

THE VOYEUR

Written by

Wayne Turmel

Based on the short story, The Voyeur by Wayne Turmel

Address
Phone Number

EXT. A MCMANSION IN A FANCY SUBURB. NIGHT.

An expensive car drives the deserted street and pulls into the gated driveway.

There's a momentary pause and the gate starts to rise.

CONNIE (O.C.)
Hold on tiger. You can hold out for
two minutes.

JASON (O.C.)
But can you?

CONNIE (O.C.)
Oh you bad boy.

Connie LAUGHS SEXILY as the car pulls into the garage

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER OF CONNIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The door from the garage bursts open and two lovers are engaged in passionately kissing and groping each other.

CONNIE LINDSTROM (early forties, expensively and sexily dressed.) She is wearing expensive jewelry including a large wedding ring set.

KYLE ANDERSON (early 20s. He's hot in a douchebag frat boy way.)

The lovers kiss like they are eating each other's faces. Connie starts to pull Kyle's shirt up, revealing his six pack.

CONNIE
Mmmmm mama likes.

KYLE
Whoa. Whoa... you're sure your
husband isn't here?

Connie continues groping and seducing him despite his sudden nervousness.

CONNIE
Don't tell me you're getting cold
feet. You knew I was married when
you said you wanted to come home
with me. Remember?

KYLE

Yeah. I mean oh god... yeah. I just don't want any trouble.

CONNIE

You're in trouble alright, kid. But not with him.

He looks around nervously.

Connie begins groping and undressing him as she speaks, kissing him all over.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

He's not here. Now are you really going to give up the chance to have this hot... cheating.... married woman?

She displays her huge, gaudy wedding ring like she's hypnotizing him.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Are you going to stay and play in the big leagues or am I sending you home to your frat buddies?

Kyle's horniness overcomes his nerves.

KYLE

Stay. Definitely stay.

CONNIE

Good boy.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Her bedroom is massive. It's tastefully done, but the centerpiece is a huge bed, already turned down for the night. An enormous walk-in closet with a mirror on the door takes up one whole wall.

The light comes on.

The door opens and Connie leads Kyle in by the hand. He's far more willing now.

CONNIE

And here's the playground. You like?

KYLE

It's a hell of a lot better than my dorm room. For sure.

CONNIE

And I'm way, way better than those little cheerleader bimbos you're used to. You ever been with an older woman?

KYLE

Sure, a few but none of them...

CONNIE

Rich? Married? This hot for your college boy body?

Kyle loses control and grabs her trying to pull her to the bed. Connie breaks free and adjusts hair and dress.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Relax, lover. We have plenty of time. All night, in fact. No curfews or angry daddy's to worry about.

KYLE

Cool.

He grabs for her again and she sidesteps him, LAUGHING.

CONNIE

Tell you what, kid. Why don't you make yourself comfortable and I'm going to change into something more appropriate... well, inappropriate but you know...

Connie disappears into the bathroom and shuts the door.

Kyle is all alone. He looks around, then begins ripping his clothes off. He sniffs his pits to make sure he's okay, then wipes his shirt under his arms just in case.

He strips to his underwear and sees himself in the mirror. He strikes a body builder pose.

He looks around the room, touching the very expensive furniture and decorations.

Trying to shake off his nerves, he gives himself another quick look in the mirror and likes what he sees.

One last look around the room and something catches his eye.

Kyle's POV

A bright red dot is visible. He steps closer and realizes there is a little camera in the ceiling at the corner of the room.

He steps closer to investigate. He waves his hand in front of it.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

A girl can't have too much security. You never know who might wind up in her house.

From behind him we see Connie has entered the room. She's dressed in a sexy silk robe with clearly not much on underneath except very skimpy lingerie.

KYLE

Is that a camera? I mean, I know it's a camera, but is it on?

CONNIE

My husband thinks we should protect the sanctity of the marital home. His wife and all his possessions.

She opens the robe and displays her body in the lingerie. She stalks towards Kyle.

KYLE

But it's on? What if it records... us? And what if he sees?

Connie begins trying to kiss on him again.

CONNIE

Afraid you're going to wind up on the internet or something? Don't be. I know how to delete it. And besides I like to watch later.

Kyle is nervous and steps away from her.

KYLE

I don't know...

Connie is not to be denied.

CONNIE

Don't you think it's kind of hot? We can watch it together later if you like. I mean, I'm sure you've been on camera before.

(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Are you telling me you've never sent a picture of this to some girl?

She grips him by the crotch as she plants a hungry kiss on him.

KYLE

Just for us though, right?

Kissing down his throat.

CONNIE

You'll love it. Okay, scaredy cat. Yes. It's just for us. Kay?

KYLE

Damn. You're wild.

CONNIE

Buckle up, kid. You have no idea.

Kyle drops his head to her neck and begins kissing Connie back, a little rough and out of control

He stops when he hears a MAN MOANING. It's faint, but it's there. He stops and looks around.

Connie tries to bring his attention back to her.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Get back to work. Oh, I like that.

Another MOAN, louder this time.

Connie tries to drag him to the bed.

KYLE

Shush.

He tries to listen.

CONNIE

Don't shush me, you little shit.

Kyle takes a step away from her, trying to locate the source of the noise. He takes a step towards the closet.

Connie grabs his arm.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Okay fine. You want to know the truth. You'll like it. You're a kinky little son of a bitch.

She grabs his arm and flings him onto the bed, straddling him. Then she bends down to whisper in his ear.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
 Since you like to ruin surprises,
 I'll tell you. My husband likes to
 watch. Drives him crazy.

Kyle tries to wiggle away but Connie's grip on his wrists is solid.

As Kyle wriggles to get away, Connie wriggles on top of him and MOANS.

Kyle relaxes a bit and lets his hands roam her body when he freezes.

A LOUD MOAN can be heard.

MOANING VOICE (O.C)
 Noooooo.

Kyle stops and pushes her off him.

He stands and looks around.

KYLE
 Is he here?

Kyle sees the mirror on the closet door.

CONNIE
 Get back here.

Kyle walks to the mirror and tries to see through it.

KYLE
 Is this one of those two way mirror
 things?

CONNIE
 He's watching on the camera. Don't
 spoil the fun. Come here.

Kyle throws open the door to the closet quickly.

INT. HUGE WALK-IN CLOSET. NIGHT

A light comes on automatically. There's nothing in there but shelves of shoes and miles of expensive clothing.

Kyle takes a half-step in and looks around. He sees nothing unusual.

CONNIE (O.S.)
 Satisfied? Because I'm sure as hell
 not. Now get that tight little ass
 back here.

Kyle turns to go back to her when the MOAN comes again.
 Louder this time.

MOANING VOICE (O.C)
 Don't. Please don't.

Kyle stops again. It's louder this time, but he still can't
 place it.

KYLE
 It's like it's coming from here but
 there's nothing...

He steps fully into the closet and takes a closer look.

MOANING VOICE (O.C.)
 Please don't do this again.

KYLE'S POV

At the far end of the closet, there's a half-sized door with
 a brass handle. Kyle can't resist moving towards it.

CONNIE (O.S.)
 No don't go in there.

KYLE
 It doesn't sound like he's enjoying
 this at all. (To voice) Hey, you
 okay?

Kyle sees flickering light under the door. He flips the
 switch and presses the door open.

CONNIE (O.S.)
 (Shrieking) Get back here you
 little son of a bitch.

INT. SECRET ROOM. NIGHT.

POV ON THE INSIDE OF THE DOOR.

The door pops open and we see Kyle crouched down to get
 inside.

The room is lit by the light of half a dozen huge TV screens.

Stunned at what he sees, Kyle stands and enters the room. He is horrified at what he sees.

It's a small room, lit only by the video screens on all four walls. The screens display rotating angles on Connie's bedroom.

MOANING VOICE

Get out. Run.

In the center of the room is a white, powdery circle drawn on the floor. In the center of the room is a spectral figure, hovering a foot off the floor. It's the image of an older man, dressed in casual clothes.

Kyle draws closer for a better look.

The figure MOANS again and Kyle looks at its face.

BERT's ghost hangs in the middle of the circle. On one side of his face he's a good looking, middle-aged man. The other half of his face is bloody and gory, like he'd been hit in the face with an axe.

Kyle is frozen in fear.

BERT

For the love of God. Help me.

From behind him comes CONNIE'S VOICE.

CONNIE

Hi honey. I'm home.

She enters the room, wrapping her robe around herself.

Kyle backs away from her.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Like what I've done with the place?

KYLE

Who is that?

CONNIE

That's my loving husband Bert. Or what's left of him. I suppose you would call it his spirit. Lord knows he had no soul to speak of.

KYLE

Wh... how?

CONNIE

See that circle? Amazing what you can do with a simple bag of salt. He's trapped there until I decide to let him go. Which will be never. He gets to spend forever watching me have my fun. Isn't that right, Bert?

BERT

Please... please...

KYLE

This is awful. Why would you do this?

Connie tries to take his elbow and take him away. Kyle rips his arm away from her.

CONNIE

Don't be like that junior. He had it coming.

KYLE

What could he possibly have done to deserve that?

CONNIE

You wanna tell him or should I?

Bert opens his mouth but all that comes out is a blood-curdling SCREAM.

Connie shrugs.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Okay, lover.

CUT TO:

INT. BERT'S HOME OFFICE. DAY.

Connie is dressed as a typical suburban wife- mom jeans and a sweater.

Connie stands in front of Bert's desk, holding a phone. She's staring in shock at what she sees.

POV PHONE SCREEN

Bert and a young woman (KRISTEN) are having sex.

Kristen giggles and wiggles under him.

KRISTEN
Hotter than your wife? Tell me I'm
hotter than your wife.

BERT
That wouldn't take much.

He goes back to ravishing her.

Kristen MOANS.

INT. BERT'S HOME OFFICE DAY

CONNIE is staring at the phone in shock. She doesn't hear Bert come in.

BERT
What are you doing? Are you
snooping on my phone?

CONNIE
Damn it Bert. You said this would
never happen again.

BERT
Yeah well. Clearly it has. Give me
my phone.

Connie is too stunned to give it to him.

Bert grabs her wrist hard.

Connie tries to slap him. He snarls in anger.

BERT (CONT'D)
You snoopy bitch. You want to see?
You like to watch?

Bert pushes Connie onto her back on the couch and roughly straddles her.

Connie SCREAMS and tries to get away.

Bert pins her down and holds the phone in front of her face. She's unable to look away.

CONNIE
No. No....

BERT
You wanted to see? Well take a good
look. Maybe you'll learn something.

POV PHONE SCREEN

Bert and Kristen continue to have sex.

CONNIE

No. I don't want to watch you sick
asshole... I don't want to see it.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN RIGHT OUTSIDE THE SHED. DAY.

The door opens and Bert emerges. He takes half a dozen steps
and stops.

Connie is standing there, a garden hoe in her hand.

BERT

What the hell are you supposed to
be?

CONNIE

You said you wouldn't do that
again. You promised.

BERT

(Laughs.) You blame me? Look at
you.

Connie looks like she's about to cry. Then her face changes.
She raises the hoe and brings it down on Bert's face, almost
cleaving it in two.

Bert's body falls to the ground. Connie takes two more good
whacks just for good measure.

CONNIE

Look at you, Bert. Look at you.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET ROOM. NIGHT.

KYLE

(Looks around him) When did you do
all this?

CONNIE

Bert couldn't stop being an asshole
even after I killed him.

(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)

He came back and thought he could
haunt me. Expected me to feel
guilty. (To Bert) Spoiler alert. I
don't. Not a bit.

KYLE

And you're never letting him out?

CONNIE

Long as that circle is intact, he's
never getting out. He gets to watch
me now. And he's seen a lot,
haven't you Sweetheart?

Bert SCREAMS

BERT

Free me. Please free me.

Kyle looks at Connie, then at the circle.

CONNIE

Don't even think about it.

Bert MOANS.

Kyle takes a step towards the door.

Connie relaxes, but Kyle suddenly turns and runs back to the
circle.

Using his foot, he kicks at the line, creating a visible
break in the salt circle.

Connie SCREAMS.

Bert's ghost disintegrates and the spirit flows out through
the break in the circle.

Bert's ghost stops inches in front of Connie's face. They
both SCREAM at each other.

Bert's ghost disappears.

Connie glares at Kyle, who steps towards the door. She steps
between him and the door.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You ruined everything!

KYLE

I swear. I won't tell anyone. Our
little secret.

Kyle ducks and sprints through the door.

Connie SCREAMS in fury.

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Kyle bursts out of the closet door and slams it behind him.

He scrambles to pick up his clothes but can hear Connie banging and cursing in the closet.

He turns just as Connie comes out of the closet.

CONNIE

Bastard. You mean all stick
together.

Kyle flees the room, Connie right behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Kyle has his hands full of clothes. In just his underwear, he runs awkwardly down the hallway.

Connie is right behind him, SHRIEKING INCOHERENTLY.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER OF CONNIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Kyle runs to the door and tries to open it but it's locked. Panicked, he fumbles with the deadbolt.

Connie leaps from the stairs to tackle him. They both go down in a heap.

Connie is on top of him, punching, clawing, screaming.

CONNIE

All I wanted was a little fun. And
you had to ruin it.

KYLE

(Screaming) Help! Help me!

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER OF CONNIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Two bodies burst through the door from the garage. CONNIE and JASON (twenties, could be Kyle's twin, but blond) are making out wildly.

JASON
You sure we're alone?

Connie chuckles and starts undoing his shirt.

CONNIE
Well, my boyfriend's home.

Jason tries to pull away. Connie grabs his shirt front and leans in with a smile.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
It's cool, honey. He likes to watch.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET ROOM. NIGHT.

Kyle's spirit hangs suspended in the salt circle, surrounded by all the screens. His body is bruised and his face scratched, one eyeball hanging out of its socket.

ON THE SCREEN you see Jason and Connie start to undress each other.

KYLE
No. Please. God help me. Noooo

CUT TO BLACK.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)