

SLEEP TIGHT

by

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FADE IN:

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ALLIE (7) lies in her bed. She CLUTCHES the covers, pulls them to her chin, as her MOTHER (mid-30's) tucks her in.

ALLIE  
Please, Mommy?

MOTHER  
No, Allie. No more sleeping in my room. You're a big girl.

ALLIE  
But-

MOTHER  
I'm not going to say it again.

The menace behind her tone is far from loving. Her expression shifts from anger back to a smile.

She KISSES Allie on the forehead.

MOTHER  
Sleep tight.

Allie's mother turns off the light as she leaves the room.

Allie is alone, her NIGHTLIGHT a dim beacon in the darkness.

Allie's eyes drift around the room. Things that were benign and innocent in the light are suddenly sinister.

A car passes by outside, illuminating the WINDOW BLINDS. Allie sees a DEMON clawing at the glass.

She ducks under her covers. When she dares to take a peek, she realizes that it was just a TREE BRANCH.

Allie turns her eyes toward a pile of STUFFED ANIMALS. One of the animals TURNS ITS HEAD to face her.

Allie hides her face beneath the covers again. She risks a glance at the animals, but they never moved.

She breathes a sigh of relief. It was just her imagination.

The closet door RATTLES.

Allie stiffens. Was that her imagination?

She relaxes. The closet door RATTLES again, harder this time.

Definitely not her imagination. Now she's TERRIFIED.

ALLIE  
(forced wherper)  
Mom? Mommy?

Another RATTLE, harder ther time.

Allie pulls the covers up to her chin, but she doesn't hide this time. She calms her breathing.

ALLIE  
(to herself)  
I'm a big girl. I'm a big girl.

Allie stares at her closet. The door remains closed, perfectly still.

Allie pushes the covers away. She dares to stand.

The closet door rattles again, quiet, steady.

Allie creeps along the floor, toward the closet. She never takes her eyes off the rattling door.

With every step she takes, the rattle gets LOUDER.

Allie stops before the door. The rattle is UNCEASING and STRONG. Whatever is inside definitely wants out.

Allie reaches for the DOORKNOB.

She YANKS the door open.

Save for her clothes and a few toys, the closet is EMPTY.

Allie allows herself another sigh of relief. She smiles, proud of her bravery.

Allie closes the closet door, takes a few steps toward her bed. She turns, hurries to the closet and opens the door.

Just a crack.

Allie walks back to her bed, unafraid. She pulls back the covers.

MONSTROUS HANDS stab out from beneath her bed, grabbing Allie's ankles. A bloodthirsty GROWL!

Allie FALLS to the floor. She CLAWS for purchase, SCREAMING, as she's dragged beneath her bed.

Her screams STOP with a sudden finality.

In the darkness, one last satisfied GROWL fills the room.

FADE TO BLACK