

WORKAHOLIC

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

JOHN rolls up in an EMPTY PARKING LOT. He lets himself into the office, the only one at work.

SUPER: SUNDAY MORNING

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John FLIPS the LIGHT SWITCH, grabs a seat, and settles in at his desk.

COFFEE: check. FILES: check. LAPTOP: check

On the desk beside his laptop, his SMARTPHONE rings. The screen reads HOME. He declines the call, sending it to voicemail.

As his fingers begin to dance across his keyboard, the office DOORBELL RINGS.

John leaves his office in a huff, frustrated at the interruption.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

John opens the door.

There's no one there.

His anger teeters on concern. Something feels wrong.

He closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

John walks down the hallway, back toward his desk.

He doesn't see the SHAPE glide across the hallway behind him.

He isn't alone.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John sits back at his desk, distracted. He checks a file, pecks at the keyboard, finds his groove.

He takes a sip of coffee.

Whoever... WHATEVER is in the office with him is STANDING AT HIS DOOR, watching him, just outside of his line of sight.

John sets his coffee on his desk. He FROWNS, glances at the doorway.

But the doorway is empty.

John returns to his laptop, and his typing picks up in tempo. He's in full swing now. Type, type, type-

CRASH!

John jumps. The crash came from somewhere in the office.

Nervous, he deliberates whether or not he should investigate.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

John peers into the hallway.

JOHN

Hello?

No response.

He ducks back inside his office. A moment later, he emerges, having finally found his courage.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

John flips the light switch, scans the room. Empty. He steps inside.

The SHAPE glides behind him, past the meeting room door, deathly silent.

John creeps into the meeting room.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

John peeks into the break room. It's also empty.

He shrugs, heads back toward his office.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John settles at his desk, obviously unnerved. He types for a bit, then stops. What's that sound?

He listens, but the office remains silent.

He pecks at his keyboard, then stops. Now he can hear it, a SOFT SCRATCHING NOISE.

John stares at the door to office, his heart pounding. The scratching grows louder, louder, louder, and then-

It stops.

John lets out the breath he didn't realize he was holding. He visibly relaxes.

VOICE (O.S.)
(faintest whisper)
Jooooooooooooohn...

He pushes his chair back and peeks under his desk.

The THING lunges at him from beneath the desk.

John SCREAMS.

CUT TO BLACK:

ON BLACK

As the credits roll, a SMARTPHONE RINGS, rolls to voicemail.

VOICE (O.S.)
(mocking)
John? Are you in the office on a
Sunday, John? You shouldn't work so
hard, John. It'll be the death of
you.

The call ends with quiet, menacing LAUGHTER.

FADE OUT.