

ASSHOLE POLTERGEIST

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...

A small basement office... a small, high window, one computer, a couch, and a washer and dryer.

Wind blows outside, creating a draft, gently pushing 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 to the living room...

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...

More curtains blowing through windows.

Crashed glass on the floor...

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

Up the stairs...

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.

Turning left to a guest room... 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...

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

And to the bedroom...

JIMMY WALTER, late 30s, 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. He stands...

JIMMY  
No... please...

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

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Please don't do this...

His plantation blinds open themselves...

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry...

There is a television to his left. The 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 - again - like POLTERGEIST.

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. JIMMY'S HOUSE/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. JIMMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/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. JIMMY'S HOUSE/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. JIMMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The house we have just seen in shambles now looks shiny and clean. No broken glass, no levitating objects - just a place where a guy lives. Pretty clearly a single guy, from the looks of it.

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), juggling a large briefcase, a tablet, and a smartphone.

In the rear is Jimmy. Looking healthier than we last saw him, but certainly no happier.

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 in a thick 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.

BURT FRANKLIN

If I find any alcohol on the premises, it will be reported to the court. If you exit the premises for any reason, it will be reported to the court. If you break any state or federal laws, it will be reported to the court.

RAKESH

This speech is unnecessary. We read the rules.

BURT FRANKLIN

Did you?

Rakesh hangs his head.

RAKESH

No.

BURT FRANKLIN

Then listen up, MakTesh.

RAKESH

Rakesh!

BURT FRANKLIN

Like Ramen noodles?

RAKESH

No. Different syllables and I am a man and they are food.

BURT FRANKLIN

I lived on that stuff in the Police Academy.

JIMMY'S MOM

Like in the movies?

BURT FRANKLIN

Nothing like in the movies. No hijinks. Just Americans and Pride.

JIMMY'S DAD

Officer Burt?

BURT FRANKLIN

My name is Officer Franklin, Mr. Walter.

(MORE)

BURT FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

The last person to call me Officer Burt was my cleaning lady, and with the assistance of the INS, I have seen her safely back to Chihuahua, Mexico. Why, you ask? Because I'm not a children's show puppet.

JIMMY'S DAD

To tell you the truth... I was gonna ask you about some parking tickets, but I'm not going to now...

Jimmy's dad sits on a couch.

JIMMY'S DAD (CONT'D)

...because you've intimidated me.

Jimmy's Mom sits next to him.

JIMMY'S MOM

You want a fruit candy?

JIMMY'S DAD

Yeah, I'd love a fruit candy.

JIMMY'S MOM

Here's a fruit candy, sugar.

She offers. He takes it.

JIMMY'S DAD

Thank you.

BURT FRANKLIN

James?

JIMMY

Jimmy.

BURT FRANKLIN

Please sit on the couch, James. Remove your shoes and hand me your foot.

Jimmy does.

JIMMY'S DAD

This is a delicious fruit candy.

JIMMY'S MOM

It's a new kind I just started buying.

JIMMY'S DAD

Well, Wow. Honestly. What can I say about a fruit candy this good?

Jimmy's Mom pops one in her mouth.

JIMMY'S MOM

Spit on a snowflake! You are not kidding!

Burt places an ankle monitor on Jimmy.

BURT FRANKLIN

You are to treat this ankle monitor as if it is a part of your body. It is not to be removed until the successful completion of your House Arrest. If it is removed before that time, the court will be notified. If it is tampered with, the court will be notified. If the alarm sounds, the court will be notified.

RAKESH

When you begin this speech, are you fully engorged, or does your erection grow firmer with each rule?

Silence.

BURT FRANKLIN

Each rule.

JIMMY'S DAD

That was rhetorical but you answered it for real. You're going to go home and feel weird about this. We will, too.

Burt Franklin turns to Rakesh.

BURT FRANKLIN

Here is my card. Please call if you have any questions.

Burt stares at Jimmy's Dad as he exits the house.



INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/BASEMENT - MORNING

Jimmy's parents and Rakesh wait patiently, if uncomfortably, as Jimmy adjusts a new computer monitor at his basement workstation. Jimmy presses the power button, and an image registers on the screen.

JIMMY'S MOM

See? It doesn't matter that you have an alcohol problem.

JIMMY

I don't have an alcohol problem.

JIMMY'S MOM

You can just keep moving forward in your career.

JIMMY

That's the idea.

JIMMY'S MOM

With those meetings you'll overcome your addiction...

JIMMY

I wasn't drinking. It was a mistake.

JIMMY'S MOM

...and become the best shitkicker you can.

JIMMY

Dropshipper.

JIMMY'S MOM

I knew I misheard you, Sugar. That would be an awful name for your career. What items do you make again?

JIMMY

I don't make anything.

JIMMY'S MOM

But you call people and sell them.

JIMMY

No. People just place orders.

JIMMY'S MOM

So then you pack the items and ship them.

JIMMY

No. I contact the shippers, and have it delivered.

JIMMY'S MOM

So why don't people just order from the person who ships them?

JIMMY

Because then I wouldn't have a job.

JIMMY'S MOM

Well, I think you're a fine shitkicker.

JIMMY

Thanks.

JIMMY'S DAD

Your mother doesn't respect what you do for a living.

JIMMY

Thanks, Dad.

JIMMY'S DAD

I vacillate.

JIMMY

Rakesh, why isn't my internet working?

RAKESH

Why do you ask me this? I have eight years of higher education. I have successfully defended hundreds of suspects in criminal cases, including yourself. What leads you to believe I can fix your internet?

Silence.

RAKESH (CONT'D)

To begin with, you're using a single band 2.4 Gigahertz router, when for a space like this you would be better suited with an 802.11N.

More silence.

RAKESH (CONT'D)

I will fix it for you.

JIMMY  
Thanks, Buddy.

Jimmy's father hangs a large blank one-sheet six month calendar.

JIMMY'S DAD  
This is a six month calendar.

He points to the end.

JIMMY'S DAD (CONT'D)  
This is your freedom down here.

He points to the beginning.

JIMMY'S DAD (CONT'D)  
And this, all the way up here, is  
where you are now. Day one.

He makes an X on the first day of the calendar.

JIMMY'S MOM  
Go Jimmy!

She raises her arms like she probably did when Jimmy played Soccer at age four.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy holds the front door as Rakesh and his parents leave the house. Closing the door after them, he warily eyes his prison cell.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy sits in the middle of the room. Imprisoned.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy knocks a small tin cup, prison style, along the railing between the dining room and the living room.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy blows into a harmonica.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Jimmy carefully draws a teardrop under his eye with black pen.

JIMMY

Respect.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy plays solitaire. A number of cigarette "bets" sit on the table. Surprised, Jimmy pulls an ace out of his own shirt sleeve. He looks up at the wall mirror.

JIMMY

You cheating bastard.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jimmy looks through a pile of old mail. He notices a flyer for a restaurant called KAUAI NOT.

JIMMY

Kauai Not?

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jimmy plays checkers with himself. He makes a move. Concerned, he flips the board. He makes another move. He flips the board again.

JIMMY

King me, bitch.

His phone rings.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. LEILANI'S CAR - AFTERNOON

LEILANI KAMA (29), Hawaiian, gorgeous, and a true millennial, drives cautiously with her phone in her hand on speaker.

LEILANI

Hi! Is this Jimmy?

JIMMY (O.S.)

Yeah.

LEILANI

Hi. I'm Leilani from Kauai Not. I can't find a place to park near you. Can you run out and meet me at the street?

JIMMY

I can't. I'm sorry. I can't do that.

LEILANI

I don't mind circling if you're not ready right now. That's fine. I can wait a minute. But there's really no place to park.

JIMMY

Try two streets down. I can't come out. I'm so sorry.

LEILANI

You want me to park and walk two blocks with your noodles and fish tacos?

JIMMY

I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do.

LEILANI

Fine. See you soon.

She hangs up.

LEILANI (CONT'D)

Dick.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jimmy opens the door to a pissed Leilani. Jean shorts, flip flops, Hawaiian shirt, and a Lei.

JIMMY

Thanks. Sorry I couldn't come out.

LEILANI

No. I get it. Walking's tough when you're healthy and young.

She notices the ankle monitor.

LEILANI (CONT'D)

Oh. You're arrested.

JIMMY

Yeah. That's why I couldn't come out.

LEILANI

You should have said that to me. I would have done so much less to your food than what I did to your food.

Jimmy signs the receipt.

LEILANI (CONT'D)

So what'd you do?

JIMMY

It's a mistake. I wasn't guilty.

LEILANI

No. Totally. Things happen. I'm sure you did nothing wrong. Like I'm delivering Hawaiian-style fast food to criminals because my masters in biochemistry didn't work out. Did you draw a teardrop on your face with a pen and then try to wash it off?

He clearly did this.

JIMMY

No.

LEILANI

Like the tattoo that a prisoner who has murdered somebody while in prison gets?

JIMMY

I didn't...

LEILANI

Who'd'ja kill?

JIMMY

...Spider.

LEILANI

Big one?

JIMMY

...I mean, for inside, yeah. Kinda.

LEILANI  
Stay tough, Capone.

JIMMY  
K. Thanks for the food.

LEILANI  
Yeah. Thanks for the calf workout  
and the two bucks, jackass.

She leaves. He leans in to the peephole to watch her walk away. Aware that he's watching, she flips him the bird behind her back. He looks down at the bag in his hand, with the receipt attached, and catches her name.

JIMMY  
"Leilani."