

HOME

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARION, 34, lies down in bed. Sound asleep, her eyes sealed shut, she turns away from her nightstand where several photographs of her and her deceased husband MARLOWE stand.

Her cell phone, an alarm clock, and a wooden cross also populate the nightstand while the clock reads: 3:14 A.M.

Outside her room, a muffled SCREAM occurs and interrupts the silent atmosphere. Marion tosses over, trying to ignore the noise, as it continues.

Soon, she opens her eyes and gazes over toward the nightstand, shaking her head upon seeing the late time.

MARION
(weary tone)
The Hell?

She briefly closes her eyes before opening them, shocked and startled after seeing Marlowe lying right next to her. He stares directly at her, his corpse-like appearance complete with slit wrists and blood stains.

In an effort to comfort her, he silently puts his hand up against her face.

The soothed Marion closes her eyes before opening them, saddened after seeing he's no longer there. Realizing her husband was a hallucination, she closes her eyes again while the SCREAMS continue.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Marion awakens at dawn, smiling upon noticing the calm silence. She gazes over toward the photographs of her and Marlowe while sunlight seeps in through a nearby window.

EXT. MR. POWELL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Now dressed in a business suit and ready for work, Marion makes her way to the suburban yard of her elderly neighbor, MR. POWELL. He's out in the garden watering his plants, wide smile crossing his face after spotting her.

MR. POWELL
Oh hi Marion!

She smiles.

MARION

Hey.

MR. POWELL

Look tired. Ya feeling alright?

Marion shakes her head as she looks back toward her house.

MARION

Yeah I don't know...didn't sleep too good last night.

She faces him.

MARION (CONT'D)

You hear anything...uh weird last night?

He uneasily eyes her home.

MR. POWELL

Uh...no I...I don't think so.

Mr. Powell fixates his gaze on her.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)

Why? Ya hear something?

She shakes her head and looks down.

MARION

I don't know...sounded like someone was screaming or something...

Marion looks up at him.

MARION (CONT'D)

Thought that's what I heard, I don't know...probably sound crazy...

MR. POWELL

(interrupting)

No, no not at all Marion...usually hear all kinds of crazy noises out here.

He smiles.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)

Ah probably just stressed with work and all.

MARION

Yeah...been getting pretty crazy up
at the office.

She glances over at his garden.

MARION (CONT'D)

Pretty tough since Marlowe died too
ya know...still think about him a
lot...still miss him.

MR. POWELL

Hey I understand, Marion. I miss
him too...Marlowe he...he was a
great guy. Lot of fun to be
around.

Showing his support, he puts his hand on her shoulder.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)

Know he really cared about you too.
Always did.

MARION

Yeah I know.

They both go quiet, Mr. Powell eyeing some of his plants,
before she nods her head over toward her car.

MARION

Well, guess I better get going.

She turns and walks away while Mr. Powell smiles at her.

MR. POWELL

Alright Marion. Have fun at work.

MARION

I'll try.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marion sleeps in bed, her eyes shut and sealed off from her
surroundings. The clock reads: 3:14 A.M. when a loud SCREAM
erupts from within her house.

She opens her eyes as she fearfully hears another one,
followed by a louder SCREAM along with the sound of rattling
CHAINS.

MARION

Shit!

Loud FOOTSTEPS echo down from the roof like they're occurring up in the attic. Marion quickly gets out of bed, her frightened eyes glancing at the photographs of her and Marlowe.

The loud SCREAMS, RATTLED chains, and FOOTSTEPS continue as she gazes over at her dresser and spots Marlowe standing nearby, staring right at her. He nods his head toward one of the drawers.

Marion walks over to it and takes a pistol out from the drawer before looking at him.

MARION

Always wanted me to be safe.

She glances down before he puts his hand against her face to comfort her. Marion looks back up, disappointed to see he's no longer there.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Upon stepping inside, Marion discovers the attic door's open with the ladder pulled down, faint beams of light shining from within the attic.

Frightened, she goes over to the counter and takes out a flashlight.

After turning it on, she climbs the old, wooden ladder, its antiquated steps loudly CREAKING beneath her feet.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Marion shines the light around, illuminating countless cobwebs hanging from the ceiling and collected boxes of bizarre antiques gathered together.

Several old umbrellas, Halloween decorations, and pieces of furniture scatter along the floor while an old vinyl record player sits by the lonely, dusty bench in a corner.

The SCREAMING, chain RATTLING, and FOOTSTEPS continue as she goes through the decaying locale, noticing a faint light off in the very back.

She spots an abstract painting placed up against a back wall, a once-hidden open doorway right next to it.

MARION

(frightened)

What the Hell?

While making her way toward the hidden room, a WOMAN'S screams echo through the attic along with the SOUND of her being repeatedly hit.

MR. POWELL (O.S.)
Shut up bitch!

Marion stops in front of the doorway and fearfully looks on at the sight of the Woman lying tied up on the battered floor.

Mr. Powell, still wearing his gardening gloves, wields a chain and menacingly stands up over her.

MR. POWELL
No one's gonna hear ya scream
except me!

Old, dry blood stains cover the area while photographs of many dead female victims align along the walls. One busted-up clock hangs near some of the pictures, manically TICKING away with the time displayed: 3:24 A.M.

The Woman turns and notices Marion as Mr. Powell loudly RATTLES the chain.

MR. POWELL
Look at me, bitch!

He viciously hits her with it, some of her blood splattering onto him upon impact. Marion quickly aims the pistol at him and pulls the trigger but the gun loudly CLICKS, jammed and rendered useless.

The startled Mr. Powell abruptly confronts her.

MR. POWELL
Well well well...

He wickedly grins as he takes a few steps toward her.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
If it isn't Marion.

The wooden floor loudly CREAKS beneath his feet.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
Always wondered when you'd find out
I was more than an old gardener.

Marion backs away.

MARION
Get the Hell away from me!

She glances at the Woman before looking at him.

MARION (CONT'D)
You sick bastard...

After almost tripping over one of the boxes, Mr. Powell charges after her.

MR. POWELL
Come here bitch!

He quickly grabs her and immediately throws her to the floor.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
Not getting away from me!

She drops her pistol while he smiles upon her, revealing a morbid, toothy grin.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
No one ever does ya see!

He hits her with the chain, the wounded Marion fearfully staring at him as he drags her inside.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Powell drops her to the floor right next to the Woman.

MR. POWELL
Marlowe'd never allow this...

The tortured and crazed Woman stares directly at Marion.

WOMAN
Help me please! Help me! Ya gotta help me!

She keeps yelling as Marion watches Mr. Powell walk over to a nearby table.

Various blood-stained weapons including a hammer, screwdriver, knife, and hatchet lie on it as well as some rope, nails, and a duffle bag.

MR. POWELL
Always wanted you to discover us...thought maybe then we could bring you up here...

He lays the chain out on the surface.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
Knew you'd be one Hell of a kill.

Wide smile crosses his face upon picking up the hammer.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
Why I had to murder your husband,
Marion.

MARION
No Marlowe killed himself! He
wasn't murdered! Wasn't a part of
all this!

He gazes at the weapon, evaluating its potential brutality.

MR. POWELL
Never would let me have as much fun
as I wanted to, always trying to
keep me under his control...fucking
bastard.

Mr. Powell glares at Marion.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
Wonder you two stayed married for
so long...

MARION
(interrupting)
Liar! Ya fucking liar!

Mr. Powell quietly laughs.

MR. POWELL
Shit, you fucking crazy? He's the
one that got me into it!

MARION
What?

MR. POWELL
Just good old-fashioned male
bonding ya know, killing bitches
together. Just...

MARION
(interrupting)
Fuck you! You're lying!

Tightly gripping the hammer with one hand, he snatches some
nails and rope with the other.

MR. POWELL
Ah just relax Marion...

She looks down in terror while he approaches her.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
We're about to have some fun
together you and I.

She gazes up at him.

MARION
Why? Why are you doing this?

After stopping in front of Marion, Mr. Powell leans down
toward her.

MR. POWELL
Cause...I don't know ah...just fun
I suppose.

He smiles and raises the hammer.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
When ya get my age you're looking
for anything exciting...no idea how
boring golf and gardening get...

Marion glares at him.

MARION
(interrupting)
You sick bastard!

He points the weapon at her.

MR. POWELL
Hey your husband had some fun up
here too ya know! Don't forget
that!

Mr. Powell smiles.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
Not sure why he cared so much about
a stupid cunt like you either.
Tell ya the truth, probably what
got him killed.

Marion eyes the continuously yelling Woman.

WOMAN
Help me please! Somebody help!

MR. POWELL
Shame you'll never understand the
fun in all this, Marion!

He quickly hits the Woman over the head, Marion screaming as he bashes her head in several more times, spraying her blood all over them.

MARION
Stop! Fucking stop!

After the final hit, Mr. Powell smiles while the dying Woman lies on the floor and mumbles for help.

MR. POWELL
Ya just don't know what this does
for the mind, Marion! The soul!

He leans back and wipes some blood from his forehead.

MARION
Oh fuck...

Mr. Powell points the hammer at her.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
(sounding even crazier
because of the pleasant
tone)
Ya realize how well I've slept
since I started doing this? Don't
even think I've had a cold or...

MARION
Shut up! Just shut the fuck up!

MR. POWELL
Don't interrupt me bitch!

He quickly grabs her hand after she tries to swing a punch.

MR. POWELL
Sorry Marion...

He hits Marion over the head with the hammer, knocking her to the floor. Mr. Powell smiles upon her as he ties her up.

MR. POWELL
Best part's no one'll ever know.

After bounding her, she quickly spits blood in his face.

MARION
Asshole!

Mr. Powell glares at her before wiping it off.

MR. POWELL
Gonna have to make me be rude I'm
afraid...

He roughly grabs her hand.

MARION
What are ya doing? Let go of me!

MR. POWELL
Gotta teach you a lesson, bitch!

He lays it out on the floor.

MARION
No let go of me Goddammit!

She watches in terror as he holds a nail over her hand.

MARION
No!

One hit and the hammered nail protrudes through, Marion
screaming in pain.

MARION
Fuck! Goddammit!

Mr. Powell smiles and stands up.

MR. POWELL
Got plenty of nights to do this,
Marion. Suggest ya stop being
rude.

He approaches the table while Marion glances at her bloodied
hand before glaring at him.

MARION
Not gonna get away with this
motherfucker!

Mr. Powell nods his head toward the many photographs.

MR. POWELL
What they said too.

He gazes over at the doorway as he lays the hammer and nails
down.

MARION
You can't! They'll look for me!

Mr. Powell glances at the clock then looks back at her.

MR. POWELL
Getting pretty late.

After searching through his bag, he pulls out an old camera.

MARION
They'll fucking look for me! Ya
can't just leave me here in my own
fucking house, asshole!

He nods his head toward the dead Woman.

MR. POWELL
Been looking for her awhile.

As he stops by the corpse, he smiles at Marion.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
Ya keep forgetting I know what I'm
doing, Marion.

The camera brightly flashes upon taking a photograph of the deceased Woman. Mr. Powell turns and points the camera at Marion.

MR. POWELL
Learned from the best.

MARION
Go to Hell!

MR. POWELL
Smile for the camera.

He takes her picture, the flash temporarily blinding her.

MARION
Ah Goddammit!

Mr. Powell makes his way toward the table.

MR. POWELL
Very photogenic, Marion.

MARION
Cops'll come looking for me!
They'll find me! Just wait!

He puts the camera in his bag.

MARION (CONT'D)
Gonna throw your old ass in jail
too!

Loudly whistling, he grabs a flashlight and picks up the bag.

MARION (CONT'D)
Let me out of here Goddammit!

Mr. Powell turns off the light switch, filling the room with total darkness.

MR. POWELL
See ya later Marion.

He leaves, abruptly closing the door behind him, before LOCKING it and putting the painting back over the doorway.

MARION
Fucking asshole! Let me out!

She hears his FOOTSTEPS walking away.

MARION (CONT'D)
Somebody help me please! Help!

Downstairs, he's heard closing the attic door. Marion gazes over at the Woman, dead eyes staring right at her.

MARION
Please...

She frantically looks around the room.

MARION (CONT'D)
Somebody help...

Tears come down from her eyes as she glances at her nailed hand and tries to pull it out, more blood pouring from it after the failed attempt.

MARION
Fuck!

She sees the late time on the clock before looking toward a wall where she sees Marlowe standing, his eyes staring right at her with strong empathy.

MARION
Marlowe...

Marion glances down then looks back at him, Marlowe now no longer there. She helplessly eyes her nailed hand, feeling lost and alone within the room of horror.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The clock reads: 3:14 A.M. Lying down, still tied-up with her hand nailed to the ground, Marion fearfully awakens after hearing Mr. Powell pull down the ladder.

She tries to pull up her nailed hand, the ladder's steps loudly CREAKING beneath Mr. Powell's feet.

Blood oozes from her wound and after several failed attempts, Marion helplessly looks around before spotting Marlowe. Still in his corpse-like state, he stares right at her.

MARION

Marlowe, I'm sorry...

Tears come down her cheeks as she gazes down, now hearing Mr. Powell make his way through the attic with each of his FOOTSTEPS getting closer and closer.

MARION (CONT'D)

Can't be strong like you...

She looks up at him while he continues to pierce through her with his strong gaze. Marion gazes down at the nailed hand and attempts to pull it back up again.

MARION

Come on!

Trying to pry her hand loose, she alertly looks toward the door after hearing Mr. Powell whistling and stop right outside. She eyes Marlowe in terror just as Mr. Powell GRABS the doorknob.

Marion slightly lifts her palm up, her face growing in excitement after seeing Mr. Powell turn the locked doorknob several times.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. Powell walks back down, instantly spotting his keys lying on the table. He quickly grabs them before making his way up the steps again.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

He opens the door and turns on the light switch, his eyes looking for Marion but not seeing her anywhere.

MR. POWELL

Marion?

Surprising him, she emerges from behind the door and shoves him to a corner right near Marlowe. Mr. Powell drops his flashlight and bag as he roughly falls to the floor.

MR. POWELL

Ah fuck!

Marion grips a long, sharp butcher knife, a weapon she had grabbed earlier from his table, while he fearfully looks on at her.

MR. POWELL

No Marion! Don't!

She puts the knife to his throat, a wild glint now appearing in her eyes.

MARION

You're in my fucking house! My home!

She manically smiles at him.

MARION (CONT'D)

Told ya you wouldn't get away motherfucker!

Marion glances over at Marlowe and greeted by his approving smile. Mr. Powell looks over toward him but sees no one there.

MR. POWELL

Alright...

He faces her.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)

Ya got me! Go ahead and call the fucking police! Go on! Call them!

Marion shakes her head.

MARION

No.

Mr. Powell uneasily eyes her.

MR. POWELL

What?

MARION

No one's gonna know...

MR. POWELL

What are ya talking about ya stupid bitch? Call the fucking cops!

He tries to grab her before she punches him, a manic smile completely etched across her face

MARION

Gonna handle you my way...Marlowe's way.

MR. POWELL

What are ya gonna do to me then huh? Kill me? I'm an old man! Think I fucking care?

After picking him up, she flings him toward the center of the room.

MARION

Should've killed me when ya had the chance asshole!

She punches him in the face again, knocking him to the floor.

MR. POWELL

Ah ya fucking cunt!

She opens his duffel bag up on the table.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)

Can't just leave me here!

Marion takes out the rope before going over toward him.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)

What the fuck ya doing? Ya can't do this! Someone'll know! They'll look for me!

Still smiling, she ties up the helpless Mr. Powell.

MARION

This is my home.

She stands up above him.

MARION

No one's ever gonna look for ya here.

Marion turns to face Marlowe who's now no longer covered in blood and instead looks alive.

He smiles at her with strong approval while Mr. Powell fearfully looks on toward the spot but doesn't see her hallucination.

MR. POWELL
Oh fuck...

Struggling to break free, the entrapped Mr. Powell glares at her.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
You really are crazy! Let me out
of here Goddammit!

He helplessly eyes her as she grabs his camera.

MR. POWELL (CONT'D)
Ya fucking bitch! Untie me! Let
me go!

She slowly walks toward him.

MARION
This is gonna be for me and
Marlowe.

After stopping in front of Mr. Powell, Marion points the camera right at him.

MR. POWELL
No! Please!

She wickedly grins and takes a picture.

SUPERIMPOSE: EIGHT DAYS LATER

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Marion, now looking more healthy and well-rested, sits down while talking on the phone with her boss, MR. CURTAIN.

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
Been very impressed with your work
here lately, Marion.

She smiles.

MARION
Thanks.

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
You look ah...happy.

He laughs.

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
I don't know...ya just getting out
more?

MARION
Yeah guess ya could say that.

Marion sees Marlowe standing nearby, looking right at her.

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
Well, gotta say I really like what
you've been doing. Was actually
calling to let ya know you've been
promoted.

She smiles.

MARION
Wow Mr. Curtain I...I don't know
what to say...

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
Well, we'll go ahead and start you
out on Monday then.

MARION
Wow thank you!

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
Ah no problem Marion! You deserve
it.

MARION
Thank you...

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
Was uh...also calling to ask you
something else.

MARION
What?

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
Was wondering if...maybe ya wanted
to go out tomorrow night. Figured
we could go out to eat then catch a
movie.

She gazes over toward Marlowe, his smile and nodding head
indicating his approval.

MARION
Uh yeah that'd be great.

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
Perfect. I'll uh pick ya up around
seven then if that's alright?

MARION
Yeah.

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
Good. Well I'll see ya tomorrow
night then.

MARION
Alright.

MR. CURTAIN (V.O.)
Night.

Marion smiles as she hangs up. She looks toward Marlowe,
comforted by his warm gaze.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She nervously sits on her bed, almost like she's waiting for
something. Marion glances up at the clock, the time reading:
3:14 A.M., before quickly standing and stepping toward the
door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

After grabbing Mr. Powell's bag from the table, Marion takes
out the flashlight and pulls down the attic door.

She holds her flashlight steady as she makes her way up,
greeted by a MAN's loud SCREAMS echoing down from the attic.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Marion opens the door and turns on the light switch,
illuminating a tortured and beaten Man screaming while lying
tied up on the floor.

Pictures of Marion's male kills including one of Mr. Powell
line up along the walls, replacing the photographs of female
victims.

MAN
Help me please! Somebody help!

She smiles at him as she methodically walks toward the table.

MARION

Ya know I can't do that Mr. Powell.

He glares at her.

MAN

Goddammit lady, for the last time
my name's not Powell! It's Fred
Archer! Ya got the wrong fucking
guy!

Marion places the bag down before glancing over toward
Marlowe, his gaze fixated on her while he leans up against a
corner wall.

MAN (CONT'D)

Please just listen to me!

Beaming smile crosses her face as she inspects the blood-
stained hammer.

MARION

Know I can't trust you, Mr. Powell.

After placing it on the table, she takes out the camera.

MAN

Just fucking listen to me! I'm not
Mr. Powell! Don't even know who
the fuck that is!

He uneasily watches her make her way toward him.

MARION

Just give it up Mr. Powell.

MAN

Please! Just listen...

MARION

(interrupting)
Can't fool me.

She leans down in front of him, her cold eyes staring right
at the Man.

MARION (CONT'D)

Still a guest in my home, remember.

He fearfully looks on at her as she smiles and points the
camera directly toward him.

MARION (CONT'D)

Gonna be a guest here for a very
long time.

MAN

Please don't...

MARION

Smile for the camera.

Marion takes a photograph, the bright flash blinding and
disorienting him.