

THE PACKAGE

FADE IN:

EXT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The large two-story colonial bakes in the summer heat. The front lawn has recently been mowed, the bushes trimmed, etc.

A decorative wooden sign is firmly planted in the front yard. IT READS: Mason Goodman, MD. Psychiatrist.

Parked in the driveway is a sleek suburban. Directly behind it is a cruddy sedan.

The surrounding homes are similarly well-kept, a nice upper-class suburban neighborhood.

A trio of NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS, 12-14, ride their bikes along the sidewalk.

Birds CHIRP O.S.

DR. GOODMAN (V.O.)
I think this fluoxetine will work
wonders for you, Phil. Just
remember, twice a day in the
morning and at noon.

INT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An hourglass sits on a nice, mahogany desk. The final sands fall to the bottom.

Behind the desk sits DR. MASON GOODMAN, 48, athletic, well groomed, very handsome. He chews on a toothpick as he finishes filling out a prescription order.

On a tan love seat lies PHIL LEWIS, 42, overweight, disheveled, sweats profusely. He stares at a framed picture on the wall.

IN THE PICTURE: a frozen landscape.

DR. GOODMAN (CONT)
I'll see you back here Thursday
the... (checks cellphone) The
eighth. That should be long enough
for you to see some real results.
In the meantime, I want you to
continue to put yourself out there.

Phil sits up, looks over at Dr. Goodman, forces a smile.

EXT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and Phil steps out onto the porch. He turns back to Dr. Goodman, who stands in the open frame.

PHIL
Thanks again, Doc.

Dr. Goodman smiles and nods.

Phil gives him a wave goodbye, turns, and walks along the path to the driveway. He enters the cruddy sedan.

As Dr. Goodman moves to go back inside, he spots something and stops.

On the front porch, a small brown box sealed with red tape sits off to the side.

He bends down, picks up the box. Flips it around in search of a return address. There is none, just copious amounts of red tape.

With a shrug, Dr. Goodman puts the box under his arm and goes back inside. The front door closes behind him.

INT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The kitchen is large and modernly furnished.

Dr. Goodman stands at the counter. He pours himself a scotch on the rocks, stares out the window as he takes a swig.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: The last rays of sunlight shine onto the well-maintained backyard.

A faint DRUMMING is heard.

Dr. Goodman cocks his head, frowns. His eyes glide from the window over to the end of the counter where the box sits.

The DRUMMING comes from the box. Suddenly, it stops.

He gives the box a questioning look. What the Hell?

CUT TO:

A kitchen-knife cuts along the red tape that seals the box.

Dr. Goodman sets the kitchen-knife aside, opens the flaps the box. He leans close, peers inside.

DR. GOODMAN

Jesus...

He reaches in, pulls out a hand-carved bobble-head doll.

It strongly resembles Dr. Goodman, save for it's sharp, pointed teeth.

DR. GOODMAN

That's just creepy.

CLOSE ON the bobble-head doll's tiny glass eyes as they start to glow bright red.

FADE TO:

EXT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The entire neighborhood is shrouded in darkness. Thick clouds cover the night sky.

All the lights in the house are off. An eerie silence hangs over the neighborhood.

Parked in the street opposite Dr. Goodman's house is the cruddy sedan.

INT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

It's dark and quiet.

LOU MCKENZIE, 34, thin, pale and sickly looking, dressed in black, punches in a code on a wall-mounted security system next to the open front door.

A red flashing light on the security system switches to a solid green.

Phil, also dressed in black, stands behind him in the center of the foyer. He fidgets around nervously.

Lou turns to Phil, motions for him to move upstairs.

LOU

(whisper)

Do it quiet. I got the safe.

Phil gives him a nod, then quietly moves up the staircase. As he climbs the stairs, he unsheathes a serrated-blade.

After he watches Phil disappear into the shadows upstairs, Lou moves for the back of the foyer. He turns into a hall.

INT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door creeps open and Lou steps into the dark room. He pulls out a small flashlight, does a quick scan of the room.

On the desk, the hour glass is smashed into pieces. Beside it, the creepy bobble-head doll.

Lou holds the light on the bobble-head doll.

LOU
Weird doll.

He leads the light to the wall, finds the framed picture. A smirk spreads across his face.

INT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door silently opens and Phil peeks his head in. He frowns, confused.

PHIL
(under his breath)
Shit.

The queen sized bed is empty.

INT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lou carefully lowers the picture frame, reveals a small wall safe. His eyes light up.

LOU
Fuckin' jackpot.

As Lou goes to work on the safe, something moves in the shadows behind him. He spins around, aims the flashlight in the direction of the movement.

In the far corner of the room is Dr. Goodman. He faces the corner, motionless.

Well, mostly motionless. His head seems to have a slight *bobble* to it.

Lou steps forward and pulls a pistol from his waistband.

LOU
Got some bad news for ya, Doc.

Suddenly Lou stops in his tracks, his face full of dread. His eyes go wide with horror.

As Dr. Goodman's head continues to bobble, it slowly turns around one-hundred eighty degrees. His face is stretched into a maniacal grin, eyes red, teeth razor sharp.

INT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Phil is halfway down the staircase when two GUNSHOTS O.S. startle him. He trips over his feet, falls hard down the rest of the steps, lands at the bottom with a loud THUD.

Fueled by adrenaline, he jumps back to his feet just as Lou's decimated, headless corpse SMASHES through the wall beside him.

Without hesitation, Phil sprints out the front door.

Lou's bloody, mangled corpse twitches on the floor.

EXT. DR. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Scared out of his mind, Phil dashes across the front yard straight to the cruddy sedan on the street. He jumps in the drivers seat, starts the engine.

Tires SQUEAL as the cruddy sedan speeds away.

INT. CRUDDY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

With one hand white-knuckling the wheel, Phil runs his free hand through his sweaty hair.

PHIL
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!

He stares ahead at the road before him, his mouth hangs agape in disbelief. Did that really just happen?

Suddenly, a faint DRUMMING gets Phil's attention. Hesitantly, he looks over to the passenger seat, sees a brown box wrapped in red tape.

SMASH TO:

BLACK