

Three Blocks  
an original screenplay by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

An empty street, illuminated by street lamps.

Moderately sized suburban homes line both sides of the paved road.

Eerily silent, aside from a dog barking in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRINGTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PUSH IN: A beautiful two story home; arched entry and cedar roof. Halloween decorations are on display near the entrance; jack-o-lanterns, cobwebs, ghost dolls hanging from string.

Then, the sound of a clock ticking, accompanied by running water from a faucet.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON WALL CLOCK

It's ten to midnight.

*Tick.*

*Tick.*

*Tick.*

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE, mid-30's, stands below the clock, scrubbing the inside of a wine glass at the sink.

JAMIE

What's Franklin's deal?

On the other side of the room, SHAUN, also mid-30's, lifts a very full garbage bag from a stainless steel trash bin.

SHAUN

What's his deal?

JAMIE

Yeah. That's me politely asking why he came with a twenty-five year old grad student instead of... I don't know, his wife?

Shaun shrugs, places the bag on floor near the hallway leading to the front door.

SHAUN  
They're separated. The kids are staying with Iris... he's got an apartment in Grovedale. They're... working things out.

Jamie looks at Shaun wide eyed, placing the wine glass in the dishwasher before closing it.

JAMIE  
How am I just hearing about this?

SHAUN  
Hey, this was news to me too. I only found out yesterday. Water cooler talk.

JAMIE  
Poor Iris.

SHAUN  
I mean, it's not that surprising, is it?

JAMIE  
(shrugs)  
Your co-worker, not mine.

Shaun walks into the connected living room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There's black and orange confetti sprawled all over the floor. Halloween decorations and abandoned paper plates on every surface.

Shaun collapses on the couch.

SHAUN  
More like my patient. Should start charging him per venting session.

Jamie walks in and sits down next to him. They both look at the mess around them.

JAMIE  
The perils of hosting.

SHAUN  
I think it's a good look. Very  
festive.

JAMIE  
Uh-huh... anything to avoid cleanup,  
right?

Shaun chuckles. Jamie looks at him warmly.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
This was good.

SHAUN  
(smirks)  
Yeah?

JAMIE  
Yeah. We're actually doing it.

Shaun smiles. She gives him a kiss, then rests her head on  
his shoulder. Shaun stares off for moment.

Beat.

Jamie notices the silence, looks up at him. Gives him a  
little nudge

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Hey... where'd you go?

Shaun comes back to earth, looks back at her.

SHAUN  
Do you still think about the city?

Jamie furrows her brow slightly.

JAMIE  
Of course.

SHAUN  
Do you ever--?  
(beat)  
Do you ever wonder if we're doing  
this because we think it's what we're  
supposed to do, instead of what we  
want to do?

Silence.

Jamie shifts, moving away and turning towards him.

JAMIE  
"This" as in...

SHAUN  
The house. The suburbs. Hosting  
Halloween parties...

JAMIE  
Where is this coming from?

Shaun opens his mouth to speak, then stops himself.

Beat.

He spots the trash bag on the floor in the kitchen.

SHAUN  
Let me take that out before I forget.

Shaun gets up from the couch. Jamie looks dumbfounded.

JAMIE  
Are you serious?

Shaun lets out a sigh; he knows he dropped a bomb.

Jamie stands.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Are you telling me you're having  
second thoughts?

SHAUN  
It's just something that's been on  
my mind.

JAMIE  
For how long?

Shaun hesitates, then heads towards the kitchen.

SHAUN  
Let me just take this out.

Jamie watches him leave in awe.

JAMIE  
Okay... you go ahead and do that.  
This conversation will be waiting  
for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Shaun walks down the long driveway, garbage bag in hand.  
Harsh, long shadows created by the porch lights surround  
him. His breath is visible in the cool air.

He gets to the foot of the driveway, where a large blue garbage container sits. He opens the lid and throws the trash bag in.

He stands there a moment, takes in a deep breath.

It's silent. Nothing but the rustling sound of leaves blowing in the breeze.

Shaun pulls out a pack of cigarets, takes one out and lights it. He's stalling.

After a moment passes, the silence is broken:

A distant scream cuts through the silence. Shrill and high pitched. Almost inhuman. The echo lingers a moment.

Shaun frowns and looks down the road in the direction the sound came from.

It's empty, still illuminated by street lamps. A gust of wind sends leaves tumbling.

Something is off.

After another moment, Shaun puts out his cigaret and hurriedly walks back towards the house.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shaun enters and closes the door behind him, blowing into his hands to warm them up. He takes off his jacket and puts it in the front closet. He calls out:

SHAUN  
Jamie, did you hear that?

No response. He closes the closet door and makes his way to the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shaun rounds the corner.

SHAUN  
Jamie...

He freezes.

Jamie stands in the middle of the room, head tilted to the side, eyes rolled back into her head. Petrified.

Shaun stares at her, terror stricken.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Jamie? Jamie, babe...

He walks towards her, grabs her shoulders.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
It's okay, I'm here. Can you hear  
me? Jamie...

He puts his hand on her cheek. She doesn't move. Her white eyes stare into nothingness.

Shaun's breathing becomes panicked.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
Don't do this. Jamie. Jamie!

Suddenly, she speaks; a guttural, malevolent voice:

JAMIE  
Three blocks.

Shaun abruptly steps back, startled. Jamie remains stiff; motionless.

Shaun reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. Dials 9-1-1. Hands trembling.

Brings the phone up to his ear. Ringtone.

*Click.*

The other line picks up.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Nine-one-one. What's your emergency?

SHAUN  
My wife. She's-- I don't know, she's  
having a seizure or... I-- I need  
help.

The line is silent.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
Hello?

More silence, then... a soft whimper, like a woman crying. It then crescendos into a shrill, blood curdling scream, getting louder and louder before--

The line goes dead.

Shaun stands there, wide eyed.

Then:

JAMIE

Two blocks.

She speaks with the same malevolent voice.

Shaun looks at her... slowly backs away before fleeing the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shaun bursts into the bedroom and makes a b-line for the walk in closet.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Shaun enters and kneels down in front of an electronic safe. He enters in a code and the door unlatches. He pulls out a handgun and swiftly exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shaun walks down the driveway, pistol in hand. Condensation escaping his mouth in frequent puffs.

He gets to the foot of the driveway and looks down the street.

Still empty. Eerily lifeless.

Then:

The street lamps all flicker simultaneously, before going out. The road is now a dark void. Only a few surrounding trees are visible from the front porch light.

Shaun stares out into the darkness; the pistol trembling in his hand.

A moment passes. Then...

Another blood curdling scream breaks through the silence, accompanied by a gust of wind. The sound closer. *Much* closer.



Shaun glances back at his house, then back down the street.  
*Fuck this.* He turns and runs back up the driveway.

Another gust of wind blows out the jack-o-lantern candles as  
he rushes past them through front door.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shaun re-enters and heads towards Jamie...

But she's no longer standing in the center of the room. He  
freezes.

Then from behind him:

JAMIE

One block.

Shaun spins around. Jamie is standing at the front window,  
peering outside, her back to him; head still tilted.

He glances around, trying to figure out what to do.

The wind continues to pick up outside; causing the house to  
creak and moan.

Shaun sits down on the floor, tosses the gun aside...  
defeated. He rests his elbows on his knees, running his  
fingers through his hair.

Jamie begins to speak, but it's not her voice. Something  
old; decrepit.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The truth is... you never wanted to  
come here.

Shaun abruptly looks up at her. Her gaze remains outside;  
only the back of her head is visible.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You thought you would change your  
mind. You thought: "this is what  
people do". Leave the city. Start  
a family. True happiness.

Shaun listens.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But it doesn't feel like true  
happiness, does it? You resent her.  
For taking you away from your home.  
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Your friends. For pulling you away from the comfort of your previous life... into a life that you fear. Because there's no going back from this. The hole that you've dug is too deep.

Shaun shakes his head. Eyes welling up.

SHAUN

Stop...

JAMIE

Since the day you set foot in this house, in this neighborhood... you've felt nothing but fear. Longing for the life that you should have embraced. Instead, you threw it away.

The same blood curdling scream fills the air, deafening. Movement; shifting from outside the window.

Beat. Shaun, although shaken, looks at the back of Jaime's head intently.

SHAUN

I don't resent her.

Jamie is silent. More creaks and groans from the house.

Shaun stands up..

SHAUN (CONT'D)

She saved me. I convinced myself I was happy with my life. Then I met her. And I knew...

(beat)

This fear, of what's to come... it's going to pass. You are going to pass.

The wind is howling outside. Shadows shifting behind the window. Then:

The wind stops abruptly. Complete silence.

Jamie's head tilts back to normal. She turns around and faces Shaun, back to normal; unharmed.

A tear streams down her cheek.

JAMIE

Is this what you want?

Shaun wipes his eyes, gives her a warm smile.

They stand across from each other, nothing but the sound of the clock ticking.

ANGLE ON CLOCK

...Three seconds to midnight.

Tick.

Tick.

Tick...

CUT TO BLACK:

END