

HOARD

Written By

Rob Rock

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

It's a typical teenager's room in the 1990s: posters on the ceiling and walls, along with clothes, books and food wrappers strewn about. On a bed sit three teenagers, Ben Gossage, 16, his girlfriend Kay Brooking, 15, and Scott Gant, 16, who are enjoying routine afterschool chill-time and video games.

Kay scoots closer to Ben as he battles with Scott playing Tecmo Super Bowl.

BEN

You cheat!
(to Kay)
Back up!

SCOTT

Nah man, skill and opportunity.

BEN

You hiked before I could get set!
She was in the way!

KAY

I just want to snuggle.

BEN

Later!
(to Scott)
Come on, hike again!

SCOTT

Touchdown.

BEN

Shit!

RUTH (O.S.)

What'd you say?

Ruth Gossage, 36, Ben's mom stands in the doorway peering.

RUTH

Look at this pigsty!

BEN

I'll clean it after they go.

RUTH

Yeah, now!

BEN
But Scott and I are still ...

RUTH
(turning off video game system)
I said now!

BEN
Hey, come on!

SCOTT
I win.

RUTH
You don't need to be playing games and
hanging out with the grades you have.

KAY
(getting up and kissing Ben)
Bye babe.

RUTH
What do you see in him? Can't you
do better than this druggie?

BEN
Mom!

Kay and Scott scramble out.

RUTH
I know you are!

MARK (O.S.)
What's going on?

Mark Gossage, Ben's stepdad, 46, walks into Ben's room.

RUTH
The same. Clean your room, now!

MARK
We just got an estate sale
appraisal. I need Ben's help,
and yours. Can you go to the
antique shop and get the price
guides for Asian pottery?

RUTH
I've got to get ready for church.

MARK

Oh. Okay, well I need Ben's help
at least—to move stuff. It's Pete
Tyl's house.

BEN

Ew, I'd rather clean my room!

RUTH

I've got stuff to do around here
before church.

(to Ben)

Go be productive for a change.

Mark and Ben leave.

RUTH

Don't be late for church.

INT. MR. TYL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The door opens allowing light to illuminate a house full of
boxes, stacked papers, food wrappers, and trash bags. It's a
hoarder's house—absolute filth.

BEN

Ugh, that smell!

MARK

Yeah, this is what happens when
you go nuts.

BEN

Who's going buy any of it?

Ben and Mark rummage around, sifting through papers and opening
boxes and drawers.

BEN

What're all these baggies of dirt?

MARK

That's not dirt. He was scared
of using the water.

Ben throws the bag down.

MARK

Hard to believe he's a war hero.
(maneuvering through trash)
Watch your step. Wow, that's a
nice oak chest. And that clock!

Mark continues writing in his notebook while Ben tip-toes around the house.

Ben UNLATCHES windows in a few separate rooms.

Ben opens a box with trinkets, books, government documents, personal letters and journal pages. He stuffs the trinkets in his pocket and reads a JOURNAL PAGE.

INSERT - JOURNAL ENTRY as it reads:

PETE (V.O.)

I couldn't tell Bonnie the truth,
not with the investigation still
going on.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1970s - FLASHBACK

BONNIE

(crying)

All this time I thought it was
work! Lilith, huh?

PETER

It is ... was.

BONNIE

(reading journal entries)

Work, huh? You've never been
touched like this before, huh?
Is this why you've been moping?

PETE

She was a patient.

BONNIE

You fly out to Wright Pat for one
patient?

PETE

Bonnie, I can't talk about it.

BONNIE

She prettier than me?

PETE

I can't ...

BONNIE

(storming off)

Got to hell, Pete. Go to hell!

PETE

Bonnie ... Bonnie!

INT. MR. TYL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

MARK (O.S.)

Ben ... Ben!

(maneuvering through trash)

We've got to go! We're late!

Ben and Mark wade through the room and leave.

INT. CHURCH - EVENING - PRESENT DAY

Ben and Mark walk a hallway leading to the congregation room.

MARK

Do I smell?

BEN

(sniffing Mark)

No.

MARK

(opening the door)

You do-I think you stepped
on one of Pete's do-do bags.

BEN

(looking at his shoe)

What? Aw shit, really?

Ben looks up to see the pastor, MIKE, 48, and the congregation staring at him and his dad. Ben and Mark take their seats beside a displeased Ruth.

PASTOR MIKE

(annoyed)

Open your hymn books to page 88,
"Great is Thy Faithfulness."

Ben mumbles the words to the disdain of Ruth.

INT. CAR - EVENING

BEN

(driving)

You should see this place! He kept his poop in bags! Still, there's a ton of good stuff in there. The family wants it gone because Pete's going to assisted living after busting his hip for the umpteenth time.

(turning To Ruth)

What's wrong?

RUTH

You were late.

BEN

It's a lot of stuff.

(turning to back seat)

Isn't it Ben?

RUTH

You both were embarrassing. You ticked off Pastor Mike.

BEN

(irritated)

So what?

RUTH

That's what'd I expect an evil piece of garbage who's going to hell to say.

BEN

Good! Heaven sounds like being stuck in church forever anyways.

RUTH

(slapping at ben)

You asshole!

BEN

Stop!

MARK

Ruth, come on, stop it!

Mark SLAMS the brakes.

Ben EXITS the car and RUNS down the street.

EXT. - NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Ben walks between houses. He stops at one and taps on a window.

SCOTT (O.S.)
(opening the window)
Dude, what the hell?

BEN
(holding out trinkets)
I need a downer. Need a bunch.

SCOTT
(scrutinizing the trinkets)
I can't turn any of that.

BEN
I'll get more. Just give me one.

SCOTT
(sighing)
Man, just one.

BEN
I'll bring more to school.

INT. MR. TYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A window slides open, revealing Ben as he crawls through.

Ben turns on a few lights, grabs a small bag and goes through boxes, taking jewelry and anything he can stuff in the bag.

He finds more JOURNAL ENTRIES and reads one of them.

INSERT - JOURNAL ENTRY as it reads:

PETE (V.O.)
Lilith was uncooperative today,
not that she was overly pleasant
any other day. But she was definitely
in pain, or what she describes as
pain ...

INT. LABORATORY - DAY - 1970s - FLASHBACK

The laboratory is laden with computers, tubes, cameras, books, phones and large monitors that provide numerous vitals. There are no windows, save for the one large glass pane that acts a patient exhibit.

PETE TYL, 48, scans the monitors and records stats on a ledger while another LAB ASSISTANT, 30s, tends to computers.

PETER (V.O)

Looking good. Vitals stabilized.
Your organs are responding to the anti-inflammatory.

LILITH (O.S.)

Still ... buzzing, throbbing.

PETER (V.O.)

You have swelling on your brain.
Do you know what that ...

LILITH (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Yes, my dikartam.

PETER (V.O)

Going to try moving today? Show
some signs of life?

LILITH (O.S.)

Are *you*?

PETER

(Snickering)

Ouch!

LAB ASSISTANT (O.S.)

What?

PETER

(to Lab Assistant)

Nothing.

(back to ledger)

PETER (V.O.)

You're going to get me in
trouble.

LILITH (O.S.)
He has no dikartam. Neither do
you.

Peter LAUGHS again to the confusion of the Lab Assistant.

Peter walks to the large glass pane and looks inside.

Inside the pane is LILITH, age unknown, a mangled grey skinned
alien, hooked to tubes, wires and laying on a padded gurney.

PETE (V.O.)
(knocking on the glass)
Come on, move for me.

LAB ASSISTANT
She ain't got any ears.

PETE (V.O.)
You're right--no dikartam.

Lilith lays motionless.

PETE (V.O.)
(knocking on the glass)
Come on, that was a good one.
Move for me, come on.

INT. MR. TYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK ... comes from the front door!

Ben drops the journal pages and freezes in place.

MAN 1 (O.S.)
Pete, you in there? We gotta'
a meeting. Where were you
today? Haven't seen you in a
while, buddy.

MAN 2 (O.S.)
Mr. Tyl, open up! Don't make
us ...

MAN 1 (O.S.)
(whispering)
Shhh! Stop!
(normal voice)
Come on, Pete. We see lights.

Ben peeks around boxes to see two MEN in suits.

MAN 2 (O.S.)
Can't we just bust in?

MAN 1 (O.S.)
(whispering)
Hell no! We can't spook him or
the neighborhood. He's fragile.
(normal voice)
Okay Pete, we'll catch up with
you later. Gotta' keep up with
our meetings, though. Take care.

Ben watches the men walk off the property.

Ben gawks at the JOURNAL PAGES littered on the floor.