

Final Draft 8 Demo

YOU'RE ANTISOCIAL

Written by

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Based on, a lady with anthropophobia.

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INT. HOUSE - DAY

The house has shuttered closed windows and grayish cemented walls.

ALA, late forties, stringy salt and pepper hair, and thin. She's on the computer.

There's a loud, hard KNOCK at the door, BUM.

Ala's face turns flush as she starts to breathe heavily.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

Pizza man.

She takes a deep breath.

ALA

Place it by the door and your money is under the mat.

She walks to the door and leans her head sideways and listens.

The sound of a car engine starts VROO, VROO, VROO and seconds later tires squeal as he drove away.

INT./EXT. HOUSE - LATE MORNING

A YOUNG MAN wears a shirt with the logo: FOOD SMART DELIVER, as he carry two bags of groceries to the front porch. He KNOCKS on the door. BANG, BANG, BANG.

SAME TIME - LATE MORNING

ALA is walking down the stairs toward the door.

ALA

Who is it?

YOUNG MAN

Grocery delivery.

ALA

Leave it. Your tips is under the mat.

YOUNG MAN

Thanks.

Ala places her ears to the door as she hear his footsteps leaving slow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the corner is an old wooden desk is filled with papers, articles and books.

Ala sits at the desk, on the computer and types away while reading an article.

There's a clock on the wall that strikes 12:00, CUCKOO, CUCKOO, CUCKOO.

Ala places a stack of stapled papers into a vanilla envelope as she walks towards the door.

INT./EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

She listens, open the door slightly as she peeks out and looks around.

Ala goes to place the envelope into the mail slot.

MARY, her neighbor, an older woman who's well-known to their community. Mary comes out her house.

MARY

Good morning.

Ala looks at her, drops the envelope, run into the house and slammed the door.

Mary looks quizzical.

EXT. HOUSE/INT. BATHROOM - FEW MINUTES LATER

Ala runs into the bathroom.

Ala reflection in the mirror, she's pale, sweat rolls down her face and she's gasping for air. As she opens the medicine cabinet the brown pill bottles slips out of her hand into the sink below.

She takes several small, white, oval pills with water.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE EVENING

The living room furniture is pastel. Mary and her husband, HENRY an elderly gentleman are having a nightcap while sitting together on a love-seat.

Henry takes a tiny sip of his whiskey.

HENRY
How was your day, honey?

Mary sips on her martini.

MARY
Strange, today I saw the late Jack
and Sue's daughter.

HENRY
What's strange about that?

Mary puts her drink down on a nearby table.

MARY
I saw her and I spoke to her. She
said nothing. She had horror in her
eyes as she saw me. She went into
the house and closed the door.

HENRY
That's not nice.

Mary picks up her drink and sips again.

MARY
It's something going on with her?

HENRY
She lose both her parents.

MARY
No (beat) it's not that!

Henry stares at his wife.

MARY (CONT'D)
Let's enjoy our cocktails.

They continue to enjoy each other's company and drink.

INT/EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The MAILMAN has several large packages in his hands. He
leaves several packages on Ala steps as Mary watches him from
her living room window.

He comes to Mary house next as Mary comes out to greet him.

MARY
I noted you left packages on my
neighbor steps.

MAILMAN
Yes, all the time.

MARY
Those packages should require
signatures.

The mailman looks at her.

MAILMAN
She get packages all the time and
no signatures are required.

MARY
You should, let her know that she
has packages.

MAILMAN
You do know stealing mail is a
federal offense.

MARY
Excused me. I just think you should
knock on her door, to see if she's
home before leaving packages on her
porch.

MAILMAN
Thanks for the advise but she never
complains and by the way here's
your mails. Have a great day.

MARY
Thanks and you too.

The mailman walks away scratching his head.

Mary walks over to Ala's house and KNOCKS on the door.

MARY (CONT'D)
Ala, Ala? Are you in there?

INT. HOUSE - SAME TIME
Ala is on her computer and remains still.

Mary picks up the packages off the steps and places them near
the door.

Ala hears BAM, BAM, BAM, near the closed door.

She starts to hyperventilate as she reaches for her inhaler
near the computer.

Then the noise ceased. Ala sits there sweaty and pale.
Several days later.

INT. PRIVATE TEA PARTY - AFTERNOON

The table is decorated well with different pastries and
different tasting teas.

Several LADIES are sitting around the tables drinking, eating
and talking.

Mary picks up a little bell, CLANG, CLANG, CLANG.

MARY
There's a member in our community.
I like us to welcome in.

The ladies attention is on Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)
We all know her, Ala Stones.

OLGA, an elderly woman.

OLGA
Where is she?

MARY
She's not here. As a group, I like
us to go to her house and welcome
her.

All the women looks and nods their heads yes.

OLGA
Today?

Mary nods her head.

TWO WOMEN whisper in the corner.

WOMAN #1
I heard she's a strange cookie.

WOMAN #2
She no extrovert!

JOAN, an elderly woman.

JOAN

What are we going to do about the
increase in the homeowner
insurance?

All the ladies agreed by nodding their heads up and down.

OLDER LADIES

(awes)

A-ha...

They continues to talk.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

Mary sits on the sofa watching television. The sound of a
noisy engine can be heard. TICK, TICK, TICK.

A Food Smart's trunk pulls up in the driveway. Mary watches a
young man carrying several bags of groceries to Ala's porch
and leaves.

Mary continues to look on and off, twenty minutes pass and
the groceries still there.

Mary picks up her cellphone from the table.

INTERCUTTING BETWEEN MARY AND THE DELIVERY MAN

MARY (INTO PHONE)

Are you the young man, who left the
grocery on the porch.

DELIVERY MAN (INTO PHONE)

Did I break something Miss?

MARY (INTO PHONE)

Why didn't you bring the groceries
in?

DELIVERY MAN (INTO PHONE)

Your request Miss. Ala, every
Monday at 11:00...

Mary peeks out the window and the groceries are gone.

DELIVERY MAN (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

And you pacifically said "Leave
your groceries on the porch."

There complete silent.

DELIVERY MAN (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Miss. Ala, are you still there?

MARY
I'm sorry. It's okay.

She click the phone.

A week later.

EXT./INT. HOUSE - LATE MORNING

Mary and several of her FRIENDS watch the delivery man place Ala's groceries on the steps. They wait until he drives away.

Mary puts her index finger to her lips.

About thirty minutes later, the door opens.

Mary and her friends pushed their ways into Ala's house.

MARY
We're here personally to invite you
into our social group.

Ala's breathes fast and her face turns pale.

ALA
No, no. no, no!

Ala tries to push them out the door. She starts to cry and scream, as her arm start to shake.

ALA (CONT'D)
Please go!

MARY
We are here, to show you we care.

ALA
You don't understand!

Ala has her hand on her chest as she drips with sweat.

OLGA
My gosh, are you on drugs?

Ala turns purple as she collapsed on the floor. Mary runs over to her.

MARY
Ala, get up my child!

The ladies are frantic. Mary feels Ala's wrist.

JOAN

Wait! She has a Alert bracelet on.

Mary reads it.

MARY

Agoraphobia...

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OLGA

What the heck does that mean?

JOAN

She's looks like she's dead.

MARY

She has a phobia to society!

OLGA

Let the poor child , rest in peace!

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