

DING DONG DITCH

By

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OVER BLACK

A doorbell RINGS.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The small colonial is quaint, well kept.

The porch-light pops on, illuminates the front door.

It opens and MATT, 48, wears pajama pants and a white t-shirt, steps out onto the small concrete porch. He looks around, his brow furrows.

A group of YOUNG KIDS run from the front lawn. They GIGGLE as they disappear into the darkness.

Matt raises his fist, shakes it with anger.

MATT
You damn kids! Come back on my
property and you'll regret it!

He turns, goes back inside.

MATT (CONT)
Little pricks...

The door closes behind him.

All is still and quiet.

Crickets CHIRP.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The area is well furnished and clean.

The original "HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL" plays on a flat-screen.

Matt sits in a recliner. He finishes off a can of beer, sets it on a nearby end-table.

He BURPS.

ON THE T.V.

A skeleton approaches a terrified woman.

BACK TO SCENE

Matt smirks, CRACKS open another beer and takes a swig.

The doorbell RINGS.

The smirk on Matt's face quickly turns to a frown as he glares at the front door.

MATT

You gotta be shitting me.

He sets his beer down on the end-table, stands and moves for the front door.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door swings open and Matt steps out.

No one's there.

The whole neighborhood is eerily quiet.

MYSTERY P.O.V.

HEAVY, MUFFLED BREATHING.

We watch Matt from behind some bushes as he shakes his head, SNIGGERS. He turns and goes back inside, SLAMS the door behind him.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt moves back to the recliner, sits down.

A cellphone RINGS.

Annoyed, Matt closes his eyes and leans his head back.

MATT

Fuuuck.

He gets up and leaves the room.

MATT (O.S.)

Hey. Yeah... Yes. I haven't forgotten. Jesus, did you call just to nag?... I'll be there to pick him up in the morning... Yeah... Yep.

Matt reenters the room, sits in the recliner. He puts his cellphone down on the end-table, grabs his beer and takes a big gulp.

The doorbell RINGS.

Disbelief spreads across his face as he looks over to the front door.

MATT
Jesus Christ.

Beer still in hand, he stands and marches to the door.

MATT (CONT)
You'd better hope I don't catch-

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens and Matt steps out, clearly heated.

MATT (CONT)
-Your punk-asses. I'll beat the
piss out of you!

Again, no one's there.

Matt whips his head back and forth.

He bites his lip, frustrated.

Another quick look around. Then he steps back inside, SLAMS the door shut.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt fumes towards the recliner.

Just as he reaches it--

--The doorbell RINGS.

He straightens up, clinches his jaw.

His face turns beat red.

It RINGS again. And again.

Then a rock SMASHES through the living room window.

Startled, Matt drops his beer to the floor. He looks from the rock to the broken window, bewildered.

MATT
Are you fuckin' kidding me!?

Matt dashes for the front door, opens it.

MATT
You're so fuckin' dead.

A MASKED MAN, maybe late 20's, tall and thin, wears a blood spattered jacket and a rubber old man mask, barges in and shoves Matt to the ground. He SLAMS the door behind him.

MATT
What the fuck!?

The Masked Man grips a bloody serrated blade. He takes DEEP, HEAVY BREATHS.

MASKED MAN
Ginger, Ginger broke a winder. Hit
the window- CRACK!

He glares down at Matt, casually tilts his head to the side.

MASKED MAN
The baker came out to give'em a
clout. And landed on his back.

Terrified, Matt looks from the Masked Man to the serrated blade, crawls backwards on the floor until his back is against the wall.

The Masked Man moves towards Matt.

MATT
Wait. Wait... WAIT!

The Masked Man raised the blade high.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crickets CHIRP. An Owl HOOTS.

A long beat.

Then Matt SCREAMS O.S. The scream is suddenly cut short.

A deafening silence engulfs the neighborhood.

Then, the front door opens and the Masked Man steps out, closes the door behind him.

He looks to the cloudless night sky, takes a DEEP BREATH.

Fresh blood is splattered all over his jacket and mask.

Calmly and methodically, the Masked Man turns and walks across the lawn, to the next house over.

EXT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Masked Man reaches the front porch, steps up to the front door. He takes another DEEP BREATH.

SMASH TO:

BLACK

A doorbell RINGS.

FADE OUT