

SOMETHING BEYOND THE BACK FENCE

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OVER BLACK

Sounds of nature and cicadas.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A normal-looking two-story home in the middle of a sleeping neighborhood. The lights are off. The streetlights flicker.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

In the darkness of the backyard, all we can see is our hero, JAKE, sitting in a lawn chair on his back porch. The porch light illuminates him from above. He's playing on his iPhone.

CANDY CRUSH flashes bright, multi-colored lights onto his face. He looks bored. Very bored. He puts his phone down.

He takes a moment to let the sounds of nature fill his senses. The noise is soothing in a way. A gentle gust of wind brushes against his face.

But then nature seems to go SILENT. Dead silent. All sounds and noises seem to cease within seconds. An unnerving beat.

Jake doesn't know what to make of it.

MOMENTS LATER

Jake is swiping through Instagram on his phone. Nothing unusual happens for a long time...Until Jake hears the quiet-

CRUNCH of leaves.

Jake looks up. Doesn't seem to be anything of note. Then-

CRUNCH

There it is again. It's definitely leaves. And it's definitely odd. Jake actually makes an effort to look out into the NEARLY PITCH BLACK yard, trying to find the source.

But there's nothing out there. Only darkness. Darkness and THE BACK FENCE. 8ft tall. Long, slender. Somehow ominous.

Jake, unnerved, just tries to ignore the fear and return to whatever he was doing on his phone. But it's a little hard to do that when he hears-

TIP TAP *TIP TAP*-

Like fingers against wood.

Jake's eyes go wide and whips his head to face the Back Fence, where he thinks that sound came from. Cause it definitely did.

He tries to find the right words...

JAKE

... Hello?

(beat)

Uh... Anybody there? Hello?

Nothing. Only silence. Well... Not for long.

TIP TAP TIP TAP!

Distant, but slightly louder than before. It makes Jake jump a bit. Fear turns to anger-

JAKE (CONT'D)

HELLO!?! Seriously, who is out there!?!?

Like always, no response. But this time, it stays quiet for a long time. Enough to make Jake question his sanity, wondering what's wrong with him.

Then, fed up, Jake decides to make his way to back door, turning his back to the fence, and that's when Jake hears-

THUMP! SCITTER-SCATTER...

What the hell was that? If you had to put an image to a sound, it kinda sounds like someone landed on the ground from high up and ran off... Wait. That's horrifying. Jake turns...

... To face the Backyard. And nothing seems out of the ordinary. Jake pulls out his iPhone FLASHLIGHT, searching...

He spots something in the darkness of the yard.

It's CROUCHED DOWN in the corner of the fence, shrouded mostly in darkness. It looks like... a MAN. A very tall man.

It takes Jake a moment to comprehend what he's looking at, but when he does... it looks like his eye might just burst out of his skull. As he manages not to immediately scream...

... Jake catches a slight bit of movement from the hunched FIGURE. Barely noticeable. But it definitely did *something*.

Jake is stuck in place. Unable to move. Frozen with fear.

And for a very long time, both Jake and The Figure don't move a muscle, and it seems like we're in the middle of a stand-off, because we are.

But something breaks the tension- Jake decides to act natural and begin his slow journey to the back door, hoping The Figure either hasn't noticed him yet or won't make a move.

Closer to the door now, Jake reaches his hand out for the knob, but is stopped when-

SNAP!

A twig under someone's feet. Jake whips around to see The Figure again, this time a little closer than before... It knows that Jake is trying to get away. So Jake BOOKS IT-

-SPRINTING AS HARD AS HE CAN FOR THE DOOR. And that's when-

WE HEAR THE FIGURE GIVE CHASE- It's FOOTSTEPS POUNDING AGAINST THE DIRT AS IT GOES AFTER JAKE! It's going FAST.

Jake reaches the DOOR and SWINGS IT OPEN, stepping inside as-

THE FIGURE'S FOOTSTEPS ARE CLOSER THAN EVER BEFORE. And when it seems like it might just grab Jake by the back the neck-

INT. SUBRUBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JAKE SLAMS THE BACK DOOR SHUT, locking it, and then-

WHAM!

The Figure throws it's entire body weight against the door, causing Jake to fall onto his butt, EYES WIDE AS HELL, then-

SILENCE. NOTHING. NOT A PEEP FROM OUTSIDE.

Jake catches his breath for a moment, gaining the courage to stand up and face the closed door. It seems like the coast is-

WHAM! WHAM!

Two more times. Jake runs off to the adjacent KITCHEN and ducks behind a counter, pulling a KNIFE from a knife block.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

Never-ending. One after the other. Jake holds the Knife out from behind the counter, shaky and terrified, until-

IT STOPS. Suddenly, out of nowhere. All noise ceases.

All we can hear is Jake breathing- Or more accurately- His PANTING. Breath after breath, nearly brought to tears.

Listening closely... The faint sounds of The Figure's footsteps can be heard moving away, off into the distance, until they cannot be heard anymore. *Did... Did it give up?*

A long moment of just silence. Finally, Jake sinks down onto his butt and stays there for a long time, trying to catch his breath.

MOMENTS LATER

Jake takes a peak around the counter to look at the door. Nothing has changed. He stands. Waits. Then-

Slowly, Jake makes his way around the counter, towards the door, Knife still held out.

But there's no sign of The Figure.

Jake is moving closer and closer to the door, until- He stops. Listens... He hears something... Something we can't.

But then we do- It's FOOTSTEPS. Quiet at first- But then- FAST AS HELL.

And they're RUNNING. RUNNING TOWARDS THE DOOR AT HIGH SPEED!

It's going for one last ram at the door.

On Jake as the realization of what's going to happen hits him, but it's way too late...

BLACKOUT.

A THUNDEROUS CRASH as the door breaks away from it's hinges.

ROLL CREDITS.
THE END.