

# OPEN HOUSE

by  
Mr. and Mrs. Smith

FADE IN:

**EXT. DESERTED HOUSE - DAY**

An old house. Isolated. Not as decrepit--someone lives here-- but it ain't exactly in "*Better Homes and Gardens*" either. A For Sale Sign hangs out front.

PAIGE emerges from a JEEP WRANGLER on her phone. She's 30s, put-together, casual, makes you want to relax under a willow tree with a pitcher of mint juleps.

PAIGE

Mrs. Weisinger, Paige Baxter. You were suppose to meet me.

MRS. WEISINGER (V.O.)

Oh, sorry, a big developer wants the property. Plans on tearing it down. Don't you read the news?

PAIGE

(upset)

No. Well... Mark Twain said, "*If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed, if you do read the newspaper you are misinformed.*"

MRS. WEISINGER (V.O.)

(laughs)

Look, there's no deal on the table yet. Our man Dobbs is there. It's an open house.

**INT. DESERTED HOUSE - FOYER - DAY**

Paige steps gingerly in, looks around, taking it all in. Shadows everywhere. Even in the hazy light of day, this place is creepy as hell.

PAIGE

Mr. Dobbs?

Paige resumes her tour. Nobody around. Just bad vibes.

Paige finds a DOOR. There's a tiny stairway leading into a DARK BASEMENT. The kind you don't go down. Not brave, she shuts the door.

A DARK SHAPE, the outline of man, steps just into frame, watching Paige. She pivots 180 degrees-- SHRIEKS.

A SCARY MAN, 40, scarred face, in a somewhat ill-fitted suit. He's a jittery, perennially frightened man, with a haunted, quivering voice...

SCARY MAN

What the hell are you doing here?!

PAIGE

I'm here about the house. Mrs. Weisinger from your office sent me. You are Mr. Dobbs?

A puzzled look on his face, and it dawns on him. He nods.

SCARY MAN

I...I don't understand. It's being demolished. It ain't for sale.

PAIGE

Then why do you have that sign out there?

SCARY MAN

What do y'see in this old house? You don't belong here. This isn't right for you.

And that makes Paige even more suspicious.

PAIGE

I beg your pardon? My husband and I are going to fix it up, and make it our dream home.

An awkward beat between them. Neither sure what to say.

He paces now, moves with a *pronounced limp*-- struggles to stave the violence he feels surfacing within him.

Paige's CELL PHONE RINGS. Loud. Startling them. And very bizarre timing. She steps away.

Paige steals a look back, sees him staring, something off behind his dark eyes... predatory... hungry -- a *weirdo*.

Rubs his hands hard through his hair, as if physically trying to hold on to himself.

**INT. DESERTED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

She reads a state-sanctioned NEWS ALERT on her phone-- *something about an "ESCAPED MENTAL PATIENT."* A photo pops up; a closer look reveals it's him.

Terror in her eyes. Then, the back of Paige's hair blows up - something touches her.

She snaps around, to see him. His knowing gaze bores into Paige. Paige tries not to panic.

SCARY MAN

What's the matter?

PAIGE

You were right. This house won't do. It's not what I'm looking for.

She heads out, he blocks her path. It's a tense standoff.

SCARY MAN

Don't you want to see the basement?

PAIGE

No, I have to get back. It's this house, something about it that gives me the creeps.

Scary Man leans in close. Scary as fuck--

SCARY MAN

Let's cut the bull, shall we?

RINGRING! The doorbell startles them in a jump-scare.

Their eyes fixed on the window, a young, mid-western MOM her DAUGHTER, a bright and affable age 7, at the door.

Scary Man suddenly grabs Paige, throwing a hand over her mouth, stifling her scream.

He wrestles her to the floor and crouches over her, weight pinning her down. Paige struggles but he's too strong.

He runs his hand down the side of her face and over her body. With his free hand, whips out a SWITCHBLADE and flicks it open.

SCARY MAN

Make a sound and the girl dies.

Paige isn't screaming, but she's breathing fast and shallow, crying with fear and panic-- bravely nods. He leaves.

She grits her teeth, knows she has to move, and now.

Paige gets to her feet, tries to force open the window, but it's stuck.

**INT. DESERTED HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

She comes to a hard stop as she sees the horrific scene.

BLOOD EVERYWHERE, smeared on walls, pooled on the floor.

A HALF-EATEN BREAKFAST, rotted and crawling with ants, as if it was simply abandoned mid meal.

Paige searches for another way out, but there's none.

There's a NOISE beyond a closet door. Could be nothing.

But it spooks Paige that somebody might be in there. Against her better judgement, opens the door to find --

PAIGE

My God! Mr. Dobbs?

MR. DOBBS, 40, OBESE, stripped to his underwear. His limbs twisted unnaturally. BLOOD pools beneath him.

Nearly dead, he stares up at Paige, barely any voice--

MR. DOBBS

Help me--

Paige struggles to pull him up. Dobbs tries to form words, straining.

He meets Paige's eye. And with his dying breath--

MR. DOBBS

Run!

Dobbs falls back, lifeless.

Suddenly footsteps approach this way. He's coming.

Paige SCREAMS bloody murder, desperately looks for a place to hide when--

His HANDS grab her-- from behind. Paige struggles--

SCARY MAN

Go ahead, scream! No one will hear you out here.

PAIGE

Get the hell away from me!

Paige thinks fast-- grabs the plate, SMASHES it against his skull. It shatters.

He hits the floor hard, dazed, spitting blood.

She staggers backwards, takes off in a hard, frantic run.

**INT. DESERTED HOUSE - DAY**

Paige runs for the front door. It won't bulge. Her eyes widen. Her hands scrabble at the door knob. Then notices the KEY BROKEN OFF in the lock.

Slams her eyes shut-- like *"can you believe this shit?!"*

THUNK! His knife flies through the air and sticks in the wood an inch from her head.

Jarring her back to reality. She's got COMPANY. She runs.

Scary Man retrieves the knife, turns to finish off Paige.

**INT. DESERTED HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - DAY**

She sprints down the hallway, on her cell phone.

PAIGE

911--have an armed intruder in the  
house--I don't have time, send  
someone now--

She slams the door to a room on one side of the hall-- a decoy, then runs further up the hall, into another room.

**INT. DESERTED HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY**

Paige slams the door shut, locks it, pushes a heavy chair in front of it. Collapses to the floor, hyperventilates --

**INT. DESERTED HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - DAY**

He settles the sharp point of the knife against the door. As if to stab straight through to where the shadow belies his prey's presence.

He slams his shoulder against the door, over and over.

**INT. DESERTED HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY**

Bam!. Paige flinches each time the noise impacts as a slat in the door buckles!

Paige gets a grip. Turns to the towel rack. Pulls at it. It snaps. She positions herself.

The shaft from the rack in her hand, its jagged end a wicked looking gaff: hefted and ready to impale anyone who enters. Wood splinters.

The door gives. He pushes the chair away, rages into --

Paige plunges her gaff into his belly. Scary Man gasps.

Looks down at the handle protruding from his abdomen. His throat erupts in a geyser of blood, spraying Paige.

He collapses, squirms, gurgling, as blood drains out of him... until his body is still.

Then-- a SIREN wails in the distance. The police are on their way.

FADE OUT.