

Mysteria

"Hello"

Created & Written by

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OVER BLACK:

"Count your Blessings instead of Sheep" by Rosemary Clooney plays.

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The song still plays, only more distant now.

The room is dark, but there's light coming from under the bedroom door.

Muffled arguing between two parents thunders outside. The light under the door serves as the only light in the room.

A BOY (6) hides in his comforter, holding a little STUFFED DOLPHIN. He's watching the light under the door.

The arguing intensifies.

SLAP.

The boy shakes. He can hear his mom wailing in pain. A DIGITAL CLOCK reads 3:33 AM.

LOUD CRASHES.

He can hear furniture being broken. Her screams become even more distressed. The boy begins to cry.

Then... everything becomes silent.

Heavy footsteps slowly approach the door.

STOMP.

...

STOMP.

The boy tries to remain silent, but can't stop crying under his breath.

The door comes flying open and hits the wall.

BAM.

The FATHER (40) stands in the doorway, covered in blood. He holds a KNIFE. He's smiling. The song is playing from out in the living room. It's much louder now.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

Hey, buddy boy. It's time to get up.

A long beat.

The boy stays in his bed, not moving. The father's smile fades. He takes ONE STEP towards the bed. The boy cowers. He takes another step.

ANOTHER STEP.

The boy sees the knife. He closes his eyes tight. Tears drop.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The song plays, almost as if it were an echo. A YOUNG MAN (20s) has his eyes tightly shut as tears run down his cheeks. His face is scarred.

The sound of HEAVY RUNNING.

Startled, the young man's eyes open. The song stops. A nightmare? He looks down at the worn stuffed dolphin he's holding.

It wasn't a nightmare, it was a MEMORY.

On a side table, a picture of the young man and his bride at their wedding.

On the coffee table. A note, with a wedding ring resting on top of it.

The first line of the note: I'm Sorry.

The young man, still emotional, sets the dolphin next to a HANDGUN on the table. He picks up the handgun.

The song starts to play again, almost in the distance.

He hears his angry father's voice.

He puts the barrel of the gun IN HIS MOUTH.

CLICK.

The power in his apartment goes out. The young man gasps. IT DIDN'T WORK.

Now ANGRY, the young man puts the barrel into his temple.

(CONTINUED)

HE YELLS.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

His anger curdles into sorrow. He drops the gun and cradles his head in his hands.

Almost interrupting him. AN UNEARTHLY SNARL.

The young man snaps to attention. He surveys the room...

A SILHOUETTE. It's just STANDING... OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW. It's STARING inside.

He stands and approaches a light switch.

FLICK. Nothing. FLICK, FLICK. Again. Nothing.

ANIMALISTIC SOUNDS crawl down a hallway towards him. The young man looks to see...

ANOTHER silhouette, hunched like an animal. Inching forward, like a predator.

The young man eyes his FRONT DOOR, then the hallway again, while a...

BLOODIED WOMAN stands behind him. Motionless.

HE DOESN'T NOTICE.

A long beat.

The silhouette down the hall CHARGES.

The young man BOLTS to his front door and exits the apartment.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The young man SLAMS the door behind him and sprints down the hallway. As he passes different apartments, he hears disturbing noises behind each door.

Down the hall, a FIGURE stands in a dark doorway. It starts SPRINTING towards him. The young man makes a quick turn.