

DARK CORNER

Written by

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EXT. GHETTO - STREET - NIGHT

All is quiet except for the crickets chirping. Dilapidated wooden houses line both sides.

EXT. GHETTO - HOUSE - NIGHT

A neglected wooden structure with an unkempt front lawn.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shabby. Easy to understand that no one can willingly live here.

Light from a lampshade shines on a rickety couch where DAVE(40s) sits, wearing crumpled clothes and a scruffy beard. Nervous, he is writing something on a piece of paper.

DAVE(V.O.)

This is my last resort. I can't live like this. The thing... That thing... Whatever the hell it is, it's not leaving me. It has fucking latched on to me.

FLASH - INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dave lies on a bed with his eyes wide open, scanning, looking around in the darkness.

DAVE(V.O.)

I can't sleep. It won't lemme sleep. I get hellish nightmares even if I doze off for a minute. And it's always there. Waiting for me. Scraping its nails on the floor as it gets closer.

BACK TO SCENE

A scratching sound O.S.

Dave's neck shoots up as he stares at a dark corner. He wipes his forehead with the back of his hand.

Slowly, he returns his gaze to the paper. His hand trembles as he writes further.

DAVE(V.O.)

And what did I do to get this? I made a mistake. A terrible mistake.

BEGIN FLASHBACK**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING**

A weather-beaten two-story dwelling.

PAMELA(60s), stands outside, expressionless, looking at the birds chirping on a tree branch. There's sadness in her eyes.

SAMUEL(60s), visibly exhausted, comes out of the house and looks at his wife with pity. He approaches her and places his hands on her shoulders. She turns around, and their eyes meet.

SAMUEL
(with a weak smile)
It's gonna be alright.

Pamela nods slowly.

SAMUEL
Let's go inside. I made you coffee.

She slowly raises her head and glances at a window on the first floor.

SAMUEL
I know.

PAMELA
I can't take it anymore, Sam.

Samuel gently kisses her forehead.

SAMUEL
Me neither.

They head back inside.

Dave stands across the street behind a tree. He watches this all with a smile on his face.

EXT. SAMUEL AND PAMELA'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Wee hours. A light lit in the house.

INT. SAMUEL AND PAMELA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Samuel and Pamela sit on a couch, watching TV. She leans on her husband, her head on his shoulder.

EXT. SAMUEL AND PAMELA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

With his face covered with a mask and a backpack on his shoulders, Dave sneaks around the house. He tiptoes towards the-

BACKDOOR

He picks the lock and enters in the-

KITCHEN

And closes the door carefully. Dave creeps towards the-

LIVING ROOM

Notices Samuel and Pamela facing away from him, watching TV.

Dave removes his backpack, takes out a wrench, lies flat on the floor, and carefully crawls towards the couch.

He gets near the couch, stands up, and raises his wrench. Ready to strike.

A THUD resonates from the above floor.

Dave ducks behind the couch and looks up at the ceiling. Another thud. Louder this time.

Dave backs away from the couch. He notices Samuel and Pamela still sitting—they haven't moved at all.

Confused, he glances at the ceiling again, then back at the couple. Hesitant, Dave inches towards them, still holding the wrench.

He prods Samuel on his shoulder.

Samuel falls forward on the floor. Pamela follows suit. Stunned, Dave takes a step back.

He spots TWO EMPTY CUPS on a table in front of the couch. Fear crosses his face.

One more thud erupts from the upper floor. Then another. And another.

Dave spins around and stares at the stairs as the thuds get closer. Terrified, he dashes for the backdoor.

Loud thuds follow him as he gets to the-

BACKDOOR

Petrified, Dave reaches for the doorknob but scratching from behind stops him. He turns ever so slowly, and what he sees makes his eyes go wide. He screams in terror.

END FLASHBACK**INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sweatbeads cover his forehead. His hand shakes as he writes.

DAVE(V.O.)

I have no words to describe how it looks. It'll just cling on to you and won't leave. I don't even know how long it's been with me. Days? Weeks? Months?

He wipes his forehead.

DAVE(V.O.)

It's with me everywhere I go. I can't escape it. I'll need to do something before I go crazy.

Dave once again glances at the dark corner. He swallows.

DAVE(V.O.)

And I think I know what I have to do.

He writes further.

DAVE(V.O.)

Whoever reads this, please don't come inside.

He gets up and shuffles towards the-

FRONT DOOR

Sticks the paper on the door with duct tape and shuts it.

Dave proceeds towards his bedroom and closes the door. A few seconds pass, then BAM! A loud bullet shot echoes.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The paper gently sways in the wind. The writing is a scribbled mess - completely illegible. We hear the scratching from inside as we...

FADE OUT