

Housekeeping
by
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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Refined EDGAR sips tea at the table. ELLEN, naked under her open robe, comes from behind, wraps her arms around him.

ELLEN

So, what tastes better? Your tea or me?

He places his cup on the table.

EDGAR

My dear, as I said earlier. First I will enjoy my tea, then I will enjoy some more of you.

She reaches her hand under his robe, moving lower.

ELLEN

But I don't want to wait that long.

Fingertips of her other hand trace down his arm, his hand, towards a fork on the table.

Edgar moans with pleasure as her first hand works below.

ELLEN

Is that good, Edgar? Is that better than your sweet little Conchetta?

She squeezes. Edgar opens his mouth to scream.

ELLEN

That's right, I got you by the balls you cheating fuck!

She slams the fork into his mouth, through his tongue. Tears it out, ripping the tip of his tongue with it.

Edgar tries to stand, Ellen grabs a knife and plunges it into the side of his neck. He slumps back down, blood spurting over his breakfast.

Ellen stares at the blood on her hands, snaps out of it, wipes them on her robe.

INT. BATHROOM

Ellen drags Edgar's body in. Struggles, clumsily dumps him in the bathtub.

A loud KNOCK at the door. Ellen freezes.

HOUSEKEEPER (O.S.)
Housekeeping!

Ellen catches her reflection in the mirror--blood spattered face, bloody handprints on her robe.

ELLEN
Shit.

HOUSEKEEPER (O.S.)
Housekeeping! Hello?

Ellen goes to the sink, splashes water on her face, scrubs hands. More loud KNOCKS.

EDGAR
Dammit Ellen, are you ever going to answer that? Can't leave the poor woman waiting all day.

She spins to see Edgar lifting himself from the tub. Startled, steps back, trips over the toilet.

Spots the plunger. Picks it up and brandishes it at Edgar.

EDGAR
Ellen, dear, please tell me you don't plan on hitting me with that. That would be so undignified.

HOUSEKEEPER (O.S.)
Housekeeping, I come in now!

Ellen raises the plunger and beats Edgar repeatedly over the head.

He falls back into the tub, catching his head on the faucet and taking a piece of his scalp with it.

Ellen hesitantly pokes his face with the plunger. Nothing.

INT. MAIN SUITE ROOM

Ellen runs full speed towards the door.

The door lock CLICKS as the housekeeper uses her key card.

The handle starts to turn.

Ellen hits a puddle of blood, falls on her ass, and slides like a baseball star.

The door cracks open just as--

Ellen's foot stops it!

ELLEN

Hold on, I'm here!

She kicks the door closed and attempts to stand. Her bloody feet slip, slide, do a little dance, before she finally steadies herself against the door frame.

Takes a second to compose herself, flattens hair with bloody hands, then cracks the door.

The pretty, young Hispanic HOUSEKEEPER peeks in.

HOUSEKEEPER

Clean room now?

ELLEN

No, thank you. Come back later please.

HOUSEKEEPER

Oh, okay. Five minute?

ELLEN

No, not five minutes.

HOUSEKEEPER

Ten minute?

ELLEN

No. Just...later. Later, comprende?

Ellen slams the door, hooks the latch. Rests her head against the door and takes a deep breath.

EDGAR

Ellen, my dear, I think we need to sit down and talk.

Ellen turns, not so startled this time.

ELLEN

Fine Edgar, let's talk. Why don't you have a seat.

Edgar sits, pokes at his breakfast. Pushes around bloody eggs until he finds a clean bit.

EDGAR
So, this is about Conchetta, is it?

Ellen slowly makes her way towards the desk behind Edgar.

ELLEN
Conchetta, and Maria, and Consuela--

EDGAR
Okay, okay I get it. So, I have a
weakness for Mexican housekeepers.
I'm sorry.

Ellen grabs a decorative lamp from the desk, lifts it testing
it's heft.

EDGAR
Look on the bright side, at least
it's not little bo--

Ellen whacks Edgar on the top of the head with the base.
Again. And again. Bits of brain cling to the bottom.

Edgar slumps into his breakfast, again.

Ellen drops the lamp and trudges to the kitchen area.

Rifles through cabinets and drawers, finally pulls out a
large sharp knife.

INT. MAIN SUITE ROOM - LATER

Ellen, completely soaked in blood, saws at Edgar's neck with
the knife. She cuts through the last bits and the head rolls,
stopping when it runs into a nearby leg.

Other severed limbs scattered around her.

Ellen jams the knife into Edgar's chest and lies back
exhausted.

EDGAR
Ellen?

ELLEN
Holy fuck, not again.

EDGAR
Ellen, dear, is this really
necessary? I did say I was sorry.

Ellen grabs his head by the hair and takes it to--

INT. BATHROOM

She opens the toilet lid and holds the head over it.

EDGAR

And if saying sorry isn't enough
for you, then I don't know what
else to do. So...

She drops the head in and shuts the lid. Sits on the lid,
head down, chin in hands.

A loud KNOCK at the door.

HOUSEKEEPER (O.S.)

Housekeeping!

ELLEN

You have got to be fucking kidding
me.

INT. MAIN SUITE ROOM

Ellen walks to the door, when one of Edgar's legs kicks out
and trips her. She falls hard next to his torso.

The torso starts to flop like a fish. As she tries to get up
it slaps against her, knocking her down again.

More KNOCKS.

HOUSEKEEPER

Housekeeping! You ready for clean
room now?

Both of Edgar's arms start moving towards the door, fingers
pulling them forward.

Ellen pushes the torso away and starts to rise. Edgar's other
leg kicks her in the back of the knee and she goes down
again.

ELLEN

Fucker.

She grabs the leg and throws it at the door with a loud
THUMP.

HOUSEKEEPER

Hello? I hear you inside. I come in
now?

She's about to answer when the first leg kicks her in the mouth.

The arms have reached the door. Righty tries to reach the handle, but misses.

The left hand taps him, points to the leg. Righty gives him a thumbs up.

Ellen starts crawling towards the door as the leg and torso continue their assault.

The right arm grabs the leg, the left arm grabs the right arm, and lifts them both towards the door latch.

The other leg kicks Ellen in the mouth again. She bites, catching it by the toe and swinging it around with her mouth.

The arms stretch as far as they can, the toes brush the latch, wiggling, almost there, closer--

They flip the door latch just as the housekeeper slides her key card.

The CLICK of the lock echoes through the room as everyone freezes.

The door swings open and the housekeeper steps in.

The housekeeper stares at Ellen. Ellen stares back.

Ellen spits the foot out of her mouth.

HOUSEKEEPER

I come back later, yes?

Ellen reaches and pulls the knife out of the torso.

ELLEN

Sorry, but...no.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The housekeeper lies in the tub, legs hanging over the edge, knife buried in her chest.

Her eyes flutter open and she lifts herself from the tub.

Looks at the knife, pulls it out, examines it closer.

Takes a spray bottle and rag from the apron around her waist. Sprays the knife and wipes it down, placing it gently on the counter.

Sprays the sink, wipes. Repeat for the mirror.

Lifts the toilet seat. Edgar's face stares up at her.

EDGAR

Well, hello there. What's your name?

FADE OUT.