

ALONE TIME

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EXT. MANHATTAN ROOF DECK - DUSK

The terrace is surrounded by a congested multitude of lit buildings. Multi-leveled stalagmites of brick and mortar, steel and glass. Their illuminated windows radiate various colors into the sky, polluting the early night. Fogging it into a yellowish blue.

ANN, a beautiful young woman, leans on the deck's rail and looks out across the cityscape.

Behind her, the rest of the deck supports the intimate actions of a SMALL PARTY. People laughing. Carefree.

Ann turns away from the city view and takes a sip of her watered down drink. She's removed from the informal gathering. Detached. Wanting to be alone.

MONTAGE - EARLY MORNING IN MANHATTAN

ROLL CREDITS & TITLE

-- The cooling gray-blue light of FALL clings to the mass of animated billboards in an almost vacant and tranquil Times Square.

-- The Manhattan cityscape towers over the shimmering dark-green waters of the East River.

-- A deserted side-street is book ended by cars parked bumper to bumper.

END CREDITS

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Small. Messy. Seventy square feet of storage.

Morning light streams in through a small window, illuminating an alarm clock on a bedside table. The clock's crimson red, LED numbers read: 5:48

Ann, lies awake in her bed. Her eyes unfocused. Tired.

From outside, a BLARING HORN HONK, violates the morning stillness.

EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

The platform is full of morning commuters. Oppressive. Stifling.

Ann, eyes forward, patiently waits for the next train. She can't help but listen to a cacophony of ANNOYING COMMUTER CONVERSATIONS and SUBWAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Ann closes her eyes, trying to regain a sense of space. A precursory current of air rustles Ann's Hair. A speeding train approaches, and begins to SCREECH to a halt.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A maze of bland and emotionless cubicles. The HUM of fluorescent lights MINGLE with RUSTLING PAPERS, PHONES RINGING, and the CLICK-CLACKING of fingernails on keyboards.

Ann, in her little cubicle, is busy. She's immersed in a grotesquely thick, paper-filled binder, containing a complex and number heavy spreadsheet. She compares a number on the sheet with information on the screen.

She's startled as A SIZEABLE STACK OF PAPER is placed brusquely on her desk by an UNSEEN BOSS.

UNSEEN BOSS (O.S.)  
(Terse)  
By five, Ann.

Ann looks at the stack and groans. She's overworked.

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Magnets hold several photographs to the refrigerator door: Ann and her boyfriend at the beach, camping, at a dinner party, etc.

A frozen mass of unappealing food is dumped from a plastic bag into an awaiting pan, heating on top of an electric range. The food begins to sizzle. Ann stabs the food with a wooden spoon, breaking it apart.

In the background, the shadowy silhouette of ANN'S ROOMMATE can be seen, sitting on a couch, watching TV.

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Ann leans against her window, looking through the building-blocked alleyway to catch a glimpse of the sky.

BASS HEAVY MUSIC from a PARTY in the apartment next door pounds into her bedroom -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!.

Ann goes over and sits on the edge of her bed. The alarm, lit by the yellowish glow of a lamp, reads 1:30.

BOOM! BOOM!

Ann sighs and shuts off the light.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION/CORNER - DAY

Ann, stands shoulder to shoulder at a busy, people-filled, intersection. They all wait for the crosswalk signal to change.

Ann looks across the street, through the jumbled mess of pedestrians and comes upon -- THE UNNERVING STARE of a MALE PEDESTRIAN. The gaze is intense. Disturbing.

Ann is held in his eerie stare for a second. Unable to look away. A LARGE BUS passes in between Ann and the Male Pedestrian, breaking her gaze.

The bus rumbles by. Ann looks, a little fearfully, back in the direction of the Male Pedestrian. He's gone. Lost in the sea of people.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ann, multitasking, reaches for a print-out that is buried at the back of her desk. In doing so, she KNOCKS OVER A CUP OF COFFEE. It gushes over her keyboard, the paperwork in the binder, and the surrounding area. Ann quickly reaches for a box of tissues and begins to blot the spill. The tissues break down fast from the abundance of liquid. Seeing the futility, she stops. Defeated.

In adjoining cubicles, several PHONES BEGIN TO RING. Ann hangs her head and runs her hands through her hair.

The RINGING PHONES build, layering over one another, culminating into an ORCHESTRA OF SOUND.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Its late. The HAUNTING SONG from a STREET MUSICIAN flows in from one of the adjoining corridors, resonating in the tiled tunnel.

Ann, arms crossed, defensive, is at the middle of the abandoned platform.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS close in. She looks to see a MYSTERIOUS MAN, darkly dressed, approach her. She quickly removes her glance, not wanting to meet his eyes. The Man stops close to Ann. Uncomfortably close.

Ann stares ahead, not acknowledging his presence. She's tense.

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Ann, in her pajamas, reaches into a small closet, trying to dislodge a pair of running shoes, just out of reach, from the cramped mess.

She stands on her tip-toes to obtain more of a grip. She grasps the shoes and pulls. Out tumbles a muddle of sweaters and shirts, quickly covering Ann.

ANN  
(Surprised)  
Shit!

She recovers and picks up the items. She turns back to the closet to return the items to the shelf and -- NOTICES A ROLLED UP SLEEPING BAG -- wedged in between the top shelf and the closet door frame.

Ann considers this. She hasn't seen it in awhile. It's poised. Propped so neatly that it should've fallen but didn't.

She dislodges the sleeping bag from it's perch. She remembers -- and smiles.

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laid out on Ann's bed is a plethora of CAMPING GEAR. A backpack, flashlight, canteen, etc. She's on her cell phone, leaving a message.

ANN  
(ON PHONE)  
Hey, it's Ann. Calling to let you know that I'm heading north for a day or two. Mackenzie mountain, or Blue Ridge maybe. I just sort of need to recharge or something. You know, the need for some alone time. Sorry for ditching last minute. I'll make it up to you next week. Promise.

## MONTAGE - ANN DRIVING UPSTATE

-- Ann's car passes through the Bronx, rushing by orderly blocks of tenement housing.

-- She drives over the George Washington Bridge, the late morning sun piercing through the metallic columns and cables.

-- Trees begin to replace the buildings. Slight hints of suburbia remain. A sign here. A structure there.

-- Suburbia fades away. The scenery is littered with towering spruce and pine trees embedded in the lush Northeastern landscape.

## EXT. RURAL CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Ann's car is parked in front of a gas pump.

## INT. RURAL CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Ann strolls through the aisles of the quaint mom-and-pop type store. She grabs a few items. Fresh produce. Some snacks.

She brings them up to the counter and pauses in front of a DISPOSABLE CAMERA DISPLAY CASE. She grabs one.

## EXT. PARK TRAILHEAD - DAY

Ann unloads her car. It's the only one in a vacant, dirt packed parking lot. The wind rushes through the trees, creating a calming rustle.

Ann, her gear-heavy backpack slung over her shoulder, shuts the car door -- SLAM! It echoes in the valley -- SLAM -- SLam -- slam.

There's not a soul around.

## EXT. PARK TRAIL - LATER

Ann walks along the gorgeous, view infested trail overlooking a valley.

She snaps a photograph of the vale -- CLICK!

EXT. PARK TRAIL - LATER

Ann sits on a boulder overlooking a beautiful mountain view. She takes a sip of water from her canteen and soaks in the surroundings.

She raises the camera to her eye -- CLICK!

EXT. LAKESIDE CAMPSITE - DUSK

The sky is painted in radiantly bold hues of pink and blue. The calm and serene lake picks up on these colors, doubling it's splendor.

Ann stops a few feet from the lake and removes her backpack, setting it down in the unspoiled grass. She looks over her chosen campsite with approval.

She holds out the camera in front of her and takes a self portrait against the lake -- CLICK!

EXT. LAKE - MOMENTS LATER

Ann, in hip-huggers and a camisole, stands at the edge of boulder overlooking the lake. She's enchanting. Her beauty enhancing the bucolic scenery.

Suddenly, SHE RUNS AND JUMPS OFF THE BOULDER. Playfully. Gleefully. A short, exciting--

ANN

Whaa!

--rings out before she breaks the serenity of the lake with a -- SPLASH!

She emerges from the crystal clear water and begins a leisurely swim, her worries fading away.

EXT. LAKESIDE CAMPSITE - LATER

A crackling fire roars in a dug out fire-pit, throwing a warming light onto a SMALL BLUE TENT. A battered and charred skillet sits on top of the flickering flames.

Ann, her hair still damp, throws a fattening pad of butter into the skillet and watches it sizzle. A few seconds later she tosses in some produce. Ann relishes the scene, the calming sounds, the serenity.

She points her camera at the glistening produce slowly sauteing in the molten butter. A bright white flash accompanies a -- CLICK!

INT. BLUE TENT - LATER

The LONG, EVOCATIVE WAIL of a LOON rings throughout the valley.

Right outside of the domed opening, Ann removes her shoes and places them on the RIGHT HAND SIDE OF THE TENT DOOR. With a flashlight in her hand, she climbs into the tent and zips the tent shut, MOVING THE ZIPPER FROM THE BOTTOM LEFT TO THE BOTTOM RIGHT.

She crawls into her sleeping bag and settles in for a peaceful night. She shuts off her flashlight and sets it next to her camera.

EXT. LAKESIDE CAMPSITE - LATER

At the fire-pit, as a piece of wood collapses into glowing embers, an EXTREMELY FAINT -- click -- is heard.

INT. BLUE TENT - MORNING

Ann, calmly awakes. Refreshed. Relaxed. Content.

She stretches and reaches for the TENT ZIPPER on the BOTTOM RIGHT. It's not there.

Not concerned, her hands follow the zipper until she locates the pull, ON THE BOTTOM LEFT. She unzips the tent and exits.

EXT. LAKESIDE CAMPSITE - MORNING

Ann reaches for her shoes on the RIGHT HAND SIDE. Not there, she gropes around and finds them on the LEFT HAND SIDE.

The morning is idyllic. Picture Perfect.

Ann ducks back into the tent and grabs her camera. She emerges and snaps a picture of the heavenly morning -- CLICK!

EXT. MANHATTAN ONE HOUR PHOTO STORE - DAY

The CITY NOISES are DEAFENING. Jarring. Inharmonious clashes of high pitched WHIRS and rumbling BASSES.

Ann exits the store with a YELLOW PHOTO ENVELOPE in hand.

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ann sits at her kitchen table. She brings a steamy, green-tinted cup of tea to her lips and blows on it gently before taking a cautionary sip.

She opens the yellow photo envelope revealing: a series of stacked, colorful, glossy, 5x7 photographs.

Ann flips through the pictures and recalls her soothing trip. Her face beaming. Her happiness obvious.

Her alone time peaceful. Necessary.

Flip.

A photo of the trail overlooking the magnificent valley.

Flip.

A photo of the panoramic mountain view.

Flip.

A self portrait against the lake, her attractive face flush from the preceding hike.

Flip.

A flashed out photo of the produce simmering in the butter.

Flip.

A photo of--

ANN'S SMILE FADES. HER PUPILS DILATE IN FEAR.

It's a photo of -- ANN, ASLEEP IN THE TENT.

Ann begins to panic. Her movements become frantic. She quickly flips through the other photos.

FLIP!

Ann's peaceful face tucked in by her sleeping bag.

FLIP!

Ann's delicate outstretched arm, brushing against the blue, interior tent fabric. White. Porcelain. Defenseless.

FLIP!

Ann's silky brunette hair stretching across a patterned pillow case.

FLIP!

The morning campsite photo. The last photo Ann took while camping.

Ann's chest heaves up and down with fright. Her face a ghostly white. Terrified.

She wasn't alone.

CUT TO BLACK: