

DON'T POP ME!

by

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FADE IN

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Small. Quaint. Nestled on a quiet dead end street near the woods.

INT. COTTAGE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

VICTORIA(30), putting a wine glass in the sink.

Then puts away a bottle of chardnay in the fridge.

FRONTROOM

She checks the front door. Makes sure it's locked. Turns off the porch light.

BATHROOM

She steps out of the shower. Dries off. Brushes her teeth. Puts pajamas on.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK from the front door. She's startled.

FRONTROOM

She switches on the porch light-peers out the windows.

She looks into the peephole.

POV - PEEPHOLE

A smiling yellow balloon swaying in the wind staring right back at her.

She jumps back, Victoria hesitates. Cautiously opens the door.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

She gazes out the door. Surveys about. Nobody around but her and the balloon.

The yellow smiling balloon is weighted and has a card attached to it.

She grabs the string pulling it inside.

INT. COTTAGE/FRONTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Victoria shuts and locks the door.

She goes around the house checking windows. Checks the back door. She goes down the hall into the bedroom.

BEDROOM

She checks her windows. Grabs her cellphone from the nightstand.

HALLWAY

She comes back out and the balloon is waiting for her.
Victoria backs up, slightly. Freaked out.

INT. COTTAGE/FRONTROOM - CONTINUOUS

She plops down on the couch. She sets her cellphone down
beside her.

She takes out the card from the envelope.

It reads "DON'T POP ME!"

She just stares at it. Laughs to herself.

She gets up and paces around.

Checks the door if it's locked again.

Then sets the card down on the coffee table.

Picks up her cellphone. Can't decide. Holds up her phone.

ON CELLPHONE

Her finger presses contacts. Clicks on a name.

"The Asshole!"

She puts it on speaker. It RINGS. A groggy, grumpy voice
answers.

BRIAN(O.S.)

This better be some kind of
emergency.

VICTORIA

It is. I bet you know why.

BRIAN(O.S.)

That you're scared and lonely?

VICTORIA

You wish.

BRIAN(O.S.)

Well, now you got my attention.
You're scared.

VICTORIA

Don't flatter yourself. I don't
need you.

BRIAN(O.S.)

Then why did you call? You
sound...worried. I like that.

VICTORIA
So you admit it was you.

BRIAN(O.S.)
If it was me, it would be a lot worse.

The balloon has slowly floated around behind her. It opens its mouth wide, shows teeth, fixated on the back of her head.

Victoria turns around. Balloon is smiling again. She bumps it with her hand. It moves away.

VICTORIA
What does that mean?

BRIAN(O.S.)
Nothing. I'm just enjoying whatever is bothering you. Out there all by yourself where anything can happen.

VICTORIA
You're such an asshole, Brian!

BRIAN(O.S.)
I know. You want me to come over?

VICTORIA
No. I want you to tell me you sent it.

The balloon now swings back around in front of her, She eyes widen, then turns away.

BRIAN(O.S.)
Have I ever sent you anything? Not my style.

Suddenly she loses the call. She doesn't care. Frustrated. She clutches her phone. Gets up, annoyed, grabs the balloon.

LAUNDRY ROOM

She takes an empty laundry basket, turns it upside down over the balloon.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She makes her bed. Lies down to sleep. Toss and turns.

She checks her phone messages. Brian has texted her.

She ignores it.

On the nightstand is a book. A self help book. Snatches it.

Opens to read, but keeps looking over at the bedroom door.

Lays the book back on the night stand. She lays down with the lamp still on.

She tosses and turns again.

LATER

Victoria is asleep. A shadow looms over her.

POV - Close to Victoria's face. It bumps her.

Victoria awakens. Balloon at her face. She SCREAMS.

She scoots quickly to the otherside of the bed, afraid and confused.

EXT. FRONTDOOR - NIGHT

She holds a knife, cuts the weight off.

Watches as the balloon disappear into the night.

KITCHEN

She's opens the drawer to put the knife away.

We hear suden rapid KNOCKS at the frontdoor.

Victoria turns around terrified.

Holding the knife close to her and goes to the door.

KNOCKS more now in succession.

VICTORIA

Whoever you are! The cops are on
their way!

She flips the outside light on. Clutches the knife, ready to fight.

She unlocks the door, swings it open, nothing there. Her hand trembles. Behind her she hears a whisper.

WHISPER(O.S)

Don't pop me.

She spins, lashing out with the knife - BANG! The balloon bursts!

It's shrunken remains drifting to the floor as the blade clatters down with a CLANG.

POV - A pink smiling balloon, weighted with a card attached comes towards us.

