

Daydreams

by  
Kayla K. Aurit

FADE IN:

INT. DARCIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WIND blows noisily through a window not all the way closed, the curtains annoyingly flapping against the wall. The sounds only barely muffle the HEAVY BREATHING in the air.

An unseen door BANGS open.

Two EYES pop open at the sound, but little can be seen. Some faint moonlight filters through the window that is BROKEN, not open.

The BANGING continues, intensifying for several moments until the door can be heard finally being SLAMMED shut.

P.O.V. JERKS with each sound, slinking downward toward the floor after the ensuing silence. Slow, steady FOOTSTEPS draw closer, echoing through a nearby hall.

Each step pushes the P.O.V. further back, the HEAVY BREATHING speeding up, as opposed to the calm, sleep-like quality it had before. A sort of overhead hanging blocks off the top of the screen.

A WHISTLE is heard just outside the room.

DARCIE (O.S.)  
Anybody home?

LIGHT fills the small room as a light is flicked. More decay than just the broken window becomes visible.

Standing in the doorway is DARCIE HERST, a petite, homely woman in her late 20's. She passes her gaze over the room, finally focusing directly on the camera. Slowly walks over and kneels down, extending a hand toward us.

DARCIE (CONT'D)  
Whatcha doing under there?

A soft WHINE.

A small TERRIER, ears pressed back, crawls out from under the desk. Across his back is a vague T shape, the upper portion thicker and more pointed than the letter would be.

DARCIE (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Is the wind scarin' ya? Sorry boy.

She runs her hand over the dog's shaggy fur, soothing his nerves.

His ears perk up after a moment, and he sits straight. Hanging around his neck is a make-shift collar and tags. They look handmade out of spare bits of leather and metal.  
INSERT CLOSE-UP OF TAGS: HATCHET

DARCIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Darcie sits on a TATTERED couch, stray wires and stuffing sticking out of the sides and cushions. An old t.v. lights up her face as it BUZZES and regularly flips the screen. She's transfixed by the show she can barely see.

HATCHET lay on her lap, staring at the STAINED wall. His interest only being roused when she reaches into a bowl of popcorn. Denied another kernel, the far wall recaptures his attention.

T.V. NARRATOR

...dumped along with the others into the river. None of the bodies would be found for another twenty years. Nearly a dozen families left without answers, joined together in their sorrow. If only they had known that one man - a man they'd all known and trusted for many years...

A loud SIGH.

DARCIE

(to Hatchet)

Pout all you want. Pay for some cable and we'll watch the animal channel. Until then...

She shoves him off her lap and onto the floor. Dog out of the way, the grizzly tales unfolding behind hazy, digital snow mesmerize her again...

EXT. OLD ABANDONED CHURCHYARD - NIGHT (DREAM)

Darcie picks her way among the forgotten branches and plant life, wide eyed in wonder. Our view of her is grainy and unclear.

Rotted doors to the church swing back and forth noisily, SQUEAKING and CREAKING, the sounds seemingly coinciding with her footsteps. The stained glass in a window overhead is more stained than it is glass, something dark and thick trickling down from a broken corner.

INT. CHURCH HALL - CONTINUOUS

Darcie slowly pushes and holds one of the unsteady doors open, poking her head inside. The scuttling of RATS and other small animals can be heard in other rooms. Stepping inside, she YELPS, finding herself with a face full of spider webs.

She SHAKES it all off with a shudder and stops all movement.

A SOUND.

Faint THUDDING coming from the second story, causing dust to RAIN upon her head.

Darcie stares at it quizzically for a moment, FOLLOWING the dust with her eyes. Spots two straight lines trailing from a separate exit to the courtyard, preceded by two footprints. She follows these to an ajar door.

DARKNESS consumes the stairwell the door reveals. She squints into it while feeling around the walls. Her fingers run across something SLICK as she finds the light switch.

She does not snatch her hand away as she flicks the light on. The bulb overhead brightens the small stairwell only barely, casting everything in dim, amber light. Small specs of dust fill the air as the THUDDING increases.

Darcie COUGHS at the new unsettling and finally notices the liquid her fingers are coated with. Notices the liquid the WALLS are dripping with.

DARK, DRYING BLOOD slowly leaks from the ceiling, creating a giant STAIN over the head of Darcie.

DARCIE

Messy.

She peers upwards as she ascends the stairs, pausing briefly each time another THUD VIBRATES the small room.

As she's halfway up the stairs, another comes so strongly she FLINCHES, spinning around and looking up as part of an axe SPLINTERS the wood overhead. More BLOOD oozes through, giving the walls a fresh coat.

She blinks once and turns back around.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

More light from outside comes through the windows, the upstairs having remained relatively cobweb free. Darcie stops at the top of the stairs, dirty hand gripping the railing.

The THUDDING has stopped.

SWALLOWS hard, creeping around a corner slowly. The sound had come from the door to her left. Soft WHIMPERS, muffled yet still heard.

Her hand reaches for the doorknob when it is JERKED open.

REVEREND HARRIS, mid 40's, respected member of the community, frequent charity donator, jogger. Murderer.

Darcie stands toe to toe with the killer, who peers down at her, one hand still on the door, the other gripping his gore caked pick-axe.

His BOOMING voice fills the room:

REVEREND HARRIS  
Miiisss HERST!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (REALITY)

Darcie bolts upright at the sound of her name. Hatchet ceases to lick her fingers. BOLTS to the other side of the room with a loud YIP.

Down the hall, the BANGING continues, the rattling of the hinges audible from across the apartment.

MAN  
HERST! Open the goddamn door!

Hatchet BARKS at the disturbance.

DARCIE  
(hushed tone)  
Shh! Quiet boy. Go be invisible.  
(beat)  
Go on now!

Low WHINE. Hatchet rushes out of the living room, back into the den he originally took refuge in. Hides quietly under the desk.

Darcie straightens herself and clears her throat, wiping her wet fingers on a pant leg. RUSHES to the front door and hesitates. Another loud POUND on the other side and more obscenities startle her.

She quickly unlocks the door, GULPING in fear at sight of the LANDLORD, a fat, dirty man well past middle age who smelled heavily of beer and tobacco.

LANDLORD  
What took you so damn long?

DARCIE  
I-I was sleeping in the d-

LANDLORD  
You don't still have that fucking  
mutt do you?

A slight TWITCH.

DARCIE  
N-no, I got rid, got rid of him  
just like you told me to...

LANDLORD  
Good. Because I swear if I ever  
hear that little bastard yapping -

DARCIE  
You won't!

LANDLORD  
I better fucking not.  
(beat)  
You're late with the rent.

DARCIE  
I..what? No, no, no I paid my rent!

LANDLORD  
Sure you did.

He scratches himself obscenely.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)  
Last month. You're overdue this  
month.

DARCIE  
But it's the 6th! I have another  
week! You have to give me -

LANDLORD

I don't have to give you shit  
Rent's due on the 1st. Either you  
pay, or I'm kicking your bony ass  
out of here. It'd do the building  
some good.

DARCIE

I..I can pay. I'll have it to you  
by tomorrow. Just.. Just give me  
until tomorrow.

A small black dot, wet and wiggling in the distance pokes out  
from a door frame.

LANDLORD

Tomorrow. Noon. Or else I'm calling  
the cops.

DARCIE

Yes, okay. Yes. Fine.

SLAMS the door in his face. Darcie hastily redoes all the  
locks, sucking in air as he walks away.

LANDLORD (V.O.)

Psycho bitch.

Another WHIMPER, wet nose rubbing at her leg. Darcie bends  
down and runs a hand along Hatchet's back.

DARCIE

It's okay, boy..

She grabs an old coat, faded from a once bright color from  
too many washings or too little. Fakes a soft smile.

DARCIE (CONT'D)

You be good. I've just got to go  
out for a while. Bring ya back a  
steak, I swear it. Believe me?

BARKS happily, causing Darcie to jump and press her eye  
against the peep hole. No one there.

DARCIE (CONT'D)

You gotta be quiet, Hatch. Gotta  
be... Gotta be quiet. Can't get  
caught.

(near whisper)

Can't get caught.

She pets him one last time and flicks off the light.  
DARKNESS.

INT. DARCIE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Hatchet lays in the dark, his BREATHING the only sound. The sticky door BANGS open again, and his ears perk up. WHINES, shifting backwards on the bed.

The door shuts QUIETLY this time; no additional sounds are audible.

WAITS. SOFT FOOTSTEPS approach the bedroom.

Hatchet stands on the bed, turning in confused circles. Approaching the end, tail wagging, then retreated toward the pillows, ears laid flat. YIPS at the door.

It opens.

Darcie stands silhouetted against the dim light of the hallway. Something large, long, falls with a THUD from her limp hand.

DARCIE

Hey boy.

Hatchet doesn't move. It's hard to see, but she smiles in the darkness.

DARCIE (CONT'D)

I took care of everything.

His head tilts quizzically at a bag in her empty hand. BARKS at it. She lethargically reaches in and tosses an UNKNOWN hunk of meat on the floor by the side of the bed. Hatchet BARKS again, hopping down and gnawing at it with vigor.

DARCIE (CONT'D)

Toldja I'd bring it. I keep my promises, boy.

He ignores her, happy to chew away at the slightly raw bit of food.

The implement by her feet sinks slightly into the stained carpet. Darcie nudges it with her foot once, before turning off the light.

DARCIE (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams.