

Again

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

We open to two 20-something women about to part ways.

EMMA

Are you sure you don't want to stay the night? I know you're driving home, but with that killer still on the loose, it worries me.

KATE

Oh, I'll be fine. We can't live in fear. If it makes you feel better, you can watch me walk to my car.

EMMA

Whatever you say. Maybe I'm scared of being alone tonight.

KATE

If I didn't work in the morning, I'd stay, but you'll definitely be fine. There's no way anything will happen. You can call me at any time though if you get scared, okay?

EMMA

Okayyyyy. I'm sure you're right. I mean the only reason this guy even stands out is that he's committed multiple crimes. Crime happens every day; I shouldn't be any more worried than usual.

KATE

Exactly! Everything will be alright. I'm going to head out now.

They share a goodbye hug, and Emma watches as Kate makes it to her car and drives away. Emma locks the door immediately. She lets out a shaky breath.

EMMA

(to herself)

Everything will be fine. Kate's right; there's nothing to be worried about.

INT. UPSTAIRS - EVENING

Emma makes her way upstairs to get ready for bed. There's a loud bang on the back door of her apartment; she freezes on

the stairs. After a minute of nothing, she rushes upstairs into her room, locking the door behind her.

EMMA

Yep, okay, definitely calling Kate.

She begins to dial Kates number then hears a crash of glass downstairs and she dials 911 instead.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what is your emergency?

EMMA

(in a frantic whisper)

I think someone is breaking into my home. I heard a bang on my back door, then a few minutes later I heard glass shatter. Like a window or something. Please send someone.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Please try to stay as calm as possible; we will send someone to your location. Will you please verify your address for me?

Muffled footsteps can be heard coming up the stairs. Emma quiets her voice further and moves to grab a metal baseball bat she has in her closet.

EMMA

It's 290 West Elm St. Apt B. Please hurry; they're upstairs now.

She opens her closet door slowly, but it creaks loudly. Almost immediately, the doorknob to her room begins to turn. When met with a locked door, the person begins to bang against it. She drops her phone in shock, and it shatters.

EMMA (CONT'D)

No no no no no. Oh my god. Oh my god. I'm so fucked. Idiot, oh my fucking god.

She abandons the phone and rushes to grab the baseball bat and goes to hide in the closet, but the banging stops.

UNKNOWN MAN

Emma, I know you're in there. You can't hide, you can't run, and we all know you won't fight.

She's shaking but makes her way to the door. She takes a stance holding the baseball bat up, ready to hit anyone who enters. As if right on cue, the person forces their way through the door, and Emma swings the bat, connecting with their head. While they're down, she hits them again, and again, and again, and again, and again, and again. Eventually she stops, dropping the bat. Police sirens sound in the distance as she drops to the floor covered in blood.

CUT TO BLACK: