

Sleep

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OVER BLACK

The first sounds to be heard are those of the Devil's orchestra, oppressive and spine-chilling. There are hybridised sounds of a thousand people screaming, bones breaking and the sounds of flesh being torn.

CUT IN:

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

A towering hotel reigns tall and mighty from a low angle. The windows look enormous and the walls appear to be covered in ash. The sky is mostly grey and the cables of electricity pylons cut through the street and over the rooftop.

A WOMAN walks into the frame from above, casting a faint shadow across the wall of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL, RECEPTION - DAY

This woman is CHRISTINA. She enters through the main door carrying a small overnight bag into what appears to be a vintage hotel reception. Old books lie scattered on the desk and the decor is very 1940s.

The RECEPTIONIST sits at her desk holding a large book over her face to conceal herself. Beside her on the desk is a glass half full of red wine and a bottle that's less than half full.

Christina slows down her walk on the approach, looking confused by the need for secrecy.

CHRISTINA

Hello.

The receptionist doesn't flinch.

The floor creaks as Christina arrives at the desk.

CHRISTINA

Hello.

The receptionist slowly lowers the book to reveal her eyes only. They both stare off at each other for a few moments.

Then, she lowers the book to reveal her face, which appears to look normal for the most part, the only exception being her cold stare which is enough to chill anyone to the bone.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you here to check in?

Christina looks confused by such a question. She takes a moment to answer.

CHRISTINA
Yes... I've got a single room
booked for one night.

The receptionist proceeds to take a look at the check in
schedule for today.

RECEPTIONIST
What is your name?

CHRISTINA
Christina Blackwood.

The receptionist raises her head slightly and smiles.

RECEPTIONIST
Fresh meat at last.

CHRISTINA
I'm sorry?

The receptionist recomposes herself.

RECEPTIONIST
Nothing. It's just that we've not
had anyone check in for a while so
it's nice to have guests. It's good
for business as I'm sure you
understand.

CHRISTINA
Oh... Why hasn't anyone checked in
then?

The receptionist takes a moment, rolls her eyes to the side
and seems to make up an answer that seems like a normal
thing to say...

RECEPTIONIST
Oh it's extremely competitive this
time of year, trust me.

The two stare at each other awkwardly for a moment.

CHRISTINA
That's good to know.

The receptionist smiles, thinking about what to say next.
She instead opens a drawer under the desk and pulls out the
key to room 28. She hands it over to Christina.

RECEPTIONIST
Go to the first floor, turn right,
your room is at the end of the
corridor.

CHRISTINA
Thanks.

As Christina turns around to walk away, she rolls her eyes.

RECEPTIONIST

Good luck.

Christina stops and turns around.

CHRISTINA

What for?

RECEPTIONIST

(sarcastic)

Well the shower's a bit hit and
miss and the pipes bang at night
so...

Christina looks creeped out as she walks away.

The receptionist watches her walk down the corridor out of sight, then crosses her name off the list with a firm stroke.

She grabs her wine glass from the desk and takes a large sip. Could it just be that she's drunk?

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 28 - CONTINUOUS

Christina unlocks the door to room 28 and immediately her expression dampens -

The room that appears before her is drab and dry.
There is one single bed, held together by hospital white frames that appear with chipped paint.

There is a mirror and one vintage set of drawers underneath it on the right side of the room.
Beside that is one coat rail with chipped black paint.
There is a sink and a smaller mirror above it just beside the window directly in front of her.
And on the left side is a solid white wall that looks like it has only recently been repainted - possibly to desperately hide the age of the room (and the hotel by and large.)

CHRISTINA

Jesus christ.

Christina examines what she's paid for, which wasn't much. She walks towards the bed and sets her bag down on the duvet.

The sounds of a ticking clock that's mounted on the wall above is the only sound to be heard.

She turns to the window and steps towards it, looking even more disappointed than when she walked in.

The window itself appears to have one of those sliding mechanisms - you open it from the bottom and pull it up, then slide down and lock from the inside. But even so, it looks like it could be just as easily opened from the outside by doing the exact same thing.

Outside the window is what appears to be an old STORAGE ROOM, roughly twenty feet away. Despite the fact that the room appears to be on an upper floor, the path between the bedroom and the storage room is only separated by a WALKWAY - Because it turns out the room is beside a rooftop, with easy access to the storage room by simply walking towards it -

Maybe even by walking, if someone dared to, from the bedroom to the storage room - Or from the storage room to the bedroom.

Christina then walks over to an opening in the wall that leads to a tiny bathroom with a toilet only and one toilet roll placed on the floor. She pulls the cord for the light but it doesn't turn on. She sighs.

She walks back over to the bed and sits down, turning to face the storage room outside the window. She looks concerned and begins to stare at it intently.

After a few moments, she narrows her gaze and the doors to the storage room appear to get closer and closer to us, zooming in and in again as we cut back and forth between Christina's face and the storage room - There is something there, standing behind the window inside. ...

It looks like the OUTLINE OF A MAN.

Christina closes her eyes for a moment and then opens them again... In the window of the storage room, the outline of the man is now gone. She lets out a sigh of relief.

She reaches for her overnight bag, throws it down on the floor and lies down flat onto the bed.

She seems incredibly tired already - The journey here must have been a long one.

INT/EXT. HOTEL, ROOM 28 - NIGHT

The world rests silently in the cold night air and the moon hangs low, filling what would otherwise be an ocean of blackness with light. The light beams are directed towards the window of the hotel room, exposing the glass that looks as though it hasn't been cleaned since the hotel first opened in the 1940s.

Christina rests quietly in the bed below the window, still wearing her day clothes.

(She must have passed out earlier from exhaustion.)
She fidgets her head against the pillow, though appears to be asleep.

The time is now -

4:05AM

Moments go by.

Then, outside the window, some twenty feet away, the door to the storage room opens...

Moments go by.

A being known only as THE CREEPER then peers its head around the door and stares at the window to the bedroom.

It begins to smile with a mouth that looks far too big for its face. Then, as its name implies, it begins 'creeping' its way towards the window, revealing a body and a walk that... Isn't entirely natural.

It walks in a stiff motion, as if its limbs don't bend as they should. Its movement is also slow and precise. It knows exactly what it's walking towards but does so in an intimidatating way, savouring the journey that will eventually take it to its prey.

Its appearance, besides looking completely haggard, resembles that of a tramp. Its clothes are ragged. Their colour is muted and the sizing is completely wrong - this 'thing' is incredibly skinny and yet the clothing is at least three sizes too big.

The Creeper reaches the window and looks down at its prey.

It keeps its head pointed forward while its eyes look down. Its mouth stretches with a smile and its eyes widen, glued to Christina.

Its fingernails, which appear long and dirty, then poke their way under the sliding window and it begins an attempt to claw it open.

Christina remains sound asleep while The Creeper stares down at her from above.

The only sound to be heard is wood creaking - The Creeper itself makes no sound at all. And with the window being the shitty quality that it is, it's doubtful that it'll hold out for long.

The Creeper's attempts become more aggressive and the window frame starts to crack. Then - it flies upwards in a blink.

The Creeper's smile widens with satisfaction.
 Its head peers into the room and it hovers directly above
 Christina's head.
 Christina starts to twitch in her sleep as if she can sense
 The Creeper's presence.
 The Creeper retreats slightly and pulls its head back to the
 open window, staring at the back of Christina's head.

Then its mouth opens and it whispers, in a prolonged and
 unnerving tone of voice...

THE CREEPER

Sleeeeeeeep.

Christina gasps for air as she jolts awake in a flash,
 sitting up in bed and panting like a dog.
 She looks behind her and all around the room -
 But there's nothing and no one there.

The room appears very dimly lit from the moonlight alone.
 The sounds of the ticking clock are all that can be heard -
 Well, and also the sound of the tap dripping from the sink
 below the mirror.

After a few moments, Christina starts to calm herself down,
 taking deep breaths.
 As her breath calms down to a steady rate, we then:

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Christina treads lightly along the woodland floor, stepping
 carefully over fallen branches and dead twigs. She scours
 the woods with beady-eyes, appearing to be on the look out
 for something. Her expression is fearful.

SNAP.

Christina turns around. It sounded like there was something
 behind her... She looks around for a moment before she
 continues walking forward.

SNAP.

She turns again, becoming more fearful. There's definitely
 something following her!

She walks forward again, this time we TRACK FROM BEHIND HER
 BACK, alluding to the presence of the stalker.

She stops again. There's NO SNAP this time.

A faint breath of air blows against her neck.
 Then the shadow of a hand reaches out towards her shoulder.
 Her skin darkens as the shadow consumes her.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - DAY

Christina opens her eyes.

She's now sat in a very ordinary cafe beside an open window.

She doesn't appear dazed at all, as if just having woken up from a dream or having been snapped out of some kind of trance.

She simply raises her cup of coffee and starts drinking.

She peers out of the window and takes in the scenery, then looks around at the other customers. She appears to be the only person sat alone.

She observes everyone else chatting amongst themselves - Their behaviour is typical. Everyone's behaviour is typical in fact. Everything is just too ordinary. And Christina feels as though something is... off.

Suddenly, she starts to panic!

We don't see it but she does. There is an empty seat and table directly in front of her that's now causing her to hyperventilate!

THE CREEPER gradually starts to FADE IN to the frame, revealing its presence to us as well.

It smiles with a wide grin and stares directly at Christina with eyes that look dead inside.

Christina looks terrified. No one else in the cafe seems to have noticed either of the two of them.

The stare off is so painful that it seems to go on forever.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. PUB - DAY

Christina opens her eyes.

She's now sat at a table in a very ordinary looking locals pub. Again, she's sat beside an open window.

She raises a glass of wine and looks at the customers around the room. Again, she doesn't appear dazed at all, but rather like she's been comfortably sitting there drinking her wine for a while now. Her glass is nearly empty.

She smiles as she notices customers laughing and chatting amongst themselves, though she is once again the only person sat by herself.

She draws her attention to an empty table and chair directly in front of her... Then, her smile starts to fade away. Because it's happening again!

The Creeper starts to FADE IN, revealing its sinister smile.

Christina starts to hyperventilate as the creeper stares directly at her with its dead, lifeless eyes.

An excruciating ten seconds or so pass by.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. OLD STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Christina opens her eyes again, this time appearing in a darkened room that resembles the inside of a shed or storage room.

She appears unfazed and as if having no memory of the pub or the cafe.

She examines the room. The walls are all made from wood and there is a small window that is thick with mold.

Christina walks towards the window in the corner of the room and peers through. About twenty feet away is the window of a HOTEL ROOM -

The SAME HOTEL ROOM that Christina checked in to!
She looks down to see the same rooftop walkway.

The storage room itself is home to various bits and pieces that have been abandoned by the hotel staff -
Used mattresses, old sheets and various tool boxes that are open and disorganised.
Christina's eyes shift over all of them as she walks further into the room.

Directly in front of her is something very odd. She stops and stares at the anomaly.

There is a DARK SPOT at the end of the room which appears entirely absent of light -
Odd considering the fact that the rest of the room is lit well enough for the light to travel towards it.
She should be able to see something.

She begins walking towards it, stepping into the blackness. She turns her head back as she walks and sees the storage room gradually start to fade away until she's completely engulfed by the dark.

What is this place?

...

INT. DARK VOID - CONTINUOUS

Christina reappears into the frame, treading lightly. She notices something up ahead. Her eyes appear transfixed on whatever it is - WE TRACK BACKWARDS in front of her face as she walks. A BRIGHT LIGHT reflects in her eyes for a few moments as we remain fixed on her.

Then we see it -

A heavenly light shines bright at us, filling the frame with a radiant beauty. Christina's eyes look full of wonder. She appears to be drawn to the source of the light.

Below her feet is a stone floor, cracked and ancient. Her feet make their way across it, step by step. Beyond the path is nothing but the pitch black.

Up ahead, the path seems to come to a dead end. Christina is unaware of her step as she is fixated only on the light.

As she walks closer and closer to the source of the light, it becomes evident that the path comes to an end before she can even make it there!

She outstretches her arm to try and touch the light, now only twenty feet away.

...

Now fifteen feet away.

..

Now ten feet away.

.

And then she falls....

Christina can be seen falling from the edge of the path down into an abyss, gradually disappearing from sight, falling at an unknowable speed and at an unknowable distance.

OVER BLACK

The sound of a ticking clock can be heard for several moments.

CUT IN:

INT/EXT. HOTEL, ROOM 28 - NIGHT

The cold night air circulates around room 28. The window appears to be wide open. The clock continues to tick.

Christina is nowhere to be seen. Her bed is empty. Outside the window to the room, the moon hangs a little lower - It's evident that some time has passed.

What's even more evident is the time -

4:25AM

As we PAN across the room towards the window, we can see what looks like a trail of blood extending all the way from Christina's bed to the storage room itself.

It looks as though a pack of wolves have had at their prey, making as much mess as they could. Blood is splattered along some of the walkway and forming a perfectly straight trail along the rest of it.

The prey must have been dragged along at force.

But what happened to Christina?

INT. OLD STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We TRACK into the storage room and see The Creeper crouched down below the window.

It's EATING what looks like a severed arm.
Blood is all over its mouth.

It's absolutely ravenous!
Tearing the flesh like it hasn't eaten for days!
No mercy!

Beside it on the floor is a pair of shoes still attached to a body, pointed up into the air.
The rest of the body is concealed by the dark as the only light source is from the moon outside the window.

The Creeper stops biting into the arm and looks up at the moon, still digesting what's left in its mouth.
Its eyes reflect the light.

It turns to its left where the body lies and drops the arm on the ground.
After a moment, it goes to grab the feet and begins dragging the body forward so that its head is visible in the moonlight.

It's the CORPSE OF CHRISTINA!

Her neck has been bitten and blood is covering her whole body from head to toe.

The Creeper walks over to her head and crouches down, examining the corpse of its victim.
Its cheeks widen as it forms a smile, satisfied with its kill.
It's as if it's always smiling behind its lips - the cheeks do all the movement and the smile is already there.

It stands, walks to the door and steps outside.

EXT. OLD STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Creeper comes into view as it gazes up at the moon.

It breathes in the cold night air, then examines the stars.
It looks transfixed by them.

It appears that they seem to bring it a sense of comfort.
It smiles.

Unlike with the encounters with Christina, this smile is
almost human.

He looks genuinely happy, like he's content with his life.

Maybe THIS is the creepiest he's ever been.

FADE TO BLACK