

(Untitled)  
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(Based on, If Any)

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EXT. HOUSE/DRIVEWAY NIGHT

A man on a bicycle rides by the apartment building on the corner of Concord and Broadway. A car approaches in the distance.

ANDREW SMITH a man in his mid to late thirties pulls into the driveway of his quiet neighborhood apartment home.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR NIGHT

Andrew shuts off the engine and the MUSIC from the cd player inside the car stops playing. He checks his watch. It reads 12:03 A.M.

ANDREW (TO HIMSELF)  
Damn, Michelle is gonna kill me.

CUT TO:

EXT HOUSE/DRIVEWAY NIGHT

The door to the car opens, Andrew gets out and notices that the trash bags at the end of his driveway have been ripped open and scattered on to the ground.

ANDREW  
Damn raccoons again. Shit!

Andrew slips his keys in his right side jacket pocket as he shakes his head while looking at the scattered trash.

He grabs his briefcase from inside the car and shuts the door. He heads up the driveway to the stairway that leads to his third floor apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT PORCH NIGHT

Andrew emerges at the top of the stairs and pushes the screen door open as he enters the porch area.

The sound of a RINGING PHONE can be heard through the front door as Andrew struggles to find his keys.

ANDREW  
Come on... come on... I just had  
them in my hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andrew with his briefcase in his right hand pats down the left side pockets on his jacket searching for his keys while the phone continues to ring.

He sets his briefcase down beside him then pulls out the keys from his right side jacket pocket.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Laughs... Just my luck.

Andrew unlocks the door grabs his briefcase and races inside to the ringing phone on the nearby table.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE NIGHT

Andrew picks up the phone leaving the front door open behind him. BUDDY a black cat enters.

ANDREW  
Hello?

A recorded message plays on the other end.

V.O.  
Hello. This is Jason of Big B's  
Blockbuster CD's and DVD's calling  
to remind you...

ANDREW  
Damn! If its not one thing it's  
another.

Andrew slams down the phone and turns around startled to find his cat Buddy rubbing against his leg.

Andrew SCREAMS!

He jumps back startled by the cat, dropping his briefcase.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Jesus Buddy you scared the hell out  
of me!

Andrew bends down to pet Buddy, then heads over to close the open front door.

He flips the switch shutting off the porch light and pauses for a moment staring into the darkness before closing the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andrew takes off his jacket. He throws it on to the sofa as he walks toward his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

The door opens slowly and Andrew peeks inside. MICHELLE is sleeping soundly. He smiles at his wife then shuts the door quietly.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE NIGHT

Andrew walks toward the refrigerator located near the entrance of his apartment.

He opens the door to the refrigerator and pulls out a beer, then walks over and takes a seat on the sofa.

Buddy the cat jumps onto the sofa and settles next to Andrew.

He kicks off his shoes and turns on the television. He takes a sip of his beer as he flips through the channels finally settling on Sports Center.

ANDREW

Ahhh... Now this is what I have  
been waiting for all day.

INT. ROOM NIGHT

The frightened sounds of a WOMAN breathing heavily and sniffing can be heard. She struggles to put her words together.

WOMAN

Wher...where am I?

A GENERATOR kicks on and the LOUD SCREECHING sound frightens the woman.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hello? (Pause)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Is anyone there? (Pause) Somebody  
help me please!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stands as she runs her fingers across the wall searching for a light switch.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Oh thank god?

She flips on the switch and the light FLICKERS above her a few times revealing a small tight space before the bulb burns out.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
NO!!!!!! This can't be happening!

The woman begins to cry. as her hands search the wall for a way out.

She feels something on the wall and knocks it over. A DIAL TONE rings out loudly in the darkness.

She picks up the receiver and dials out.

INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Andrew has fallen asleep on the sofa watching television.

The phone begins to RING again. Andrew stirs but is oblivious to the sound.

The phone continues to ring and slowly Andrew opens his eyes. He looks around as if in a daze then looks at his watch.

ANDREW (TO HIMSELF)  
It's 1:30 in the morning for  
Christ's sake.

Andrew gets up and walks over to the phone on the table.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Hello?

There is no answer on the other end only a fading static noise.

With a puzzled look on his face Andrew looks at the receiver then raises it back to his ear. He hears a barely audible voice beneath the static.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Hello? Is anyone there?

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM NIGHT

WOMAN  
If you can hear me... Please help.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

The line goes dead and the shrill sound of the DIAL TONE rings in Andrew's ear.

He hangs up the phone and stares out the window for a moment.

ANDREW  
That was so weird.

Andrew walks over and turns off the television, then heads for his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

Andrew enters the quiet room walks toward his side of the bed, takes off his pants and places his watch on the bedside table next to the alarm clock which reads 1:38 a.m.. He gets into bed.

Michelle stirs in her sleep oblivious that Andrew has entered.

He leans over to kiss her before lying down to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

The clock on the bedside table now reads 2:23.

Andrew is sleeping soundly unaware that Michelle has begun to stir in her sleep when the telephone begins to RING again.

Andrew begins to toss as the sound of the ringing phone echoes throughout the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andrew's eyes open annoyed he turns over and reaches for the phone off of the bedside table.

ANDREW

Hello?

Again a loud static noise is all that can be heard.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Who is this? (FRUSTRATED)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea what time it is?

The static begins to break up and the terrified voice of the woman speaking with great urgency comes through.

WOMAN

Please if you can hear me... Help!  
Please help me!

ANDREW

Who is this?

Their conversation is cut short as the call is lost in the static.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

Andrew sits up in bed.

He clutches the receiver in his hand and looks toward Michelle as if the voice is could be hers.

Andrew hangs up the phone and gets out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

The bedroom door opens as a tired Andrew enters and takes a glass from the cabinet next to the refrigerator and pours some water from the faucet.

He takes a sip from his glass when all of a sudden the phone RINGS again.

Andrew drops his glass and it SHATTERS onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Shit!

Andrew stepping back from the broken glass walks around it toward the phone on the table and picks it up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Listen if you don't sto.....

He is cut off by a deafening SCREECH on the other end. He pulls the phone away from his ear then hears the same familiar voice trying to break through.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Please...Please don't hang up. I need help.

ANDREW

Look! Stop fucking calling here. If you need help call the fucking Police already!

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM NIGHT

WOMAN

No! I can't your the only one that can help me. Please I'm begging you!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

ANDREW

Look lady I told you already there's nothing I can do. Call the Police. I'm hanging up now.

Andrew slams down the phone.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

Andrew turns to head back to bed when he stops and looks over his shoulder at the broken glass on the floor.

He sighs then grabs the dust broom from underneath the sink and begins to sweep up the broken glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Work tomorrow is gonna be hell if I  
don't get some fucking sleep.

Andrew empties the broken glass into the trash below the sink  
before heading back to bed.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

The door opens and Andrew enters. Frustrated and groggy he  
climbs back into bed next to his wife

Andrew stares at the ceiling until he drifts slowly back to  
sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

The clock now reads 3:47 A.M. When the phone begins to RING  
again.

The sound causes Andrew's eyes to open immediately. He sits  
up takes a deep breath staring at the ringing phone.

ANDREW

Oh you have got to be fucking  
kidding me.

Michelle begins to stir and Andrew can hear her whimpering in  
her sleep. He looks at her then back at the ringing phone.

He reaches for the phone on the nearby night stand and  
removes the cord from the back of the ringing phone sending a  
comfortable silence throughout the room.

Andrew lays his head back down onto his pillow and closes his  
eyes.

INT. DARK ROOM

WOMAN

Oh Please pick up. Please you have  
to answer...

The sound of the Generator gets increasingly louder as the  
Woman pleads for someone to answer the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Please pick up please!

A door slides open at the top of the stairs in the dark room and a harsh RED LIGHT pours in.

The woman turns around revealing Michelle scared and soaked in dirt and tears. Stuck in her dream she releases a blood curling SCREAM.

MICHELLE  
Andrew... WAKE ME UP!!!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

The room is quiet, Andrew and Michelle seem to be sleeping soundly.

The view moves over to reveal Michelle eyes wide open facing her husband lying lifeless in bed with a tear of blood flowing from her right eye.

FADE TO BLACK.