

REAL ESTATE

Written by

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Address  
Phone Number

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

JANE (34) taps away at her laptop. She slurps her tea, pushes her glasses onto her head. It's been a long day. The phone RINGS.

JANE  
Hello, dear.

The home is nothing less than grand. High ceilings with windows and mirrors to match.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I know, I know. But you know how bad it is getting up here in the morning.

She meanders out onto--

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The railing holds her up as she gazes into the forest. The MOON illuminates the BROOK below. Jane glows.

JANE  
My clients will be here at nine to check it out.  
(beat)  
Peaceful and private cabin in the woods, beautiful backyard brook, they can't say no.  
(beat)  
They're st--

She slides her glasses back on. A dog limps across the yard.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Let me call you back in a minute.

She sets her phone on the railing. A STAIRWAY creaks with each step down to --

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

Jane slowly approaches the creature. Calls for the dog. He whimpers, drags his body closer to the bank. BLOOD oozes from his chest. He's not in good shape.

JANE  
Come here, boy... let me help you.

She is a few feet away. The dog realizes he's not alone -- he SNARLES. Jane creeps closer. He snaps.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Fine. Suit yourself.

She heads back to the house. Behind her, a metal object glistens in the darkness. It disappears.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jane searches the phone book for ANIMAL CONTROL. Looks out the window, the dog lays by the bank -- still.

She reaches for her phone in her pockets, remembers she left her phone outside.

EXT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Jane's phone is not on the railing. She searches the vicinity. CREAKS from inside the house. She notices but resumes her search.

She rummages through the storage closet, clicks a flashlight on, off, and on. The phone RINGS from inside.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The phone rests next to the computer. Jane, confused, brushes it off and answers.

JANE  
Hey -- sorry about that, there's  
this dog outside that looks like it  
got hit by a car or something  
and...

A shrill YELP. She looks out the window. The dog is gone.

JANE (CONT'D)  
...I don't know, I think I just  
need some sleep. I'll call you  
after the open house.  
(beat)  
I love you too.

She returns to the phone book. Concerned, she dials Animal Control. She turns away from the porch, paces.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hi there. It might be too late by the time you guys get this, but there's a dog that looked pretty banged up. He tried to bite me when I got close...

A dark, tall FIGURE is on the balcony. The moonlight catches on the edge of the bloody HATCHET that dangles from it's grip.

JANE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'd appreciate it if someone came over in the morning to look around. The address is thirteen-eighteen Coil Drive. Thanks.

Worried, she gazes out the window again. The Figure is nowhere to be seen. She shuts the sliding glass door. Curls up in her spot on the couch.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Jane is ready for bed, half-asleep. Checks her phone -- it's late. She places it next to her laptop. Goes to the KITCHEN for a glass of water. Flips a light on. We see the Figure inside. She has no idea that she is not alone.

Jane sips on her water, turns off the light. The Figure disappears in the darkness.

She flops onto the couch. The computer is still on. The Figure creeps up behind her. She takes her glasses off, makes herself comfortable.

The Figure silently raises it's hatchet higher and higher. It is directly above Jane's head. She reaches for her phone. It's gone.

CUT TO BLACK.