

The Sounds They Make

By

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(Some camera direction included)

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INT. HOUSE (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

From very far away, MOTHER, stands at the end of a long hallway. All interior lights are off. Moonlight beams through the windows.

She walks very slowly toward camera. Suspense builds as she gets halfway down the hallway. As she takes her next step, CLOSE ON her face. A single ray of light shines across her features. She's cautious, worried. Scared.

As her face is illuminated, we hear IT for the first time. A moaning, screeching sound. It's coming from upstairs.

INT. HOUSE (UPSTAIRS) - CONTINUOUS

The sound is more pronounced. We see Mother from the upstairs railing. She's slowly making her way up the stairs, one at a time.

She reaches the top step. From the end of the hallway, she looks in the direction from which the noise is coming, toward us.

From her POV, BRIGHT, WARM LIGHT spills out from under the door at the end of the hallway. As the noise continues, Mother takes bolder, more confident strides.

She reaches the door. The sound is loud, piercing, and even more unsettling than before. She cautiously turns the knob. With a burst of confidence, she flings the door open.

INT. HOUSE (BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

DAUGHTER lays peacefully in her bed. She sleeps soundly. No sign of anything else in the room. No sound. CLOSE ON Mother's face. Relief, love.

INT. HOUSE (UPSTAIRS) - CONTINUOUS

Mother closes the door. She waits. CLOSE ON her face. From the other end of the hall, we see her slowly begin to walk away from the door. From Mother's POV, after a few steps, the warm light creeps into frame and past her feet. She stops. The sound.

CLOSE ON Mother. Fear, dread.

She rushes back down the hallway and flings the door open once again.

INT. HOUSE (BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

EIGHT HOODED FIGURES stand in the room, spread out. They wear all black. We can't see their faces. Their mouths are agape, the warm light beaming forth. The sound is shattering.

CLOSE ON Mother as she takes this in. She only hesitates for a beat before she throws herself toward daughter's bed.

As she attempts to move past one of them, she makes contact with it. As this happens, she and all eight of them DISAPPEAR.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE (BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

POV of daughter as she stirs. She sits up in her bed. We see the room, empty. She looks toward the door. Nothing. We hold our perspective on the door as she speaks.

DAUGHTER

Mommy?

No sign of Mother.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

(slightly louder)

Mommy?

Silence.

We continue looking at the door for a few beats. As daughter turns back toward the room, one of them is sitting on her bed, staring directly at her. It opens its mouth. The warm light. The sound.

CREDITS