

KISS GOODNIGHT



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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beams of moonlight pour through the windowpane. On the lit patch of floor two boys sit under a blanket. BEN, 10, in a pajama with a ghost print, holds a flashlight upward.

BEN (whispers)
...At the dead of night it
scours... sniffs out
the tenderest... juiciest... flesh to eat!

TOM, 6, presses his hands to the mouth not to let out a scream.

TOM (mumbles)
Ben...

Ben ominously grins. He shifts his eyes behind Tom's back, feigning terror.

BEN
Something... Something is there!
Don't look back!

Tom turned round immediately. Ben turns off the light and grabs the brother growling. Tom yells.

TOM
Stop it! I tell Ma!

BEN (giggles)
Ha-ha! Cool down! It's just a fable.

TOM
But if not?

Ben tilts his head to one side, gazing at Tom.

BEN
We'll know that soon.

Tom frowns.

A door creaks shortly downstairs. Brothers glance at the clock - 11:47. They exchange anxious looks and dash for the wooden bunk bed in the corner.

BEN (whispers)

Hurry! We'd better sleep right now!

Tom climbs up the top bunk, hangs off and stretches out his hand.

TOM

My flashlight.

Ben rolls his eyes.

BEN

Oh, boy! Such a chicken...

TOM

Give it back!

Ben obeys with a deep sigh.

BEN

Quiet or we're in trouble.

TOM

I won't.

Wooden planks screeched in the corridor. Someone approaches.

BEN

Shhhh...

Tom hides the flashlight under the pillow and falls flat on his back.

Someone puts a key in the lock. It clicks two times. Another key clanks on the ring and goes in the second lock, makes two spins again. The door opens.

MOM, 40, steps in. She wears the long white gown, her dark hair perches on shoulder blades like limbs of a gigantic spider. She looks around and limps toward the boys, breathing heavily.

Tom pretends he is fast asleep. Mom stops beside the bed and gazes at Tom for a moment, then bends down to Ben.

MOM (mutters)
Benny... Benny..

Mom gives a short abrupt moan. Someone rustles sheets noisily. Tom digs up the flashlight and aims it forward. There is nobody.

TOM
Ma?

Tom throws light down. Mom's bare feet are twitching on a dark floor. She stands on her knees beside the bottom bed. Her head and hands lurk in the shadow. Tom descends carefully, clenching the flashlight in one hand. When his toes touch the floor, he illuminates two figures. Mom buried her face in a pillow, hands stretched out in wide V. Ben sucks blood from Mom's neck. His eyes are blood-red with no pupils; a thin veil of dark vessels covers his deadly pale cheeks. Mom struggles to turn her face to Tom.

MOM (hardly utters)
Come... closer son... Eat.

Tom drops a flashlight. His hands tremble. Breathing turns heavy, fast whistling. He grasps Mom's wrist only to dig his sharp teeth into her flesh.

In a light of fallen flashlight two brothers drink Mom's blood.

CUT TO BLACK.