

POST HORROR MOVIE STRESS DISORDER

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FIRST DRAFT
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INT. HOME - KITCHEN/LOUNGE - MORNING

ROB (30) dressed for work, sharp and smart, looks impatiently into the toaster as he sips his coffee.

LUCY (O.S.)
How long did they say.

ROB
They didn't. They just said, "the next one that's available."

LUCY (O.S.)
We're going to be late - -

A honk from outside.

LUCY (O.S.) (cont'd)
That'll be it. Damn it!

LUCY (20s), pretty, well dressed, hurries into the kitchen. She kisses Rob passionately.

She heads for the door.

ROB (O.S.)
Lucy!

Rob pulls a pair of plane tickets from under a fridge magnet.

ROB (cont'd)
You might need these.

She swipes the ticket from Rob and steals another kiss.

LUCY (O.S.)
Ta. See you tomorrow. See you at... eight-twenty, right?!

The toast pops up. He spreads butter on the slice.

ROB (O.S.)
Say 'hi' to your dad for me.

LUCY (O.S.)
Sure. Love you.

The front door slams shut.

Lucy and KID (8) hurry down the path towards the front gate with suitcases.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO FLASH - EVENING

An endless wall of horror video covers. Rob steps into the aisle wearing a cheap suit and carrying a laptop bag. He scans the titles. He pulls one from the shelf. The back cover is filled with gory imagery. He turns it over to look at the front: a madman with a bloodied face and crude weapon. The title is rendered in a deathly crimson, 'CAMP DEATH'.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Rob drops his keys and three horror DVD/videos on the kitchen bench.

He pulls his Asian takeaway from its plastic bag.

The phone rings. Rob answers it.

ROB.
Hello... Hey, Luc'. How did it
all go?...

Rob tips the noodles from their box into a bowl and grabs some chopsticks from the drawer.

ROB
I'll bet he did.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

Alone in the dark Rob settles illuminated only by the flicker of the television which he is completely glued to. The sounds are from the movie he's watching. We only hear the movie he's watching. Some unseen panic-fueled young female runs for her life.

The music builds to an unbearable level of anticipation. It backs off, then in flash it returns in a dramatic crescendo as the girl screams and the unseen killer strikes with a sickening cracking thud. Rob is severely rattled.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rob, in his long P.J.s, brushes his teeth.

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CONTINUED:

In the mirror the pitch-black hallway through the bathroom door captures Rob's attention. He stops brushing and turns staring into the abyssal darkness.

Post-horror-movie-stress-disorder.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rob lies tucked under the blankets on his side of the bed. Lucy's side is empty. Rob's lamp is still on even though he's not reading. The alarm clock on Lucy's bedside table flicks over to 12:13 AM.

Rob puts his hand on Lucy's pillow.

The silence is punctuated by a sudden ominous sound, a door creaking.

In the dull lamp light he leans on his elbow and listens carefully, nothing.

He lies down again and pulls the blankets up. He realizes that his mind will keep stressing unless he puts his fears to rest. He pushes the blankets aside again.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rob flicks on the light, illuminating the hall. He looks into the kid's bedroom, flicks on its light. He steps in looks around at the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

The study light come on. Rob is standing in the doorway. He walks down to the end of the study and checks it out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

From the kitchen we see Rob as he takes a leak in the toilet. He flushes, closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rob exits the lounge, goes to pass the linen press, stops. He opens the door revealing tightly packed shelves. He closes the door and shakes his head.

EXT. HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The screen door swings in the night breeze, with a loud and ominous creak.

INT. HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rob in bed asleep. The room is filled with the subtle moonlight that creeps in through the thin curtains.

The ominous sound of a door creaking brings him back to full alert consciousness. Now he's really scared.

He switches off the double adapter holding power point and unplugs Lucy's tall metal lamp.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he unscrews the light bulb then sticks his hand back inside the lamp shade.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rob steps into the dark hallway, nothing in the hall. He walk to the corner and looks around. Lounge room door is closed. Holding the lamp base like a baseball bat, his weapon of choice he returns to the kid's bedroom door and swings it open.

He steps into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

All is quiet but now he notices that the furthest door of the built-in-robos is open a crack.

His face furrows slightly as he wonders if it was open before. He cannot remember.

He steps over and closes it without looking inside. It creaks as it closes. With it shut he jams a cricket bat up against the door. He pushes stuff up against each of the cupboard doors.

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CONTINUED:

He steps out of the room and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rob slides a set of drawers in front of his closed bedroom door. He places the lamp base next to its other parts: bulb, mount, and shade. The alarm clock next to his bed is blank as it is switched off at the power point.

He climbs back into bed leaving the large light on. He leans over and switches his own bedside lamp on. He pulls the covers up and snuggles under looking at Lucy's empty pillow, wishing he was not alone. He hears the creaking again, long and petrifying. He pulls the blankets up covering most of his head, just his bugged-out eyes remain visible.

LATER: Rob in the same position, only he's sound asleep, drool on the pillow. The lights are still on.

LATER: Morning light pours into the room.

Rob blinks as he wakes. He stares up at the ceiling fan/light, nonplussed.

He looks over at the clock radio to find its display blank.

He picks it up and squints at its display, trying to focus on the numbers that aren't actually there. His feeble mind works it out. He jumps out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Rob hurries into the kitchen and looks at...

The clock... 7:50 AM.

He legs it back towards the bathroom. After a few seconds the sounds of the shower comes on.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. HOME - FRONT PATH - MIDDAY

Rob, Lucy and the kid come up the front path carrying suitcases.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - LOUNGE ROOM/KITCHEN - SAME

Rob drops the suitcase in the doorway and hurries over to the armchair. He grabs his three empty beer bottles all stealthy. He uses his foot to nudge the horror video covers under the chair.

Lucy and the kid come into the room as Rob slips the beer bottles into the bin, unspotted.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

LUCY (O.S.)

Rob?

Rob steps into the kid's room.

ROB

Yeah, what?!

Lucy is standing by the built in robes motioning to the stuff holding the door closed.

LUCY

What's all this?

Rob shrugs. Lucy stares.

ROB.

It's not my room.

Lucy's not buying it.

ROB

(find an exit)

Dinner's going to burn.

Rob backs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy is in bed reading. Rob climbs into bed and snuggles up to her.

LUCY

Did you get lonely last night
without me?

ROB

No. Not lonely. I - -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The creaking sound again rears its ugly head. Rob freezes. Not noticing Rob's reaction Lucy moans and throw back the covers. She heads for the hallway. Rob hesitates momentarily then clambers out of bed to follow her.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rob peeks from the relative safety of the hallway corner, curious but a little scared.

Lucy opens the front door.

She leans out drabs the handle of the security door and with a creak pulls it shut.

Rob's jaw drops.

Lucy shuts the front door and turns to see Rob standing there in the shadows looking like a idiot.

LUCY

What?

Rob just shakes his head.

FADE TO BLACK.