

AHEAD OF TIME

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM OF STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

LIZ (20s) in pajamas, sits on the side of her bed. College textbooks scattered about behind her. Holds her cell phone to her ear.

LIZ
Hi, Mom. You're calling kind of late. What's up?

MOM (O.S)
Is your door locked?

Her gaze darts to the front door. LOCKED.

LIZ
Yes.

MOM (O.S)
Windows?

She glances at the window to her left.

LIZ
Uh. I guess so. Why?

MOM (O.S)
Just heard that the Full Moon Killer escaped from Hadbury tonight.

LIZ
Who? Oh, you mean Royce Adderman?

MOM (O.S)
Yes. The Full Moon Killer.

LIZ
Mom, you're the only one who calls him the Full Moon Killer.

MOM (O.S)
Because I'm probably the only one who noticed he kills during a full moon. I've always said evil or eerie things are more likely to happen during that lunar phase than any other.

LIZ

Or maybe it's because your
paranormal point of view isn't
always based on logic.

MOM

Isn't it logical to be worried
about you when Hadbury is just a
few miles away from your apartment
building? Especially when the last
two women he killed were college
students?

LIZ

Oh, Mom. He's probably in another
state by now.

She goes to the window. Moves the blackout curtains. Checks
the lock. Notices the almost full moon.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(half jokingly) Besides, it's not
even a full moon yet.

MOM (O.S)

It will be in a few hours.

She heads to her closet.

LIZ

I'll be fine. Gotta get some sleep.
Have another early morning shift
tomorrow.

Pulls out a hanger holding her waitress uniform. Hangs it on
the hook on the back of the closet door.

MOM (O.S)

Do you want me to call you at five
to make sure you wake up? Daylight
Savings Time starts at 2 a.m.

LIZ

Daylight Savings Time?

Liz grimaces. Sighs.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I've been so busy studying, I
forgot all about that.

Goes back to her bed. Starts stacking the textbooks on the
night stand.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I don't like changing the time.
I've never heard of it 'saving'
anyone.

MOM (O.S)
I think it's good to shake up the
cosmic order of events every now
and then.

Liz smiles at her mother's New Age perspective.

LIZ
Don't worry about calling. I'm
going to set my clock an hour ahead
right after we hang up.

MOM (O.S)
And make sure your windows are
locked.

LIZ
Good night, Mom.

Liz climbs into bed. Checks her cell phone's time: 9:12. Puts
her phone on the night stand beside the digital alarm clock.

Reaches for the clock. Resets its time to 10:12.

Pulls up the blankets. Turns off the lamp. Gets comfortable.

Closes her eyes.

Her CELL PHONE on the night stand RINGS.

Her eyes pop open. Assumes it's from her mother again.

Calls out in a tone that comes natural to an overprotected
daughter.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Mom.

Brings the phone to her face. Dark screen. No call.

Frowns, confused. Puts it back on the night stand.

The ORANGE-RED NUMBERS on the ALARM CLOCK glow: 10:13

She closes her eyes and drifts off to sleep
in a room as dark and still as a coffin.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS again.

Sleepily, she reaches for it on the night stand.

It's lit up this time.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Hello.

MAN (O.S)

Sorry. Wrong number.

She ends the call. Puts the phone back on the night stand.

Notices the now BLOOD RED NUMBERS of the alarm clock glow:
11:13.

Narrows her eyes in thought. Shrugs it off. Gets comfortable.
Returns to sleep.

Dark stillness slithers back in.

A CRASHING SOUND comes from the bathroom.

Startled awake. Rolls to her side facing the clock.

The ORANGE-RED NUMBERS glow: 12:13.

Cautiously, but more asleep than awake, gets up to check.

Stares at the bathroom doorway. Creeps toward it.

Flips the bathroom light switch on.

Nothing has fallen. Perplexed. Turns the light off.

LIZ

Must have been a dream.

Climbs back into bed. Slides in between the sheets and
blankets.

Shallow breaths. Heart still racing. Takes a long cleansing
breath. Shuts her eyes. Surrenders to sleep.

Dark stillness closes in.

A CRASHING SOUND comes from the bathroom again.

Jolted awake. BLOOD RED NUMBERS glow: 1:13.

LIZ (CONT'D)
What the hell?

More awake than asleep this time. Debates what to do. Decides to investigate.

Flips the bathroom light switch on.

The shower curtain rod has fallen. The curtain lay crumpled in the tub.

Relieved but too tired to fix it, sighs heavily. Heads back to bed.

Struggles to get comfortable. Ends up flat on her back. Stares up at the dark ceiling. Not sure what to make of the coincidences. Frowns in thought. Rolls back on her side.

Turns the clock's lighted numbers away from her view.

Eventually, her eyelids droop in hopes of uninterrupted sleep.

Dark stillness hovers in wait.

POUNDING ON HER FRONT DOOR.

She bolts upright.

WOMAN (O.S)
Help me! Help me!

Frozen in fear. Eyes wide, darting about the room.

WOMAN (O.S) (CONT'D)
Please!

Warily slides out of bed. Edges toward the door.

WOMAN (O.S) (CONT'D)
He's going to kill me!

Freezes. After a moment, moves closer to the door. Peeks through the peephole.

No one there.

Cautiously, cracks open the door. Looks down the apartment hallway. Empty. Not a living soul.

Shaken, but once again relieved. Slowly, secures the door.

Returns to her bed. Picks up her phone. Pushes the button.

The time on the screen reads: 1:13.

Turns the alarm clock around to face her.

BLOOD RED NUMBERS glow: 2:13.

Still recovering from the fright, short and labored breaths, considers the implications of the past two events.

Debates what to do. Slowly shakes her head in disbelief. Puts her phone on the night stand. Gets comfortable. Closes her eyes.

Tosses and turns. Restless. Opens her eyes.

Grabs her phone. Pushes buttons. Puts the phone to her ear.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
911. Where is your emergency?

LIZ
Red Oaks apartment building.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
What is your emergency?

LIZ
I believe Royce Adderman will be
here within the hour.

FADE OUT.