FADE IN:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A couple of cars wait in a mostly empty big city parking garage. A light flickers, and the sound of a BING indicates an elevator is about to arrive.

The doors open and out steps JASON (35). He is medium height, athletic build. He moves with confidence. He waves over his shoulder to the unseen people still in the elevator. He carries a computer bag.

JASON
Night guys. We'll hit that Peterson file first thing tomorrow.

The elevator closes and he makes his way to a nice, late model car parked by itself, nose to the wall. He takes his key, and opens the doors, indicated by the CHIRP of the car alarm.

He gets into his car, putting the bag on the passenger seat. He takes a moment, thinking, releasing the weight of the day. Finally. He puts the key in and is about to start the car when he hears a THUMP from behind him.

JASON (CONT'D)
What the...?

He looks back, listening. Another THUMP. He gets out and walks to the back of the car, carefully.

As he looks at the trunk, he is startled by another THUMP, louder. He looks around, but no one else is in the garage. He looks at the trunk.

JASON (CONT'D)
Hello?

Two THUMPS.

Clearly started he runs to the door and pops the trunk. He runs back and opens it but there is nothing there. He looks around inside, moving things, but nothing.

Relieved, he closes the trunk and gets back in the car. He starts it, and immediately there is another THUMP.

He jumps out, pops the trunk, and runs back. Nothing.
He closes the trunk and gets back into the car. Putting the car in reverse, the backup camera lights up on the dash.

He looks at it, and is about to move, when he sees a quick flash of something move. As soon as he sees it, it's gone. He stops quick and looks over his shoulder.

Seeing nothing, he starts to back again when again he sees it. He stops and gets out.

JASON (CONT’D)

Hey, kids. Be careful. This isn't funny.

No one is there. He gets back in.

He starts to back up. This time, he hears a loud BANG, like he hit something. He stops.

JASON (CONT’D)

Oh, god...

He races back to check but no one is there. He is very confused, and growing a bit angry. He gets back in the car.

He puts the car in reverse, and looks quickly at the camera. In the shadows, well back from the car, he sees an arm.

JASON (CONT’D)

Did I hit someone?

He jumps out and goes to the spot. There is nothing there.

JASON (CONT’D)

What the hell?

He continues to look all around, but no one is there, and no body or arm. Carefully, he gets back into the car.

Before he tries again, he looks all around from his seat. Seeing nothing, he tries again.

As the camera comes on, he looks very carefully. Nothing is there. He is about to back out, after looking all around. He looks back at the camera, and looking back at him is a small face.

The face is very pale. The eyes very big. They don't blink. The look at him, accusing.
He jumps out.

JASON (CONT'D)
Alright, that does it. You come here right now.

But again, no one is there. He moves toward one part of the garage, looking. He moves to another area. No one is there. He gets back in the car.

JASON (CONT'D)
What is going on here?

He thinks for a moment, then trying to catch someone, he puts the parking brake on, and puts the car in reverse. He has his hand on the door latch.

In the camera, he sees the face again. He flies out of the car, lunging to the area behind it. No one is there.

JASON (CONT'D)
OK. I don't know what game you're playing, but this isn't funny. It isn't funny, you hear me?.

No one hears him. No one responds.

Reluctantly, he gets into the car. He releases the brake, looks at the camera. The face is there.

JASON (CONT'D)
Screw it.

He backs up, and there is a BANG again. He ignores it and drives away. As he does, he looks in his real view mirror. There is a body there. He stops, gets out and looks back. The body is gone.

He shakes his head, gets back in the car, and leaves.

INT./EXT. JASON'S CAR ON HIGHWAY - NIGHT

He drives along, clearly rattled.

JASON
You didn't hit anyone. Not really. You saw it. It all only ever happened on the screen. Never really, Never anyone there. Not real...

He drives along.
He hears a MUFFLED noise in the back seat and turns to quickly look with his own eyes. Seeing nothing, he positions his mirror to look again. The same face is staring at him. He SCREAMS.

The car swerves almost out of control, but he regains control and quickly pulls into an empty parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The car SQUEELS to a stop. He opens the door and almost falls out, crawling away from the car in terror.

Sitting on the ground, he stares at the car. No one comes out. Carefully, fearfully, he gets out and approaches the car. There is nothing there.

He relaxes a bit.

JASON
Jason, my man. You need a vacation. Clearly you need to get away.

He walks around the car, looking, seeing nothing. He checks the back bumper, affirming no damage.

Finally, he stands, thinking, staring. While he does, a truck going by and makes a BANG sound, something just moving in back. He jumps, then laughs nervously as he realizes that it was nothing.

JASON (CONT'D)
I need to just go home and get some sleep. I'll be better in the morning.

He starts to get in the car, stops and looks into the back seat. Thinking better of it, he gets out, and takes out his phone. On the screen is the Uber app. He tapes it.

EXT. JASON'S HOME - NIGHT.

He gets out of the car, waves, and walks up his driveway to the door.

INT. JASON'S HOME - NIGHT

Jason walks in and sees his wife, PAMELA (35) sitting at the table with her computer. She is vapidly pretty, barely notices that he comes in.
He goes over and gives her a kiss and a long hug.

PAMELA
Well, happy to see you too. Good day today?

JASON
Was, until the end.

PAMELA
Why, what happened?

JASON
I don't want to talk about it. I just want to go to bed.

PAMELA
You go ahead. I'll be in shortly.

He walks past the front door when the doorbell RINGS. Puzzled, he answers the door.

Two POLICEMEN are standing there.

POLICEMAN 1
You Jason Davis?

JASON
Yes. What can I do for you.

Pamela comes over.

POLICEMAN 1
There seems to have been an incident downtown. We need you to come with us.

PAMELA
Incident? What sort of incident?

POLICEMAN 1
Someone got hit by a car. Witnesses say it was your husband's car.

PAMELA
What?

JASON
No, no. That wasn't what happened. He wasn't real. You couldn't see him. He wasn't real.
POLICEMAN 1
We found your car park a few miles away from the incident. The back end showed major damage.

JASON
There was no damage. It was all made up. In my head. There wasn't anyone...

Pamela looks confused. The police don't care.

POLICEMAN 1
We can talk about it downtown. Come on.

EXT. JASON'S HOME - NIGHT

The put Jason in the back of the car and drive away. Pamela watches, not sure what to do.

INT. JASON'S HOME - NIGHT

Pamela runs back in and grabs her purse and her keys. She turns to go, when all of a sudden she spots movement at the window by her computer. It catches her attention.

Concerned, she goes over to look. She turns the outside light on, but nothing is there. Satisfied, she turns off the light. As she leaves, the face appears in the glass. Unblinking, it looks into the house.

FADE OUT.

THE END.