

NIGHT TRAUMA

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - BOY'S ROOM - DAY

TITLE: CHICAGO

All is quiet.

RAIMOND FANON (50s) looks a bit Rastafarian at first glance with his dreads and dark skin, but he carries himself more like a black Dumbledore including small glasses perched delicately on his nose.

He pulls out a small gray puck from his bag and lights it on top of an incense burner. He edges slowly into the room.

MOTHER

What is he doing?

The Mother speaks to AIMEE FANON (mid 20s), a petite, fair skinned black woman. She appears weak. She is not.

AIMEE

He's trying to find out where it is.

MOTHER

Do we have to be here for this?

AIMEE

I'm sorry, but the boy has to be here to draw it out.

THE YOUNG BOY (7ish) clings to the mother's waist. Aimee puts her hand on the mother's arm reassuringly.

AIMEE (cont'd)

Don't worry, I won't let it past this door.

CONNOR LEIDENFROST (30s) nods to Aimee as he follows Raimond into the room. He's a handsome, corn-fed Midwesterner, accent and all the backward thought that comes with it.

RAIMOND

You should remain outside.

CONNOR

My monster, my fight. Under the bed or in the closet?

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RAIMOND

Closet.

Raimond takes a deep breath and mutters words in MEDU. It follows most closely to ancient Egyptian. Only a few words can be heard such as "KEMET" and "ISHAT".

Raimond amasses some sort of power in the room that everyone can feel. The room quivers in his power. A small rumble begins in the closet. At first it only sounds like a rat might be shuffling in there. Then it becomes DEAFENING. The Young Boy screams.

AIMEE

Go! Leave the house. Now!

She pushes the family away. Turns back to the fight.

AIMEE (cont'd)

Connor! Get outta there!

Something bursts out of the closet. Cheap plywood shatters around the room. Everyone protects their eyes as splinters fly everywhere. Connor, closest to the closet, sees something out of the corner of his eye.

CONNOR

It's out!

The sound is continuously getting louder. It is in the room somewhere but we can't see it directly. A flash here. In the corner of the eye there.

Raimond motions for everyone to stop moving. No one can hear anything anymore. He stands calmly in the middle of the room and pushes the incense away from him, talking quietly.

All sound stops.

CONNOR (cont'd)

There.

Connor points to a corner by the closet where the MONSTER stands. Over six feet tall but as thin as a broomstick, it glares at the three of them through shiny black eyes. Tufts of lint hang on to its glistening body. Its skin looks like it's wet with syrupy tar. It spews out its previous meal of skin and hair and cloth.

It goes for Connor.

AIMEE

No!

(CONTINUED)

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It moves quickly, it's limbs moving like an anthropomorphized bug. On top of Connor, it tries to rip apart Connor's chest with its knife-like fingertips and sharp teeth. Clothes rip away to body armor.

RAIMOND
Cut off its head!

Raimond works, holding back the monster's powers. Connor struggles to get his arm to the knife on his thigh.

Aimee gets there instead.

She pulls out a knife from the sheath on his thigh that looks like a small scimitar only about a foot long. The blade is red and somehow looks fluid and solid at the same time. It easily cuts off the monster's head. The body falls on Connor, still twitching like a dying insect.

Raimond sits on the bed, tired. Connor laughs in a nervous but triumphant way. Aimee just shakes her head and glares at Connor.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ER INTAKE ROOM - DAY

TITLE: SEATTLE

It's been a busy day, most of the seats are full. An irritating television shows daytime TV and an ANNOYED NURSE sits behind the intake window. A WOMAN (30s) and her CHILD (9ish) are buzzed into the ER. As they walk in, an ASIAN MAN (20s) pushes past them.

ANNOYED NURSE
Hey! You can't go in there!

INT. E.R. - CRITICAL CARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DR. FOSTER checks the vitals of an ASIAN ASSHOLE as he squirms in pain on the patient's bed. Dr. Foster is pushing fifty but as the physical reincarnation of Prince Charming, he still maintains justifiable swagger.

With him, DR. RAPHAELLA "RAPH" GORALCZYK (30s) examines the gun shot wound in the patient's shoulder with the fervor of someone who is experienced enough to know what they're doing and green enough to still find it exciting.

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