

UNWELCOME GUESTS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

All is quiet in a fairly nondescript living room, modestly furnished, but decorated with a few tidbits of quality works of art and/or antiques to go along with the implements for running a fireplace.

The doorknob rattles as somebody on the outside wrestles with the lock.

Finally, the doorknob turns and the door sweeps opens, revealing CURT and FIONA (50's), glowing and excited. Curt picks up two suitcases and enters, followed by Fiona carrying a couple of grocery bags, one with a baguette sticking out.

CURT
(announcing)
We're here!

Curt looks back and exchanges smiles with Fiona.

MATT (19), thin, lanky, unkempt and rocking out with headphones on, appears from the kitchen eating a sandwich. He spots Curt and Fiona and goes ashen, eyes-wide.

MATT
Shit.

Curt turns, sees Matt and lowers the suitcases to the ground.

MATT (CONT'D)
Are you the owners?

Beat.

FIONA
Of course we're the owners.

CURT
Yeah, who the hell are you?

Matt looks around as if searching for an answer.

Curt, shaken and a little frightened, grabs a fireplace poker and waves it at Matt.

Fiona cautiously places the groceries on the floor and grabs the baguette as a club.

MATT
Nobody.

Matt looks at the couple again, reassessing the situation.

MATT (CONT'D)

(to Fiona)

What, are you gonna do, gluten me?

CURT

What are you doing here?

Matt looks at his sandwich and back at Curt and Fiona still holding the kid at bay.

MATT

Eating a sandwich.

CURT

You need to leave.

MATT

I can't.

CURT

Look, leave right now, no problem.
We won't call the police.

FIONA

You can take the sandwich.

MATT

Right. I leave, the first thing you
do is call the cops.

CURT

Even if I did, it'll take them an
hour to get here. It's just
breaking and entering, no big deal.

MATT

What do you know about it?

Curt looks to be at a momentary loss for words.

FIONA

He knows the law.

CURT

I'm a Public Defender. I see kids
like you all the time.

FIONA

And he doesn't want to have to work
on your case, so just leave.

MATT
That's not happening.

Curt raises the poker, ready to strike, and advances toward Matt.

Matt steps back and pulls a handgun out of his back pocket and points it at Curt.

MATT (CONT'D)
You two need to back down.

Curt freezes.

Matt motions with the gun for them to sit on the couch.

MATT (CONT'D)
Take a seat.

Curt and Fiona move to the couch, keeping their eyes on Matt.

Matt, feeling cocky, waves the gun.

MATT (CONT'D)
Recognize it? You should secure
your guns.

CURT
I wish you hadn't done that.

MATT
Why?

CURT
Because now it's armed robbery.
That's a minimum of seven years.
This just keeps getting worse for
you.

FIONA
What, you're going to shoot us?

MATT
Just be cool while I think.

CURT
You be cool. You've left
fingerprints and crumbs and D.N.A.
all over this place. Geniuses like
you get caught in no time.

FIONA
Just get the hell out of here.

A CREAKING sound comes from upstairs. Everybody freezes.

STEPS come down the stairs.

SOPHIE (17), in dirty jeans and sweatshirt, her scruffy frailness multiplied by the distended belly of pregnancy and an aching back, appears from the hallway.

SOPHIE

And leave me upstairs to fend for myself?

MATT

(surprised)
Sophie! What the...?

Sophie glares at Matt.

SOPHIE

Nice way to tell them my name.
(beat)
Matt.

CURT

You're doing B and E's with a pregnant girl?

FIONA

(to Matt)
What's wrong with you?

MATT

Nothing.

SOPHIE

We're not thieves.

FIONA

Just borrowing?

The four look at each other. Now what?

SOPHIE

We're just trying to get warm and find something to eat.

FIONA

With a gun.

SOPHIE

(to Matt)
Put it down.

MATT

But...

Sophie gives Matt the stink-eye. Matt lowers the weapon.

FIONA

That's better.

Everybody relaxes a bit.

CURT

Look, kid, you're lucky I'm not packing a gun, or that I'm not the cops.

MATT

I ain't a kid.

CURT

Those guys in prison will have you putting out in less than a week.

FIONA

(to Sophie)

And you can say goodbye to that baby.

SOPHIE

They won't lock us up 'cuz we ain't taken anything.

FIONA

What do you call taking that gun?

SOPHIE

I call that Matt being an idiot.

CURT

You kids don't want to start down this path. Even if you never get caught, it's a harder life than just making an honest living. I've seen it.

Fiona shoots him a look of curious concern.

MATT

Okay, man, we get it. Sophie, let's get out of here.

SOPHIE

It's cold out and I'm still hungry.
(to Fiona)
Can you give us some money?

FIONA
Can I get up?

Matt and Sophie look at each other, consider, then nod.

Fiona goes over to the bags on the floor and shuffles groceries between them.

CURT
(to Sophie)
Why are you with this knucklehead?

SOPHIE
Baby needs a daddy.

MATT
(puffs up)
Yeah, for the baby.

CURT
A daddy in prison?

Fiona stands up, the groceries re-sorted between the two bags.

FIONA
At least he didn't run out on her.

Fiona and Curt exchange a glance and both nod. Fiona gives Matt one of the grocery bags, including the baguette.

CURT
Get out of here before somebody
gets hurt.

Chastened and relieved, the young couple brush past Fiona to the front door.

FIONA
Promise you'll stop this nonsense.

Sophie slows and spins back to Fiona.

SOPHIE
Oh I promise.
(beat)
Thanks for the food.

CURT
The gun.

Matt looks at the weapon, having forgotten he was even holding it. He gives Curt a wary look.

MATT

I'll leave it in the mailbox.

SOPHIE

I'll make sure he does.

Matt holds the door open for Sophie and the couple leave. Fiona carefully locks the door behind them, looks at Curt and sighs in relief.

EXT. FRONT OF BEACH FRONT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Matt and Sophie warily walk down the driveway, looking around, looking at the house. They reach the sidewalk.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Curt is collapsed on the couch.

CURT

I thought they'd never leave.

FIONA

That went better than I expected.

Curt lifts himself off the couch and picks up the suitcases and, followed by Fiona, heads for the hallway.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Sophie lifts her sweatshirt, revealing a novelty pregnancy prosthetic, takes out a bundled up pillowcase, unwraps it to reveal a clump of golds chains, watches and jewelry.

SOPHIE

I left the fake crap behind.

Giggling, they run hand-in-hand, making their getaway, Matt waving the gun like they're Bonnie and Clyde.

INT. STAIRWAY - AFTERNOON

Matt, stands at the bottom of the stairway with the suitcases and stands aside to allow Sophie to climb them first.

CURT

Do you think we made a difference?

FIONA
A difference?

Sophie starts to climb the stairs. Curt follows.

CURT
Yeah, to those kids.

FIONA
I don't know. Don't really care.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Curt and Fiona enter the bedroom. There's a dresser with the drawers open with clothes on the floor and hanging out, obviously having been rummaged through, costume jewelry on the floor.

FIONA
Those scamps.

Curt lets go of the suitcases and collapses into an easy chair.

CURT
I'm getting too old for this.

FIONA
I almost lost it when you said you were a public defender.

CURT
Maybe I should go back to corporate life.

FIONA
You serious? What kind of life is that?

Fiona opens a suitcase. It's empty.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Why don't you wait until you see what this run nets us. Those kids missed all the fine art and antiques.

Curt gives her a knowing smile.

FADE OUT.

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