

4:08

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INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FADE IN on TOM (Age 20), sitting in his reclining chair. Tom has short brown hair, glasses and his face clean shaven. Tom He is tentatively working on homework from his laptop for his med-school classes.

CELL RINGTONE

Tom's cellphone goes off. He reaches over to the arm of his recliner and checks the caller id. Unknown Caller

Tom shrugs and answers it.

TOM  
(Inquisitive)  
Hello?

SAM (O.S.)  
(Nervous)  
Tom?

TOM  
(Inquisitive)  
Yeah, this is?

SAM (V.O.)  
(Nervous)  
It's Sam

TOM  
(Happily Surprised)  
Sam!!? Holy Shit! I haven't heard from you in a couple years. What's up?

SAM (O.S.)  
(Some what relieved)  
I'm doing alright. What have you been up too?

TOM  
Med School (beat) and trying to find a job.

SAM (O.S.)  
(Laughs)  
Med School? We both know you can't be in the same room with a dead guy for more then 10 seconds.

TOM

(embarrassed)

Well yeah, You know I always liked helping people, I figured It would help get rid of my phobia too.

SAM (O.S.)

Yeah Right. Your Dad run's the town Funeral Home and you still grew up scared of dead bodies.

TOM

So how did you get my number?

SAM (O.S.)

I ran into your Dad at the store. He said you moved out and gave me your address and cell number.

TOM

Where are you living at now?

SAM (O.S.)

Well, (beat) I'm crashing at my parent's place for now. It's kinda awkward.

TOM

Because they sent you to rehab?

SAM (O.S.)

Well yeah, (beat) Mostly if I hook up with a chick and bring her back.

TOM

(Laughs)

Yeah, then its a thousand damn questions.

SAM (O.S.)

Exactly! And they know why she's there, (beat) I gotta blast my music so they don't hear us and shit.

TOM

So since they released you, that means your clean now right?

SAM (O.S.)  
(Sarcastic)  
Well yeah. They let me out didn't they?

TOM  
That's great to hear man.

SAM (O.S.)  
But yeah, I have a job interview out by your place tomorrow. You doing anything?

TOM  
Nope I'm free, So if you wanna stop by and chill for a couple hours.

SAM (O.S.)  
(Excited)  
Alright sick, so I'll cya tomorrow around 2?

TOM  
2 is fine. Take it easy.

SAM (O.S.)  
You too.

Tom end's the call and sets his phone back onto the arm of his recliner.

He then goes back to doing homework on his laptop.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Tom and SAM are walking from Sam's car to the Apartment building.

Sam is 21 with short dark hair and dark eyes and is slightly shorter than Tom. Sam has a some what edgy dress style and has a backpack slung over his shoulder.

Tom and Sam are having a great time already, although Sam's attention seems to be split.

They enter the building, while Sam takes out his cell phone, reading a text message.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The Apartment building has a very calm, yet eerie atmosphere.

They enter the building and walk down a couple steps.

SAM

No offence, but this place is  
creepy as hell, like the too quite  
kind of creepy.

TOM

(Laughs)

Your right, this building was  
empty, it just recently became an  
apartment building. I don't even  
have any neighbors yet.

Tom walks towards the first door on the left, Sam looks up  
from his phone and fallows.

TOM (CONT'D)

This is it.

SAM

Makes it hard to get lost.

Tom reaches into his pocket and fumbles around for a few  
beats looking for his keys.

TOM

And if you still smoke you don't  
have to go far to get outside.

SAM

I gave it up while I was there.

Sam start's replying to the text he received.

Tom Finds his key and open's the door. They walk in.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam looks over the apartment carefully for a few beats.

The CLOCK on the wall beside him reads 2:10 PM

The apartment is one bedroom, with a spacious living room,  
small kitchen, a closet and a small hallway that leads to the  
bathroom and bedroom.

He walks away from entrance and around from the back of the  
couch.

He sets his backpack down on the floor and sits down on the couch.

SAM  
Wow, you got a nice little place here.

TOM  
(enthusiastic)  
Thanks. I'm gonna grab a water, you thirsty?

SAM  
No, I'm good.

Tom walks into the kitchen which is connected to the living room.

Sam continues reading and replying to texts, becoming a bit more anxious after each one.

He opens the refrigerator and grabs a bottled water and closes the door.

Tom walks back into the living room and sits in his reclining chair.

TOM  
Wanna grab some Chinese, their's an awesome place like a block over.

SAM  
Yeah, if you don't mind waiting an hour or two. I ate before I drove up.

TOM  
No problem man.

Tom grabs his laptop off the table, opening it and sitting back in his recliner. He CLICKS a few random keys to wake it up.

SAM  
I'm kinda short on cash though.

TOM  
Don't worry about it. I got you covered

SAM  
Thanks man.

Sam sits back on the couch trying to get comfortable. Tom is checking his Facebook.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(Nervous)  
So...uhh...how's Jen?

Tom pauses a beat before looking up at Sam.

TOM  
(Reluctant)  
She's doing great.

SAM  
Does she still live near your  
parents?

Tom pauses for a beat.

TOM  
(Reluctant)  
She's been going to college to be a  
lawyer. She's Engaged too.

SAM  
(Hint of sadness)  
Oh I see, that's great.

TOM  
Is something wrong?

SAM  
(Cold, Lacking Emotion)  
It's nothing, don't worry about it.

TOM  
(Concerned)  
You know if something's up you can  
talk to me. Even if it's been  
awhile your still like a brother to  
me.

Sam avoids eye contact and stares blankly at the floor for a couple beats

TOM (CONT'D)  
Is it Jen?

SAM  
(Reluctant and bitter)  
I still love her, I mean seeing her  
again is what got me thru that shit  
hole.

TOM  
(Concerned)  
You sure that's all? You've been acting weird since you got here.

Sam takes a deep breath, his eye's filled with pain.

SAM  
I lied about why I'm here, I didn't have a job interview earlier.

Tom looks slightly confused.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(Anxious and scared)  
I'm in serious shit and I need your help. I owe these guys money before I got sent to rehab and their pissed.

Tom shakes his head and gives Sam a disappointment filled glare.

TOM  
What happened?

SAM  
I went to visit a guy I met just before rehab, I walked in and he was dealing with the guys

TOM  
(sarcastically)  
I take it they didn't ask you on a date?

SAM  
(Scared)  
Hell no!! They reached for their guns but I was already down the block by then.

Tom looks back down at his laptop and starts typing.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(Worried and scared)  
I don't know what to do.

TOM  
(Condescending)  
How about stop all this shit, get friends that aren't junkies, and stop dealing.



Sam glare's at Tom, angry with him and surprised by his reply.

SAM

(Mad, almost yelling)  
And do what? Flip Burgers? Fuck  
That.

TOM

You know this is why Jen Left you.  
You picked drugs over her.

Sam quickly stands up, his tone becoming increasingly more aggressive, while tom continues typing.

SAM

(Very Angry)  
Fuck off! You only know one side of  
it.

TOM

(Irritated and sarcastic)  
Oh Really? Go ahead then, enlighten  
me.

Sam clears his throat

SAM

(Angry)  
Well, If that slut could keep her  
pants on when she hung out with her  
guy friends, I wouldn't have  
started shooting up all the time.

Tom stops typing and stares blankly at his screen for a beat.

SUDDENLY Tom lunges out of his chair, punching Sam in the face and sending him CRASHING to the floor.

TOM

(Yells/Raised Voice)  
Don't talk that way about my family  
you junkie piece of shit.

Sam pulls himself off the floor, blood trickling from his nose.

He wipes blood from his nose with his pointer finger and quickly glances at it.

He looks back at Tom with hate filled eyes. The line has been crossed and Sam has snapped.

SUDDENLY Sam charges Tom tackling him. The both tumble over the recliner taking it down with them.

They land on the kitchen floor with Sam on top of Tom

Sam pummels Tom's face for a couple beats till Tom grabs his arms and kicks him off.

Tom gets up right as Sam comes back swinging.

He evades past Sam ending up behind him as he run's into the kitchen wall.

Tom glances at the table beside him for a beat, eyeing a blunt object(unspecified).

Sam Turns around and comes at Tom one last time.

Tom with out thinking grabs the object and strikes Sam in the head.

FOLLOW SAM AS HE FALLS, BOUNCING HIS HEAD OFF THE FLOOR.

Sam convulses on the floor for a few beats, and then lies still.

CLOSE UP OF SAM'S WOUNDED HEAD, WITH A TRAIL OF BLOOD CRAWLING TOWARDS US.

In the blink of an eye, Tom has accidently killed his closest friend.

Tom stands before Sam's corpse, Shaken to his core.

Tom's eyes widen at the realization of what he's done, becoming panicked to the point of tears.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Gasps)  
Oh Shit!

CLOSE UP OF HAND HOLDING THE BLOOD SOAKED WEAPON AT TOM'S SIDE

Tom tightly grips the murder weapon. His hand shakes for a couple beats then becomes still.

He loosen's his grip and it falls to the floor with a THUD

Tom moves closer to Sam's body, kneeling down. He put's his fingers under his nose. Nothing.

He checks frantically for a pulse. Still Nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Almost in tears)  
Oh my God. This isn't happening.

Tom falls back against the wall beside Sam.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(beginning to cry)  
Sam please don't do this to me!

He is overwhelmed and breaks down crying.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Crying)  
What have I done!

Tom puts his head on his knees, violently sobbing for a few beats, then partially picking up Sam and holding his head up against his.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Crying)  
I'm so sorry, It was an accident!  
Please come back!

Tom rocks back and forth holding Sam's Lifeless Corpse.

CUT TO THE CLOCK. THE TIME IS 4:00 PM

FADE TO BLACK.

2 HOURS LATER

CUT TO: TOM  
SITTING AT THE  
DINING TABLE

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tom sits at his dinning table with his hands on his head, starring blankly. Tom's eye's still letting out an occasional tear.

Sam's body can be seen in the background, and Tom is trying to decide what to do next.

TOM  
It wouldn't be right to try and  
walk away from this.  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
But even if I told the cops it was  
an accident, my life's over.

Tom rub's his eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)  
And what do I tell his family?

Tom sit's there for a few more beats, staring at the table.

Tom Comes to a realization. His demeanor becomes cold and collected.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Calmed)  
But if he was in a car crash.

Tom pauses for a beat

TOM (CONT'D)  
Then that's not my fault.

He stands up, exiting the kitchen and making a left towards the hallway.

Tom walks into the bathroom and checks under the sink, grabbing CLEANING SUPPLIES.

He then goes into his room to and gets BLACK GARBAGE BAGS.

Tom comes back into the kitchen and DROPS everything on the floor.

He looks around the kitchen, but all he finds is a puddle of blood were Sam's corpse used to be.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Freaked out)  
What!?! What the hell is going on?

Tom LOOKS around the kitchen then PAN OVER the living room.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Freaked out)  
This isn't possible! He was dead,  
I'm sure of it.

Tom runs to the front door, opening it and peering outside.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF TOM IN DOORWAY FROM OUTSIDE HALL

Tom looks to his left and right for a couple beats.

A figure facing away can be seen behind Tom near the hallway.

The figure stands with its back towards Tom, its head down, arms dangling, and body swaying very slightly.

Tom finishes his search and closes the door. He walks away from the door and the figure is gone.

Tom stops moving. WHISPERS are heard and Tom begins to think someone is behind him.

The figure is Sam. His skin now almost completely white, head and shirt covered in blood. He stands there with his head down, still dangling his arms.

Tom can't take it anymore and finds the courage to turn around. He see's Sam.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Scared and Confused)  
...Sam?

Sam becomes perfectly still.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Gulps, Terrified)  
Sam..I..

SUDDENLY Sam whips his head up shrieks and charges full speed; interrupting Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Terrified, Screams)  
OH SHIT!

Tom runs down the hall into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him. He stumbles and falls into the bath tub, hitting his head on the way down.

Tom begins to lose consciousness to the sound of Sam trying to scratch his way thru the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO: TOM IN  
THE BATHTUB OUT  
COLD.

INT. TOM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tom comes too, he sits up rubbing his eyes then where he hit his head.

While standing he notices a bloody hand print on his shirt.

TOM  
(Scared)  
What? Where did this..

Tom looks around the bathroom to see it is covered in bloody hand prints as well.

Tom freaks out and bolts out of the bathroom looking around his apartment.

He notices Sam is still lying on the kitchen floor unmoved. He looks at his shirt and the hand print is gone.

Tom quickly looks into the bathroom, but it too has no sign of any blood.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Anxious and scared)  
My mind's fucking with me.

Tom walks back into the living room and looks at the clock. The time is 8:30 pm.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Christ, I was out for over 4 hours.  
I gotta take care of this before it  
starts to really stink in here.

Tom goes over to Sam and fishes thru his pockets till he finds his car keys. He puts them in his pocket and wraps up Sam's body in trash bags.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Get a hold of yourself, I'm not  
gonna fry over this.

Tom heads towards front door but stops when he notices SAM'S BACKPACK. He walks into the kitchen to grab a small towel.

He use the towel to open and search thru it. He pulls out a shirt. Tom is then saddened but not surprised by what he finds next.

Tom then pulls out a HANDGUN and a what appears to be a BAG OF HEROINE.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Jesus, If they find these in the  
car they won't suspect anything but  
the obvious.

Tom puts them back into the backpack and exits his apartment

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

FOLLOW TOM and stop in front of the door to apartment building.

Tom goes outside and down the walkway to SAM'S CAR, he pops the trunk and starts going thru it to make room for SAM.

We watch TOM from the Hallway. SUDDENLY a figure walks past the door.

CUT TO: TOM  
ENTERING HIS  
APARTMENT.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom re-enters his apartment to load SAM into the trunk and notices his apartment is now trashed.

Various items are thrown in random places and the furniture is tipped over.

TOM  
(beginning to lose it)  
This isn't happening. It's all in  
your head.

Tom walks over to the kitchen and starts dragging The Sam filled trash bag.

SUDDENLY the bag SHAKES

Tom jumps and drops the bag. He falls down from being startled and crawls backwards from the bag.

STAY ON the bag for a couple beats.

CUT TO: TOM'S  
HORRIFIED  
REACTION

Tom Slowly inches forward. WE FOLLOW his HAND to the bag.

Tom almost touches the bag and it SHAKES VIOLENTLY with out stopping. Tom slowly backs away as Sam free's himself from the bag.

Sam's grotesque form crawl's towards Tom. The movements are like the mix of an inchworm and a man with no legs.

WE FOLLOW Tom who is terrified and backing up towards the door.

TOM comes to a STOP. He bumped into SAM who is now behind him, staring at him blankly.

TOM pleads with SAM with out turning around, already knowing who it is.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Hysterical)  
Sam, I'm so sorry, It was an  
accident!

Sam says nothing but slowly leans in towards Tom's ear.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Stuttering)  
I..I..I didn't know what else to  
do!

Sam waits in this position

TOM (CONT'D)  
(Almost in tears)  
Tell me (beat) What should I do to  
set things right?

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF SAM WHISPERING INTO TOM'S EAR. SAM  
whisper's but with no audible sound.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(relieved)  
Okay Sam, If that's all you want.

Tom walks away from Sam, reaching into his backpack. CLOSE UP  
OF Tom pulling out SAM'S GUN.

CUT TO: TOM  
HOLDING THE GUN  
AT HIS SIDE

STOP ON TOM HOLDING THE GUN AT HIS SIDE.

CUT TO: MEDIUM  
SHOT WITH TOM'S  
HEAD OUT OF SHOT

Tom fluidly raises the gun to his head, which can no longer  
be seen.



MONTAGE STARTING SLOW THEN SPEEDING UP, CUTTING BETWEEN TOM'S FRANTICLY MOVING EYES, HIS MOUTH WITH NO EXPRESSION, AND SAM WHISPERING INTO HIS EAR. MONTAGE ENDS ON TOM'S MOUTH SUDDENLY MAKING A SMILE.

BANG, The gun goes off and TOM FALLS to the floor, blood running down the side of his face onto his shirt.

WE PAN OVER Tom lying dead in the middle of the living room and Sam who's still in the spot he died in.

CUT TO: THE  
CLOCK READING  
4:08 PM

FADE OUT