

Bunk  
by  
Rob Herzog

Chicago, Illinois  
robherzog@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Against the wall: a bunk bed adorned with homemade quilts.

Everywhere else--clutter. Rag dolls. Knick knacks. Plates. Half-melted candles. Dozens of painted rocks.

The crude brushstrokes on the rocks depict agonized faces--

Wide, freaked-out eyes. Twisted lips. Swollen tongues. Pain.

Into the room come siblings: DOUG and HANNA SIMMONS, 20s.

DOUG

The bunk bed's still here.

Hanna nods, eyes down.

DOUG

And Aunt Edith's crazy rocks.

He pokes one, dragging a finger over the gruesome paint job.

DOUG

Could we sell these?

HANNA

Don't joke.

DOUG

They're ours now. Inherited.

HANNA

Not funny.

DOUG

How much will we get for the house?

HANNA

Let's not talk about it in here.

DOUG

Relax.

Her eyes stay down. He snatches one of the grim-faced stones.

He alters his voice to a shrill, witch-like tone.

DOUG

Time for bed, Hanna.

HANNA  
Put it down, Doug.

DOUG  
(continues creepy voice)  
Doug's not here, Hanna. This is  
Aunt Edith from beyond the grave.

Hanna frowns. Doug abandons his impersonation.

DOUG  
I'm thinking we could get three  
hundred thousand for the house.

HANNA  
I don't care about that.

He grasps the ladder leading to the top bunk and shakes it.  
The bottom rung sags when he steps on it.

He awkwardly climbs and flings himself onto the top mattress.  
His legs dangle off the side. A man in a child's bed.

HANNA  
Get down from there.

DOUG  
Just like when we were kids. Me on  
the top bunk, you down there.

The rocky faces flash into view. Screaming. Terrorized.

DOUG  
For me, sleeping up here was the  
highlight of our visits.

HANNA  
I hated every minute. One awful  
weekend each year with Aunt Edith.

DOUG  
Wasn't that bad.

HANNA  
She was disturbed. Her awful rocks.

DOUG  
Her cobbler was pretty good.

Hanna turns her back.

HANNA  
Don't hate me for saying this, but  
we shouldn't sell this house.

Doug shifts in the top bunk.

HANNA

This place should be left to rot.

DOUG

What?

HANNA

You can't let a family move in here. You can't sell this house to innocent people.

DOUG

Sure you can. What's the matter with you?

HANNA

Aunt Edith was evil. This house is too.

More stone faces flash into view. Scowls. Furrowed brows.

DOUG

Bullshit.

HANNA

She used to sneak into the room at night and stare at us. She would drool like a hungry dog.

DOUG

Those were dreams. She's dead. I'm executor. We're selling this place.

Hanna opens her mouth, but no words come out.

Nothing more to say.

Doug settles back in the top bunk. His weight makes it shake.

DOUG

Do you remember how I would swing my arm down at night to annoy you?

HANNA

Unfortunately, I do.

Cautiously, she sits on the lower bunk and brushes her hand over the old quilt. She can't see Doug from this position.

HANNA

I would stay up all night watching  
for Aunt Edith, and you'd clown  
around and dangle your arm.

On cue, Doug drops his arm off the side of the top bunk.

DOUG (O.S.)

Like this?

Hanna watches Doug's swinging arm.

HANNA

Yeah. That's just like I remember.

DOUG (O.S.)

You'd whisper for me to stop.

Doug twists his dangling hand like a claw.

HANNA

It was creepy, Doug. Still is.

DOUG (O.S.)

Maybe you misinterpreted my  
actions. Maybe I just wanted to  
hold your hand to make you feel  
safe.

HANNA

That clearly wasn't your intention.

DOUG (O.S.)

But it should have been.

Doug reaches his dangling arm toward her.

DOUG (O.S.)

Take my hand, Hanna.

HANNA

What?

DOUG (O.S.)

Take my hand. I'm here for you.

Hanna frowns. Shakes her head.

Doug reaches out further.

DOUG (O.S.)  
 C'mon, Hanna. We're going to sell  
 this old place, throw out these old  
 rocks, and everything will be okay.  
 I promise. It'll turn out fine.

Hanna considers.

DOUG (O.S.)  
 Take my hand. You're my sister.

Slowly, Hanna obliges. She and Doug clasp hands.  
 Several quiet moments pass before Hanna lets go.

HANNA  
 Maybe you're right. Maybe I've let  
 my imagination run amok.

Doug lets his arm hang.

A small jolt from above. A gasp.

Doug's entire arm drops to the floor, severed from his body.

Confusion from Hanna.

A stream of blood flows down from the top bunk.

HANNA  
 Doug? Not funny. Sick.

Whoosh. Thud. Something falls from the top bunk, hits the  
 floor, rolls out of sight. Doug's head.

Next come all of Doug's guts. Big red chunks rain down and  
 plop on the floor. Hanna screams, eyes filled with horror.

Behind her in the bed: an obscured figure. AUNT EDITH.

The old crone wraps a garbled, clawed hand over Hanna's  
 mouth, cutting off her scream. She yanks Hanna out of sight.

As Hanna moans softly, the knick knacks in the room come into  
 view. Candles, rag dolls, rocks painted with pained faces.

Two of the rocks seem freshly painted. They resemble Doug and  
 Hanna. The spitting images.

Their eyes bulge in fear. Their screams are eternal.

FADE OUT: