

THE MIDNIGHT CALLER

Written by

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Based on the urban legend "The Babysitter and the Man  
Upstairs."

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FADE IN:

INT. TINA'S TOWNHOME- NIGHT

A dimly lit, modest townhome. Rain splatters against the windows, and occasional lightning flashes illuminate the room. TINA, early 20s, sits tensely on the couch, clutching her phone. She checks the screen repeatedly, her brow furrowed in worry.

TINA  
(glancing nervously at the phone)  
Jason, someone's been calling. It's  
creeping me out.

From the kitchen, JASON, mid-20s, enters with a soda can in hand. He's relaxed, almost too casual for the situation, like he doesn't believe there's a problem.

JASON  
It's probably just some prank, babe.  
Don't worry.

He crosses over to her and sits, trying to reassure her. TINA looks at him, clearly not convinced.

TINA  
No... it's been happening all night. I  
swear, they're watching me.

She pulls up her call log, showing him the list of UNKNOWN CALLER entries. Jason takes her phone, looking over it with a slight frown.

JASON  
I'll answer next time. Show 'em they  
can't mess with us.

Suddenly, the phone rings again: UNKNOWN CALLER. TINA freezes, her hand instinctively clenching Jason's arm. Jason smirks, holding the phone to his ear.

JASON  
(into phone, mockingly)  
Hello?

A chilling silence on the other end. Jason's smirk fades. The silence becomes unnervingly long, stretching thin. Then, a deep, distorted voice crackles through the line.

THE CALLER

(sinister)

I can see you.

Jason abruptly pulls the phone from his ear, staring at it, unnerved for the first time. He glances at TINA, who looks terrified, clutching her arm around herself as thunder rumbles outside.

TINA

(whispers)

You believe me now?

INT. TINA'S TOWNHOUSE- LIVING ROOM

The room is dimly lit, shadows cast across the walls as lightning flashes outside. TINA's phone vibrates again, displaying UNKNOWN CALLER. She hesitates, staring at the screen, before finally pressing Accept. She lifts the phone to her ear, voice shaky.

TINA

Hello?

A heavy, tense silence fills the air. Then, the voice comes through, low and unsettling, like a whisper that crawls under her skin.

THE CALLER

(low, menacing)

I see you.

TINA's face pales. Her hand trembles as she quickly hangs up, dropping the phone on the couch as if it's poisoned. JASON chuckles, attempting to keep the mood light, though there's an edge of discomfort in his eyes.

JASON

See? Just a prank.

He leans back, trying to appear unfazed, but his gaze shifts around the room cautiously. TINA's eyes remain locked on the phone, unease growing.

TINA

(slowly, almost whispering)

It didn't feel like a prank.

The room falls silent. They exchange a look, the tension hanging thick. Suddenly, the lights flicker, casting them briefly in darkness. TINA's breath catches in her throat.

TINA  
Did you see that?

Before JASON can answer, a loud BANG echoes from the direction of the back door, jolting them both. They turn their heads sharply, staring down the shadowed hallway that leads to the back of the townhome. The silence afterward is deafening.

JASON  
(frowning)  
Did... did you lock the back door?

TINA nods, eyes wide with fear. She clutches his arm tightly, her voice a hushed whisper.

TINA  
I did. I know I did.

They stay frozen, each listening intently as if expecting another sound. The room feels colder, the air tense and unsettling. JASON slowly rises, pulling TINA up with him.

JASON  
Stay here. I'll go check.

TINA grabs his arm, shaking her head in protest.

TINA  
No, Jason, don't! What if-

JASON places a hand on her shoulder, trying to calm her, though his own unease is evident. He takes a step toward the hallway, then another, leaving TINA standing alone in the living room, clutching herself as the darkness seems to press in around her.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The narrow hallway is dim, with only the glow from the living room casting faint shadows. TINA and JASON step cautiously toward the back door, their footsteps almost silent. The door is slightly ajar, creaking as it sways in the wind. JASON reaches out, gripping the edge of the door, and pulls it open wider, peering outside.

JASON  
Did you leave this open?

TINA

(shaking her head, voice trembling)

No... I locked it before you came  
over.

She glances past him into the darkness outside. Raindrops hit the ground, creating a faint echo in the silence, but nothing else moves. JASON closes the door firmly, checking the lock twice. They both stand there, tense and silent.

Suddenly, the doorbell rings, echoing through the townhome. Both TINA and JASON jump, whipping their heads toward the front of the townhome. They exchange a look of alarm.

TINA

(slightly panicked)

Who would come here this late?

JASON frowns, attempting to mask his own unease as he steps past her, heading back down the hallway toward the front door. TINA follows closely, her eyes darting nervously around the room, every shadow seeming to twist and stretch.

INT. TINA'S TOWNHOUSE- ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

JASON stands by the front door, hand on the doorknob, while TINA peeks over his shoulder, heart pounding. He hesitates, then looks through the peephole, but no one is there. He pulls back, puzzled.

JASON

(quietly)

No one's there.

TINA

Wh-what? Are you sure?

Without warning, the doorbell rings again, louder this time, almost as if it's pressing urgently. JASON looks at TINA, his calm facade faltering as a flicker of fear appears in his eyes.

JASON

I swear, Tina, no one's out there.

TINA backs up, eyes wide, breathing quickening. She instinctively moves toward the phone on the table, her hand trembling as she reaches for it. The room feels colder, and a strange sense of foreboding fills the air.

TINA

Maybe... maybe it's him.

JASON stiffens, glancing back at the door as if expecting it to burst open at any second.

JASON

Let's call the cops.

Just as TINA grabs the phone, the power suddenly cuts out, plunging the townhome into complete darkness. TINA lets out a small gasp, and the sound of her quick, shallow breaths fills the silence.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JASON and TINA exchange a tense look in the darkened room. The rain outside beats harder against the windows, and the townhome feels eerily silent. JASON cautiously approaches the door, flashlight in hand. He opens it, and their neighbor, LUCY, stands in the hallway, her face illuminated by the faint glow of an emergency light down the hall. She looks worried, glancing over her shoulder before speaking.

LUCY

Sorry to disturb you. I thought I saw someone near your back door. They were... just standing there.

JASON forces a casual smile, though he's visibly uncomfortable. TINA, however, can't mask her unease, clutching her arms tightly as she listens.

JASON

(slightly dismissive)

Probably just some kid messing around. It's a stormy night—easy to get spooked.

LUCY doesn't seem convinced. She steps a little closer, lowering her voice as if sharing a secret.

LUCY

No, Jason. This wasn't some kid. Whoever it was... they looked right at me, and they didn't move. Just stood there... watching.

TINA shivers, glancing nervously toward the back door as if expecting to see someone there. She shifts her weight, clearly unsettled.

TINA

Lucy, did you... recognize them?

LUCY hesitates, her gaze drifting past them into the darkened townhome, as if searching for something. Her tone drops to a whisper.

LUCY

I don't know. But it felt like they knew you... both of you.

A chill settles over the room. JASON tries to brush it off, giving a small, tense laugh.

JASON

Well, thanks for letting us know. I'm sure it's nothing. Just... stay safe.

LUCY nods slowly, her eyes lingering on them a moment too long before stepping back into the hallway. She looks over her shoulder one last time, then disappears into the shadows. JASON closes the door, locking it securely. He turns to TINA, attempting to put on a brave face.

JASON

Don't let her get into your head, Tina. It's just nerves.

TINA doesn't answer, her eyes fixed on the back door, the words "just watching" echoing in her mind. A faint creak echoes from the hallway. She tenses, glancing toward it as the room seems to grow darker around them.

TINA

(slightly whispering)

What if... what if she's right?

They stand in tense silence, listening to the sound of the rain as lightning briefly illuminates the room, casting eerie shadows across their faces.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The atmosphere is thick with dread. TINA stands frozen, her heart racing. The eerie silence is shattered as her phone rings again, the screen lighting up with UNKNOWN CALLER. TINA's hand trembles as she answers, her voice barely above a whisper.

TINA  
(voice shaking)  
Hello?

THE CALLER's voice seeps through the receiver, low and sinister, echoing in the tense room.

THE CALLER  
You didn't check the closet, did you?

TINA's heart skips a beat. She glances at JASON, who's equally frozen, his expression shifting from confusion to alarm.

TINA  
(panicked)  
Jason... the closet.

Before JASON can respond, they both spring into action, rushing down the hallway toward the closet door at the end of the narrow space. The air feels electric, charged with fear as they reach the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CLOSET DOOR - CONTINUOUS

They come to a halt in front of the closet door, a heavy wooden structure that feels like it's holding a secret. TINA hesitates, hand hovering over the knob.

JASON  
(urgently)  
Tina, wait-

But the dread pushes her forward. With a swift movement, they pull the door open, and it creaks ominously as the darkness inside seems to swallow the light.

As the door swings wide, revealing the empty interior, TINA gasps. The closet is dark, clothes hanging limply, but something else catches her eye. A faint outline of a figure is barely visible behind the coats.

TINA  
(voice trembling)  
What the hell...?

Suddenly, a hand shoots out from the shadows, grasping the edge of the door, and TINA screams. The hand yanks back, pulling a dark figure into the light.

It's LUCY, but her demeanor has changed. Her eyes wide, they



gleam with a strange intensity. She looks disheveled and frantic.

LUCY  
(breathlessly)  
You have to listen to me!

TINA and JASON stand frozen, shock etched on their faces as LUCY steps forward, her voice urgent and shaky.

LUCY  
They're not gone. They're still  
watching you.

TINA looks at JASON, who remains speechless, the realization of their situation settling heavily around them.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

The closet feels stifling as TINA and JASON stare in disbelief at LUCY, who has stepped back, her demeanor unsettlingly calm. The shelves filled with old coats and shoes loom around them, the darkness closing in. Suddenly, the door slams shut with a loud THUD, echoing ominously in the confined space.

TINA's heart races as she pushes against the door, but it's locked tight. Panic rises in her chest.

TINA  
(voice trembling)  
Lucy! Let us out!

But LUCY stands there, shadowed and cold, her expression unreadable.

LUCY  
(flat, almost mocking)  
You never should've answered the call.

The words hang heavy in the air, chilling TINA to her core. JASON presses against the door, trying to force it open, but it won't budge.

JASON  
(urgent)  
Lucy, this isn't funny! Open the door!

The darkness inside the closet feels suffocating. Suddenly, THE CALLER'S voice fills the space, echoing eerily as if it's coming from all around them.

THE CALLER

(tauntingly)

Did you really think you could escape  
me?

TINA's breath quickens, and she feels the walls closing in. She glances at JASON, who's wide-eyed and tense, mirroring her fear.

TINA

(frantic)

What's happening? Why are you doing  
this?

LUCY's figure seems to fade into the shadows, her smile chillingly calm.

LUCY

You thought you were safe... but you  
invited him in. You answered the call.

The walls of the closet seem to vibrate with THE CALLER's laughter, sinister and haunting. TINA feels the coldness of despair wash over her as she realizes the true horror of their situation.

As the darkness deepens, the last glimmer of light fades from the closet, and the screen gradually fades to black, the echoing laughter lingering in the silence.

THE CALLER

(whispering)

You can't hide... I see you.

FADE OUT.