

Cold Feet

Written by:  
Faisal Hashmi

For The 48 Hour Film Project Dubai

INT. UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR - DAY

FIRAS walks down the corridor. He looks fatigued.

He passes by the library to see AMY sitting in the library, using her laptop.

She looks at him, smiling.

Firas looks back and nods, smiling as well. Continues on towards his room.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Firas enters, clearly worn out.

He drops his whistle on the table. Sits down on the chair, trying to catch a breath.

A knock on the door. OMAR, a student approaches. Wiping his head with a towel. Still fresh from a shower after the game.

OMAR

I wanted to talk to you about what happened at the match, Mr. Firas.

FIRAS

Let's not talk about it.

OMAR

I think it was pretty unfair. You canned me out of the match pretty early on, ref. I'm the star player of the team.

FIRAS

You were aggressive towards the other player despite warnings. Repeated warnings. Let's try this. Do you want to trade places? What would you have done instead?

Omar doesn't have much to say. Looks down in admittance.

FIRAS (cont'd)

Look, Omar. Just go home. Cool down and come for practice tomorrow. I expect better from my star player.

Firas smiles. Omar can't help but smile back despite being upset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He leaves.

Firas takes a deep breath once again. He tries to look at his computer for a bit. But he can't keep his eyes open.

He slowly dozes off.

INT. ROOM - LATER

Firas suddenly wakes up with a jolt.

He quickly looks at the time - it's 8PM. He packs up his bag and begins to leave out the door.

INT. UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The corridor lights are dim. Definitely empty and after hours.

He continues down the corridor. Heading towards the exit.

Just before he leaves, he stops and looks at something. A bag lies on the ground. Open, with books spilling out.

A bag that belongs to Omar.

He picks it up, packing it back in. Picks up his phone and gives a call to Omar.

TRINNG. TRINNG.

Firas can hear a ringtone. Distant. But inside the college. Did Omar not leave yet?

Firas slowly follows the source of the sound. Heads deeper into the university. The sound is definitely increasing.

He finally arrives at the end of the line. The ringtone is louder than ever.

And then he sees it. The phone lying on the ground. Ringing.

Firas goes and picks it up. Puzzled.

As he gets up and turns to the side, he sees him.

Omar. Standing upright in the corner. Looking straight ahead. Dead straight.

It's as if he's petrified. Does not move at all. Wide eyed. Stationary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Firas is surprised. He approaches him slowly.

FIRAS  
Omar? Is everything OK? Why didn't  
you go home yet?

But Omar doesn't answer. He's visibly shaking. But doesn't budge an inch.

His face drips with sweat. His wide eyeballs are the only things that move as he takes extremely short bursts of breaths. Eyeballs that seem to be indicating something.

FIRAS (cont'd)  
Omar, are you OK?

Omar doesn't reply. Firas looks down all the way.

He notices a circle around Omar. He crouches down to see it clearly.

It's a circle made of blood.

That's when he notices Omar's left hand. He's grabbing on to a crumpled envelope. Blood marks on the envelope as well.

Firas tries to pull the envelope out of his hands. It's as if Omar is grabbing on to it. But Firas manages to remove it and open it up.

There's a white sheet inside. Only a number on it.

1.

Smearred in blood instead of ink.

A football passes down on the the corridor.

Firas is puzzled. He slowly begins to walk towards it.

Omar begins to twitch. Still in his place, but his head seems to be moving. As if trying to say no.

FIRAS (cont'd)  
(while walking away)  
Look, I don't know what's going on.  
Just stay here, alright? I'll come  
back.

Firas continues down the hallway. As he moves closer, he can hear a scratching sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He nears the library. The lights are off. But the sound is definitely coming from inside. He switches on the light.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

AMY is sitting at the same place she was sitting earlier. Only now, she has a large paper in front of her. She scribbles on the piece of paper.

Her face has two streams of blood coming out of her eye.

Firas is visibly tensed. He slowly approaches her, cautious.

Amy is in a similar state like Omar. Her body not moving. But it can't help shiver. Her eyeballs moving as well. Following Firas as he approaches her.

Firas tries to look at what she's drawing. It's a scribbling of a monster of some sort.

Firas notices underneath her. The same circle of blood. As if it binds her there.

She too grabs an envelope in her hand. Firas tears it off her hands.

2. Smearred in blood again.

Firas is now terrified. He runs out of the library. Towards the main door.

Amy begins to twitch. Rocking her head along. As if to say no. Just like Omar.

Firas reaches the main door. He grabs to open it.

It doesn't budge.

He shakes the door knob viciously, hoping for it to open. But no luck.

That's when he sees an envelope edged between the door. He picks it up. Tears it open.

It has the number 3. Smearred in blood.

He looks down. Finds himself in the same circle of blood.

He looks back up. Petrified. Just like the others. A shadowy figure forming behind him.

END.