

THE DARKEST NIGHT

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

Snow falls heavily on the sidewalks as pedestrians pass by, arms full of shopping bags.

EXT. WEATHERED BRICK APARTMENT - DAY

SYLVIA, 26, looks up at the extravagant height of her apartment building and smiles. She smacks her hands together to rid her gloves of accumulating snow.

DELIVERY MAN, 40's, clears his throat as he stands behind Sylvia. He opens the rear truck door and startles her.

Sylvia reaches inside the truck and grabs a box.

DELIVERY MAN

Are you sure you don't want any help getting this stuff upstairs, Miss?

SYLVIA

No, I got it. The furniture will be coming tomorrow.

The Delivery man nods. Sylvia grabs the last two boxes and sets them by the stairwell.

Sylvia reaches into her coat pocket and pulls out a twenty.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Thank you again for getting my things here quickly.

She hands him the twenty.

DELIVERY MAN

No problem. Enjoy your new place.

Sylvia picks up the top box and turns her head to see the truck drive away.

SYLVIA

I definitely will.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

She walks up the stairs and kicks her door open with her foot. She walks in and looks around. A smile creeps across her face.

She sets the box down and traces the woodwork of the doorframe with her finger. She continues touching everything within reach. Her smile grows.

SYLVIA

All mine.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

On the way back up the stairs after grabbing the last box the light outside her door flickers. She shrugs as she takes the last box into her apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

She sets the box down and opens it. She pulls out wedding photos. Tears stream from her eyes as she rips them to shreds.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

She walks to the kitchen and throws the photos in the trash. The lights flicker again and the apartment goes dark. She pulls back the curtain to let in some light.

SYLVIA

Great. Just great.

Her hands shakes as she punches in a number on her phone. No one answers. She shoves the phone back in her pocket.

She reaches into a box in the kitchen and pulls out a glass. She turns on the faucet. No water.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

What in the world?

She makes another call. She leaves a voicemail.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Hi. This is Sylvia Davis. I just moved into the apartment on 5th. My power just went out and now my water isn't working. Could you --

BOOM. Something falls in the living room. She hangs up the phone to investigate.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

She walks over and picks up a box that had fallen. She pulls out the recently torn photos from inside the box.

She falls back on her butt and crawls away from the box. Her face pales. She runs over to the window and opens the curtain to let more light in.

She walks back over to the box. She picks up the photos and rips them again and throws them in the fireplace.

She walks over to grab her coat that is hanging on a hook on the wall.

SYLVIA

I need out of here.

She puts her coat on and heads to the front door. She reaches for the metal handle and jumps back as soon as she touches it.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

What the hell?

She looks down and sees blisters. A dark figure hovers in the corner. The words GRIM form on the wall.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Who are you?

The boxes open and the contents fly around the room. Books fly through the air, glasses break in the kitchen.

GRIM

Call me Grim. Like the reaper.

Grim HOWLS.

Sylvia SCREAMS a blood curdling scream. The Grim flies at her, still howling. It disappears just as it reaches her.

SYLVIA

What do you want from me?

GRIM (O.S.)

Your soul!

Sylvia crumbles into the fetal position on the floor. She sobs into her hands. She rubs her arms as they cross her chest.

The apartment goes completely dark.

She stands up and reaches into her coat pocket. She pulls out her phone and turns on the flashlight. She scans the room with the light, eyes wide open.

She dials her phone again. No answer.

SYLVIA
Is anyone here?

No answer.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Please, just leave me alone.

GRIM (O.S.)
Not until I have your soul. I am
trapped here until I have a soul.

SYLVIA
Who are you?

GRIM (O.S.)
It doesn't matter.

Something runs in front of the light and pushes Sylvia to the ground. She gets up and heads to her bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She pulls a candle set and lighter out of one of the boxes. She places them on the ground and lights them.

The candle light casts shadows on the wall. Sylvia sees her breath and her teeth chatter.

SYLVIA
I am not letting you do this to me.

GRIM (O.S.)
You can't stop me. You're not
strong enough. I sense your
weakness.

Grim LAUGHS.

SYLVIA
We will see about that.

The flames flicker and a haunting MOAN fills the room. Sylvia closes her eyes and wraps her arms around herself.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

No. I am not letting this happen. I survived worse before you. No one gets to control me now, not even you.

Sylvia picks up her phone and scans the room with her light. She sees the closet and walks over to it.

She touches the handle and jumps back. She pulls her sleeve down over her hand and opens the door.

She pours the light into the dark closet. She crinkles her face.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

What is that smell?

Bare shelves line the walls. Sylvia sees a book and grabs it.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Wonder what this could be?

She opens it and sees it is a journal. She reads it aloud.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

My father beat me again today. Will the pain ever stop? Will I ever be free of this prison. Mother does nothing to help me. She just watches as the bruises overlap each other and I sit and stare out the window, completely defeated.

She continues to read. The candles blow out. The walls bow, in and out, causing the room to wave and the floors to splinter.

The walls around her drip red down their sides and as it touches the ground, it disappears into an abyss of darkness so deep she can't see the bottom.

She continues to read with her phone light.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Today I killed my father. He was hurting me again, but he didn't know I took one of the kitchen knives. He knows now. I jabbed it so deep into his neck. Mother walked in and screamed. I chased her and she didn't make it far. Her face froze as I stabbed her chest probably twenty times.

(MORE)

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Sister walked in and saw, but I
couldn't hurt her. He had already
hurt her enough.

The apartment goes silent.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Is this you? Are you the one who
did this to your family?

The hair raises on the back of her neck.

GRIM (O.S.)

Yes.

The voice sounds human this time.

SYLVIA

I am sorry this happened to you but
you can't just take another soul to
make up for what you went through.
It doesn't work that way.

GRIM

It's the only way. Now give me your
soul!

The figure appears and flies towards Sylvia. She puts her
hands up in front of her face.

The ghost enters her body. She stiffens and her eyes roll to
the back of her head. A bright light radiates from her as she
is lifted from the ground.

Sylvia goes limp. She falls to the ground in a pile of flesh
and blood. She opens her eyes and they are black. She heads
to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sylvia stands in the kitchen staring out the window with her
black eyes. Her head awkwardly twitches.

She reaches down and picks up a piece of broken glass.

GRIM (O.S.)

No. You can't do this to me. You
are not strong enough.

Sylvia's head twitches even more and her face inhumanely
distorts. Her eyes flash white.

SYLVIA

I believe I said we will see about
that, didn't I ?

She forces the piece of glass to her chest. She protrudes her chest. No blood appears.

A dark fog escapes through the puncture and the ground disappears. Another dark abyss forms below her floating body. The fog wraps itself around her.

GRIM

You can't do this. You weren't
strong enough. Why is this not
working?

SYLVIA

I have always been strong enough. I
was strong enough then and I am
strong enough now. You can't have
my soul because it doesn't and
never will belong to you or anyone
else.

She pushes the glass in further and the horrifying screams return. The fog twirls around her fast and then slips into the abyss. The floor closes up and Sylvia's limp body falls to the ground.

Her eyes close.

The LANDLORD, 50's, dirty overalls and salt and pepper hair, stands over Sylvia.

LANDLORD

Miss Davis? Miss Davis? Can you
hear me?

Sylvia stirs awake, still laying on the kitchen floor.

SYLVIA

What happened?

LANDLORD

You called saying your power was
out and the pipes were frozen?

Sylvia opens her eyes fully and sees the kitchen light shining brightly above her. She stands up slowly.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Whoa, be careful.

He puts his hand on her elbow as he pulls her the rest of the way up. He reaches for the faucet and turns it on. The water flows full force.

SYLVIA

I swear these weren't working. I swear I am not crazy.

She rubs her temples and reaches in her pocket for her phone. It's not there.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Where's my phone?

LANDLORD

I didn't see it as I walked through your living room, but it looks like a tornado went through there.

He chuckles.

SYLVIA

Yeah, something like that.

LANDLORD

Well, I'm going to take a look around and see if there are any more issues with the water and power.

SYLVIA

Thanks. I am going to go outside and get some fresh air.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She stands facing the door and moves her hand towards the handle. She touches it with her forefinger. She turns it, steps outside and shuts the door behind her.

She stands at the top of the stairs for a moment.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The landlord checks the bedroom and sees Sylvia's phone laying on the floor. He picks it up and heads to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He sprints to the front door.

LANDLORD

Sylvia! I found your phone.

He wraps his hand around the handle and screams. He looks at his palm and it blisters. He tries to open it with the other and it burns again.

He pounds on the door and screams.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Help! Somebody help me!

But Sylvia was long gone into the darkest night she had ever had and no one would ever hear him now.

GRIM (O.S.)

I want your soul.

Grim laughs.

THE END