

IT WAS YOU

Written by

Me

Address
Phone Number

INT. RICKLIN MANOR- NIGHT

The front door opens.

ROBBY (27) and RAQUEL (26) steps in. He is dressed in a black suit, and she is dressed in a black dress.

They had just returned from a funeral, but despite that they couldn't be more cheerful,

RAQUEL

(joyfully)

If there was ever a time to drain
open the old man cellar, it's
today.

ROBBY

Good idea, I've always wanted to
turn that zone into a personal
theater.

RAQUEL (O.S.)

Don't get too carried away, I think
there is another three weeks until
the lawyers are done and make
everything official.

She moves through the house, taking it in. Taking a moment she jumps over the couch causing her to choke on the air.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

(coughing)

Alright I'm going to go see where
we stored that 70s classic and see
what else I can find.

ROBBY

Just hurry otherwise I might get
bored and call it a night.

She walks off, leaving Robby alone.

He never noticed how big this house really is. Staring at the empty space brings about a calming sensation. Drifting into a sleep like state. The peace and quiet is so memorizing...

The house phone rings. Immediately he is jolted up. A bit unexpected because the line shouldn't be active at the moment. Maybe it wasn't fully disconnected after all. He picks up the phone.

ROBBY (CONT'D)

Hello, this is Robby new owner and
resident.

(MORE)

ROBBY (CONT'D)

If you're looking for the previous owner, afraid you missed your chance.

VOICE

It was you. I know it was.

ROBBY

Um, whose this?

VOICE

I can't let you get away with it, but don't worry it will be over soon.

ROBBY

Um I don't follow whatever this is, but it's not very amusing.

VOICE

Robby Holland we will meet soon.

ROBBY

Wait how do you know my name, who is this...

The line gets dropped. Unsure of what just happens, he would rather see it as some sick joke.

The once calm feeling is beginning to turn. What was once an enjoyable and peaceful quiet is eerie, it would be nice to have someone here right now.

ROBBY (CONT'D)

(fake confidence)

Raquel you won't believe what just happened. This guy...

Immediately the lights go off. The whole house feels much bigger now engulfed in the endless shadows of the halls. The first instinct is to use the phone flashlight.

Patting himself down, there is no phone in the pocket, he has to have dropped it on the ground.

ROBBY (CONT'D)

Hey Raquel, can you come up here, just be careful.

No reply. He can't help but get a little nervous on the lack of response.

Robby's phone vibrates and illuminates in the dark. He picks it up to see a new text message. It reads "I know it was you"

He throws down the phone.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Raquel, I'm starting to freak out,
please answer already.

Silence.

Robby prepares to make his way in search of Raquel when he hears the buzzing.

It buzzes again and again.

Not a message this time but a call. He hesitates to pick it up, but curiosity gets the best of him.

He taps the green button and with a trembling hand puts the phone to his ear.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Hello?

There is a silence.

VOICE
Raquel is the first to suffer.

The line goes dead.

He makes a break for the cellar room. Puts his hand on the knob, but it won't turn.

ROBBY
Shit, shit shit.

He begins slamming and kicking the door to no avail

ROBBY (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
Raquel can you hear me? Please let
me know you are okay.

The phone vibrates once more. He stops to see what's next. A new message appears: "Are you ready to suffer."

The door lets out a creak as it opens on its own. Wooden stairs lead down to the empty darkness below.

Robby turns on his phone light as he makes his descend, little by little.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Raquel!

Still no response.

The room is cluttered with wine cases, boxes and barrels. He takes a look and spots an arm in the distance.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
(weeping)
Oh god, oh god, oh god

Raquel lies motionless in a puddle of her own blood. Robby breaks down and holds her barely breathing body. The phone begins to ring. Upon looking the call is coming from Raquel's phone. He picks up.

VOICE
You killed him and now you killed
her.

ROBBY
Please whoever you are just stop.
We need to get her some help.

Robby slowly turns his head towards the wall behind him. Stares in terror as a the figure of a man, haunting grin, ghostly shin begins to walk toward him.

With no energy left, all Robby can do is cry as the figure gets closer and closer.

Closer.