

Asshole Poltergeist

written by

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INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Creeping.

Garage - empty, save for cleaning supplies. Wind beats against the garage door. A rat scurries across the cement floor.

The door separating the garage from the house interior blows open with a frightful crash...

The first room inside the house...

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A ground-level window with sheer curtains, a computer, a couch, and a washer and dryer.

Wind blows outside, creating a draft, gently pushing the curtains into the room.

The washer and dryer turn themselves on and begin to run. The computer turns itself on. The printer begins to print...

I'M HERE I'M HERE I'M HERE I'M HERE.

Creeping upstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lightning crashes. A tree struggling in the wind SCRAPES against a window. A deserted bowl of breakfast cereal spills itself slowly onto the floor.

The floor creaks as if receiving the weight of a walking human - but there is none.

Lightning once again crashes outside the window - momentarily illuminating the living room - and a series of levitating objects. Picture frames... a couch... a lamp.

Moving to the kitchen...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

More curtains blowing through windows.

The faucet turns itself on. The refrigerator slowly opens...

Up the stairs...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The ceiling above the staircase glows greenly - powerfully. The ceiling depresses slightly, and then returns to its normal state - as if it were momentarily made of rubber.

Into the guest room...

INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Several books begin to levitate and fall off of shelves... including what appears to be a large Los Angeles phone book...

A convertible sofa opens itself... There is a weighted imprint of an invisible sleeping person on the bed. The imprint disappears as if the sleeping person is rising...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Creeping across the hallway past a guest bathroom, where the raging storm is blowing the curtains of a small window...

And to the bedroom...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

JIMMY WALTER, late 30s, handsome, aloof and charming, sleeps... unaware that his closet door is opening...

Several items of clothing begin to levitate... among them, a pair of thick leather shoes...

Jimmy's covers are slowly removed. His eyes open.

JIMMY

It's you. Forgive me.

A counter, mirror, and sink are on the far wall near the master bathroom. The sink handles turn, and thick red blood streams from the faucet. Jimmy stands.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No... please...

He looks at the supernatural chaos which surrounds him...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Please don't do this...

His plantation blinds open themselves, revealing the raging storm outside.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry...

Jimmy's wall-mounted television turns on. The national anthem ends.

Snow. The TV flickers. Jimmy walks towards it, much like in the movie POLTERGEIST. Slowly. He reaches his hand out. A small animated ghost hand lunges at his, and then dissipates as he watches.

He places his hand on towards the screen once again. On the screen, the following words form:

WHY ARE YOU HITTING YOURSELF?

Jimmy wrinkles his brow, confused. He turns the palm of his hand towards himself, and it is instantly pushed by another ghostly hand, and he slams himself in the face.

One of his levitating shoes picks up speed, and beelines straight for his shin.

Jimmy doubles over...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Aahhh, my freaking shin! Come on!

While he is doubled over, the levitating phone book SLAMS him across the face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake! That's a phone bo... a lot of people live in Los Angeles. Ow.

He assumes a fighting stance.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Okay. You want some? You wanna do this? I can do this! Let's go!

Jimmy is immediately pulled to the ground.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy is pulled down the stairs.

JIMMY

I was wrong! I don't wanna go! We don't have to go! Staying's fine. Let's stay. Who said go? Going's nuts. Fuck going, right?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy is pulled off the stairs and into the first floor bathroom.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy is thrown headfirst into the toilet. His legs are lifted into the air. A levitating shoe presses down on the toilet handle. Flush. Jimmy is being bullied by a ghost.

JIMMY

Come on!

Jimmy's legs are released. He rises to his feet, and stumbles out of the bathroom, head and hair covered in water.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy pauses outside of the bathroom.

JIMMY

Ok. No more. Truce. No more.

Jimmy takes two more steps before a wicker chair is lifted, turned sideways, and smashed into him.

SUPER: ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY TWO DAYS EARLIER

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The house is shiny and clean. No broken glass, no levitating objects.

The door opens. On the other side is an officer who has all the personality of a bowl of sugar-free pudding - minus the fun. BURT FRANKLIN (53).

He is followed in by Jimmy's MOM (62) and DAD (68). Tail end of the baby boomers. Dad got talked into buying three hundred dollar jeans. He tucks his polo shirt into them, just under his belly. His shirt is tight enough for everyone to see that he clearly has an innie.

Mom has a huge disconnect between her age and her outfit. Her style is still early 70s. She probably once wore it well.

Behind them is RAKESH PARSA, ESQ (37), trim and stylish to a fault. He carries an expensive attache case and his phone.

In the rear is Jimmy. Looking healthy, but certainly not happy.

BURT FRANKLIN

Per the conditions of your house arrest, you are to remain on these premises 24 hours a day for the next six months. I will make regular unannounced visits to ensure your cooperation.

Rakesh points to himself, and speaks with a hint of an Indian accent.

RAKESH

Jimmy does not have to let you into this house without his attorney present.

BURT FRANKLIN

Yes he does.

RAKESH

It was a shot in the dark.