

OUT OF TIME

Written by
Jackie Aremu

PRODUCED BY UMERAPRODUCTIONS

COPYRIGHT 2026. ALL RIGHTS
RESERVED. NO PORTION OF THIS
SCRIPT MAY BE REFORMED,
PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED, SOLD OR
DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS,
WITHOUT THE PRIOR CONSENT OF
UMERA PRODUCTIONS.

UMERAPRODUCTIONS@GMAIL.COM

FADE IN:

INT. DAY - ELLIOT'S APARTMENT

ELLIOT slams awake on the hardwood floor, slightly bleeding from his nose. He doesn't gasp; he checks his watch immediately. It's 4:12 PM. He looks at the floor next to him. A single, neon-yellow sticky note is stuck to the wood.

It reads: "PHASE 42. DON'T LOOK IN THE FRIDGE."

ELLIOT scoffs. He rips the note off and sticks it to a wall already covered in dozens of identical notes. He's been here before. He knows the rhythm. He grabs a marker and draws a black line across his own forearm.

The room begins to hum. It's a low-frequency vibration. ELLIOT doesn't panic; he moves around the apartment looking for his phone. He finds it near the kitchen floor.

ELLIOT

There you are.

He bends to pick it up and records a voice memo on his phone.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

(to his phone, desperate) Note 42 is a lie. The fridge isn't the trap.

Suddenly, a glitch hits. The camera shutters rapidly. ELLIOT is suddenly five feet to the left, standing over a spilled glass of water that wasn't there a second ago. He looks at his arm. The black line he drew is gone.

ELLIOT

What the hell? (Confused)

He freezes, looking towards the fridge. He approaches the fridge. Taped to the handle is a new note, written in his own handwriting:

"IF YOU OPEN THIS, YOU KILL US BOTH."

ELLIOT pauses. He tilts his head, calculating, weighing the risk.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Wrong move, ELLIOT...

He rips the fridge door open.

There is no food. The interior is bathed in an eerie, oscillating blue light from a single, high-tech LED clock taped to the center shelf. The timer is at 00:09.

But he ignores the clock. He's looking at the top back wall inside the fridge, searching for something. His eyes circle back to the clock. He pauses.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
(to himself) 9 minutes. Cables...
Disengage. No... break it.

He looks again at the clock, its down to 00:01.

ELLIOT
Shit.

ELLIOT takes the clock out the fridge, and slams it on the floor. The humming stops.

SMASH CUT:

INT. DAY - ELLIOT'S APARTMENT

ELLIOT is back on the floor. He wakes up. It's 4:12 PM. He looks at the floor. No sticky note. He looks at the wall. It's bare, empty.

He stands up, breathes a sigh of relief, and heads to the kitchen to get a glass of water. He reaches for the fridge handle, then stops. Taped to the back of his own hand is a final, small, transparent piece of tape with one word written in his handwriting:

"RUN."

CUT TO:

PITCH BLACK.

"OUT OF TIME"

THE END