

Elevator

Written by

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FADE IN:

Static Hiss. Loud scratching from a Television set that writhes into the frustration of a middle aged man.

A screen of black and white in a chaotic swim. A fist pounds against the glass.

We see BRANDON, 30's, keeps pounding the television set. Before him, multiple sets with one consume by static.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A room no bigger than a large crate houses monitors galore and two Security Guards. Brandon grabs his radio from the small desk ahead of him.

BRANDON
Fucking...Guys we lost eyesight on
the receiving bay here.

Next to him another middle age man, beyond his prime, ALFRED.

ALFRED
The higher ups don't care man. They
will just say...wait it out.

A hiss from the radio.

BRANDON
Say again, we got only static.

The radio picks up in noise, a more terrible cry than the Television screen. Brandon and Alfred quickly toss their radios like it would diminish the noise.

Brandon grabs his from the floor.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Say again...slowly. Come on, Laura.
What you got for me?

LAURA (V.O.)
God damn it-Listen in- Why isn't...

The radio dies out. Then instantly it comes back to life in a roar of Laura's voice. Brandon startled fumbles back into his seat.

LAURA (CONT'D)
KEEP WATCHING. WAIT IT OUT! Fucking--

Alfred leans back.

ALFRED

Told ya.

Brandon slams the side of the Television.

BRANDON

We should go check it out.

ALFRED

Famous sayings from a horror movie.
Did I win?

BRANDON

Fat ass.

ALFRED

Fat enough for your mother.

BRANDON

You just make a mom joke?

ALFRED

I plead the fifth.

BRANDON

Famous things your mom says.

ALFRED

Ouch. I see what you did there.
Relax and take a seat. The job is
mostly wait and see.

Brandon picks up his stun gun and holsters it.

BRANDON

Not my style. Going down to receiving
see whats up.

ALFRED

We're in a mall. Not the streets
of...LA player. Take a seat.

Brandon shoos him away with a wave and leaves.

Alfred picks up the radio.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

You're an ass.

BRANDON (V.O.)

Roger that.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The halls are clean, spotless. Brandon looks down a line of fluorescent lights and white tile floor.

ALFRED (V.O.)
What you figure?

BRANDON
On what?

ALFRED (V.O.)
Receiving? Think the assholes unplug
their cameras again?

BRANDON
Are they known to do that?

ALFRED (V.O.)
Yea...I used to work night shift
with...Burns. He swears by the league
of assholedom of the Receiving team.

BRANDON
I figure its just a malfunction.
But better safe than sorry, right?

ALFRED (V.O.)
S'pose.

Brandon taps the elevator button. A BING to his right.

Down the line is another elevator. He peers at the top seeing the illumination of numbers. The elevator is rising.

BRANDON
Someone's coming up.

ALFRED (V.O.)
Two or One?

BRANDON
It is...Elevator two.

The fluorescent above him begins to flicker dramatically.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Crap.

ALFRED (V.O.)
Fraid of the dark?

BRANDON
I'm going down the steps.

ALFRED (V.O.)
I can't see in that elevator. All
dark here. Cam just...died on me.

BRANDON
So receiving and now the elevators?

ALFRED (V.O.)
No- No- Just that one. The other
one is empty. But--

The radio hisses.

BRANDON
What was that? Your radio is fucking
up. Alfred?

Radio cuts back in, a slam of static.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Brandon lowers the volume. A voice comes across in a low
pitch.

Brandon slams the up button.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alfred watches the dead security monitor.

ALFRED
Brandon?

A hiss of static.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Turn up the volume. Someone is in
the elevator. I think...

Alfred bites his lip, nervous.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
BITCH! Turn up the volume! Now!
Some...THING is in the fucking
elevator.

Alfred stares at the doorway. He gives a look of, "No fucking
way" and roars into the walkie-talkie.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
BRANDON!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A small scream on the radio in his hand. Brandon pitches up the volume.

BRANDON

Miss me?

ALFRED (V.O.)

USE THE DAMN STAIRS NOW!

BING! The elevator comes to a stop.

Brandon turns galloping down the hall. He reaches the stairway before him. He slams the door, but it doesn't open.

The Lights all flicker.

Down the hall, the Elevator door opens. A dark figure casts a shadow that devours the small bit of light.

It all goes dark.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Alfred locks the door.

ALFRED

Brandon, where are you?

BRANDON (V.O.)

(whispering)

Stairwell is locked. I...can't...I can't get my keys out.

Alfred peers at the monitor of the hall. The flickering lights making it look like a seizure waiting to happen.

ALFRED

I can't see you or-

Alfred stops dead seeing some figure, carved from nightmares, loom past the monitor.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

I...I saw it..Get the...stairwell open...NOW!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brandon fidgets removing keys and dropping them to the floor with a hard BANG. The sound seeming louder than normal. He grabs them inserting them quickly and efficiently.

ALFRED (V.O.)
NOW...NOW...NOW!

The door slaps open. Brandon rushes skipping step after step. He waits...

INT. SECURITY ROOM

Alfred peers at the monitor. Brandon standing still.

ALFRED
What are you doing, man? Run...

BRANDON (V.O.)
I...didn't see anything. How do I know your not fucking with me?

ALFRED
What?

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Brandon stands a few flights up. He has a small sliver to peer down and see the stream of flickering lights entering the stairwell.

He watches the steady stream of lights.

ALFRED (V.O.)
I'm not messing with you, man. Get the fuck upstairs!

BRANDON
There's nothing. I don't see anything.

A shadow cuts the stream of lights. Something reminiscent of claw reaching out.

Brandon watches dumbfounded.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
What is that?

ALFRED (V.O.)
Doesn't matter! Run!

Brandon leans over the railing. The stream of lights gone with the smash of the door.

BRANDON
It's in here with me.

ALFRED (V.O.)
Run...

Brandon leaps up the steps. Skipping each step in threes. He keeps na eye on every step, making sure he does not fall or fumble.

Behind him we only hear the faint footfall of another figure. Getting closer.

Brandon reaches the door. He slams into it, its locked.

Brandon turns his eyes bulging from his skull. He sees the figure and slumps to his rear.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alfred watches the monitor. Static assaulting his eyes. His hand shaking with the radio in hand.

ALFRED

Brandon?

The door knobs shakes.

Alfred eyes it like the doorknob could kill him. He slumps in his seat. He drops the radio.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Brandon?

The knob shakes violently.

Alfred grabs another radio.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Anyone?

Alfred's hand shakes along with the knob. BANG.

The door starts to splinter, something ramming the other side.

Before Alfred all of the monitors are consume in static. Except one...upstairs past the door.

LAURA (V.O.)

The hell is it now?

ALFRED

I...

Alfred looks up at the monitor seeing Laura on the other end. She unlocks the door.

LAURA (V.O.)

I'm coming down there.

ALFRED

Wa-

The knob stops shaking.

LAURA (V.O.)

The hell is it Alfred? You too fat
to get up? Where's Brandon?

Alfred bites his lip.

ALFRED

Brandon is checking on Receiving.
Says he needs an extra hand. Could
you...

LAURA (V.O.)

Fine Jesus Christ. Fat fuck.

Alfred eyes the Monitors.

Laura walks down the steps and trips. We cannot hear her
only see her. She lands a flight down on her ass. She gets
up and screams.

The monitor consume in static.

HISS...

FADE OUT: