HOARD
Written By
Rob Rock

rob.adam.rock@gmail.com
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 …
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-inflammatories.

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?

LILTIH (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 gawps at the JOURNAL PAGES littered on the floor.