

**HICCUPS**

by

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OVER BLACK:

The sound of a HICCUP.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A single bedside lamp illuminates the room. A glass of water sits next to it.

On the floor, a playful CAT twiddles a plush mouse toy.

Another HICCUP.

JENN, late 20s, a pretty face accented by petite black-framed glasses, sits in bed. She takes a sip of the water and returns to the phone in her lap.

Jenn HICCUPS again. The man-shaped lump next to her stirs.

KYLE, same age as Jenn, tosses the blanket to the side and throws his legs over the edge of the bed.

**(NOTE: EACH "--" INDICATES A HICCUP.)**

JENN

Baby --

KYLE

Nope. I'm done.

JENN

Kyle.

KYLE

I can't take it anymore.

JENN

They'll go away on their own --

KYLE

Jenn, we tried a spoonful of sugar,  
I don't know how many glasses of  
water, and you even held your  
breath. I told you not to eat too  
fast and now I'm the one suffering  
for it.

Kyle grabs a hoodie from the chair, walks to the door, accidentally kicks the plush mouse toy underneath the bed. The cat chases after it.

JENN  
Let me guess. Sofa bed or Motel 6?

KYLE  
I'm gonna scare you.

JENN  
What? --

KYLE  
It worked on my sister when we were  
kids and it'll work on you.

JENN  
You're kidding.

KYLE  
It's simple. I hide. You seek. I  
jump out. BOOM! Hiccups cured.

JENN  
You're not kidding.

Kyle leaves the room.

KYLE (O.S.)  
I'll text you when I'm ready.

Jenn slumps against the headboard, defeated. She HICCUPS.

INT. HALLWAY

Kyle turns a corner and zips up the hoodie.

INT. BEDROOM

Jenn pats her chest and reaches for the glass of water.

HICCUP.

Jenn freezes. That wasn't her.

INT. HALLWAY

Kyle pulls the hood over his head.

INT. BEDROOM

Jenn sets her phone on the nightstand and surveys the room.

She HICCUPS, and not even a second later, there's ANOTHER. A  
perfect mimic of Jenn, but it's not her.

JENN

Kyle?

Jenn looks to the open bedroom door. No response.

HICCUP.

Jenn's eyes drift to the sound. To the edge of the bed.

INT. HALLWAY

Kyle pulls out his phone. Texts "come find me."

INT. BEDROOM

Jenn pulls the covers away and looks to the floor.

HICCUP.

Jenn REELS. That was underneath the bed. She cautiously lowers her head for a peek.

BZZZZZZZZZZ!

On the nightstand, Jenn's phone VIBRATES.

Jenn takes a relaxing breath, returns her attention to the bed, finally looks underneath.

The color drains from her face.

Jenn's black-framed glasses hit the floor.

INT. HALLWAY

Kyle puts his phone in his pocket. He BREATHES HEAVILY.

THUMP. THUMP.

The sound of footsteps, probably at the end of the hall.

Kyle STIFFENS, prepares himself, presses his back against the wall. His chest rises and falls as he QUIETS his breathing.

HICCUP. THUMP.

The sounds are getting louder now. CLOSER.

Kyle tightens the strings of his hood. CRACK. His elbow hits a framed picture on the wall behind him.

The footsteps abruptly STOP.

Kyle freezes, eyes darting. He holds his breath, waits for the sounds to start up again. He cranes his neck out, ready to peek around the corner.

THUMP. HICCUP.

Kyle silently exhales, carefully returns to leaning against the wall.

THUMP. THUMP.

The footsteps are almost on him now.

Kyle smiles in anticipation, stares straight ahead, looks at another framed picture directly across from him. Sees himself in the glass's reflection --

-- as well as the PALE, UNFAMILIAR FIGURE STANDING JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

The figure looks back and GRINS a mouth full of blood.

Kyle's eyes bulge.

The face HICCUPS.

Kyle opens his mouth to scream, but not before he's GRABBED and pulled into the darkness.

INT. BEDROOM - LITTLE LATER

A bloodied plush mouse toy sits on the floor.

Jenn's broken glasses lie next to it.

Looking through the cracked lens, Kyle's BLOOD-STAINED BODY is silently dragged under the bed.

Jenn's cell phone sits on the nightstand. Next to it, the glass of water.

HICCUP.

As Kyle's feet slip out of sight, an INHUMAN, FOUR-FINGERED HAND reaches from under the bed and grabs the glass of water.

There's a SIP.

Then SILENCE.

FADE OUT.