

DADDY'S HOME AKA THE ROCKPORT RIPPER

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A worn basketball COURT, the paint faded. MARK (40s), a kind-faced man with a slightly goofy charm, is trying to impress his daughter, ANNA (17), with a fancy dribble. He trips over his own feet, falling awkwardly. His forearm scrapes against the sharp, jagged rocks lining the driveway.

ANNA

Dad! You okay?

Mark winces, sitting up and examining the cut on his forearm.

There's a good-sized gash, bleeding steadily.

MARK

'Tis but a scratch! Just a flesh wound.

Anna lets out a fond sigh, shaking her head.

ANNA

Let's get you inside, Sir Lancelot. That looks pretty deep.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Anna cleans and bandages the four-inch-long cut on Mark's arm.

ANNA

You're so lucky you didn't need stitches.

MARK

And you're lucky I'm too tough for stitches.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Mark and Anna are sprawled on the couch, watching The Princess Bride.

WESTLEY (ON SCREEN)

As you wish.

ANNA

See? That's true love. Simple,  
elegant.

MARK

(Quoting along)

"Inconceivable!" You keep using  
that word. I do not think it means

what you think it means.

Anna laughs, playfully nudging his still-bandaged arm. He subtly adjusts it, a flicker of discomfort in his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Anna looks at her calendar, where November 1st - All Saints' Day - is circled in red. She glances at a photo of her and Mark in front of a

"Welcome to ROCKPORT" sign, a thoughtful, worried expression on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (NOVEMBER 1ST)

Mark, wearing a long-sleeved shirt despite the mild weather, packs a small suitcase. Anna watches him, a sense of unease growing.

ANNA

So, the big conference today?  
Everything all set?

MARK

Yep. All set. Just the usual.

He avoids her gaze as he folds some clothes.

ANNA

You haven't mentioned where it is  
this year.

MARK

Oh, you know... out of state.  
Nothing too exciting. Definitely  
not a place you'd be interested in  
this time.

He zips his suitcase quickly.

ANNA

Right. Of course. Well, have a good trip.

MARK

Thanks, sweetheart. I'll call you when I get there. Take care of

your grandmother.

He gives her a hug, a brief, almost hesitant embrace. As he walks out the door, Anna's eyes fix on his bandaged arm, now hidden beneath his shirt sleeve.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Anna follows Mark's car towards ROCKPORT.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Anna reads the chilling details of Jeremiah Jaspers and the Rockport

Ripper in an old newspaper article online. The image of a masked killer

in a yellow raincoat burns in her mind.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

Anna cautiously approaches the dilapidated house. Through a cracked

window, she sees Mark in the candlelight. He's on his knees, grunting

with effort as he pries up a loose floorboard. He reaches into the dark

space and carefully pulls out a neatly folded yellow raincoat, a crude

burlap sack mask, and a large, gleaming meat hook.

He stares at the items for a long, silent moment, a look of profound

sorrow and dread on his face. He takes a deep, shuddering breath.

Anna's eyes widen in horror. She watches as his body begins to twist

and contort. His eyes turn black. The gash on his forearm, the one he

got from the fall, is now completely healed, the skin smooth and

unbroken. He turns, a horrifying smile on his face.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Anna stumbles back to her car. The figure in the yellow raincoat and

burlap sack mask emerges, a meat hook in hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT (NOVEMBER 1ST)

SUPER: ALL SAINTS' DAY - NOVEMBER 1ST

The cold wind rustles through leafless trees. A dim, lonely glow from a suburban home is the only light on a dark street.

Across the street, hidden behind a large oak, ANNA watches. Her breath ghosts in the cold air.

Her eyes fix on her father, MARK. He moves with an unnatural stillness across the yard. Wearing his YELLOW RAINCOAT, the BURLAP MASK, and the cold, glinting MEAT HOOK.

He doesn't look like the clumsy, lovable dad from earlier. He's a

hunter. He tests the back door. It opens quietly, as if waiting for him.

Anna clamps a hand over her mouth, a silent gasp escaping her lips.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A low hum of a refrigerator. The faint, metallic MURMUR of a TV from

the living room.

A young BABYSITTER (20s) lounges on a couch, her face lit by the

glowing screen of her phone. She is oblivious.

Mark's shadow falls across the wall. He raises the hook.

A floorboard creaks under his foot.

BABYSITTER  
(looking up)  
Hello...?

The babysitter's eyes widen in horror.

The hook slams into her collarbone. A guttural scream is cut short.

A brutal, wet THRASHING. Mark yanks her down.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Through the window, Anna's POV. She sees Mark standing over the limp

body, his shoulders heaving with a deep, shuddering breath. He looks

down at his hands, at the hook.

Tears well in her eyes. The sound of her own voice, a raw, fragile whisper:

ANNA  
..Daddy.

FADE TO BLACK.