

The Housemate from Hell

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

THUNDER rumbles as maniacal LAUGHTER grows louder. The ominous form of a DEVIL is framed behind the front door's frosted glass window, shrouded in mist and lit by a hellish red light. LIGHTNING STRIKES.

ROLL TITLE

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

The flashback SOUNDS continue. JAMES, 18, geeky, smart pyjamas and dressing gown, is sat up in bed, looking forward with a traumatised stare. Flashback SOUNDS stop. As if realising he's not alone, James turns to camera.

JAMES

(to camera)

Oh, hi there. My name's James, I'm a sociology student. This is my first year in university, my first year away from home, living in student accommodation. But I don't wanna bore you with mundane details. I have a far more interesting tale to tell. A tale that led to the bizarre events of last night.

QUICK FLASHBACK

James raises a hammer high above his head to strike at an unseen enemy as a demonic SCREAM rings out.

BACK TO JAMES'S ROOM - PRESENT DAY

JAMES

(to camera)

A tale...that brought me to the edge of my sanity.

MONTAGE - JAMES CONTENTED - FLASHBACK

-- James, smiling, enters the front door in a geeky shirt and V-neck jumper. In one arm he holds a shopping bag, and under the other, a shiny new toaster.

-- James meticulously washes his hands in the pristine kitchen's spotless sink.

(CONTINUED)

-- James puts his food neatly away in the fridge. He turns to go but then turns back to adjust the eggs so they're exactly in line with the butter.

-- James plugs in his new toaster and smiles contentedly at his reflection on its shiny surface.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

JAMES  
(to camera)  
And that was it, the last time  
life seemed normal. The last time  
I felt truly happy. The last time  
I was at peace.  
(resentful)  
Before he arrived.

INT./EXT. HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

The doorbell RINGS. James opens the door. Standing there with a large suitcase, a toolbox, and an inflatable banana is MIKE, 18. He's wearing a baseball cap, a leather jacket and an outlandish Hawaiian shirt, clearly a party animal.

MIKE  
Hi, I'm Mike.

James is stunned into silence.

MIKE  
This is student housing, right?

JAMES  
Yes.

MIKE  
23 Everglade Terrace?

JAMES  
Yes.

MIKE  
I'm at the right place then!

Mike barges past the stunned James.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

James shows Mike in.

JAMES  
This is your room.

MIKE

Sweet deal.

Mike drops his suitcase onto the floor, spilling the contents everywhere.

MIKE

So what you studying then?

JAMES

Sociology.

MIKE

You must know all the best places to socialise then, if you know what I mean.

Mike begins irritatingly nudging James.

JAMES

No, I like to keep myself to myself.

Mike jumps onto the bed and begins testing the mattress.

JAMES

And what're you studying?

MIKE

Carpentry.

JAMES

Carpentry?

MIKE

That's right. Shelves, skirting boards, garden decking. I'm your man!

JAMES

I'll bear that in mind... Well, I've got a lot of work to do, so, um...I'll see you later.

MIKE

Right you are, chief.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Stressed and frustrated, James stares at his laptop. On the screen, just a title. James looks at his coursework notes next to him, then returns to staring at his laptop.

A HAMMERING sound comes from the next room. James looks up in frustration, then returns to his work.

(CONTINUED)

A SAWING sound begins. James looks up again, angered, shuts his laptop and folds his arms in annoyance.

A POWER DRILL starts up, and infuriated, James exits.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

James bursts in.

JAMES  
What the hell is this!

Mike, who is adding a fine layer of linseed oil to a large standing birdhouse, looks up innocently.

MIKE  
It's a birdhouse.

JAMES  
I'm trying to work!

James exits.

MIKE  
So am I, sheesh.

Mike continues applying the linseed oil.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

James is lying on the bed. The room is not as messy as previously shown, and the birdhouse is a lot smaller.

JAMES  
(to camera)  
A birdhouse! Can you believe it?  
But that wasn't the last of it,  
oh far from it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

James enters and is stunned. There is mess everywhere, the sink is overflowing with dishes, and Mike is eating from a plate piled high with food.

James is outraged but holds his anger in.

He opens the fridge to find nothing but empty packaging. Seething, he shuts the fridge, and it closes with a heavy THUD.

MIKE  
Not eating?

JAMES  
(through gritted teeth)  
I think I'll just have some  
toast.

Ominous BUZZING. James turns to see the toaster with two slices of coal-black toast inside it and a fork wedged in one of the slots. He quickly turns it off at the socket.

JAMES  
What happened to the toaster?

MIKE  
Oh yeah, sorry. I think it's  
broken.

JAMES  
Broken? How did that happen?

Mike shrugs his shoulders. James sits down at the table next to him and begins to butter some bread.

JAMES  
I guess bread will do.

MIKE  
(shoves a half-eaten sausage  
on a fork in James's face)  
Sarnie?

James is disgusted. Silently fuming, he rises and exits. Mike grabs a carton of orange juice, pours the last drops into his glass and casually hurls it over his shoulder.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - PRESENT DAY

James opens the fridge and grasps the carton of orange juice Mike had supposedly drunk.

JAMES  
(to camera)  
I was living with a madman. And  
he was pushing me over the edge.

James takes the orange juice and shuts the fridge.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

James enters about to take a bite from a pasty but drops it in shock. Mike's sat on the bed, cutting up the sheets.

JAMES  
Wha... Wha... What is this?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

It's a cape.

Mike puts on the cape fashioned from James's sheets.

JAMES

A cape?

MIKE

Yeah, for the Union fancy dress party.

(sees James's troubled face)

Don't worry, mate. Look.

(walks to James)

I made you a crown.

Mike places an elaborate paper crown on James's head. James stares at himself in the mirror in disbelief.

JAMES

These are my coursework notes. You made a crown out of my coursework notes.

MIKE

Yeah... And you look great!

JAMES

(rips off crown)

I'm not going to your stupid party!

MIKE

Alright, mate. Try and do a guy a favour.

Offended, Mike leaves. James puts his head in his hands.

MATCH CUT:

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

James, sat on his bed, puts his head in his hands. His bed sheets and coursework notes are undamaged.

JAMES

He was driving me insane.

(to camera)

I couldn't function. What was I gonna do? He'd been sent to curse me. A demon from...

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

JAMES (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
...the depths of hell!

James, a look of utter resentment on his face, is sat up in bed with a blank notepad in front of him, holding a pencil between his hands.

MIKE (O.S.)  
What d'ya think?

James looks up. Mike is standing before him holding a pitchfork, dressed in a full devil outfit, including cape. James does not respond.

MIKE  
Lost for words. I know, I've surpassed myself.  
(admires self in mirror)  
Sure I can't persuade you to join me?

James is silent, staring bitterly at Mike.

MIKE  
No? Maybe it's for the best. You look a bit stressed out, mate.

Mike exits. Seething, James SNAPS his pencil in two.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

James is spinning the same 'unbroken' pencil in his hand.

JAMES  
And that's when it clicked. I had to do it.  
(turns to camera and holds pencil like a dagger)  
I had to get rid of him.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

THUNDER rumbles. James is sat up in bed in the dark, his gaze fixed forward, a psychotic look on his face, lit by a hellish red light. He lets out a creepy GIGGLE, which grows into crazed, maniacal LAUGHTER. LIGHTNING STRIKES.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The LAUGHTER continues as the same LIGHTNING STRIKE fades. The ominous form of a devil (Mike in his outfit) is framed behind the front door's frosted glass window, shrouded in mist and lit by a hellish red light.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

James continues LAUGHING.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A key SCRATCHES at the front door lock, struggling to find the keyhole.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Hearing this, James stops laughing. A look of evil intent on his face, he exits.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike enters, stumbling through the door, intoxicated.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

James sifts frantically through Mike's toolbox, pulling out a large hammer. LIGHTNING STRIKES, illuminating his crazed expression.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike, swaying drunkenly, puts some bread in the toaster and pulls down the lever. Nothing happens. Mike stares in confusion, repeatedly pulling the lever. Noticing the toaster is turned off at the socket, he flicks it on.

He walks away as the toaster begins to BUZZ ominously.

He opens the fridge, opens a can of lager, takes a gulp and belches. He grabs the butter, leaving the fridge open.

The toaster's BUZZING grows louder, and it's started smoking. Mike stumbles past it unaware, putting down the butter and heading to the sink. He sifts through the multitude of dirty dishes, looking for a knife.

James creeps silently towards Mike through the smoke, hammer held aloft, casting a wraithlike shadow on the wall. BREATHING as Mike is approached from behind.

(CONTINUED)

The BUZZING grows louder as Mike finds a dirty knife and reaches for a scourer on the windowsill in front of him. Reflected in the window, he sees James, a demonic look on his face, hammer raised, ready to strike. Mike SCREAMS!

The toaster BLOWS a fuse, and the lights turn off, drowning the room in darkness.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Mike's SCREAM fades. James is sat up in bed, absorbed in sombre, reflective thought.

JAMES

Of course, I can never tell anyone about this.

(to camera)

Present company excepted of course. But I can trust you, can't I?

(pauses as though waiting for a response)

Good.

(turns away from camera)

It's nice to have someone to talk to. Just to help sort it all out in my head.

(to camera)

You know what I mean?

(turns away from camera)

To help come to terms with what happened... I almost killed someone.

(to camera)

That's right, almost. I didn't go through with it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike's SCREAM ends. He and James are lit by the light of the open fridge. James is frozen in shock, hammer raised.

MIKE

(turning groggily to face James)

James, is that you, mate? You scared the hell out of me.

James is unresponsive.

MIKE

Listen, mate, I'm off for some kip. See you in the morning.

Mike exits, leaving James frozen in the messy kitchen.

MATCH CUT:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - PRESENT DAY

The kitchen is relatively tidy. The washing machine is HUMMING. James walks to the sink and washes his hands.

JAMES

(to camera)

But how can I ever come to terms  
with what I was about to do? If  
it wasn't for the fuse blowing,  
would I have gone through with  
it?

The water running into the plughole is tainted red.

JAMES

No, I could never have done it.

(to camera)

Murder someone? No way.

(sinister)

I could never do that.

A whirlpool of blood spins round in the washing machine.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike stands at the sink as James swings the hammer and CRACKS open his skull.

He falls to the floor, clutching the wound. He crawls across the floor like a dying animal, leaving a trail of bloody handprints.

James grabs him by the scruff of the neck and raises the hammer high above his head to strike. SPLAT! Blood splatters across James's face and his white shirt and a demonic SCREAM rings out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - PRESENT DAY

The mundane HUM of the washing machine continues. James stops washing his hands and turns to look at the floor behind him. He's reflected in a red puddle. Lying in the puddle, bloodstained hammer at his side, is Mike.

FADE OUT.

THE END