

Day 7

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INT. HOME - DAY

GUY wakes up in a trashed and barricaded room. He is suffering from amnesia. There are flashes of memory.

The scene dissolves back and forth as he remembers a car pulling up to the home, keys being placed in a woman's hand, his face in the mirror as he's shaving his head, he's walking in on a couple having sex. A slashing knife. A close up of a crucifix. A syringe drops blood into a dish of water. The flash of an alien's hand.

Screaming.

He awakens sprawled out half naked on a ripped couch. Next to him is a lamp flickering on a table with an ashtray and a cigarette smoldering in it. Nearby is a pizza box. There is dried out food inside, as well as a syringe and a ripped up dime bag.

He sits up incredibly quickly. Then runs to the bathroom to be sick.

He vomits into the toilet. Once the heaving settles he looks around the room. He sees a spray of blood in the sink, and a spray of dark green ichor against the mirror.

He stands up and pinballs to the sink, staring at the mirror. He's curious about the ichor at first, then sees his head wound.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - GUY POV

MONOCHROME

Guy is looking at his hands grasped along the edge of the sink.

GUY

Okay be cool. Just be cool.

He looks up at the mirror. He reaches towards his head wound. He has a five o'clock shadow and his hair is sweat wet and tousled. His grey wife beater is torn and stained. He reaches towards the ichor.

GUY

Not all of this is my blood.

A CREAK is heard in the background.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATHROOM

Guy spins on his heel, and peeks out of the bathroom doorway.

GUY

(v/o)

I'm in danger.

He slinks down the stairs. He notices the wood planks nailed to the window behind him. Sunlight illuminates the dust in the air.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Guy steps into the room. Pots and pans are strewn everywhere. There's a shattered coffee pot on the floor. Beer cans lay around.

There is cake on the counter, and a banner broken along a doorway that says HAPPY.

Guy notices a knife missing from the block of knives by the stove.

GIRL

(v/o)

Take care of yourself.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

MONOCHROME

Close up of the cleaver in Guy's shaking hand.

His breath is loud and laboured. He turns and surveys the bathroom. His eyes rest on the shower curtain rod for a moment before he lunges forward and closes the bathroom door. His hand hesitates for a moment at the door knob. He chuckles as he locks it.

There is an alien screech from the other side, then the sound of an impact against a wooden door. The door shakes and dust falls from its hinges.

Another screech as Guy backs up against the shower curtain, the cleaver pulled back.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

The sun sets in the valley as a small home sits nestled far off in the woods.

A car pulls up in the driveway. Guy stops the car, watching the wipers rub across the windshield.

GIRL

(v/o)

We didn't want to do the typical intervention sort of thing, because honestly you should be much more smarter than that.

(beat)

We're going to just let you walk into... I don't know baby, maybe this is prison.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - GUY POV

MONOCHROME

An alien arm is pushing and slashing its way through a broken door.

GUY

You can't have me! Not again! I'd rather die trying to kill you!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Guy steps out of the car and looks at the home in front of him. By the front door sits a black cat. It stares back. They lock eyes for a moment, and then the cat leaves.

Guy walks up to the front door, and keys the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Guy is curled up around the toilet. Girl is shaking him.

GIRL

Fucking goddamnit Guy! You're an asshole! You're a fucking asshole.

GIRL

(v/o)

You're supposed to share.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Guy walks in and stares at a potted plant for a moment. He empties his pockets on a table in the entryway. He drops a shaving kit on the table. His hand hovers over it. He picks it back up and puts it back in his pocket.

GIRL

(v/o)

Hey Guy. Just wanted to get in contact with you before the retreat. I know you're really anxious about this, but a lot of us are right behind you.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Coffee is freshly brewing in a pot. Guy is holding a coffee mug loosely in his fingers as he's staring out the window. There's a shadow crossing his face as an alien silhouette is moving across the glass of the door.

GUY

(v/o)

Holy. Shit.

The alien outside screams, and Guy bolts out of the room.

CUT TO: