Who's There?

By Craig Sodaro

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Synopsis:
Willow is home alone this evening. Growing more and more anxious she connects with her friends on video chat. Each friend begins to hear bumps, bangs, and thuds. Isn't this how all horror films begin?

Characters: (4 w)

WILLOW: A young high school student.

GIANNA: Another, her friend.

REAGAN: Another friend.

ANNABELLE: Another friend.

Setting:

Each of the girls appears at her own house. Any background can indicate something suitable to the character's personality. Gianna's room has a few family photos on the walls, while a few of Reagan's athletic trophies are visible behind her. Annabelle's room houses a lot of makeup, hair styling equipment, and a mirror. In Willow's room we see several dolls and perhaps a framed print of an old Norman Rockwell family painting.

Who's There?

(WILLOW sits at her computer nervously.)

WILLOW: C'mon! Somebody! Where is everybody? We're supposed to meet up now! *(WILLOW picks up her phone and texts.)* Hurry up!

(GIANNA comes on, breathlessly holding two knitting needles with several rows of completed stitches.)

WILLOW: *(Cont'd.)* Gianna, where've you been? I've been waiting and waiting!

GIANNA: What's the matter, Willow? You just texted ten minutes ago. Chill out! What do you think?

(GIANNA holds up knitting. WILLOW makes a confused face.)

GIANNA: *(Cont'd.)* My grandmother's making me learn how to knit. She said you never know when you're gonna run out of socks. And I better keep working on this or she'll give me another lecture on "When I was a girl…."

WILLOW: She's at your house?

GIANNA: Yeah … for a couple of days she'd come over and stand out front and shout a conversation from the sidewalk. The neighbors got so annoyed she just ended up moving in.

WILLOW: Must be nice having somebody else in the house … at night.

GIANNA: Yeah? Grandma sleeps like a baby and snores like a gorilla.

WILLOW: Look, you've got to help me!

GIANNA: Why? What's up?

WILLOW: My parents gone! I'm here all alone.

GIANNA: What do you mean?

(REAGAN comes on.)

REAGAN: Hi, guys! What're you up to?

GIANNA: Just about to learn what's got nervous Nellie here all hot and bothered.

REAGAN: You all right, Willow?

WILLOW: No! I'm at home … alone. My parents are giving blood and they'll be gone more than two hours.

GIANNA: They're giving blood at nine o'clock at night?

WILLOW: It's a kind of fundraiser for the blood bank. They've tested negative for the virus, so they got invited to a "Date with Dracula" blood drive. They're serving tomato juice when you're done instead of orange juice and they've got Dracula movies playing and all that. My folks said they were lucky to get tickets, but I'm too young … and … they're calling it a "date night."

GIANNA: I hope I never get asked to a date at the blood bank.

REAGAN: So? What's not to like about being home alone? Full refrigerator, Netflix, and no parents to hang around saying "No."

(ANNABELLE comes on. She's brushing her hair.)

ANNABELLE: Hey, guys! Look at all of you!

GIANNA: Hi, Annabelle! Welcome to group therapy.

ANNABELLE: I don't need any therapy, but a better conditioner would help.

REAGAN: Therapy for Willow.

ANNABELLE: What's wrong, Willow?

WILLOW: I'm stuck at home by myself.

ANNABELLE: Oh, gosh! That's awful! I'd come over, but I'd get in soooo much trouble. Besides, I've got to do my nails.

GIANNA: Why? Nobody's gonna see 'em.

ANNABELLE: Wrong! I ordered a pizza and if that cute delivery guy stops by, I want to be dressed for success. *(Adjust reference as necessary.)*

GIANNA: Why let an opportunity like the pizza guy pass you by?

ANNABELLE: You said it!

REAGAN: I don't see what you're all worried about, Willow.

GIANNA: Yeah, nobody's even out. The streets are deserted.

WILLOW: But … I think … I think there's something in the house.

GIANNA: What do you mean … something?

WILLOW: I'm hearing all kinds of really strange noises. Little thumps and pitter-patter.

GIANNA: You sure nobody left a toddler upstairs?

WILLOW: I'm serious!

GIANNA: Okay. Okay. *(SFX: A bang at GIANNA'S house.)* Hey what is that?

REAGAN: Sounds like a leaky pipe.

GIANNA: *(SFX: Another bang at GIANNA'S house.)* Oh, brother! That's all we'd need! I better go check.

WILLOW: No! I just have this feeling….

GIANNA: Chill, Willow! Really! *(GIANNA exits, but her scene is still in view.)*

ANNABELLE: You really are a bundle of nerves, Willow. Maybe you ought to try to meditate.

REAGAN: Yeah, calm down. Close your eyes. Yeah, close 'em. *(WILLOW does so.)* Now, take a deep breath. Another one.

ANNABELLE: Think of your happy place. *(WILLOW smiles.)* That's it. Go to your happy place.

REAGAN: You feel relaxed, comfortable, and secure.

WILLOW: *(SFX: WILLOW'S phone rings. She answers it.)* Hello? Hello? Who is this?! *(WILLOW sets phone down, horrified.)*

REAGAN: Wrong number?

WILLOW: *(Terrified.)* Nobody was there! It's … it's just like that movie we saw where the girl kept getting phone calls and nobody was there and then … and then…!

ANNABELLE: Really, Willow, relax. Hey, wait a minute … I hear somebody outside.

REAGAN: Say hi to the pizza guy!

ANNABELLE: No … somebody's at the back door … and I don't remember locking it. *(SFX: A loud knock at ANNABELLE'S house.)*

WILLOW: Oh, gosh! Don't go, Annabelle!

ANNABELLE: *(Calling out, nervously.)* Who's there?

WILLOW: Is anybody at home with you?

ANNABELLE: Mom, but she's asleep. She had a double shift today.

REAGAN: Maybe it's your dog.

ANNABELLE: We don't have a dog. Hey! Hold on a minute! *(ANNABELLE jumps up and exits.)*

WILLOW: Annabelle? Annabelle! We should call the cops!

REAGAN: Let's not lose our cool, Willow. It's probably her pizza.

WILLOW: Reagan, you know what horrible things can happen! And where's Gianna? She never came back! *(SFX: A clanking sound at WILLOW'S house.)* Oh, gosh, there it goes again!

REAGAN: *(Looking off to left.)* Hey! Hey! What're you doing?! Hey! *(REAGAN jumps up and disappears, her room still visible.)*

WILLOW: Reagan! What's wrong?! Who's there? Reagan! *(WILLOW grows more terrified.)* Annabelle? Gianna? Reagan? Where are you guys? *(SFX: A clanking sound at WILLOW'S house.)* What's that? Guys? Where are you? *(SFX: Several knocks at WILLOW'S.)* Oh, my gosh! *(Looking around her.)* Hello? Who's there? Who's there?

(SFX: A clanking sound at WILLOW'S house. WILLOW jumps up and disappears. SFX: We hear a loud bang. A moment later, GIANNA appears.)

GIANNA: I'm back! Hello? Hey! Where is everybody? Reagan? Annabelle? Willow? Where are you guys?

(REAGAN appears.)

REAGAN: Hey, Gianna.

GIANNA: Where were you?

REAGAN: Bugsy got loose.

GIANNA: Your Norwegian elk hound? How?

REAGAN: Squeezed through the doggy door.

GIANNA: That door was built for a chihuahua.

REAGAN: Don't tell anybody, but Bugsy used to belong to Houdini. So where'd you go off to?

GIANNA: My Nana's here. She was snoring like a steam engine. I gave her a shake and she stopped. Then she told me to get back to my knitting. *(GIANNA holds up her knitting.)*

REAGAN: What is that?

GIANNA: Right now, a bookmark.

End of Freeview

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