

JESSICA

Written by

Stephen Motta

stephen.motta@comcast.net
612-791-9496

Copyright (c) 2025 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced
for any purpose including educational purposes without the
expressed written permission of the author.

EXT. - NIGHT, OVERHEAD OF CAR, HEADLIGHTS SNAKING UP ROAD

Cut to interior of car. SCOTT and JESSICA, mid 40s, their faces illuminated by the orange dashboard light. Scott is driving, Jessica is in passenger seat. Jessica is blankly staring out the passenger window. Radio is softly playing.

SCOTT
(turns towards Jessica)
Jess?

Jessica doesn't respond, continues to stare out the window.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Jess!

JESSICA
(snapping out of it)
Huh... what?

SCOTT
You've been quiet this whole ride.
What's wrong?

JESSICA
(pauses for a long moment)
This whole night has been, I don't know... 'off'. The food at the restaurant. I told you, something was wrong with it. It was odd, tasteless.

SCOTT
Yeah, mine was under-seasoned too.

JESSICA
(feeling dismissed)
No, not just under-seasoned. When I was chewing, everything had this weird, mealy texture.

SCOTT
Mine wasn't bad, just under-seasoned.

JESSICA
(annoyed)
It wasn't just the food! How about our server? When we ordered, he didn't make eye contact or say anything, just kept nodding and writing our orders in his little notepad. Then turned and walked away. Not a word, just walked away!

SCOTT
Yeah. Strange guy.

JESSICA
Then when he brought the food and
set my plate down in front of me,
he said "Jessica".

SCOTT
Really? I didn't hear that.

JESSICA
Yes. "Jessica". How did he know
my name?

SCOTT
I don't know. Maybe we were
talking and he heard me say it?

JESSICA
I don't think so. And anyway, you
always call me Jess.

SCOTT
Well... maybe from the reservation?

Jessica crosses her arms and stares back out the passenger
window.

JESSICA
I don't know. Just weird.

Scott turns car into neighborhood, proceeds down the street,
then slows and turns into the driveway of their house. House
has a three car garage: the garage door the right is open,
and the light is on in the empty garage stall.

SCOTT
What the hell? I know I closed the
garage door when we left.

JESSICA
I thought so too.

Scott pulls halfway up the driveway and shifts car to park.

SCOTT
Let me check inside. You put the
alarm on when we left?

JESSICA
Yes.

SCOTT

Okay, just wait here a second.

Scott exits the car, peers into the garage, then enters and walks out of sight. Focus on Jessica watching anxiously. As she waits, her anxiety builds. Finally, Scott emerges from the garage and climbs back into the car.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You SURE you put the alarm on?

JESSICA

I'm certain. Why?

SCOTT

I opened the door and there was no beep. The alarm isn't on.

JESSICA

(panicky)

Okay... maybe we should call the police?

Scott nods and dials 911 on his cell phone, which he has on speaker. The phone rings twice, then is picked up.

911 VOICE

911. What's your emergency?

SCOTT

We just got home from dinner and our garage door was wide open. We had armed our alarm system, but it's not on now.

911 VOICE

Your name?

SCOTT

Scott Croswell.

911 VOICE

Your address?

SCOTT

427 Sycamore.

911 VOICE

Where are you currently?

SCOTT

We're sitting in our car in the driveway.

The phone line crackles with static for several seconds.
Then the static stops.

911 VOICE
Your wife's name?

SCOTT
(puzzled)
My wife?

911 VOICE
(long pause)
You said "we're sitting in our
car". I need to ensure everyone is
safe.

SCOTT
Okay...? My wife's name is
Jessica. We're both safe.

Static on the line. Then:

911 VOICE
Jessica.

The 911 voice goes silent. Scott waits, then finally breaks
the silence.

SCOTT
Yes, Jessica.

The phone line crackles with static again, then stops.

911 VOICE
I've dispatched police to your home
and they are en route.

The phone goes dead.

SCOTT
That was weird, right?

Scott stares forward at the open garage door, thinking.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You don't think TRISH came up from
the city to get something and
forgot to re-alarm and close the
garage door?

Jessica pulls out her phone and dials her daughter Trish's
number. The phone rings three times, then goes to very loud
static. Jessica is startled and hangs up.

JESSICA
What's with the bad connections
tonight?

A thought comes to Scott and opens the home security camera app on his phone.

SCOTT
(looking at his phone)
Security app shows all the cameras
off-line. The last thing recorded
is us pulling out of the driveway
when we left for dinner.

JESSICA
Scott, I don't like this...

Jessica trails off as the flashing lights of a police squad car - lights only, no siren - comes up the street and pulls into the driveway behind them.

SCOTT
Why don't you text Trish? I'll
talk to these guys.

Scott exits the car and walks back to talk to the two policemen in their squad car. Focus on Jessica as the men talk, she is anxious and intermittently tapping on her phone. Scott returns and climbs back into the car.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Okay. They're going to look inside.

Scott and Jessica sit in silence as the policemen enter the garage and disappear into the house. Rising anxiety.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Anything from Trish?

JESSICA
Not yet.

Eventually one of the policemen emerges from the garage. Scott rolls down his car window.

POLICEMAN 1
No sign of forced entry. Why don't
you two come in and take a look
around, make sure everything is in
order.

Scott and Jessica exit the car, and follow Policeman 1 through the garage.

INT. - NIGHT, KITCHEN

Scott and Jessica enter the kitchen behind Policeman 1. Policeman 2 is already standing there.

SCOTT
God, why is it so hot in here?

Scott walks to the thermostat on the wall.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
85 degrees? We didn't have the heat on.

JESSICA
(to the policemen)
No, it was so nice out that I haven't had the system on all day.

As Scott fiddles with the thermostat to turn off the heat, Jessica turns and notices that the digital clock on the built-in microwave is blinking 12:00.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I think we might have lost power.

SCOTT
Okay. Heat is off. I'll take a look upstairs.

The policemen nod. Scott walks over to the staircase and ascends out of scene. Focus on Jessica, standing silently and awkwardly with the policemen, who are avoiding eye contact. She tries to break the awkward silence.

JESSICA
Can I get you officers anything?
Coffee?

POLICEMAN 1
No, thank you.

POLICEMAN 2
No thanks, Jessica.

Jessica is startled. The policemen continue to stand in silence, gazes averted, for several uncomfortable moments. Scott comes back down the stairs.

SCOTT
Everything looks okay upstairs.

POLICEMAN 1
Well, looks like you're good.

POLICEMAN 2
(looks at Jessica)
All good.

POLICEMAN 1
(turning to leave)
If anything comes up, don't
hesitate to call 911 again.

The policemen walk out of kitchen, and Scott follows them out. Focus on Jessica standing in the kitchen, looking at her phone and intermittently typing. Scott returns.

SCOTT
They're gone. I pulled the car in.

JESSICA
Trish texted back, she's at a
client dinner in the city. She
says she didn't come up here.

SCOTT
I wonder if we had a power surge?

JESSICA
I don't know. It just all feels...
(she shrugs)
Those cops were strange.

SCOTT
You think so? Anyway, everything
seems okay. I'll look around again
in the morning before I leave for
work. Maybe you should call an
electrician to check things.

JESSICA
Okay.

SCOTT
I'm going up, you coming to bed?

JESSICA
I'm too wound up. I'm going to
have a glass of wine to settle
down.

SCOTT
Okay. Let me change and I'll sit
with you.

JESSICA
No no, you have to get up in the morning. Go to bed, I'm fine.

SCOTT
You sure?

JESSICA
I'm fine. I'll be up in a bit.

Scott turns and goes up the stairs. Jessica pours herself a glass of pink wine and sits on the sofa in the living room. She scrolls on her phone as she sips wine for several minutes. Then she puts her phone down on the coffee table, puts her head back, then dozes off.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. - NIGHT, LIVING ROOM

Close-up of Jessica's face as she sleeps. Off camera, a loud 'THUMP'. Jessica's eyes pop open. After a few moments, another loud 'THUMP'. Sound is coming from downstairs. Jessica gets up, leaving her phone on the coffee table, and walks cautiously to the top of the stairs.

JESSICA
Scott? Is that you?

Silence. After several moments, Jessica turns and walks up the stairs to the master bedroom. Scott not in bed. The bed has not been slept in.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(looking around)
Scott? Scott?

Voice from downstairs.

SCOTT
Jessica. Come down.

Jessica turns and exits the bedroom. She walks down the stairs and pauses at the bottom of the staircase.

JESSICA
Scott?

Voice from bottom level.

SCOTT
Jessica. Come down.

As Jessica moves towards the downstairs staircase, her phone starts to ring. She turns and hurries towards the living room. As she picks up the ringing phone, she sees on the screen that the call is from Scott.

JESSICA
(answering the phone)
Scott, I was just coming
downstairs.

SCOTT
Jess? Is everything okay?

JESSICA
Yes, what do you mean? I'm coming.

SCOTT
I've been trying to call you all
night. You weren't answering, I
was getting worried.

JESSICA
Trying to call me? I've been right
here. Why are you downstairs?

SCOTT
Downstairs? I'm at Dad's house in
Portland.

JESSICA
(confused)
Portland...?

SCOTT
(confused too)
Umm... yeah? Since his stroke on
Monday. Jess, are you alright?

JESSICA
Scott...

The phone starts blaring very loud static, causing Jessica to snatch it away from her ear. The static stops and the line goes dead. The phone screen has gone black, and Jessica can't turn the phone back on. Voice from downstairs.

SCOTT
Jessica. Come down.

Jessica freezes, not knowing what to do. She tentatively walks towards the downstairs staircase. She stops and calls down.

JESSICA
Scott? Scott?

No answer. Jessica takes a tentative step down the stairs. As she descends, over her shoulder at the top of the stairs we see a blurry Scott-like figure with black eye sockets.

SCOTT
Jessica.

Jessica turns partially and screams when she sees the figure. She loses her balance and tumbles down the stairs.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. - CAR

Radio is softly playing. Close-up of Jessica, her eyes closed and her face illuminated by the orange dashboard light. Suddenly her eyes pop open and she startles forward, breathing heavily.

JESSICA
Oh my God! I must have dozed off.

Scott doesn't respond.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Scott?

Scott turns toward Jessica. His face is white and his eyes are black sockets. The radio erupts with static.

SCOTT
Jessica.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END