

UNWELCOME

Written by

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FADE IN :

INT. A LIVING ROOM - DAY

A wealthy living room. A home theater setup. An indoor swimming pool. A grand piano.

MR HALEY (68) is tuning the piano. His tool case at his feet.

A door swings open.

MRS CONWAY enters the room. Goes toward Mr Haley.

MR HALEY

As good as new, Mrs Conway.

Mr Haley closes the tool case. Grabs it.

MRS CONWAY

That was fast. I thought with your condition --

MR HALEY

I'm blind Mrs Conway, not deaf.

Mr Haley walks toward the door.

MRS CONWAY

I'm sorry. It wasn't my intention to --

MR HALEY

It's fine.

MRS CONWAY

Do you need any help... I mean you are --

MR HALEY

No worries Mrs Conway. I know the way out.

MRS CONWAY

But --

Mr Haley reaches the door.

MR HALEY

I said no to worry.

He opens the door.

MR HALEY (CONT'D)

By the way, I'm sorry for your dog.

MRS CONWAY

How do you... Did we met before Mr
Haley?

MR HALEY

Not before today, Mrs Conway.

MRS CONWAY

My dog died two weeks ago. How
could you --

MR HALEY

Have a good day, Mrs Conway.

Mr Haley leaves.

Mrs Conway stands still. Puzzled.

EXT. A PARK - DAY

An artificial pond. A vast park. Crowded.

Joggers and cyclists sharing the same track circling the
pond.

Here comes Mr Haley. Walking peacefully. Avoiding people
sitting in the park. Moving freely through the crowd just
like a sighted person would do.

A jogger is focusing on his cellphone. Texting. Running
straight toward Mr Haley.

Mr Haley stops. Steps away from the track. Walking.

The jogger passes him. Not noticing him.

Mr Haley walks away.

EXT. A BOULEVARD - DAY

A boulevard. At the corner of a street. Lightly crowded.

A pedestrian crossing. Traffic light is red.

Mr Haley is waiting next to an old woman (80's).

Traffic light turns green. The old woman takes a step
forward.

MR HALEY
 (raising his right hand)
 Stop!

The old woman freezes. Looking at Mr Haley suspiciously.

THE OLD WOMAN
 What are you --

A car suddenly skids around the corner. Almost hitting the old woman.

It speeds up. Tires screeching. Driving off.

THE OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Oh my god. Thank you sir. I
 think... you just saved my life.

Mr Haley offers his right arm. The old woman takes it.

They cross the boulevard.

The old woman stares at Mr Haley with inquisitive eyes.

THE OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
 If I may, why do you keep staring
 off into space? What's wrong with
 your eyes?

MR HALEY
 Nothing. They're not working.
 That's all.

THE OLD WOMAN
 You are blind?

MR HALEY
 Yes, ma'am.

THE OLD WOMAN
 And you are helping me cross the
 street?

They reach the sidewalk.

MR HALEY
 (smiling)
 That, I just did.
 (beat)
 Have a good day, ma'am.

The old woman freezes. Stunned.

Mr Haley turns around. Walking away.

EXT. A STREET - DAY

A residential neighborhood.

Mr Haley is walking down the street. He passes an abandoned house.

Going straight toward the next one. MONA (15), his granddaughter, is sitting on the front steps.

MR HALEY
I know, Mona. I'm late.

He reaches the stairs.

MR HALEY (CONT'D)
A new client?

Mr Haley climbs up the stairs.

MONA
That's good grandpa.

He reaches the front door.

MONA (CONT'D)
Anyway I know you'll never forget
our tea time Thursday.

Mr Haley takes his keys out of his right front pants pocket.

MR HALEY
Not a chance.

He unlocks the door.

MR HALEY (CONT'D)
Not a chance, my beloved
granddaughter.

He goes inside.

Mona follows him. Closes the door behind her.

INT. MR HALEY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

A dedicated music room. A small piano with an old metronome.
A home audio sound system. The front door.

Mona is sitting in an easy chair. Holding a mug.

Mr Haley is facing her, relax in his sofa. Also holding a mug.

MR HALEY
Stop insisting. Your mother hates me. It will never happen.

MONA
I know.

Mona takes a sip.

MONA (CONT'D)
I just... I mean I would --

MR HALEY
You can't compel people to be in good terms.
(beat)
I appreciate your empathy Mona. I really do. It's just you. It's so you.

Mona chuckles, embarrassed. Smiling.

MR HALEY (CONT'D)
I think you're making a mistake, Mona. I warned you about this young man and --

MONA
Always. You're always doing that. You...

Mona sighs. Defeated.

MR HALEY
It's just me.

MONA
(chuckling)
It's so you.

Mr Haley takes a sip.

MR HALEY
Why?

MONA
I don't know. He deserves a second chance?

MR HALEY
No he's not. Not him. And you know I'm always right about people.

MONA

I know.

MR HALEY

Just move on, Mona. You're a wonderful human being. Don't waste your time.

Mona nods. Takes a sip.

MR HALEY (CONT'D)

Or just do as you wish.

Mona nods. Smiling.

MR HALEY (CONT'D)

But he's a bad person. And he won't change. Ever.

(beat)

I'm just trying to give you perspective.

MONA

I know.

Mona takes a sip.

MR HALEY

I didn't sleep much these past few days. Damn, I'm so tired.

MONA

Insomnia?

MR HALEY

No. The new neighbors. Their religious singing keep me awake almost all night long. It's been three days now. And I tell you Mona, I'm about to --

MONA

Wait a minute. New neighbors?

MR HALEY

Yes, you know. The abandoned house. It's kinda weird. I mean I didn't hear anything these past few months. No renovation. No Nothing.

MONA

The house is in such a bad shape. How could normal people deliberately live in there?

MR HALEY
I'm asking myself the same
question.

MONA
I'll fetch infos for you.

MR HALEY
In a legal way.

Mona burst out laughing.

MONA
Grandpa!

Mr Haley smiles.

MR HALEY
Yeah, right. Nice persons are
always doing legals things, aren't
they?

MONA
Grandpa!

MR HALEY
What?

MONA
I'll think about it, ok? I promise.

MR HALEY
He doesn't deserve a second chance.

Mona stares off into space.

MONA
You may be right.

MR HALEY
I'm always right about --

MONA
I know.

Mona chuckles.

They both take a sip.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR HALEY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN.

A soothing lounge music is playing. Mr Haley is sitting on his sofa. Using a "BLITAB", a braille tablet. A decapsulated bottle of beer next to him. Relax.

Mr Haley takes a sip.

The music stops.

Mr Haley put aside his tablet. Weird.

He stands up. Goes to the sound system. Leans forward.

The metronome starts. Beating.

Mr Haley turns toward the piano. Very weird.

He goes toward the piano.

The metronome stops. Mr Haley freezes. Confused. Worried.

The music BLASTS OUT LOUD startling Mr Haley. What's going?

The music stops. Is it over? Mr Haley stays there, wondering.

A HOARSE WHISPER
Are you leaving soon?

Mr Haley takes a few steps backwards. In shock.

MR HALEY
What the... Who are you? What are you doing in my --

A HOARSE WHISPER
Are you leaving soon?

MR HALEY
What? Where are you? I don't... I --

A HOARSE WHISPER
Oh it's not working? Your special power or gift or whatever it is.

MR HALEY
I... I --

A HOARSE WHISPER
You don't know. I don't care.

Mr Haley nervously passes his hands over his face. Trying to remain calm. Trying to center himself.

MR HALEY

What do you want?

A HOARSE WHISPER

You are blind not deaf, right? Is it not what you are always saying?

MR HALEY

How do you... Who are you?

A HOARSE WHISPER

Pointless.

MR HALEY

What?

A HOARSE WHISPER

It doesn't matter.

(beat)

Are you leaving soon?

MR HALEY

What?

A HOARSE WHISPER

Are you leaving my house soon?

MR HALEY

Your house? I don't even know who you are.

(beat)

Where are you living exactly? I don't know. How would I know that? Tell me.

A HOARSE WHISPER

My house is right where you are standing. Are you leaving soon?

MR HALEY

What? Are you insane? You are insane. This is my house, not yours.

A HOARSE WHISPER

It was until now.

Mr Haley pulls his cellphone out of his right front pants pocket. A braille smartphone.

MR HALEY
I'm calling the police.

A HOARSE WHISPER
Sure. Go ahead. And then you will
leave, right?

Mr Haley dials 911.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR HALEY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN.

A police officer (32) is writing on his notepad. Mr Haley is standing right in front of him.

THE POLICE OFFICER
Except for his voice --

MR HALEY
It was more like a whisper but
guttural.

THE POLICE OFFICER
Yes. I see. And there's nothing
else, you... I mean, with all due
respect, you are blind. So...
anyway, I'll go with that.

The police officer has a look at his wrist watch. Writes down the time. Closes his notepad.

THE POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
As I said to you earlier, there's
not much we can do right now.
There's no evidence of a home
invasion. No prints of any kind.
Nothing. But we'll patrol in the
neighborhood and keep an eye on
your house. That's the best I can
do, Mr Haley.

MR HALEY
Ok. Thank you for your time
officer.

The police officer nods. Goes to the front door.

THE POLICE OFFICER
Have a good day, Mr Haley.

A HOARSE WHISPER
Wow, it's about time. I thought he
would never leave.

MR HALEY
Can you see him? Where is he?

THE POLICE OFFICER
(freezes at the door)
What?

A HOARSE WHISPER
What?

A HOARSE WHISPER
Oh oh. I got a bad feeling about
this.

Mr Haley horrified, stares at the police officer.

THE POLICE OFFICER
Sir?

A HOARSE WHISPER
Mystery is in the air. What this is
about? I'm wondering.
(beat)
Maybe I am the police officer.
Nah... a bit too obvious.

THE POLICE OFFICER
Sir?

A HOARSE WHISPER
The police officer is my partner in
crime. Like some kind of
conspiracy. He's ignoring my
presence. It drives you crazy and
we get ride of you.

THE POLICE OFFICER
Sir? Are you alright?

A HOARSE WHISPER
Better. Maybe he's deaf but he can
read lips. He doesn't hear me. And
I'm well hidden. What about that?
This is a good one.

THE POLICE OFFICER
Sir!

MR HALEY

Yes. I'm sorry officer. I thought... never mind. Have a good day.

THE POLICE OFFICER

We'll keep in touch.

The police officer opens the door. Gets out, closing the door behind him.

A HOARSE WHISPER

And... back to business.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR HALEY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN.

Mr Haley is sitting in his sofa. Drinking his beer. Lost in his thoughts.

A HOARSE WHISPER

What do you think? Are you nuts? I mean you hear voices. Obviously. Well at least mine.

Mr Haley disdainfully chuckles.

MR HALEY

What about the metronome and the music?

A HOARSE WHISPER

Maybe you did it just before convincing yourself you didn't do it. Who knows?

Mr Haley sighs. Exasperated.

MR HALEY

I hate you.

A HOARSE WHISPER

I like that.

(beat)

I want you to leave the house today.

(MORE)

A HOARSE WHISPER (CONT'D)
I can't play the insanity card. It
will take too much time and I'm not
that patient.

Mr Haley swallows the last sip of his beer. Stands up. Walks
around.

A HOARSE WHISPER (CONT'D)
Alright. You call back the police.
He's going to hear me this time.

MR HALEY
I can't do that.

A HOARSE WHISPER
Why?

MR HALEY
What exactly I'm going to tell him?
Hey, sir. You can come back to my
house. The dude you couldn't hear
earlier, you're going to hear him
this time. You know the same one
that didn't leave any visible
prints.

A HOARSE WHISPER
Well done. You made your point.
(beat)
Call someone else then.

MR HALEY
What?

A HOARSE WHISPER
Anyone else. No, wait. Call Mona.
Yeah. Your granddaughter.

MR HALEY
How do you know --

A HOARSE WHISPER
Pointless. Call her. Damn, what a
final it will be.

MR HALEY
I --

A HOARSE WHISPER
It's not like you have so many
choices.

(MORE)

A HOARSE WHISPER (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm so excited!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR HALEY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN.

Mona is sitting in the easy chair. Mr Haley is on the sofa.

MONA

I've never seen you like this
before, grandpa. What is it? Tell
me.

MR HALEY

I'm not sure.

MONA

What?

MR HALEY

I think... I think I'm going crazy.

MONA

Just like that?

MR HALEY

No.

(beat)

Yes. Just like --

A HOARSE WHISPER

So overly dramatic. Boring.

Mona jumps to her feet. Scared to death.

MONA

What... what was that?

MR HALEY

You heard him? Right?

MONA

Yes, but --

MR HALEY

Did you see him?

MONA
No, but the metronome --

MR HALEY
The metronome? What?

MONA
It just... slides across the piano
by itself.

The piano moves by itself across the living room.

Mona takes a step backward. Terrified.

A HOARSE WHISPER
Alright. You got me. I'm a demon.
Maybe not the most powerful one,
but still I can do terrible things.

MR HALEY
What? But how did you --

A HOARSE WHISPER
Oh, a bunch of retarded satanists
next door summoned me two days ago.
Nothing too fancy actually.

Mona reaches Mr Haley. Grabs his right hand.

A HOARSE WHISPER (CONT'D)
Well it was fun. I had a great
time. Thank you Mr Haley. But
everything has an end, right?
Anyway, I'm going to kill you both
in a very painful way. But first,
just for you Mona, I'm going to
turn off the light. You know. The
theatrical aspect.
(beat)
Ready? And... here we go.

BLACK SCREEN

FADE OUT.

- THE END -

