

Basement

An original screenplay by

Kris Monroe

Kris Monroe
Ipsum Films, LLC
ipsumfilms@gmail.com
605 280 5563

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT

RANDALL guides HARRIS down into the room with a gun to his head. Harris normally towers over Randall, but not today. Harris stumbles on the stairs, hands in front of himself.

Randall shoves Harris into a wall, face first. Gun aimed at Harris, Randall clangs a folding chair open.

RANDALL

Sit!

Randall forces Harris into the chair.

RANDALL

Stay.

Randall secures Harris' hands to the chair with zip ties.

HARRIS

PLEASE! You don't know what's going on!

Blood sprays from Harris' mouth with a smack from the butt of the gun.

Randall moves to secure a foot, barrel pressing into Harris' back. Harris kicks Randall and stands, chair attached.

BANG! Bullet pelts into Harris' side. Harris writhes with pain.

BANG! The second burst through his upper leg, he falls back landing hard with the chair under him.

RANDALL

Stop! STOP!

HARRIS

Please.

RANDALL

STOP IT! ...

Randall secures Harris' ankles to the chair.

Locking eyes, Randall's filled with hatred and murder. Harris' gushing with fear and confusion.

RANDALL

What did you do to my wife?

HARRIS

YOUR WIFE!?

RANDALL
Why are you in my house?!

HARRIS
This is MY house!

Hitting Harris across the face, blood is drawn.

Both men stare silently. Hate, fear, and the inevitable, burns like electricity between in their eyes. Blood drips from Harris' hair and lips.

RANDALL
You come into my house. You do the unforgivable. You take *her* life and have the balls to call this your house!?

HARRIS
WE'RE IN LIMBO, MAN!

Randall stands straight, barrel pressing into Harris' forehead.

HARRIS
I'M SORRY! Fine. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Let me explain! Let me try at least. ... There's a lot more to this!

Randall lowers the gun. Torture in his eyes.

RANDALL
Humor me.

They stare far longer than comfortable.

Randall presses the barrel into Harris' thigh wound.

Harris cringes in severe pain, emitting a blood chilling grunt. Randall smiles with sick pleasure.

Harris swings his head forward, the blow dizzies Randal. Following through with the attack, Harris lands on his side. Still bound.

Randall shakes it off while Harris squirms hoping for a loose tie.

Kicking Harris in the stomach repeated, Randall's foot lodges into the expanding wound.

Harris is passing out from the loss of blood and sheer pain.

Unsatisfied, Randall brings one hard punch across Harris' face. ... Harris fades in and out of consciousness.

Spitting on Harris, Randall circles the room catching his breath. ... Harris roles over with a low, guttural, sound.

RANDALL

I come home to a slaughtered wife
and you try to tell me this is YOUR
house!? No. Something's wrong with
you. .. Reality issues. Expecting
"sorry" to be enough.

Randall squatting next to him.

RANDALL

Do you have a family?

He searches Harris' wallet, throwing aside money and various cards.

RANDALL

I bet you're a family man, huh? For
their sake, better hope you're not.

Randall pulls a picture from the wallet.

Written on the back of the small image: "Your loving wife.
Forever, yours - Laura"

Randall's face looses it's color; turning the picture
around, the picture is the image of HIS wife, Laura.

RANDALL

No.

Randall is in shock.

RANDALL

What did you do with her?!

Randall holds the picture to Harris' eyes.

RANDALL

Why do you have this picture of my
Laura!? This is MY PICTURE.

Randall stands, frantically pulling a picture from his own
wallet.

RANDALL

This is my wife-

The image is of Laura; the same that Harris had.

RANDALL

No. No!

Denying the situation and wanting nothing more than to escape it, Randall fires into Harris' limp body. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! ... Until the clip empties. ... Click. Click.

Wiping sweat from his forehead and saliva from his open mouth, Randall takes a few misguided steps, slumping, hard, on the steps; looking back at the picture that he pulled from his own wallet.

Laura's face in the picture has been scratched out, replaced by a 'Smiley Face' drawn in black marker. Randall flicks the picture away.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, NIGHT

The closed basement door. Muffled footsteps climb the stairs. Randall comes through the door, looking like a wreck after murdering Harris.

He sets the gun on the kitchen table as he passes, heading for the kitchen window. Leaning heavily on the counter top, gazing out the window, Randall is trying to fathom what just happened. Trembling.

Behind him, the gun cocks.

Laura stands in the bedroom doorway, aiming at Randall's chest. She's unharmed and void of all signs of injury.

LAURA

Get out of my house.

RANDALL

Laura!?

LAURA

GET OUT!

RANDALL

I thought you were dead! That guy-

Randall steps toward Laura.

LAURA

Stop! Don't take another step. I

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

know how to use my husband's gun.

She slides a new clip into the Beretta.

RANDALL

Laura, listen.

LAURA

How do you know my name? Who are you?!

RANDALL

Put the gun down.

Randall steps toward Laura. Laura backs up.

LAURA

Stop!

BANG! Laura backs into the wall, BANG! She missed. Randall lurches forward, holding Laura against the wall, fighting for the gun. Laura lets go of the gun, ducks under Randall's grasp, grabbing a knife from the counter.

Laura and Randall freeze. Randall holds the gun in submission.

Laura, feeling trapped, lunges forward with the knife. Trying to stop her, Randall misguides the knife into her stomach -

BANG! The gun fires into Laura's gut. The gun falls from his grip and Randall tries to guide her fall.

At a complete loss for sound, Randall holds his dying wife.

The front door opens and Harris enters. Already closing the door when he turns to realize what is happening in his kitchen.

Harris freezes, witnessing a strange, blood covered man, holding his dying wife.

HARRIS

Laura.

Harris sees the gun and runs for it. Randall, in even further disbelief, tries for the gun with one hand, the other still holding Laura's limp, quivering, body.

Harris stands back, aiming at Randall's forehead.

HARRIS

Let her go.

RANDALL

She's-

HARRIS

GET AWAY FROM MY WIFE!!

RANDALL

YOUR wife!?

HARRIS

Shut your mouth. Move. MOVE!

RANDALL

Something is wrong here.

HARRIS

You in my house is what's wrong here. Get up.

Randall gently sets Laura down. He stands, leaving the knife in Laura's stomach. Hands raised. Shocked. Harris steps toward Randall, gun at his face.

HARRIS

What have you done with my wife?

RANDALL

She's not your wife, man.

Harris hits Randall across the face and kicks him into a wall.

HARRIS

Say it one more time.

RANDALL

Talk this out with me and I can explain.

HARRIS

Down the stairs.

RANDALL

Downstairs?

HARRIS

Basement. GO!

Randall turns, slowly walking toward the basement door. Overflowing with fear and confusion. Tears pool in Harris' eyes, along with hatred and murder.