

INT. BOX - DAY

From a camera phone. The top of a cardboard box from the interior, covered with packing tape.

The box travels about a dozen STEPS in somebody's hand, jostling around. The movement stops as the box is PLOPPED onto the floor.

A KNOCK. QUICK FOOTSTEPS away from the box.

A pause. A DOOR OPENS. Another pause.

Somebody else picks up the box, and takes it into another room, CLOSING THE DOOR. The box lands on an elevated surface.

The recipient steps away and RUMMAGES through a drawer. The drawer CLOSES, and the FOOTSTEPS return to the box.

Scissors pierce the packing tape, tearing the box open. Bright light fills the camera screen as the lens adjusts.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A hand reaches in and pulls out the phone. A groomed but tired thirty-year-old face examines the phone. CHRIS.

He turns the phone over, studying it. The camera takes in a decorated, domestic middle-class apartment. Chris flips it back to look more closely at the camera, confused.

He shrugs and drops the camera unceremoniously on its side on an end table, facing the apartment and the closed bedroom door.

Chris sits at a table and produces a laptop computer.

The bedroom door creaks open...

MANDY

(groggy)

Hey...

A girl of about twenty opens the door with some difficulty and stumbles into the living room in her underwear. MANDY.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Chris...

Chris ignores her, booting up his computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANDY (CONT'D)

(louder)
Hey, Chris...

CHRIS

(impatient)
What?

MANDY

Where'd you go?

Mandy sniffs and rubs her nose as Chris picks a bag of pretzels off the floor and starts snacking.

She leans on Chris, hugging him affectionately. He shakes off her arms.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Who was at the door?

CHRIS

A fuckin' cell phone.

MANDY

Huh?

CHRIS

(points)
Just go look!

Mandy follows his gesture and walks over to the phone. She picks up the phone and studies it with a glassy stare, her face twitching.

Over her shoulder, Chris taps on his laptop.

MANDY

Why'd you buy a phone?

CHRIS

I didn't, I dunno why I got it.
Picked up my computer today.

Mandy puts the phone back down right-side up.

MANDY

Did they fix it?

CHRIS

Looks like it.

Next to the phone, Mandy bends over the table. She TAPS A CREDIT CARD on the surface. Then, she SNORTS DEEPLY.

Chris turns at the sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Mandy? D'you just snort that?

He storms over to her.

MANDY

It's just sitting out -

Chris slaps her across the face. She catches herself on the table.

CHRIS

You gonna pay me for that?

MANDY

I can't -

CHRIS

I know you can't. You gotta earn it like always.

He grabs her by the neck and pushes her through the bedroom door. A dusty, littered, ill-kept room contrasts with the presentable living room.

Mandy crawls onto the bed on her hands and knees.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

How much you wanna earn?

Chris grabs her panties -

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Late afternoon. Mandy lays curled up on the bed, shivering.

Chris walks across the room, shoves a granola bar into his mouth and puts his wallet into his pocket.

He approaches the door and stops short, considering the cell phone. On a whim, he snatches it up and walks into the

HALLWAY

Chris taps buttons on the phone as he walks. He puts it up to his ear, but nothing happens. He shakes it in vain, confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Giving up, he holds it at his side as he CLOMPS down steps and out the front door to the

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

The phone points awkwardly at the sidewalk as Chris makes his way past the cars parked on the street.

A car door SLAMS as someone gets out in front of Chris and walks his direction. The FOOTSTEPS stop, and Chris halts suddenly.

A PAIR OF SHOES attached to khakis stands in the center of the sidewalk, blocking Chris' path.

CHRIS
What're you doin'?

No response. The feet don't move.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You want something, man?

Silence.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
This is fuckin' ridiculous.

Chris walks around the man, bumping his shoulder angrily. On contact, the man lunges. The phone whips around in the air.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hey, get off! What the -

The phone points toward the sky -

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Grass. The phone lays sideways on the ground, facing the street.

Between blades of grass, an awkward figure in business casual clothes slams the trunk of a car. He turns, stands over the phone, and picks it up.

The phone travels back up the sidewalk to the

INT. HALLWAY

As the phone floats down the hallway, the man carrying it mutters indistinctly to himself, as though carrying on a low-level conversation.

The man stops outside Chris' apartment door. He takes a deep breath and knocks mechanically.

A moment. Nothing happens. The man repeats his knock precisely.

Another moment. A shadow appears at the peephole.

MANDY (O.C.)

Yeah?

MAN

You gonna pay me for that?

MANDY (O.C.)

What?

MAN

You gotta earn it.

MANDY (O.C.)

Go away.

Mandy STEPS away from the door. The man knocks again.

MAN

I said, you gotta earn it!

Mandy STOMPS back to the door and UNLOCKS it, then throws it open furiously, wearing a big t-shirt.

MANDY

Hey, you just get the -

The man darts into the -

LIVING ROOM

He grabs a shocked Mandy by the throat and shoves her backward. The door SLAMS shut behind them.

MAN

How much you wanna earn? Huh?

Mandy squeals and thrashes, horrified; the man pushes her back into the

BEDROOM

He knocks her onto the bed.

MANDY

No! No, get off, you fuckin' -

The phone drops onto the bed facing sideways.

The man pushes up Mandy's shirt and forces his waist between her legs, struggling to hold her down and unbuckle his pants.

MANDY (CONT'D)

I'll kill you, bastard! I'll fuckin' kill you! NO!!

Mandy knocks his hand away, bumping the phone onto its back to stare at the ceiling.

A HARD SMACK. Mandy's cries suddenly become semi-conscious whimpers.

Mandy's leg appears, pinned up against the wall by the man's hand.

MAN

I said, how much you wanna earn?

The bed shakes violently.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Darkness. The bed doesn't shake. Only one person breathes heavily, labored, shaky.

MAN

Mandy?

A light PAT on her face.

MAN (CONT'D)

Mandy?!

He smacks her desperately. No response. The panicked breathing turns into controlled sobs.

A hand picks up the cell phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

The man's legs step out of a car and SLAM the door. He holds the phone at his side as he makes his way into a

INT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOME - CONTINUOUS

The man marches through the middle-class home and around corners to a staircase. He descends into darkness and turns a corner.

He gradually approaches another man's heavy breathing. The man stops and sets the phone down on something.

A moment of black, breathing. Then, a light flicks on.

The flashlight shines directly on Chris, strapped to a chair, drenched in his own fluids. He blinks against the sudden light.

MAN

You let me down, Chris.

CHRIS

Please, what do you want?

MAN

We're friends. From the repair shop.

CHRIS

I don't know you... Repair shop? You fixed my computer?

MAN

There were videos. Of you and the girl. You were happy. So I turned on your webcam. I saw.

CHRIS

(horrified)
You spied on me?

MAN

I thought you were going to be worth it.

CHRIS

You send that phone?

MAN

You're not even a man. I'm a hundred times the man you are.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN (CONT'D)

Your girlfriend couldn't even
handle me.

CHRIS

What'd you do?

MAN

You're a bad man. You're not my
friend. You have no life. I
thought you'd be worth it, Chris.

CHRIS

(struggles)

Let me go! I didn't do anything -

MAN

You are a liar! You're worthless!

The man dives onto Chris, knocking him over.

The man holds Chris down and stabs him repeatedly.

Chris screams and frees his arms. He pushes back with
all his might, but he's pinned.

The man continues stabbing him fiercely, even as Chris'
arms go limp.

Finally, the man stands over Chris' body, breathing
steadily. Triumphant.

The man turns back toward the phone. He's soaked in
blood.

He walks stiffly toward the phone and leans down, staring
into the lens. He reaches for the phone with blood-
stained hands.

FADE TO BLACK.