

WHITE PICKET FENCE

An Original Story By

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

A lovely suburban cove boasts several houses bearing neatly kept lawns. The hot summer sun hangs brightly in the cloudless sky.

A POSTMAN (40) delivers mail. Greeting the people of this fine cove as he passes.

JEREMY (33) exits his house. The perimeter surrounded by a spotless white picket fence.

He opens his mailbox, retrieves the mail. Sorts through them. Bills. Bills. And more bills.

MRS COLLINS (O.S)
Morning Jeremy!

He shoots a look across his fence, where a slim, craning neck holds a head over a hedge, MRS COLLINS (50), smiles and waves.

JEREMY
Good morning, Annette.

INT. JEREMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Well kept. Respectable. Fine art hangs from spotless white walls. The floors lined with wooden oak paneling.

Jeremy sits the mail on a rounded table, enters--

LOUNGE

Prim and proper. Leather couches. Bookshelves line the walls. No TV.

Jeremy checks his vinyl collection. Pulls a classic. Sets it upon the spinner.

A tune plays as he sits down to read a book, which rests firmly upon the armchair.

KITCHEN

Too clean for a man. Not a single spec of dust nor a single crumb.

Jeremy opens the fridge. He contemplates, eyes wander between orange juice and milk. He takes the milk.

He pours himself a drink. Gazing out of the back window into his well-kept backyard. A shed sits against the back fence.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

A nice bedroom. An oil painting of a lion rests on the wall by the bed.

Jeremy sets down his book and turns the light out. He rolls onto his side, getting comfy.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Blackened windows. Bloodstains on the walls. A light without a shade dangles above a chair, occupied by ASHLEY (19).

Bound and gagged. Eyes busy with movement. She trembles in fear. Tries to get free, to no avail.

A SHADOWED FIGURE stands in the corner, watching her struggle. Eyes beam through the darkness, almost in a trance.

He picks up a knife. Runs his finger along the blade, approaches Ashley, stroking her hair.

ASHLEY
(muffled)
Please. I... Please.

He slices off a large wad of hair. Gripping it tightly in his gloved hand. She whimpers.

ASHLEY
HELP!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jeremy awakens. His pupils dilate. Sitting up, he notices something strange. He looks down at blood on his hands and instantly panics.

BATHROOM

Shower. Bath. Sink. Clean toilet. Many cleaning essentials ranging from bleach to cleaning fluids rest upon a rigid shelf.

Jeremy runs his hands under the hot tap, scrubbing the blood off.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

A familiar sight. Mrs Collins trims her bushes. Jeremy steps into the light, sun almost blinding him. He opens his mailbox.

MRS COLLINS
Jeremy? Where have you been?

JEREMY
Sorry?

MRS COLLINS
Have you been ill again? Poor dear.
Flu?

JEREMY
What are you talking about? I spoke
to you yesterday.

MRS COLLINS
Fiddlesticks. I haven't seen you
for a whole week.

Realization sets in. He fishes a week's worth of mail from the box and swiftly returns to the house.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Jeremy sits on the couch, fingers twiddling, eyes frantically shifting.

He locks eyes with the mail, sifts through it like a giddy child. Drops a parcel, THUD.

He sits the mail on the couch. As if in a trance, he stares blankly at the parcel.

KITCHEN

The parcel sits on the kitchen table. Jeremy, biting his nails, sits on a chair across from it.

He opens the parcel. A box rests inside. A box with no label, completely bare.

Cautiously he opens it. Then steps back in shock, eyes wide.

JEREMY

What the hell?

LATER

Jeremy is still standing in the exact same position. Staring blankly at the toppled box.

A human ear rests next to it. Dried blood masks it. Jeremy uses the box to scoop it up.

EXT. SUBURBS - NIGHT

Jeremy exits his house. Not a star in the sky nor a person on the street. He unlatches the gate, cautiously makes his way down the street.

Occasionally he gazes over his shoulder. Then enters an alleyway.

ALLEYWAY

A dark alleyway plays host to overflowing dumpsters. Jeremy opens a bin bag, the smell causes him to grimace.

He sticks the box in the bag and stuffs the bag deep into the dumpster.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeremy lies on his back, staring at the blank ceiling. He closes his eyes. A SCREAM alerts him. He sits up.

At the window, Jeremy parts the curtains. He gazes down into his backyard. Flowerbeds host dead flowers.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jeremy, flashlight in hand, maneuvers across his neat grass toward his shed. He checks the padlock, firm, then looks around.

He spots something skulking in the shadows. Eyes lit up like a pair of headlights. They grow closer. THEY ARE HEADLIGHTS!

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Jeremy dives out of the car's way, flashlight smashes against the ground. He's in the middle of nowhere.

He stands up, hands covered in blood, gravel mixed in with skin. He seeks out the car but it is nowhere to be seen.

JEREMY

How did I...

Ashley stands on the opposite side of the road. Blood drips from a hole on the side of her head where her ear used to be.

She stares blankly at him, her skin pale, her eyes bloodshot.

JEREMY

Who are you?

She turns her head slightly. Within a flash, like blur, she stands before him. Staring deep into his eyes.

JEREMY

What do you want?

She smiles, maniacally. Then she shrieks loudly causing him to squint and cover his ears.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jeremy opens his eyes. Back in the familiar sight of his backyard. He looks around in a state of panic.

The shed door sits open. Jeremy looks at it, opens it. A swarm of flies buzz out, he coughs and waves his hand in front to rid the smell.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Jeremy steps inside the shed. Bloodstains on the walls. A chair in the middle of the room. Ashley, dead, decomposed, in the chair.

JEREMY

Oh my god. What the...

ASHLEY (O.S)

You did this to me.

He turns to greet Ashley. Standing void of emotion by the wall.

ASHLEY

You ripped. You tore. You carved.
Until there was nothing.

JEREMY

No. No, I... that's not possible.
I'd remember!

ASHLEY

You sliced me apart. You took my
fingers first.

She holds up her fingers. They are all there, then, one-by-one, they decompose and drop off.

ASHLEY

Then, you took my ears.

Her ears rot away.

ASHLEY

My dignity.

Her shirt rips open. A blast of wind barrels through the shed, sending him against the wall.

She blurs to him. Right in his face. Nipples exposed.

ASHLEY

And finally, my life.

Her head rips back, throat slits wide open. Blood spurts into Jeremy's face. He SCREAMS.

ASHLEY

(as she talks, blood bubbles
form in the hole in her neck)
So tell me. WHY?!

(CONTINUED)

JEREMY
I didn't kill you!

He looks around. She is gone. But he is back in--

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeremy stares out of the window. Unable to break eye contact with the shed.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ashley, a HOOKER by trade, works her corner and smokes. A BLACK CAR pulls up, passenger window rolls down.

ASHLEY
Hey.

Inside, Jeremy sits.

JEREMY
Hop in.

She takes a drag.

ASHLEY
Ah, ah, I only hop in if you show me the goods.

He shows her a wad of cash. She drags, discards the cigarette and exhales.

ASHLEY
Where to?

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Jeremy shows Ashley the lounge. She marvels at its beauty.

ASHLEY
No TV?

JEREMY
TV's not my thing.

ASHLEY
Okay. So, where are we doing this?
Kitchen? Lounge? Bedroom?

JEREMY

I'm not into casual. If you catch my drift.

ASHLEY

You're not one of those kinky fuckers are you? I ain't shittin on your face, or lettin you piss on mine.

JEREMY

No. Nothing like that. Tell me, do you like bondage?

ASHLEY

Two hundred.

JEREMY

What?

ASHLEY

Throw in an extra two hundred and I'll let you straddle me, whip me, and call me mama.

JEREMY

I can do that.

He extends his hand, she grips it.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

At the shed, he fits a key into the lock. She looks around, it's so cold her breath is visible.

ASHLEY

It's quiet around here.

JEREMY

Dead silent. Just the way I like it.

He opens the door, gestures to her. She walks in willingly. He enters, closes the door behind him.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

ASHLEY

I can't see a fuckin thing.

(CONTINUED)

Jeremy turns on a light. Horror spreads across Ashley's face at the sight of Mrs Collins' mangled corpse on a hook, dangling there.

ASHLEY

Oh GOD!

Jeremy knocks Ashley unconscious.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ashley stands next to Jeremy. Both of them stare at the shed.

JEREMY

I know what I have to do.

ASHLEY

There is only one way to end him,
Jeremy.

She hands him a gun. He takes it, doesn't even contemplate before cocking it.

JEREMY

Thank you.

ASHLEY

Goodbye.

She smokes out. Leaving him to stare at his rather tattered reflection in the mirror.

JEREMY

No more. It ends now.

JEREMY'S VOICE (O.S)

(dark, ominous)

You cannot kill me without killing
yourself.

JEREMY

I know.

He pulls the trigger. BANG!

SMASH TO BLACK: