

Monster Proofing

By

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She gets a glimpse of the shape as it disappears around the side of the house.

Like the wind, Abby tears for the gate. Pushes it. It's stuck! She shakes it. No good!

Behind her, the monster howls again. The footsteps are coming back in her direction.

Mastering her fear, Abby takes a step back. Then deals the gate a kick. It flies open!

Abby rounds the house, back towards the door.

15

**KITCHEN**

15

The door opens. Abby gets inside. Shuts the door and locks it. Another howl out in the yard.

Backing away from the door, Abby finds the spice rack. She takes a small jar labelled "ROSEMARY."

ABBY (V.O., WHISPERED)  
A sprig of-... \*sigh\* Really?!

The jar is empty. Abby gives it an "Of course" eye roll and drops it.

Instead, she goes to the frosted window, where there's a rosemary plant.

She plucks a sprig off of it.

A horrible SCRAPE as a claw like hand scratches across the kitchen window in front of her.

Abby stumbles back with a small cry. She flees.

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**FIRST FLOOR**

16

Abby rounds a corner, goes up the stairs...

But something is wrong. Though she's climbing stair after stair, she's getting nowhere near the top.

CLUMP... CLUMP... the monster's footsteps are in the kitchen. Abby is making no progress on the stairs.

Grabbing the rail, she leaps over three steps.

The top of the staircase lurches a little closer. She jumps a few more stairs. Closer still.

CLUMP... CLUMP... Snuffling, low growling behind her.



Outside, the hallway is suspiciously quiet.

Abby finishes up. Goes to pick up the bag...

A sudden, loud growl above her. Terrified, Abby looks up to see...

A shadow in the rafter! The thing is sneaking in through the attic entrance above her!

Abandoning the gris gris bag, Abby dives under her bed.

As she crawls underneath, the thing is heard descending into her bedroom.

Footsteps slowly clump through the room, towards her desk. The growling and sniffing increases in volume.

Abby lies amongst the clutter under her bed. Waiting.

Then, the monster makes a new sound. Abby listens in horror as it lets out what might pass for a guttural laugh.

There's a tearing sound, then Abby jumps as something is thrown to the floor in front of the bed.

The ripped up gris gris bag. Smoking herbs, salt, crystals. All uselessly scattered across the floor.

More monstrous laughing, advancing, clumping footsteps. Abby's lip trembles.

The thing rummages the room, looking for Abby. The shadow approaches the framed picture of Abby in the dojo.

Abby listens, hears a smash. SMASH! The contents of the shelf are swept to the floor.

The photo slides under the bed. Abby flinches, a tear on her cheek.

The shadow approaches the bed. Abby waits, terrified.

But then she studies the photo of herself in the dojo. In the picture she's confident, fearless.

As the footsteps reach her bed, Abby closes her eyes. As she does, her breathing slows. The fear slowly leaves her face. She opens her eyes again.

The shadow is bending over to peer under the bed. Abby summons a steely glare. She lets out a low growl of her own.

As she does, then shadow hesitates.

A little bolstered, Abby growls again. A bit louder.

After a pause, the shadow withdraws from sight.

Abby crawls forward, wiping the tear off her face. She growls a third time.

CLUMP-CLUMP-CLUMP-CLUMP. The footsteps are retreating. The door opens.

Abby reappears from beneath her bed in time to see a shadow disappear from her rooms.

Slowly, Abby steps towards her door. As she does, the footsteps are heard in the hallway.

Abby lets out an even louder growl. Outside, a sound like a submissive dog whining.

21 **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

21

Abby steps into the hallway. Eyes fall upon...

The monster's shadow. It's on the stairs like before. But this time, it's trembling.

Abby steps into the hall. Assumes the same fighting stance seen in the photo from earlier. Growls a fifth and final time, more monstrous than ever.

With a yelp, the shadow retreats. Footsteps race across the bottom floor, the sound of a door slamming.

Abby relaxes her stance. Gives the hallway a curt nod.

ABBY

That's what I thought.

She goes back in her room and shuts the door.

22 **INT. BEDROOM - LATER**

22

Abby sleeps soundly. In the room next door, her parents are still snoring.

The MONSTER PROOFING book is back on Abby's bookshelf. Judging by her peaceful face, it's no longer needed.

**FADE OUT**