

SIREN IN THE STORM

Written by

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During a storm, a lone park ranger finds herself unexpectedly alone with a stranger as distrust grows and an unknown danger closes in.

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INT. PARK RANGER CABIN - NATIONAL PARK - NIGHT

A small, wooden cabin. The only light comes from the window as lightning flashes outside. The glass RATTLES against the wind and rain.

RANGER JANE (32, self-reliant and alone) is slumped over her desk beneath the window, asleep. She is surrounded by neatly stacked logbooks, park maps and weather reports.

Thunder RUMBLES. Jane starts to stir. A beat. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Jane jolts awake, GASPING. Her eyes wide and disorientated. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Slowly, she pushes herself up.

JANE
(Whispering)
What the hell...?

She stumbles towards a drawer, hands shaking as she grabs a torch. Hesitantly, she moves closer to the door.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. A beat. The door SHAKES in the wind. Jane pauses, then flings it open.

ETHAN (29, alert and breathless) jumps back, clutching a handheld 2-way radio to his chest. His clothes cling to him as water runs down his face, plastering his hair to his forehead.

ETHAN
(Panting)
You called for help?

JANE
What?... Who are you?

Jane stares at him. Ethan lifts the radio. It CRACKLES.

RADIO (O.S.)-(JANE VOICE PANICKED)
Please...help..anyone..I'm at Creek
Cabin... Please hurry.

Jane freezes, her mouth hanging open. The voice repeats, distorted.

RADIO (O.S.)-(JANE VOICE) (CONT'D)
Creek...Cabin...Please...anyone.

Jane's face drains of colour. She grabs Ethan, pulling him inside, slamming the door shut. She whips around to face him, torch in his face. The radio CRACKLES again.

JANE
 (Shaking)
 Turn it off.

ETHAN
 What?

JANE
 I said turn it off!

Ethan quickly presses the power button. The STATIC stops.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (Sharply)
 Is this some kind of joke? How did
 you do it?

Ethan raises his hands, scoffing.

ETHAN
 Whoa...do what? Get soaked?...
 Nearly struck by lightning?

JANE
 You show up, with my voice playing
 on your radio. That's impossible!

ETHAN
 How's it impossible? You just said
 it yourself, it's your voice! I'm
 having a hard time believing you
 didn't send it!

JANE
 I never made that call! You must
 have done something!

Ethan takes a step closer, narrowing his eyes.

ETHAN
 Me? You're joking, right? I hiked
 through the storm to come and help
 you.

JANE
 You appear in the middle of the
 night, with my voice on your radio,
 and now you're acting all innocent?

ETHAN
 I heard the distress call and
 followed it here. That's it.
 (A beat)

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Look, you're obviously ok, so as soon as this storm stops, I'm gone.

Jane stiffens.

JANE

You're not taking the radio. Until I know what the hell is going on, it stays here.

ETHAN

It's mine.

He takes a step towards the door. Jane blocks him. Ethan's jaw tightens.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Move.

JANE

No.

Ethan tries to step around her. Jane lunges, grabbing the radio. They struggle. The torch beam swings around wildly.

ETHAN

Let go!

JANE

Give it to me!

SCREEEEEEEECH. A burst of static. They freeze.

RADIO (O.S.)(JANE VOICE)

(Whispering, warped)

Finally...you're both...here...

Jane drops her hands, looking at Ethan, eyes wide.

JANE

(Shaken, quiet)

What the fuck... turn it off.

Ethan stares at the radio's screen. It's black. Slowly, he looks up at Jane.

ETHAN

(Quietly, eyes wide)

It's... already off.

Silence, then THUD. A DRAGGING sound across the roof. The torch flickers...then cuts out.