

APARTMENT 423

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY

SALLY JOSEPH, 20's, enters with a bag of groceries in an old lobby, badly in need of a do over. She hurries to the elevator and pushes the button. Looking down, Sally sees a sign that reads OUT OF ORDER.

SALLY

Shit.

Sally turns and begins her ascent up the stairs.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Sally appears at the top of the stairs, out of breath. She pauses, taking a breath, then makes her way to the door marked number 423.

Sally fumbles for her keys, dropping them on the floor.

A door is heard opening, but on the opposite side. Sally turns and sees a lady. Her name is JUDY, 50's.

JUDY

You need some help?

Sally turns and smiles awkwardly.

SALLY

No, I'm good.

As she turns, Sally rolls her eyes as she reaches for her keys.

JUDY

When did you move in?

SALLY

A few days ago.

Sally gets her keys and stands up.

JUDY

I thought somebody had moved in.  
I've been out of town...I'm Judy.

SALLY

Sally. Good to meet you.

Sally gets the key in the lock and opens the door.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Good talking to you.

JUDY

You too.

(beat)

You know who used to live there,  
don't you? The last tenant?

SALLY

No.

Judy stares at Sally, still holding her bags. Judy backs away.

JUDY

Good luck.

Judy closes the door, leaving Sally standing in her doorway.

SALLY

Okay. Great.

Sally kicks the door closed with her foot.

BLACK.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - LATER

It's a small and cramped space. Sally walks while talking on her cell as she unpacks her groceries and places them in the fridge and cabinets.

SALLY

Yeah, mom, I'm doing fine. Just checking in. Yes, I'm safe. Nothing to worry about. No, the apartment isn't anything to write home about. I sent you a photo, or two. That pretty much makes up the space. The rent is high here, so until I make my millions, this will have to do. Don't worry.

As Sally walks back and forth, a lamp flickers on and off as she passes.

Sally catches it out of the corner of her eye and turns to it. No flickering this time. Sally then closes the refrigerator and goes back to her conversation.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm doing okay. I have a job. I have a place. No, I haven't met anyone. That will happen. Maybe. More people here to meet anyway. Look, I love you, but I need to go now. I have some work to do. Work. That's what.

(beat)

Bye.

Sally puts down her cell. She turns around and sees the fridge door open.

Looking puzzled, Sally goes back and closes the door. While facing the fridge, the light flickers in the background. The television turns on.

CLOSE on screen - black and white image of a MALE FIGURE, blurred.

NEWS REPORTER

(muffled jibberish  
except...)

Harvey Gatz.

The screen turns to nothing but snow.

SALLY

What the...?

As Sally approaches, the television goes black. She stands there, silent.

A knock at the door.

Sally goes to the door and opens it to reveal Judy.

JUDY

Hi, Sally.

SALLY

Judy. Long time, no see.

JUDY  
(nervous laugh)  
Yes. Look...

Sally swings the door open.

SALLY  
Would you like to come in?

Judy starts, then stops.

JUDY  
No, I'll stay right here.  
(beat)  
I asked you if you knew who used to  
live here.

SALLY  
Yeah.

JUDY  
Has anything strange been  
happening, since you moved in?

SALLY  
Well, can you tell me why you're  
asking me why you're asking that  
question? That's a little strange.

JUDY  
I...I've just seen some things.

SALLY  
Like what?

JUDY  
I was in this apartment when I  
first moved here.

SALLY  
Yeah? And why'd you move across  
the hall?

JUDY  
I...I didn't like the view.

SALLY  
Okay then. I don't mind the view.

JUDY  
I'm glad. Hopefully, you'll be  
okay.

Sally approaches Judy.

SALLY  
Okay?

Judy backs away, quickly turns and enters her apartment. The sound of locks closing is heard.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

Sally closes the door.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT

Sally leans against the door and locks it herself.

SALLY  
I've moved into crazy town  
apartments.

Sally stands there a moment, scanning her small space.

Nothing.

Then...

A light turns on.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
(suspicious)  
Okay.

Sally waits and watches the lamp.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
Crazy town.

Sally moves away from the door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The lights from various apartments are seen on a clear night.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT

Sally sits in her chair, dozing off. The television has an old movie playing. She wakes and sits up.

SALLY

Okay. Got to move on.

Sally takes the remote and switches the channel.

ON SCREEN - A BROADCASTER, 20s, smiles at the camera, seemingly staring at Sally.

BROADCASTER

And in other news, the walls, and the place you reside in has tales to tell. Researchers from Eastern University have been documenting sounds from the past that linger in the walls of your home. Morgan Teller has more on this story.

ON SCREEN - EXT. CREEPY HOME - DAY

MORGAN TELLER, 20's, stands in front of a dilapidated house.

MORGAN

Talk about your fixer uppers. But maybe this fixer upper wants to talk back to you.

ON SCREEN - INT. CREEPY HOME

A university professor, JAMES ELLIS, 40s, and two GRADUATE students, 20's, hold recording instruments near the walls.

MORGAN

(V.O.)

James Ellis, a professor at Eastern University, along with his graduate students, are recording sounds and possible images from a historic home on the south side.

ELLIS

(with a microphone)

What we are documenting are sounds, and eventually, images from the past that are recorded through objects in a residence. All things can be conduits and hold patterns of the past.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT

Sally watches with intense interest.

SALLY

You've got to be kidding. My tax dollars hard at work. Chasing ghosts.

Sally flips the television off. A reflection of a ghostly image remains.

Sally does a double take, then turns around to see if anything is there.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Sally enters and falls into bed. She turns and looks at the lamp which is turned on. She leans over to turn it out, but it goes off before she can reach the switch. Sally pulls her hand back.

Sally sits up and looks around the room.

MALE VOICE

(O.S.-whispering)

I'm still here.

Sally looks around the room.

SALLY

No. I'm not going to fall for this. I'm tired, and I'm halfway in a dream state.

Silence.

MALE VOICE

(O.S.-whispering)

What are you doing in my apartment?



Sally is wide-eyed. Then...

SALLY  
Screw this!

Sally tries to get out of bed.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Screw this!

Sally is thrown back on the bed.

MALE VOICE  
(O.S.-loud)  
What are you doing in MY apartment?

Sally freezes. She sees a ghostly image of a face staring over her, then vanishes.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
(O.S.-fading)  
My apartment...

Sally remains frozen for a moment, breathing shallow.

SALLY  
Crap!

Sally jumps out of bed.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The lights are all on. Sally frantically enters with a backpack and a suitcase. She looks around the apartment.

SALLY  
Okay. It's your apartment!

Sally opens the door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Sally puts her suitcase in the hallway and pulls the door closed.

As she turns around, Judy is standing in her doorway.

JUDY  
He finally showed up, didn't he?

SALLY

Why the hell didn't you tell me  
about that in there?

JUDY

Would you have believed me?

Sally waits, then shakes her head no.

JUDY (CONT'D)

A serial killer lived in there.  
Police shot him dead.

(beat)

He's still there though.

SALLY

Right.

Sally takes her bag and suitcase, then exits.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

A sign is posted on the door--APARTMENT FOR RENT.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.