

SCAREFEST PRESENTS:

NEW MESSAGE

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INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Students crowd the corridors as they move towards their next class. Three girls stand to the side of the hallway next to a row of lockers.

The three girls are: JENNA (17), the cheerleader, VALERIE (17) a bit overweight, and CHRISTINA (16), the quiet-looking one.

They're all preppy, with pink outfits, perfectly styled hair—the usual.

Valerie is busy twisting the knob on her locker to complete the combination. She finishes it, but as she attempts to open it, her locker jams. She pounds on it.

VALERIE

You bastard!

Jenna and Christina don't seem to care. Valerie continues to try and open it.

CHRISTINA

God that test was insane.

JENNA

Yeah.

CHRISTINA

Seriously, Mr. Fisler is a straight-up Nazi.

JENNA

I actually didn't think it was that hard. I mean, it was tough, but not hard.

CHRISTINA

Oh, and where were you this morning? I thought we were going to study together.

JENNA

I forgot to set my alarm. Sorry.

CHRISTINA

(Jokingly)
Sure...

JENNA

No! Really! I thought I set it, but apparently not.

CHRISTINA
Why didn't you text me or anything?

JENNA
I was about to text you but I was
already running late and I guess I
forgot.

Valerie sighs and turns to her friends.

VALERIE
Can you guys help me?

Jenna's cell phone emits a catchy jingle.

JENNA
I would, but I got a text message.

VALERIE
(Annoyed)
Oh my God...

CHRISTINA
(Irritated tone)
I guess I'll help.

VALERIE
(Sarcastically)
Thanks! You're a real pal!

CHRISTINA
What's your combo?

VALERIE
35-17-13.

Christina twists the knob and attempts to open it, but it still won't budge. She runs her shoulder into it and forces her weight upwards. The locker finally pops open.

An avalanche of school supplies spills out onto the floor.

CHRISTINA
Valerie! What the fuck? You have a
bag for a reason!

VALERIE
It gets heavy so I decided to dump
a few things into here.

CHRISTINA
Oh, right, a few things...

Christina picks up a Twinkie. It's smushed and looks plain nasty.

CHRISTINA

What is *this*?

VALERIE

It's a Twinkie. I was wondering where that went.

CHRISTINA

When were you supposed to eat it?

VALERIE

I think it was some time when school started...

CHRISTINA

Oh my God, Valerie, that was six months ago! That's disgusting!

Christina throws the Twinkie on the ground with the rest of the trash.

JENNA

Hey, look, it's Jeff.

Down the hallway is JEFF (17). He, too, looks preppy. His hair is spiked up and he wears a Letterman jacket.

VALERIE

He's so hot.

JENNA

You said it.

VALERIE

Go talk to him.

JENNA

I don't think he likes me...

CHRISTINA

Are you shitting me? Dude, he flirts with you all the time.

JENNA

No he doesn't...Does he?

CHRISTINA

It's so obvious! How oblivious can you be?

JENNA
I don't know...

CHRISTINA
He's right there. Now's your
chance.

JENNA
You really think I should?

CHRISTINA
Just go talk to him! Maybe ask for
a phone number or something.

Jenna smiles and takes a deep breath. She moves forward in
the direction of Jeff. Christina watches.

VALERIE
Hey, you want to help me pick this
stuff up?

CHRISTINA
(Anxious)
Shut up.

Jenna walks over to Jeff.

JENNA
Hey, Jeff.

Jeff turns around.

JEFF
Hey, Jenna.

JENNA
What's up?

JEFF
Nothing, just getting stuff for my
next class.

JENNA
Cool, cool.

There's a bit of awkward silence between the two. Jeff
continues to take supplies from his locker.

JENNA
So—

The bell rings. Jeff shuts his locker.

JEFF

Ah, I have to get to class. If I'm late one more time, it counts as an absence, and one more absence means I can't exempt.

JENNA

Oh, right. Okay, well, I'll talk to you later.

She turns away. Jeff begins to walk away.

Jenna turns back around.

JENNA

Hey, Jeff!

Jeff stops and faces Jenna.

JENNA

Can I have your phone number?

JEFF

Yeah, sure.

He rips a piece of paper from his notebook. Jenna hands him a pen. He writes his number down and hands it to her. Jenna writes hers down.

JENNA

Here's mine.

She hands him her number. They both smile at each other and Jeff walks off.

Jenna hurries back to Christina and Valerie.

VALERIE

Well, thanks to you, Christina, I'm late for class. I hope you're happy—

CHRISTINA

Shut up!
(To Jenna)
Did you get it?

JENNA

Yeah!

CHRISTINA

Aw, if you two went out, you guys would look so cute together.

VALERIE

Totally.

JENNA

You think?

VALERIE

Yeah.

JENNA

Aw, thanks. I need to get to class.
I'll see you guys later.

They all walk off in different directions.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

The teacher gives a speech in a monotonous tone. The students look bored as Hell. Some are texting, other pass notes, and a few sleep.

Jenna doodles on her notebook when her phone vibrates. She perks up and flips her phone open.

It's a text from Jeff that reads: "4 HOURS"

A look of confusion overcomes her face. She stares at it, but shrugs it off and closes her phone. The bell rings.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Jenna walks out of the classroom with the rest of the tidal wave of students. She stops and looks around. Jenna sees Jeff walk out of another classroom and rushes over to him.

JENNA

Jeff!

Jeff sees her.

JENNA

Hey. I got your text message.

JEFF

What text message?

JENNA

The one that said, "four hours" or something like that. What do you mean?

JEFF

What are you talking about? I didn't send you a text message.

JENNA

Are you sure?

JEFF

Yeah. Look.

He whips out his phone and searches through his "Sent" folder of text messages. There are none for Jenna.

JEFF

Are you sure it wasn't from someone else?

Jenna flips her phone open and opens her "Inbox" folder. The message from Jeff is gone.

Jenna stares at her phone.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The sun begins to set, and the fiery glow flows through the windows of the kitchen. Jenna talks on the phone while she fixes up a sandwich.

VALERIE (V.O.)

(Through the phone)

Are you sure you don't want to hang out with us tonight?

JENNA

Yeah, I'm just chilling out tonight. I'm feeling kind of weird.

VALERIE (V.O.)

Oh, okay...Christina wants to know if Jeff's called you yet.

JENNA

No, not yet. I thought he sent me a text message earlier today, but I guess I read it wrong.

VALERIE (V.O.)

That's weird. Well, I'm going to let you be. I'll be on AIM, too, so we can talk there. If you want us to come over or if you want to come over, just give us a call.

JENNA

Oh, I had to delete AIM because it was making my computer slow. I think it gave it a virus. But yeah, sure thing.

VALERIE (V.O.)

Alright, I'll text you then. I'll see you whenever.

JENNA

Whenever. Bye.

She hangs up.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - JENNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenna walks into her room with a sandwich. She sits down at her computer and turns on the TV.

She takes a bite of her sandwich and flips through the channels. A familiar jingle emits from her computer speakers. It's the sound of a new Instant Message from the AIM program.

Confused, Jenna sets her plate down and spins around in her chair. She faces her computer. The screen saver is on, but she moves the mouse and the screen saver disappears.

An Instant Message box appears in the middle of the screen. The message is from a "xOxOHeartsLoveXoXo."

The message reads: "53 MINUTES"

Jenna stares at the message. She looks over at the clock that reads 7:01. She looks back at the message and types in the text box: "Huh?"

Right as she sends it, the Instant Message box flickers off the screen.

She continues to stare at the screen. Frightened, she shivers and turns her computer screen off. She grabs her sandwich and sits on her bed.

She takes a bite and stares back at her computer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Jenna sets her dish in the sink and pulls out her cell phone. She calls up Valerie. It begins to ring.

VALERIE (V.O.)
(Through the phone)
Hey girl.

JENNA
Hey.

VALERIE (V.O.)
What's up? Miss us yet?

JENNA
Very funny. Nah, I'm just getting a little weirded out so I decided to call you.

VALERIE (V.O.)
What? You think someone is going to break into your house?

JENNA
Please, our area of the city isn't capable of that type of behavior.

VALERIE (V.O.)
Well, what's going on?

JENNA
I don't know. I've just been experiencing weird things since a few days ago. Yesterday, I got an email from some person and all it said was "one day" or something like that. Today during class I got a text message from Jeff saying "four hours" and he had no idea what I was talking about. He said he didn't send the text message and when I looked for it in my inbox folder, it wasn't there.

VALERIE (V.O.)
That's weird.

JENNA
Yeah. And then I got an Instant Message from someone about thirty minutes ago saying "53 minutes."

VALERIE (V.O.)
I thought you said you deleted AIM.

JENNA
I did.

VALERIE (V.O.)
That's really creepy. But you know
what?

JENNA
What?

VALERIE (V.O.)
(Voice a bit distorted)
You have 19 minutes left.

JENNA
What?

But Valerie hangs up. Jenna looks at her screen. Her eyes grow wide. Her breath becomes shaky.

Behind her, a figure moves along the reflections of the windows.

EXT. JENNA'S HOUSE - LATER

It's dark outside. The only lights are those turned on around Jenna's house and her neighbors' house. She stands at the end of the driveway.

The wind blows across her face. She hugs herself and shivers. A car pulls up in front of her house. Jeff steps out.

JEFF
Hey, what's up? Are you okay?

Jenna doesn't answer.

JEFF
Jenna? Why'd you call me?

JENNA
I don't know.

JEFF
Well, come on. Let's go inside.
It's freezing out here.

He walks past her towards the house, but she doesn't budge. He stops and walks back to her; he faces away from the house.

JEFF
Hey, what's the matter?

Jenna takes a deep breath.

JENNA

There's something following me.

JEFF

What?

JENNA

I don't know. I feel like someone is watching me and I keep getting these weird messages on my phone and on the computer and I'm just really getting freaked out.

JEFF

What kind of messages?

JENNA

Like a countdown or something. I know it sounds stupid but I'm really beginning to get scared, even if it's a joke or a prank or whatever. I started getting messages a few days back, the first one saying "3 days" and after that, it just started counting down.

JEFF

So, is this like The Ring or One Missed Call or something?

Jenna glares at him.

JENNA

It's not funny! I'm seriously freaking out right now.

JEFF

Okay, okay, sorry. What was the last message you got?

JENNA

You can't actually believe me, do you? I mean, if I heard this, I'd think it was a joke or something.

JEFF

I'm just curious.

Jenna sighs.

JENNA

19 minutes.

Jenna looks past Jeff. Her eyes grow wide. Jeff shrugs.

JEFF

Well, I guess we'll wait...

Jeff looks at his watch.

JEFF

... six minutes. Let's get inside.

JENNA

(Teary-eyed)

I'm not going in there.

JEFF

Why not?

JENNA

Because I'm home alone.

Jeff turns around. He looks at a room with the lights on and the blinds open. A figure with no distinguishable characteristics stares back at them.

Jeff looks back at Jenna. She looks at him. They both look back at the room. The figure is gone.

JEFF

Are you sure?

JENNA

Yes.

JEFF

I'm going to go check. You better not be shitting with me.

JENNA

I'm not! I'm serious! Jeff, wait!

Jenna chases after Jeff. They walk inside.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two walk into the kitchen. Jeff sets his keys and phone on the counter.

JEFF

Hello?

His voice echoes through the large, silent house. Jenna cowers behind him.

JEFF

Okay, I'm going to check things out
and you stay down here.

Jenna watches him ascend up the stairs. He stops and looks
over the railing before he reaches the top.

JEFF

If this is a joke, you're so dead.

He gives a playful smile and Jenna forces a smile back.

She sits in a chair at the counter and listens to the
silence. She looks up when she hears footsteps above her.

JENNA

Jeff?

No answer. She sighs and looks at the counter tile. Jeff's
phone begins to ring. His ringtone, "4 Minutes" by Avant.

RINGTONE

*"'Cause in 4 minutes I'll never
have my girl again; In 4 minutes
Imma lose her to some other man; 4
no less no more."*

The caller is unknown.

Her breath gets heavy and she gets out of her chair. She
walks over to the staircase.

JENNA

Jeff!

Still no answer. The phone stops ringing. Seconds later, the
phone rings again, but a different ringtone; a shorter one.

Jenna walks over to it and looks at it. It says: "ONE NEW
VOICEMAIL"

She opens it up and dials the voicemail number.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

You have one new voice message. New
message...

Static crumples in as the new message begins. There's nothing
but static, but soon, heavy breathing fades in. It's a male's
heavy breathing.

VOICE (V.O.)

...two minutes...

Jenna quickly shuts the phone. She runs across the living room to the staircase.

JENNA

Jeff! Please! Can we just get out of here?

Still no answer.

JENNA

God damn it, Jeff! This isn't funny! I bet that was you who called and left that message!

Nothing but silence.

JENNA

Jeff, please! I'm really getting scared now! Jesus Christ...

She sighs and steps away from the staircase.

JENNA

(Distressed)

God damn it.

Her TV suddenly switches on. There's nothing but static. Jenna stares at the snow-like static when a picture flickers in.

It's a video of a clock. It ticks very loudly past the 6—30 seconds left.

Jenna looks over at a clock that looks exactly like the one on TV. In fact, it *is* the one on the TV. The second hand passes the 9—15 seconds left.

Jenna rushes over to the TV and turns it off. She runs over to the clock and takes it off the wall. She watches the second hand as it flicks right onto the 12.

She screams and picks it up over her head. Just as she is about to smash it to pieces it, the doorbell rings. Her head snaps up.

Jenna sets the clock down and stares at her front door down the hallway. Her breath, shaky.

She begins to walk slowly towards the front door. The hallway is dark and seems to stretch further and further as she walks down it. The door seems to get further away as she nears it.

She passes a novelty plastic fish on a plaque and sets off the motion sensor. The fish springs to life and begins to sing an old song from the fifties. Jenna yelps.

The fish finishes up its song and becomes still. Jenna stares at the fish, and then at the front door. She walks over to it and sets her hand on the doorknob.

Jenna twists the knob, she opens the door, and finds...

...Nobody.

There's nobody at the doorstep or anywhere in the front yard. Jenna shuts the door and rests her head on it. She calms down and closes her eyes.

The plastic fish begins to sing again (O.S.). Jenna's eyes snap open and she twists around, just to see a shadow figure pass across the hallway.

JENNA

Jeff?

She walks down the hallway towards the plastic fish. She looks around the corner, but nobody is there. All it leads to is a dead end in the kitchen.

JENNA

Jeff?

Jenna flies to the ground as she's forced off her feet. Her body begins to glide across the floor as she's dragged down the hallway.

She tries to grip the tile, but it doesn't help a bit. She screams and cries as she's pulled down the hallway and into a pitch black room.

Her screams echo through the large, silent house.