

# THE MENACING

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A dingy place.

On a chair sits, DEAN(30s).

Light from a lampshade sitting on an adjoining table illuminates his scruffy features. Dark circles are dominant around his eyes.

From a window comes a fierce view of lightning and rain.

Dean's gaze fixated at the window as he drinks beer from a bottle.

DEAN(V.O.)

Fear. It is said to be a rational thing. You can have big fears. You can have small fears. Fear-

A thunder booms.

Dean jolts. The beer bottle topples and shatters on the floor.

Dean just sighs, looks at the wasted beer.

Again, thunder booms. Some rainwater sprinkles in through the window.

Dean starts to get up but slumps right back.

DEAN(V.O.)

Fuck it. It will get open anyway.

He sighs. Hopelessness written all over him.

DEAN(V.O.)

I think I should have thought for once in my fucking life. But you know, the thing that we least think about before doing comes back to bite in our ass. Surely I did one such thing. Surely I did.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

A cheapie place. Poorly lit. The rowdy-type customers make it look sordid as well.

SUPER: ONE DAY AGO

At a table, sits Dean. Drunk. Four empty beer bottles stand on the table.

A joint between his fingers helps him to get high. He looks tidier than before.

In comes MARK(40s), a scrawny-looking man, with his head hanging low.

He shuffles on his way and quietly sits at a table placed in one corner, away from others. He rests his head on the table.

Dean peers at Mark as he takes a long drag from his joint.

DEAN

Hey!

He picks a bottle cap from the table and throws it at Mark.

It hits Mark. He looks up.

Dean squints and sees the bloodshot eyes of Mark. They are abnormally red.

Mark takes the bottle cap, puts it in his mouth.

Dean looks away.

The bottle cap comes flying back, hits Dean on his cheek.

He touches his cheek then looks at the saliva-coated bottle cap.

DEAN

Fucking asshole!

Mark stares at him.

Dean furiously slams his palm on the table and gets up.

DEAN

Hey! You chickenshit!

He throws his joint at Mark.

Mark remains unfazed.

Dean staggers as he reaches Mark.

DEAN

You want fucking trouble dude. I'll give it to you.

He grabs Mark's collar, pulls him off his chair.

Mark just stares at him dead in the eyes.

Dean seems alarmed now.

CUSTOMER#1

Are you fellas gonna make a scene now?

DEAN

Hmm?

Dean looks at Customer#1 then back at Mark. His red eyes dead on him.

DEAN

No. Nothing.

He releases Mark from his grip.

Mark opens his mouth slightly, sticks out his black-colored tongue.

Dean takes a step back.

CUSTOMER#2

Simmer down, guys. You know, things spiral out of control pretty quick here.

Dean swallows hard. He rubs his eyes.

DEAN

Do you guys see this?

CUSTOMER#1

What?

DEAN

This dumbfuck right here.

CUSTOMER#2

If you got any problem, then just get out of here. Or else, I swear on the soul of my dead mother, you will be a goner pretty soon.

Dean takes this threat seriously. It's no joke.

DEAN

Well then, I think I am losing my mind.

Dean retreats and heads for the exit. He chuckles a bit.

DEAN

Stuff's fucking strong.

He looks back, Mark's gaze still on him.

DEAN

Crazy bastard.

**EXT. BAR - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

People bustle up and down the street. Traffic seems moderate.

Dean totters down his path. He looks completely wasted.  
He stops by a curb and looks around.  
Suddenly, the area is deserted. No people. No sound.  
Confused, Dean touches his temple.

DEAN  
I should really stop this shit.

Gradually, he grows tense.

DEAN  
It's all in your head, Dean. All is  
fine.

Dean closes and then opens his eyes.

Still, the place is deserted.

Dean panics.

He slowly turns around as if involuntarily. His lips tremble  
at what he sees.

Less than fifty yards away stands Mark. His eyes are red  
than ever. His black tongue flicks like a snake's. A  
menacing sight to witness.

Dean screams and runs.

Mark lets out a horrifying screech and charges after Dean.

DEAN  
Help! Help!

Dean runs with all his might, quickly gets out of breath.

Behind him, Mark covers the distance at an alarming speed.

Mark gets close enough, lunges at Dean, and pins him to the  
ground.

He raises his hand to strike Dean.

Dean yelps and shuts his eyes.

DEAN  
No! No! No!

The noise of commotion and traffic interrupts.

Dean looks around. Mark is nowhere. People look at Dean.  
Some awkwardly. Some surprisingly.

Dean runs through the crowd. A few people curse him as he  
bumps into them.

**EXT. DEAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Dean stops, out of breath. Exhausted. Scared.

**INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Dean rushes in, shuts the door, and locks it.

He's not in his senses.

Tip...tip...tip...

Dean rushes to the-

**KITCHEN**

-and closes the dripping faucet.

DEAN

Shut up!

He flops on the floor against a cabinet, breathing heavily.

He closes his eyes, sighs.

A stream of water slides on the floor and touches Dean's foot.

Dean snaps his eyes open, looks at the overflowing sink. The faucet is open again.

DEAN

Fuck!

He gets up, tightens the faucet close.

The water in the sink appears black. Confused, Dean dips his finger in it a little.

A tar-like sticky glob covers his fingertip.

Suddenly, a hand comes out of the sink.

Dean startles, steps on the water, slips, and falls hard on the floor.

Mark emerges from the sink, daubed in the black gak. His eyes are completely red. No pupils.

Dean recedes in aghast.

Mark crawls out of the sink, straightens up. Long, sharp nails stick out from his fingertips.

Transfixed, Dean opens his mouth to scream but, no sound comes out. Even the veins in his neck are visible.

Mark grins. A terrifying sight of his razor-sharp teeth reveals.

He advances towards Dean.

Dean just looks wide-eyed. His chest heaves with terror.

With the closing distance, Dean's vision gets blurry.

He raises his arms to defend himself.

Mark towers over him.

Dean retches.

His eyelids droop as we...

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

**FADE IN:**

**INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING**

Dean lies unconscious.

A knock comes from the main door.

Dean opens his eyes, sits upright, and touches his temple.  
Winces.

He looks at the sink. No water in it. No water on the floor.

He is befuddled.

The knock from the door comes again.

Dean shambles to the-

**LIVING ROOM**

Reaches the door and opens it.

EMMA(50s), one of the residents, stands outside. She has a smile on her face.

EMMA

Here. As you said yesterday.

She hands him a packet of bread. Her smile fades.

EMMA

What happened to you?

DEAN

Who? Me? Ah... N-Nothing. I am fine.

EMMA

No. You're not.

She tries to peep in his apartment.

Dean blocks her view.

DEAN  
It's nothing. It's just... I didn't  
sleep well.

Emma is clearly not convinced.

Dean takes the packet of bread from her.

DEAN  
Emma, trust me. I am fine.

EMMA  
Sure?

DEAN  
Hundred percent.

EMMA  
Like a horse?

DEAN  
What?!

EMMA  
Horse. Healthy as a horse.

DEAN  
Yeah. Horse. Like a horse.

EMMA  
Ok.

She turns to leave.

DEAN  
Thanks for the bread.

Emma smiles.

EMMA  
No problem.

She leaves.

Dean shuts the door, sighs.

**INT. FACTORY WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON**

More than a dozen workers on duty. A synchronized cycle of palletizing and storing goods in progress.

Dean sits at a corner with his face down.

Some of his co-workers watch him with a look of concern. One of them approaches him.



CO-WORKER#1

Dean.

Dean jolts and looks up. He literally seems surprised.

DEAN

Yeah. Wh-what?

CO-WORKER#1

You're OK?

DEAN

Yeah. Why?

He stands up, confused.

DEAN

What am I doing here?

CO-WORKER#1

What do you mean?

DEAN

Here. Why am I sitting here?

CO-WORKER#1

That is something I should be asking you.

DEAN

I was in the aisle seven counting stocks and even rearranging some of them when-

CO-WORKER#1

Dude! You have been sitting here for like twenty minutes straight.

DEAN

What?!

CO-WORKER#1

Are you sure you are OK?

DEAN

I am sitting here since morning?

CO-WORKER#1

Morning? You came here late, Dean. Less than an hour ago.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - EVENING**

Grey clouds span in the sky. The weather assures a stormy night.

Among the pedestrian crowd, Dean walks sluggishly.

People jostle past him in a hurry.

Dean looks fatigued as if on the verge of collapsing.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 7TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dean leans against the door of his room. His hand trembles as he tries to jab his key in the keyhole.

EMMA(O.S.)

Dean.

He remains focused.

DEAN

Come on. Just get in there.

EMMA(O.S.)

Dean.

DEAN

Just a minute, Emma. Can't you see that I am...trying to get in my fucking house.

EMMA(O.S.)

DEAN!

DEAN

Yeah. Yeah. Sorry for the SWEARING.

He chuckles.

Finally, the key gets inserted in the keyhole.

EMMA(O.S.)

Dean.

DEAN

Yeah. Sorry for...  
(turns)  
...looking like a stu-

Emma is nowhere.

Dean looks both sides, scratches his head.

DEAN

(murmurs)

I'm going crazy. I'm going fucking crazy.

KURT(40s), steps out from one of the apartment rooms.

DEAN

Hey, Kurt.

KURT

Yeah.

Kurt approaches Dean, smiles.

KURT  
Saw you after a while.

DEAN  
Oh, yeah. Busy busy.

KURT  
(eyes Dean)  
You don't look good.

DEAN  
Why? What happened?

Kurt hesitates.

KURT  
Nothing.

DEAN  
Anyway, can I ask you something?

KURT  
Sure.

DEAN  
Did you...  
(clears his throat)  
Did you see Emma today?

Kurt looks surprised.

KURT  
Emma?!

DEAN  
Yes. Emma.

KURT  
Did I see Emma?

DEAN  
Yes.

KURT  
Today?

DEAN  
You heard me for the first time,  
right?

KURT  
Of course I did. I am just  
confirming.

Dean gets annoyed.

DEAN  
Kurt. Please.

KURT  
Are you pulling my leg?

DEAN  
No! I am serious.

KURT  
This is not funny, Dean. Please  
stop this nonsense.

DEAN  
Kurt, I just asked you about Emma.  
If you don't want to tell me, it's  
fine. I'll ask someone else.

KURT  
And make a fool of yourself.

DEAN  
What the fuck are you saying?

Kurt sighs.

KURT  
She's dead, Dean.  
(beat)  
Emma's dead.

DEAN  
What are y- I didn't knew...

Kurt shakes his head.

KURT  
Nice one, Dean.

Kurt walks away.

Dean remains motionless for a moment.

A crack of thunder breaks his stance. He turns back.

HOARSE VOICE(O.S.)  
Dean.

Scared, Dean turns around ever so slowly.

At the end of the corridor stands Mark. Red eyes. Black tongue.  
Long nails.

Mark charges at Dean.

Frantically, Dean twists the key, opens the door, and slams  
it shut.

**INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Dean locks the door, backs off, petrified.

From the outside, heavy breathing resonates.

Dean runs into his-

#### LIVING ROOM

Tumbles. His breathing at its peak.

Dean takes out his phone. It shows - No signal available.

He bursts into tears.

A crack of thunder then, the rain begins.

Pretty soon, the rain gains momentum and starts to splatter hard against the window.

Dean crawls towards the window, reaches out to close it.

Lightning flashes. Thunder rumbles.

Dean scrambles back, hits a chair. Tears run down his face.

Loud banging on the door.

DEAN

Fuck you!

The banging continues.

Dean climbs on the chair, slumps. He can't bear it any longer.

He covers his ears, screams.

The banging ceases.

Dean stares out of the window. Slowly, his expression becomes stoic.

DEAN(V.O.)

You see, here's where I accepted  
that I truly and utterly fucked up.  
No way out.

Dean looks back at the main door.

DEAN(V.O.)

I was pretty sure that I can't go  
out. Even if I wanted to.

He looks back at the window, at the pelting rain.

The outside world swirls into a chasm of infinite darkness.

That darkness slowly edges towards the room.

Dean flicks on a lamp sitting on the table.

DEAN(V.O.)  
It's been raining like this for  
what feels like an eternity now.

Dean imitates the action of drinking beer from a bottle.

Thunder booms.

He jolts and looks down on the floor. As if something as  
fallen.

The intensity of the rain keeps on increasing.

A flash of lightning brightens the room and Mark is seen  
standing at a distance behind Dean.

DEAN(V.O.)  
(swallows hard)  
Enough.

He stands up, walks over to the window, and looks down.

A dark void lays underneath. The rainwater just disappears  
in it.

Dean climbs on the ledge.

The rain hits him hard all over the body.

Breathing heavily, he sticks out one of his leg.

DEAN(V.O.)  
I know that motherfucker is behind  
me.

With his palpable red eyes, Mark prowls behind Dean.

DEAN(V.O.)  
I just need a little push. I swear  
a little push...

Mark creeps closer.

Dean closes his eyes.

END.