

SHUT EYE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT #3 - BEDROOM - NIGHT

TOM (mid 30s, tall, lanky, irritable grump with resting asshole-face) glares up at the ceiling from bed as...

LOUD THUDDING and YELLING comes from the apartment above.

TOM

It's two in the morning, dickhead!

The LOUD THUDDING and YELLING continues, not letting up.

Fed up, Tom throws his blankets off and stands up on his bed.

Up on his tippy-toes, he pounds the side of his fist on the ceiling, his upstairs neighbors sure to hear him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up, already!

He stops. Listens. Silence.

Tom exhales, relieved. He lies back down in bed. He snuggles against his pillow, finally ready to get some shuteye. But...

The LOUD THUDDING continues... even LOUDER.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fuck this.

Tom jumps out of bed.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Tom storms out of his apartment and heads upstairs, leaving his apartment door open.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FOURTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Tom immediately pounds on the door to APARTMENT #4...

TOM

Hey, dickhead!

But the door, slightly ajar, pushes in a bit upon contact.

Confused and a bit apprehensive, he peers in through the gap in the cracked-open door but only sees darkness.

He steps away from the door. Not nearly as charged up.

TOM (CONT'D)
Keep it down in there, huh? Some of
us need to be up for work.

Silence.

Tom shakes his head and storms off.

TOM (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Fucking prick...

INT. APARTMENT #3 - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tom gets nice and comfy again, cozy under his covers.
Shutting his eyes as he snuggles against his pillow...

Until something wet hits his cheek. He touches his face.
Looks at his hand -- a dark liquid.

Tom sits up and turns on his lamp to get a better look -- he
has blood on his hand.

Terrified, he looks up at the ceiling -- a crimson puddle
above drips blood on him.

TOM
What the fuck?

He jumps out of bed, wiping the blood on his pajamas. But as
his foot touches the floor--

A HAND lunges out from under his bed, grabbing his ankle!

INT. APARTMENT #2 - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

NANCY (mid 40s, Karen type) glares up at the ceiling as
VIOLENT THUDDING and YELLING from above keeps her wide awake.

NANCY
Don't people in this fucking
building ever sleep?

Incensed, she rolls out of bed.

She grabs a broomstick and jumps up and down, beating the end
of the broomstick against the ceiling with each jump, her
FEET THUDDING loudly on the floor.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 Knock it off or else I'm calling
 the police!

The THRASHING slows... quiets... then stops.

Nancy listens... making sure it's over.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 (under her breath)
 Asshole...

She sets the broomstick aside and returns to bed.

Just as she shuts her eyes...

A drop of blood smacks on her forehead.

Nancy opens her eyes. She sits up. As she dabs at her wet forehead...

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK from the front door.

A foreboding look in her eyes as she looks to her door.

INT. APARTMENT #2 - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

On edge, Nancy looks through the peephole.

Then opens the door: A creepy-looking ELDERLY MAN stands there. His piercing eyes staring at her.

ELDERLY MAN
 Hello, Nancy.
 (beat)
 Is everything okay up here? Sounded
 like a herd of buffalo stampeded
 through your apartment.

NANCY
 Everything's fine, sorry if I woke
 you up. It's just the apartment
 above me...

ELDERLY MAN
 No problem, just making sure
 everything's okay...

ELDERLY MAN suddenly narrows his eyes at her.

NANCY
 What?

ELDERLY MAN

What is that?

He leans in closer, getting a look of the drop of blood on her forehead.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

(leans in closer)

Is that... is that blood?

Suddenly--

A MASKED KILLER with a knife slits his throat from behind!

Nancy SCREAMS and shuts her eyes as blood spatter shoots across her face!

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END