

INT. KITCHEN

Casey grabs the portable.

CASEY

Hello.

MAN

I'm sorry. I guess I dialed the wrong number.

CASEY

So why did you dial it again?

MAN

To apologize.

CASEY

You're forgiven. Bye now.

MAN

Wait, wait, don't hang up.

Casey stands in front of a sliding glass door. It's pitch black outside.

CASEY

What?

MAN

I want to talk to you for a second.

CASEY

They've got 900 numbers for that. Seeya.

CLICK! Casey hangs up. A grin on her face.

EXT. CASEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A big, country home with a huge sprawling lawn full of big oak trees. It sits alone with no neighbors in sight.

The phone RINGS again.

INT. KITCHEN

START
Popcorn SIZZLES in a pot on the stove. Casey covers it with a lid, reaching for the portable phone.

CASEY

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN
Why don't you want to talk to me?

CASEY
Who is this?

MAN
You tell me your name, I'll tell you mine.

CASEY
(shaking the popcorn)
I don't think so.

MAN
What's that noise?

Casey smiles, playing along, innocently.

CASEY
Popcorn.

MAN
You're making popcorn?

CASEY
Uh-huh.

MAN
I only eat popcorn at the movies.

CASEY
I'm getting ready to watch a video.

MAN
Really? What?

CASEY
Just some scary movie.

MAN
Do you like scary movies?

CASEY
Uh-huh.

MAN
What's your favorite scary movie?

He's flirting with her. Casey moves away from the stove and takes a seat at the kitchen counter, directly in front of the glass door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASEY

I don't know.

MAN

You have to have a favorite.

Casey thinks for a second.

CASEY

Uh..HALLOWEEN. You know, the one with the guy with the white mask who just sorta walks around and stalks the baby-sitters. What's yours?

MAN

Guess.

CASEY

Uh...NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET.

MAN

Is that the one where the guy had knives for fingers?

CASEY

Yeah..Freddy Krueger.

MAN

Freddy--that's right. I liked that movie. It was scary.

CASEY

The first one was, but the rest sucked.

MAN

So, you gotta a boyfriend?

CASEY

(giggling)

Why? You wanna ask me out?

MAN

Maybe. Do you have a boyfriend?

GIRL

No.

MAN

You never told me your name.

Casey smiles, twirling her hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CASEY

Why do you want to know my name?

MAN

Because I want to know who I'm looking at.

Casey spins around like lightning facing the glass door.

CASEY

What did you say?

MAN

I want to know who I'm talking to.

CASEY

That's not what you said.

MAN

What do you think I said?

Casey CLICKS on the outside light. A flood light illuminates the backyard. Her eyes survey the grounds. But it's empty. No one's there. She turns the light out.

On the stove, the popcorn POPS.

CASEY

I have to go now.

MAN

Wait..I thought we were gonna go out.

CASEY

Nah, I don't think so...

MAN

Don't hang up on me.

CASEY

Gotta go.

MAN

Don't...

CLICK! Casey hangs up. She checks the glass door making sure it's locked and then moves to the stove as...

THE PHONE RINGS.

She slides the popcorn from the stove, reaching for the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CASEY
Yes?

MAN
I told you not to hang up on me.

CASEY
What do you want?

MAN
To talk.

CASEY
Dial someone else, okay?

MAN
You getting scared?

CASEY
No--bored.

CLICK. She hangs up. The phone RINGS again. She grabs it.

CASEY
Listen, asshole...

MAN
(deadly serious)
NO, YOU LISTEN, YOU LITTLE BITCH. IF YOU
HANG UP ON ME AGAIN I'LL GUT YOU LIKE A
FISH. UNDERSTAND?

Total silence. He has gotten her full attention.

CASEY
Is this some kind of a joke?

MAN
More of a game, really.

Casey eyes the glass doors, then looks up the hallway to the front door...moving to it. It's unlocked. She bolts it.

CASEY
I'm two seconds from calling the police.

MAN
They'd never make it in time.

Casey moves her face flush against the door, her eye looking through the peephole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ANGLE THROUGH PEEPHOLE.

A distorted view of the front porch. It is empty. She relaxes a bit, relieved.

CASEY
What do you want?

MAN
(pure evil)
TO SEE WHAT YOUR INSIDES LOOK LIKE.

Casey's jaw drops as total fear storms her face. She hangs up the phone, throwing it down on a side table when...

THE DOORBELL CHIMES.

Casey leaps out of her skin. She turns to the door as it CHIMES again.

CASEY
(calling out)
Who's there?

Another CHIME. She moves to it.

CASEY
(louder)
Who's there?

No answer. Fuck this. It's time for the police. She goes for the portable phone. Just as she picks it up...

IT RINGS.

Casey almost drops it, losing her breath...

She brings it to her ear with trembling hands, saying nothing...listening, waiting...

A long silence. And then.

MAN
You should never say "Who's there?".
Don't you watch scary movies? It's a
death wish.

Casey clutches the wall, nearly collapsing. She tries her damndest to hang tough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CASEY

Look, enough is enough. You had your fun now you better leave me alone or else.

MAN

Or else what?

CLOSE ON her face, her mind thinking, calculating...

CASEY

My boyfriend will be here any second and he'll be pissed when I tell him...

MAN

I thought you didn't have a boyfriend.

Busted. She holds steady.

CASEY

I lied. I do have a boyfriend and he'll be here any second and your ass better be gone.

MAN

Sure...

CASEY

I swear it. And he's big and plays football and will beat the shit out of you.

MAN

I'm getting scared.

CASEY

I'm telling the truth. I lied before...

MAN

I believe you...

CASEY

So you better leave.

MAN

His name wouldn't be Steve, would it?

Silence. Casey buckles at the knees, losing it.

CASEY

How do you know his name?

END HERE SOBBING

(CONTINUED)