

CONFINED

Written by

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FADE-IN:

INT. THE HIDING PLACE - EVENING

Dark as a tomb. Three shadowy bodies huddle in a box:

ONE'S feminine and adult. The OTHERS - childlike and small.

Dim light flickers through a KEYHOLE. Insufficient to make out features. But enough to highlight terror in their eyes.

Outside: FOOTSTEPS creak across floorboards. The kids cling to their mother. A LITTLE BOY whispers first.

LITTLE BOY

Mommy, the monster's coming!

MOTHER

Sh!! Not so loud. We'll be safe if we play the quiet game. Remember how I taught you to act before?

YOUNG GIRL

We sit like dolls 'til it's gone?

MOTHER

Or pretend we're baby mice, asleep and *silent* in our "nest."

LITTLE BOY

But monsters kill mice, too. Remember what we saw in the attic? The fur torn off. And those worms!

Whatever's outside hears. Its footsteps STOP.

YOUNG GIRL

Where'd it go?

Mommy leans against the keyhole: her frightened eye peeks through. And recoils from what she sees. Not that there's room to jump back far.

LITTLE BOY

It's looking right at us!

MOTHER

Don't be silly, Darling. It can't see us. We're in here!

YOUNG GIRL

If it finds us, we can't run!

LITTLE BOY

It'll dissolve us with poison, like
we're bugs.

MOTHER

Don't say words like that, Tommy.
You'll scare your sister to death!

At the sound of her voice, the footsteps resume. Right towards their hiding spot. The mother's eyes widen. Has she sentenced her family to death?

MOTHER

Kids, I need you to listen to every
word. The monster *might* find us,
and open the door.

LITTLE BOY

We're gonna die!

MOTHER

Honey, I said might. Or it walks
off like they always do. But if
that door opens, I need you to both
be brave little soldiers. Lie down
and don't move a muscle. Mommy'll
make the bad thing... disappear.

LITTLE BOY

What if the Monster slurps you up?

YOUNG GIRL

Like it did to Aunt Sharon before!

MOTHER

We are *not* going to talk about your
Aunt. Not at your age. And not now.

The Footsteps grow closer. Squishy/boney fingers fumble with
an unseen lock. The mother pulls her kid's heads down.

MOTHER

Promise won't look that *thing* in
the eyes. That's how Sharon - died.

Hinges CREAK overhead. Mother screams.

MOTHER

Get down!

Light floods the cramped quarters. So bright, it's impossible
to discern what's happening - or to whom.

A blurry PINK GIANT grins down at its victims - reaches for them from a now-open sky. Saliva gleams on blunt teeth.

Hidden by the monster's shadow, Mom prepares to lunge. The monster gasps. The daughter looks up.

And *the two lock eyes*. The little girl shrieks and vaporizes into mist - sucked into the creature's nostrils and mouth! The monster staggers back - howls.

In the box, mother shoves Tommy behind her. Her eyes glow fierce, maternal red.

The monster moans. Its hands fall away from a human face.

The skin of which BUBBLES and DISTORTS. The girl tries to escape from her sudden fleshly prison. Fails.

HUMAN

This *box* is haunted, too?
Father Flannery, get up here!

The human's words merge with the daughter's silent plea.

HUMAN

Help!

YOUNG GIRL (MOS)

Help!

MOTHER

Taking my sister was vile enough.
You won't have my babies too!

Her words melt into a demon HISS. IE: What the monster hears.

Blind from panic, the human fumbles for a CRUCIFIX on the floor. He steps on it. Crunch. Almost slips and falls.

HUMAN

Get behind me Satan. Out!

He presses the crucifix to his face. Skin smokes. The trapped little girl howls, too.

LITTLE BOY

He's eating her, Mommy!

MOTHER

No, he won't!

The Demon mother morphs into Light. Streaks across the room... and down the human's throat!

The monster drops the crucifix, crumples to the floor. FOOTSTEPS echo downstairs. Father Flannery's on his way!

The human's chest bubbles like baking soda. A supernatural battle rages inside. He writhes in pain. Shudders. Stops.

Unseen Flannery ascends the stairs, fleet of foot.

The desperate demons are quicker still.

TWO tendrils lance from the human's nose. One red and angry. The other small, innocent and light.

The lights dive into the now-open box, and scoop up a green-colored companion: the boy. The "spirits" ricochet around.

FATHER FLANNERY (70s) bursts in, spots his fallen friend.

The lights circle overhead - explore nooks they can hide.

FATHER FLANNERY
Jonesie, don't you leave me now!

Flannery drops to a knee, performs chest compressions. Too late. Jonesie's not breathing. A goner, for sure.

The three streaks zip into a dark green BOTTLE.

His back turned, Flannery doesn't see. Instead, he rolls beseeching eyes up to attic rafters, and heaven beyond.

FATHER FLANNERY
Satan, thou shalt not triumph here!

INT. GREEN BOTTLE - CONTINUOUS

Heavy breathing. Shifting shadows. A distorted view of Father Flannery outside.

Flannery makes the sign of the cross over Jonesie. Gingerly, he walks to a window. Opens it and stares out.

Inside the bottle: the family catches its collective breath.

LITTLE BOY
Mommy, the monster ate Susie!

MOTHER
Susie, how do you feel now?

YOUNG GIRL
Funny. It was dark and wet in there. Why do the monsters do bad stuff like that to us?

MOTHER

Honey, it's not all their fault. They're just animals. When you look in their eyes, it's like they're a magnet. They can't help we always... get sucked in. That's why I said "don't look up."

LITTLE BOY

The monster opened the lid. Not us!

MOTHER

Either way, everything turned out fine. I stopped the monster's heart, and we escaped. The other one can't find us here.

On cue, Father Flannery turns around. He steps towards the bottle. Over the twinkling crucifix on the floor.

FATHER FLANNERY

What's that in there. A moth?

Inside the bottle: Flannery's magnified face looms, distorts. Mom makes her decision. Time to act.

MOTHER

Kids, listen to me this time. I'll distract the monster. Susie, you fly out the window. Your brother will follow. After he shoves that-
(nods at the crucifix)
Down the stairs. Afterwards, we meet in the shed, out back.

LITTLE BOY

The monster'll gobble you up!

MOTHER

Don't worry. His heart's already quite old. Your brave Mommy can sense that from here.

Father Flannery picks up the bottle, shakes it. Squints.

Inside: it feels like an earthquake. Mother's voice hardens.

MOTHER

Ready, Darlings? 3, 2, 1.
And....go!

Chaos erupts. Or salvation, depending on one's point of view.

FINAL FADE OUT: