

Safe
By
Harold Lucas

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

1

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

1

DONNA, a woman in her mid 20's, walks up the stairs to the front entrance of a rundown apartment building. She is wearing an ill fitting faded blue pantsuit and looks exhausted. A police car with lights and sirens blasts down the otherwise empty street behind her, but she doesn't seem to notice.

She rummages through her over-sized bag and pulls out a keycard. The door buzzes open and Donna steps into a brightly lit hallway. She pulls out a pair of earbuds and puts them in her ears. We hear the soft jazz Donna is listening to.

She walks to the end of the hallway and pushed the button for the elevator. The slightly rusted metal doors slide open.

2

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

2

Donna hums to herself as the doors close and the elevator ascends upward.

The light above her head flickers and she glances upward. Suddenly the elevator screeches to a stop and the lights go out, leaving her in complete darkness.

DONNA

(Under her breath)

Seriously...

She pushes the call button in the elevator repeatedly but nothing seems to happen. She stands still in the darkness for a few moments, the only sound is the soft Jazz coming out of her earbuds.

Suddenly the music in her earbuds becomes distorted like two radio stations overlapping. A soft raspy female voice can be heard muttering something frantically alongside the music, barely noticeable at first but becoming louder and more frantic.

RASPY VOICE

Two three zero eight. Two three

zero eight. Two three zero eight.

Let me out. Let me out. LET ME OUT!

The voice becomes increasingly loud until the music is completely drowned out. Donna rips out the earbuds out with one hand and more furiously punches the call button.

The elevator abruptly jolts back to life like nothing happened and we can hear jazz playing softly out of the earbuds she has clutched in her hand. The doors slide open and Donna jumps out into the hallway before the doors finish opening.

3

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

3

19 year old BRENDA is slouched on a sofa with her phone a few inches away from her eyes as Donna enters their small apartment.

DONNA

Don't take the elevator when you go out, I think its broken.

BRENDA

That would imply that I plan on going outside sometime in the near future.

DONNA

It's pretty hard to find a job when you never leave the apartment.

BRENDA

Jobs are just an artificial construct by the new world order to keep the population mind controlled.

DONNA

Sometimes I don't know when you're joking and when you're serious. Do you believe everything you read on your phone?

Brenda looks up at Donna with a mocking raised eyebrow.

BRENDA

Maybe I read that in a book, or a scientific journal.

Donna snorts and shoots Brenda a wry smile.

DONNA

Oh really? Whens the last time you read something that wasn't a bright amalgamation of pixels two inches in front of your eyes?

(CONTINUED)

BRENDA

Whoa, calm down there Dr.
Thesaurus.

Before Brenda can respond, A loud *BOOM* is heard from above. - The girls jump, and Brenda drops her phone right onto her face.

They both look toward the ceiling and Brenda holds her hands towards the sky in despair.

BRENDA

What could you possibly be dropping
on the ground at 11:30 at night!
One day I swear i'm going to break
in to the apartment above yours and
drop a bowling ball repeatedly on
the floor at 3 am.

DONNA

Maybe they have a good reason...

BRENDA

The only reason I could accept is
if it's because they dropped dead
of a fucking heart attack.

DONNA

You really have a way with words,
you know that, Brenda?

Suddenly an even louder *BOOM* from above and the two women fall silent for a few moments. Then a soft raspy female voice can be heard very faintly coming through the thin ceiling.

RASPY VOICE

Donna... I need you... help me...

Donna looks at Brenda with a bewildered expression.

DONNA

Holy shit, did you hear that?

BRENDA

Oh the loud ass banging that shook
the foundation of the entire
apartment complex? No, definitely
not.

Brenda falls back onto the couch and resumes looking at her phone.

(CONTINUED)

DONNA

Not that. The voice... We have to go up there.

Brenda doesn't seem to really notice what Donna said.

BRENDA

Um, I'm going to have to pass. You didn't happen to hit your head especially hard today did you?

Donna looks ahead with a thousand yard stare, lost in deep thought for a few seconds, then turns towards the door.

4 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

Donna exits into the hallway and opens the door to the stairwell, but hears a *DING* as she steps inside. She turns and sees that the elevator doors have opened, the light inside flickering on and off wildly. No one is inside. Donna turns away and races up the stairs to the next floor.

Donna exits the stairwell and walks quickly down the hallway looking at each door: 30a... 31a... 32a... 33a... 34a... She stops suddenly as she comes across a door that is cracked slightly open. The number 35a has been violently scratched out. Donna approaches closer and sees that tiny numbers have been crudely etched into the wood of the door: 2308.

Donna slowly opens the door and peers inside apprehensively. The apartment is completely empty except for a single bare light bulb on a chain, and right below the light is a huge iron safe sitting in the center of the empty room. It is made out of rusted iron and appears to be very old.

5 INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

5

Donna approaches it and sees it has a state of the art electronic keypad on the front. She hesitates, then quickly punches in 2308. She hears a heavy latch click inside. The heavy door opens with a loud groan without Donna touching it.

A soft sobbing can be heard from the back of the safe. Donna leans forward and can barely make out what appears to be a small child dressed in rags with long grey hair facing the corner of the safe, shoulders softly shaking. Donna steps back, shaking herself.

DONNA

H..hold on, i'm going to call for help. It's going to be OK.

(CONTINUED)

Donna pulls out her phone and we see her type 911 with fumbling fingers. She pulls the phone up to her ear as it rings. A mans voice is heard through the phone.

OPERATOR

911, what's your emergency?

DONNA

I need police at 450 East 19th ave
apartment 35a. There is an
abandoned child here.

The operator doesn't respond for a few seconds, then a soft raspy breathing is heard through the phone.

RASPY VOICE

Donna what are you doing? Please.
Help me.

The phone drops out of Donna's grip and hits the ground with a loud crash.

Donna approaches the safe and reaches out her arm slowly toward the sobbing girl.

DONNA

(Whispers)

Who are you?

Donna's fingertips touch the girls small shoulder, and the girl immediately becomes completely still. She speaks with a soft childlike voice.

GIRL

I always knew you would come.

The girl turns slowly toward Donna and we see that her face is actually that of an extremely old woman, wrinkled almost beyond recognition, with a huge hooked nose and a gaping maniacal grin.

Donna lets out a shocked cry and trips forward, falling head first into the safe. Her head hits the ground with a solid thud.

CUT TO BLACK

6

INT. SAFE - NIGHT

6

We fade up from black as we hear police knocking on a door in the background.

POLICE
(Muffled)
Police, is anyone inside? We
received a hang up call.

Donna groggily stands up and reaches out her arms. The only source of visibility is a tiny sliver of light coming through a crack in the door of the safe. She pushes her weight into the door, but it doesn't budge. She screams as loud as she can for the police outside and pounds her fists on the door.

DONNA
I'm in here! In here!

POLICE
(Muffled)
The apartments completely empty, no
ones here. Lets go.

DONNA
NO! WAIT! HELP ME!

We hear the apartment door close and feet shuffling off into the distance. Then complete silence. Donna crumples into a completely black corner. A soft raspy voice echoes from somewhere in the darkness.

RASPY VOICE
Don't be afraid Donna, you're safe
with me now.

Donna lets out a soft sob and recoils as far into the corner as she can.

CUT TO BLACK.