

THE TUNNEL



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FADE IN ON:

A DARK AND SECLUDED TUNNEL.

At night.

The walls graffitied with all kinds of markings. An endless walk.

SAM (female, 20s), strolls into the tunnel. Grocery bag in tack. Cell phone to ear.

Grocery bag getting out of hand.

SAM

I'll be home in a few, as soon as
this freaking grocery bag stops
being a cu-

The bag slips to the ground, a few items fall out. Sam grunts.

SAM (CONT'D)

Urg. This is the exact reason I
hate shopping alone.

Sam goes down, fixes the bag, shoves the items back inside.

SAM (CONT'D)

I swear this is the last time I'm
doing this.

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)

(on the phone)

I hope you're not going through
that creepy tunnel? Did you forget
what I said about the tunnel man?
Girls have gone missing after being
offered help.

Sam glances around. The tunnel isn't ALL that bad. Apart from the visible blood stain on the wall.

SAM

(slightly scared)
It's not that creepy here.

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)

(on the phone)

What the heck, Sam. You know how
dangerous it is down there.

SAM

Oh my god. Stop. Besides, how do you know they were offered help if they're missing, huh? I've walked this way dozens of times, and nobody has ever offered to help me. Not once-

MAN (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Just then---

A MAN, late 20's, dressed seemly perfect - a suit and tie. Briefcase to the side, appears behind her.

She freaks, dropping the bag.

RIP.

The contents fall to the ground.

SAM

What the f--?

She sees the briefcase. The tie. The black suit. He's no threat.

MAN

Can I help you!

A muffled voice comes through.

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)

(on the phone)

-what's going on? Sam? Sam?

Sam hears.

SAM

Hey. Sorry. It's okay. I thought I saw a rat. I'm fine.

(beat)

I'll call you when I get home okay?

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)

(on the phone)

Wait, wha-?

Beep-beep-beep.

MAN

Can I help you?

Sam glances over at the spilled contents. Then back at the MAN.

SAM

Sure. But, I don't see how you can help me. The bag just broke and I don't have a spare.

The MAN kneels down in front of her. Gently places his briefcase to the ground. Unlocks it.

Sam eyes.

A plastic bag comes out. A spare one. In tack.

Sam's face lights up. Her hero.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Thank you. You have no idea how much you've saved me.

The MAN glares at her. No emotion coming across.

He bends down again. Collects the items. Placing them into the spare bag.

SAM (CONT'D)

What's your name?

He continues to collect.

SAM (CONT'D)

(flirting)

I'd like to know who the handsome man is that just saved me from going back to the store.

Nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hello?

(beat)

Hello?

She leans forward. Taps him on the shoulder.

BOOM!

He turns. She jumps. Gasps.

He glares at her. His eyes holding no emotion, no thought. Nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I-

He hands over the bag. Kneeled down.

Sam stares at him, not sure if she should take it or not.

Beat.

A groan starts to emerge from his throat. Almost like a bloodhound.

Sam turns around, checks her surroundings. The tunnel exit in near sight.

SAM (CONT'D)
It's okay. You keep it.

He pushes the bag closer to her. Groans again.

SAM (CONT'D)
Seriously. It's okay. I'll just go to the store tomorrow.

The groans grow louder.

SAM (CONT'D)
Please. Take it. I anyways forgot to get something.

The MAN slowly gets to his feet. Rising to Sam's eye level. He stares.

She forces out a smile. Chuckles anxiously.

SAM (CONT'D)
Okay.

She grabs the bag from his hands, places it over her shoulder.

SAM (CONT'D)
Have a nice evening.

Nothing.

She nods. And slowly backs up.

She starts walking towards the exit. She pulls out her Phone. Dials her friend.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hey.

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 Are you okay? Are you home yet?

SAM
 Not yet. Some dude offered to help
 me, but he was all kinds of creepy.

Sam turns. The MAN stands in the same position. No movement.
 He stares at her.

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 Oh my god. Are you serious?

SAM
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 But I'm okay. I left now.
 (beat)
 He scared the crap outta me.

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 Should I call the cops?

SAM
 No. It's fine. I'm fine. It's
 just... he looked so *normal*. Like
 he came back from work or
 something.

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 Sam! That was the **tunnel man**. The
 guy I told you about earlier. You
 need to get the hell out of there!

Sam glances around. The MAN is gone. No trace of him.

SAM
 He's gone.

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 What?

SAM
 He's gone. He-

Sam turns back around. Sees: the **MAN**. Standing at the tunnel
 exit. His briefcase in one hand. The other behind his back,
 holding onto something.

SAM (CONT'D)

He's here.

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)

(on the phone)

Sam... RUN!

Sam drops the bag to the ground, darts in the opposite direction.

The MAN drops his briefcase, darts after her.

Sam screams.

SAM

Help! Help me!

Sam nearly reaches the end of the tunnel when...

BANG!

Her head swings to the side. Blood splatters whoosh against the wall.

Sam drops to the ground.

SAM'S FRIEND (O.S.)

(on the phone)

Sam? Sam?

Sam's eyes daze, struggling to bring them open. Her lids open and close...

Open and close...

Open and close...

Until... the MAN appears in front of her. A menacing smirk on his face.

Sam's eyes fall onto his hands. A bloody baseball bat. Dripping with blood.

SAM

(struggling)

P-l-e-a-s-e.

Then...

A plastic bag wraps around Sam's head. She struggles. And struggles. And struggles. And then...

Breaks FREE!

She gasps. Screaming.

SAM (CONT'D)

H-e-l-p!

The MAN, gets to his feet, starts dragging her body across the ground.

She kicks. And kicks. And kicks.

And he pulls...

And pulls...

And pulls...

Sam SCREAMS, her wail echoes into the darkness of the tunnel.

FADE OUT.

Silence.

MAN (V.O)

Can I help you?

THE END.