

SAFETY

Written by

Mr. Bond

FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

STACY (20s), black camisole and yoga pants, flips through a back country hiking guide on the comfortable couch.

STACY

Do you know how to hang a bear bag?

KEITH (20s), button down short sleeve shirt, beige slacks, brown belt, type furiously on his laptop at the dining table.

KEITH

No bears.

STACY

Black bears aren't really bears. No grizzlies, I promise.

KEITH

Do you want me to go or not?

Stacy sticks out her tongue at him and goes back to flipping.

DING DONG! They both look up at the front door.

KEITH

Did you order something?

STACY

No.

Keith gets up to look through the peep hole.

KEITH

There's no one there. Must be kids.

Stacy brushes past him as he returns to the laptop. She unlocks the door and pulls it open.

STACY

Hey, genius, there's a package.

She brings in a square black cardboard box, about the size of a head. She closes the door and gives it a curious look.

STACY

It's a really nice box.

Keith jumps up from the table.

KEITH

Someone just leaves a package and you bring it in? What's the matter with you?

STACY

What's the matter with you?

KEITH

What if it's a bomb?

Stacy snorts.

STACY

A bomb? Really? Okay, Mr. Bond.

Keith blocks her from coming any further into the house.

KEITH

We should call the cops.

STACY

What if it's a surprise from one of our neighbors? Ooh, maybe it's samosas from the Preetts!

She sniffs the box.

STACY

And maybe they're in a freezer bag to keep them fresh.

KEITH

Or maybe it's some random psycho dropping off bombs all over the neighborhood to protest GMO farming.

STACY

That's weirdly specific.

KEITH

I'm just saying it could be anything and it's better to be safe than sorry.

STACY

This is Vegas all over again.

KEITH

What are you talking about?

STACY

You were weird then too. All you wanted to do was see the shows.

KEITH

What's wrong with that?

STACY

It's Vegas! No casinos? No parties? We could have gone to New York for shows!

KEITH

Not those shows.

STACY

I'm just saying life is short, have some fun.

(shakes the box)

Take some chances.

KEITH

Are you saying I don't know how to have fun? You remember your 20th?

Stacy smiles fondly.

STACY

Yes, that was amazing. Everyone I love was there. So much fun.

KEITH

There's having fun, and there's staying safe. You don't just bring a strange package into the house.

Stacy sighs in resignation and sets the box on a small table.

STACY

All right. How about I see if anyone we know dropped it off before we bother the police?

KEITH

Yes, that's a terrific idea.

Stacy kisses him on the cheek. Keith returns to the laptop and resumes typing.

RRRRRIIPPP! He spins around to see Stacy grinning mischievously as she tears open the box. She yanks the lid off, cackling like a super villain.

STACY

Oh, Mr. Bond, you're so gullible!

She tosses the ripped box lid at Keith. He dodges it like it's going to bite him.

KEITH

Are you crazy? You could have killed us both!

Stacy peers inside the box, perplexed.

STACY

It's a metal ball.

Keith's eyes widen in horror.

KEITH

I told you we should have called the police! Where's my phone?

He frantically pats his pockets, scans the room for it.

Stacy lifts the perfectly round sphere out of the box.

STACY

I think it's hollow.

KEITH

Oh?

Keith immediately calms down.

KEITH

All right then. Not a bomb. So what is it?

STACY

I don't have a clue. Some weird centerpiece maybe.

She turns the sphere end over end looking for clues.

STACY

No markings. How was it even made?

KEITH

Let me see it.

STACY

Oh, now you're curious.

KEITH

Well, yeah. But it could have been dangerous.

Stacy tosses the sphere. Startled, he barely catches it.

KEITH

Wow, it is light. And really smooth. Maybe it's an advertising gimmick for a metal 3D printer.

Stacy returns to the couch and picks up the hiking guide.

STACY

No such thing.

KEITH

Well, if someone did get one working, this would be a hell of a way to create buzz.

Keith inspects the sphere carefully.

KEITH

Or maybe it's an elaborate escape room invitation. I bet it opens with a magnet.

STACY

Yes! That would be awesome! Oh, we should do an escape room! Hang on, I'll get a magnet.

She jumps up from the couch.

ZZZAP! A flash of light and Keith drops the sphere like it burned him. The sphere lands solidly, not rolling a bit.

Stacy drops dead like a rag doll, eyes still open.

KEITH

Stacy?

Keith goes to her side.

KEITH

Stacy!

He checks her pulse.

BOOM! An explosion outside lights up the room. Keith falls back in fear.

SPHERE

*You are subservient. Your existence
will continue.*

Keith looks at the sphere incredulously. Another explosion flares through the windows.

KEITH

You killed her?

The sphere remains still and silent.

He moves to the window. People scream outside. A flash cuts the screaming off. Keith quivers in fear at what he sees.

SPHERE

Remain indoors for your own safety.

Keith slides down the wall and huddles in a tight ball on the floor. He looks at Stacy and sobs.