

CALLER UNKNOWN

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EXT. CARPENTER HOUSE - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

The full moon high above the calmness.

The garage door opens as an SUV turns into the driveway. AARON steers with LAUREN (both in their late 30s) in the passenger seat. He wears a disheveled gray suit, loose tie, and she wears a cardigan over a black dress.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Aaron pulls into the garage and turns off the engine. Falls into the seat with a sigh. Grabs her hand and kisses it.

LAUREN
I need to check on Clayton.

Her heels click on the pavement as she steps out of the SUV.

He looks into the rear view mirror and sees a bankers box in the backseat, lid on but unsealed. We cannot read the label.

INT. CLAYTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lauren stands in front of the television, which shows footage of Lauren and Aaron, holding the box, getting into their SUV, filmed just hours earlier.

NEWSCASTER (O/S)
We've confirmed that the state of California has executed the Muir Woods Killer - Tobias Carpenter. Time of death -

Lauren turns off the TV and puts the remote down on the nightstand. That's when we see CLAYTON (16) asleep in bed. She bends down and moves the hair out of his eyes.

LAUREN
I'm so sorry, honey.

She turns as Aaron comes in holding the bankers box.

AARON
Jesus.

He looks at her, his son, and then the TV.

AARON (cont'd)
Did he watch it?

She nods.

AARON (cont'd)
We'll talk about it in the morning
but I gotta hide this.

LAUREN
Just go.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Aaron pulls a string in the ceiling, opening the attic door.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

We look down on Aaron, as he unfolds the ladder. He bends down, picks up the box. He struggles as he climbs the ladder with one hand and holds the box under his other arm.

His head breaches the surface and with a grunt, he throws the box over the landing. The lid comes off as the box tumbles to its side. A blue hue illuminates the darkness.

We stay on the light as the attic door closes with a thud.

The blue light begins to buzz. We feel the vibration through the floorboards.

INT. CLAYTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clayton, asleep in bed. We hear the vibration. Clayton turns over and opens his eyes.

He settles into his mattress and covers his head with the blanket. The phone vibrates.

He turns the other way and covers his head with a pillow. The vibration increases.

He throws the pillow off his face.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The blue light buzzes in the dark space. The door opens, the ladder unfolds, and Clayton's head pokes through.

Another vibration. Clayton, on his knees, crawls across the floorboards.

He moves the overturned box and finds the source of the vibrations: a small flip phone. It rings again. He opens it. The display reads CALLER UNKNOWN.

Clayton holds the phone in his hand and hits ANSWER CALL. He puts the phone up to his ear.

CLAYTON

Hello?

TOBIAS (O/S)

(filtered)

Clayton?

He hesitates.

CLAYTON

Yeah.

TOBIAS (O/S)

(filtered)

Oh, geez. Clayton. You sound so grown up. How old are you now?

Clayton looks around. He's alone in the darkness.

CLAYTON

I'm sixteen. Who is this?

TOBIAS (O/S)

(filtered)

You don't recognize the voice of your grandpa? I guess you wouldn't, since you never came to visit me. You were always too busy with school and baseball and soccer to stop by.

CLAYTON

That's not my fault. Dad wouldn't let me. He didn't want me seeing you because of what you did.

TOBIAS (O/S)

(filtered)

I'm innocent! I swear it wasn't me.

CLAYTON

I watched you on the news. They said you were guilty.

TOBIAS (O/S)
(filtered)
The media will say anything. Don't
listen to the fucking media. Listen
to your grandpa. Are you listening?

Clayton starts to cry.

CLAYTON
Yeah. I'm listening.

TOBIAS (O/S)
(filtered)
Shh, Clayton. It'll be okay. I know
how you can make it up to me.

CLAYTON
How?

TOBIAS (O/S)
(filtered)
I got something I need you to do for
me. Can you help me out?

Clayton nods.

CLAYTON
I guess?

TOBIAS (O/S)
(filtered)
Good. Good. Now, do exactly as I say
and I'll make sure you'll be okay.

Clayton listens, but we can't hear the directions.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clayton carefully closes the attic door. He walks past the
row of family photographs into the -

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

- and Clayton stands in the glow of the moonlight. He
reaches out and grabs the chef's knife from the block and
studies his reflection in the smooth metal.

INT. OUTSIDE PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clayton, knife in one hand, touches the doorknob with the other. He turns it. We can hear a white noise machine through the walls.

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The white noise machine plays on Aaron's nightstand. Aaron and Lauren are asleep. The door opens and Clayton stands in the doorway.

He creeps across the carpet to his dad's side of the bed. Once he's standing over his sleeping dad, the phone buzzes from within his pocket.

Clayton pulls it out and answers.

TOBIAS (O/S)
 (filtered)
 You there, Clayton?

Clayton nods and raises the knife. Tears fall down his face.

CLAYTON
 (whispers)
 Yeah.

Aaron startles awake. Eyes wide, he sees Clayton standing above him, knife in hand.

AARON
 Clayton?

CLAYTON
 This is for grandpa!

Aaron raises his arms as Clayton brings the knife down. Lauren wakes, sees what Clayton's doing, and jumps from the bed. Clayton drops the phone and grabs Lauren.

CLAYTON (cont'd)
 I'm sorry, momma.

LAUREN
 Why are you doing this?

CLAYTON
 Grandpa made me.

He stabs her in the gut and throws her down on the bed. Aaron, still alive, gargles blood.

Clayton takes the knife from Lauren's chest and slits her throat, just to make sure. He then drops it.

He hears the phone buzz and finds it on the floor. He answers and puts it up to his dad's ear.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.