

Window Creep

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

A flashlight gleams eerily upon a dozen plastic soldiers positioned on the hardwood floor.

Staring at them with shadows cast across his brow is EDDIE QUINN, 9, a sweet-faced boy who's up way past his bedtime.

Eddie moves one of the toy army men ever so slightly. He addresses them all in a low voice that won't awaken anyone:

EDDIE  
Don't look away. Keep focused on  
the light.

Flick. Flick. Eddie turns the flashlight on and off, creating a makeshift strobe.

EDDIE  
You're about to be hypnotized.

On. Off. Flick. Flick.

EDDIE  
Your eyes are getting heavy...

Eddie clicks his flashlight more rapidly.

EDDIE  
On the count of three you'll be  
under my spell and you'll be put to  
sleep. One. Two...

Shadows skitter along the wall: mesmerizing and unnatural.

EDDIE  
Three. Mind control starts now.

The flicking stops. Eddie pokes one hypnotized soldier after another, putting them to sleep by knocking them down.

EDDIE  
Tomorrow when you wake up, you'll  
do exactly as I command.

Just like that, Eddie is onto his next late-night activity.

He sets down his flashlight and does a haphazard handstand against the wall, letting his feet thud against the plaster

Posters of superheroes and monsters fill the wall.

Eddie holds himself in place, extends one leg: this is weird nine-year-old gymnastics.

A breeze blows from an open window on the opposite side of the room. The curtains sway slightly.

Eddie flips back to the floor and faces the window.

There's a tiny shift and--from out of nowhere--someone or something claws Eddie's screen.

Fingernails drag slowly across metal: Zip. Ping. Scrape.

Something's trying to get through.

Eddie freezes in place, twists his lips.

EDDIE

Mama?

No reply.

Eddie snatches his flashlight and reluctantly directs it at the window.

The beam wavers in the darkness.

The night shadows and swaying curtains make it impossible to see what lurks behind the screen.

More scratches. Urgent. Angry. Let me in.

Eddie circles his flashlight along his wall. It shines on a poster of a snarling ghoul with fangs/red entrancing eyes.

Back to the window.

EDDIE

Who's there?

One grim word gets whispered back from the other side of the screen:

WINDOW CREEP (O.S.)

Hush.

Fingernails drag and tear.

Eddie pushes against the wall, hunkers down, turns off his flashlight, breathes through his mouth--quick and desperate.

EDDIE

Who are you?

Quiet. Eddie closes his eyes and opens them.

EDDIE

The devil?

WINDOW CREEP (O.S.)

Hush.

Click. Eddie snaps on his flashlight and shines it on his posters. One of them shows a snarling wolf.

Eddie looks from the wolf poster to the window. He calls out cleverly:

EDDIE

We got a dog here an' he bites.

The Creep lets that sink in, echoes back:

WINDOW CREEP (O.S.)

He bites.

Eddie twist his lips and bites the inside of his cheek.

He forms a tripod: Two legs and an arm. A nervous contortion. Frightened energy.

He whirls, does a couple of modified push ups with his hips high in the air.

He nervously calls to the window again:

EDDIE

I'll tell my mom.

WINDOW CREEP (O.S.)

(echoes back)

Tell mom.

The Creep's nails slice across the screen. It won't last much longer.

Eddie bounds out his door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eddie stands at the doorway of his mother's room. Her door is open just a crack. Eddie can see a mound of bed covers.

In there somewhere is his MOTHER, 20s.

Her room is messy. A few old bottles are strewn about. The picture above the bed is askew.

EDDIE

Mom?

No response.

EDDIE

Someone is at my window.

(waits)

Mom? Mom? Mama?

Nothing. She's apparently out cold. Dead to the world.

Eddie's eyes widen like two round moons.

He reaches out to push open the door, but stops.

No. Can't.

Head lowered, he tiptoes back to his room.

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eddie reaches for the light switch, but pulls his hand back.

Instead, he presses himself against the wall and slides himself around the room's perimeter.

The curtains rustle. He whispers to the window.

EDDIE

Are you still there?

No reply.

Eddie's breathing increases.

EDDIE

(whispers to himself)

What if he got in?

He shines his flashlight slowly around the room: posters, bed, nightstand, closet. Is someone in there?

No.

Back to the window. Zip. Ping. More scratches. Shredding.

Eddie whirls, trips. The flashlight hits the floor, shines upon the "hypnotized" toy soldiers on the floor.

Hypnotized soldiers...

Eddie stands, aims the flashlight at the window. He clicks in on and off. Click. Click. Click.

EDDIE  
(to the Creep)  
Watch the light. Don't blink.

On. Off. On. Off.

EDDIE  
You're getting hypnotized. Watch  
the light.

Eddie flicks the flashlight as fast as he can. Crazy light shoots everywhere--something out of a nightmare.

On. Off. On. Off. Light. Dark. Light. Dark.

EDDIE  
On the count of three, I will  
control you mind and you'll go  
away.

He steps closer to the window.

EDDIE  
One...Two...

Just a few inches away from the screen.

EDDIE  
Three.

Darkness. Silence. Maybe it worked...

Rip. The Creep's hand tears through the screen. He hooks Eddie's shirt with one grubby, long finger.

Eddie yells, twists, beats the Creep's hand with his flashlight, frees himself.

He dives under his bed. A hiding place.

Stirring. Motion. Footsteps.

Someone approaches Eddie's bed.

He tries to make himself small--to disappear in the darkness.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Eddie? Why are you screaming?

Eddie looks. He can see his mom's feet.

EDDIE

Mama!

MOTHER (O.S.)

Why are you under the bed? I had a rough night, kiddo, and I've gotta get up early tomorrow. I'm not gonna put up with this.

Eddie starts to slide out.

MOTHER (O.S.)

And why is your screen ripped?

A piercing scream. Eddie scrambles.

Shock fills his face when he sees the window.

His mother has been pulled through. Her right hand clutches the window frame. Every other part of her is out the window and in the clutches of the Creep.

Eddie grabs her hand and tries to pull her back into the room.

He's got her, but...

Her hand slips through his grasp: palm, fingers, finger tips...

She's gone completely, pulled into the night by the Window Creep.

EDDIE

Mama!

The curtains and the torn screen sway in the breeze.

Beyond the screen is pure darkness.

EDDIE

Mama!

FADE OUT: