

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The open-plan apartment has a few items of furniture; a couch, a coffee table, a dining table.

The LANDLORD (40s) enters the room followed by TIM (20s). The Landlord is tall, slim and gaunt. A shaved bald head, with dark shadows around his wide eyes. Overall, very creepy looking.

Tim is short, but lean. He has medium length hair and a beard. He looks around the room impressed and smiles.

TIM
There's furniture?

The Landlord speaks with a quiet whisper of a voice.

LANDLORD
Ah yes, the previous tenant left rather abruptly and left her furniture. You're welcome to keep it.

TIM
I can't say no to that.

Tim approaches the couch and plumps the cushion with his hand.

TIM
Very nice.

Tim walks over to the window and looks out to reveal they are on the second floor of the building.

LANDLORD
What do you do for work, Mr Oxford?

TIM
I work at a television channel. A producer. I do the early morning shift, so I'll be at home most afternoons.

LANDLORD
Early morning? What time do you wake up?

Tim turns around and smiles.

TIM
3 o'clock, if you can imagine that?

LANDLORD
My goodness. That is early. I hope
it pays well.

TIM
It does, so I won't have any
trouble with the rent.

The Landlord smiles.

LANDLORD
Yes. So are you interested?

TIM
I think so.

Tim approaches and extends his hand to shake, the Landlord
takes hold of it. The Landlord admires the shake.

LANDLORD
You have a firm grip.

Tim laughs nervously.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Boxes are stacked all around the room. Tim enters carrying
another box and places it down with the others. He looks
around the room and smiles to himself.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Tim sits on the couch watching television, a half eaten
takeaway spread out on the coffee table. Tim looks up at a
clock on the wall, 7:00pm.

He picks up the remote and switches off the T.V. He turns off
all the lights and heads into the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

All is quiet. Tim lay asleep in bed. He rolls over to face
the bedroom door and opens his eyes.

He stares at the bottom of the door, a beam of light bleeding
through.

Tim opens his eyes wider and lifts his head. As he stares at the light a shadow cuts through it as if someone standing the other side of the door. The sound of a muffled cough outside the door.

Tim sits up startled. He watches the shadow move and restore the clean wash of light. Then suddenly the light disappears.

Tim is breathing heavily. He is frozen with fear. He pulls back the covers and slowly slides out of bed. He picks up a baseball bat leaning against the wall and cautiously approaches the door.

He turns the handle and pulls it slightly ajar. He peers out into complete darkness. He opens the door wider and steps out of the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights flicks on filling the room with bright light. Tim stands by the light switch with the baseball bat ready. He looks around the room, there is nobody there. He breathes a sigh of relief as he lowers the bat. He laughs to himself and shakes his head.

He switches the light off.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

An alarm clock on a bedside table changes from 2:59 to 3:00. The alarm goes off.

INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tim is in the shower. His eye is caught by a tiny blob of red on the white tiled wall. He takes a closer look before picking it off with his finger nail. He drops it so it washes away with the water.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tim is in the kitchen eating a bowl of cereal. He glances up at the clock on the wall, it's 3:30. He panics, slamming the bowl down on the kitchen counter. He grabs a rucksack and rushes for the door.

He grabs the front door handle, but it won't open. He tries several times, but it seems to be jammed. He stares at it confused. He takes out the front door key and tries to unlock it, but it does nothing, the handle is stuck ridged.

TIM

Oh shit.

He hears the sound of a door closing the other side. He knocks on his own door.

TIM

Hello? Is someone out there? I need help. My door is stuck.

He hears nothing back.

Tim peers through the peephole...

A YOUNG WOMAN (20s) with a shocked look upon her blood covered face stares back at him.

Tim jumps back from the door, terrified. He slowly leans in for another look, but this time there is nobody there. He shakes the image from his mind.

He takes out his cellphone and tries dialling, but there is no signal. He picks up a land-line phone and puts it to his ear, but the line is dead.

TIM

What the hell is going on?

He walks over to the window and tries to open it, but the window is sealed shut. He tries several times, but it won't budge.

Outside he sees a young woman walking past. He starts banging on the window shouting for help.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

From the outside of the apartment we can see Tim banging on the window, but not a sound.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The young woman stops under a street light and turns to him. Her face is revealed, covered in blood. She stares at him shaking her head slowly. It's the same woman he saw in the peephole. Tim stares at her in shock. He shakes his head and steps away from the window.

He looks around the room.

He spots a small table lamp. He picks it up and launches it at the window. The lamp bounces off the window and hits the floor breaking into pieces. Tim frowns in frustration.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tim rushes in and attempts to open the window, but again it's jammed.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tim paces around the room nervously.

TIM
Help! Help!

Tim rushes around the room banging on the walls. He screams louder and louder until his throat is sore and voice is cracking. He tires himself out and sits down on the couch.

The television turns on. He looks up to see nothing but the snowy static. He picks up the remote and is about to turn it off, when a shot of the young woman flashes on screen making him jump.

The words 'It's too late' flash on screen.

Blood starts to run down the screen. Tim switches off the television and casts the remote to one side.

He gets up and rushes for the front door again. He desperately tries to open it, barging it with his shoulder, but it seems nothing will make that door move.

He leans back against the door exhausted and slides down until he's sitting. He takes a deep breath and drops his head into his hands.

When he looks up he sees the young woman standing at the other side of the room. She stares at him.

He slowly gets to his feet.

TIM
Who are you?

She slowly approaches him, blood dripping from her face onto the floor. As she gets closer, he tries to step back, but bumps up against the door.

She reaches out towards him with both hands cupped together holding a human heart. He stares at it.

TIM

What do you want?

She drops the heart on the floor and then places a hand over his chest. He looks down nervously at her hand caressing him.

Suddenly she plunges her hand straight through his chest. He screams loudly. We zoom in on his eye...

...as we zoom back out of his eye we see Tim is lying motionless and silent on the dining table, stripped down to his boxer shorts.

Plastic sheeting is on the floor beneath him. With his head fixed, his eyes dart around the room in a panicked state.

The Landlord approaches him dressed in surgical attire. He pulls over a tray of operating utensils.

LANDLORD

Ah, you're awake. I'm sure you're wondering why you cannot move. I have given you a paralytic. I needed to make sure you wouldn't squirm, it could ruin everything.

The Landlord picks up a surgical knife and lets it glisten in the light in front of Tim's eyes.

LANDLORD

Perhaps, I can keep you alive longer than the others.

The Landlord pulls a surgical mask over his mouth and nose. Tim watches as the knife moves over to his chest and begins to cut. Unable to scream, he can only look away.

FADE OUT.