

# **DON'T LEAVE THE HOUSE**

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**A NOTE ON SCENE HEADINGS**

This story takes place in a house in the middle of rural America, surrounded by nothing but darkness on the outside, despite the time of day in which events occur.

All scene headings are indicated as DAY (NIGHT) for this reason.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (NIGHT)

A close-up of a timer ticking down in the clock app of an iPhone, starting at 15:00. Current time -- 11:45 AM.

CHLOE, early 20s, black, short curly hair, phone in hand, sits near a large bay window, heavily barricaded from the inside. She peers out through a narrow sliver in the window into a suburban landscape. A disgusting heavy gray out there.

A slight wind rattles against the window. She fidgets with anxiety as she pops the top of a prescription pill bottle and tosses a pill into her mouth, chases it with a swig from a bottle of water. JESS, white, early 20s, walks into the room.

JESS

Chloe.

Chloe looks up, her eyes lost.

JESS

We need to talk about how to handle this if he doesn't come back.

CHLOE

(meekly)

Okay.

Jess walks away, passes by the front door, also heavily barricaded. We follow her into the --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jess snakes through to a whiteboard on the wall. A list of several household items needed, funny drawings and inspirational quotes are scribbled on it. Chief among the handwritten notes, in the center of the board --

DAYS WITHOUT SUN: 12

She grabs a marker, erases the 12 with her hand and writes 13 in its place. She walks to the back of the kitchen, opens a door already slightly ajar...

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

...then descends down a stairwell.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

She walks down into an unfinished basement, where JORDAN, early 20s, white, bushy brown hair, athletic bro type, CARVES A STAKE OUT OF A PIECE OF WOOD. A pile of carved wooden stakes lie in an old, wooden Spearitz Soda crate next to him.

JESS

We need to talk about what we're gonna do.

JORDAN

(still carving)  
Yeah. We do.

JESS

I'll grab the girls.

She walks back toward the stairs...

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

...then up them and into the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She walks through again and stops to pop open the fridge. Inside, a bunch of food and beverage items with labels on them to indicate what belongs to whom and several large bags of garlic cloves.

She grabs a bottle of Spearitz Soda, closes the door, pops the top off it, then walks back to the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She passes by Chloe, who doesn't acknowledge her, but it doesn't stop Jess from shooting Chloe a worrisome glance on her way by as she heads to the...

INT. FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She walks into another large room, this one with a TV blaring the day's news as LEXY, age, description, sprawls out on a couch, ignoring the TV in favor of NitPic, an Instagram-like social media app on her phone.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
Updated guidelines released  
yesterday are still in place  
today.

JESS  
Hey.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
More than three hours of  
exposure leads to a ninety-  
three percent chance that  
humans will experience what  
authorities are now calling  
The Turn.

LEXY  
Hey, look at these people  
from, like, fucking Alabama  
just hanging out on their  
front porch like nothing's  
happening.

Lexy flips her phone screen around to show Jess a video of a  
trio of three, thirtysomething white males in trucker hats,  
flannel and camouflage, sitting on a sun-drenched back porch  
talking at the camera.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
Based on reports filed with  
local police and local health  
departments, it's estimated  
that more than fifty-thousand  
people have already turned,  
and another one-hundred  
thousand are expected to turn  
by the end of the week.

ALABAMA MAN (ON PHONE)  
You gotta think about this  
stuff, man. Who has the power  
to block out the sun for two  
fucking weeks? Think about it  
critically, y'all, that's all  
we're saying.

Lexy spins the phone back around and exits out of the video.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
When we come back, we'll  
check in with White House  
correspondent...

LEXY  
What a bunch of fucking  
idiots, right?

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
...Stephanie King as the  
nation prepares for another  
address...

JESS  
(getting annoyed)  
Yeah. Look, we need to talk  
about Trey.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
...from President Redcash at  
the top of the hour.

LEXY  
What did he post?

The TV cuts to a Spearitz Soda commercial -- the best, and  
only, spearmint soda, since 1927!

JESS  
He's not back yet.

LEXY  
Seriously? Where's Chloe?

JESS  
Right there.

Lexy follows the direction of Jess's nod, sees Chloe sitting by the window.

LEXY  
She looks rough.

JESS  
You would too, all things  
considered. Meet in the basement.  
I'll grab Faye.

Jess walks out of the room, to the back of the house. We see big, sliding glass doors, also barricaded from the inside. She walks up the...

INT. SECOND STORY STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

...and passes by pale, blank walls, then emerges into a...

INT. SECOND STORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...where four doors, three bedrooms and one bath line the landscape. She walks to the far end of the hallway, where she knocks on the last door on the left.

JESS  
Faye, I'm coming in.

INT. FAYE AND LEXY'S BEDROOM - DAY (NIGHT)

Jess nudges open the door, where she sees FAYE, female, early 20s, Asian-American, hooked into a VR gaming console. She's totally immersed, her arms flailing in the air like she's swinging a sword.

JESS  
Can you pause?

Faye makes another swipe through the air, then stands still.

FAYE  
I'm practicing. What's up?

JESS  
Practicing for what?

FAYE  
Killing zombies.

JESS  
These aren't zombies.

Faye removes her VR headset.

FAYE  
I know. But there aren't any good  
vampire games out there.

JESS  
I'll take your word for it. Trey's  
not back yet.

Faye picks up a phone from a nightstand nearby.

FAYE  
Shit. Only ten minutes left?

JESS  
Yeah. We need to talk. Now.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY (NIGHT)

Jordan carves the last of the stake he was carving earlier, then touches the tip with his finger and draws a bit of blood. He slides the finger into his mouth to nurse the wound, then tosses the stake into the crate.

He walks across the basement, where he pulls out a bottle of bourbon from a cabinet, unscrews the cap, takes a big swig directly from it. He takes another smaller swig.

LEXY (O.S.)  
I thought you stopped drinking.

Jordan wipes his mouth, then spins around to see Lexy, her eyes still engaged with her phone despite the comment.

JORDAN  
I think we've all started doing a  
lot of things we thought we were  
finished with.

Lexy looks up, momentarily present and engaged.

LEXY  
Are you scared?

JORDAN  
Not for the same reasons you are.

LEXY  
You think I'm scared?

JORDAN  
Aren't you?

LEXY  
Well. Yeah.

Jess and Faye walk down the stairs. Jess spots the bottle of bourbon in Jordan's hands.

JESS  
What's going on here?

JORDAN  
I just needed to take the edge off,  
okay? Relax. It's not permanent.

Jess looks at the crate on the floor, then back to Jordan.

JESS  
We've got less than ten minutes to  
figure out what to do if Trey  
doesn't come back.

FAYE  
What about Chloe?

JESS  
What about her?

FAYE  
Shouldn't she get a say?

LEXY  
Hell no. She's too damn emotional  
as it is.

JESS  
She's right. Would you vote to  
stake Lexy if she was out there?

FAYE  
I would. Because that's the right  
thing to do.

LEXY  
Oh, but I thought you loved me?

FAYE  
Shut up. You'd do the same.

LEXY  
No. I wouldn't.



JESS

Look, we may all have to make a decision like this at some point in the future, but let's not let that determine what happens now.

JORDAN

She's right. First things first, we're gonna need food if he doesn't come back, so someone else is gonna have to go out there.

FAYE

I'll go.

LEXY

You're not going anywhere.

FAYE

Why not?

LEXY

'Cause you're too cute to be out there turning into some motherfucking vampire shit.

FAYE

Fine. We can all go.

LEXY

No. We're not chancing that shit for everyone.

FAYE

But we could get more food that way, and then we wouldn't have to leave as often.

JORDAN

I'll go, okay?

JESS

No, you need to stay here.

JORDAN

Why?

JESS

What if one of them gets in?

JORDAN

Have you seen the doors and windows? Who's getting in?

JESS  
I'm just saying.

JORDAN  
You can protect yourselves. We have plenty of stakes.

FAYE  
Jess has a point, though.

Faye walks toward the crate, pulls one out, touches the tip to her finger.

FAYE  
We need to be ready regardless.

LEXY  
Ready for *what*?

FAYE  
Listen, sweetie, you have to plan for all scenarios, okay? Scenario number one, Trey comes back with the food, no harm, no foul, we can go back to playing on our phones and watching the world go to shit from the comfort of our living room. Scenario number two, Trey doesn't come back at all, and then one of us, or all of us, has to go out there, and soon. And scenario number three, anyone want to guess what that one is?

JESS  
He comes back after the time expires.

FAYE  
Ding, ding, ding. And then what?

LEXY  
Okay, you're tripping me out.

JORDAN  
We need to be prepared for that.

LEXY  
And what are you gonna tell Chloe? You gonna shove a wooden stake into her hand and tell her she has to drive it into her boyfriend?

JORDAN

That won't be her boyfriend she's driving a stake into.

Jordan and Jess, boyfriend and girlfriend themselves, lock eyes for a beat.

JESS

We need to take a vote.

LEXY

A vote on what?

JESS

What to do if he comes back after the time expires.

FAYE

I'm ready to kill a bitch if I have to. I vote for that.

LEXY

Are you serious right now?

FAYE

Yes. Are you?

LEXY

I mean, I don't think we should kill him. There are other options.

JESS

We're not killing anyone. I meant should we let him back in or not.

JORDAN

We may not have a choice. And he's my friend more than he's any of yours. So trust me when I say that I'll stake him if I have to.

JESS

Shit, you guys are aggressive. Again, we're not killing anyone. Do we let him in or not? I say yes.

LEXY

Of course you would.

JESS

What does that mean?

Lexy shoots Jess a *you know why, girl* glance. Jess crosses her arms, defensively. Jordan notices.

JORDAN

I vote no. At least until we can figure out if it's safe or not.

LEXY

Agreed. And I don't qualify that shit. He stays out forever. Them's the breaks.

JORDAN

Faye?

FAYE

I mean, if killing's off the table, I say we take our chances. He's our friend. We should trust him.

A brief, heavy silence, broken by --

FAYE

So we're dead even.

LEXY

Not funny.

JORDAN

What do we do then?

The foursome exchange quick glances with each other.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (NIGHT)

Chloe's fingers fidget as she clicks out of the clock app -- now at less than five minutes -- and clicks open a text message thread with Trey.

The last couple messages are from Chloe to Trey, asking him how much longer, and are sent as green text messages on her iPhone. Trey's last response -- *I'm fine. I'll be back soon!* -- came at 10:47 AM, more than an hour ago.

Chloe nervously composes another text -- *Seriously you need to hurry* -- then sits and stares at the screen for a couple beats, then looks out the window, back to her phone, then to the pill bottle next to her. She picks it up and is about to pop another pill when --

JESS (O.S.)

Chloe.

Jess, Jordan, Lexy and Faye all enter the room and surround Chloe. She puts down the pill bottle and looks up at the group with somber, confused eyes.

CHLOE  
What?

JESS  
Are you okay?

CHLOE  
What do you think?

LEXY  
Where'd you get the pills?

CHLOE  
What do you care?

LEXY  
I care, okay?

Chloe rolls her eyes, slightly, then sighs and shoots Lexy a *yeah, whatever* glance.

JESS  
We can talk about the pills later.  
We need to talk about Trey.

CHLOE  
He said he'd be back soon.

JESS  
That was an hour ago.

CHLOE  
There's still time.

Jess prods Jordan with her eyes to take the lead.

JORDAN  
Look, Clo, we don't know what to  
do. Two of us think we should let  
him in and two of us think we  
shouldn't, and if --

CHLOE  
(cutting him off)  
You took a vote?

JORDAN  
We did. We all live here. We all  
have equal say in what goes on  
here. I thought we agreed to that?

CHLOE  
That was before.

JORDAN

I know, but things have changed. So we need to know where your head's at. Are you clear right now?

CHLOE

Why would I not be clear?

Jordan glances down at the pill bottle.

CHLOE

Fuck you, man. I'm not some pill popping junkie. I have anxiety right now. Is that okay?

Jess sits down next to Chloe, puts her arm around her.

JESS

Of course it's okay. But we have a serious decision to make and not much time to make it in.

Chloe brings her hands to her face. She quietly sobs to herself, then snuffles out loud. Jess embraces her with a hug, kisses her on her forehead.

JESS

Hey, whatever happens, you're going to be fine. You're safe in here.

Chloe wipes her eyes.

CHLOE

I know, it's just -- why did it have to be him? It could have been anyone else.

LEXY

Um, excuse me. What does that mean?

FAYE

It means she wishes it was one of us and not Trey.

LEXY

No shit. Why did she say that?

FAYE

Ask her.

LEXY

Why did you say that?

No response.

LEXY

Excuse me, bitch, why did you say that? You wish it was me out there getting turned into a fucking vampire?! Is that why?

JORDAN

Okay, can we just calm --

LEXY

No, no, no. I want to know why this bitch is talking this kind of shit right now!

JESS

Lex, calm down. She didn't mean it. It's just something people say.

LEXY

No, people say shit like *hey girl nice bangs*, or *send me some vids from the shower*, not shit like I wish it was you!

From off camera, the tip of a stake slowly makes its way into frame and touches Lexy's throat. Faye holds the other end.

LEXY

What are you doing?

FAYE

I'm chilling you out for a minute because we have --  
(checks hdr phone)  
-- ninety seconds left. We can kill each other later. You cool, Mami?

LEXY

I'm cool.

Faye lowers the stake. Lexy scratches at her throat, then goes back to scrolling on her phone. Jordan sits down on the other side of Chloe.

JORDAN

You remember that time we got Thai food and you didn't know what you wanted, so you ordered two dishes? This is kind of like that. But instead of choosing both you can only choose one.

JESS

That doesn't make any sense.

JORDAN

You get my point, though. It's about making a choice and --

CHLOE

Shut up. Please.

Chloe looks down at her phone, then out the window, then back to the group. She contemplates the situation for a beat.

CHLOE

We can't risk letting him in.

Lexy looks happy. Jordan does too. Faye seems nonplussed. Jess forces a smile. Chloe quickly studies their reactions.

JESS

You're sure?

CHLOE

No. But we have to decide.

Another heavy silence falls over the room as the clock ticks down from 45 seconds as the music envelops the scene. Jordan leaves the room and heads toward the kitchen.

40 seconds --

Chloe stares blankly down at her phone screen.

35 seconds --

Faye runs her fingers across the tip of her stake.

30 seconds --

Lexy scrolls through videos on NitPic.

25 seconds --

Jess stares out the window, places her arm back around Chloe.

20 seconds --

Chloe continues to stare down at the timer on the phone.

15 seconds --

Jordan returns to the room with the crate of stakes and a backpack, thumps them down on the floor, much to the chagrin of Jess.

10 seconds -- 9 -- 8 -- 7 -- 6...



5 seconds -- 4 -- 3 -- 2 -- 1 -- and the clock hits zero without sign of Trey!

Chloe starts to sob again, heavier, then buries her head into Jess's shoulder. Jess feigns support for her friend.

Lexy stops scrolling to look up at her friends. The realization suddenly hits the big-talking Faye. She looks at Jordan, who lowers his gaze to the floor.

Chloe's sobbing drowns out the scene for a few more beats.

JORDAN

I'm going out.

Jordan packs three stakes into his backpack.

JESS

You're not leaving the house.

JORDAN

Someone has to get food for us.  
Unless you wanna go all Walking  
Dead on each other in here.

Jess gets up and walks to the door, physically puts herself between Jordan and the door.

JESS

We're drawing straws like we did  
last time.

JORDAN

No, we're not. I'm the only man  
left here, I'll go for food. It  
makes the most sense.

LEXY

Um, excuse me, Mr. Man? You think  
your gender qualifies you to make  
decisions around here?

JORDAN

Shut the fuck up, Lexy. I'm trying  
to protect you because you're too  
scared to go outside.

LEXY

Scared? Who built all these  
barricades?

JORDAN

I did, because you all wanted me  
to, remember?

JESS

Let's calm down. I think we're all a little shook because of Trey.

Chloe, still lightly sobbing, wipes her eyes and nose with her sleeve, then looks up at the group.

CHLOE

Jordan's right. He should be the one to go.

JESS

Clo, we all agreed on the process.

CHLOE

Things have changed.

JESS

We don't know that.

CHLOE

We have to assume. And we have to be real about this from now on. Jordan's the most prepared to go out there.

FAYE

I'm offended by that, but I'll let it slide.

CHLOE

And if he comes across Trey, he knows him best. He'll be able to tell if he's turned, right?

Chloe and Jordan lock eyes. He nods slightly.

FAYE

Shit. Y'all clearly haven't seen any vampire movies. You can never tell a vampire from a human. Never. That's the point. They have that glamor magic shit going on where they just lure you into some fucked-up little love trance and then *cuck!* You're Dracula's daughter.

JESS

This isn't fucking *True Blood*.

FAYE

Like hell it isn't! We got wooden stakes, barricades on the door, garlic in the fridge.

(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

Maybe there aren't any fairies floating around, unless you count Lexy Lesbo here, but when people are turning into vampires, that's the truest fucking blood I've seen.

Another revelation creeps across the room. A heavy silence for a few beats, then --

LEXY

Not nice, by the way. You're a lesbian too.

FAYE

I'm bi. We talked about this.

Jordan reaches into his backpack and pulls out a necklace made of garlic cloves.

JESS

What are you doing?

JORDAN

I'm leaving.

He puts the necklace on around his neck just as a SERIES OF BANGING KNOCKS ON THE DOOR THUMP THROUGH THE QUIET HOUSE!

TREY (O.S.)

Let me in! Guys! Let me in now!

In quick succession -- Jordan looks at Jess! Chloe looks at Jordan! Jess looks at Chloe! Faye and Lexy look at each other! Then we...

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END**