

THE FINAL ROSE

written by

Tyler King

604 S. Detroit St.
Warsaw, IN 46580
574-527-4819
tylerking81690@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CHLOE, 23, lies sprawled out on her bed. Her only garment is a Colts jersey... long enough to cover down under, short enough to ogle her long, smooth legs.

She slides her thick-framed glasses back on her delicate nose, gorgeous eyes glued to the flat-screen on her dresser across the room. "The Eligible Man" is on, a reality dating game show similar to "The Bachelor".

Her phone RINGS. She answers.

CHLOE
(into phone)
Hello?

STATIC on the other end.

She glances at the caller ID.

It reads: "Unknown".

She brings the phone back to her ear.

CHLOE
(into phone, louder)
Hello?

The line CRACKLES... then disconnects.

Chloe rolls her eyes, goes back to her show.

CHLOE
(shouts at TV)
Oh, come on! You seriously gave a
rose to Miranda and not Alexis?

Her phone RINGS again. She answers, more annoyed.

CHLOE
(into phone)
Hello?

STATIC again... until finally --

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Hello, hello.

CHLOE
Uh, yeah... hi. Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
No one of particular importance.

CHLOE
Then why are you calling me?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I just want to talk... get to know
you more.

Chloe rolls her eyes.

CHLOE
Well call someone else. I'm trying
to watch my show.

She starts to hang up --

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
"The Eligible Man", is it?

Chloe raises an eyebrow. He has her attention.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I like to think of myself as an
eligible man... If I gave you a
rose, would you accept it?

CHLOE
You can accept that I'm adding you
to my list of blocked callers. Bye.

She starts to hang up again --

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
If you do that, I'm afraid I'll
have to give you the final rose...
when I drop it in your casket.

Chloe is taken aback.

CHLOE
Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
An admirer.

Chloe scoffs.

CHLOE
Some admirer...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 What kind of things do you admirer,
 Chloe?

CHLOE
 Seriously, who the hell are you...
 and how do you know my name?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 (ignores Chloe)
 Do you want to know what I admirer?

CHLOE
 I'm hanging up.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 (ignores Chloe)
 I admirer your beauty... your
 honesty... your determination...
 the fact that you walk around with
 no underwear and don't mind your
 curtains being open...

Chloe's eyes grow big with fear as they dart to her window --
 Curtains wide open.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 That shows a lot of courage...

Chloe leaps up, darts to the window, quickly draws the
 curtains closed.

CHLOE
 You're fucking sick. I'm calling
 the cops.

The Man lets out a sinister CACKLE.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 But I'm already in the house...

Sudden terror spreads across Chloe's face.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Do you really think they'd be able
 to make it in time?

Chloe's face turns white. She nearly faints.

CHLOE
 Wha... what did you say?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Can't you see me?

Chloe's eyes dart around the room.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I'll give you a hint... you'll find
your secret admirer behind a
cracked door...

Chloe's eyes dart to her bedroom door --

Open just a sliver.

She takes a deep breath, quietly slides out of bed.

CHLOE
What do you want from me?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I want to be your next eligible
man.

Chloe grimaces, slinks over to the door, reaches for the
doorknob...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Wouldn't that be fun?

Chloe softly closes the door, locks it, sighs with relief.
She's had enough.

CHLOE
I'm done playing your fucking
games. I'm calling the cops.

She starts to hang up --

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I told you that you'd find your
secret admirer behind a cracked
door... but what makes you so sure
I'm not in the closet... in your
bedroom?

She suddenly panics, tenses up.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I can't wait to give you the final
rose, Chloe...

Chloe slowly turns her head to her closet door --

Slightly cracked open.

Her eyes grow wide with horror.

She looks down, mouth agape.

A single ROSE PETAL rests on the floor, directly in front of the closet door.

Tears well up in her eyes as she looks back up --

The closet door slowly CREAKS open even more, along with A MAN'S SINISTER CACKLE as we...

FADE OUT.

THE END