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 (0.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.

DAD DAD (V.O.)

Coby!

Coby!

Dad rushes out of the room into--

HALLWAY

And follows the feint footsteps up the stairs and into--

KIDS BEDROOM

Typical kids room. Dinosaur themed wallpaper and bed spread, shelves adorned with picture books and toys.

Dad stops in his tracks. Stares at the floor, eyes wide open.

COBY (V.O.)

No daddy!

Dad scrunches his eyes shut, slams his hands into his temples repeatedly.

DAD

No no no no!

He rushes out of the room.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SITTING ROOM

Dad enters with a petrol can, he pours the contents out as he moves along the floor.

He shakes the last few drops out next to the sofa and takes a seat.

He pulls out a cigarette, lights it. takes a puff. He sets fire to the cigarette packet. Throws it onto the floor.

Flames begin to lap up, quickly spreading along the wooden floor.

He takes another puff on his smoke.

KITCHEN

The fire quickly follows the trail of petrol along the floor and engulfs the large bloodstain.

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