

"HOUSEGUEST"

Screenplay by
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FADE IN: BEGIN TITLES

EXT. FRONT DOOR- MORNING

He fumbles with the keys for what seems to be an eternity. The stubborn lock just won't turn. Finally, the key slides in and the deadbolt turns. Quickly he enters the house.

INT. HOUSE- FRONT HALLWAY

Through the front door the man enters. Tall, and straight out of a 50's movie. Greased back hair, white t-shirt and rolled up jeans over his black boots. He drops his jacket and duffel bag on the floor beside him. Cautiously, the man looks down.

He glances at the pile of mail. Pulling the envelope stack to him showing the mailing label with David's name. He thumbs through the stack, seeing nothing important drops it back on the table and proceeds into the house.

INT. HOUSE- LIVING ROOM

The man stops to take off his boots, then makes his way over to a large, very comfortable looking sofa. He falls backwards into it and puts his feet on the coffee table then settles in.

He picks up the remote control and begins channel surfing, eventually settling on an old horror film in progress. Silently, he sits watching until he is disturbed by a rumbling in his stomach.

CUT TO: INT. KITCHEN

The man enters the room, flipping on the light switch to his left. The kitchen is brightly lit, filled with culinary tools and gadgets. He glances to the clock which reads 11:30 then heads over to the refrigerator. He opens it, and rummages through its contents. He opens a cardboard container to find some left over Chinese. He grabs one of the bottles of beer, closes the door and grabs a fork from the drawer before heading back into the living room.

TRACKING SHOT: BACK TO LIVING ROOM

The man sits back down and enjoys his meal.

FADE OUT.

QUICK CUT.

INT. LIVING ROOM

SFX: HORN OR TRAIN

Antsy, he glances to the clock on the wall to see it is now 1:15 pm.

MAN

(SIGHING)

It's the waitin' that kills me. God damn. Well, it'll be playtime soon.

Noticing his movie has ended, he goes back to channel surfing. He stops briefly on a porn channel then turns the television off.

MAN

Seen one cocksucker, seen em all. 140 channels is too god damned much for any man.

He pulls himself off the couch an begins wandering about the house, eventually finding his way to the basement.

CUT TO: INT. BASEMENT- FINISHED PLAYROOM WITH A VIDEO AREA, COUCH, POOL/GAMING TABLE AND A BAR IN THE CORNER.

The man enters the main room in the basement and flips on the light. Glancing around the room, his eyes find the bar in the corner of the room. As he crosses to the bar, he stops in front of the mirror. He checks himself out for a moment. He reaches into his pocket and pulling out his comb, puts everything back into place. Pointing his fingers in a shooting motion he gives a wink.

MAN

(slyly)

Alright.

He laughs to himself and looks over the clock, and once seeing that not enough time has been killed, sighs and rolls his eyes. Continuing to the bar, he spots a bottle of Whiskey and pours a glass. Sipping on his glass, he walks over to a large video shelf and starts looking through the movies. He finds one that catches his eye and sits down to watch it.

While he watches the movie, his mind begins to wander about his upcoming work. A noticeable look of enjoyment shines over his face and while continuing to sip on his drink he realizes that the movie he'd been half paying attention to is over. He glances up at the clock to see that the time is now 2:45.

MAN

Time to go to work!

Excited, he quickly gets up from the couch and turns the television off. He hustles over to the bar and refills his glass one last time and then heads upstairs. He stops in the kitchen, takes a big drink then sets the glass down on the counter. Then he heads into the garage.

INT. GARAGE

The man walks into the garage from the side door connecting the house. He quickly walks around the room, spotting a large roll of plastic and picks it up. He quickly glances around the shelves for a roll of tape and finds it. He snaps it up as well and before he heads back inside, stops to grab the hacksaw that just caught his eye.

TRACKING SHOT: FOLLOWING MAN BACK DOWN TO BASEMENT. 2
QUICK CUT: POV SHOT: PLASTIC ROLL BEING UNROLLED ACROSS
FLOOR. POV SHOT: PLASTIC ROLLING INTO CAMERA.

The man is rolling the plastic sheet out across the floor and taping it off along the walls, covering virtually the entire floor of the basement room. He puts the movie back into it's slot on the shelf and heads back upstairs singing to himself.

MAN

(singing)

WELL, THEY'RE BUILDING A GALLOWS

OUTSIDE MY CELL I'VE GOT

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES TO GO.

CUT TO: MAN WALKING THROUGH BASEMENT DOOR BACK TO KITCHEN.

The man enters back into the kitchen and walks over to the center island. He picks up his drink and takes another sip. He finds and holds up the largest knife in the kitchen and smiles while still singing.

MAN

(singing)

SO I LAUGHED IN HIS FACE

AND I SPIT IN HIS EYE!

He glances back over to the clock to see that the time is 4:05. He chuckles to himself when he realizes that he's singing "25 Minutes To Go" by Johnny Cash and there really is twenty five more minutes before he begins his work.

MAN

(laughing)

25 minutes to go! I'll drink to that!

He takes another drink then shakes his head smiling and laughing. He then places the knife down on the cutting board. He flips the light switch and walks out of the room. He glances at the clock which now reads 4:30. His face seems to change as he downs the rest of the glass and puts it down.

He thinks to himself that it's time to get his game face on and that thought is clearly visible when he looks back up. He glances around the room for a brief moment to make sure all the prep work has been completed when he hears keys in the lock. He grabs the knife off the cutting board, then slides carefully back through the hallway.

MAN

(quietly)

Time to make the donuts.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY- OPENING DOOR.

David enters the doorway in a clumsy manner, dropping his computer bag in the process. He catches himself and his laptop before they both crash and puts it along with a new stack of mail on the table.

DAVID

(run down and tired)

Fuck that place. I'm too good for that bullshit. I need a drink.

He makes his way through the house to the basement door. He momentarily stops to kick off his shoes, then decides his desire for a drink outweighs the need to stop and continues on his way, not noticing the shadow that has moved swiftly and silently behind him.

He slowly moves down the steps, his newly acquired shadow keeping in perfect time. He crosses the basement floor straight to the bar. He picks up the bottle of Whiskey and notices the cap is off. Almost as quick as he realizes it, he glances down and sees that he is standing on plastic. Before he has a chance to process this, he feels the cold steel enter his back.

It enters slowly at first, then with a sharp, twisting motion it pulls out quickly. As the pain signals up his spine to his brain, the steel enters and exits several more times. David now knows what is happening, he is being stabbed to death. Just as David realizes this, he sees out of the corner of his right eye that the knife has changed course and is now going into his chest.

QUICK CUT: POV- KNIFE COMING ROUND FROM RIGHT SIDE

David begins to muster up a cry for help, but is stopped on the left side by a hand.

QUICK CUT: POV- HAND COVERING DAVID'S MOUTH FROM LEFT SIDE

The hand lands firmly in place and to the point, stifling his cries for help. David has a desperate look in his eyes as he fights for his life. David kicks and struggles but to no avail, the knife keeps coming in and out of his chest.

QUICK CUT: POV- KNIFE STABBING IN AND OUT OF DAVID'S CHEST.

BLOOD SPATTERS LIKE RAIN, DECORATING THE ROOM

QUICK CUT: CLOSE UP- DAVID'S EYES ROLLING BACK INTO HIS HEAD

David's body falls limp and the killer violently continues his work. The man stabs furiously with quick and heavy jabs until he lays out of breath over David's body. Still holding the knife, he falls forward close to David. With a gleam in his eye, the man takes a few minutes to admire his handy work.

His eyes survey the body, like a canvas and runs his fingers through the blood. The smile does not seem to fit his face. An innocent playful smile that belies the face of evil. He runs his fingers through David's hair.

MAN

(talking to David's body)

Good thing I'd been keepin' tabs on you! If I'd just showed up, I'd been worried about bein' interrupted! But you just a lonely ol' city boy aint'cha! Yes sir, I learned that while watchin' you these last couple weeks and I got all night to play with you.

He spends more time with the body, gutting the stomach and playing with the intestines and other bodily organs. He has the excitement of a child on Christmas, who just got that toy they'd been dreaming of. He creates a masterpiece of blood and body parts that would turn the stomachs of even the hardest men. He fondles the organs, wrapping the intestines around his neck like a feather boa and tossing them around.

After some time, the man gets up and walks around to the back of the bar to pick up the saw he brought down earlier. He walks over to his new creation and decides to start with the arm. One limb at a time, he cuts through them with the saw. He stops once or twice to make sure the blade wasn't breaking. As he cuts he is singing to himself again.

MAN

(singing)

GOODBYE LITTLE DARLIN,

I'LL MISS YOU

He continues to sing as he cuts, with a voice that hints that he might be singing about a sad memory from his past rather than the lifeless body below him. Then his demeanor shifts slightly as he saws off David's head.

MAN

Boy, that was pretty smart of me to put that plastic down. Smart thinking, Dave here's a bleeder!

He then reaches down and picks up David's head and holds it up in front of him.

MAN

Dave, you're a bleeder! I ain't seen this much blood since that lil' girl down in Hendersonville! And Dave, lemme tell ya, boy did she bleed gallons!

He puts David's head back down on the floor, petting it and chuckling to himself. It takes him a while, but he gets the body dismembered and he finishes. He stands over the pieces and glances over his own body seeing all the blood.

MAN

(laughing)

It's seems I've been rather naughty..

He stops for another moment and takes one last look at what he's done. He lets out a heavy sigh.

MAN

Boy work was rough today! I need a shower.

He slowly walks toward the steps and before he reaches the edge of the plastic, stops to take off his socks. Careful not to get blood on anything, he heads back upstairs and makes his way into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM- SHOWER

The man steps into the shower and washes the blood off his body. Carefully he puts his clothes into a plastic bag and in his underwear, heads back to the living room to get the clothes from his bag. He then takes the entire pile of clothes and takes them to David's washing machine and starts the laundry cycle. The man then heads back to the bathroom and cleans the remaining blood off of the sink, floor and bathtub.

TRACKING SHOT: FOLLOWING MAN BACK DOWNSTAIRS TO THE BASEMENT

INT. BASEMENT

The man sits at the bar and picks up the pair of pants David was wearing. He digs into his pocket and searches it. He finds a stack of cash in his wallet and counts it, finding it to be \$308.

MAN

Hmm..308, that oughta get me a ways.

He sticks the wad in his pocket and puts on a pair of gloves and gets down on his knees. He puts each piece of David's body into a plastic trash bag and seals them one at a time. Humming a tune to himself as he works. He looks up at the clock to see that it is 10:45 at night and he gets up and walks to a back room of the basement.

INT. BASEMENT BACK ROOM

The man enters the room searching for an area to dispose of the bags. His face lights up as he spots a large furnace/fireplace type structure. He walks over to it and after a moment of trying to figure out how it works, he ignites the flame. He rushes back and forth bringing the trash bags containing the body parts as well as the plastic sheet and piece by piece throws them into the fire. He takes a few more minutes to finish up downstairs, making sure to wipe all traces of him ever being there.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The man walks through the living room in his underwear and plops himself down on the couch. He turns the television back on and soon finds that nothing much is on now either. He sits for a few minutes when he hears his stomach rumbling. It takes him a few minutes to get up the energy, the nights events have left him tired. He drags himself off the couch and makes his way to the kitchen.

TRACKING SHOT. FOLLOWING MAN INTO KITCHEN

The man rummages through the fridge once again and like his earlier run, settles on leftover Chinese and a beer. He gets a clean fork and heads back into the living room.

TRACKING SHOT. FOLLOWING MAN BACK INTO LIVING ROOM

The man sits back down on the couch and hurriedly eats his makeshift feast and gets halfway into his beer before setting it on the table. Then he slides down into the couch and waits for his clothes to finish. He dozes off to sleep.

SFX. DRYER BUZZER ALARM

The man suddenly jolts awake at the sound of the buzzer. He gets up slowly and moves back toward the kitchen to get another beer.

CUT TO. MAN WALKING BACK INTO KITCHEN

He opens the fridge again and grabs another beer. After opening it, he heads to the stairs.

CUT TO. ANGLE DOWN- MAN WALKING UP THE STAIRS

He crosses the hall and enters into David's bedroom.

TRACKING SHOT. FOLLOWING MAN DOWN HALL INTO THE BEDROOM

He enters the bedroom and begins rummaging through looking for anything he can steal. He finds in a jar on the bed another \$138 and a couple rings. He digs through the closets and drawers for clothing but finds only two or three t-shirts.

MAN

Well..couple shirts, little cash and some rings...can pawn those. Ain't much but it'll get me down the road.

MAN

(singing)

I AM A HIGHWAY MAN AGAIN

MAN

Now I gotta make my ass Claude Rains. One last maid check, then I'm invisible. He then heads out of the room.

QUICK CUT. MONTAGE- THE MAN CLEANING EACH ROOM HE HAS BEEN IN WIPING ALL TRACES OF HIS EVER BEING THERE

He takes the towels he used to clean, places them in a shopping bag and places them in his duffel bag. He finishes tidying up, then takes his bag, jacket and boots toward the front door. He heads back to the end of the hall to turn off the light and sees the clock which now says 4:00 am. He heads back and stops briefly by the mirror and looks at himself once again giving the little hand gun motion.

MAN

(winking)

Lookin' good. Feelin' good. Alright.

He then opens the door and before shutting it, wipes the knob on both sides with a tissue to remove his prints. He sits down on the front step and puts his boots on, then stands and puts his jacket on. He picks up his duffel bag and slinging it over his shoulder walks off into the night singing to himself.

MAN

(singing)

I GO A WALKIN' AFTER MIDNIGHT,

OUT IN THE STARLIGHT,

I GO A WALKIN AFTER MIDNIGHT,

SEARCHIN FOR YOU.

FADE OUT

END TITLES.

THE END