

DEATH MEMO

by

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EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A beautiful two-story home.

Light suddenly illuminates an upstairs window.

Seconds later, another window lights up.

The panicked voice of a little girl:

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Mommy, Daddy, wake up, something's wrong
with...

The end of her sentence is unintelligible.

GROWLING and SNARLING.

Blood splatters on the inside of the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBDIVISION - DAY

An orange late-model JEEP SUV moves slowly through a quiet suburban neighborhood. Rows of older brick homes adorn the street.

The Jeep pulls into the driveway of a single story two-car garage house.

INT. JEEP - DAY

BOB, (50s), clean-cut, dressed in business casual, sits behind the wheel.

His attention focused on the radio.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
The bodies of three family members were
found dead in their North Main residence
this morning.

Bob increases the volume.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (cont'd)
One adult male, one adult female, and a
child are said to have been brutally
mutilated. Some reports claim the bodies
were partially devoured. The police have
no leads at this time.

Bob stares at the radio in horror and disgust.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (cont'd)
Weather is next - after a few words from
our sponsors.

Bob grabs a briefcase from the passenger seat. He reaches for the door handle.

A BOOMING VOICE erupts from the radio.

BOOMING VOICE (V.O.)
This is a friendly reminder that you've
missed your Death Day!

Dead air.

Bob stares inquisitively at the radio for several seconds.

Shaking his head, he exits the vehicle.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Bob stretches as he surveys the neighborhood. There are no people in sight. No noisy children. No pets.

Moving to the edge of the street, he looks up and down the neighborhood - no sign of life.

Bob looks up to the trees. No birds. No squirrels. No sounds of nature.

Bringing his attention back to the street, Bob spots a small white fluffy DOG sitting across the street.

The Dog tilts its head, staring at Bob. Bob stares back, mockingly tilting his own head. A smile creeps upon his face.

He turns and heads toward the house.

Before entering, Bob reaches into the mailbox mounted to the right of the front door.

Pulling out the mail, he's ecstatic to see his W-2.

Bob's excitement fades when he reads the words printed on an accompanying plain white index card:

INSERT - INDEX CARD

Written in black: "YOU'VE MISSED YOUR DEATH DAY!"

BACK TO SCENE

Bob whirls around, back against the door, carefully scanning the neighborhood.

No one is present. The Dog has also vanished.

He turns to the door, frantically punching the security keypad to enter the -

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Slamming the door behind him, Bob leans back, glancing at the index card.

Dropping his car key into a bowl on the foyer table, he locks the door and steps into -

THE LIVING ROOM

Bob sets his briefcase on a sectional sofa littered with decorative pillows.

He makes his way toward a desk, placing the W-2 next to a laptop.

Taking a final look at the index card, he tosses it into a small waste bucket.

Bob pulls a cell phone from his pocket, lays it on the desk, and heads to -

THE KITCHEN

Opening the sparingly stocked refrigerator, Bob pulls out a bottled beer. He twists off the cap and takes a swig.

Bob closes the refrigerator door.

His eyes widen as he reads a note held in place by a magnet:

INSERT - NOTE

Handwritten in black ink: "YOU'VE MISSED YOUR DEATH DAY!"

BACK TO SCENE

Bob takes a few steps back, bumping against the kitchen sink. He looks around the house - listening.

Quietly setting the beer on an uncluttered kitchen counter, Bob rushes back to -

THE LIVING ROOM

He lays the briefcase flat on the sofa, opening it to reveal a 9MM PISTOL. Picking it up, Bob slowly and quietly cocks the 9MM.

He cautiously heads toward -

THE BEDROOM

Bob reaches in, flipping on the light. He quickly scans the room.

Stepping inside, he drops to his knees, peering under the bed - clear.

Bob looks toward the closet.

He slowly rises, placing his hand on the doorknob. Taking a deep breath, he swings the door open, revealing only neatly arranged clothes and shoes.

Stepping into -

THE BATHROOM

Bob stares at the closed shower curtain, quietly drawing deep breaths.

He whips it open, jumping back, 9MM aimed at an empty shower.

Feeling more confident, Bob quickly checks the linen closet.

He confirms the window is locked before stepping back into -

THE BEDROOM

Bob cautiously peers out the bedroom window before double-checking the lock.

He heads back to -

THE KITCHEN

Creeping past the refrigerator, Bob faces the door leading to the garage. He slowly opens the door.

Slightly hesitant, he reaches in flipping on the light. The garage turned storeroom is all clear - sigh of relief.

Bob returns to the kitchen counter. Setting the 9MM next to the sink, he grabs the beer and takes a swig.

A noise interrupts a second swig. He scoops up the 9MM.

Bob eyes the sliding GLASS DOOR that leads to the backyard.

He nervously steps past the kitchen counter - the Glass Door comes into full view.

The Dog from earlier sits outside, whimpering.

Bob lets out a chuckled sigh of relief. The Dog yelps, dancing with excitement.

With the sun starting to set, Bob turns on the outside lights.

Dropping to one knee, Bob sets the 9MM on the floor.

He taps the Glass Door. The Dog jumps up, placing its paws on the glass, barking. Bob smiles uncontrollably.

Bob reaches up to unlock the Glass Door, freezing in mid-action.

The reflection of a tall, dark HOODED FIGURE sends him into panic mode.

Grabbing the 9MM, he turns to face the Hooded Figure.

No one is there.

Visible shaken, Bob pops up, 9MM at the ready.

He frantically looks around the house several times before stepping back against the Glass Door - collapsing to the floor.

Bob sits on the floor, arms rested on his knees, head down.

Remembering the Dog, he looks over his shoulder. The Dog is gone.

Bob slowly stands, unlocks the Glass Door, and looks into the backyard. The Dog is nowhere in sight.

Closing and locking the Glass Door, Bob retrieves the beer from the counter, slowing making his way back to -

THE LIVING ROOM

Bob glances back at the sliding door before placing the 9MM on the desk and taking a seat.

Staring blankly into space, he guzzles the rest of the beer, chunking the bottle into the waste bucket.

He picks up the W2, rips it open, reaches for the mouse...

A NOTIFICATION WINDOW appears on the laptop screen, accompanied by a LOUD DING, startling Bob. It reads:

LAPTOP SCREEN

New Message: "YOU'VE MISSED YOUR DEATH DAY!"

BACK TO SCENE

A wide-eyed Bob SLAMS the laptop shut.

The cell phone vibrates and illuminates. Bob nervously picks it up. It reads:

CELL PHONE SCREEN

UNKNOWN (TEXT)
YOU'VE MISSED YOUR DEATH DAY!

BACK TO SCENE

Visibly shaken, Bob loses grip on the cell phone.

A LOUD KNOCK!

Terrified, Bob grabs his chest. His face grimacing in pain and fear, he tumbles over backward - falling (O.S.).

DISSOLVE TO:

THE FRONT DOOR

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Bob casually approaches the door.

He opens it to reveal a flowing mass of dark matter resembling a faceless Hooded Figure - THE GRIM REAPER!

Petrified, Bob looks on in fear and disbelief.

The Grim Reaper extends a bony hand to beckon Bob forth. Bob shakes his head - NO!

The Grim Reaper motions toward the living room.

Bob looks back over his shoulder to see his own lifeless body sprawled on the floor.

He turns back to face The Grim Reaper, who has outstretched arms, expecting an embrace.

Bob lets out an exaggerated sigh.

Shrugging his shoulders, he steps forth to accept the embrace.

Bob disappears into the flowing darkness.

The Grim Reaper dissipates.

Across the street, the small white fluffy Dog sits on the sidewalk.

It barks once.

The door SLAMS shut.

FADE OUT