

**enterfear**

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Blinding light seeps in the window. PETE (24) sits up in bed.

Normally this is when color would wash into the room, only it doesn't here -- the entire film is in BLACK & WHITE.

Pete takes in a long breath, listening to the sound of a far off ambient whir, and suddenly he's --

INT. PRINT SHOP - NIGHT

An industrial printer spits out flyers.

A cup of coffee, neglected.

Pete operates the machinery with a bandaged hand.

PETE (V.O.)  
When you're a printer, you never  
hurt yourself too bad or nothing.

Pete aligns a stack of paper under a heavy guillotine cutter.

PETE (V.O.)  
Just like shaving -- it happens.

THWACK. The blade sinks into a thick ream of paper.

PETE (V.O.)  
Cut yourself on one of these  
machines, you never do it again.

A tiny TV plays late-night local news programming as Pete lines up another stack of paper.

The phone RINGS.

Pete picks up the phone while he works; a tricky task, but he works with the confidence that comes with experience.

PETE  
Hey. Yeah, once I get through this  
last batch. Client's a real piece  
of work. Won't be long now, baby.

A stuffed black cat -- well-worn, maybe loved by a child -- observes from a shelf above his desk.

CASEY (PHONE)  
Don't take forever... so cold here.

PETE  
You going to sleep yet?  
(waits for an answer)  
I'll be back before you know it.

Pete hears another voice, muffled, in the background on Casey's end of the line.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Huh?

CASEY (PHONE)  
You say something?

PETE  
No... don't worry about it, now.  
You sleep good. Don't you wait up  
for me, all right?

She hangs up without a word.

A missing poster for a young girl adorns the wall. Pete gazes at her haunting smile.

PETE (V.O.)  
Wonder what kinda hurt a nervous  
breakdown is. Is it like shaving?  
Maybe it's more like printing.

Anxious, Pete gets up and paces around the room before dropping another ream of paper on the desk.

The black cat has MOVED. Noticing this, Pete turns it back to its proper place.

The phone rings again.

PETE  
(answering)  
Dee-luxe Printing, Pete speaking.  
(beat)  
Hello?

An electric BZZZ pierces through the receiver. Pete jumps up, slicing his bandaged hand on the edge of the trimmer. Winces.

Blood flecks on the stack of papers.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Aw, fuck, man. Why?

MAN (PHONE)  
Hello? Hello! I wanted to know  
about the print job I ordered?  
(MORE)

MAN (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
I'm looking for an update if you  
have one... if you don't mind.

Pete redresses his wound as blood seeps through the bandage,  
keeping the phone cradled in his neck.

PETE  
Should be ready by... first thing.  
*Shit.* Uh, tomorrow.

He dumps the bloody pages in the trash.

MAN (PHONE)  
Hello? Is anyone there? I'm calling  
for my update. Hello?

Pete is sidetracked: the black cat toy has moved again.

PETE  
It'll be ready first thing.

He listens idly while gazing at the black cat.

On other end of the line is a sort of gurgling sound. Pete  
listens for a moment and then hangs up.

PETE (V.O.)  
All-in-all, it's the boredom that  
gets you here. Or the clientele.

The black cat seems to be staring at the front of the shop, a  
small lobby-type area and the entrance. Pete studies the toy  
curiously, then he turns.

A large window looks out on the desolate parking lot outside.  
Twinkling city lights, far off.

Pete gets lost in it. Thinking. He dials the phone. Waits. It  
just rings and rings.

EXT. PRINT SHOP - NIGHT

The tiny shop is the only building illuminated on the street.

Pete smokes on the stoop outside, his fresh bandages making  
his hand awkwardly large for the rest of him.

INT. PRINT SHOP - NIGHT

Pete works, an old sitcom on TV.

Out the front window, a flash of light like a shooting star descends and dissipates.

The TV signal falters as the light passes, cutting out for a split second before returning when the light is gone.

Pete's eyes dart to the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Another glowing object appears to fall from the sky, disappearing behind a dumpster across the street.

THE TV

goes to static, startling him.

Pete springs up and locks the front door, then pulls the shade down over the window for good measure.

Fingers mash the buttons on the phone. Rings. No answer.

He redials, pacing, as the black cat watches, once again facing the front of the shop.

Pete peeks around the shade.

OUTSIDE

The scenery is serene and still once again.

The phone cuts out, replaced by a splitting BZZZZZZZZ --

Pete looks at the receiver, annoyed.

Then, it RINGS, which actually startles him.

PETE

(answering)

Hello? Casey, I --

MAN (PHONE)

I've been calling all night and  
couldn't get through to anyone. I  
wanted to know if you had an update  
on my print job yet. Hello?

Pete throws the phone across the room, shattering it across the linoleum floor.

He looks up and notices the black cat. Now it's staring the other way, toward the back of the shop.

Pete follows the black cat's line of sight.

In the dark rear of the shop, a door.

Something SCRAPING on the other side.

Pete listens in disbelief to the sound. Then, a thud.

Pete approaches the door. Just as he reaches it, it BULGES on the hinge, something heavy pressing into it.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - NIGHT

Pete throws the door open, fumbles in the dark before finding the light chain.

A single bulb basks the tiny room in a dim, wavering glow, revealing a GLOWERING FACE...

An OLDER MAN in a dirty three-piece suit sitting on the floor in a mess of paper and spilled ink.

Appearing dazed, the man stares up at Pete blankly, opening his mouth and closing it as if to say something but not making a sound.

Black ink pours from between his lips.

Pete recoils as the light bulb SHATTERS, throwing the room into blackness again.

He slams the door shut.

INT. PRINT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Pete scurries away from the door.

All the lights in the room have been extinguished as well.

But it's bright in here. Pete turns, disoriented. A blinding white glow emanates around the window shade.

Rapid knocking comes from the supply room door.

MAN (O.S.)

Hello? I'm here for my update!

The knocking turns into pounding, as if the man is throwing his entire weight against the door.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Where is she? WHERE DID SHE GO?

Pete runs to the front of the shop and rips the door open, overwhelmed by all-encompassing light.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Bright sunlight as Pete sleeps on a blanket in the grass.

He opens his eyes to see the black cat plush next to him.

CASEY (22) shakes him.

CASEY

Pete. Pete! Where is she? Wake up.

He sits up, jarred by her frightened look.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Were you watching her?

Pete sits up, disoriented.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Pete, where is she? She's six, you  
just let her wander off? Answer me!

Pete just stares at the still water. The trees around them.

No sign of anyone else as Casey begins to cry. Panicked  
breaths echo across the water. Almost serenity.

END.