

PET SITTER NIGHTMARE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A shovel stabs into a pile of dirt and scoops a shovelful into a grave. It's a few feet deep and barely big enough to hold YOUNG WOMAN (22). Although dead, her skin hasn't had enough time to lose much of its color.

A man, face unseen, wears gloves as he shovels the dirt on top of his victim. He whistles a happy tune while he works. With every scoop, the body becomes less visible. Soon, she disappears under a light layer of the substance.

More and more pile on until there is no more. A mound is somewhat visible. The man tamps it down with the shovel and walks out of sight.

EXT. HELLER HOUSE - DAY

A beautiful home in the suburbs. A Land Rover is parked in the driveway. A For Rent sign is in the next door neighbor's yard to a vacant house.

ROB (O.S.)
Is Casey ready?

INT. HELLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - SAME

Just as beautiful as the outside. The kitchen is stunning, and open to a massive living and dining area.

Seated at the counter is BRYCE HELLER (10). He wolfs down a large bowl of cereal. His mom, JOYCE HELLER (40), very youthful and bubbly, sips on coffee next to her husband ROBERT (ROB) HELLER (43). Wearing a nice business suit, he also sips some coffee.

ROB
I thought I'd give her a ride to school this morning.

BRYCE
Hey, what about me? I hate riding the bus.

ROB
Sorry, pal. Your school is in the opposite direction.

BRYCE
I'd be happy to drop out.

ROB
You failed another test, didn't
you?

JOYCE
Math.

BRYCE
I just don't understand numbers.

ROB
Oh, I think you'll understand them
a lot better after you spend the
weekend in your room, studying.

BRYCE
Ah, man.

Footsteps race closer. CASEY HELLER, a vibrant 17-year-old
with a keen fashion sense, arms loaded with books, rushes
into the room.

CASEY
Has anyone seen my backpack?

Joyce reaches behind the counter and produces a stylish
backpack.

JOYCE
This backpack?

Casey snatches it and shoves her books inside.

JOYCE
I tripped over it in the dark last
night, again.

CASEY
Sorry. I was working on a book
report due today and forgot where I
left it.

JOYCE
Maybe try leaving it on a chair
next time.

CASEY
I'll keep it in my room.

ROB
(to Bryce)
You could learn a lot from your
sister.

BRYCE

Like pretending you're sleeping
over at a friend's house when
you're really with your boyfriend?

Casey's jaw drops in stunned shock.

CASEY

You are so dead.

Casey starts to charge Bryce. He jumps up. Rob catches Casey by the arm.

ROB

We'll talk about this later.

Joyce finds a box of toaster pastries in the cabinet and holds out a pack to Casey. She accepts it with a sneer.

CASEY

You have to be kidding.

JOYCE

You snooze, you lose.

ROB

I'll drop you off on the way to my
meeting.

As Casey moves into the hall toward the front with Rob, she looks back at Bryce and sticks out her tongue.

Bryce returns the gesture.

JOYCE

That's enough of that. Go get your
backpack.

BRYCE

I know where mine is. In my room.

Joyce messes his hair.

JOYCE

I'll give you a B+ for sucking up.

Bryce smiles at her. He hurries out of the room.

Joyce leans against the counter, an amused grin on her face.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Next door to the Heller house. A small moving van is now in the driveway. Two MOVING MEN unload a sofa.

They carry it inside under the supervision of PETER WEIZE (40s). While his general appearance indicates he's harmless, there's something off about him that makes him seem dangerous. He grabs the For Rent sign and stands it against his porch.

Peter goes to the moving van and disappears inside.

HELLER HOUSE

Casey and Rob leave their house, going straight for the Land Rover until they spot the moving van. They pause to watch.

PETER'S HOUSE

The two moving men leave the house and enter the van.

INTERCUT - HELLER HOUSE AND PETER'S HOUSE

As Rob watches the van...

ROB

Looks like we've got new neighbors.

CASEY

I'd rather keep Mrs. Henry. Her brownies were the best.

ROB

It's sad that she had to move into a home. You think you won't want kids, but that's what happens when you don't.

Peter leaves the van with a pet carrier. A beautiful cat, Sadie, is inside. Peter stops to look inside at his pet. Sadie meows.

PETER

You're at your new home.

Rob and Casey continue to watch.

Peter notices them. He throws a little wave their way.

Rob and Casey wave back.

CASEY

He has a cat.

ROB

No pets.

CASEY

I know. You don't want to be tied down, yet you had two kids. Go figure.

Rob gives Casey's shoulders a squeeze. They get into the Land Rover, Rob behind the wheel.

Peter watches, very entranced on Casey.

The Land Rover passes by Peter on its way down the street. Peter twists to watch it every last second.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

An older building for a suburban area. A bell rings inside.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Students wait their turn in the lunch line. Some have already taken their seats and enjoy their meal.

Casey sits at the end of a table with her best friend MARY SANDERS (16), a pretty red-head with a keen fashion sense. They eat their lunch while they chat.

MARY

Are you in for the Ariana Grande concert?

CASEY

I was, but two things stand in my way. My little brother snitched on me so my parents aren't going to believe I'm sleeping over at your house.

MARY

And two?

CASEY

I don't have the money for my ticket. Becky got the babysitting job for the Dennings I really wanted.

Mary reaches across and grips Casey's hand.

MARY

You have to go. I wouldn't feel right being there without you.