

"LEECH"

Written

By

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INT. APARTMENT 22 - BEDROOM

The room is a mess, dirty clothes and random garbage is thrown about the floor.

The computer desk is cluttered with a dozen or so empty Coke bottles.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Someone's at the front door.

INSERT CLOCK: 12:09PM

Only now, JARED (26) is getting out of bed. His longish hair is disheveled, his face unshaven, and drool is caked around one corner of his mouth.

He rises out of bed and stretches his arms in the air.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jared opens the front door, revealing a BLACK KID (17) dressed in a basketball jersey.

JARED

What is it?

BLACK KID

Hey, you Mike?

JARED

Sorry, Mike's not here.

The Black Kid perks his head up, trying to peer inside.

BLACK KID

Where's he at?

JARED

Work. He'll be home around five.
Wanna leave a message?

BLACK KID

Nah, I'll come back later.

Jared shuts the door.

INT. KITCHEN

Jared trudges into the kitchen.

He rifles through the fridge for something to drink. Jared pulls out an almost-empty one liter bottle of Coke and finishes off the last few drops.

JARED

Great.

He chucks the empty bottle onto the counter and leaves the kitchen.

INT. BATHROOM

Jared taking a piss.

His head snaps to one direction as he abruptly STOPS peeing with a percussive - DOINK!

He listens. There's a faint MUSICAL TUNE playing from another room.

Jared RESUMES peeing.

He finishes and exits the bathroom - not bothering to flush.

INT. BEDROOM

The annoying sound of a generic RING TONE.

He checks his cellular phone. Rolls his eyes and answers.

JARED

What?

MIKE (V.O.)

Hey, are you up?

JARED

Yeah, I've been up since...

(Smiles)

...nine.

MIKE (V.O.)
Have you gone out today?

JARED
Gone out...? For?

MIKE (V.O.)
To look for a job...?

JARED
Oh that, yeah. Um... I haven't gotten around to it yet.

MIKE (V.O.)
You can't keep going like this, man. You said you'd get a job when you moved in. I let you live with me because I wanted to give you a chance - and all you've done is sit on your butt for the last three months. Play time's over bro, you need to get a job.

JARED
I know, I know, but no one's hiring right now.

MIKE (V.O.)
I saw a hiring sign out in front of McDonald's this morning on my way to work.

JARED
No way, Mike. I told you I'm not flipping no fucking burgers, okay?

MIKE (V.O.)
I don't care what you do, as long as you're making rent.

JARED
Well I guess we're both shit outta luck then.

MIKE (V.O.)

Um, no we're not. You're getting a job. Mom and dad kicked you out because they were sick of it and now so am I. If you don't have a job by the end of the week - that's it man. You're twenty-six years old. It's time to grow up.

Jared rolls his eyes.

JARED

Whatever, Mike.

MIKE (V.O.)

Look, I got a meeting. We'll talk more about this when I get home.

JARED

Oh wait, someone came by looking for you.

(No response)

Mike?

INSERT SCREEN: Call Ended!

JARED

Moron.

Jared chucks his phone onto a pile of dirty laundry on the floor.

He plops down on his office chair and turns on his computer.

Jared opens up his Internet browser which takes him directly to a PORNO SITE.

SUPER: One hour later

Jared is still downloading porn off the Internet.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Jared jerks off in the shower.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Jared finds a frozen pizza in the freezer and pops it into the microwave.

While waiting for the pizza to cook, he opens up the fridge.

JARED

Where the hell is my...

Jared's eyes move from the fridge to the empty coke bottle he threw onto the counter earlier.

JARED

Son of a...

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jared ripping off the couch cushions, scavenging for loose change.

JARED

Come on, I know there's got to be...

He finds a quarter!

JARED

Yes!

Jared pockets the quarter and darts out the front door.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Jared making his way across the apartment grounds.

He casts his eyes to APARTMENT 48, the upstairs window is open.

Directly below there is a large green bush. A number of its branches are broken and bent unnatural.

A small smile plays about his lips.

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

Jared pops his change into the vending machine and presses the COKE button.

INSERT DISPLAY PAD: Sold Out!

JARED

Ah man...

Jared angrily presses the button over and over.

INSERT DISPLAY PAD: Sold Out!

JARED

Fucking piece of shit!

He observes the other buttons on the vending machine. After a few moments of pause, Jared sighs.

JARED

Screw it.

Jared emphatically hits the PEPSI button.

He turns to exit the pool area when something catches his attention out of the corner of his eye.

Jared turns and sees A DEAD GIRL floating face down in the pool.

JARED

OH SHIT!

He dives into the pool and swims out to the girl. He fishes her over to the shallow end of the pool and drags her out of the water.

Jared turns the girl over on her back.

His eyes go wide when he sees her face.

JARED

Heather?

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

SUPER: YESTERDAY

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MAIL AREA - DAY

Jared pulls out a small stack of sealed envelopes from his mail box.

He flips through them.

JARED

(Reading)

Mike... Mike... and Mike. Great. All
Mike.

Jared tucks the envelopes under his arm and makes his way back across the apartment grounds.

He passes by Apartment 48 where HEATHER (16) sits on the steps outside, smoking a cigarette.

She has pale skin with long legs, a healthy figure with "junk in the trunk."

Heather wears a two piece swimsuit with a towel wrapped around her head like a turban. She smiles at Jared as he passes by.

HEATHER

Hey you.

JARED

Hey yourself. What are you doing home from school today?

HEATHER

I didn't feel like going. Parents are at work all day. So I decided I'd take a dip in the pool, work on my tan a little.

JARED

Nice. How's things with that new boyfriend you were telling me about?

HEATHER

Rick? Not good. I think I'm going to dump him.

JARED

How come?

HEATHER

Cause he's an asshole. He didn't even buy me a birthday present. My 16th birthday! What kind of boyfriend doesn't buy their girlfriend a birthday present on their 16th birthday? Even you got me something.

JARED

(Ah shucks)

Yeah well...

HEATHER

Fuck it. I'm done with him. He's an asshole. I deserve better.

JARED

(Playing along)

Of course you do.

HEATHER

Awe. You're so sweet, Jared.

JARED

(Smoothly)

Look at you. You could be a model.

HEATHER

Shut up! No I can't.

JARED

I'm serious. You should sign up for one of those modeling agencies.

HEATHER

No way, I'm fat.

Jared turns away a bit, smirking.

JARED

No your not! That bikini's looking pretty good.

Heather stands up, does a little shake 'n bake with her hips. Jared stares at her chest.

HEATHER

Hey, you wanna come inside? Hang out, watch a movie? Whatever...

Jared raises an eye brow. Thinks for a second.

He cracks a cocky smile.

JARED

Oh yeah.

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Typical afternoon talk show plays on the TV.

On the coffee table lies Jared's mail, Heather's bikini top, and a torn open condom wrapper.

There's nobody on the couch... only the rest of Heather's bikini and the towel that was wrapped around her head.

Jared and Heather can be heard from the bedroom down the hall.

JARED (O.S.)

Oh yeah, baby!

HEATHER (O.S.)

Spank me harder! Oh, Jared!

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM

Heather and Jared are frolicking under the covers.

From the window... the sound of a CAR DOOR slamming shut.

Heather throws Jared out of bed. He lands flat on his ass with a heavy THUD!

She looks out the window. Her jaw drops!

HEATHER

Shit!

JARED
What the hell! Heather?

HEATHER
Shut up! Ricky's here.

JARED
Crap.

HEATHER
Get dressed!

Heather scrambles to her dresser for clothes.

Jared pulls his pants up.

JARED
(Sarcastic)
What do you want me to do? Hide
under the bed?

HEATHER
Out the window!

JARED
What, are you kidding me?

HEATHER
NOW!

JARED
Ah, shit.

Heather finishes getting dressed and races out to the front room to meet Rick.

Jared opens up the window. He sees a large bush below and jumps out!

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Jared is trying to do CPR, but Heather is gone.

He jumps back in a panic.

JARED

Oh my God... Oh my God... shit. Shit!

He takes a moment to compose himself. He thinks.

Jared looks about him. No witnesses in sight.

He picks up Heather's body, drags it over, and dumps it back in the pool.

Jared grabs his soda and promptly and leaves the pool area.

INT. APARTMENT 22 - BATHROOM - LATER

Jared changing out of his pool soaked clothes, about to hop in the shower.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Jared putting his pool-soaked clothes into the washer.

EXT. APARTMENT 22 - LATE NOON

Jared walks back to his apartment complex and notices a bunch of police cars and ambulances as they pull into the parking lot.

JARED

Oh God...

INT. APARTMENT 22 - LATER

Jared is on the couch. He looks nervous as he watches the evening News.

The front door opens and MIKE (30) walks in, dressed in an Armani suit. Mike is taller than Jared, lean, with a goatee.

MIKE

Who'd you kill?

Jared's face goes pale.

JARED

What?

MIKE

Dude, there's like a million police cars outside. What the hell happened?

Jared swallows hard.

JARED

I dunno.

Mike takes a seat on the couch.

MIKE

What'd you do today? Did you walk over to McDonald's?

Jared doesn't answer.

MIKE

You didn't, did you? You're something else, you know that? Do you want me to throw you out on your ass? Huh? You want me too? Cause I'll do it.

Jared gets up.

MIKE

Don't walk away from me.

JARED

I gotta take a shit.

Jared heads for the bathroom.

MIKE

Grow up, dude. Stop being a leech and contribute to society.

JARED

Fuck off.

MIKE

What'd you say to me? GET BACK HERE!

Mike gets up like he's going to pound Jared into oblivion.

KNOCK, KNOCK! Someone's at the door.

Jared SLAMS the bathroom door shut. Locks it.

MIKE

Shit!

Mike answers the front door, revealing the same BLACK KID who knocked on the door earlier that morning.

MIKE

(Steaming)

WHAT?

BLACK KID

You Mike?

MIKE

Yeah, who the hell are you?

BLACK KID

I'm Rick.

Rick pulls out a pistol and SHOOTS Mike through the chest. Blood splatters against the wall behind him.

Mike stumbles backward, eyes wide with bewilderment.

Rick fires again... and again... unloading the clip into Mike's abdomen.

Mike stumbles, falling backwards onto the ground. He coughs up chunks of blood... then dies.

RICK

You forgot something.

Rick pulls a small stack of mail envelopes out of his pocket and drops them onto Mike's dead body.

Rick stuffs the gun back into his pants and makes a quick escape.

Jared exits the bathroom.

JARED

Mike? What the hell was that?

Jared enters the living room and sees the bloody mess on the wall.

Outside of the apartment we can hear a series shouting voices.

COP (O.S.)

You, right there - stop! Police!

RICK (O.S.)

Back off, all of you!

POLICE (O.S.)

Drop the gun! Drop the gun, God dammit!

Jared's eyes see Mike on the floor.

JARED

Oh fuck! Mike! Oh no! No! No!

Jared runs over and kneels down by his brother's dead body. He cradles Mike's head in his lap, crying hysterically.

Outside, GUNSHOTS ring out!

JARED

Mike! Mike, please. I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

INT. JARED'S BEDROOM

Jared's computer is still on. It's the website for TARGET.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN: Your application has been received. Thank you for applying at Target!

INT. LIVING ROOM

As Jared cradles his brother's body, the stack of Mike's mail slides off his body onto the floor, revealing a single torn-open condom wrapper.

THE END