

"Bedtime Snack"

by  
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EXT. LARKIN HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

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Three movers, their truck behind them with the hold open and the ramp inclined, stand outside of a large house, looking up at it. BILL, 29, a lanky guy with long hair and a few visible tattoos, whistles appreciatively.

BILL

This is *quite* a joint!

TIM, 28, a bald, rugged guy, replies.

TIM

You ain't lyin'.

He looks at the boss, JOHNNY, 33, a short but very muscular man.

TIM

I bet it costs more than my studio, huh, boss?

Johnny chuckles.

BILL

What are we doin' here, Johnny?

JOHNNY

We're cleaning the place out.

TIM

Why are we doin' that?

JOHNNY

All I know is what Mr. Casey told me: Some rich guy bought this house in a foreclosure sale. Real hoi-polloi, ya know? The guy's realtor hired Casey and Sons to make sure the house is clean when he and his family move in next week.

TIM

I don't dust and mop.

BILL

Me neither!

JOHNNY

(sighs)

I said clean out, not up. The maids will come in later.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(beat)

If it's not bolted down, put it on the truck. Richie Rich wants the place all nice and clean so he can bring in his antiques.

TIM

Is there a lot of stuff to move?

JOHNNY

I have no idea. I've never been inside.

BILL

Who's the stuff belong to?

JOHNNY

Casey mentioned something about a Larkin family that lived here - a mom, a dad, and two kids.

BILL

Where'd they go?

JOHNNY

Maybe they ran off and joined the circus. How am I supposed to know?

(beat)

Let's make short work of this, huh? The sooner we're finished, the sooner we can go down to O'Sullivan's and bend a few.

FADE TO:

The movers' footsteps echo as they walk down the dusty hallway. Johnny looks into the open doors at the furniture in the rooms.

JOHNNY

This doesn't look like too much to move.

He runs his hand along the handrail. It comes back dusty.

JOHNNY

Messy though. I don't envy the cleaning ladies.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Better them than us.

JOHNNY

What's this room here?

They stop walking in front of a room at the end of the hall. The door to the room is closed, unlike all the others. Johnny turns the knob, but it just revolves in his hand. He pushes on it to no avail.

JOHNNY

The damn door's stuck! It's like the wood's swelled.

(beat)

I'll get it.

He backs up a few paces and runs at the door, his shoulder bearing the brunt of the hit. After a couple of tries, the creaky door shakes against the impact, but then opens slowly.

TIM

Good shoulder, Johnny!

JOHNNY

Old football training. Nobody got past me when I was in a tackling mood.

The three of them walk into the dusty room. The only item in the room is a large bed, all made up for sleeping. A bright white comforter rests on top of the sheets. The bed is pushed up against the far wall.

Johnny sniffs the air.

JOHNNY

Phew! What a *stink*.

BILL

That door must have been stuck for a *while*.

Johnny crosses to the room's lone window, through which *some* sun is entering despite its grime. He briefly struggles to open it, then he looks down.

JOHNNY

Painted shut.

(CONTINUED)

TIM  
Just the one bed?  
(beat)  
This room will be a *cinch*.

Johnny walks over to the bed and strains unsuccessfully to move it.

JOHNNY  
This sucker's *heavy*.

He looks at Tim and Bill.

JOHNNY  
Help me out.

Both of them join him and grab a hold of the bed.

JOHNNY  
One, two, three. . . *heave!*

The bed only creaks from their efforts. It is *not* budging.

JOHNNY  
(windied)  
OK, guys. Take five.

TIM  
It must be made of bricks!

BILL  
It looks pretty old. They made things to last back then.

JOHNNY  
Bill, go down to the truck and bring up the toolbox.

BILL  
What for?

JOHNNY  
We're gonna take this thing out of here in *pieces*.

BILL  
Won't the guy who bought the joint be upset about that?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY

Richie Rich wants all this junk gone so he can bring in his knickknacks. He won't mind if this monster's in pieces as long as it's out of his sight.

TIM

What if the family you mentioned comes lookin' for it?

JOHNNY

Then they can have all the pieces and the screws.

(beat)

They ain't coming back. Casey said no one's seen 'em for *months*.

He turns to Bill.

JOHNNY

While you pull this thing apart, Tim and I will start getting the other stuff on the truck.

FADE TO:

Bill is alone in the room, the open toolbox at his feet, the door ajar. He crouches down, picks out a large wrench, and rises. He holds it in one hand and slaps it into the other a few times.

BILL

OK, bed, you're comin' apart.

There is a sudden sound of adults and kids giggling. Bill looks around, alarmed.

BILL

Come out - wherever you are.

There is more giggling.

BILL

This. . . This ain't funny.  
Somebody's bought this house. You  
. . . You gotta go.

More giggling.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

OK. If that's the way you want to play it, I'm going to get the boss. *He'll* make you come out.

The door behind him slams shut and locks itself. On the back, drawn in blood, is a pentagram.

A loud sucking sound comes from near the bed. Bill falls to the floor, his long hair blowing back. Clutching unsuccessfully for a hand hold, he is dragged screaming across the hardwood.

The bed's mattress angles up, forming a kind of mouth. Screaming and still holding the wrench, Bill is sucked inside bit by bit. Along the way, the "mouth" moves up and down with a crunching sound, chewing on the screaming man.

When he is gone, we hear the sound of lips smacking. Seconds later, the wrench is spat out onto the floor.

The door unlocks and creaks open slowly.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Confused, Tim and Johnny look around.

TIM

Where'd he go?

Johnny walks to the window and peers outside. He sees no trace of Bill by the truck.

JOHNNY

How should I know?

He knocks on the bed's wooden headboard.

JOHNNY

We've been busting our butts downstairs, and he hasn't even *started* taking this thing apart!

Tim bends down and picks the wrench up off the floor.

TIM

You want me to take over?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY

Good idea. I can get the rest of the stuff on the truck myself. If I finish first, I'll come up and help ya.

FADE TO:

EXT. BEDROOM - LATER

Johnny walks in and looks around. There is no sign of Tim.

JOHNNY

What a couple of *bums* I'm working with.

(beat)

Wait till Mr. Casey hears about this!

He sees the wrench on the floor and picks it up.

JOHNNY

I'll just have to do it *myself*!

The loud sucking noise starts again. Johnny's hair moves in the breeze.

The door slams shut and locks itself. Johnny turns around and sees the pentagram on the back of it.

With a loud creak, the bed slowly rises onto its footboard, as though standing.

JOHNNY

(very nervous)

What the. . . Beds don't stand up. They're not alive!

As the bed reaches its full height, he sees Bill and Tim lying side by side under the comforter, their heads on the pillows. He grabs at his chest, chuckling nervously.

JOHNNY

You idiots!

(beat)

You almost gave me a heart attack.

Moving left and then right, the bed "walks" toward him, making loud thuds with every "step." The comforter falls down to reveal only Bill and Tim's bloody heads on the pillows.

(CONTINUED)



A small bit of Bill's spinal cord is still attached to his neck. The sheets around them are *soaked* in blood.

There is more giggling. Johnny nervously holds up the wrench like a weapon as the bed slowly approaches him.

JOHNNY

You stay away from me, what. . .  
whatever you are.

He runs to the door but, as before, the knob turns uselessly in his hand.

JOHNNY

You're not getting *me*!

He looks around the room and nervously focuses on the window.

JOHNNY

But I'm on the *third* floor.

He gestures at what remains of his friends.

JOHNNY

It's better than ending up like  
*that*!

He runs at the window with his arms outstretched, shattering the glass and falling through. With a fading scream, he drops to the ground three stories below.

There is some chuckling, then the door unlocks and slowly creaks open.

FADE TO:

LIAM WILSON, 48, a prim and proper realtor, is standing in the driveway on his cell phone. He has parked his pricey car beside the movers' truck, which has much furniture in it.

WILSON

Mr. Casey, it's Liam Wilson. . .  
Yes, I'm at the house. . . The  
truck's here, and it seems pretty  
full, but I don't see your. . .

He notices something by the bushes surrounding the house.

(CONTINUED)

WILSON

Oh, dear God! Hold on.

He runs to the bushes and sees Johnny's dead body. Tiny bits of glass are all over him, blood oozing from their wounds. His neck rests at an angle that it shouldn't.

WILSON

The *poor* man.

He speaks into his cell again.

WILSON

There's been a *terrible* accident.  
One of your men is lying in the  
bushes. His neck looks broken.

He looks up and sees the broken window.

WILSON

He seems to have fallen out of a  
window. . . No, I don't see any  
sign of the other two workers. . .  
Yes, you call the police, and I'll  
have a look inside.

FADE TO:

Wilson is on his cell again.

WILSON

I don't see them anywhere. . .  
Almost everything's out of the  
house, but. . . Well, I'll have to  
hire *another* company. My client  
was very particular that *nothing*  
should remain. . . We'll work out  
a fair price for the work your men  
*did* complete.

He hangs up, rubs his eyes, and sighs.

WILSON

What a waste of time!

He walks around the old bed, admiringly. It is just where  
it was before Johnny entered the room and has not a  
single trace of blood on it.

(CONTINUED)

WILSON

What a day! It is *so* tempting to  
take a nap.

He dials a number on his cell.

WILSON

Jean, it's me. . . Yes, I'm at the  
property. Can you find me *another*  
moving company and a guy to  
replace a broken window?. . . I'll  
explain later. . . Thank you.

He turns his cell off. We hear giggling. Wilson checks  
his watch and looks out the broken window.

WILSON

Must be schoolchildren passing by.  
It *is* that time of day.

The door slams shut and locks itself.

Wilson gasps. We hear chuckling and lip smacking, as  
before. Through the open window, we hear an approaching  
siren.

Wilson screams in terror as the sucking sound begins.

FADE TO BLACK.