

READY OR NOT

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FADE IN:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A FAMILY picture atop a dresser as thunder rumbles off in the distance. Standing beside the bed is --

MOM (37), pretty even when she's not trying, covering her eyes with her fingers. She peeks through.

MOM
...three...two...one. Ready or not,
here I come!

She darts from the room.

BATHROOM

And peels back the shower curtain. Nothing there.

Thunder clap, the lights flicker as she scurries through the

HALLWAY

MOM
(playfully)
I'm gonna find you.

SITTING ROOM

Mom pulls the curtains back from the window. Nope. He's not there, either.

A GIGGLE from another room. Mom turns.

SON'S BEDROOM

Mom scans the room -- young kid stuff.

She looks to the BED. Aha. More giggles emanate from a SQUIRMING SHAPE under the blanket.

MOM
I found you!

She reaches out, ready to rain down a tickling frenzy when --

The CLOSET DOOR bursts open. SON (7), all smiles with a mess of dark hair, springs out.

SON

Surprise!

Mom *SCREAMS!* The SHAPE under the blanket goes still as the lights begin to flicker again.

Mom looks at Son. Son looks back. Confusion.

SON

Mom?

She slowly goes to remove the blanket. Fingers inches away.

The SHAPE BOLTS upright! Lights go out.

SCREAM--!

CUT TO BLACK: