

THE CELLAR

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MANOR-KITCHEN-EVENING

It's after dinner and the last of the dishes is being cleaned by MIA, a young woman in her mid-twenties.

VOICE
soft inaudible groan

Mia looks around, confused. But she goes back to cleaning the dishes.

The groan gets louder.

Mia looks around once more, but decides it's just in her head. The groans continue until,

VOICE (CONT'D)
Help...me...

With a gasp, Mia fumbles with a plate, but manages to keep it from falling to the ground.

She turns and looks around the kitchen, visibly scared.

MIA
Who was that?
(beat, more authoritative)
Come out now, and I won't report
this to the Mills.

No response.

Shrugging her shoulders, Mia goes back to finishing up the last dish.

MIA (CONT'D)
Must've been my imagination...the
groaning of an old house. Yeah,
that's what it was. Old places like
this will have that.

Mia places the last dish with the clean, and wipes her hands with a towel.

VOICE
Help me!

Looking around, Mia knows that she heard something, figuring it out is her problem.

MIA
If you need help, let me know where
you are so I can call for it!

Nothing.

Mia's starting to look as though she feels crazy.

MIA (CONT'D)
I need a vacation...

VOICE
Help me...

Standing at the door, Mia looks as though she's debating whether or not to try to find the voice.

Then she looks at the cellar door. Mia doesn't want to go in there.

MIA
(softly)
I swear...
(louder)
If you're in the cellar, do
something, I dunno, hit the door or
something....

For a moment nothing happens.

A loud pound causes Mia to jump. She's ready to go, and goes for the door knob.

It doesn't move.

MIA (CONT'D)
Oh, c'mon!

Mia continues her attempt, however it becomes futile.

She begins pounding on the door.

MIA (CONT'D)
Hello?! I'm stuck in here! Can
anyone help?
(beat)
Mr. Mills! Mrs. Mills! HELP!

At the same time as Mia started pounding on the door, the being behind the cellar door started pounding as well.

Panic kicks in for Mia as she realizes that whatever is behind the cellar door is causing her imprisonment.

MIA (CONT'D)
I can't fucking believe that this
is happening!

Mia begins to cry, and slides down to the floor, burying her head in between her legs.

MIA (CONT'D)
I'm just an employee! Why am I
being tormented like this?!

Then she looks up.

MIA'S POV

The cellar door, it's stopped pounding.

BACK TO SCENE

Mia slowly gets back up on her feet and starts toward the cellar door.

MIA (CONT'D)
Fine, I'll go into the cellar if
that's what you want!

Shakily, Mia grabs the cellar door and twists it. The door opens to Mia's shock. A part of her didn't think it would open.

MIA POV

The dark staircase. There's cobwebs decorating the way down. Despite the recent pounding on the door, there's no sign of anything there. There's faint light coming from the cellar, one that seems supernatural in nature.

MIA (CONT'D)
I'm not getting paid enough for
this.

BACK TO SCENE

Mia looks back toward the kitchen door, as though she wants to make a run for it.

But decides that she has to continue down into the cellar if she expects to leave.

INT. THE CELLAR-NIGHT

Mia walks into the cellar, where she finds candles lit around her in the room. Her dread is growing.

MIA
I hate this.

VOICE
Help me...

MIA
Shut up.

Mia looks around the cellar, she's expecting something to jump out at her as she moves around to prevent anything from getting the jump on her.

After a moment, Mia calms down enough to slow, which a hooded figure appears before her.

FIGURE
Hello, Ms. Johnson.

MIA
Who are you?

FIGURE
Who I am is not important. What is important is what you will be to me.

Mia begins walking back, away from the figure as though she's caught in a trap.

She bumps into another man, who grasps Mia by her shoulders. Mia tries to struggle, but the man's fingers dug into her

MIA
(fearfully)
What do you want with me?

FIGURE
It's not you that is required. Your abilities are...needed.

MIA
What abilities? Who are you?!

The figure pulls down the hood, causing Mia to gasp.

MIA (CONT'D)
Mr. Mills? I...I don't understand.

Mills approaches Mia, an ugly smile dominates his face.

MILLS
All will be revealed soon.

Mills approaches the terrified Mia, there's something off about her though, like something is waking up inside of her, something dangerous, and the camera moves toward the candles as they are snuffed out and we,

FADE TO BLACK.