

A Scary Little Secret

By

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FADE IN

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A dim, dirty bathroom. MICHAEL, a man in his 20's in a bloody, messy clothing, stands in front of his locked bathroom door.

He is shaking violently while holding a kitchen knife.

A SCRATCHING sound can be heard from the other side of the door.

MICHAEL (VO)
Why the hell am I even doing this?

Michael struggles to control his breath as the scratching sound gets louder.

MICHAEL (VO)
Please stop....

The scratching sound suddenly stops.

A few seconds of silence...

...and Michael finally releases his breath.

MICHAEL (VO)
Is it done?

BANG! BANG!

The thing is now banging on the door.

MICHAEL (VO)
Motherfucker!

Michael holds his breath again until his face turns red.

He then starts slapping himself on the face.

The thing stops banging the door, so does Michael stop slapping his face.

A few seconds of silence and Michael drops himself onto the floor, releasing a breath of relief.

MICHAEL
Fuck me...

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "3 Hours Earlier"

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Michael is lying on a sofa in the middle of the room. Cigarette's in his right hand, and a bottle of beer in his left. Both of his eyes are blood red.

The doorbell rings.

Michael trudges toward the door and peeks through the peephole to see who is coming.

He sees JOHN, a man also in his 20's, but slightly older than Michael. A wide grin is drawn on his face, but his eyes don't smile the way his lips do.

MICHAEL

John?

JOHN

Yo, Michael what's up man?

MICHAEL

What the fuck are you doing here?

JOHN

Ouch! Mike, you should keep your emotion in check man! Is it wrong for me to visit my little bro?

MICHAEL

Yeah, it is! Now fuck off!

JOHN

Michael, you've been inside your house since the age of dinosaurs. C'mon bro, let me come inside! We can talk about this.

MICHAEL

My ass's not in the mood to meet anyone right now.

JOHN

Yeah right, it'll never be. Besides, I bring you something interesting.

MICHAEL

Huh?

JOHN

I bring you something bro, see?

Michael looks through the peephole and realizes that John is carrying a big bag.

MICHAEL

What on earth is that?

JOHN

You open the door and I'll tell you.

MICHAEL

How can I be so sure that you won't use it to blow my fucking head off?

JOHN

You know me.

MICHAEL

John, stop this shit already! Tell me what's in the bag.

JOHN

You will love it Michael! Just open the door.

MICHAEL

What's in the fucking bag?

JOHN

Just open the door first, bro.

Michael doesn't answer. He strolls around in a circle with his hand scratching the back of his head.

JOHN

Michael, please...

Michael stops walking and stares back at John through the peephole.

JOHN

...just open the door!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

We're back to few seconds after the first scene. Michael is still sitting on the floor, trying to control his shaking and breathing.

Michael stands up and slowly plods toward the door.

He then sticks his ear on the door, but no sound can be heard.

Michael opens the door slowly and...

...nothing is outside. So, he releases a breath of relief.

MICHAEL
Who am I kidding?

Michael giggles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael walks into his living room. The TV, sofa and other furniture are scattered on the floor. The room is now messier than ever.

Michael walks through the living room and gets himself into the...

KITCHEN

...which is even messier than the living room.

Michael walks across the room. Broken plates, glasses, and numerous silverware are scattered across the floor.

John is lying on a floor, dead, with his eyes wide open and his stomach completely disemboweled. His hand is holding a GUN.

Michael sits beside him. He then leers at John's messed up looking corpse.

MICHAEL
I'll be damned.

Michael drops his forehead on both of his hands.

MICHAEL
Why did you do that?

Tears start coming out of his eyes.

MICHAEL

Fuck!

Michael slams his fist to the floor.

MICHAEL

You fucker!

Michael dries his eyes with his hand. He then gazes at the gun John is holding.

MICHAEL

And they said I was the naughty one...

Michael takes the gun from John's hand.

He stares the gun for a few seconds...

...and then points it to his head.

Michael takes three quick, deep breaths.

MICHAEL (VO)

This time, please just die already.

Michael pulls the trigger. The bullet flies and blows his head off.

Michael's body falls onto the floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A FAT DETECTIVE is observing the place while his crews are working in the background.

A SKINNY DETECTIVE runs into the room.

SKINNY DETECTIVE

Sorry, I'm late!

FAT DETECTIVE

I'm not surprised.

The Skinny Detective looks the shattered furniture across the room.

SKINNY DETECTIVE

What happened here?

FAT DETECTIVE

Some serious shit I suppose. We found two dead in the kitchen

SKINNY DETECTIVE
Identified?

FAT DETECTIVE
Yeah. Michael and John Kirby.

SKINNY DETECTIVE
Kirby? Are they connected to--

FAT DETECTIVE
--Yeah! Those billionaires!

SKINNY DETECTIVE
My good God...

FAT DETECTIVE
Pretty bad huh?

The Fat Detective takes out a notebook and a pen.

FAT DETECTIVE
Well then, interview time!

SKINNY DETECTIVE
First, it was the parents. Then, it was the daughter. And now, the sons!

FAT DETECTIVE
Well, I feel sorry for the others, but not for this two boys. One is an addict with records and the other one is a broke-ass gambler.

SKINNY DETECTIVE
Well, if he were still alive, he would've been a billionaire!

Both detectives laugh.

SKINNY DETECTIVE
By the way, they got bullets to the head too? Like the others?

FAT DETECTIVE
One of them yeah! The other wasn't so lucky.

A CORONER comes into the living room.

CORONER
Detective!

FAT DETECTIVE

Yeah?

CORONER

You said there are two dead in the
kitchen right?

FAT DETECTIVE

Yes? Why?

CORONER

Well, where's the other one?

FADE OUT