

**Creaking**

written by

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EXT. BO'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

An expansive wall of pine trees spans the outer edge of a pacific northwest backyard.

A small house, sloppily painted light blue, is shrouded in darkness. It is quiet, no cars, no people, just nature.

The back porch light comes on, the sliding glass door SWISHES open. A beagle, BONES, sprints out into the yard and begins sniffing the grass.

A flashlight shines from the porch, a young boy, YOUNG BO, stands and watches over his dog. He wears a large t-shirt and pajama pants. He shivers.

The air is crisp, freezing. Vapor seeps from his mouth as he exhales.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
I can't remember when it started. I  
can't remember the day, the month,  
the year.

Bones walks just out of range of the flashlight, nearing the boundary by the trees.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But I remember the moment.

Bo let's out an anguished SIGH. He steps out onto the grass, tip toeing on the cold earth after the dog.

Then he stops.

CREAK

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It sounded just like a swing. A  
rickety old swing.

Bo swings his flashlight into the woods.

Nothing.

He begins scanning past each tree, searching for the source of the rhythmic CREAK.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It only happened at night. It was  
like somebody was just swinging  
right there. Right in front of me.

Bo breathes heavy. His cold breath dancing in the air in front of him.

He is frozen. The creaking doesn't stop, if anything it gets a little bit louder.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Honestly, I would have thought I  
was hearing things.

Bo's eyes shift over to Bones, who is staring dead into the woods, tail perked up on high alert.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But I could tell Bones heard it  
too.

INT. BO'S FAMILY KITCHEN - DAY

Bo sits down at the kitchen table, a bowl of cereal sitting in front of him. His MOM and DAD cook themselves breakfast.

He motions out the sliding glass door towards the forest.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
I tried to tell my parents. I  
really did but you can imagine how  
that went.

Bo mouths this part verbatim.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
"Mom, I heard a noise in the woods  
last night."

Now his mom, without looking up.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
"I'm sure it was just an animal or  
something."

EXT. BO'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Bo grabs his dad's wrist and leads him out of the house into the backyard. The dad placates him, holding a hand to his ear, waiting for the creak.

It's there, faint, off in the distance.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
I begged them. "Please, just listen  
closer. It's there, don't you hear  
it?"

Bo looks up to his dad, his eyes hoping with all their might  
that he heard it too.

Bo's dad pats him on the head and walks back inside. Bo  
stands out there alone, staring into the black void of the  
forest.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Bo hikes through the forest, his eyes peeled for anything  
that could be making that noise.

The forest is vast, the Bo stops and looks upward at the  
trees towering over him.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
During the day I searched. I  
thought that if I just saw whatever  
it was that was making this sound I  
could live with it or something. It  
would just go away.

Bo sits down on a tree stump, defeated.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I never could find anything in  
those woods.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Bo sits amongst his friends at lunch. He takes a bite of his  
sandwich and listens intently as one of his friends, a  
glasses wearing boy named BRAYDEN captivates everyone with a  
story.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
I tried asking my friends. They  
laughed at me. All of them except  
Brayden.

Brayden revels in having all of his friends invested in his  
story. A huge grin across his face as he speaks.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Brayden told us stories about the  
forest.

(MORE)

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
About how it would lure people in,  
with voices or noises, and then  
they would vanish without a trace.  
Sometimes he would tell us it was  
aliens. Sometimes a knife wielding  
maniac.

EXT. BO'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Bo stands, frozen again, flashlight gripped by his white  
knuckles, in front of the wall of darkness.

The CREAKING continues, louder than before.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
Sometimes it was a monster.

Bo picks up Bones and sprints back toward the house.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Bo rests his head on his desk in the back of the classroom.  
Bags now visible under his eyes. Everyone else listens to the  
teacher, Bo stares out toward the woods by the playground.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
Thinking about it now. It was  
obvious Brayden was just full of  
B.S. He loved getting us all  
scared.

Bo's eyes flutter. He starts to fall asleep. Just as he is  
about to rest Brayden pokes him awake.

INT. BO'S FAMILY CAR - DAY (MOVING)

Bo rests his head against the window of the car. His eyes  
peering out at the trees racing by. His mom sits in the  
drivers seat. Bo's eyes shift toward her.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
It was only after the fact that I  
couldn't stay awake during class  
that my mom called Dr. Kelly.

INT. DR. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Bo lies down on a couch, staring up at the ceiling. Across  
from him DR. KELLY, a young female psychiatrist, sits taking  
notes.

She speaks but Bo doesn't answer. He just blocks her out, staring up at the ceiling.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
It was at that point I began to question why I was even scared of the creaking? Was all of this really worth it?

Dr. Kelly starts showing Bo rorschach tests.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
No matter how hard I tried I couldn't shake it. I just couldn't. I knew I was supposed to be scared of it.

Bo stares at the ink, it looks like the tree line.

INT. BO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bo lies in bed and faces out the window. From his room he can see his backyard and ominous tree line.

He hears the CREAKING from his bed. The beat of the creaking almost puts him to sleep until he hears the glass door slide open.

Out runs Bones, sprinting toward the trees.

Bo sits up, worried, scared.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
I remember one night, I wasn't allowed to take Bones out anymore, but I could watch him from my bedroom.

Bones stops right at the base of one of the trees. His body perks up. The CREAKING grows louder.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He stood there. He could hear it. I knew he could. I wanted to scream for him to come back inside. Then he looked back to me, back up at my room.

Bones cranes his head back and looks back up to Bo.

Bones turns back and trots into the woods.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And for a second it stopped.

Bo stares, his breath fogging up the window. He wipes it off, looking for his dog.

Then the CREAKING starts again.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Bo walks with his dad through the woods. The dad occasionally cups his hands and yells for Bones but Bo doesn't hear it. He just stares ahead.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
We spent all day looking for him. I  
already knew we weren't going to  
find him.

Bo looks up to his dad, tears in his eyes. His dad pulls him in for a hug.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I never could find anything in  
those woods.

EXT. BO'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The trees sway in the darkness as the CREAKING continues.

INT. BO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bo is asleep in his bed, he is facing out toward the forest.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
Eventually, the creaking just  
became a part of home. As crazy as  
that sounds. It was always there, a  
constant rhythm to fall asleep too.

INT. DR. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

An older Bo, TEENAGE BO, sits across from Dr. Kelly. She scribbles a prescription for him and hands it over with a smile.

He takes it and shoves it into his coat pocket.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
It just blended in you know? I  
thought I grew out of it.

INT. BO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The CREAKING screeches through the woods. Bo's eyes shoot open. He wakes up in a sweat, he panics and looks out towards the woods.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
Except every once in awhile it'd  
pull me back. I'd jolt awake and  
stare out my window at just the  
darkness.

Bo lies back down, eyes glued to the forest.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I never saw anything. I don't know  
if that's better or worse.

INT. BO'S CAR - DAY (MOVING)

ADULT BO stares out at the road ahead of him. He looks up at pine trees on both sides of him.

He pulls up to his childhood home. The paint is chipping off, the yard covered in leaves. His mom, now elderly, waddles out the front door and waves.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
It's been years at this point.  
Coming back, being here, it's  
brought all of this back.

INT. BO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bo tosses his bag onto his old bed. He starts unpacking his stuff. He holds up one of his dress shirts, inspecting it for wrinkles.

When he places it down, just outside the window in the forest, for a split second we see Bones.

Bo does a double take. He isn't there.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
I'd be lying if I said I haven't  
thought about it.  
(MORE)



ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That I haven't wondered what it is?  
But not like this.

EXT. BO'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The forest waits, the CREAKING loud as ever. The house is dark until the light in Bo's bedroom switches on. Then the hallway light, then the kitchen.

The glass door slides open.

ADULT BO (V.O.)  
I have to know.

Bo steps out. It's cold, each exhale leaving a cloud of smoke. Bo zips up his jacket and makes the walk across the backyard.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I have to know.

His eyes start to water. His lip trembles.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I have to know.

The CREAKING is getting faster, like it's telling him he's getting warmer.

ADULT BO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I just...

Bo gets to the edge of the yard. The CREAKING ringing in his ears.

He stares into the darkness.

Takes a deep, breath.

Steps into the woods, beyond the barrier.

He waits, the CREAKING stops.

Bo is engulfed in the darkness.

**THE END**