

The Nightmare Hour

By

Richard Buckley

Copyright 2010

[rj-buckley@hotmail.com](mailto:rj-buckley@hotmail.com)

FADE IN

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT

Still and alluring, Lake Carson controls the landscape it resides. Pine trees sway in the harshest of weather, as two low-lying car beams wind down the surrounding roadside.

Five long spider-like leather fingers grip the wheel, the engine GROWLS as the 'rust bucket' eats up the road.

NARRATOR

(v.o)

Remember listener's, you should never underestimate the act of a desperate man.

A man shrouded in darkness heaves a misshapen bag from the back seat.

Mud gathers around the bag as it's being dragged. Blackness consumes his every move.

A twig SNAPS nearby, he spins on his heels, studies the landscape intently.

Has he been followed?

INT. RADIO SHACK - NIGHT

Various Yellow and Orange buttons highlight the resident D.J's features. This man is Chris 'Nightmare' Sullivan, forties, and bespectacled. His voice emits a weariness.

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN

Who knows what could drive a man to such insanity?

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT

The man in Black shuffles the bag to the lakes edge.

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN

(v.o)

Heavy debts?

And another bag.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
(v.o)  
His whore of a wife?

And another.

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
(v.o)  
Her shithead lover?

Confident, he lights a triumphant cigarette, blood seeps into the water.

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
(v.o)  
But, when your dumping your shit,  
you don't know who your gonna  
disturb.

He exhales, looks down and sees only two bags.

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
(v.o)  
Or what?

Tires screech as the car shoots up the road, he adjusts his mirror frantically.

A huge claw-like imprint rests in the mud, not of this earth.

INT. RADIO SHACK - NIGHT

Chris leans further into the microphone.

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
But no matter how far, how quickly  
you can run, your never gonna rid  
yourself from this ancient, evil  
'son of a bitch'.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

The man in Black hurriedly flicks his radio on. His eyes dart about the horizon.

Thunder cracks in the night sky.

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
(v.o)  
And you know where there's thunder  
there's always lightning.

(CONTINUED)

Lightning illuminates a gnarling, eight foot prehistoric monster as it dives in front of the car. It's deafening SCREAM, is joined by that of the tires, as the man in black hits the brakes.

His car swerves past and careens into a roadside ditch.

He jams his foot on the pedal. The back tires spray frantically.

The monster's yellow eyes widen, launches toward it's prey.

The man in Black spots a severed limb in the backseat. He strains to reach.

The monster draws near, intense.

He clutches the limb, flings it out of the window.

The car frees itself, escapes just in time.

The severed limb rests at the monster's foot.

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
(v.o)  
Just some momentary respite.

INT. RADIO SHACK - NIGHT

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
Cause' it wants blood.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

He raps on the shop glass. A disgruntled gas attendant slowly walks toward the door.

He bangs again.

GAS ATTENDANT  
Hey what's your problem?

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
(v.o)  
He just wants some gas!

He slams the car door and begins to sob.

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
(v.o)  
Stop crying, have you ever stopped  
to think that maybe it's all in  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN (cont'd)  
your head? After all you have had a  
heavy night, it's a prehistoric  
monster for crying out loud!

He listens intently.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dave Richards, checked shirt, in his twenties. Slams on a vending machine.

DAVE RICHARDS  
Not again! damn machine.

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
(v.o)  
It's not like it can follow you to  
work. Maybe this could be just some  
dreaded manifestation? Your guts  
eating and tearing your insides  
out.

INT. RADIO SHACK - NIGHT

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
You need to revel in that guilt my  
friend, let it consume you. Learn  
to realize that it ain't a horror  
story unless the bad guy gets away  
with it.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Out of the darkness, light reveals the man in Black is...

INT. RADIO SHACK - NIGHT

The door swings open, Chris snaps round with a fright. Stood in the doorway is Dave Richards, producer of 'The Nightmare Hour'.

DAVE RICHARDS  
Hey, were you talking to yourself?  
I thought I heard...

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
No, did you get the coffee?

The 'on air' sign is off.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE RICHARDS  
Damned coffee machine stopped  
working again. Please tell me you  
have this weeks script?

CHRIS 'NIGHTMARE' SULLIVAN  
Right here.

Chris' long fingers caress the script, It reads 'The Old  
Loom'.

DAVE RICHARDS  
Your a life saver.

Dave strolls through to his studio.

A smile twists in the corner of Chris' mouth as the  
'Nightmare Hour' radio trailer plays into the night.

FADE OUT

THE END