

S P E C T R U M

written by

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EXT. BACKYARD PATIO - DAY

Sunlight streams onto a cozy patio. DAVE sits in a comfortable outdoor chair, surrounded by SARAH, CHLOE, and MARK. A small cake and wrapped presents are on a nearby table. Dave holds a sleek box.

SARAH

Happy birthday, honey. We think you're really going to love this one.

Dave smiles, tearing open the paper to reveal a case for ENCHROMA GLASSES. His eyes widen.

DAVE

No way! Are these... are these the colorblind glasses? You guys are incredible!

He carefully opens the case and pulls out a pair of modern, stylish glasses. He takes a deep breath, a mix of excitement and trepidation on his face. He puts them on.

His face immediately changes. His jaw drops slightly. He looks around the yard, his head tilting.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Whoa. Okay. That's... that's wild. Everything's just... sharper? Like, there are... shapes. All these weird shapes everywhere.

He points vaguely into the air. Sarah, Chloe, and Mark exchange amused glances, clearly expecting him to be overwhelmed by color.

CHLOE

What do you mean, shapes, Dad? Do you see the colors?

Dave laughs, taking the glasses off. He shakes his head, still chuckling.

DAVE

You guys got me good! Very funny. I almost believed it. It's just a trick, right? Like, a filter?

He hands them to Mark, who takes them, confused.

MARK

A trick? Dad, no, these are real.  
Put them back on!

Dave takes them back, still laughing, and puts them on again. His eyes scan the yard, his smile slowly fading. He looks directly at his family, then past them, his brow furrowing.

DAVE

Oh, wow. There are way more of them now. Everywhere. You guys can't see these? They're like... shimmering. Almost transparent.

He laughs again, but it's a little less hearty this time. A nervous edge creeps in.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Okay, seriously, what is this? Some kind of prank? They're... they're looking at me. Why are they all looking at me?

His gaze sweeps around the yard, and a bead of sweat appears on his forehead. His laughter dies completely. His eyes are wide with a dawning fear.

DAVE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Oh God. They're... they're drooling. And they look mad. Really mad. Can't you hear that? They're screaming! Growling!

His voice escalates into a frantic yell. He tries to push himself back into his chair, but he's already against the backrest.

DAVE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

They're charging! They're coming for me! GET BACK!

Sarah, Chloe, and Mark look at each other, confused and concerned, but still thinking he's putting on an elaborate act.

SARAH

Dave, honey, it's okay. Just take the glasses off if it's too much.

Suddenly, two deep, jagged claw marks appear on Dave's arm, tearing through his shirt. Blood blossoms instantly. He screams, a sound of pure agony.

DAVE  
NO! AHHH! They're real! HELP ME!

He's violently jerked to the side, then slammed back into his chair. More horrific slashes appear on his chest, then his face. His family finally starts screaming, rushing forward.

CHLOE  
DAD! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

Dave is yanked out of his chair as if by an invisible rope, his body contorting mid-air. He's slammed into the patio table, then dragged across the ground, leaving a trail of blood. He screams, raw and guttural.

His hand is suddenly ripped from his arm, flying across the yard, landing with a sickening THUD near a rose bush. Moments later, the fingers on his other hand are torn away, scattering like pebbles.

The family is in utter shock, their screams now mirroring his own terror.

MARK  
HIS HAND! OH MY GOD!

Dave's leg is violently severed from his body. It zips away into the distance, almost like a dog playfully running off with a chew toy.

Dave is a mangled mess, ripped to shreds. He lets out one final, horrific shriek as his body is torn into several large, bloody chunks.

The CAMERA is violently knocked down, tumbling to the side, landing on the grass. Dave's ENCHROMA GLASSES are flung off his face, landing inches from the lens.

Through the lenses of the glasses, for a split second, we see a monstrous, clawed hand - pale, with long, black talons - reach into frame.

The glasses are suddenly PULLED out of frame.

FADE TO BLACK.