

Scarefest 2 Presents:
Home Malone

by
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EXT. MOREAU HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a quaint old house nestled in the middle of the block. Leaves fall and blow around a grand oak tree on the lawn. A hot autumn night.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Dark except for the blue hue that casts from the television. The sounds of a horror movie is heard.

A pair of legs covered in mix-matched leg warmers shuffle nervously.

Hands grip onto a sofa pillow.

This is KELLY MOREAU, 16. Doe-eyed. Pretty. She wears a baggy sweatshirt with the neckline cut off.

She watches the movie intently, freaked out. She begins to nibble at the pillow nervously.

The PHONE RINGS.

Startled, she jumps out of her skin, leaping off the couch.

She regains her composure and folds her arms. She stares at the ringing phone in contempt.

She lets it ring for a moment...then slowly reaches out and answers it. She collapses back on to the couch.

KELLY

What!

Nothing.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Uh...hello?

Heavy breathing is heard on the line.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Oh...jeez. Who is this?

VOICE (V.O.)

Ki ki ma ma ma.

KELLY

LEAH! You shit!

A teenaged girl giggles on the other line.

LEAH (V.O.)
Sorry, I couldn't help myself....so
how's it been all alone in that
living, breathing house of yours?

KELLY
I was fine just watching my
favorite show. You know, 21 Jump
Street...Johnny Depp...but ofcourse
I fall asleep during one of the
commercials...I woke up and The
frickin' Shining was on and Jack
Nicholson's teeth are really
bothering me. Not to mention those
creepy little twins.

Leah gasps dramatically.

LEAH (V.O.)
I've got it! Change the channel.

Kelly pouts.

KELLY
I can't. I lost the remote and I'm
too scared to move. Help me!

LEAH (V.O.)
I'm sorry, but us mortals aren't
gifted with the powers of
telepathy. Too bad.

KELLY
Can't you come over?

Leah sighs.

LEAH (V.O.)
Fine. If you insist...I'm bringing
Kevin.

KELLY
You can't bring Kevin.

LEAH (V.O.)
I thought you were totally kinda in
love with Kevin.

KELLY

I am totally kinda in love with Kevin but if my father comes home for some reason and finds a teenaged boy in his house, especially a black one, he'll totally have my skin.

LEAH (V.O.)

So you're dad's a racist as well as a brute.

KELLY

He's not racist, he's just...old fashioned.

LEAH (V.O.)

Oh, really? Too bad...Kevin's coming anyway. Do me a favor and bring that dad of yours into the eighties. I gotta go. See ya soon...if you're not scared to death.

KELLY

Bye.

LEAH (V.O.)

Oh, and Kelly?

KELLY

Yeah?

LEAH (V.O.)

(Deep)

Don't forget to check the children!
Muhahahahaha!

Leah lets out a deep sinister laugh. Kelly hangs up on her.

Kelly jumps up and makes her way to the television. She crouches down changing the channel.

TELEVISION

The News. A female news REPORTER delivers the news quite sincerely.

REPORTER

Authorities are concerned this evening after a breakout at the Pearson Hills Maximum Security Facility.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Herman Malone escaped from the prison around 9:30 this morning. He was convicted in 1974 for the serial murders of sixteen teenaged girls. It is suggested that all youth stay indoors and lock their doors and windows. A town wide search for-

Kelly quickly changes the channel, visibly shaken. She looks to the television....Saturday Night Live. Perfect.

She stands. A dark cloaked FIGURE lurks on the staircase behind her...WATCHING. It slowly makes it's way up the stairs.

Kelly sinks back into the couch.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Kelly stands in front of the wide open refrigerator/freezer, the phone still glued to her hand. She carefully contemplates a choice. She reaches into the freezer and brings out a cherry red popsicle.

The phone rings. She answers.

KELLY

Where the hell are you? It's been fifteen minutes!

LEAH (V.O.)

How'd you know it was me?

KELLY

Where are you?

LEAH (V.O.)

(Singing; Klymaxx's
"Ladies Room")

*I had a meeting in the ladies room.
I'll be there real soon.*

Leah giggles.

LEAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I love that song.

KELLY

Leah.

Kelly closes the refrigerator...takes a bite of the popsicle...exits to-

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly flops back on the couch.

LEAH (V.O.)

We're at the video store. You want anything?

KELLY

Nothing with Jack Nicholson, okay.

LEAH (V.O.)

I really had a craving to see Back to the Future again...and guess what...I checked with the counter guy and he says I've rented the movie twelve times so far since it's been out. Isn't that crazy. I might as well had bought it. I heard they're doing a sequel called Back to the Past. I simply can't wait...Kevin's getting The Last Dragon...you know, the karate movie with Vanity. Kevin's like totally obsessed with her but if you ask me, she's a pretty mess herself.

KELLY

Leah, just get here as soon as you can. I was watching the news and there's a maniac on the loose.

LEAH (V.O.)

Yeah, yeah. Just sit still. I'm sure he won't have time to chop you into little pieces by the time we get there.

KELLY

Leah!

LEAH (V.O.)

Okay, maybe just two.

She giggles.

KELLY

Goodbye!

LEAH (V.O.)

Kevin says Hi.

Kelly hangs up.

She lays back, relaxes. She smiles at the antics on screen.

MUSIC sounds. Muffled. Playing from upstairs. It's weird.
Cathedral. Operatic.

She looks up at the ceiling as if she can see past it,
utterly mystified.

KELLY

Shhhhhhit!

Still looking at the ceiling, Kelly grabs her popsicle off
the coffee table...and finishes it. She drops the stick.

She rises and moves slowly toward the staircase.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The music is louder.

Kelly walks cautiously up the steps...stops half way.

KELLY'S POV

A dark, empty hallway.

A bedroom door stands ajar. The sound seems to be emanating
from it.

Kelly begins to tremble. She squeezes her eyes tight, head
tilted down.

KELLY

(singing to herself; Nena)
*...Ninety-nine red
balloons...floating in the summer
sky...*

She takes a few deep breaths.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I can do this.

She opens her eyes and proceeds.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kelly makes her way in. She flips the light switch.

Nothing. She tries again. Same result.

She creeps her way into the room with the open door.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - KELLY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly steps in. Flips on the light.

A poster of the 21 Jump Street cast is plastered to the wall above the bed. A record player sits on a stand opposite the bed. A crate of albums below it.

The source of the music - a record spins idly on the turntable. Kelly lifts the needle and snatches up the vinyl disc. She looks at the name. She doesn't recognize it.

KELLY

What the hell?

Now that the music is silenced, someone else's BREATHING can be clearly heard in the room. Kelly notices.

She clenches the vinyl with a death grip. She turns, facing the door.

The shadow of a figure can be seen clearly behind the door. The breathing grows louder. More intense, as if excited.

Kelly drops the record. She BOLTS! Running for the door.

She reaches the threshold as the cloaked figure LEAPS from behind the door, reaching for her.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - STAIRCASE

Kelly flies down the staircase, screaming.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Kelly springs down to the front door. She unlocks it and throws it open.

The cloaked figure stands there! Kelly lets out a piercing shriek.

The figure LUNGES at her.

Kelly falls the ground. She crawls backward, terrified...hysterical.

The figure stops in its tracks looking down at Kelly. It starts to giggle. A teenaged girl's giggle. A familiar one.

Kelly looks up at the figure quizzically.

The figure pulls off it's cloak, revealing....LEAH, 16, short, spunky, cute.

She laughs hysterically.

KELLY
Leah, you shit!

Kelly stands, folding her arms.

KEVIN, 16, tall, friendly looking, marches down the steps. He looks to Kelly, guilt-ridden.

KEVIN
Sorry, she made me do it.

Leah falls to the floor, cracking up. She rolls around a bit.

KELLY
Keep laughing, you tramp, but I'm gonna get you back real bad one day.

LEAH
(laughing)
You should've seen your face.

She starts to settle down. Kevin and Kelly sit down on the sofa leaving Leah there.

LEAH (CONT'D)
You're not gonna help me up?

KELLY
Go straight to hell, do not pass go.

Leah stands SLAMMING her head into the doorknob of the open door. She grimaces, pressing her hand against her head. She closes the door.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Karma...I thought you guys were at the video store.

LEAH
It was all an act. We went to the video store earlier and snuck in here through the back window.

KELLY

And you called me on the upstairs
phone line.

Leah nods. Smirks.

LEAH

Where's my Oscar? I deserve it,
totally.

Kelly snaps to Kevin. Nudges him.

KELLY

(to Kevin)

And you! Little sucker, just went
along with it?

Kevin smirks.

KEVIN

I had no choice, she threatened to
cut me!

Kelly grins.

KELLY

Where's your will power?...I'm
completely shitless. You totally
scared the shit out of me. Are you
guys happy now?

She points threateningly at Leah.

KELLY (CONT'D)

No more scares for me for the rest
of the year, got it? Not even on
Halloween.

LEAH

Yeah, yeah. I got it.

KELLY

So...what'd you guys get from the
video store?

Kevin pulls out the videos and sets them on the coffee table.

KEVIN

Back to the Future, The Last
Dragon, and Friday the 13th Part 4.

KELLY

You're kidding with that last one right? I'm not watching anything scary.

LEAH

Jason Voorhees is hardly scary anymore. He's like Santa Clause or something. They'll probably do an animated series, even.

Kelly reaches over and squeezes Kevin's arm.

KELLY

Have you been lifting weights?

KEVIN

A little. Why, is it noticeable?

KELLY

A little.

Leah ducks behind the couch. An awkward silence between the two of them.

KEVIN

So...you're totally kinda in love with me?

Kelly's eyes go wider then ever. She blushes.

KELLY

You...heard that?

He nods, smirking. Kelly covers her face in shame. She looks back up at him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm...sorry...I-

KEVIN

No, it's cool...I've always been...totally kinda in love with you.

Another awkward silence. Their faces near each other then-

Leah bolts up, behind the couch, in between them.

LEAH

(singing; Berlin)

Take my breath awaaaaay!

She waves her hands dramatically, twirling.

Kevin and Kelly laugh.

Leah stops suddenly, holding her head again.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Ow. Ice. Where's the ice?

KELLY
In the oven.

LEAH
Why?

Leah thinks for a second.

LEAH (CONT'D)
You were being sarcastic weren't you.

KELLY
No.

LEAH
Right. Be right back.

Leah exits to -

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - KITCHEN

Leah scampers in holding her head. She takes up a roll of paper towels next to a knife block.

She tears a paper towel free and sets the roll back down.

She moves to the freezer, opens it. She brings out an ice tray. She cracks a few cubes into the paper towel and pops a couple in her mouth.

She holds the ice up to her head. She passes by the counter. The butcher knife is missing from the knife block.

Leah stops in her tracks. She turns to the cabinet. Opens it. The very top row is filled with beverages. Her eyes lock on one in particular.

LEAH
Pineapple soda pop. I'm in heaven.

She reaches for it. Standing on her tiptoes. Her fingers tease at it but she's too short. She can't grab it.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Damn it.

She glances around...spots a step stool. She grabs it....steps onto it...gets the soda can. Victory!

She turns to step down. Her eyes widen.

A flash of silver! The butcher knife is THRUST DEEP into her neck! Her feet leave the ground, her pink chucks swinging, kicking, as she's lifted by the knife. Blood spurts with every heartbeat. The bloody ice cubes spill from her mouth. The soda can smashes to the ground and spurts open.

Her attacker HERMAN MALONE, a bulk of a person with scars covering his face. He looks her in the eyes, an intense snarl on his face.

Blood continues to rain down, making a mess of the kitchen. Leah begins to convulse as her head sinks deeper onto the knife.

Finally...her movements cease. She just hangs there for a moment...Herman drops her to the floor. She hits with a THUD.

Herman looks out to the entrance of the living room.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly and Kevin are in the middle of a make out session on the couch. It's starting to get a little hot and heavy.

Kelly caresses his back. Kevin's hand moves up her leg.

Kelly stops, pushing him away.

KELLY

Sorry.

KEVIN

It's okay...I understand.

Kelly leans over him...grabs one of the videos.

KELLY

What do you wanna watch first?

KEVIN

You really are beautiful, you know that?

KELLY

Oh, stop it.

Kevin laughs.

KEVIN

I'm serious. You could model, even.

Herman springs up from behind the couch, knife in hand! He SLAMS it down, through Kevin's hand. He yells, in pain.

Kelly screams, paralyzed in terror.

Kevin tries desperately to free his hand but Herman holds a steady grip on the handle.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to Kelly)

RUN!!!

Kelly snaps out of it. She runs toward the front door. Herman swipes at her, nearly knocking her in the head. She screams and runs toward the kitchen after snatching up the phone.

Kevin tugs at his hand. The tendons and skin begin to slice. A final tug, he's free. His hand has been split nearly in two vertically. Blood pours down his arm.

Herman rips the knife free of the couch.

He advances on Kevin. Kevin sprints backward into the kitchen, nearly falling over himself.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kevin stumbles in, clenching his injured hand. He spots all the blood and Leah's body.

KEVIN

Oh god!

No time to grieve. He moves in, sprinting toward the back toward a door. Herman's right on his tail.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Shit!

He turns the doorknob and throws open the door - The laundry room.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM

There's a window on the far wall.

Kevin makes a mad dash for it. Herman reaches out, grips him around the collar.

He slams Kevin into the washing machine.

A FRYING PAN smashes into the back of Herman's head. He stumbles.

KELLY (O.S.)
The police are on their way you
fuck!

HERMAN
Stupid, stupid girl!

Herman back hands her. She falls to the ground.

He stands Kevin up. Kevin cries, whimpering. Herman raises the knife.

KEVIN
No, no, noooo. Please don't do it.

Herman slams the knife into his stomach again and again...and again.

Kelly watches in shock.

Herman slices Kevin's abdomen horizontally. Blood pours. He grins, sinister, at Kelly. Kevin's eyes rolls back, hands gripping at the air.

Herman pushes his hand into Kevin's belly. He brings out his entrails in a tight grip.

Kelly is in another world. Shaking uncontrollably. Eyes wide and blank. In a state of catatonia.

Herman chuckles, throwing the organs, intestines to the floor. He pushes Kevin over, he flops to the ground...at Kelly's feet. She's covered with blood.

She slowly brings up her shaking hands and presses them to her forehead. She screams, at the top of her lungs. It's blood curdling.

Herman stares at her. He smiles...and begins to laugh at her...deep and loud. It's become almost like a challenge. Kelly's screaming vs. Herman's laughing.

Kelly stops suddenly. She looks up at Herman.

Quickly she hops up...snatches a knife from the block...JAMS it into Herman face.

He groans and stumbles back. He trips on Leah's body...falls to the grounds.

Kelly bags away, pressing against the furthest wall.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

BAM!...BAM!...BAM!

The front door splinters.

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - KITCHEN

Herman rises. Pulling the knife free of from his face.

HERMAN
You're dead, now.

Kelly shakes her head frantically pressing hard against the wall.

KELLY
No!

INT. MOREAU HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

BAM!

The door finally breaks in. A team of OFFICERS barge in.

Kelly runs in from the kitchen.

KELLY
No!

An officer rushes to her. He carries her out the door.

Herman stampedes through the threshold, knife held high.

The room erupts with gunfire. Herman is riddled with bullets. He drops to his knees, blood oozing from the many holes in his body.

A final shot - to the head, blowing his brains out. He falls backward...Dead.

The dust settles.

OFFICER # 1
He should've been dead a long time ago.

EXT. MOREAU HOUSE - LATER

The place is a circus. Media, cruisers, paramedics, fire trucks, news vans.

The house is marked off with crime tape but onlookers and reporters crowd the perimeter of it.

In the back of a police cruiser across the street sits Kelly.

INT. POLICE CRUISER

Officer # 1 sits in the driver seat. He looks back at Kelly. Tears flood her eyes.

OFFICER # 1

Listen, you're not under arrest or nothing. I'm gonna take you to a safe place alright. Lord knows you don't need the media hassling you too.

KELLY

Just get there as soon as you can. I was watching the news and there's a maniac on the loose.

OFFICER # 1

We got that maniac, he's not gonna be hurting anyone else.

Kelly presses hard up against the seat. She shakes her head violently.

KELLY

No! No! Stay away from me.

OFFICER # 1

Kelly, everything's okay. He's gone.

KELLY'S POV

Instead of the Officer # 1, Herman sits in the seat in front of her. He glares at her through the rearview mirror. He smirks and begins to chuckle. He holds up the butcher knife.

HERMAN

You're dead now!

REALITY

OFFICER # 1
You're gonna be fine.

Kelly begins to screams, absolutely terrified.

EXT. MOREAU HOUSE

CAMERA'S POV

The same reporter from before stands just in front of the crime tape, microphone in hand.

REPORTER
The story of infamous serial killer, Herman Malone comes to a gruesome end this fall night. The escaped convict has added five lives to his death toll today but residents can now feel safe knowing that this dangerous man has been finally put to an end...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END