

HH

Written by
Simon K. Parker

Copyright © 2014 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced
without the express written permission of the author.

simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

A large bedsheet covers the window, the lights off, darkness engulfs the whole room.

A large MAN tall and wide, 60, grey hair, thick rim glasses and a blood soaked hammer in his hand stands over the top of a WOMAN, 55, short and fat her face soaked in blood. Her features hidden.

She's dead.

He breathes heavy as his whole body shakes, angry.

He then snaps his arm up and smashes the hammer against the side of his own head.

He drops, crumbling down to the floor in a heavy heap.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

At the steel gates of a wide open cemetery.

GRACE, 24, thin and pretty stands over the top of BARRY, 25, tall and handsome, he's on the floor.

They're both dressed smart, his black suit and her elegant black dress.

GRACE
Are you OK?

He nods.

BARRY
I will be.

She takes her car keys out of her bag.

GRACE
Do you want anything?

BARRY
No.

GRACE
I'm just going to sit in the car then.

BARRY

Alright.

EXT. CEMETERY CAR PARK - DAY

A lone car on the small car park.

Grace moves over to it, lets herself in on the drivers side.

INT. GRACE'S CAR - DAY

Barry's in the front passenger seat.

Grace next to him, finish off the last of a sandwich.

A beat.

GRACE

Why did no one come?

He turns to her.

BARRY

Why do you think?

She shrugs.

GRACE

But still.

BARRY

My dad bashes my mums skull in then takes his own life. No one wants anything to do with it.

A beat.

GRACE

But still.

BARRY

Still what?

GRACE

There should have been more people at the funeral than just you.

BARRY

You were there too?

GRACE

You know what I mean.

He turns away from her, looks out of his passenger side window.

GRACE (CONT'D)
What do you want to do now?

BARRY
I want to go home.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ultra modern, clean and tidy.

Grace and Barry are on opposite sides of the room, getting ready for bed.

Out of their clothes they move under the sheets.

Both get themselves comfortable.

GRACE
When are you back at work?

BARRY
They've given me two weeks off.

GRACE
Wow, that's nice.

BARRY
I guess murder suicide equals two weeks off.

She turns away from him, a shake of the head.

He sees it, unimpressed.

BARRY (CONT'D)
What?

She lifts her head back up, frowns at him.

GRACE
You hate your father for what he did?

BARRY
I don't know how I feel.

She falls silent.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I don't know what I'm meant to do.
I don't know if I hate him, but I
should shouldn't I?

GRACE

I guess.

BARRY

I still haven't cried. Is that
messed up?

GRACE

Maybe you're still in shock?

BARRY

And all I thought about in that
church was how I could quit my job,
what's the easiest way? And what
would I replace it with?

She rolls her eyes.

GRACE

Not this again.

BARRY

Yes.

She snaps at him.

GRACE

No.

BARRY

I want more Grace.

GRACE

And quitting your job isn't going
to give you that.

BARRY

My dad never achieved anything.

She stares blankly at him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I don't want to end up like him.

GRACE

You've got two weeks off Barry.
Don't waste it by constantly
talking about this.

BARRY
It's not a fucking holiday I've
been given.

She turns the lights off. Lies down onto her side, turning
her back to him.

A beat.

Barry leans over and starts kissing at her neck.

GRACE
Stop it.

BARRY
Come on, don't be like that.

He continues.

GRACE
Go to sleep.

BARRY
Please.

He moves down to her breasts.

GRACE
For fucks sake you've just buried
your parents.

He comes off her, annoyed.

BARRY
What has that got to do with it?

GRACE
Just go to sleep.

A beat.

He slowly leans back down on top of her, again kisses her
neck.

BARRY
Come on.

She shrugs him off.

GRACE
Stop it.

He gives up.

He moves away from her, turns his back to hers.

A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Are you sulking?

No answer.

Grace closes her eyes, tries to sleep.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

A thick bright carpet and flower print wallpaper.

Barry walks through, towards the front door.

On the floor, a hand written letter addressed to him.

He picks it up, inspects it.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A bright open spaced kitchen.

At the table, Grace with a cup of tea in hand watches Barry opposite her.

Barry reads the letter.

GRACE
What is it?

He shrugs.

BARRY
I don't know.

GRACE
You've been reading it for the last
twenty minutes.

BARRY
Some guy.

GRACE
OK.

BARRY
Wants to buy a house from me.

GRACE

What?

BARRY

Talks about my granddad. Talks about my dad. Is sorry for my loss but is very interested in buying my house from me.

GRACE

What house?

He continues reading.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Who is he?

His eyes scan the paper.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Barry?

BARRY

Get dressed.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

A worn out two bedroom house. Seemingly at the beginning of a massive renovation.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A building site, the walls and floor bare. A small plastic table with two plastic chairs.

Grace and Barry enter.

GRACE

So this is yours now?

He looks around the room.

BARRY

I've never even heard about this place.

She moves over to the table.

GRACE

Well... what are you going to do?

BARRY
I don't know what I can do?

GRACE
Well if you own it you can do
whatever you want, right?

BARRY
Why did no one tell me?

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Empty.

A mess like the kitchen.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Empty.

A mess like the front room.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

SVEN, 40, short and unattractive with long blonde hair and dressed in a grey short summer suit marches towards the house.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Grace sits at the table.

Sven stands with Barry at the side of it.

Sven speaks with a thick Swedish accent.

SVEN
Your father had planned to renovate
and to sell it on.

Barry shakes his head, lost.

BARRY
That doesn't make any sense.

Sven stares at him blankly.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Who are you?

SVEN

An associate of your late fathers,
I was in partnership with him. It
would have been my job to find a
suitable buyer once your late
fathers work was complete.

BARRY

My dad was a lorry driver for
thirty years. He never mentioned
this place to me. Not once.

SVEN

This house was your grandfathers.
The land was his, the house was
his. It was then past onto your
late father. We became friends.
After his death, it became yours.
Legally speaking.

A beat.

BARRY

You know how my dad died?

SVEN

I want to buy this place from you
and finish the project.

BARRY

You know how my dad killed himself?

Grace is horrified.

GRACE

Barry don't.

Sven reaches into his pocket, out comes his wallet.

From this a folded up check.

SVEN

I have a check for thirty thousand
pounds. I just want to finish the
project. As you can see. There is a
lot of work still to be done.

BARRY

You're serious?

Sven holds out the check for Barry to take, which he does.

SVEN

I am. I'm sorry for what happened to your parents. Now I'm only looking to finish what myself and your later father had both started.

BARRY

Why was I never told about this place. My granddad. My dad. And now it's mine. What was the secret?

SVEN

The money is real. Let me finish this, please.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Barry joins Grace at the table, the check laid out for them both to see.

GRACE

What do you think?

BARRY

I don't know.

GRACE

We could really do with the money. It could get us a lot of things we need.

BARRY

He's desperate for this place.

GRACE

Good.

BARRY

My granddad started it, and my dad took over. But neither of them could finish the job.

GRACE

So?

BARRY

Both tried to renovate this place to restore it and to sell it on. So why couldn't they do it?

GRACE

What does it matter?

He takes down a deep breath.

BARRY
I want to finish it.

She rocks back into her chair.

GRACE
No!

He leans forwards, pleading.

BARRY
This could be it Grace. I need more
in my life. I want to be doing
more. This could be a great
opportunity for the both of us.

She presses an open hand to her forehead, frustrated.

GRACE
Oh my god.

BARRY
I can finish this place and sell it
for a lot more than what he's
offering.

GRACE
But you don't know the first thing
about building homes?

BARRY
Think of the money.

She slaps her hand down on top of the check.

GRACE
I am. You never knew about this
place. Now you've got money for
nothing, so just take it.

BARRY
This place is worth more.

GRACE
Why are you doing this to me?

BARRY
I need something more.

She stands up from the table, storms out.

A beat.

He then looks proudly around the kitchen, a smile. Picturing in his mind all the things he could do.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A mattress and a couple of sheets. Their makeshift bed for the night.

Grace stands over it, her arms crossed.

GRACE
No fucking way.

Barry sits down on it.

He looks up at her and smiles.

BARRY
What?

GRACE
I'm not sleeping on the fucking floor.

BARRY
Well I am. I want to get started right away. First thing in the morning the project starts again.

GRACE
Why can't you just go home?

BARRY
I will, right after this.

She turns around and heads for the bedroom door.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

GRACE
To find some blankets.

BARRY
There's nothing else here. I searched everywhere.

She exits.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Grace pulls open the doors of a cupboard.

She finds an old book.

She opens it up.

On one page a strange recipe written out and on the next, just a letter. Seemingly randomly picked.

The recipe, half a pint of pigs blood. Sage. Parsley. Two cups of sugar. Half a pound of pork. Freshly peeled skin of an apple. Chicken bones. Ground limestone. Two handfuls of dried pine tree leaves.

This repeats throughout the whole book. The same recipe and on the page next to it, a 'random' letter.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the bed, Barry flips through the book.

BARRY
Where did you find it?

Grace sits down next to him.

GRACE
In the cupboard, in the bathroom.

BARRY
I don't understand.

GRACE
It's the same recipe on every other page.

BARRY
What are the letters?

GRACE
Random?

He shakes his head.

BARRY
No.

She cocks an eyebrow.

GRACE
No?

He quickly rips out the pages with the letters written on, one by one.

He lays them out.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Barry!!! What are you doing?

BARRY
Let me see.

GRACE
You can't rip it!

He pulls them all out. Assembles all the letters together.

There's a sentence.

He thinks it over.

He then split the letters off into words.

'Earth. Under. The. Shed. The. Potion. Must. Boil.'

BARRY
That must be it.

She takes a closer looks, reads it aloud.

GRACE
Earth under the shed the potion
must boil?

BARRY
And it's the same ingredients on
every page.

GRACE
I know.

BARRY
Ingredients for what?

GRACE
Whatever it is it sounds like it
would taste disgusting.

BARRY
Who wrote it?

She comes back to the letters, her lips silently reading.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I haven't even looked in the garden
yet.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

Grace and Barry move out through the back door.

With flashlights they move towards the shed.

GRACE
This is so stupid.

BARRY
There it is.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

A small wooden shed, empty.

Barry aims his flashlight down to the floor. A small dug out hole, burn marks all around the edge of it.

BARRY
There's the hole.

GRACE
What the fuck?

BARRY
There was a fire put here. And not that long ago.

GRACE
I don't like this.

BARRY
What does it mean?

GRACE
I don't want to know.

BARRY
Well I do.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Barry sits at the table with Sven, who's today dressed in blue short summer suit.

Grace leans up against the counter, watching them.

Barry hands back the check.

Sven's shocked.

SVEN
What's the matter?

BARRY
Thanks but no thanks.

SVEN
Why?

BARRY
I don't want to sell.

Inside Sven a rage is building. His lips quiver.

SVEN
Why?

BARRY
I just don't.

SVEN
Fifty thousand.

Barry's caught off guard, stares dumbly.

SVEN (CONT'D)
One hundred thousand.

Barry's mouth hangs agape.

SVEN (CONT'D)
Two hundred thousand.

BARRY
What do you want with this place?

SVEN
Half a million.

GRACE
Barry?

He ignores her, stays on Sven.

BARRY
What's going on, tell me!

SVEN
I mean it. Five hundred thousand.
I'll write you another check right
now. Just sell it to me. Please.

BARRY
Who are you?

SVEN
Sell it to me.

BARRY
No.

Sven snaps, he jumps up out of his chair.

SVEN
Fuck you.

BARRY
What?

SVEN
You've made a grave mistake coming here.

Sven looks across at Grace.

SVEN (CONT'D)
Both of you.

He spins on his heels and rushes for the exit.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Across the kitchen table, several plastic shopping bags.

Barry inspects them one after another.

BARRY
This was everything that was written down?

She nods.

GRACE
Mad... now what?

BARRY
Play along with me.

He collects up all the bags.

She watches on, helpless.

GRACE
Can't we just go home?

INT. SHED - DAY

Barry is down on his knees.

Grace stands behind him, arms folded in front of her chest.

Barry stacks all the ingredients inside the hole. Pours the pigs blood out all over it.

GRACE
What are you doing?

BARRY
Whoever wrote that book, this is
what they did.

GRACE
I don't like this.

BARRY
I want to see.

He then set up and lights a ring of fire around the edge of the hole. Burning the piled up ingredients. It melts and boils into a bubbling black puddle.

GRACE
Enough, stop it now!

BARRY
Wait.

He see something.

He puts the fire out.

GRACE
Barry, enough.

He smiles.

BARRY
Don't you see it?

He reaches into the black puddle and pulls out a handful of gold coins.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Oh my god!

GRACE
Barry!

BARRY
I'm rich.

GRACE
Stop it.

BARRY
Look at it. Look at all of this.

He reaches back in and pulls out even more gold coins.

GRACE
Stop it!

BARRY
Help me.

GRACE
No.

BARRY
Grace!

GRACE
I'm leaving.

He looks over his shoulder, pleading.

BARRY
Stay!

GRACE
No. I don't want this. I'm done.
You're not going to force me to
watch you destroy yourself.

He laughs at her.

BARRY
It's gold, don't you see it?

GRACE
You don't know what any of this is.
It's madness.

He drops the gold coins onto the floor, his eyes glowing with
fury.

BARRY
I'm telling you to stay. I won't let
you leave!

GRACE
No. You hear me, no!

He stands up, grabs a hold of her.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Don't touch me!

She pulls a hand free and slaps him hard across the face.

He lets go.

She turns around and tries the door, but it's locked.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

The sheds door shakes, but a padlock stops it from opening.

Sven stands with the key in his hand.

He calls out.

SVEN
I gave you a fair chance.

BARRY
(O.S)
Who's there!

SVEN
With greed comes the monster.

GRACE
(O.S)
Let me out!

SVEN
Your grandfather succumbed to greed. As did your father. And I knew you would too. I tired to help you.

GRACE
(O.S)
Let me out, please!

SVEN
The monster of greed will take you both.

GRACE
(O.S)
Let me out, you can't do this!

Sven takes a step backwards.

He closes his eyes and holds both hands over his ears.

INT. SHED - DAY

Barry is back down on his knees.

He pulls more and more gold coins out from the puddle.

Grace slams her fists against the door.

GRACE

Let me out!

Barry stops.

Something is suddenly wrong.

He then watches as a painted black head slowly rises up from the small black puddle.

He's horrified.

FLASH!

A man now stands over Barry.

It reaches down both its hands and chokes him.

Barry is powerless.

Grace turns to witness, can only scream.

Finished with Barry the monster then attacks her.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END