

Homewrecker

written by

Bree Lynch

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SARAH, mid 20s, walks into her apartment. She closes the door and sits down at her kitchen table, setting a wrapped package on the table next to her. She picks up a letter attached to the package, the front reading "To Sarah, from Grandpa". The phone rings, with the caller ID reading "Mom". Sarah ignores it, walks into her bedroom, and closes the door.

TWO WEEKS LATER

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Sarah sits outside a crowded restaurant. The waiter delivers two drinks to her table, but the other chair is empty. JEREMY, her date, walks up and sits down at her table. He's wearing a tattered jacket, and a buttoned shirt, with the top few buttons undone.

JEREMY

Hi, um...

He pauses for a second to really think about it.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

...Sarah?

He points at her and gives a weird, cocky half-smile.

SARAH

Yeah, that's me. Hi.

Jeremy sits down.

JEREMY

Sorry for being late. I, uh... I was at a meeting with... with some people.

SARAH

Oh, it's fine. I'm just glad that somebody showed up to this instead of me just being here alone.

Sarah laughs somewhat nervously.

JEREMY

Hey thanks for inviting me out here.

Jeremy looks around.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
This is a... nice place.

SARAH
Yeah it is. I've come here a lot
for dates but they don't usually
work out very well.

JEREMY
Well they don't really appreciate
you, you know?

Sarah blushes.

SARAH
I, um... Thank you.

JEREMY
Don't worry about it. I like to
speak my mind about things, hehe.

The waiter comes back to the table and Jeremy orders
something greasy.

SARAH
Wow, that's a pretty big meal for
you. You look kinda skinny.

JEREMY
Yeah I eat a lot, actually. It just
goes right through me.

He gives her that cocky smile again.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
You'd never know what I've eaten
just by looking at me.

Sarah smiles a bit hesitatingly but presses on.

SARAH
So, what kind of career do you
have?

JEREMY
Oh, I'm, uh... an author. I do lots
of writing.

SARAH
What kind of stuff do you write,
like, mystery novels or something?

JEREMY
Sure. Do you like those?

SARAH

Yeah, I read them from time to time.

JEREMY

Hey, you give me some time to finish working on the one I'm writing and you'll love it, babe.

He winks at her. Sarah smiles and blushes a little. The waiter delivers their meals and they continue to chat.

INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits on her couch, watching the evening news.

NEWS ANCHOR

In other news, the recent string of violent explosions has continued tonight, striking outside a junkyard. Thankfully, no one was killed, but two have been sent to the hospital with some severe injuries. This is the second event this week, and it is still unknown what causes these explosions, except for the large holes that are always found in the sides of nearby buildings. These events have only happened at night so far, but-

Sarah sighs and turns off the TV.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah lies in her bed, trying to fall asleep. The wind howls through the curtains, and she gets up to close them, then looks longingly through the window.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Sarah is sitting outside again, and Jeremy walks in.

SARAH

I see you're right on time today.

Sarah notices that his hair is very messy.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Rough night?

JEREMY

Yeah, I didn't sleep very well.
It's been hard at nights in this
town. You know what I mean.

SARAH

All sorts of crazy things are
happening at night. It's a wonder
they haven't figured out why.

Their food arrives. Jeremy takes an unnecessarily large bite
out of his food.

JEREMY

Mmmph... yeah. The police better
get on this.

SARAH

Well they've been investigating for
weeks now, but they haven't found
any leads-

JEREMY

Then they haven't been doing their
job.

Jeremy leans forward and gives Sarah a very intense look, and
she's taken aback slightly. She looks at his chest and
notices a medallion with a carving of a monster under his
shirt.

SARAH

What's that, uh... thing on your
neck? It looks very regal.

Jeremy looks down at the medallion.

JEREMY

It's nothing. Don't worry about it.

They continue eating in silence.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

So what kind of books do you read
again?

SARAH

Well, like I said before, I like
mystery novels. I like lots of
fantasy novels. My grandpa used to
read them to me as a kid a lot,
and...

JEREMY

He's not here anymore.

Sarah starts to get emotional.

SARAH

No he's not. I... I...

Jeremy still looks somewhat sternly at her.

JEREMY

He sounds like a good man. You
gotta teach kids to keep dreaming.
Real life can be strange sometimes.

He returns to his usual smirk, and picks up his drink.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

To your grandpa.

Sarah halfheartedly smiles and toasts.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the edge of her bed, Sarah lies down with her laptop, frantically typing. She tries to search for "monster medallion", but the only thing that comes up are images of fictional ones from cartoons. Sarah frowns, and shuts the computer, setting it gently on the floor in front of her bed.

SARAH

Grandpa, what was it you were
trying to tell me...

Sarah lies awake in bed, staring at the ceiling.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

At the same table, Sarah and Jeremy sit and eat.

JEREMY

You look nice.

SARAH

Why, thank you. You've certainly
got the rugged adventurer look
going for you.

Jeremy looks at his even more tattered clothes, as if he hadn't noticed how they looked until now.

JEREMY

Yeah, it's part of the look, I'm going for, hehe. You gotta look cool when you're an author.

He winks at her. She smiles and continues playfully.

SARAH

I didn't realize being an author was such a dangerous profession.

JEREMY

You have no... idea... what I've had to put up with lately.

SARAH

Oh yeah? What sort of things?

Jeremy looks like he's very intent on spilling the beans, but retracts. He tries to resume overconfidence.

JEREMY

I don't like to... spoil my books. You can't judge something unless it's done, right babe?

Sarah nods. Jeremy reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a collection of worn papers haphazardly stapled together.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I do have a, uh.. rough draft that you can look at, if you're... interested.

Sarah reaches across and grabs the papers. She can barely read his chicken scratch, but she sees that the title is "Run Away From Me".

SARAH

That title leaves some room for concern, but I like it. Gives you some intrigue. You're not trying to tell me something are you?

Jeremy starts to laugh, but begins coughing. He coughs into his napkin, and sees blood. Trying to hide it from Sarah, he folds the napkin and get up.

JEREMY

I gotta use the bathroom real quick. Be right back, babe.

Sarah looks concerned, but waits for him. She pokes at his napkin, finding the poorly concealed blood. Jeremy returns, clutching his chest.

SARAH
Are you ok? That looks bad. Maybe I should take you to a hospital.

JEREMY
It's nothing.

SARAH
Are you sure? I don't want you to be hurt.

He waves at her in dismissal.

JEREMY
I'll be fine.

Sarah notices that his sleeves are pulled up for once, and that Jeremy has tattoos all over his arms that look like snakes slithering around him.

SARAH
Where on Earth did you get those?

JEREMY
Heh... it's a long story.

He takes a sip and promptly asks for the check.

SARAH
I thought we were going to the movies after this.

JEREMY
I, uh... had something come up last night. I gotta take care of it. You know how business works, right babe?

SARAH
Of course. Maybe sometime later?

JEREMY
(hurried)
Yeah, sure. Friday sound good?

SARAH
Yeah, that'll work. See you then.

Jeremy starts to leave.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Hey, can we take a picture really quick?

Jeremy shrugs.

JEREMY
Sure, why not.

Sarah snaps a selfie with Jeremy and watches him leave the restaurant.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - DAY

Sarah's car starts up and pulls out of the restaurant parking lot. She drives around front to get a glimpse the of restaurant entrance. As she drives down the street, she sees Jeremy, limping along. He walks into an alleyway. Sarah pulls the car over on the side of the road, and tries to stay as hidden as she can. A few minutes pass and no one comes out. Sarah opens her phone and looks at their picture, zooming in on Jeremy's tattoos. Sarah pulls away and drives home.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On her bed once again, Sarah sits, furiously typing away on her laptop. Not coming up with any results, Sarah uploads the picture to the search engine, and a page on an obscure, government conspiracy website comes up. She clicks on it, seeing that the website hasn't been updated in years, but finds an exact match for Jeremy's tattoo. Her eyes widen as she finds her answer.

INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah reaches into the closet, pulling out her grandpa's mysterious package. She unwraps it and puts it into a backpack. With a look of determination, she grabs her keys and closes the door behind her.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Sarah walks into the alley. Almost no sound is heard. As she walks further down, a hand appears behind her. It grabs her and throws her against the wall. Jeremy's face is barely visible in the moonlight.

JEREMY
What... are... you... doing here?

SARAH
I'd ask you the same thing.

JEREMY
You shouldn't be here right now.
Things could get dangerous. Leave.

From the shadows, TWO FIGURES IN BLACK SUITS, with pistols drawn emerge.

SHADOWY FIGURE
He's right, miss.

They draw their weapons.

SHADOWY FIGURE (CONT'D)
Hands off her, you.

Jeremy puts his hands in the air slowly, then leaps towards one of the shadowy figures. Sarah backs away, then climbs up a nearby fire escape.

SHADOWY FIGURE (CONT'D)
Miss! Get out of here, no-

The figure stops, hearing a horrific growling noise. A clawed hand reaches up and grabs his face, pulling him downward. He screams.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

A building topples to the ground as a giant lizard monster emerges from the outskirts of town. The lizard is covered with glowing snake tattoos, slithering around its body. The monster heads to the center of town, towards the tallest buildings.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sarah looks up at the monster and pulls her grandfather's gift from her backpack. In her hands is an oversized sword.

SARAH
This is for you, Grandpa.

EXT. STREET/CITYSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

As the monster rummages through the city, Sarah follows closely on rooftops. The monster ignores her, as she leaps from building to building.

Sarah reaches into her backpack and pulls out a crossbow. Lighting an arrow on fire, she screams.

SARAH
Hey, freak!

The monster turns its head toward her as she fires into the eye of a snake tattoo. The monster roars in pain, and turns fully, all of its attention on her. They are on opposite sides of the block. The monster roars and begins charging. Sarah leaps and raises her sword, screaming. They meet in midair, an explosion of energy engulfing them both.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sarah lands on the street. Her sword is covered with blood. She stands up, resting her weapon on her shoulder. As the cloud dissipates, Jeremy lands on the ground next to Sarah, with a gash on his side. They look at each other.

JEREMY
So... he did pass it on to you.

SARAH
Of course. It runs in the family.

Jeremy winces, and smiles.

JEREMY
I'll tell your grandpa that you
said-

Sarah stabs him in the chest with the sword, cutting his sentence short.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

Sarah sits on the roof of a tall building, overlooking the city that is now hers to guard. She looks at her sword, seeing her grandpa's last name engraved just above its hilt. She smiles, accepting her new duty.

THE END