

The Chair

written by

Rob Herzog

Chicago, Illinois
robherzog@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An online hunt for discount furniture is underway.

On her laptop, lovely, kind-faced OLIVIA HILL, 20s, scrolls through images of lamps, end tables, loveseats, chairs.

Her eyes widen. She's found something.

On her screen: An antique wooden chair--carved, sturdy, dark, beautiful. A work of art.

The price is right: Five freaking dollars.

No hesitation from Olivia. She clicks the purchase tab.

OLIVIA
Beautiful. I love it.

Olivia clicks to get an enlarged view of the chair.

The expansion reveals an old SNARLING MAN alongside the item. He has rabid eyes, jagged teeth, rotting cheeks, a cloak.

Olivia studies his nightmarish face and frowns. She forces her gaze back onto the chair.

But her eyes drift back to the man--putrid, hellish, close.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (TWO DAYS LATER)

Delivery day. Olivia lugs the chair into her apartment.

She assesses every exquisite detail. She turns the chair over. On the underside, are several carved pagan symbols.

Olivia frowns, traces the marks with her finger.

OLIVIA
What language is that?

She pushes her finger into one of the carved grooves.

OLIVIA
Some kind of freaky Sanskrit?

An amused smile.

OLIVIA
I love it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Olivia sets the chair against a wall, makes a slight adjustment, inching it forward. Perfect.

Time to admire. She photographs the chair with her phone.

Onto Instagram she goes. She's about to post her snapshot.

Stop. Something's wrong. Confusion.

The picture she just took includes the Snarling Man. Somehow he has ghosted into her shot. He's alongside the chair.

Olivia fumbles with her phone. She swipes the picture away. She brings it back. The Snarling Man is still there.

She wipes the lens. Mutters. Fuck this piece of crap phone.

Creak. The floorboards shift. Groan. Movement.

Olivia lifts her gaze from her phone.

Three feet away--in the flesh--in the room--alongside the chair stands the Snarling Man, lips slathered in bile.

Shriek. Total freak out from Olivia.

The Snarling Man reaches for her, his mouth foaming.

Olivia evades, bounds out of the room, running for her life.

The Snarling Man follows, dragging the chair with one hand. The legs grate against the wood floor.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Olivia slams the door, locks it, dials police, but loses her signal. Completely dead.

From the other side of the door: the sound of a dragged chair: Errrrrrrr. The Snarling Man has followed.

The doorknob moves left and right. The Snarling Man wants in.

Olivia searches.

The window. She tries to open it, but it's painted shut.

She strains, but no luck.

The doorknob rattles. The Snarling Man pounds.

Olivia screams out a lie--

OLIVIA

I've called police! They're coming,
so get out now shithead!

Olivia grabs the first thing she can find--a shampoo bottle--
and flings it at the glass, but it bounces back.

Thud, thud, thud: The Snarling Man pounds the door.

A desperate search of the room for a weapon. The closest
thing she can find is a nail clipper.

She extends the sharp part used to remove toe jam. That will
have to do.

Back to the window. One more try to open it. She fails.

Olivia whirls back to the door.

She gasps.

Inside the bathroom with her is the chair. It's dark wood
gleams. Somehow it got into the room.

Olivia pushes herself against the wall--as far away from the
chair as she can get.

Wide eyes, frightened breaths. Paralyzed with fear.

The doorknob stops moving. The room is silent.

A moment crawls by.

With great effort, Olivia steps away from the wall. She
clutches the nail clipper.

A small noise from behind the shower curtain. A slight shift.

Olivia raises the clipper.

Again. A small grunt from behind the curtain. Someone or
something is hidden behind it--the Snarling Man.

Baby steps. Caution. Time to get out of this room. Time to
get to the door and get out.

If she could just get past this chair...

Closer. Closer--

Olivia slides by the chair and reaches for the doorknob.

Movement from behind the curtain. A growl.

Olivia lunges toward the bathroom door and flings it open, desperate to get out.

She runs straight into the Snarling Man, who was waiting there for her.

His mouth foams and oozes bile.

He wraps his arms around her. He pushes her toward the chair.

She screams, fights. She clutches the shower curtain, pulling it down.

She stabs at him with the toe jam clipper. No use at all.

The Snarling Man forces her into the chair.

OLIVIA

I don't want this chair! Take it!
It's yours!

He opens his awful mouth to take a bite...

OLIVIA

Please!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eerie silence in the apartment. Not a peep.

The chair is where Olivia originally placed it. Quite normal.

The stillness prevails for several moments.

A shadow moves. A few steps. The SNARLING MAN now looms at one end of the chair.

But he's not alone.

Standing on the other end: Olivia--a completely altered version of her.

Her teeth are cracked and jagged, her skin full of sores. Her hair has gone completely white. Like the SNARLING MAN, Olivia wears a cloak.

Her eyes are wild, rabid. No longer human. Dark drool oozes.

Her lips are trapped in an eternal snarl.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

A WOMAN, 20s, searches an online furniture website. She has a vibe similar to Olivia.

Her scrolling brings her to an antique chair--the same one that Olivia purchased. It's back on the market.

The woman's eyes widen. She wants that chair.

A couple of clicks and the deal is done.

Her smile is wide. What a stroke of luck to find this piece. Jackpot. Deal of the century.

FADE OUT: