

# **Someplace Nice and Dark**

An original short script

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

A young black boy in his early teens, PINTO, pedals his squeaky bicycle down a dirt road flanked by mobile homes.

The units are old and in poor repair. Ripped screens and crooked clotheslines. Every third unit perched upon crumbling cinderblocks.

Pinto is startled as a GROWLING ROTTWEILER bursts from beneath one of the trailers. Dusty and pregnant, the dog is barely restrained by its rusting chain as it snarls and snaps at the tires of the bicycle.

Pinto swerves to avoid the animal.

A large wooden box is strapped to the rear fender of Pinto's bike. In this box, a few bags of groceries.

The sun is low. The sky is red. It will be dark soon.

EXT. DILAPIDATED TRAILER - DAY

Pinto skid-stops before a particularly neglected unit.

He pulls a scrap of paper from his pocket and checks it against the faded numbers on the battered mailbox.

Then he kickstands his bike, hefts the groceries, and makes his way towards the collapsing porch.

ON THE PORCH

Pinto stares at the door.

It is the revolving type -- like the kind photographers use for their darkrooms. And it looks pretty weird attached to this trailer.

Pinto checks the windows. They are all boarded up.

Strange. He knocks.

The voice that responds from inside is irritable and scratchy from disuse.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Who's there?

PINTO  
I got your food.

VOICE (O.S.)  
What?

PINTO  
(louder)  
Your food. The stuff you ordered.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You're not Tony. Where's Tony?

PINTO  
His mama's sick. He called me today asking could I help.

A pause. Pinto impatiently shifts the load of groceries to his other arm as the wary voice from inside ponders this.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You're too early. Come back later.

PINTO  
What?

VOICE (O.S.)  
I don't take deliveries during the day. Tony knows that.  
Come back later.

PINTO  
Man, I ain't coming back here later! Are you crazy? It's almost dark now anyway.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Then come back soon.

PINTO

Look. I am here now, alright?  
And you gotta pay me \$23.50 for  
this shit. Plus tip. Or I am  
outta' here.

Another pause -- then, slowly, the rumbling door begins to revolve on its tracks.

Pinto is soon facing its dark opening.

VOICE (O.S.)

Bring it in then.

Pinto steps inside -- and the door revolves once more.

It swallows him whole.

INT. TRAILER

Pinto steps into the darkened trailer. The dying sun bullies its way between a few cracks in the boarded up windows -- the only light.

The place is a wreck. Pinto steps inside, wading through a knee-deep accumulation of papers, cans, and God-knows-what.

An OLD MAN sits in a dark corner, his features concealed by shadow. But the orange tip of a cigarette glows bright as the old man takes a drag.

Diaphanous tendrils of smoke curl themselves through the slivers of sunlight.

OLD MAN

You're a black boy. A dark person. What's your name, boy?

PINTO

It's Pete. But my friends all call me Pinto.

OLD MAN

I like...dark people. Pete.

PINTO  
Guess you like the dark too  
then, huh?

OLD MAN  
I despise it.

Pinto nods to the bags he still carries.

PINTO  
So where can I put these?

OLD MAN  
Anywhere.

Pinto searches in vain for a clear spot on the floor, then shrugs, and plops the groceries down amongst the debris.

OLD MAN  
I don't get much company.

PINTO  
I bet you don't.

OLD MAN  
You smoke? Pete?

PINTO  
Sure. I smoke plenty.

The old man holds a pack of smokes out to Pinto, but when his hand crosses into a shaft of sunlight, he quickly draws it back.

OLD MAN  
Come get one. If you'd like.

Pinto steps over, takes the pack and shakes one out.

PINTO  
Thanks. You all right.  
Got a light?

The old man chuckles at this, then holds out his own glowing cigarette.

OLD MAN  
Light it off this.

Pinto takes it and does. He coughs a bit, but he can smoke. He returns the butt to the old man.

PINTO  
So why you sittin' all in the dark  
like this if you hate it so much?

OLD MAN  
I'm not crazy, you know. I have  
my reasons.

PINTO  
You hidin' from somebody?

The old man takes another drag. Considers. Releases the smoke through his nose.

OLD MAN  
Do you want to know a secret?

PINTO  
Sure. I won't tell nobody.

OLD MAN  
No. I don't suppose you will.  
Do you ever wonder what shadows  
do? What they do in the dark?

PINTO  
Ain't no shadows in the dark.  
Everybody knows that.

OLD MAN  
Oh, you can't see them. But  
they're still there, all right.  
Waiting. Waiting for light.  
You're born with a shadow, and  
it's yours. You are bound to it.  
It never leaves you. Not really.  
Do you believe that?

PINTO  
Shit. That's some kooky talk.  
Shadows ain't nothin'.

OLD MAN

Not mine. My shadow wants to  
kill me. Pete. I think it  
wants my soul. Can you imagine  
such a thing?

Pinto coughs smoke through his nostrils.

PINTO

Man, you crazy!

OLD MAN

Crazy.

The old man rummages around his chair and extracts something from the small mound of refuse that surrounds it.

He flips it on. It's a flashlight. He shines the beam onto the wall beside him. A round spotlight.

OLD MAN

Watch this.

The old man moves his hand into the beam, waves it about, his fingers spread.

But his hand casts no shadow.

Then, slowly, a shadowy hand moves tentatively into the beam, adopting the configuration of the old man's hand.

PINTO

Damn...

As Pinto watches, the shadow-hand begins to change, now morphing into a clawed monstrosity.

Then the shadow-claw BURSTS FROM THE WALL and clutches the old man's wrist!

PINTO

Ah!

The cigarette drops from Pinto's lips. The old man quickly snaps off the flashlight.

And the shadow is gone.

OLD MAN  
You see?

Pinto backs away from the old man.

PINTO  
What the hell was that?

OLD MAN  
That's what's waiting for me  
here in the dark. It's always  
here. Waiting for light.

PINTO  
You know, it's getting kind of  
late. I think you need to pay  
me now.

OLD MAN  
What do you think I should I do,  
Pete?

A small flame now rises up from the papers that surround  
Pinto's ankles -- ignited by his fallen cigarette.

PINTO  
Oh, shit.

OLD MAN  
Put it out!

Pinto stomps on the flames, but only succeeds in scattering  
orange ashes that spark new flames where they land.

The old man is getting scared.

OLD MAN  
Put them out! Put them out!

PINTO  
I'm trying!

As Pinto flails about in the semi-darkness, stomping small  
fires, his hand clinks into several bottles. He grabs one  
of these bottles and douses the flames.

WOOMF. The flames burst into a raging inferno.

The old man leaps from his chair.

OLD MAN  
You fool!

As the flames illuminate the room with orange light, Pinto discovers that he is holding a bottle of bourbon.

Pinto turns to the old man.

In the firelight, the man is now revealed as a shirtless, skeletal albino. His hair and beard completely white, and both extend to his waist.

His wide eyes are white, without pupils.

And the old man stares at the wall -- at his shadow -- now revealed by the dancing flames.

As Pinto backs towards the door, the old man's shadow begins to grow and change. Into something demonic. Something horned and clawed and terrible.

Pinto steps into the doorway, revolving it closed. But he leaves a crack, and peers through it, watching.

The old man's shadow grows until it covers the entire wall like an inky sheet of darkness.

OLD MAN  
No...no...

The old man CRIES OUT as huge, powerful arms with clawed hands spring out from the wall -- gripping and impaling his bony shoulders with long, ebony talons.

OLD MAN  
No...please...!

The old man is suddenly ripped into the gaping blackness, disappearing into the wall as his horrified screams echo and fade.

Pinto slides the door closed.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Pinto now watches from his bike as flames consume the old man's trailer.

A SIREN wails in the distance -- curious onlookers wander out from the neighboring trailers.

Pinto turns on his bike, preparing to leave, putting the trailer behind him.

But he pauses. His face drops.

The raging fire behind him casts long, stark shadows on the dirt road before him.

The old man's laughter echoes in Pinto's ears as he peers at the shadow of his bicycle.

Just his bicycle.

With no rider.

OLD MAN'S VOICE  
(disembodied, laughing)  
Ride, boy! Ride! Find yourself  
someplace nice and dark!

The old man's laughter continues as Pinto pedals furiously into the night.

FADE OUT.