

MS. WILLIAMS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

Big, rich house. Couple of windows lit from the inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dingy lights.

House designs and mosaic windows that are nice but reek "outdated". Its walls are full of framed plaques and animal trophies.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

MCU: Masculine hands shut Richard Connell's The Most Dangerous Game. Then puts down a fuming smoking pipe.

Knock. Knock

An opaque man gets up from his chair. Walks to the front door.

On the way, the silhouette clicks a lamp on. The man's more distinguished.

He's wearing a velvet robe and dark pants.

He proceeds to walk to the door.

He opens the door.

On his doorstep: a pretty college girl, standing with books in her arms and a book bag.

GIRL'S POV - An almost handsome man, hitting fifty, with salt and pepper hair and that rich asshole look. Yet, he looks cordial.

GIRL

Hello. DOCTOR CONNOR?

DOCTOR CONNOR

(sticking his hand out)

Greetings, Miss Williams.

GIRL

(shakes it)

MADELINE.

Doctor Connor takes a few steps away from the door.

DOCTOR CONNOR

Oh.
(friendly nod)
Come on in.

Madeline walks in. Doctor Connor shuts the door after her.
She ganders, losing herself in the house.

MADELINE

Wow. What a place you got here.

DOCTOR CONNOR

Yeah. It gets quite lonely. Eating
the same things and all.

MADELINE

(laughs)
I can tell.

Silence.

DOCTOR CONNOR

How do you do, Madeline?

MADELINE

I'm doing good. And yourself?

DOCTOR CONNOR

Splendid. Just splendid. My
daughter is expected to arrive
anytime now.

MADELINE

That's cool. Will I be able to meet
her?

DOCTOR CONNOR

Hopefully.

Awkward silence arises the room again.

DOCTOR CONNOR (CONT'D)

Did you know this is the last space
in town?

MADELINE

No. I didn't.

DOCTOR CONNOR

Well, it is. And because of your
good fortune, I will try to treat
you like an utmost guest.

MADELINE

Thank you.

She gives a short bow and accidentally drops her books.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

(getting books off the
floor)

I should've started looking for a
place but, *oh brother*, the term
starts next week.

DOCTOR CONNOR

What's your degree?

MADELINE

Bachelor's.

Doctor Connor stands over her.

DOCTOR CONNOR

Ah. I remember those days. It can
get tough.

MADELINE

What are you?

DOCTOR CONNOR

Neurosurgeon. I'm thinking about
retiring in a year or so. Roam the
world and go hunting like I used
to. Sometimes, life requires you to
think so much, but what's so wrong
about being visceral?

Madeline looks up.

Doctor Connor has a modest smirk, looking at her.

MADELINE

Doctor Connor.

(pause)

I'm just a kid.

He barks with laughter.

DOCTOR CONNOR

You're a funny woman.

(beat)

Your boyfriend must really love
you.

Madeline gets up.

MADELINE
(getting up)
I don't have a boyfriend.

DOCTOR CONNOR
(baffled)
No boyfriends?

MADELINE
Nuh-uh. Just me, myself, and I.

DOCTOR CONNOR
Okay.
(beat)
Let me take you to your room, Miss
Williams. Upstairs. Second floor.

INT. BEDROOM

Pitch black.

Doctor Connor opens the door, flicks on a light, and enters
the room.

Madeline enters.

She spots a bed, chair, and quite a few but bright lamps.

DOCTOR CONNOR
What do you think, Miss Williams?

MADELINE
Nice room.

Doctor Connor gazes out of the window.

DOCTOR CONNOR
My only rule is for you not to be
loud.
(turns away from window,
smiling)
That's when I'll kick you out.

They both laugh.

MADELINE
Oh. Don't worry about that. I'm
quiet as a mouse. I'll probably be
reading a book.

DOCTOR CONNOR
(smiling)
Well, that's excellent.

DOCTOR CONNOR (CONT'D)
 Sixty-four off the rent.
 (beat)
This was my daughter's room.

Madeline sees an *eerily* small DOOR. It's roughly the size of a doghouse.

MADELINE
 (pointing to the door)
Is that the closet?

DOCTOR CONNOR
 It was, but it's locked now.
 (abruptly)
 I lost the key. It's bound to be somewhere in this commodious home.

Madeline walks up to the door.

DOCTOR CONNOR (CONT'D)
 (blurting)
 That's why the door is there. If you don't have room, you can put your belongings downstairs.

MADELINE
 Why is the door so *sma--*

He's gone.

next scene:

INT. BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Madeline, dawning a bed robe, folds her clothes at the end of her bed.

Pulls out a night light out of her suitcase. Sticks it in a socket and snaps it on.

She looks around the room. Takes it all in.

But that damn small door still catches her eye.

Meanwhile, in the living room, Doctor Connor enters.

The remaining of Madeline's belongings are in a box on the floor.

Doctor Connor turns off the lights. Then intently stares at the box.

In a change of his character, he KICKS it.

It flies under a table.

LATER

In the bedroom, Madeline's sleeping.

Silence.

Then, the small door's knob wiggles. Without a sound.

The wiggling stops.

And in one full turn, the door CREAKS.

It wails a long creak.

Then, comes to a stop.

The door becomes ajar.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Madeline walks down the staircase.

She stops halfway when she can see the floor of the den.

Doctor Connor appears at the table, scavenging through papers.

MADELINE

Doctor Connor?

DOCTOR CONNOR

(sudden)

Yes. How may I assist you?

MADELINE

You forgot to give me keys.

Doctor Connor quickly throws them at her. She catches them.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Doctor Connor?

DOCTOR CONNOR

Yes, Miss Williams?

MADELINE

I thought I'd let you know. You have a rat in that small closet of yours.

DOCTOR CONNOR

A *rodent*? It's possible. After all, neurological procedures are *laborious* and I can't be keen to every matter occurring in this household.

(beat)

Miss Williams, Do you want me to call an exterminator?

Doctor Connor proceeds to open the front door. Whispering a sentence that included the word "dragging" under his breath.

MADELINE

Yes.

DOCTOR CONNOR

(deep inhale)

I'll be certain to call. But my job requires me to perform an operation. I'll have to go. Bye Miss Williams.

He exits.

She stands there. Then clenches the keys and walks upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters. Shuts the door after her.

She looks at "*the door*".

Tries to ignore it.

But, the sunlight makes the door knob appear golden and tempting.

She falls into its temptation. Approaches the door.

Then, she crouches.

She jams the damn key inside the door's lock.

She twists it. Left and right, pulling it.

It unlocks.

But she doesn't open the door.

She just walks away.

Until,

MOMENTS LATER

She places a mousetrap in front of the small door. Opens the door.

PEEKS inside.

Nothing but shadows and floorboard.

She grabs the mousetrap. Plants it inside the small room.

Then, she closes it.

NIGHT

The bedroom remains dark.

When suddenly,

SNAP. SNAP.

Madeline jumps her head out of bed.

She turns on the lamp on the coffee table, littered with her studying papers.

Moves away from it. Takes a flashlight.

Then turns it on.

And cautiously approaches the small door.

She puts her key in. Twists the door knob.

It won't budge.

She twists again. It won't budge.

Then, she twists and *yanks* it over and over and over.

She gives it one last pull and twist.

Not working.

Her arms fall to her side and go limp.

FEW HOURS LATER

Madeline sleeps in bed.

The golden door knob slowly TWISTS.

POPS.

OPENS.

The door opens wide.

CLOSET DWELLER'S POV - This *thing* is obviously not human. It scurries on the floor. Moves left and right as if on fours. Then scurries, under Madeline's bed.

Madeline's eyes are wide open.

She clicks on a lamp. Gets out of her covers. Then, sits on a side of her bed.

She looks around on the floor. Hoping to find whatever the hell was running about.

Suddenly,

The small door begins to CLOSE.

Then blows itself slightly open.

Madeline gets off her bed, wielding a flashlight.

She cautiously walks to the small door.

Crouches with the flashlight.

And opens the door.

With the flashlight, she peeks at the right. Then, the middle. Then, the left.

Up middle. Then, up right.

Nothin'.

She closes the door with her foot, turns off the flashlight, then calls it a night.

She walks back to bed.

Clicks the lamp off.

The room is nothing but shadows besides the faint light from the window.

Then, she lays in the bed.

But,

The floorboard **CREAKS**.

The closet dweller darts back under the bed.

Madeline's alert.

Eyes awake and alert.

But beneath her are the dark, beady EYES of the beast.

Horrid eyes that can only be from Hell.

With each blink, the eyes ooze a jelly from their eyelids.
Coating the eyeballs.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Madeline is dressed for the day.

She walks around the room.

Then stops.

She walks at the end of the bed. Gets on her knees.

She lifts up the cover that blocks everything under the bed.

Takes out another box full of her belongings.

Suddenly,

KNOCKKNOCKKNOCK.

She paces over to the normal door.

Doctor Connor bolts in.

DOCTOR CONNOR

Miss Williams, I'm leaving in ten
minutes. Would you like me to drop
you off on campus?

MADELINE

There's a rat in that closet.

DOCTOR CONNOR

Miss Williams, may you please
answer my--

MADELINE

I managed to get it open.

DOCTOR CONNOR

How so?

MADELINE

The key to the door also opens the closet. I'll show you.

She walks over to the closet.

Crouches and puts the key in the lock.

Twist.

It doesn't open.

DOCTOR CONNOR

Pardon me Miss Williams but that door hasn't been open in years. Now if you excuse me I'd--

MADELINE

I got it open last night. I put a rat trap inside.

Doctor Connor is quiet.

DOCTOR CONNOR

What'd you catch?

MADELINE

Nothing.

She gets up and moves away from the door.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

The trap's gone.

Doctor Connor is silenced again. Then, he slowly takes a few steps toward her.

DOCTOR CONNOR

It's nice that you'd humor me with this but I have no time for games, Miss Williams.

(witty)

Propose the fact that the rat took it along with him.

MADELINE

(ignoring him, to herself)

It must've moved the trap somewhere else.

He nods.

DOCTOR CONNOR
(mocking)
Maybe it took it. Maybe he wants to
catch you.

Doctor Connor bursts with laughter.

DOCTOR CONNOR (CONT'D)
Now, I'll repeat the question.
Would you like me to drop you off
at campus?

Beat.

MADELINE
(stubborn)
What's on the other side of that
closet?

DOCTOR CONNOR
Well--
(abruptly)
It's locked. It must be no more
than floorboards and dust.

MADELINE
Did you ever call the exterminator?

He takes a deep inhale.

DOCTOR CONNOR
(dodgy)
I'm going to be late. Ready?

He exits.

Madeline gathers her school books and bag. Walks out the
room.

She shuts the door while exiting.

The box taken from under the bed is still out.

Until it gets tugged back under. By the hidden beast.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Madeline enters with her school bag and papers.

She takes a peek at the dwarf door.

It's open.

She throws her bag on the floor and her papers on the table.

She dashes over to the door and opens it.

Inside are a child's belongings. Toys, stuffed animals, and a wardrobe that can fit a person under the age of three.

She hunches over and looks into the small room even more.

Putting a hand to the floor, Madeline finds a sailor outfit and a dress.

But suddenly stumbles upon polaroids.

She reaches a hand out to the polaroids.

Asudden,

A familiar **SNAP**.

Madeline SCREAMS in pain.

Her mousetrap is clenched to her finger.

She yanks it off.

Madeline stands up and backs away.

She runs all the way to the wall.

Then, comes to a stop.

Looks back.

A mini silhouette closes the door.

Madeline cowers.

But retains her resilience.

But because life is ironic, a drop of blood, *no bigger than a dime*, lands on her shoe.

MOMENTS LATER

Madeline is on her knees with a bandaged finger.

She uses a screwdriver (and her might) to open the door.

The door gives up on her.

She throws her arms.

Tries one more time.

She sticks the screwdriver in.
Twists the knob in all sorts of ways. Pulling it toward her.
She gives it a couple of twists and a yank.
Another couple of twists and yank.
A twist and yank.
Nope. The door remains sealed.
Madeline gives the door a slap.
She hears bumps from outside her room.

MADELINE

Ah. It's about time he came back.

She walks away from the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

As Doctor Connor shuffles papers on a table, Madeline walks halfway down the stairs.

DOCTOR CONNOR

Have you seen my daughter?

He picks up a stack of letters.

MADELINE

No. I haven't heard anyone ring the doorbell or walk into the house.

DOCTOR CONNOR

She should have come by now. I think you guys would be friends. She'd crave to meet you.

MADELINE

What ever happen to your wife?

DOCTOR CONNOR

(sigh)
She's...no longer with us.

MADELINE

I-I'm--

DOCTOR CONNOR

It's--
(rips open another stack
of letters)
Okay.

MADELINE

I can't open that closet door.

DOCTOR CONNOR

Why do you keep insisting it was
open?

MADELINE

No, it **was** open. This afternoon
when I came home from school. Then,
it shut by itself and I can't open
it again. I tried a screwdriver.

DOCTOR CONNOR

Please stop messing with the
closet, Madeline.

MADELINE

There's *something living* in that
closet, Doctor Connor.

He looks at her, then the letters.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The short door is dormant.

In bed, Madeline has covers over her head.

The dwarf door begins to crackle open.

Swiftly, Madeline throws her covers off her head.

She SHINES the flashlight on the door.

The light shows the door opening bit by bit.

Madeline slowly gets out of the covers.

Then she turns the flashlight off.

Silence.

Then, the door opens more.

She steps out of bed.

Walks toward "it".

She takes cautious steps, putting the flashlight right in front of her.

She slouches a couple of feet from the door. Peers into the darkness.

Then, she moves on her knees.

Moving silent as a mouse.

Crawling on the floor. Hand, arm, leg. Leg, arm, hand.

Hand, arm, leg. Leg, arm, hand.

She is right in front of it.

She decides to put her back against the door, making her out of sight.

But, she goes for it.

She creeps to the darkness.

Puts her hand on the door.

And gives the flashlight a click.

It's the DWELLER, a tiny, pale demon with a big repulsive smile from end to end and foot-long fingers.

Madeline is horrified.

The creature moves its hands. Smiling and groaning.

Madeline SCREAMS and bolts straight up.

The demon LUNGES at her. Grabbing and clenching Madeline by her clothes.

It gashes her, giving her blood stripes as the hellspawn screeches of joy.

It works its way up.

Gets ahold of her neck.

Strongly jerks it backward.

And CRACKS it.

Madeline falls.

Dead.

She's dragged into the small room by the arms.

Then, a **heavy** CLOSE of the small door.

INT. LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - MORNING

Doctor Connor takes a call on his phone. He looks more charming than ever.

DOCTOR CONNOR

I don't know where she went, Mr. Williams.

(pause)

No. I didn't see Madeline this morning. Neurosurgeons work **long** hours.

(joking)

It'll kill you.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom,

The dwarf door is open.

The other door of the room is ajar. Then closed.

Doctor Connor is still on the phone.

DOCTOR CONNOR (CONT'D)

No. No.

A pale, bony footstep reaches a stair of the staircase.

Back to Doctor Connor:

DOCTOR CONNOR (CONT'D)

It's fine. Very sorry to hear that. Hope you find her. Goodbye and take care, Mr. Williams.

He hangs up the phone.

His charming face turns to one of disgust.

Then, a loud demonic GROAN.

Doctor Connor turns around to hear it.

It's the beast.

It starts walking to him.

DOCTOR CONNOR (CONT'D)
(putting his arm out)
Stop it, girl. It's me.

The demon still moves forward.

Then, Doctor Connor grabs his bottom lip. PEELS it down to his Adam's apple like an orange peel.

Instead of sinew, Doctor Connor's tissue reveals to be similar to the skin and pigment of the demon.

With both hands, he PULLS his skin wider, using the sides of his previous laceration.

The middle of his face RIPS messily in half.

The two halves of his face begins to pull away.

And finally, the skin of the face falls to the floor like a mask.

His new face is a more mature face of the demon that stands in front of him. It bears the same beady eyes and dead white skin.

DOCTOR CONNOR (CONT'D)
It's me girl.

The smaller demon runs to the new Doctor Connor.

Gives him a hug.

DOCTOR CONNOR (CONT'D)
(hugging)
Now, let's go upstairs.
("baby talk")
Would you like that? Yes you would.
Yes you would.

The baby demon happily groans.

FADE OUT.