

SLEEPOVER

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INT. SUV - DAY

ALLISON(10-12) sits in the backseat of a spotless SUV.

It's a family vehicle for sure. Stick figure family in the back. Scented tree dangling from the mirror, pop music softly playing on the radio.

Her mother, BECKY(late 30's/early 40's) looks at her via the rearview mirror and smiles.

BECKY

So, your very first sleepover. You excited?

ALLISON

I guess.

Allison gazes out the window and fidgets with her hands.

BECKY

What's wrong? Feeling a little nervous?

Allison shrugs, still staring out the window.

BECKY

(persisting)

You're going to be fine. It's not different than sleeping at home in your own bed. It's even better, in fact, because you'll be with your best friend. You'll get to stay up late and watch movies and eat junk food! And I'm only just a text away.

Allison looks at her mother.

ALLISON

But what if I can't sleep? Or what if I snore? What if SHE snores? She might not have a nightlight. You know I have a hard time sleeping with a nightlight.

BECKY

That's just something you're going to have to deal with. I'm sure she'll protect you. And her parents are going to be there the whole time. Right?

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

What if they're weird? Or mean?

BECKY

Then you call me and I'll come get you.

2 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

The SUV pulls up in front of a quaint suburban home. You know the type. It looks the same as every other house in the neighborhood, painted a neutral color with a perfectly maintained yard. Curb appeal, baby.

Allison jumps out of the SUV with a bag slung over her shoulder and slowly walks up the sidewalk to the front door.

The passenger window of the SUV rolls down and Becky leans over.

BECKY

Hey!

Allison turns to her mother.

BECKY

Have a great time! Text me goodnight. Love you!

ALLISON

(rolling her eyes)

Love you too.

Allison stands in front of the front door and shifts her feet. Hand slightly trembling, she rings the doorbell.

A moment later, the door is pulled open and JACK(40's) pulls open the door, beaming.

JACK

Hi, there! You must be Allison!
Super excited to meet you. Cassie
has told us so much about you.

ALLISON

(meekly)

Nice to meet you, too.

JACK

Well, don't just stand there all
day! Come on in!

Jack steps to the side and Allison crosses the threshold.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Cassie, Allison is here!

Jack looks out at the neighborhood, the smile suddenly fading from his face, as if checking to see if anyone saw Allison enter his home.

He slowly closes the door, shutting them inside.

3 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - FOYER - DAY

CASSIE(10-12) steps into the foyer where Jack and Allison are and smiles at her friend.

CASSIE
Finally! Didn't think you were ever going to make it.

Allison smiles sheepishly.

ALLISON
My mom took FOREVER.

JACK
Let me get that bag for you.

Jack extends his hand and Allison looks at him, uncertain.

JACK
Don't worry, I'm not going to steal your clothes, but only because they won't fit me, anymore.

Jack grins and pats his belly in a theatrical manner.

Cassie rolls her eyes and groans.

CASSIE
Dad.

Allison gives her her bag.

JACK
Julie is in the kitchen. Cassie, why don't you take Allison to meet your mother and grab some sodas. I believe she's got some snacks ready for you.

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INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Allison and Cassie enter the kitchen, where they find JULIE(early 40's) putting the finishing touches on some rice crispy treats. She looks like a housewife from the 50's, a smile painted on her face.

JULIE

You must be Allison.

CASSIE

(sarcastically)

No, actually, this is a completely different friend that I never told you about. Surprise!

Allison watches uncomfortably as Julie glares at her daughter with death eyes, yet the comically large, creepy smile never leaves her face.

Julie shifts her attention to Allison.

JULIE

It's lovely to meet you, Allison.
Help yourself to anything you'd like. Our home is your home.

ALLISON

Thank you.

JULIE

What are you two going to be doing tonight?

Cassie pulls some sodas from the fridge and loads a paper plate full of treats.

CASSIE

Oh, you know, the usual. Talk about boys. Make some prank calls. Watch scary movies. Have a pillow fight. Sneak out when you guys go to bed.

Julie looks to Allison again.

JULIE

Cassie likes to show off.

(to Cassie)

I'll let you know when dinner is ready.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE
(to Allison)
Come on.

Cassie and Allison exit the kitchen and as soon as they disappear around the corner, the smile leaves Julie's face.

5 INT.SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Julie help Cassie and Allison set up sleeping bags and pillows in the living room.

JULIE
Allison, are you sure you got
enough to eat?

CASSIE
How many times are you going to ask
her, mom?

JULIE
I'm just making sure.

JACK
Maybe she's shy and is waiting for
us to go to bed so that she can
really pig out.

Jack looks at Allison with a smile and winks.

The living room is set. It's bedtime.

JACK
All right, don't stay up too late
watching garbage. Goodnight!

JULIE
Allison, if you need anything,
we'll just be down the hall.

ALLISON
Thank you.

JULIE
Goodnight.

CASSIE AND ALLISON
(unison)
Goodnight.

Jack and Julie exit, shutting off the lights as they do, the only source of light coming from the glow of the TV.

(CONTINUED)

Allison and Cassie get situated in their sleeping bags in the middle of the floor.

ALLISON
Your parents are nice.

CASSIE
Yeah, they're okay, I guess.

ALLISON
How late do you wanna stay up?

CASSIE
Let's go all night! First one to fall asleep gets put on blast on Snap and Insta.

ALLISON
You're on!

Allison looks at the clock. 10pm.

TIME LAPSE

1:30am.

The TV is still on, showcasing some cheesy horror flick.

Cassie is passed out.

Allison looks around nervously. The rest of the house is pitch black and nothing can be seen beyond the glow of the TV.

She sighs and curls up inside her sleeping back, closing her eyes.

TIME LAPSE

2:45am.

The living room is dark. The TV is off. It's silent.

Allison and Cassie are asleep.

A CLAWED HAND suddenly reaches out over Allison's head and taps her twice on the forehead.

Allison shifts in her sleep but doesn't awaken.

There a low, almost child-like giggle.

The hand moves down to her shoulder and gives her a light shake.

(CONTINUED)

Allison rolls over with a sigh.

There's another giggle.

Allison's eyes bolt open.

The room goes silent. It appears empty. She's frozen with fear.

The gnarled, clawed hand then pokes into her ear, as if giving her a wet willy and she pulls the sleeping bag over her head, breathing rapidly.

The sounds of something skittering away on all fours coupled with that same giggle can be heard as Allison hides under her sleeping bag.

Ever so slowly, she peeks her head out of the sleeping back.

The clawed hand grips the closest wall from around the corner and very slowly, a head peeks out. It's Jack. He giggles again and disappears behind the corner.

Allison rolls over and looks at Cassie. She's still passed out.

ALLISON
(whispered)
Cassie.

No response.

Allison gives her a light shake.

ALLISON(CNT'D)
(whispered)
Cassie!

Allison looks back to the wall that Jack had peeked out from, but there's nothing there. She looks all around the living room, searching, listening. All is still.

Perturbed, Allison lies back down and curls into a ball. She closes her eyes.

TIME LAPSE

3:15am

Hushed whispers echo through the living room, indistinct.

Allison's eyes bolt open and dart around in fear.

The whispers continue.

(CONTINUED)

Ever so slowly and carefully, Allison rolls over, as if doing so in her sleep. She peeks an eye open.

Standing in the entry of the living room are both Jack and Julie. Ridgid, like mannequins, staring at each other, their lips moving 90 miles a minute, but no clear words can be made out.

Suddenly, they snap their attention to Allison, those large, fake smiles plastered on their faces, but their eyes give away their intentions, burning with hatred, nearly glowing. Their brows are furrowed in anger.

They continue to whisper, this time directed at Allison, and it grows louder.

Allison shuts her eyes tight.

The whispers stop.

Allison rolls back over to Cassie.

ALLISON

Cassie...

Allison opens her eyes to look at her friend and finds herself staring at Jack and Julie, the creepy, malicious smile on their faces, eyes burning.

Allison screams.

6 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Allison stands outside as the SUV pulls up to it, horn honking.

Jack, Julie, and Cassie stand in the doorway of the home, waving at Allison as she climbs into the SUV.

JACK

Bye, Allison!

JULIE

Come back and see us anytime!

Allison doesn't look back. She doesn't wave. She doesn't even acknowledge them.

7 INT. SUV - DAY

Allison stares at the floor of the SUV as it pulls away from the house.

BECKY(O.S.)
Did you have a good time?

ALLISON
I don't want to have a sleepover again.

BECKY(O.S.)
Aw, honey, what happened?

ALLISON
Her parents are weird.

8 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - FOYER - DAY

Jack and Julie stare at Cassie.

CASSIE
What?

JULIE
I don't think we want your friend here for the night again.

CASSIE
Why not?

JACK
Last night while we were sleeping, we caught her in our room, staring at us. She had to creepiest smile on her face the entire time...

JULIE
It was really unsettling.

9 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - MASTER - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Jack and Julie lie in bed together, looking at the foot of the bed, frozen in fear.

At the foot of the bed stands Allison, brow furrowed in anger, a malicious smile plastered on her face.

FADE OUT.