

With a gulp, Mary finishes off her wine. She grabs the T.V. remote, turns the T.V. off.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FOYER**

Mary steps into the dark, wood finished hall. In her hand is the empty wine glass. She moves past a large grandfather clock that reads 10:40 PM.

The grandfather clocks' TICK-TOCKS echo through the foyer.

Mary walks by the staircase, disappears around the corner.

RUNNING WATER is heard O.S.

After a brief moment, Mary returns without the wine glass. She starts up the stairs, makes it halfway up when the doorbell RINGS.

SLOW ZOOM on the front door. Four slow, methodical KNOCKS from the other side.

FOOTSTEPS approach O.S. as Mary steps back into view, grabs the doorknob. She presses her face up to the peephole.

**THROUGH PEEPHOLE**

It's too dark to see anything.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Mary turns to the light switch next to the door, reaches out for it.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE**

The rain falls much harder now.

The front porch light turns on.

For a moment, the light illuminates a dark figure on the front porch. The BOGEYMAN.

The Bogeyman faces the door, its back to us. It WHEEZES.

All we can make out is stringy, shoulder-length black hair, and a dark trench coat.

Slowly, it turns towards the porch light, tilts its head.  
A POP is heard as the light burns out, goes dark.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FOYER**

Once more, Mary has her eye to the peephole.

MARY  
(under her breath)  
Dammit...

She flips on the foyer light, unlocks the door, opens it.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE**

Light shines out from inside as Mary pokes her head out of the open door.

The porch is empty. No one is there.

Confused, she looks around.

MARY  
Hello?

The THICK RUMBLE OF THUNDER comes from above.

After one more quick glance around, Mary pulls her head back inside, closes the door behind her.

A CLICK is heard as the door is locked from inside.

SLOW ZOOM on the front door. As we get closer, WHEEZING grows louder and louder, to the point that it's louder than the rain fall.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FOYER**

Mary is on her way back up the staircase when four more slow, methodical KNOCKS are heard O.S. She stops in her tracks, turns and stares at the front door, visibly shaken.

She moves down the steps, slow at first, then practically runs to the front door, pulls it open.

MARY  
What do you--

No one's there.



Just as she's about to close the door, she notices something in the shadows, just off the porch, out of the light.

Mary leans forward, peers into the dark. Her eyes adjust and she sees--

--The silhouette of the Bogeyman. It stands motionless in the rain. All of its features are hidden in darkness.

It WHEEZES.

Frightened, Mary tenses up.

MARY

Who are you? What do you want?

The Bogeyman gives a slight, creepy CHUCKLE.

BOGEYMAN

One, please.

Mary frowns, taken aback.

MARY

I'm sorry, what?

BOGEYMAN

Give me one... Or I'll take both...

Her eyes light up as she puts it together. The boys!

The Bogeyman's creepy chuckle turns into a CACKLE.

Anger overcomes Mary.

MARY

Go to Hell!

She slams the door shut, storms into the--

## LIVING ROOM

CLOSE ON the phone on the coffee table. Mary's hand comes into view, picks it up.

MARY

Fucking Creep.

She begins to dial when the phone RINGS, startles her.

After a deep breath, Mary looks at the phone.

IT READS: Incoming Call - Luke

A relieved smile forms on her face as she answers the phone.

MARY

Oh my God, Luke. You are not gonna believe what just-

BOGEYMAN (V.O.)

Choose one. Or I'll take both.  
Midnight.

The unnerving CACKLE emits from the phone.

In a panic, Mary hangs the phone up. She hesitates for a moment, then dials nine-one-one.

Her call is answered quickly.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Nine-one-one, what's your emergency?

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER**

The rain has stopped. Light THUNDER in the distance.

A police cruiser is parked on the street just in front of the house, its top lights flash blue and red.

At the open front door stands DEPUTY LEE, 35, tall and handsome. He talks to Mary.

DEPUTY LEE

I'm thinking it was just a prank.

MARY

How do you explain the phone call?  
How did he call me from my  
*boyfriend's* phone?

Deputy Lee shrugs.

DEPUTY LEE

Maybe your *boyfriend's* in on it?

Mary cocks her head to the side, annoyed.

DEPUTY LEE (CONT)

Look, I'll tell you what. I'll stay and keep an eye out for you. You said midnight, right?

She nods.

Deputy Lee checks his watch.

DEPUTY LEE (CONT)  
It's eleven-fifteen. I'll stay  
until one, just to be safe.

MARY  
Thank you so much.

DEPUTY LEE  
Not a problem.

Her smile is responded to with a nod, then Deputy Lee turns and moves along the sidewalk, towards the cruiser.

Mary steps back inside, closes the door behind her.

**CUT TO:**

**BLACK**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER**

The white tiled bathroom is very clean. The shower is on full blast, fog consumes the small room.

Behind the shower curtain is the silhouette of Mary. She rinses her hair.

SLOW ZOOM on the shower. Closer and closer, until we are mere inches from the curtain.

The shower water is turned off, the curtain is pulled back and--

--Mary steps out, grabs a towel, starts to dry off.

She reaches out, grabs her phone off the sink.

It reads 12:12 AM.

Anxious, Marys tenses up.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KIDS BEDROOM**

The boys are both sound asleep in the dark room.

The door opens and Mary, now in a bathrobe, walks in. She moves over to the sleeping boys, is relieved that they are both sound asleep.

She turns to the bedroom window, looks out.

THROUGH BEDROOM WINDOW

The police cruiser is still parked on the street, its lights no longer on.

BACK TO SCENE

Mary turns back to her boys, smiles. Everything is fine.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER**

The sky has cleared up, the bright moon is now visible.

The cruiser is still parked in front of the house.

The front door of the house opens and Mary, now dressed in pajama pants and a t-shirt, steps out. She moves along the sidewalk, makes her way towards the cruiser.

The interior of the cruiser is hidden in shadow.

Mary moves along the front of the vehicle, notices the drivers side window is down. She approaches it.

MARY

Hey officer, I think you were  
right. It was probably just a  
stupid pra--

As soon as she reaches the open window, she stops cold. Her skin turns pale white, pure terror fall over her.

**INT. CRUISER**

Deputy Lee's decapitated corpse sits behind the wheel. His chest and arms have multiple deep gory gashes.

The entire interior is caked with blood.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LAWN**

The parked cruiser is between the lawn and Mary, who slowly backs away from the vehicle.

She covers her mouth, grabs her gut, sick with fear.

A raspy, creepy CACKLE (O.S.)

Mary moves her gaze past the vehicle, at the house.

The Bogeyman stands in the open front door, for the first time fully visible thanks to the interior light. Its skin is as white as snow, eyes jet black, no lips, just rows of thin needle-like teeth, and a long crooked nose. A bloody rib cage is exposed underneath its open trench coat.

Mary is horrified, mouth agape, speechless.

The Bogeyman waves at her with it's long, bony fingers.

MARY

What do you want!?

BOGEYMAN

Both.

In a flash the Bogeyman slams the front door shut.

FAST ZOOM across the lawn, through the gore-soaked interior of the cruiser, straight to Mary's stunned face.

Fight or flight time. Her eyes shoot back and forth as she thinks. Sweat beads on her forehead.

MARY

(sotto)

Do something... Do something...

FUCKING DO SOMETHING!

With a sense of purpose, Mary runs over to the cruiser. She reaches inside the open drivers side window, fumbles for a second, then pulls out a bloody handgun.

She moves fast around the vehicle, glances at the upstairs bedroom window as she sprints across the lawn.

MARY

Boys lock your door! Lock it now!

A light turns on in the upstairs window.

Mary reaches the front door, grabs the handle.

It's locked.

She clumsily points the handgun at the door knob, squeezes the trigger. Four loud CRACKS OF GUNSHOT blast through the quiet neighborhood.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FOYER**

Mary practically tackles the front door open, stumbles but catches herself. She looks up past the staircase, to the upstairs hallway.

A low BOOM as all the lights go out. The power is out.

MARY  
(panicky)  
Fuck!

Mary pulls out her phone, pops on its flashlight. With her phone light in one hand, the handgun in the other, she starts up the stairs.

Slow at first, but she gains confidence, picks up her pace as she nears the top. She reaches the top, rounds the corner into the--

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL**

Mary moves down the dark hall in a hurry.

The light from the phone bounces all over the place as she rushes to the kids bedroom door. She grabs the doorknob.

It's locked.

MARY  
Boys!?

She steps back, points the gun at the doorknob, closes her eyes, is about to squeeze the trigger.

DEVIN (O.S.)  
(crying)  
Mom?

Mary opens her eyes, exhales. She fights back tears.

MARY  
Devin!? Please, Sweetie, open the door right now!

DEVIN (O.S.)  
I can't. It's out there!

Mary shines her light at one end of the hall, nothing. Then around to the other end of the hall, still nothing.

MARY  
It's just me out here, Sweetie.  
Open the door right--

WHEEZING O.S. It's very close.

Mary freezes, petrified.

Very slowly, she turns in the direction of the sound. The phone light shakes as it moves across the wall, comes to a stop on the Bogeyman, who stands at the end of the hall.

BOGEYMAN  
I'll have you too.

The Bogeyman HOWLS as it rushes towards her at an impossible speed. Mary lifts her gun, but the Bogeyman is on her in a flash. It sinks its teeth into her shoulder, clamps down, violently spins her body around.

Blood splashes all over the walls as the phone is dropped to the floor.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FOYER**

Mary bursts through the upstairs railing, falls below. She crashes onto a decorative side table, which crumbles beneath her weight.

The gun skitters along the wooden floor.

Sprawled out on the floor, Mary GROANS and WINCES in pain.

A shard of broken wood is stuck in her gut.

MARY  
(weak)  
Jesus, help me...

She spots the gun a few feet away.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KIDS BEDROOM**

Devin struggles to open the bedroom window, does his best to act brave for his little brother.

Tyler is huddled up right behind Devin. He SOBS.

TYLER  
Bubby, I'm scared!

Devin gets frustrated with the window, puts all his might into it.

It pops open, slides up.

Devin turns to his little brother.

DEVIN  
I know you're scared. But you have to be brave, okay? We have to get out of here.

TYLER  
But what about Mommy?

A KNOCK at the bedroom door.

Slowly, both boys turn to the door, terrified.

Another KNOCK, harder this time.

DEVIN  
We have to go now!

Devin turns, starts to climb out the window.

TYLER  
Out the window!?

Another KNOCK, even harder.

Devin looks at the bedroom door, then to Tyler. Fear fills his little brothers eyes.

DEVIN  
I'll go first. Hang and drop, like at the park, remember?

Tyler nods, SNIFFLES.

Another KNOCK, so hard it almost cracks the wooden door.



DEVIN (CONT)  
I'll catch you! We can do this!

Tyler nods again, anxious to get moving.

Devin climbs the rest of the way out, holds on to the ledge.  
He starts to lower himself.

MARY (O.S.)  
(weak)  
Devin? Tyler? Babies, please open  
the door. Please...

Tyler's face lights up.

TYLER  
Devin, climb back in! It's Mommy!

Devin pulls himself back up as Tyler moves for the door.

DEVIN  
Tyler wait!

MARY (O.S.)  
Please open the door...

Tyler unlocks the door, twists the handle.

Devin is almost back inside.

DEVIN  
Tyler!

The door swings open, reveals Mary, bloodied and bruised,  
but alive. She grips the gun.

Devin is all the way back inside now. He smiles.

Tyler rushes forward, squeezes his mother with a hug. They  
both CRY.

Mary rubs her fingers through Tyler's hair, looks up at  
Devin. Her eyes go wide with horror.

Directly behind Devin, the Bogeyman is outside the window.  
It stares right back at Mary.

MARY  
DEVIN!

The Bogeyman's hand explodes through Devin's chest.

Blood splashes onto Mary's face as she SCREAMS.

Tyler buries his head into his moms side.

Devin opens his mouth, dark blood pours out. He starts to convulse as his eyes roll over white.

The Bogeyman rips its arm out of the boy, grabs him by his shirt, flings him across the room.

Devin's body slams against a dresser with a sick THUD, flops to the ground, seizes.

Mary's traumatized gaze moves from Devin's broken corpse to the Bogeyman, who swiftly climbs through the window.

The Bogeyman stands tall. It's many needle-like teeth CLICK AND CLINK together as they form a twisted smile.

Mary pushes Tyler back, raises the gun just as the Bogeyman lunges at her.

Five deafening CRACKS OF GUNSHOT.

With each gunshot, we CUT BACK AND FORTH between CLOSE UPS of Mary and the Bogeyman.

Despite being hit with all five shots, the Bogeyman isn't phased or deterred in anyway. It's on Mary fast, chomps on her bad shoulder, rips its head back and forth.

It LAUGHS as flesh and chunks of meat fly everywhere.

Mary lets out a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.

A piece of bloody skin smacks Tyler in cheek. He WHIMPERS as stumbles and crawls underneath his bed.

The Bogeyman releases Mary, throws her to the floor.

She lands with a loud THUD.

#### **MARY'S P.O.V.**

The view is blurry, the sound slightly distorted.

Mary's bloody arm lays out on the carpet, twitches.

The Bogeyman stares down at us, another CLICK AND CLINK of teeth as it smiles.

BOGEYMAN

Watch this.

It turns, hovers across the room, towards Tyler's bed.

Tyler WAILS O.S.

TYLER (O.S.)  
MOMMY! MOMMY PLEASE!?

The Bogeyman bends down, reaches under the bed, starts to drag Tyler out.

Tyler CRIES even harder.

Mary SOBS O.S.

All SOUND fades away as we

**FADE TO:**

**WHITE**