

NOTHING TO FEAR

Written by

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

BRENDA, 30's, bursts in, her concerned image reflected in a dresser mirror at the far wall.

TONY, 7, sits huddled against his bed's backboard, arms around his knees, rocking back and forth.

TONY

The monsters! One's under the bed
and another in the closet.

Brenda sighs, wipes sleep from her eyes. With a dancer's grace, she strides up onto the covers.

BRENDA

Let's have a look.

TONY

They go away if you try to see
them.

Tony's shaking, covered in sweat. His fear so immediate it gives her a moments pause.

BRENDA

Sounds to me like they're a bunch
of 'frady cat monsters.

She turns on her stomach, leans slowly over the edge...

Almost pitch dark underneath. She squints. Something shifts at the edge of her vision. Tony yanks her sleeve from behind, desperate, insistent. She brushes him off.

Cranes her neck further down. Stares into the void... nothing. Satisfied, she finally pulls herself back up.

BRENDA

Yup. Just as I th--

Her jaw goes slack at the incomprehensible sight of:

TONY'S LEG

Sticking out the closet door, the only part of him still visible, before he's yanked violently out of sight.

The door RATTLES shut.

BRENDA

Tony... Tony!?

Brenda leaps from the bed. Something catches her leg--
Sends her crashing into the dresser.

She turns, wild-eyed, just in time to see

A WITHERED SHAPE

Slither back under the bed.

BRENDA

Stay right there. Whoever you
are... just stay right there!

Her jagged breathing is the only sound.

She steadies herself against the dresser. With shaking hands,
snatches up the mirror. Holds it out in front of her, angled
towards the bed.

Now she can see the bed and the closet at the same time.

BRENDA

(barely a whisper)
Tony.

She steps towards the closet door, her voice breaking.

BRENDA

Mommie needs you to come out now.

The door handle is right there. Another step. She reaches
out... opens it.

Black hole nothing beyond. She peers in. Doesn't notice the
mirror tilting in her hand. Because she can almost make out a
shape in front of her... right there at the edge...

WHATHUMP!

Brenda's head whips around as the entire bed rocks a foot off
the ground--

In that same instant--

A TWISTED, SNARLING THING

Lunges from the closet. Its jaws wide open. A mass of limbs
and teeth plunging us into darkness as we...

CUT TO BLACK.