## the call

by Shawn D. Kelley

Copyright © 2010 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

A rusted phone booth sits off near the road. Behind it - the remains of an abandoned diner.

A womanly shape appears out of the darkness.

LAUREN (24) hobbles along toward the phone booth. She's dressed provocatively. Short skirt. Tube top. High-heels. Torn stockings.

Tears stream down her face, smearing her heavy make-up.

She steps into the phone booth, looks around, cautious. She slides the door closed. Picks up the phone.

A shuffling noise in the darkness. Lauren whips around, panicked. She scans the area intensely.

Nothing.

She starts dialing.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The small motel room is efficient at best.

A pair of naked bodies lie entangled, asleep, beneath a thin white sheet on the bed. The comforter lies discarded at the bedside.

JAY (28) sleeps soundly, snoring lightly. MICHELE (26) rests her head on his chest. She shuffles in her sleep.

A ringtone, The Eagles' "Hotel California" sounds loudly from the cell on the night stand.

Jay stirs. Wakes.

He grabs his cell from the night-stand and answers.

JAY

Hello.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - INTERCUT

LAUREN

Hey, Jay.

He sighs.

JAY

Lauren.

LAUREN

Where are you right now? At home?

JAY

Uh. Where am I?

Michele opens her eyes at this.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Quick footsteps. Lauren scans around.

Nothing's there.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JAY

I'm not at home. It's being...renovated.

MICHELE

And fumigated.

Michele sits up and flips on the bedside lamp.

JAY

MICHELE

I'm at a motel.

Who is that?

LAUREN

Day Ray Inn?

JAY

That's the one. Why?

MICHELE

(to Jay)

Who is that?

JAY

It's Lauren.

Michele shoots a disapproving look. She rolls her eyes.

LAUREN

You think you could pick me up?

Jay grunts loudly in frustration.

JAY

Lauren, it's three o'clock in the morning.

**LAUREN** 

Yeah. It is.

A long pause between them. Michele obsessively douses her hands in hand sanitizer and rubs them together.

Lauren looks around once more. It's clear.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Never mind. I'm not too far from there. I'll walk. What room number?

JAY

Uh. 106. I could get you your own room.

CLICK.

She hangs up.

JAY (CONT'D)

Hello?

No answer. He drops his phone on the table.

JAY (CONT'D)

She's heading over.

MICHELE

Who, Lauren?

He nods.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Shit, Jay!

JAY

What? She's my sister.

MICHELE

Yeah, and you've been baby-sitting her your entire life. It's time for her to grow the fuck up.

Michele squirts hand sanitizer in her palm and rubs it on her arms.

Jay stares at her.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

What?

JAY

You're getting kinda out of control with that shit.

MICHELE

Oh, whatever.

JAY

You smell like beetles.

She smirks.

MICHELE

Random.

JAY

You missed a spot.

Jay squirts some of the hand sanitizer into his palm and rubs them onto her bare breasts.

MICHELE

That actually feels pretty good.

Jay laughs.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

You're silly.

She stands and moves toward the bathroom.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Gonna take a bath. Wanna join?

JAY

Nah. Lauren will be here soon.

Michele shrugs and disappears into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hot water pours into the tub. It inches higher and higher. Nearly full.

Michele reaches over and turns off the faucet.

She steps in - slowly eases into the tub.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jay lies on his back staring at the ceiling, wearing shorts and a t-shirt.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Loud banging at the door.

Jay hops to his feet and hurries to the door. He unlocks and swings it open.

Lauren stands there looking haggard as ever. Blood on her lip. Hair all over the place. Skinned knees.

JAY

God, Lauren! What in the hell happened to you?

She marches in and flops onto the bed. Jay bolts the door and takes a seat beside her.

LAUREN

I met a quy.

JAY

A guy? A guy did this to you!?

She nods. He stands and starts pacing. Fury boiling.

JAY (CONT'D)

What's his name? Where's he from?

LAUREN

Hell. He's probably from hell.

JAY

You're making jokes?

LAUREN

Look, Jay. I don't have any answers to your questions. I just need a place to stay for the night. Okay.

He pauses.

JAY

Okay. We'll talk about it in the morning.

LAUREN

Yes, father. (beat)

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Where is that sidity psycho compulsive girlfriend of yours?

JAY

In the tub.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michele relaxes in her bath, eyes closed.

Shadows moves and distort on the other side of a the small beveled window.

MOTEL ROOM

Jay's ringtone sounds again. He answers.

JAY

Hello?

No answer.

JAY (CONT'D)

Hello?

Silence. Then -

A DEEP RASPY CHUCKLE emits.

JAY (CONT'D)

Who the hell is this?

DISTORTED MALE VOICE

I'm going to eat her heart. Tell her. I'm going to eat it...right after I rip it out of her chest.

JAY

Fuck you, motherfucker. You won't touch her!

CLICK.

Jay pockets his phone. Brow furrowed. Eyes focused at nothing in particular.

Lauren gasps.

LAUREN

It's him isn't it?

JAY

How did he get my number?

Lauren shrugs.

JAY (CONT'D)

What kind of freaks are you messing around with?

Lauren grips her stomach. Lets out a groan. She gags. Vomits. BLOOD POURS from her mouth and onto Jay's feet and the floor.

JAY (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck! Jesus.

She falls to the floor. He gets to his knees, attempting to help her up. She retches, spewing blood onto Jay's face and chest.

He grimaces. Helps her back onto the bed. He wipes blood from his face.

JAY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! I'm calling an ambulance.

He whips out his phone. Lauren wipes her mouth and composes herself. She throws out a shuddering hand - swipes at the phone.

LAUREN

No! No! It's fine. I'm okay.

JAY

You're fucking throwing up blood!

He goes to dial when-

The ringtone sounds again. He answers.

JAY (CONT'D)

Hello?

DISTORTED MALE VOICE

Nice tits on your girlfriend. I'm going to split her in half!

The voice lets out a demented chuckle. Hangs up.

A flash of dread in his eyes. Jay rushes to the bathroom door. Bangs on it.

BATHROOM

Michele jumps. Startled out of her slumber.

MICHELE

God. What?

JAY (O.S.)

Hey, babe. You okay in there?

MICHELE

No. I drowned in a foot of bath water and now I'm talking to you from beyond the grave.

JAY (0.S.)

I need you to finish up quickly and get out here.

She exhales.

MICHELE

Whatever.

JAY

I'm serious!

MICHELE

Okay. In a minute. Damn.

She closes her eyes again.

The glass shower door slowly MOVES - SLIDING SHUT.

Steam begins to rise from the water.

After a moment her eyes dart open. She sits up.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

What the hell?

She hops to her feet. The temperature rises. Small bubbles form and rise to the surface.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She reaches the for the shower door handle and TUGS. It's doesn't move.

The water now BOILS. She screams.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

JAY!!

She slams against the glass in desperation. It's no use. An anguished SHRIEK as her legs cook.

JAY (O.S.)

MICHELE!! What's happening!

Jay throws himself against the bathroom door. It stands strong.

Michele screams in agony. Boils and blisters form on her legs and burst. Skin sheds. Blood flows.

MICHELE

HELP ME!

JAY

Michele!!

A force LIFTS Michele into the air and SLAMS her into the shower. It SHATTERS. She falls through - face first onto the broken glass.

She cries. Sits up.

The door crashes open. Jay tumbles in. He stares in horror at her burns.

Michele reaches for him. They embrace.

JAY (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened?

MICHELE

(sobs)

I don't know.

Michele's head is TUGGED backward. She gasps.

A loud SNAP as her neck BREAKS. Her head rests flimsily on her back.

Jay looks on blankly, unable to process this. Then-

Her head twists and RIPS free from the rest of her body. Blood spews. Covering Jay.

The head hits the tile with a THUD. Eyes still open. Looking straight ahead toward Jay.

He trembles. Eyes blank. Mouth slack. Embracing Michele's limp body.

A deep EVIL CHUCKLE fills the room.

Jay groans. He crawls back. Away from the corpse. He screams. A deep guttural cry. He pulls at his hair. Inconsolable.

Lauren staggers up behind him and SLAMS a lamp over his head.

He falls to the floor, unconscious.

Lauren cries. She bags into the wall and slumps to the floor.

LAUREN

Oh God! Help me.

She sobs.

She looks up toward the sky and screams out.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

There! I did it! You've got them! I did what you wanted! Now please leave me alone!

Jay's ring tone sounds. She holds her breath.

She moves forward. She slowly crawls to Jay. She digs into his shorts - grabs up his phone. Answers.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Hello?

The devilish laugh is heard on the other end.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'm free to go now. Right?

DISTORTED MALE VOICE

I want your blood!

LAUREN

No! No! We had a deal. Two lives...two souls in exchange for mine. That means you have to leave me alone now. You have to! PLEASE!

CLICK!

The call drops.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Hello?

The door SWINGS SHUT!

The light bulb POPS! Leaving the room in complete darkness.

Lauren bellows a bloodcurdling SCREAM!

A sickening CRUNCH. Her screams die abruptly.

Darkness. Silence.

Footsteps. Shuffling. Silence again.

FADE OUT.