

DM

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INT. UBER TAXI (MOVING). NIGHT

Amanda (twenty six, light skinned, pretty but not in an out there kind of way) is engrossed with her mobile device. She is in an intense conversation with someone online named KILLAH13. She giggles at intervals, all the while typing rigorously.

(Chat bubbles on the screen display the ensuing conversation)

AMANDA

You didn't answer my last question.

AMAKILLA13

(...)

AMANDA

I asked if you had a girlfriend, remember?

AMAKILLA13

Girlfriend? Are we that low on conversational topics?

AMANDA

(smirks) lol. No actually. I'm just curious.

AMAKILLA13

Because of the gift I sent you?

Amanda's hand strays to a pretty pendant on her neck.

AMANDA

Stop deflecting. You always do this when I ask personal questions.

AMAKILLA13

(...)

AMANDA

Its not fair. You practically know where I live. Plus all we have talked about these last few weeks is me and my drama.

AMAKILLA13

It's because I like you and your drama. It's so... dramatic.

AMANDA

(Giggles) Well, it's your turn to confess.

AMAKILLA13

Are you sure you want to hear my confessions?

Amanda rolls her eyes. Her reverie is interrupted by an incoming phone call. The caller I.D Reads Deji. Amanda sighs, hesitating for a moment, her mood visibly dampened. She slides right but doesn't say anything.

DEJI

Hello? Amanda.

AMANDA

(Quietly) hello, Deji.

DEJI

Are you home yet? I wanted to come over and...

AMANDA

Deji. Not tonight. Please. I had a long day.

DEJI

(Long silence) What is going on with us? It's been 3 weeks now... since they found Ulouma. But that's not it. Something else is up with you. And I don't even know what.

Amanda unconsciously fingers the pendant on her neck.

AMANDA

(Defensively) nothing is up. Look, I told you before, I just need...

DEJI

(wearily) ...some time to figure things out. Yeah. You said that last week. Amanda...

AMANDA

(Explodes) Can we not do this again please? Is it a crime to need space? Deji, We are not married.

The taxi driver glances questioningly at her through the rear mirror and Amanda self-consciously lowers her voice.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I NEED SPACE Deji.

DEJI
(Quietly) I just hope you remember
she was my friend too.

The line goes dead. Amanda hisses in consternation. We see her home screen is a picture of her, smiling beside a pretty light skinned girl. She lightly touches the picture. Her anger quickly morphing into sadness.

UBER DRIVER
Are you okay ma?

AMANDA
(Sighs) I'm fine.

She takes several deep breaths. She returns at her chat screen. AMAKILLA13 is still online. His question still displayed on the screen. Amanda hesitates.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Here you go again being all
mysterious.

AMAKILLA13
(...)

AMANDA
It'll just be nice to know
something about you besides the
obvious.

AMAKILLA13
(...)

AMANDA
???

AMAKILLA13
Lol. Ok... We will talk about me
tonight. But I have to tell you,
there is a price.

Amanda stares at her phone speculatively, whilst playing with the pendant. A shrewd look enters her eyes.

AMANDA
What's your price? I don't send
nudes, weirdo. lol

AMAKILLA13
(...)

AMANDA
Well?

AMAKILLA13
My price is simple. If I tell you,
I'll have to kill you.(Devil Emoji)

AMANDA
Lol.

AMAKILLA13
Agreed?

Amanda scoffs in the backseat of the Uber. She yawns tiredly and stares out the window for a few seconds, Then resumes typing.

AMANDA
You are funny. Talk joor.

AMAKILLA13
Agreed?

Amanda pauses, then shrugs away her unease. What's the worst that can happen?

AMANDA
Okay weirdo. I agree.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Now... your girlfriend???

AMAKILLA13
She died.

Amanda scoffs again. She peers out of the window, watching streetlights zip by. She glances at her phone as it beeps.

She frowns speculatively.

AMANDA
Wait, you are serious?

AMAKILLA13
(...)

Amanda's annoyance is quickly replaced by mortification.

AMANDA
Omg. I am so sorry. That's terrible. I recently lost someone too.

AMAKILLA13
I know.

That gives Amanda pause. She stares at the phone screen quizzically, quickly starts scrolling through their chat history. There are a lot of messages.

AMANDA

You do?

AMAKILLA13

(...)

AMANDA

Have you been stalking me?

AMAKILLA13

Absolutely.

AMANDA

Lol. Seriously, I don't remember telling you.

AMAKILLA13

(...)

AMANDA

Really tho, how do you know about that?

The taxi crawls to a stop in front of a small black gate. A lone streetlight illuminates the surroundings, casting long shadows. Muffled music can be heard from one of the neighbors.

UBER DRIVER

We have arrived at your destination ma. I will end your trip now.

AMANDA

Thank you. I'll rate you 5 stars.

UBER DRIVER

Thank you.

EXT. AMANDA'S RESIDENCE. CONTINUOUS. NIGHT

Amanda alights with her bag. She gives the driver a 5 star rating on the uber app and shows it to him.

UBER DRIVER

Okay ma, good night.

Amanda stands for a few seconds to watch as the car drives off. Her phone beeps.

She moves towards her gate, whilst digging through her bag for her keys. There is a noise close by. She spins around to see...

Nothing.

She seems to notice for the first time how deserted the street is.

There is that noise again. It sounds closer this time.

Amanda finds her keys and tries to open the gate...

It swings open.

Amanda freezes, staring at the gate, confused.

There's that noise again.

Amanda quickly goes in and shuts the gate behind her.

INT. AMANDA'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Amanda opens the door and clicks on the lights. It's a modest space with a couple of chairs and a small dining table in one corner.

She drops her bag on the dining table as she maneuvers around it and drops her phone on the center table before sinking into one of the chairs.

Her phone starts ringing again. It's Deji. She just lets it ring, massaging her temples and shutting her eyes.

The phone rings again. Amanda curses and grabs the phone.

AMANDA
(curtly) What?

DEJI
Babe, I'm sorry...

AMANDA
Look, I am too tired for this right now. Please.

DEJI
Amanda...

AMANDA
Good night.

She drops the phone back on the center table and leans back with a groan.

INT. AMANDA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Amanda drops her phone on the single bed as she undresses.. She catches her reflection in a mirror and lightly touches the pendant on her neck.

INT. SHOWER. NIGHT

Amanda sings softly as she takes a hot shower. There is a strange noise. Amanda switches off the shower and listens closely.

Nothing.

AMANDA

Hello?

Amanda steps out of the shower wrapped in a towel.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Is anybody there?

Nothing.

INT. AMANDA'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Amanda wanders into the sitting room. She takes a quick look around.

Nothing.

INT. AMANDA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

She walks back to the bedroom. Picks up her phone, there's a new message from AMAKILLA13. She glances briefly at her phone as she heads back to the bathroom... and freezes midstride.

AMAKILLA13

I know because I was the one who
killed her.

Amanda stares at her phone, unable to process what she is reading. Her face scrunches up in fury.

AMANDA

Excuse me?

AMAKILLA13

(...)

AMANDA

That is not even remotely funny.
Look, I have had a long day. Good
night.

Amanda drops the phone and turns to go back into the
bathroom. She pauses when a message comes in. And another.
And another. And another. Her phone keeps ringing out.

She moves to switch off her phone and freezes in shock. Shock
that slowly transforms into horror. We see what she sees.
Images. Gory close up images.

Of Uluoma.

AMANDA ((CONT'D)

(horrified) *oh my god, oh my god!

AMAKILLA13

iPhones have the best camera's,
don't you agree?

AMAKILLA13 (CONT'D)

You wanted to know what happened to
my girlfriend?
I killed her, Amanda.
I choked her and sliced her open.

AMAKILLA13 (CONT'D)

She begged and begged for her life.

AMANDA

I AM CALLING THE POLICE!!!

AMAKILLA13

(...)

There is a bang from outside. The gate!

Amanda is terrified. She goes to peep through her drapes. A
dark figure shuts the gate and moves towards the house.
Amanda stifles a scream and backpedals rapidly.

She rushes to the door and locks it behind her then tries to
dial a number on her phone but her hands can't stop shaking.

She manages to dial the emergency number for the police
whilst peeping out of her bedroom window. She looks left,
right...

The figure has vanished.

The emergency line begins to ring just as...

We hear a sound. It's from the front door. It squeaks as it swings open and close.

Amanda sinks into a corner of the room, afraid to even breathe. There is someone in her living room. In her house. AMAKILLA13?

There is a tinny sound from her phone. The emergency operator is talking. Amanda slowly puts the phone to her ear.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR
... Hello? Hello? What is your
emerg...

AMANDA
(Whispering) someone is in my
house.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR
Hello, can you please speak up?

There are footsteps moving around the living room. Amanda begins to cry softly.

AMANDA
There is a man in my house trying
to kill me. He murdered my friend.
Oh God! Please help me.

There is silence from the living room area. Amanda slowly approaches her bedroom door. And presses her ear to it.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR
Hello? Madam?

There is no sound from the other side of the door. Amanda steps back.

AMANDA
I need the police...

Somebody turns the handle of the door from the other side. Amanda screams and falls backwards in shock. The phone falls from her grasp.

DEJI (O.S.)
Amanda? Amanda are you okay? You
left your front door open.
Amanda? Open this door?

The scream dies on her lips. We recognize the voice! Amanda jumps to her feet relieved, opens the bedroom door and falls into his arms sobbing.

AMANDA

Deji! It's you. Thank God!

Deji(Tall, handsome, nerdy) holds her, clearly confused.

DEJI

Shh... It's okay. It's okay. It's just me.

INT. AMANDA'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Amanda sits on one of the chairs, sipping a hot mug of tea. She is dressed in casual clothes. Still shaken, but settling down. Deji is pacing, agitated.

DEJI

And you say you don't know this guy from Adam?

AMANDA

Yes.

DEJI

This is insane. Well, I've blocked him so he can't send you any more messages.

Deji scrolls through the messages again. He slows his pacing as he sees something he overlooked before.

DEJI (CONT'D)

You sure you don't know who this guy is?

AMANDA

I'm telling you...

DEJI

But he's sending you gifts?

Amanda looks contrite, ashamed. She fingers the pendant still on her neck and snatches it off. Deji stares at her suspiciously.

DEJI (CONT'D)

Is this why you have been acting distant? This... this guy?

Amanda's silence is answer enough. Deji just stares at her in disbelief. All the fight draining out of him.

DEJI (CONT'D)
(Quietly) why? What did I do? What didn't I do?

AMANDA
Deji... i...

DEJI
(Bitterly) Needed space to figure out some things. Right?

AMANDA
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have shut you out. I just... Oma...

Amanda breaks down again and starts crying softly. Deji's manner softens and he drops the phone and holds her gently, soothing her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... I'm so sorry..

DEJI
Shh... It's okay. Don't cry. In the morning, we'll go to the police station. We'll sort this thing out.

AMANDA
Can you stay? I don't want to be alone tonight.

DEJI
(Bemused) I thought you didn't want me to come over?

Amanda hugs him tighter and Deji chuckles quietly. They share a kiss.

DEJI (CONT'D)
I'm here for you. Okay? Always.

They kiss again. The kiss becoming more heated. Amanda drags him to the room.

INT. AMANDA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

They fall into bed. Deji untangles himself long enough to take off his shirt and place his phone and car keys on the dresser. They resume making out.

AMANDA
(Breathlessly) Do you have a condom
in your wallet?

DEJI
Hmmm... no...

There is aloud noise from the gate area. They stop kissing
her abruptly.

AMANDA
Was that the gate?

DEJI
(Sheepishly) I must have forgotten
to lock it earlier.
...Didn't think I'll be staying
this long.
I'll go make sure.

Deji gets up and throws on his shirt. He stops at the door
and turns back to stare hungrily at Amanda.

AMANDA
What?

DEJI
(smiling) Nothing. I just really
love you.

AMANDA
Then don't keep me waiting.

DEJI
(Leering) yes ma. You better have
only your birthday suit on when I
get back.

Deji exits and Amanda begins to get undressed.

The seconds begin to drag into minutes. Amanda begins to get
jittery again, she grabs her shirt and puts it on.

Deji's phone on the dresser vibrates and Amanda picks it up.
She is puzzled. It's a message from her phone.

It says...

KNOCK KNOCK.

Amanda looks around for her phone. Then rolls her eyes. Deji
and his games. Another message enters.

WE HAD AN AGREEMENT.

Amanda smiles, she begins to type a naughty reply but pauses when another message enters.

It's a picture of her living room.

There's a noise from the gate. Amanda moves to the window and peeps out.

It's Deji.

We watch as realization dawns, mutating into horror.

Who then is texting with her phone...? In her house!!!

Reacting instinctively, Amanda rushes and bolts her bedroom door and then backs away from it slowly.

Amanda dials her number with Deji's phone.

Silence.

The phone begins to ring...

Directly opposite the door!

Then nothing.

She hears the front door open... and close.

Silence.

Suddenly, the bedroom's door handle turns. Amanda is a wreck. She is sobbing in terror again. She rushes to the door when we hear Deji on the other side.

DEJI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Amanda?

AMANDA

(Frantic) Deji!!! He's here! He's in the house!! Oh God. He's in the House!!!

DEJI (O.S.)

What are you talking about? Babe, it's just me. Open the door.

AMANDA

Nooo. He's going to kill me... Like he killed Uluoma.

Amanda redials her number. It says network busy.

DEJI (O.S.)
Amanda, listen to me. There is no
one here... it's just me. Come on
babe. It's fi.....

DEJI (CONT'D)
(Alarmed) Hey? Who are you? How did
you get in?

Deji shouts. There are sounds of a struggle. It's short.
There is a gasp and a thud. Then silence. Amanda approaches
the door cautiously.

AMANDA
Deji? Deji? Oh God! Deji!

Silence.

She redials her number again. Network busy.

Amanda inches closer to the door.

Bang!

Something hits the door hard from the other side. Amanda
screams but stops when she hears Deji laughing.

DEJI
I'm sorry. I just had to. You made
it too easy.

AMANDA
You asshole!
That's not funny. That's not funny
at all.

DEJI
It's just me out here, joor. Open
the door.

Amanda hits the redial whilst turning the bolt and opening
the door. Deji stands alone in the doorway, a smug smile on
his face, arms spread wide in a conciliatory manner.

DEJI (CONT'D)
I told you, it's just m...

Amanda's phone begins to ring...

Behind Deji.

Deji gasps suddenly, eyes wide in shock, his whole body
suddenly stiff, quivering. He tries to say something but
blood bubbles out of his mouth.

Amanda just stands there. Stunned. Disbelieving. Terrified.

Deji tries to take a step forward but his legs don't work and he goes down to reveal...

A guy dressed in black (we don't see his face), head to toe. Holding a bloody knife and her cell phone.

AMAKILLA13

Hello Amanda.

Amanda begins to scream as he steps over Deji and starts towards her.

BLACK OUT:

INT. AMANDA'S RESIDENCE- NIGHT

It's quiet. Almost as if everyone is asleep. Or dead. There is a pool of blood on the floor. Camera shutter sounds and subsequent flashes come from beyond the half open bedroom door.

AMAKILLA13 emerges from the room. With the bloody knife and a cell phone. He moves slowly through the living room. He stops to pick up the pendant lying on the center table and pockets it then sinks into the couch and sighs.

He logs into his social media page, scrolling through till he finds Amanda. He unfollows her and erases their message log. He does the same thing on her phone.

He then changes his handle to AMAKILLA14.

His phone beeps. It's a DM from one TOMILICIOUS95.

TOMILICIOUS95

Hi handsome.

AMAKILLA14 hesitates for a second. Then he begins to scroll through her pictures. She'll do nicely.

He follows her.

He slowly begins to type. (Chat bubbles onscreen)

AMAKILLA14

Hey gorgeous. How's it going?

THE END

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