

AFRAID OF THE DARK | MASTER

Written by

SC Lannom

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN:

**1 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT**

**1**

WE OPEN on a modern suburban home. The front window illuminated by the lights inside. We see the silhouette of a small human figure as it runs back and forth. We push in closer as we slowly see a BOY running around the house.

CUT TO:

**2 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**2**

A GREEN BALL sits on a counter top. A young hand snatches it. It belongs to FILBERT (9), wiry, lost in his own imaginary world. Dressed as a Knight. A toy sword in his other hand.

FILBERT (V.O.)

This is my castle. I am sworn to protect it. Anyone that stands in my way shall bear the wrath of the almighty--

Just then, the babysitter walks by. BECKY (23), trendy, distracted. She is mid-phone call with Filbert's Mom, TRACY.

BECKY

(into phone)

Oh yeah, he's being good. He's just fighting orcs or trolls.

**INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION**

TRACY

Oh that's perfectly normal.

Filbert lifts his sword into the air, lets out a big battle cry, and sprints from the kitchen to --

**HALLWAY**

Filbert comes around the corner, distracted by his fantasy, bumps into the wall. His favorite ball slips from his hand. Everything slows down for Filbert.

**FILBERT'S POV**

IN SLOW MOTION - The ball tumbles down the stairs. WE HEAR each bounce echo as the ball travels down the steps.

He stares into the abyss. Sweat drips down his defeated face.  
Mouth agape. Hands clenched. WE HEAR a resounding THUD.  
Filbert takes deep breathe. Pulls his helmet guard down.  
Draws sword, creeps down the steps, disappears into darkness.

FADE OUT.