

Night Nursery

Written By

Cameran Crutcher

EXT. DANCE STUDIO-MIDNIGHT

Dark sky covers the night like a blanket.

Sanna exits the side door of studio. She hugs her female counterpart goodbye. They head in opposite directions.

EXT. CITY STREETS-CONTINUED

Sanna places her headphones on. Soft jazz plays to romanticize the night.

Her feet move against the pavement on her not so long walk home.

The wind blows, sending a shiver down her neck. Paranoia sets in. She analyzes her surroundings.

No movement in sight. She continues.

A streetlight blinks dim orange, as if it's about to die.

EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT

Sanna approaches her usual bridge to cross. Police tape blocks it. Huge CLOSED FOR REPAIRS sign in middle.

She sighs, slipping her headphones around her neck.

She pulls out her phone, checking GPS. A new route flashes. FOREST TRAIL.

Sanna hesitates. She looks both directions. Nothing but trees and road.

Nowhere else to go. She clutches her cross necklace, whispers a quick prayer and steps forward.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL

Leaves and branches crunch under her sneakers.

She walks quickly, arms folded tight. She tightens her hoodie for warmth.

Her phone buzzes. She pulls it out. The screen reads "UNKNOWN NUMBER".

She freezes.

Answers.

Silence. Then slow, steady breathing.

Caller begins to whistle "Miss Mary Mack".

The call disconnects.

Sanna shudders. She pockets her phone. She picks up her pace, ducking low under low branches.

The whistle returns. This time, in the wind. Whispers of her name join after.

The faint glow of the streetlights shines at the end of the trail.

Sanna breaks into a run.

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT

She emerges from the woods, panting.

Her hoodie clings to her skin. Sweat on her forehead glistens in the light.

She bends over, clutching her side. Her heart pounds in her throat.

The glow of her building looms ahead. Still a short walk across the parking lot.

Her sneakers scrape the pavement as she pushes forward, each step heavy with exhaustion.

Behind her, the sound of footsteps begins.

She freezes. Turns.

A dark figure stands at the far end of the lot, barely visible.

Sanna swallows hard. Quicken steps.

The figure does the same.

She breaks into a run.

Turns her head slightly as she runs. No sign of anyone.

Her apartment door comes into view. She yanks the keys from her pocket.

She fumbles with the lock. The door opens.

INT. INSIDE APARTMENT

She slams the door shut. Quickly locks it.

Her back drops against the door. Hand clutches her chest, catching her breath. Relief.

Throws keys into fruit basket by entrance.

Silence.

Then a familiar sound. Whistling. Miss Mary Mack again.

Her eyes widen.

The sound lingers from the living room.

Her legs move slowly, trembling. She follows the sound.

The dark hallway stretches before her.

FADES OUT