

THE VISITOR

Written by

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THE VISITOR

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - MOVING - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS SLOWLY from the front door, down the hall, and into the first doorway on the left. It's the --

LOUNGE ROOM

Filled with modern furniture, anally neat. A single standard lamp casts a warm yellowish glow across the room.

HUGH WOOD, mid 30s, unshaven and wearing an old track suit is slouched lazily on the sofa in front of the TV with a beer in his hand. The TV is barely audible and it's light flickers across his face. A half-eaten slice of pizza sits in the open box on the coffee table in front of him. Next to him is an open laptop and several files.

He is talking on his cell phone with good friend, DAVE.

HUGH

(into phone)

I know what you mean. This divorce has been dragging on for too long.

DAVE (V.O.)

There's only a few more days to go.

HUGH

Yeah. I just want it to be over. It's like all I can think about right now.

He sits up, ruffles his hair, and pokes at the pizza box.

DAVE (V.O.)

I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?

HUGH

Thanks. I'm okay.

Shakes his head despondently.

Oh, I suppose I'm not really.

(beat)

But, you know what keeps eating me at the moment?

DAVE (V.O.)

What?

HUGH

She could have told me how things were. Instead she has an affair. Hides it from me for six months, and then tells me it's over. I must've been blind, or stupid. Probably both. I never saw it coming. I guess I never wanted to. It's like a bad dream.

He takes a mouthful of beer.

HUGH (CONT'D)

You'd think I'd be over it by now. I don't blame her. We were both responsible. I was just too caught up in work and myself.

DAVE (V.O.)

You sure you're okay?

Even though he's not, he says --

HUGH

Yes. I thought the Marines was tough, but this takes the cake.

Then, staring at his laptop --

HUGH (CONT'D)

To tell you the truth, just at the moment, I'm happy to be on my own.

DAVE

I don't think you mean that.

HUGH

I don't need any more complications in my life right now.

DAVE (V.O.)

Sometimes life doesn't work out the way we've planned it. It's not a straight line. It's full of twists. Endings. And new beginnings.

(beat)

Feeling the way you are at the moment is okay. It will get better. Even if it does seem like a dream at the moment.

Hugh raises his eyebrows at that. But what do you say?

HUGH
Yeah, I know.

DAVE (V.O.)
Anyway, I should go. Liz is giving
me the wind up. She doesn't want us
to be late.
(beat)
Oh, by the way, are you free for
dinner over here tomorrow night?

HUGH
Can I let you know in the morning?

DAVE (V.O.)
Sure. I better go. Bye now.

HUGH
Talk to you soon.

Hugh puts down the cell phone, gulps back the last of his
beer, and switches off the TV.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. Broken only by moonlight streaming in through a
crack in the curtain. Hugh's tucked up in bed, on his side,
asleep.

A BUMP from downstairs.

Hugh moves. Disturbed, but not really awake.

The pause is followed by another BUMP.

He opens his eyes. Listens.

Silence.

He closes his eyes and snuggles down.

BUMP. His eyes bulge wide open, and he stays deathly still.

A SOFTER BUMP.

Hugh sits bolt upright. Squints at the bedside clock. It's
3:37.

This time there's SHUFFLING.

He grabs his cell phone from the bedside table. Pauses.
Listens.

More SHUFFLING. Hugh lifts back the bedclothes and throws his legs over the side. He's wearing a t-shirt and boxer shorts.

He glances at the phone, and then towards a glimmer coming from the golf club leaning against the wall in the corner of the room.

The phone slips from his hand and lands on the bed as he goes for the club.

He stubs his toe on the corner of the bed.

HUGH
(restrained)
Ow!

Grimacing. He stands still and erect. Listening. He hasn't been heard.

After a moment he grabs the club and moves on tip toes towards the bedroom door. The FLOORBOARDS CREAK anyway.

INT. STAIRWAY. - MOMENTS LATER

It's very dark. Just the outline of Hugh standing at the top of the stairs.

More SHUFFLING, this time very soft.

Hugh hesitates. Then he reaches out to the light-switch.

His fingers are trembling.

All's quiet. Hugh turns on the light and winces.

No noise.

Now raising the golf club over his head he summons up the courage to speak.

HUGH
Who's there? I'm armed and the
police are on the way. This is your
chance to leave. Now!

All is silent.

Hugh begins a cautious descent, one step at a time. He stops after three steps.

HUGH (CONT'D)
(loud)
Come on now. Just leave!

Hugh takes another step.

HUGH'S POV

The front door is wide open.

BACK TO SCENE

HUGH (CONT'D)
Don't do anything stupid. We can
work this out.

The only noise is that of a car going by in the street
outside.

Hugh swiftly descends the remaining steps and reaches for the
light. It turns on with a CLICK and the hall is burning
bright.

He freezes.

He takes a step towards the open door. Stops. Looks back over
his shoulder up the stairs, then down to his empty hand. He
shakes his head.

He moves like a cat along the hall towards the open lounge
room door. Stops beside the doorway.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Is anyone there. Show yourself. I
won't hurt you.

Silence.

Hugh reaches through the door and fumbles for the switch. He
turns it on.

The silence is broken by the softest SHUFFLING.

Hugh peeks in and scans the room. The golf club hovers above
his head.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Hugh moves into the doorway, his eyes darting around the
room. They stop on the figure of a WOMAN perched at the far
end of the sofa.

HUGH
Hey! You're in my house. Get out!

The woman doesn't react. She sits still and silent, staring at Hugh.

HUGH (CONT'D)
(shocked)
Who are you? What are you doing here? Answer me!

The woman smiles. She is AMY FOX, mid 20s. Very attractive, with wavy red hair flowing down in front of her shoulders. Dressed in tight jeans, a designer blouse, and a suede jacket.

She points at the golf club.

AMY (WOMAN)
Are you off to play a round?

HUGH
What?

He glances up at the club still hovering over his head.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Of course not.

He lowers the club and takes a step in Amy's direction.

AMY
That's good. It's a bit early for golf.

Hugh is more confident now.

HUGH
You still haven't told me what you're doing in my house. No forget that. Just leave. Now!

AMY
Actually, I think the first question you asked was for my name.

HUGH
Are you trying to be clever?

AMY
(grinning)
Did you, or did you not, ask for my name?

HUGH
(forcing back a smile)
Go on then. Tell me your name?

He takes another step forward.

AMY
Amy. And now, you tell me yours?

HUGH
(shaking his head)
Oh. This has got to be a dream. It
can't be happening. Look. Just get
out of my house.

AMY
The front door was open, so I came
in.

HUGH
I always keep the door locked --

AMY
Not tonight you didn't.

Hugh turns and walks quickly from the lounge and OUT OF VIEW.
A LOCK JIGGLES. A DOOR SHUTS. Hugh comes INTO VIEW and steps
cautiously from the doorway closer to where Amy is sitting.
The golf club is gone.

AMY (CONT'D)
See, I didn't break in.

HUGH
So, Janey. Why are you here?

AMY
Amy. My name's, Amy. You're not a
good listener are you. And you
haven't told me who you are yet?

HUGH
Does it matter?

Of course it does. Amy nods and smiles.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Hugh. I live here, and you don't.

He stalks to the single seat lounge chair furthest away from
Amy. Stops.

She gestures for him to sit.

AMY

Please.

He holds his ground.

HUGH

I don't believe this.

(beat)

Why are you here?

AMY

I needed somewhere to go and your door was open.

Hugh ruffles his hair.

HUGH

Go on then. I'll play your little game. Why do you need somewhere to go?

Amy tugs the sleeve of her jacket.

AMY

I'm locked out.

HUGH

From where?

AMY

Next door.

HUGH

You're not from next door. I don't know you.

AMY

The Fox's are my parents.

HUGH

Graham and Eileen!

Hugh sniffs and throws his hands in the air.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Why didn't you just tell me that in the beginning?

Amy chuckles.

AMY

You didn't ask.

HUGH
Can we stop playing games?

AMY
(sarcastically)
I'm sorry. I don't mean to upset
you. But, it's hard to take a man
in boxer shorts too seriously.

Hugh glances at himself.

Amy giggles raucously.

HUGH
(self conscious)
I don't care. You need to go.

Hugh looks around.

HUGH (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go and put something on.
When I get back you will be gone.

He goes to the door, turns, and looks at Amy.

AMY
Shouldn't I wait for the police to
arrive?

Hugh looks down at the carpet.

AMY (CONT'D)
I didn't think so.

She smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hugh is standing in front of Amy wearing a knee-length dark
blue dressing robe.

HUGH
You're still here then. So,
assuming you're who you say you
are, how long have you been back
home?

Amy wriggles nervously.

AMY

I arrived tonight... a while ago.
And I seem to have misplaced my
key.

HUGH

Why didn't you knock on the door?

AMY

(agitated)

Don't take me for an idiot. Of
course I knocked on the door. And I
looked to see if any windows were
open. And I don't have a cell phone
with me. So, no, I didn't try to
call them either.

HUGH

(getting irritated and
loud)

Hey! You're the one who's broken
into my house --

Amy almost jumps out of her seat.

AMY

I did not break in to your damn
house! The door was open.

Hugh paces around the room. He's pissed off.

HUGH

Look! I didn't invite you in... A
stranger comes into my house in the
middle of the night...

Hugh ruffles his hair angrily.

AMY

I'm not a stranger.

HUGH

(to himself)

Ahh! This isn't happening.

He shakes his head and points to the door.

HUGH (CONT'D)

You can't stay here. Please leave.
Now!

AMY

(calm and measured)

Okay. I'm really sorry, okay.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

Hugh, will you please help me. I have nowhere to go. Maybe you can try and call my father for me?

Hugh pulls his cell phone from his pocket. Starts going through his contacts, and presses call.

All's quiet except for the faint sound of a RING TONE. The call answers. It's GRAHAM FOX'S VOICE on an answering machine.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Hi. You've reached Graham and Eileen --

Hugh hangs up.

HUGH

Do you have any other numbers?

AMY

(disappointed)

They only have the house phone. Dad hates cell phones.

HUGH

Don't you have a friend you can stay with? What about a hotel?

AMY

That's not possible.

Hugh starts pacing again.

HUGH

What exactly do you want me to do for you?

AMY

Can you please sit down. You're making me nervous.

He goes obediently to the chair and drops into it.

AMY (CONT'D)

That's better.

Hugh opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. He shakes his head. This is getting ridiculous.

AMY (CONT'D)

You could let me stay here.

HUGH
Here?

AMY
(temptingly)
Why not? I won't bite.

She smiles

AMY (CONT'D)
Not unless you want me to --

HUGH
I don't think that's a good idea.

AMY
(matter of factly)
Why not? I can sleep on your
couch... unless you've got a better
idea.

HUGH
I have to go to work in the
morning.

AMY
That's okay.

Amy gets up and takes off her jacket.

Hugh's eyes focus on the outline of her breasts.

AMY (CONT'D)
I'd be really appreciative.

He sits more erect and crosses his legs.

HUGH
This is not a good idea.

AMY
Why not?

HUGH
We don't even know each other.

AMY
(playfully)
I'm just the girl from next door.

She sits back down on the sofa. This time closer to Hugh.

HUGH
I've never met you before.

AMY
(concerned)
Haven't my parents talked about me?

HUGH
Ah. Well, Eileen has mentioned you.
Yes. But, that's not the point.

AMY
This is your chance to get to know
me then.

She slides a little closer towards Hugh.

Hugh gets up and moves to the centre of the room. She follows at a pace. They face each other. Only a foot apart. Their eyes are locked together. She inches closer. They're almost touching. Reaching out, she traces a slow line with her finger from the tip of his shoulder to the base of his neck. Then pauses.

She takes in his scent with a deep breath. Leans in close, her breasts touching him.

He swallows.

Her fingers trace up and around his jaw and twirl the hair on his neck.

Her lips part.

He's indecisive. But then, as her mouth moves closer to his, he does the same. Now, their lips are almost caressing each other.

Amy's hand is on his neck and she pulls him to her. Their mouths seize each other as she kisses him passionately.

Hugh pulls back and they stare at each other for just a moment. He takes Amy's arms in his hands.

HUGH
(shaking his head)
This isn't right.

Amy laughs.

AMY
It seems pretty good to me.

She moves in close. He shifts back putting a gap between them.

HUGH
This isn't going to happen. Have
you been drinking or something?

AMY
Why not?

She smiles.

AMY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't tease you.

HUGH
Would you like me to try calling
your parents again?

AMY
It must be going on four o'clock.
Why can't I just stay here?

Hugh takes a deep sigh and looks towards the sofa.

HUGH
Well... if you do, then you can't
sleep on the sofa.

AMY
Mmm.

They both laugh.

HUGH
I don't mean that. You can use the
spare room.

AMY
Thank you.

HUGH
But you'll have to leave first
thing.

AMY
There's no rush.

Hugh moves over towards the sofa.

HUGH
Why don't you sit down. It's
getting really late. I'll go and
straighten the room for you.

AMY
I don't suppose I can have
something to drink, can I?

HUGH
What would you like?

AMY
(smiling)
Chocolate would be great. Thank
you.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Hugh is standing alone in front of the island bench.

HUGH
(calls out to Amy in the
lounge room)
Tell me. Why were you arriving at
your parents so late?

AMY (O.S.)
I should have got here earlier.

HUGH
What happened?

AMY (O.S.)
I'm not sure.

HUGH
(to himself)
Here we go again.

AMY (O.S.)
Hey. I've got the key! We'll meet
again.

Hugh looks towards the lounge. Listens.

HUGH
Amy?

He races to the doorway and into the lounge.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is empty. Amy's coat is gone too.

HUGH
Amy? Where are you?

Hugh looks towards the doorway into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hugh is standing in the hallway.

HUGH'S POV

The front door is wide open.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Hugh stands on the front step. Looking up and down the street. All is quiet.

He stops himself from shouting out, turns and goes back inside. The door shuts behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - MORNING

Hugh is dressed in a dark suit and sitting on the sofa with the cell phone to his ear.

HUGH
(into the phone)
Yeah, Dave. That's everything. I
still can't believe it. I'm glad
she went though.

DAVE (V.O.)
Maybe you should go next door and
check on her.

HUGH
You're right. I'll drop in on the
way to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEXT DOOR - DAY

Hugh stands on the doorstep, his finger poised over the doorbell. He lowers his hand. Then raises it again, and presses the bell.

He waits. There are footsteps inside coming towards the door.

The door opens slowly.

Graham (60s) appears. He's wearing a tatty old robe. Unshaven, tired eyes with bags under them.

GRAHAM
(sniffing)
Oh... Hugh.

HUGH
(concerned)
Graham. You look worn out. I shouldn't have disturbed you.

GRAHAM
No, that's okay. I'm sorry. We've been at the hospital all night.

HUGH
What's happened?

GRAHAM
(tears in his eyes)
My daughter, Amy. She was on her way here yesterday afternoon. She collapsed on the train. The doctors said it was a brain hemorrhage...
(his voice breaking)
She passed away about four this morning.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END