

Shadows

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EXT. CABIN - DAY

An old cabin sits in the quiet of the woods far away from civilization. The stillness is broken by the sound of a car coming up the road.

The vehicle approaches the cabin. The headlights shine across the face of the structure as it turns into the drive. The car shuts off.

INT. TRUNK - DAY

JACK - blue jeans, flannel shirt with sleeves rolled up - opens the trunk of the car and towers over the open cavity.

EXT. REAR OF CAR - DAY

A vintage typewriter sits in an otherwise empty trunk.

INT. TRUNK - DAY

JACK
No school like the old school.

He reaches in with both hands to grab the typewriter.

INT. CABIN - DAY

SLAM! The typewriter is roughly placed on a side table near the fireplace. The internal bell mechanism softly resonates from its rough handling. Jack loads a sheet of paper into the machine then walks away to tend to other errands.

The old machine sits ominously on its table facing the rest of the cabin, almost as if it's watching Jack.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jack finishes the last bite of his dinner while on the phone with his wife.

JACK
No, I haven't started writing anything yet, but I'm about to get started...

He stands up and takes his dishes to the sink. He begins filling a sink to wash them.

JACK
Yeah, renting this cabin was a good idea.

He grabs the soap and pours some into the water.

JACK

It'll be nice to sit down and write...

He set's the soap back on the edge of the sink.

JACK (CONT'D)

...without all the usual distractions.

Jack moves the rushing faucet over to the empty side of the sink.

JACK

I have to say though, there's something familiar about this cabin.

Jack picks up a large intimidating knife, inspects it curiously, and begins washing it in the sink. As the phone call continues the rushing water in the sink gets louder.

JACK

It's like I've been here before...

Jack scrubs the knife with a sponge.

JACK

Okay. Alright. I'll give you a call in a few days when I'm on my way home. Okay. Love you.

Jack hangs up the phone and sets it on the counter. He goes back to scrubbing the knife.

TICK! A single key is pressed on the typewriter. Jack looks over his shoulder to see what the sound was as he continues scrubbing.

JACK

AHH!

He cuts his middle finger on the knife. It's bleeding quite a bit. Blood runs into the drain of the sink. He turns off the water. Silence takes over the cabin as he's inspecting his wound.

TICK! Again a single key is pressed on the typewriter. Jack snaps his head in the direction of the old machine and freezes for a moment. The pain from his cut makes him wince and breaks his focus. He grabs a kitchen towel and covers his

hand.

INT. CABIN BATHROOM - DAY

SHHHHRRROOOOOW! Jack, in the bathroom, wraps the last piece of first aid tape around the gauze-bandage he made for his cut. As he's pressing down the tape on his bandage, a shadow person walks past the doorway, just out of Jack's sight.

Jack is inspecting his bandage work when TICK! The typewriter sounds again!

INT. CABIN - DAY

Jack steps into bathroom doorway and stares at the typewriter in confusion and bewilderment.

He cautiously approaches the typewriter. He leans in to see what has been typed on the page.

ON THE SCREEN:

RUN

JACK

Run?

Behind Jack, a door slowly opens to a room shrouded in the deepest of darkness.

BAAAAAHHHH! The deafening sound of thousands of bees and breathy whispers shatter the silence. Jack covers his ears with his hands and doubles over himself.

The typewriter types furiously the word "RUN" over and over while Jack is stumbling around, hands over his ears, becoming more disoriented by the second.

The deafening noise persists. Jack trips over a piece of furniture and falls to the ground in line with the mysterious door. He curls up, hands on his head, screaming, with his back to the opened door.

KSHHHHHHH! Jack is pulled by an unseen force across the floor and into the dark room just before the door violently slams shut. Silence overcomes the cabin.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin sits in silence against a wooded background. Wind eerily blows across the landscape. The sound of a car coming

up the road can be heard. Headlights crest the hill, headed toward the cabin.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Silence...CRASH! The door to the dark room flies open and Jack runs out in a flash. He reaches the front the door and desperately tries to open it but it won't budge. He tries a window. It doesn't move.

Jack pauses when he sees a car pulling into the empty drive way. He starts banging on the windows and screaming for help. But then he stops. He's in disbelief.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The car shuts off and a man exits the car. It's Jack! Just as he was before. He heads to the trunk of his car.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Jack pounds on the glass and is screaming at himself outside.

JACK
RUN! RUN!

He sees himself open the trunk of the car and immediately remembers the typewriter. He turns and runs to the typewriter sitting on the side table and begins to type the word "run" over and over as fast as he can.

JACK
No! NOO!

The typewriter fades away in front of Jack's eyes as he grabs his head in panic, mumbling "no" repeatedly. He runs back to the window. He beats on it and screams.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The Jack inside the cabin can be seen pounding on the window but nothing is heard. The Jack outside stands at the back of his car looking in the trunk.

INT. TRUNK - DAY

Jack towers over the trunk cavity.

JACK
There's no school like the old school.

He reaches in with both hands to grab the typewriter.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Jack, inside, is at the window when two dark arms slowly overtake him from behind and begin to pull him backward into the dark. Jack stretches his arms outward as he fades into the black.

INT. TRUNK - DAY

Jack stands over the open trunk, typewriter under his arm. He shuts the trunk lid. BAM!

CUT TO BLACK

END