

HOME

Written by

Shane Eric Dent

Shanedent87@gmail.com
717-881-4460

EXT. OUTSIDE NURSING HOME- DAY

A beat up white VAN chugs up to the sidewalk. It is featureless but for the scratches and dings that pepper its exterior and the windows are too darkly tinted to see through. The door slides open and a GIRL plops out.

She has curly blonde hair, cut short, and light skin with a small, red nose. She is 9 years old, wearing a bright blue jacket and faded jeans and a belt buckle in the shape of a cat. Her inquisitive, hazel eyes scan the facade of the sun-bleached building in front of her.

The van drives off.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The girl enters into the nursing home's reception area. Staff in blue scrubs buzz about hurriedly, like bees inside of a hive. None of them give her a passing glance, but all of them seem happy with their jobs, smiling bright.

The girl squints a bit as she walks up to the reception desk, her eyes having trouble adjusting to the bright fluorescence washing over the room.

The desk seems oddly tall, and she rises up on her tip-toes to peek over the edge. She finds the RECEPTIONIST, a young man with thick eyebrows and a tight smile, staring right at her.

She falls onto her butt with a loud thud, causing the din of activity to come to a standstill. She finds herself at the center of attention, a room filled with strained smiles trained directly on her. She looks about nervously, self-conscious as she dusts herself off.

ELIZA

Um... Excuse me. My name is
Eliza...

The receptionist stares at her, unblinking.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

I was dropped off here to visit my
grandpa? His name is Marshal.
Marshal Walker.

The receptionist scrunches his nose a bit and, finally, blinks, but his smile never waivers.

RECEPTIONIST

Right this way Miss Walker.

He bolts upright from his chair and places a hand on her back, almost pushing her along as they walk. The staff return to their work, busier than ever.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - LATER

Eliza walks into her grandfather's room. MARSHAL lays on the bed, propped up by pillows. He is weak, his breathing labored, but his eyes twinkle when they settle on Eliza.

ELIZA

Pappy!

Eliza bolts away from the receptionist and leaps up onto Marshal's bed, sidling up against him. He brings his arm around her slowly but tightly.

MARSHAL

My God look at you Hunny. You're positively monolithic!

Eliza giggles.

ELIZA

What does that mean?

RECEPTIONIST

Of, relating to, or resembling a Monolith.

Eliza looks at the receptionist with furrowed brows, concerned by the fact that he is still standing in the doorway, smiling.

The receptionist blinks three times, with effort, spins on his heels, and walks away.

Marshal notices his granddaughter's tension and pets her hair.

MARSHAL

It means you are getting HUUUUGE.

He pokes at her sides, causing her to giggle again.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - EVENING

The fluorescent lights in the room have been turned off, a more calming yellow light highlighting the bed. Eliza is nestled on her grandfather's chest, napping. Marshal pets her hair and stares out the window with an intense expression on his face.

A NURSE walks into the room, her teeth so bright they are nearly blue.

NURSE

Mr. Walker? Visiting hours are over.

Eliza stirs from her nap. Marshal looks at her with a weary smile.

MARSHAL

I'm sorry Hunny. It looks like our time is up. Is your ride here yet?

Eliza looks at the clock; it reads 7:01.

ELIZA

Not yet Pappy. But it's okay, they'll be here soon. I can wait by the door.

Eliza gives Marshal a tight hug and plops off the bed. Marshal gives her a serious look.

MARSHAL

I love you Hunny. With all my heart.

Eliza looks touched, but puzzled.

ELIZA

I'll see you soon Pappy!

She trots off past the nurse, refreshed from her nap.

The nurse walks into the room, her bright eyes and smile fixated on Marshal. Marshal meets her gaze, a stern look drawing on his face.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Eliza picks over dusty, wrinkled magazines on the waiting room table. The bright fluorescent lights click off with a buzz and warm yellow lights filter through the room, making the shadows seem deeper than they are.

The area is notably less bustling than before. The receptionist sits at his desk, his eyes trained on Eliza.

Eliza catches his stare, clearly unsettled by it, but ignores it as she wastes time by the door. A pair of nurses, one male and one female, walk across the hallway wheeling a small, metal bed on wheels between them.

A body lies prostrate on the bed, covered by a sheet. A hand dangles out from under the sheet at the side of the bed, bobbing around with the vibrations of the wheels.

Eliza stares at this with a concerned expression. The receptionist gets up from his desk, gliding along the floor after the nurses.

Before they leave her sight completely, Eliza notices the fingers of the body twitching; moving.

ELIZA (WHISPERING)
They're... they're still alive...

She tiptoes across the linoleum floor, her sneakers squeaking slightly despite her efforts. She peers down the long, dark hallway, seeing a door swinging shut as the receptionist walks through into the room beyond.

Eliza waits a moment, looking around. She collects herself and tiptoes down the hallway.

When she arrives at the door she finds it still open slightly. She kneels down, making herself small, and opens it barely a crack, trying to peek in without drawing attention to herself.

She can't see anything, just a wall.

She opens it a little more.

Suddenly the door starts opening towards her, nearly pushing her onto her back. She scrambles to the wall and flattens herself against it, holding her breath as the door opens against her.

The receptionist walks out, swiftly crossing the length of the hallway without a backward glance.

Eliza sighs deeply, sullen and anxious.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Eliza shuts the door quietly behind her and locks it. She looks around the tiny room she finds herself in, wondering where on earth they could have taken the body.

Clothing of the elderly residents litters the floor, spread out like a makeshift carpet. She walks over it, inspecting their textures and colors, before noticing a small, square "window" in the wall in front of her. The door to the laundry CHUTE hangs open.

She walks up to the chute's door and traces her fingers over it nervously. She takes a deep breath and looks at the room around her, before slowly peeling the door open.

Arms suddenly grip her from behind, lifting her off of the ground. Eliza screams, kicking her feet and thrashing about. The arms tighten over her, shoving her headfirst into the laundry chute. She kicks at the hands, but they find purchase on her ankles and slide her down the chute, slamming the door behind her and blotting out any light.

INT. BASEMENT- LATER

Eliza lies sprawled out on concrete. The room she finds herself in is lit bright white, just like the facility upstairs was during the day. Her eyes slowly open, but her vision is blurred. She sits up and winces, her hand instinctively reaching to the right side of her head.

Her hair is matted with blood there, sticky and thick. She slowly rises to her feet, struggling to maintain her balance. Her cat-shaped belt buckle is cracked in two, which causes her to scowl as she examines it.

She starts to take in the room around her: white ceiling, white walls, and white lights. She sees a doorway in the corner of the room and stumbles slowly in its direction.

As she crosses the threshold she suddenly freezes in place, an expression of pure horror on her face. She brings her hand over her mouth and chokes down a scream.

The bright fluorescent room is massive, with tables filled with bodies of the elderly. Everything is being kept in immaculate condition. The floors are clean and even the tables are spotless, sterile.

She looks on in despair as the bodies are taken and fed into a large machine, rows of angry, gleaming needles chewing into the flesh that is being fed into them.

Her eyes follow the workings of the machine as the naked meat of what was once a person is deposited into a cold, metal basin. Later down the line the flesh is processed out and the busy, smiling workers in blue scrubs take the sheet of skin at the hands and feet and stretch it out.

Everyone works busily, ever smiling, never blinking, as Eliza's eyes find what awaits at the end of the line: a Monolith of flesh, a great tapestry made from the skin of all the residents.

Eliza's hands slide off of her face and fall to her sides as she stumbles deeper into the room in a daze. She walks forward, zombie like, without a passing thought to the workers around her. She stops dead in her tracks.

Her eyes scan the tapestry for a while, seconds like lifetimes, before settling on what was once a face. A familiar face.

A scream erupts from Eliza as every last fluorescent-backed smile in the room hones in on her location.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - LATER

Marshal's room is just as Eliza left it. Dimly lit, dusty. Marshal's bedsheets are scrunched into a heap at the foot of the bed.

The bed is empty.

END