

HOME

Written by

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RAYMOND - Young adult, awkward, timid and cautious.

NATASHA - Young adult, Aspiring photographer, way more fight than flight and confrontational.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ABANDONED HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

RAYMOND tapes a poster onto a street light, a backpack of copies lies at his feet.

Suddenly, Raymond hears a faint meowing coming from somewhere across the street. He quickly picks his head up, searching.

RAYMOND

FELIX?

He scans the block for the source, the row of houses opposite the street light are rundown and eerie.

Silence.

CAT (O.S.)

MEOW!

Raymond's eyes lock on an ABANDONED HOUSE on the other side of the road. It's an old, two-story home with what was once an impressive front garden, weeds protruding through old concrete. A rusted waist-high gate surrounds the property. On the step leading to the front door lies a small red firetruck.

Raymond picks the backpack off the floor by his feet and crosses the street, cautiously approaching the house.

RAYMOND

(Muttering)

Let him out for one fucking hour...

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE

Raymond crosses the street and opens the deteriorating gate entrance. He scans the boarded up windows for a moment before checking out the garden as he makes his way to the front door.

He notices the firetruck just before he steps on it, kneels down and picks it up, he then stands back up.

He raises his hand with the firetruck, looking at it once more before pocketing the toy and heading for the front door handle.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LIVIN GROOM - CONTINUOUS

Raymond slowly opens the door and peers in.

Raymond hesitates for a moment, before stepping inside.

RAYMOND

Felix?

CAT (O.S.)

MEOOW

Raymond's head turns towards the origin of the sound, it's coming from upstairs.

Raymond turns to face the front door one last time and props the door open, however the house almost seems to absorb the light and visibility remains poor.

Raymond sighs loudly and heads for the stairs.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

RAYMOND(O.S.)

Felix?

(Faintly)

Feeelix?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

NATASHA fiddles with her camera as she crosses the street, heading straight towards the abandoned house.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE

As she approaches the rusted gate of the abandoned house, she looks up and freezes, noticing the front door has been propped open. Natasha looks down both ends of the street before refocusing back on the house.

NATASHA

(Confused)

What the-

Natasha refocuses her attention back on the camera in her hand. She goes through old photos.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
(To herself)

Pretty sure this door was closed yesterday...

She finds yesterday's photo of the abandoned house, the door is closed.

Natasha frowns as she lifts her head, scanning the house for signs of movement; Nothing.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Natasha silently pushes the door open with one hand, camera in the other.

She peers inside, the light still doesn't properly illuminate the interior. Small cracks in the boarded up windows provide penumbral, spectral light, just enough to get a sense of the house and it's rundown 20th century furniture while amplifying the surreal, foreboding feeling.

Natasha takes careful, slow footsteps while she moves around the living room taking photos.

While framing a photo of some furniture, she notices strange markings on the wall behind it. While on her way over to the wall to get a better look, Natasha notices a pair of pants on a chair, they look practically new.

NATASHA
The fuck?

Natasha inspects the jeans for a moment, before looking back at the wall with the markings.

She can faintly make out a crude carving of stick figures; A mother stands crying behind a drinking father, two sad kids by her side. Natasha takes a picture with the flash on.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, UPSTAIRS CHILDREN'S ROOM - RAYMOND

Raymond uses his flashlight to scan the room. He notices strange markings and what looks like crayon drawings of a stick woman and one child as they stand by a grave -- a third stick figure, the father, stands a distance away, crying.

Raymond's flashlight hovers over the drawing for a second before moving on and catching another drawing: The father and mother are fighting while a singular child looks down on a tombstone. RAYMOND starts flashing the light source elsewhere across the wall as-

The creaking sound of a door can be heard coming from downstairs.

Raymond starts panicking, turns off his flashlight and crouches, putting his ear close to the ground.

Eerie silence.

Raymond slowly stands back up and heads back out of the strange room.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Raymond pops his head out into the hallway and towards the stairs, he can just about make out the front door; still propped open.

He breathes deeply and starts to shake the nerves off. He turns for the stairs and is about to head down when-

CAT (O.S.)

MEOW

Raymond turns his head towards a door further down the hall, turning his flashlight back on and pointing it at the room's open doorway. He sighs loudly and starts walking over towards it.

As Raymond nears the doorway, he notices a child's yellow raincoat slumped against the wall. He kneels down and inspects it for a second.

RAYMOND

(Confused)

How the fuck did this get here?

Raymond raises his torch and points it into the doorway. Another bedroom, this one mostly full of old books, artwork and sculptures with bedsheets draped over the top. This is the UPSTAIRS PARENTS' ROOM.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, UPSTAIRS PARENTS' ROOM

Raymond looks like he's navigating a minefield; soft, careful steps.

RAYMOND

(Whispering loudly)

Felix?

Now in the middle of the room, Raymond's flashlight slowly moves from figurine to book pile when suddenly-

A soft but audible THUMP is heard on the opposite side of the room.

Startled, Raymond whips his flashlight across and towards the sound, two beady eyes reflect back at him, but they're dark, barely reflective- It's not Felix.

Raymond gasps and falls over himself as his body lurches for the exit, causing him to drop his flashlight. His head never able to fully turn away from those cold, dead, beady eyes.

Raymond starts crawling backwards as his hand makes contact with his flashlight, he turns it on and points it directly at the unblinking eyes: It's an old Teddy Bear sitting on a pile of books.

Raymond lets out a nervous breath.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Phew.

SUDDENLY, a second, more violent THUMP nearby.

Raymond scrambles to his feet, finds his footing and heads out the room.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

RAYMOND

FUCK this, I'm out.

Raymond heads for the stairwell.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS EARLIER

Natasha is focused on a crude knife marking of a hung woman carved into the top of the doorway entrance of an EMPTY STORAGE ROOM. Her stare is broken by the faint sound of creaking floorboards directly above her.

NATASHA

(To herself)

Probably some homeless guy.

Natasha looks around her for a moment and finds a long, wooden broom stick missing the brush on the end.

She hits the ceiling above her once and listens for movement.

Faint footsteps slowly move towards the perceived source of the sound upstairs.

The footsteps stop. A loud THUD.

Natasha takes a few steps to the side.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

And now...

Natasha bangs the stick hard against a different section of the ceiling, she hears what sounds like scratching and clambering.

She glances down the hallway towards the stairs by the front door, the door remains propped open.

She focusing her attention back on the ceiling. Footsteps fill the silence, slowly moving away and towards the stairs.

Natasha lifts the camera from around her neck with one hand and crouches, carefully placing it on the floor next to her.

Natasha's head turns to the far corner of the storage room, her eyes widen and she jumps up in shock as she notices something lying on the storage room floor. She quietly walks backwards into the wall behind her and holds her wooden broomstick closer to her chest.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE'S LIVINGROOM

Natasha tiptoes into the livingroom looking for a wall or object to hide behind to get a better view of --

SLAM! The sound of front door, shutting violently.

RAYMOND(O.S.)

(Shouts)
GAAAAAH!

Natasha loosens her grip on the broomstick.

RAYMOND (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Loudly announcing)
Please! I was just looking for my cat and I thought I heard him in here!

No response.

RAYMOND (O.S.) (CONT'D)

O...Okay... I'm coming down the stairs now, I mean no harm.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Raymond inches down the stairs, back to the wall. Using one arm to hold his backpack against his chest like a cross between a teddy bear and a shield, the other holding the still switched-off flashlight.

Slowly, Natasha moves from behind the bookcase and into full view of the staircase. We can see her shadow as Raymond is yet to notice her, his head darting about wildly; Natasha looks terrifying.

NATASHA

Hey man, over here in the living room.

Raymond gasps as he identifies the direction of the voice, his head freezes as he finally catches sight of the silhouette standing in the centre of the livingroom.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Oh, hey-

Raymond flashes the torch right onto Natasha's face.

She covers her face with her hands, dropping the stick.

NASTASHA

YO man! Not in the eyes, you trying to blind me?

Raymond redirects the light to her centre mass, her whole frame and face now visible.

RAYMOND

(still afraid)
You trying to mug me?!

Natasha looks at Raymond incredulously.

Raymond then directs the light source towards at the broomstick Natasha just dropped, Natasha's eyes follow the beam.

Raymond then aims the flashlight back on Natasha, her eyes widen for a moment in acknowledgement

NATASHA

Oh right, yeah that thing.

Natasha lightly kicks the broomstick away with her foot.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Yeah sorry about that.
I thought you might have been an
escaped mental patient or some
shit.

RAYMOND

So you decided to pick up a weapon
and what? Beat the shit out of him?

Natasha sighs and slowly starts walking towards the bottom of
the staircase, Raymond stays planted halfway down the stairs.

NATASHA

OK.
(Hands raised defensively)
Clearly, we got off on the wrong
foot here.

Natasha points down the hall toward the storage room.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

I'm a photographer. My camera's in
the storage room back there. I
found the place yesterday but it
was getting dark so I just decided
to come back today during golden
hours and take a few photos.

Raymond starts to calm down, his arm holding the backpack to
his chest falls to his side as he resumes his descent down
the staircase.

RAYMOND

And the stick?

NATASHA

Heard you up there. Thought I'd
make a few spooky noises and flush
the guy out.

RAYMOND

A little rude don't you think?

NATASHA

Eh
(Shrugs)
The whole block's free real estate,
he would've been fine.

Raymond reaches the bottom of the stairs and meets Natasha
face to face.

Natasha extends a hand out to Raymond.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
I'm Natasha.

RAYMOND
I'm-

Raymond looks down at his hands, realizing both are busy and puts his backpack down against the first step before raising the now free hand.

Natasha takes it.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Raymond.

NATASHA
Hey, You mind helping me get back to my camera? I can barely see a damn thing in here.

RAYMOND
Oh! Oh yeah sure.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Natasha leads with Raymond following just behind, using his flashlight to guide them towards the storage room.

RAYMOND
Hey actually, did you run into a cat around here by any chance?

NATASHA
Oh shit, right...

Natasha and Raymond arrive at the storage room doorway, Natasha kneels down to pick up the camera, giving Raymond a perfect view of: Felix's dead body, lying against the furthest wall in the storage room.

RAYMOND
Felix!

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Raymond bounds past Natasha and kneels in front of the poor thing.

Natasha walks in behind him, standing in the middle of the room, camera in hand.

NATASHA
Yeah. Really sucks, sorry about
that man.

Raymond looks up at Natasha, furious, hot tears rolling down
his cheeks.

RAYMOND
YOU.

NATASHA
Woah, hey now! Why the hell would I
just beat the shit out of your cat?

RAYMOND
It had to be you! I heard him!

NATASHA
(Angry)
What! The cat was dead when I got
here.

Raymond stands up, silent but still looking furious.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
Hey, hey now.

Raymond steps closer to Natasha.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
THINK man! Look at the blood, it's
dry. He's clearly been here for at
least a day or two.

Raymond tears his gaze off Natasha and kneels over the cat
again and inspects the blood.

Natasha starts scanning the room, her eyes stop on another
strange carving on a wall opposite A CLOSET DOOR.

Natasha walks over to the carving and begins feeling the
wall, it's hard to make out with Raymond's flashlight focused
on his fallen feline.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
Hey
(Beat)
You um, notice any weird drawings
or cuts in the wall upstairs?

Raymond looks up to Natasha who's still feeling up the
carving, puzzled.

RAYMOND

Yeah actually... Why?

NATASHA

There were some in the livingroom.
But those had parents and 2 kids in
em'.

RAYMOND

I saw something similar but I
didn't get to take a real look
around because after you slammed
the front door shut, I ran for the
stairs.

Natasha looks back and faces Raymond, confused.

NATASHA

I didn't slam the door
man, why would I try to
lock myself in here with
some random?

Raymond's mouth opens briefly before he shuts it again,
matching Natasha's confused look as he looks off into space.

Natasha turns around again, standing up and stepping back,
eyes still planted on the carving.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Hey Raymond.

Raymond looks back at Natasha.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Could you shine that flashlight
over here for a moment?

Raymond complies, standing up as he does.

Both of them now stand in the centre of the room next to each
other, focused on the carving now illuminated by the
flashlight.

The closet door behind them begins to creep open, after an
inch, it makes an echoing CREAK, then stops.

They turn their heads, looking at the closet door. Behind
them, the flashlight is still fixed on the carving: The
mother; a menacing face and now more of a shadow than a
human, knife in hand -- stands over the father and son --
Both dead, blood on the knife and their stick figure bodies.

Suddenly the storage room's door slams shut and --

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

The camera faces the now shut storage room door. A final carving: A shadowy woman hovering above a bunch of shocked stick figure faces. The camera tracks backwards down the hallway as the sound of the rusty closet door hinges from inside the storage room echo.

We just catch Raymond's BACKPACK still lying against the staircase as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door takes up the whole frame. The camera tracks backwards again.

As the full porch comes into frame, the firetruck Raymond picked up earlier can be seen somehow back on the step where he found it.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.