

THE ROOMMATE - CONFLICT

Written By

Michael Perce

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perce@usc.edu

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

JAKE, a teen of about 16, strolls into the bedroom. His shirt matches the style of various metal band posters around the room.

He lies down on his bed. Pulls out his phone. He looks bored and disinterested while swiping left and right on his screen.

A KNOCK at the door while it is opened by a middle-aged woman, MOTHER.

MOTHER

(verbally) KNOCK! Can I come in?

Jake sits up, swinging his legs over the edge but still sits on the bed.

JAKE

Well, you're already in here. What do you want?

MOTHER

Well, you've just seemed distant recently... You can always talk to me if you have any issues. Okay?

JAKE

Yeah. Sure Mom. Thanks. I'm SURE you'll be the first to hear.

Mother hesitates, about to say something. Says nothing. She nods, placing a coffee mug on his dresser. A large fish tank on the dresser has 6 fish swimming. 2 fish float belly-up near the surface. Peering at the tank, she picks up a fish net.

MOTHER

More dead fish? How many is it this week? Here. I'll flush these...

JAKE

(interrupting)

NO! (softer) It's fine Mom. I'll take care of them myself.

She looks worried. Saying nothing, she leaves, the door CLICKING into place behind her.

Jake loudly sighs and walks to his closet, opening it. Reaching up over his head, he retrieves a fish bowl from the top shelf.

It has no fish in it yet is about 3/4 full of water. Above where the fishbowl was is an orange-sized hole to darkness.

Jake scoops the two dead fish out of the tank and into the bowl. He replaces the bowl back on the top shelf of his closet.

INT. CLOSET - LOOKING DOWN INTO BEDROOM, CONTINUOUS.

Retrieving the coffee mug, Jake flops into his faux leather chair, turning on his computer.

Jake TAPS away at his keyboard.

A fish in the bowl disappears. Jake continues to type. The other fish disappears. Jake has typed out about a page of text, when suddenly...

The monitor cuts to a blue screen.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake slams his hands on the table, rushing to his feet and turning to the closet.

JAKE

FINE! What do you want from me?!

No one is there. Silence. Jake crosses his arms.

JAKE

What? No! I've already given you your food for today! Just let me do my fucking homework!

Silence again. Only the HUM of the computer and the ceiling fan can be heard. Jake stomps over to the closet, slamming the door shut.

He returns to his desk, shuffling through a large pile of papers before pulling one out, TAPPING away at the keyboard again.

The closet door rattles.

Jake looks up quickly from his homework, glancing at the closet door. Shaking his head, he returns to his work.

Almost complete silence. There is a VOICE, nearly imperceptible.

VOICE

(slowly, barely a whisper)

Hunger...

The closet door violently shakes. Jake nervously stands, rolling the chair over and propping it under the two door handles.

He retreats to his desk. The shaking stops. Jake breathes a sigh of relief.

The chair bursts away from the door. The door hangs open slightly, then slams shut. The chair slowly rotates, revealing two sets of claw gouges along the back.

Jake sweeps the dust-covered trophies off of his dresser.

He pushes it against the closet. A barricade.

Satisfied, he dusts off his hands, returning to his computer, calling over his shoulder.

JAKE

When I say no, I mean no. Got it?

Silence. Jake pauses, then returns to his computer screen.

Silence.

CRACK! Jake jumps at the sound.

Knocking the mug over. The pile of papers stain brown.

The dresser mirror. A web of cracks spread across the glass. The epicenter aligns with the edge of the closet door.

Jake tries to return to his computer.

A small EXPLOSION behind him.

Plaster dust floats to ground.

Above - the ceiling fan.

Next to it - a slight bulge.

Another EXPLOSION.

The bulge is gone. Now an orange-sized hole.

Plaster chunks litter the ground.

JAKE

Okay, okay! Fine! I'll get you more food!

Silence.

Jake waits, waiting for something else to happen.

He opens his mouth, a noticeable whisper added to his voice.

JAKE

Gooooooooood.

Jake awkwardly stumbles out of the room, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

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FADE IN:

INT. TEENAGER'S BEDROOM - NEAR NOON

A glass and stainless steel desk. Resting on it are several large monitors with the default windows screensaver, and a gaming keyboard and mouse. A computer tower hums underneath.

To the side, various papers are haphazardly strewn about, alongside a pencil and eraser. The chair is faux leather on rolling wheels.

A ceiling fan with wooden blades lightly rattles as it spins slowly. Old and faded star-shaped stickers adorn the ceiling. The sound of an occasional bird outside.

The walls hold various posters on them, all hung neatly. Many depict metal bands, others depict abstract art. A few have signatures, and a signed video game poster is framed on the wall above the dresser, adjacent to the closet.

The closet. A large quantity of darkly colored shirts and pants are hung up. On the ground is a bookshelf, holding a couple shoeboxes and a few high school level textbooks and a yearbook.

Above the clothes bar, a large number of linens are stacked on a shelf. In the right corner there is a fishbowl.

The fishbowl is filled with water, and two large goldfish float at the surface, dead.

Where the two walls meet the ceiling above the fishbowl, there an empty hole to darkness, about the size of an orange.

The dresser. Made of wood, a couple of the drawers have been left open, showing brightly colored boxer shorts and socks. On top of the dresser is a large mirror and various trophies that have collected dust.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. TEENAGER'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The sound of conversation and eating can be heard from elsewhere in the house. The glass and stainless steel desk. The monitors show the same screensaver. They turn to blue screen. The monitors show the screensaver again. The pile of papers is larger and seems to have a brown stain across many of them. The faux leather chair has two sets of claw marks scored across the backing. Blue screen. Normal screensaver.

The wooden ceiling fan barely rotates. Two of the lights are out and one flickers with an electrical hum. A few of the stars are peeling off. Near the base of the ceiling fan is a hole about the size of an orange, splintered from above, that leads to darkness.

On the walls, one piece of abstract art has been replaced with taxidermy. A Fox. Its eyes appear to follow you. The other posters are fraying with slight tears.

The dresser is moved in front of the closet doors. There is a large crack in the mirror, spreading out in a web from the upper corner. The trophies sit discarded in the corner where the dresser used to be. Butterfly display cases are now taking their place, with the butterfly's wings torn off. Another fish tank is on the dresser, with 2 fish swimming. 3 are dead. None of the drawers are open.

Behind the dresser, the closet is slightly ajar, and the flickering light occasionally shows the inside. Hung shirts.

Darkness.

A shoebox. The goldfish tank. There are no goldfish left. Another glass tank. A dead bearded lizard. The hole.

Darkness.

The hole is larger than the fishbowl.

A deeper darkness within.

CUT TO BLACK