

Dispatch

By

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Fourth Draft

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OVER BLACK:

A phone rings.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
9-1-1, what's your emergency?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Send the police! Please! Send the
police to Hawkes Farm, 309 Hartford
Drive! Somebody broke into my
home...!

INT. 9-9-9 CALL CENTER - NIGHT

The center is almost empty.

The operator, TIM, sits at his desk with a headset on. He
types information into the computer system.

TIM
Okay, ma'am--

WOMAN (O.S.)
Somebody broke into my home and
killed my family! Please, send the
police now! There's blood! There is
blood everywhere!

TIM
Ma'am, I've notified officers, they
should be there shortly. What's
your name?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Mary Carter...Oh God...I'm so
scared...

A faint, muffled sound of someone yelling and banging emits
from the other end.

TIM
Who is that?

MARY (O.S.)
I don't know! There's a man banging
on my front door! It looks like
he's covered in blood!

TIM
Do you know him?

(CONTINUED)

MARY (O.S.)

No!

TIM

Does he have a weapon?

MARY (O.S.)

No, he's just banging on the door!
His shirt's covered in blood! I
think he's trying to break in...!

The man continues to bang and yell.

MARY (O.S.)

I have my husband's shotgun with
me...I don't really know how to use
it...Oh God, I...I can't shoot him,
I can't do it--!

Mary begins to cry heavily.

TIM

Mrs. Carter, I don't advise you to
use the weapon, but you should keep
it nearby just in case.

MARY (O.S.)

The window is going to break!

TIM

Mrs. Carter, if he breaks in--

MARY (O.S.)

I don't think I can shoot him! No,
no, I...

Tim sits there helplessly.

MARY (O.S.)

He's starting to hit the window
really hard! Oh God, he's going to
break in again! He's just screaming
at me! He's **crazy**!

Glass shatters. The phone drops; there's a loud CLACK. Mary
SCREAMS!

BAM!!!

Tim flinches.

All goes silent. Tim stares at his computer screen for a
moment.

(CONTINUED)

TIM
Mrs. Carter?

More silence. Then...

Mary cries heavily. She continues to cry for a moment, sniffing, bawling, with short, shaky breaths.

MARY (O.S.)
Oh Jesus, help me...Oh God...

More sounds of the phone clicking and crackling. Mary's breathes become bursts of static.

MARY (O.S.)
I shot him...I shot him...Dear Lord, help me...

TIM
Mrs. Carter, you were defending yourself. Everything is fine.

Mary sobs quietly.

TIM
Mrs. Carter, you did what you needed to do. He could have hurt you.

MARY (O.S.)
I just...

TIM
You need to stay on the line and go outside, now, and wait for police officers to get there.

MARY (O.S.)
No, I need to find Susan!

TIM
Who's Susan?

MARY (O.S.)
I need to find my daughter, I need to find Susan. Please help me find her, she's only six years old!

Mary bawls loudly.

MARY (O.S.)
She has to be hiding somewhere in the house!

(Calling out)

Susan!!

TIM

Mrs. Car--

MARY (O.S.)

I can't find my daughter! I can't...Oh God, they're all dead and I can't find her! I've searched everywhere!

TIM

Mrs. Carter, your daughter probably made it out of the house.

MARY (O.S.)

I need to find my daughter!

TIM

Mrs. Carter, the police will be there shortly. They will find your daughter. Right now, I need you to get out of the house.

Mary continues to cry. She GASPS!

MARY (O.S.)

What was that?

TIM

What was what?

Silence.

Faint thumping noises emit from the other line.

MARY (O.S.)

I hear footsteps coming from upstairs...! Susan...? Oh my God, SUSAN!!

Mary breathes heavily, her feet stomp on the floor.

MARY (O.S.)

Susan!! Mommy's here, baby! Mommy's here!

TIM

Mrs. Carter, please, listen to me, you need to get out of the house until the police arrive.

(CONTINUED)

MARY (O.S.)
 Susan...! Where are you, baby?
 (Into phone)
 I'm at the top of the stairs, I
 just got up here, and...I...I need
 to turn on some lights...

She clicks on the lights.

MARY (O.S.)
 Oh no...Oh Dear Lord, please,
 please don't tell me that's her
 blood! There are bloody footprints
 on the floor! They're small enough
 to be hers!
 (Calling out)
 Susan!
 (Into phone)
 I'm going to her room, she has to
 be there!

TIM
 Mrs. Carter, please listen to me:
 get out of the house!

Mary's breaths are hard and heavy. They slow down.

MARY (O.S.)
 I'm in her room, there aren't many
 places for her to hide here...
 Susan?! Susan, where are you?!

THUMP!!

Mary screams!

MARY (O.S.)
 What the hell?! What **WAS** that?!

TIM
 Is that Susan?

MARY (O.S.)
 It sounded like someone was on the
 roof!

More loud thumps fade away.

MARY (O.S.)
 Something is on top of the roof!
 It's going to the other side of the
 house!

Confusion overcomes Tim's face.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Mrs. Carter, you're not making any sense.

MARY (O.S.)

Susan! I'm in your room! Follow Mommy's voice!

All is silent again, except for Mary's soft breathing.

She GASPS!

MARY (O.S.)

The lights just went out! The power is out!

TIM

Do you have a flashlight or any kind of light?

MARY (O.S.)

I can't see anything!

TIM

Okay, just stay where you are, Mrs. Carter. Let your eyes adjust to the dark...

Glass SHATTERS.

MARY (O.S.)

(Shaky; frightened)

Oh my God...

TIM

What was that?

MARY (O.S.)

Something broke...Someone's inside the house...

(Beat)

Susan?

Silence.

MARY (O.S.)

Is it the police?

TIM

No, they would have called out for you...

(CONTINUED)

MARY (O.S.)
Oh no...Oh no, someone's here...

TIM
It could be Susan--

MARY (O.S.)
No, no she would have called for
me, I've been yelling her name...

TIM
Mrs. Carter--

Mary shushes Tim. More silence.

Mary speaks in a whisper:

MARY (O.S.)
Something's coming up the stairs.
It's big, it's stomping up the
steps, oh God, that's not Susan...

Tim's voice begins to get lower, quieter.

TIM
Mary, I'm going to need you to find
somewhere to hide. Try and grab
something to protect yourself with
again.

MARY (O.S.)
That man didn't kill my family, he
couldn't have--

TIM
Please, find a place to hide.

MARY (O.S.)
I can't see!

The thumping soon begins to fade in louder.

MARY (O.S.)
It's getting closer! Oh Jesus
Christ, please help me find a way
out of here...

Mary struggles, breathing right into the receiver until it's
just static.

This goes on for a moment. Then all goes quiet.

TIM

Mrs. Carter, are you still there?

MARY (O.S.)

I'm in the closet. I can't get the door shut all the way, the door is jammed.

The footsteps grow louder.

MARY (O.S.)

Oh no, oh no...No, no, it's coming towards Susan's room...Where's the police? I'm so scared!

TIM

Mary, you just need to keep calm and quiet and wait for them to arrive, you have to make sure you don't give yourself away.

Mary's cries are muffled.

The thumping is as loud as it has ever been. Then, the footsteps STOP.

Tim leans in towards his computer, pushes his headset against his ear for better hearing.

Mary's cries and breaths are extremely shaky. Her voice is now very soft and quiet:

MARY (O.S.)

I can see it...

Tim's eyes widen.

MARY (O.S.)

I don't know what it is...

His voice becomes almost the same level as Mary's:

TIM

What do you see?

MARY (O.S.)

What **is** that...?

TIM

Mary, describe to me what you see...

Mary slowly takes in a shaky breath.

MARY (O.S.)
I can't describe it...I don't...
It's not human...

Tim wipes sweat off his forehead.

MARY (O.S.)
Oh God, it's looking at me.

Tim's mouth becomes agape.

Mary's quiet breaths are barely audible.

The footsteps continue, and this time, become louder. Mary tries to quiet her scared whining.

Tim is ultimately helpless. His hands shake as he holds onto his headset.

A low, guttural growl crackles through the static white noise. Deep breathing mutes out any noises Mary mistakenly makes.

More sweat beads up on Tim's forehead.

Slight clicking noises come from the other line. Footsteps fade away. Then, all goes quiet.

And all stays quiet.

Tim lets out an unnerved, and unsure, sigh of relief. He waits for a response from the other end. Nothing. Not even a peep.

Tim's voice is low.

TIM
Mrs. Carter?

Mary's scared, shaky breaths fade in. She sniffs, her voice quiet and shaky.

MARY (O.S.)
It's gone...I think...

TIM
Mrs. Carter, you need to find a way
out of that house right now.

MARY (O.S.)
I can't move, I can't...Make it...I
don't know what that thing was, I
don't want to see it again...I'm so
scared, I...

(Beat)
...Oh my God, I'm gonna die...

Mary begins to cry.

MARY (O.S.)
I can't do this, I'm so scared, I
can't move my legs. I don't think I
can even stand up...

TIM
Please, Mrs. Carter, you need to do
this. For Susan. She's still
somewhere out there.

MARY (O.S.)
Susan...I need to find her...

TIM
No, you need to get out of the
house.

MARY (O.S.)
But--

TIM
Mary, please, get out of the house.
Whatever was just in there with you
is still in the house. Get out now!

Mary once again grows quiet for a moment.

Tim looks off, waiting for any kind of response.

MARY (O.S.)
Okay, I'm going.

TIM
Just stay on the line with me. Keep
the phone with you at all times.
Tell me when you get to the stairs,
okay?

MARY (O.S.)
Yeah...

It's quiet again.

Tim stares at his computer screen. He listens to the pure
silence.

The floor creaks from the phone.

The beads of sweat begin to roll down Tim's face.

(CONTINUED)

What seems like hours of silence has only been seconds.

More floor creaking.

Tim leans in, hunched over, pressing the headset against his ear with one hand, listening for even the slightest sound.

Mary's shaky breathing is barely audible.

Tim picks up his other hand from the desk and covers his other ear. The moisture from his sweaty palm leaves an imprint on his desk, which slowly fades away.

The clock above him TICK-TOCKS, second by second. Even Tim's afraid. For the first time, we hear Tim's shaky breathing as he takes in short breaths.

Tim can't stand it anymore. He slowly pushes the headset speaker towards his mouth in anticipation. The sweat continues to drip-drop from his face and onto the desk.

TIM
Mrs. Carter?

No answer. Something's wrong. Not a sound. Tim's fingers grow red as he pushes the headset harder and harder on his ear.

TIM
Mary?

Silence. And then--

MARY (O.S.)
I'm at the stairs.

Not yet relieved, Tim remains in the same position.

TIM
Get down the stairs. Now.

MARY (O.S.)
I think I hear the cop cars...

TIM
Keep going...

Quiet static rushes into the headset. Tim presses harder...

TIM
Mary...? Mary...?

The static fades away...

It's dead silent...

Tim cups his hand over the headset headphone. He plugs his other ear with his finger.

Just silence. Nothing more...

TIM

Mar--

A LOUD SHRIEK--SCREAMS--POUNDING, GROWLING, SCREECHING!!

Tim YANKS his headphones off from the piercing noises. He quickly shoves them back on.

Suddenly the other end of the line is filled with a mess of CLATTERING, CLANKING, STATIC.

Every once in a while, a loud THUMP cuts in through the chaos, and SCREAMS, and SCREECHING.

The sound of the phone SLIDING.

Low GUTTURAL GROWLS.

The sound of a struggle. Mary SCREAMS are CUT OFF. She begins to choke, groan, WHEEZE. She's able to let out another SHRIEK, that turns into what possibly could be a scream of terror or agony.

Then, the shriek quickly cuts off, ending in a high-pitched CRY. A faint CRUNCH ends it immediately--

Tim is speechless. His eyes water up. His mouth--no--his face SHAKES. His body TREMBLES.

Then, the guttural growl comes back in, and soon fades into a GHOSTLY MOAN.

Goosebumps rise on Tim's flesh. The hairs on the back of his neck stand straight up.

Sirens quickly fade in and tires screech to a stop. The loud, heavy thumping of the thing's footsteps quickly fade away as it runs.

Tim pops out of his trance. He becomes alert, fixing his headset.

A door opens, and male voices fade in (O.S.).

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Holy shit...

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Oh my God...

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
This is the police department! Is
there anyone here?

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Jesus Christ, what the hell
happened to these people?

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Stay alert...

TIM
(Into headset)
Hello, hello? Can you guys hear me?

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Oh God, look at her face...I've
never seen anything like that
before...

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
This is Officer Maple, we've got a
187 at Hawkes Farm located at 309
Hartford Drive, we need immediate
back-up, over.

The officers' footsteps shuffle around.

OFFICER MAPLE (O.S.)
Jesus Christ...

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Looks like an entire family
slaughtered...

TIM
Hello! Officers? Hello!

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Did you hear that?

TIM
The phone! Pick up the phone!

OFFICER MAPLE (O.S.)
Sounds like it's coming from down
there.

(CONTINUED)

The phone shuffles around, crackles and clicks, and then--

OFFICER MAPLE (O.S.)

Hello?

TIM

Hi, yes, this is Tim, the operator at the call center, you two officers need to get out of the house immediately. There is something in the house, something very dangerous--

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)

Hey, Maple, I found someone!

OFFICER MAPLE (O.S.)

(Into phone)

Hold on a sec...

(To Officer #2)

Who is it?

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)

I'm thinking it's the daughter of the family. She's was cowering behind the couch. She's covered in blood, but I don't think it's her own.

A moment of silence. Footsteps...

OFFICER MAPLE (O.S.)

Why is she naked?

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)

You don't think...?

TIM

Please, officer, you need to get out of there now!

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)

Come on, we're going to get you out of here. There's no reason to be scared with us. What's your name?

SUSAN (O.S.)

Susan. Where's my mommy?

OFFICER MAPLE (O.S.)

We're going to get you out of here, Susan. Allen, cover her eyes, will ya?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER ALLEN (O.S.)
Come on, I'm getting you out of
here. Just lay your head into my
chest, close your eyes, sweetie...

OFFICER MAPLE (O.S.)
Here, let me get this table cloth
to put around her.

The phone crackles. Heavy breathing comes in, but it's calm.

OFFICER MAPLE (O.S.)
Tim, you still there?

TIM
Yes, you need to get out of there
now, how many times do I have to
say it? You're dealing with
something extremely dangerous and--

Loud SCREAMS startle Tim. He jumps in his seat.

A loud SCREECH ROARS and overcomes the terrified screams.

Tim jumps to his feet.

TIM
Hello!? HELLO!? OFFICER?

The screams turn into GURGLING, CHOKING noises. More
SCREECHES fill the noise on the other end of the phone line.

OFFICER MAPLE (O.S.)
OH FUCK! SHE'S BITING HIM!

More SHRIEKS.

OFFICER MAPLE (O.S.)
WE NEED IMMEDIATE BACK UP!!

LOUD GUNSHOTS fill the other line, before it cuts dead.

The busy tone beeps in.

Tim falls into his seat.

He slides the headphones off his head and sets them on his
desk with his shaking hands. Tears well up in his eyes.

He slowly pushes himself away from his desk and stares at
the headset. The busy tone continues to beep.

All is silent.

16.

FADE OUT.