

CASING

Written by

Chris Abaya

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

It's a clean and simple apartment in an everyday suburb.

ERIC, a 20-something male is looking through his phone as he eats breakfast.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Eric goes to the door and looks through the peep hole.

There is no one there.

Eric opens his front door.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

There is a HUGE BOX.

Eric looks around to see no one in sight.

He lifts the box and takes it into his home.

BACK TO DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric sits the large box on his dining room table.

He inspects it for an address or other information.

Eric notices nothing.

The box is plain and simple, almost too plain. It is odd.

Eric lifts it again.

He shakes it. Nothing moves.

Eric sits the box back down on the floor and walks away.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Eric walks over to a drawer and gets knife.

BACK TO DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eric carefully cuts open the top of the box.

He removes the top.

Inside there is another box, identical to the outer box except that it is slightly smaller, making it a snug fit inside.

Eric's expression is curious.

He stops and reaches for his cell phone.

Beat

ERIC

(into phone)

Casey. Yo, Did you drop a box off in front of my house?

(pause)

A box.

(pause)

Like a package, like a postal service box.

(pause)

You sure?

(pause)

Don't mess with me man.

(pause)

No cause somebody just knocked on my door and I went out to open it and there was a package on my doorstep.

(pause)

I did.

(pause)

Another box.

Eric chuckles.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Alright man, just hit me back later.

Eric hangs up.

He studies the box further.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(to himself)

What the hell?

Eric lifts the inner box out and cuts it open.

He notices another box inside that box.

Eric laughs.

ERIC (CONT'D)
This is some bullshit.

Eric cuts open this third box to reveal yet another identical box.

ERIC (CONT'D)
OK.

EXT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Eric places the box back outside.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Eric is watching television.

He gets up and walks over to the front door.

Eric looks through the peep hole. There is nothing.

He sits back down and dials a number on his cell phone.

ERIC
(into phone)
Jake. What's up man? How's it going?
(pause)
Cool. Cool. Hey listen, did you drop a box off at my place today?
(pause)
This morning, like 9am.
(pause)
You sure?
(pause)
I'm serious man, don't mess with me.
(pause)
No, nothing, don't worry about it. I'll hit you back later.

Eric hangs up and walks back to his front door.

EXT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Eric quickly grabs the box and rushes back in.

BACK TO DINING ROOM

Eric swiftly grabs the knife and cuts open the box again.

His eyes open wide. His jaw drops.

ERIC
(excited)
What the fuck?

There is yet another box, slightly smaller for a snug fit.

Eric chuckles madly.

He cuts open the box.

Again, there is another box inside.

Eric cuts that one open.

Again, another box inside.

He cuts that one open.

Yet another and another.

Eric cuts the palm sized box open furiously.

It is yet another box, this one as tiny as a ring.

Eric struggles because of the small size.

He can't quite cut it easily.

Eric puts the knife down and tries to rip the box open by hand.

The tiny box rips open.

There is a single loud GUN SHOT.

Blood splatters over Eric's face.

He screams, grabs his chest and falls to the ground.

From the tiniest box, an empty shell casing rolls on the floor near Eric's body.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. APARTMENT - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

DETECTIVES SAMUEL GAVIN and BILL GILESPIE walk around the crime scene.

There are bright yellow evidence markers around the apartment.

One marker is set up right over the single shell casing.

A bloodied white sheet is thrown over Eric's lifeless body.

There is no trace of the many boxes that Eric ripped open.

Detective Gavin uses rubber gloves and a pen to lift the shell casing.

He examines it closely.

BILL

It's a real shame. What are you thinking Sam, robbery? You think maybe somebody got in and robbed him?

SAMUEL

No noticeable signs of forced entry. Forensics says no prints on the door. What do we got on his cell phone?

Bill turns pages in a small notebook.

BILL

He made two calls today. One was to a Casey Marques, the other was to a Jake Williams, both friends.

SAMUEL

We talk to them yet?

BILL

Yeah, they both say he called them asking about a package he had on his door step this morning. They say he asked both of them if they delivered this package.

SAMUEL

And no sign of said package here?

BILL

Nope. That's why I'm thinking maybe somebody robbed him for it.

Beat

SAMUEL
Something don't feel right.

BILL
I'll talk to the landlord.

SAMUEL
Keep me posted.

BILL
Roger that.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAYS LATER (ESTABLISHING)

Another simple apartment in an average, everyday, American suburb.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

TERRY, a 20-something female is on her cell phone.

TERRY
Well that's because he's been
depressed. He's not the guy he
used to be, you even said that.
(pause)
I know.
(pause)
Well he's always been the-

There is a knock at the front door.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Hey, hang on I think Karen's here.

Terry walks over to the door and opens it swiftly.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Karen I thought you-

A terrifying and ghoulish Eric screams and grabs Terry.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END