

NIGHTMARES

Written By

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Every boy's dream bedroom. Model planes hang from the ceiling. Superhero posters cover the walls. The bed has a race car frame.

Sitting on his knees in the bed, KEVIN (7), back to us, draws on the walls with RED CRAYON. His back blots out our view of whatever he's drawing.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

EMMA (30s), Kevin's mother, gathers the clothing from the dryer and folds it into a laundry basket.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin continues to scribble. The low SCRAPING of the crayon screeches like nails on a chalkboard.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma, laundry basket on her hip, maneuvers between the couch and large coffee table.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin still hasn't moved. The sound of the crayon skidding across the wall intensifies.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emma reaches the top landing. Moves down the hall toward Kevin's room.

The door is open slightly -- a small sliver of light peaks through onto the hardwood floor.

Emma stops. Gently knocks on the door.

EMMA

Sweetheart, your clothes are done.

No answer.

Emma knocks again.

EMMA

Kevin...?

Emma opens the door. Enters...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

...to find Kevin drawing on the walls.

Emma rolls her eyes. Sets the laundry basket on the floor.

EMMA

Honey, what are you doing?! You
know better than that!

She walks up behind Kevin, peering over his shoulder. We
finally see his drawing --

*A STICK FIGURE OF A WOMAN. BOTH EYES ARE CROSSED OUT WITH AN
"X". IT HAS AN EERY, UNNATURAL SMILE.*

Emma stares. Concerned.

EMMA

What's that suppose to be?

Still nothing.

EMMA

Kevin...

Emma grabs Kevin by the arms. Turns him around to face her.
His eyes look HAZY, UNFOCUSED.

KEVIN

It's the woman who lives under my
bed, mommy.

EMMA

There's nothing under the bed,
sweetheart. I promise.

KEVIN

You can look if you want.

Emma stares at Kevin.

EMMA

Fine. Just to prove there's
nothing under there.

Emma gets on all fours beside the bed. Grabs the blanket and
lifts it --

SHE SCREAMS.

THE MANGLED, ROTTING FACE OF A WOMAN LOOKS BACK AT HER, GRINNING WIDELY, EXPOSING YELLOW, CROOKED TEETH.

The WOMAN lunges forward at Emma.

On his bed, Kevin, putting the finishing touches on his drawing, SMILES.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the darkness, Emma lets out a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM, thrashing back and forth, deep in the midst of her nightmare.

A lamp on the night stand clicks on, revealing Kevin standing beside the bed. He stares at his mother with a concerned look on his face.

Kevin climbs into bed. Gently shakes his mother --

KEVIN
Mommy? Mommy?

Kevin shakes her a little bit harder, finally jostling her awake.

Emma stares around the room, confused and terrified. A look of realization comes over her face as she takes in the walls of her room and her son's innocent face.

KEVIN
Are you all right?

EMMA
(breathing hard)
I'm fine. I just had a bad dream.

KEVIN
What about?

EMMA
It's not important.

Kevin shrugs.

KEVIN
Okay.

Kevin climbs off the bed, heading toward the door.

EMMA
You wanna stay in here tonight?
Mommy could use the company.

Kevin stops. Turns back to his mother.

KEVIN
But you never let me sleep
in here.

EMMA
I changed my mind. Now get
over here.

KEVIN
Okay.

Kevin scurries back into bed, gets comfortable beside his mother. Emma tucks her son in, flicks off the lamp, getting comfortable herself.

In the darkness --

KEVIN
Mommy...?

EMMA
Yeah?

KEVIN
I'm glad you let me sleep in
here tonight.

EMMA
Why's that?

KEVIN
I don't like that woman under
my bed.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END.