

This Old House

Written by
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FADE IN:

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Cigarette yellowed wallpaper and dusty bare floorboards.
Stale sofas and a table marked with cup rings and fag ends.

A hammer hitting a nail (O.C.) echoes throughout. Dust falls
from the vibrations.

Footsteps. In walks DAD (40), wearing the same clothes he's
presumably worn for the past month. He hasn't shaved in that
time either.

He stops in the doorway, looks down at the doorframe.

CLOSE ON: Multiple lines drawn on, measuring a child's height
over multiple years. The name "Coby" is etched next to each
marking. The latest marking shows he is 6.

A child giggles.

CHILD (V.O.)
Have I grown, daddy?

Dad solemnly caresses the markings.

DAD (V.O.)
So much!

CHILD (V.O.)
Yes! I'll be bigger than you soon.

Dad walks to the table, picks up a glass of single malt
whiskey and necks it back.

He stares at the sofa.

MOM (V.O.)
I am in **love** with this new sofa.
Cobys asleep, maybe you should come
over here and join me?

Sounds of passionate kissing.

Dad smiles at the memory, but its an anguished smile.

He takes a step forward but catches his foot on the leg of
the table. He falls onto it, breaking the leg off.

MOM (V.O.)
For god's sake, can't you do
anything right?

DAD. (V.O.)
I didn't do it on purpose--

MOM (V.O.)
--You never do it on purpose!

Dad scrunches his face, bangs his palm against his temple, hard, repeatedly.

He stops.

The voices stop.

He leaves the room. Reenters with a BLOOD-STAINED HAMMER and nails.

He picks up the table leg and crudely hammers it back onto the table.

MOM (V.O.)
Done in your typical "fuck it,
that'll do" style.

DAD (V.O.)
Will you just get off my fucking
back already.

Dad begins to hit his head again, scrunches his face.

MOM (V.O.)
Look at this place! You said you'd
have it fixed up in 6 months. It's
been 2 years and it's still a shit
hole!

DAD
Shut up!

Dad swings the hammer at his own head, collapses to the floor in agony.

Blood pools around his head, groggily he presses his hand against the wound and stumbles to his feet and over to the door. He inspects a hole smashed into it.

MOM (V.O.)
I can't live like this anymore,
I've already made up my mind. I'm
moving in with Steve.

DAD (V.O.)
Steve? Have you been fucking your
boss?

Sound of someone punching a hole in the door.

Dad places a clenched fist into the hole. perfect fit.

MOM (V.O.)
I'm taking Coby with me.

Sound of hurried footsteps.

Dad rushes into the--

KITCHEN

As outdated as the rest of the house.

Sound of a second pair of footsteps, faster.

DAD (V.O.)
You're not going anywhere with my
boy!

MOM (V.O.)
He's not your boy! He's Steve's.
Thank god he doesn't have your
genes.

Dad looks around panicked.

Sounds of a scuffle.

A woman SCREAMS, but it's abruptly stopped by the sound of something hard hitting flesh.

A loud THUD.

Dads looks to the floor, a large bloodstain. he kneels down over it.

Sound of something hitting flesh, again and again.

COBY (V.O.)
Daddy?

Dad wheels around, looks at the empty doorway.

COBY (V.O.)
What have you done to mommy?

DAD (V.O.)
Coby! Come here Kiddo.

Delicate footsteps run off into the distance. Larger footsteps follow.

MOM (V.O.)
I think we are going to be very
happy here!

KIDS BEDROOM

Smoke quickly fills the room. On the floor, a cuddly bear,
blood-soaked, lies on another large bloodstain.

COBY (V.O.)
This is my room? Wow it's huge!

SITTING ROOM

Dad lies passed out on the sofa, succumb to the thick smoke.
Flames lap around the sofa and at his skin.

MOM (V.O.)
I love you!

COBY (V.O.)
I love you daddy!

HALLWAY

Fully ablaze. The petrol soaked floorboards have collapsed
onto two bodies, wrapped in now melted bin bags. One adult
sized. One child sized.

FADE TO SMOKE.