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A Room to Die For

By Matthew J. Gunn

Could we have a look
inside, sir?
Uh, no word from them then?
Nothing. This is the last
place that they were seen.
We'd prefer to come inside,
if that's all right, sir.
Well, always happy
to help if I can.

Henry:

heard arguments
coming from their room.
Was there any acts
of violence?
Um, no, but he had
a very short temper.
But she was lovely,
a proper lady.
One sugar or two, dear?
Two, please.
Did they give any hints
of where they were going?

Henry:

their rent in full and left.
Last time you said
you didn't speak to them.
They just left in a rush.
Him.
We didn't speak to him.
But she apologized and
paid the month's rent
before leaving.
That is not what
you said before.
Do you have a rent book?
Of course.
It is such a shame,
young couples seem
so impatient these days.
They want everything
yesterday, rather than
trying to build

a proper life over time.

Hmm.

Wait. Let me have a look.

Detective McQueen:

Is that her signature?

Jason:

But they didn't

have any money.

It clearly says that

they're paid up there.

That's all in order.

But they couldn't have done,

because they didn't

have any money.

We're sorry to have

disturbed you.

Oh, it's okay. We understand.

We are worried about them

as well.

Henry:

I mean, there is no telling
what somebody mad in the head
like Marcus might do.

Well, you said so yourself.

When you came to speak
to us before.

We will see
ourselves out.

Oh...

I hope you find them.

Get Jill away from
that troubled young man.

Thanks.

Josephine:

You need
to take your pills.

I need you
to be strong
for all three of us.

Marcus:

I'm going to tell you
a true story.
My mates' nan was
scheduled to go
for a smear test.
I know what you're thinking,
but stick with me,
'cause it gets better.
And she thought she needed
to be, uh, presentable.
You know, downstairs.
So she sneaks into her
granddaughter's room
and sprays a can of deodorant.
Not realizing that it wasn't
actually the sweet smell
of the summer forest
but a can of glitter that
her granddaughter
had kept from a party.
So the granny goes along
to the gynecologist
and she spreads her legs.
And the guy
is fucking speechless
because in front of him
is a 67-year-old woman
whose vagina
is fucking glittering.
Coming at him, you know.
Proper disco pussy, yeah.
Ah, no, no, I'm joking.
I'm joking.
His nan has not got
a glittering vagina nor is
the gynecologist my dad.
Uh, thank you very much,
ladies and gentleman.
I have been Marcus Crowe.
Where were you?
Sorry I'm late.
My new boss wouldn't
let me out early.
Well, you tell that cocksucker

that your boyfriend
is doing a gig.
Come on, that call center
is comedy gold for you.
Have they paid you?
Oh, mark.
Look, if I keep asking
for money, I won't get
any more gigs.
It's a free bar.
We have to view that
house tomorrow morning.
We can't get drunk.
We could always squat
somewhere.
Guess my jokes
are a bit off today.
One drink.
Same?
Yes, please.
Mark!
Great job tonight, mate.
Glittering vaginas.
Loved it.
Thanks, mate.
Hey, Jill. Yup.

Bartender:

Thanks.
Damn it, babe.
I'm trying to write here.
So, could you please...
Shut the fuck up.
Shut the fuck up.
Hello. You must be the couple
we spoke to over the phone.
Hi, I'm Jill.
This is my boyfriend, Marcus.
Please, do come in.
Henry,
this is Jill and Marcus.
They have come
to see the room.
It's the one upstairs.

Second room on the left.

It's open.

Thank you.

They look like Nazis.

Shh. Best behavior.

We need this place.

I like it.

What do you think?

Um...

I don't know. It's a bit...

Listen.

It's just a temporary thing.

Six to nine months

and we'll be out of here.

Jill:

why no one has taken it yet?

It's just that the location

and the house are amazing.

Yes, my wife and I want

the right person.

We think you will

be perfect, though.

Don't we, Henry?

Hmm.

We need a decision today.

- What?

- Nothing.

Would you like to

look at the room again

before deciding?

Thanks.

That would be great.

It's Jill, isn't it?

I hope you say yes.

It's a steal, this location

for that amount of money.

We'd be crazy not to take it.

I don't know.

That old couple were a bit

full on.

It's called being nice.

You don't have to be

so guarded off-stage as well

as on-stage, you know.
What is that
meant to mean?
Think of all the new material
you could get done
in the quiet here.
Look, I get the impression
that they want to adopt us.
And I've spent years
getting out from underneath
one set of parents.
I don't need a substitute.
They are probably
just lonely.
That old man kept
staring at me.
Perhaps he fancies you.
I'm serious.
So am I.
It is impossible
not to find your lost
little-boy routine adorable.
Did you hear a baby cry?
No. Stop looking
for excuses.
I need you to be more
responsible with what's
going on, mark.
You've got to face
the fact that we don't
have any money.
I'm not asking you
to get a job.
I'm not asking you
to stop your comedy.
I'm the one making
sacrifices for us.
Now you do this for me.
You've got to trust me.
Yeah, but a shared house
with a bunch of...
...Coffin Dodgers.
Blackmail.
I love it.

I like her, Henry.
I agree.
He will be a problem.
I'm worried we're running
out of time, Henry.
We will be okay.

Jill:

hit your side.
Here, let me.
I've never known someone
to find even the littlest
things so difficult.
I wonder how we met,
let alone dated.
We dated because
i bribed you with
my superior cooking prowess.
Starter, main, dessert.
You are about to enjoy
my three-course meal skills.
Excellent.
Thanks.
What for?
For agreeing to do this.
Did I have a choice?
No, you didn't.
Henry.
Got a third leg
hanging here, babe.
Sorry. We were unpacking.
Um, my wife and I would like
to invite you both
down to dinner.
A welcome hello.
If you don't mind.

Marcus:

that's very kind, but...
Just give us a minute.
You don't have to
do this, Josephine.
We just had some food.
Oh, you young ones

are always having junk.
Eat good food for a change.
Thanks. That's very
kind of you both.

Do you not say grace
before eating?

Thank you, o lord,
for these bounteous gifts
received from your table.
In the name of our savior,
Jesus Christ, our lord.
Amen.

Do either of you work?
Must cost a lot to maintain
this house.

We're both retired.
The extra money
from the room comes in
very handy for daily things.

Did you take
your pills, dear?

Yes, I did.

Do you guys, um,
ever go out anywhere?

No, we stay at home mostly,
but it is a very safe
environment here.

Henry is a real home boy.
Marcus is, too.

Well, then maybe we could
do some stuff together.

Yeah. Sure.

Whatever you need.

Eat up, dear.

Oh, that's too much food.

I won't have to eat
for a week.

Um, it's manners
to wait to be served.

What do you do for work?

I'm a stand-up comedian.

I do gigs.

Oh, so you let
your woman go out

and earn a wage
and get a proper job.
Henry.
No. No, it's all right.
I've always wanted more
than just a nine-to-five.
And stand-up comedy
is the new rock and roll.
I'm happy to support Marcus.
He is very good.
His routine needs
a little Polish,
but he's coming around.
There is nothing wrong
with my routine. It's just,
she doesn't find it funny.
What about you, dear?
What are your dreams?
Um...
Earn enough money to go
traveling and see the world.
Hmm. Do you think
you might get married?
No.
Not yet. Maybe later.
What about children?
We never wanted kids.
You say that
but if you were pregnant,
you might feel different.
It's not for us.
We have got a child.
Oh, that's lovely.
Is it your gran...
Yes, it's my baby.
Our baby.
I told you.
It's rude to whisper
at the table.
Henry and I couldn't
be happier.
Do you have any
brothers or sisters?
Do you have any family, Jill?

I have a brother,
Jason. He is...
A dick.
No. Mark.
He is successful
and likes reminding me.
Our parents died young
so he kind of became
my surrogate mum and dad.
I guess I got sidelined
along the way.
Mark is my family now.
Family is very
important, dear.
How about you two?
Josephine's from
German heritage.
I'm east London, army.
Wow. That must have been,
uh, awkward.
You know, two world wars
and one world cup. Huh?
You know...
1966, england versus Germany.
Comedy, right?
I'm sorry.
I get a bit nervous sometimes.
I get it.

Marcus:

can they have a baby?
I mean, how the hell
did that happen?
Maybe they are not
as old as they look.
They just retired early.
Hey, how do you think
it happened, huh?
She laid back,
listening to Eva braun
as he crept up behind her
and gave a quick one-two
whilst reading the Bible.
Don't ruin the mood.

Ruined.

Henry:

Dead bodies.

Bodies with no heads,
no limbs, guts spewing out.

And crows and eagles
swooping down,
plucking out eyeballs...

And tearing out
protruding tongues.
Sometimes from living bodies.
God.

I miss those days.

Excuse me.

Decomposition begins
in the digestive system.

And it feeds
on the internal organs.

It causes bloating
and a marbling of the skin.

And there is
a terrible swelling
and protrusion of the tongue.

And liquids and bloods flow
from every orifice.

And there is a horrible smell
of rotting flesh.

After that
rigor mortis sets in.

And it covers the whole body
after about a day.

It's really beautiful.

Shit. I'm late.

How do I look?

Hmm, you look better with
your clothes off, baby.

Oh, babe. Um...

I'm going to need a bit
of money for food.

Oh.

Shit. I only have a twenty.

Keep that

for two days.

Don't spend it
on sweets or comics.
Very funny.
Perhaps I should do
the stand-up,
my material is funnier.
What the fuck you know
about comedy?

Henry:

Marcus!
Marcus!
Marcus!
Yes, Henry?
You come down here
at once!
Um, you know
your baby is still...
Don't leave your
dirty dishes in the sink.
You clean them immediately!
Yeah,
i was going to do it later.
Not later. Now!

Henry's voice:

You clean them immediately!
You got a problem,
then you can clean it, Henry.
Or what, old man?
You dirty little bitch.
Hey, Ben.
How you been, mate?
Yeah, yeah. Yeah,
I'm trying some new
materials as we speak.
Well, it might take
a bit of time, mate.
When would the next gig be?
Next month?
No, I need to be doing
more gigs, mate.
Yeah. Yeah.
Yeah, a bit busy, buddy.

Yeah, you too. Bye.

Henry:

I warned you!
Don't phone again!
Hey, babe.
Hey, honey.
You get much writing done?
A little.
Since when did
you get so protective
of your material?
Since you slagged it off.
I'm starving.
You want to order something?
Oh, Jesus.
Marcus, you can't

cook after 6:

I'm sorry?
You have to finish

cooking by 5:

Why?
I can't stand the smell.
That old man
is a fucking asshole.
Mark, keep it down.
What happened?
First, we've got to
wash up before eating,
and now, we're not allowed

to cook after 6:

This is not our house.
We have to play
according to their rules.
If they want to keep it clean
what's the harm in that?
Hmm, why you are you
taking his side?
I'm telling you.
He is going to be a problem.
Mark. They are old.

They might have their reasons.
When are we getting out
of this shithole?
Hush. They might hear you.
We won't find better
accommodation for this price.
So bite your tongue,
smile and play nice.
Mmm-mmm.
You know why?

Henry:

Henry.
Look, I think we got off
to a bit of a bad start,
and I'd like to start again.
I want the bin bag.
I want to put them
out all together in
the correct bins.
Your baby is crying again.
It will stop.
Until you get a job,
you'll need to do a few things
around the house.
I have a job!
Sarcasm is the lowest
form of wit.
I wrote a joke once,
about a wrinkly old man
who couldn't keep
his mouth shut.
Do you want to hear it?
If this place is "shithole",
and I'm "asshole",
why do you stay?
Fucking wanker.
What did you say, boy?

Marcus:

fucking say anything.
Mind your words, boy!
You won't be here long.
Fuck! Fuck!

Fuck you, old man!
Who's the fucking
bitch now, huh?
You fucking old cunt!
"Get a fucking real job."
Cunt!
I don't want to be here.
I don't want to be here.

Henry's voice:

the lowest form of wit.
Mind your words, boy!

It's 2:

for god's sake.
It cries at the exact time
for the exact amount
of minutes each day.
It's a baby.
That's what they do.
Neither of us have ever
seen the baby.
You really are
sounding paranoid now.
If it's not the baby crying
then it's her playing
her weird-ass war music.
Or him shouting randomly.
Maybe you need to get
out of the house for
a while during the day.
You are too isolated here.
You're not here.
That old man...
He's fucking crazy.
Tried to scare him today,
and he just smiled.
You what? You threatened him?
Are you insane?
What did I say?
We need this place.
He was demanding
i keep the room clean,
that I Hoover it,

and take the bins out.
We don't live here for free.
We pay fucking rent!
I've been asking you to do
that stuff for two weeks!
And they've been listening
to our conversations.
For fuck sake, Marcus.
Stop trying to find
reasons to move out.
Grow up!
Get out of my room!
I want you
out of this house.
It's just
research for an act.
Vacate by tomorrow morning.
We signed a contract.
We have rights.
I will give you back
your money.
Just be gone by tomorrow.
What the fuck
is going on?
Don't you worry,
we're leaving.
I'm sorry.
I'm not used to having
other people in the house.
But he is going to make
a big effort from now on.
It's too late.
We don't
want you to leave.
Jill has told us
this is the perfect
commute for her work.
No more household chores.
And you'll have your
own front-door key.
For Jill.
Where the fuck have you been?
I had a few drinks after work.
Ah.

Well, while you've been
out getting wasted
I've been attacked
by the evil fucker.
Josephine explained it
all to me when I came in.
It's all sorted.
He is fucking evil, Jill.

Jill:

extreme, isn't it?
I'm not insane, Jill.
Get a job so you're not
sitting at home all day,
as you're obviously
not writing.
I need peace
and quiet to write.

Jill:

is the problem?
I don't get any peace,
no space.
This house...
That fucking old man is
making me fucking paranoid!
Calm down, mark.
Calm down.
We find somewhere
to live tomorrow...
Or I swear to god
i... I'm going to
end up killing him.
Don't be so stupid.
I promise you, I'll kill him!
And I will kill
that fucking baby, too!
Stop it! You hear me?
You stop this now, mark.
I don't like you like this.
All this anger, it's no good.
I won't live with you,
understand?
I'm sorry. I'm really,

really sorry. It's just...
I need more gigs.
And I need to write.
I need to write.
I forgive you.
My brother is coming
for dinner.

Marcus:

The industry out there
is littered with a-listers
that need expertise.
There's now talk of
a reality TV series
following my work.
Latest client,
embracing darkness
author Matthew Cox.
First novel went
stratospheric.
Second novel sunk like
an unwanted Christmas puppy
with a weight
around its neck.
Third novel, he is bobbing
back up on the surface again.
We are going
to repackage him,
reinvent him,
send him out into the world
and make pots of money.
So, sister dearest,
you have to share
this kitchen?
The old couple kindly
let us use it.
They're very welcoming.
Yeah, very welcoming.
You said something
about a job.
Hmm. Life insurance.
You work in a call center.
It's just short-term.

Jason:

when I started.

Now I work in

Berlin, Paris, New York.

I even turned down

a six-figure sum

in Sydney this week.

You know why?

I don't like the weather.

It's too fucking hot

down under.

I like cold, gray weather.

You know, Marcus,

New York is the place

for stand-ups.

They're all there

plying their trade.

You tickle the rib cage

of New York, you tickle

the rib cage of the world.

Well, what are you

waiting for?

Make me laugh.

It doesn't work like that.

If you can't improvise,

you haven't got any chance

of success.

Come on, mark,

you can do this.

Prove brother dearest wrong.

No, no, no.

Don't sit down.

Stand up and do it.

You're a "stand-up",

aren't you?

Right.

"Danger wank."

Danger wank.

Imagine you're in your room,

having a wank

and your mum has just

called you for dinner

but you're right in

the middle of the act.

So you just carry on.
From that moment on
you've got less than
one minute,
before your mother
comes upstairs,
to finish wanking.
Now that, my friend,
is some serious
danger fucking wanking.
If it's money you need,
i could find you a job
in my company.
You'd have to start
at the bottom,
but it is something. Hm?

Jill:

"Danger wank."
I found it funny.
What the fuck do you know?
You don't even
like my material.
What is wrong with you?
I had that chance
to make it, didn't I?
And I blew it,
and we both know why.
What? It's my fault?
And you...
You wear the trousers
in this relationship
and I'm meant to be
the fucking man.
Then act like one.
You give me pocket money
to buy things, you tell me
what I can and cannot do.
I tell you what,
tell you what,
tell you what...
You're no different
from that nutty, old man.
No wonder I wanna

fucking kill him.
Fine. Then add me
to this kill list
you're planning.
You side with him
and that old bitch
when you know
they're trying
to drive me mad.
And you are in with them.
Will you
listen to yourself?
You're a paranoid mess,
Marcus.
Don't talk about them
this way.
You only date me
to piss your brother off,
when you treat me like
I'm your fucking bitch!
You are my fucking bitch.
You haven't got the balls.
You're a coward.
Why don't you just go
and fucking marry
that old man,
so the three of you can
live happily ever after.
Let's see how you manage
on your own, bitch,
without my handouts.
Oh, hello, I'd like
to have some roses
delivered, please.
Twenty.
It always stops
crying on 20.
You came back...
Sorry, I thought
you were mark.
Did you see him
at all today?
Well, we heard
a lot of banging.

Sounded like he was
packing things.
Then the front door slammed.
Did he say anything
at all to you?
No, dear.
If he's angry,
he'll come back.
Just give him time.
You look exhausted.
You need something to eat.
Come on,
let us look after you.
No, I'm fine.
Oh, come on, dear.
Eat something.
Just leave me alone,
for fuck's sake.

Jill:

I'm sorry, okay.
You haven't
killed them,
have you?
I'm a little drunk.
Still angry-drunk but...
I forgive you, um,
and I love you.
"Gone to
a friend's home,
"for a few days.
"I need to concentrate
"and write material.
"X."
Busy.
Busy. Busy.
Busy. Busy.

Jason:

Henry:

Man after
my own heart.
For your baby.

Yes.

Winter's coming.

I have to admit that
I thought Jill was lying
at first when she told me
you had a newborn baby
but that's the miracles
of modern science.

You know, I work with
a lot of famous doctors.

What do you
do for work?

I take famous people
and their money
and I make them
even more famous
and even more money.

My sister is bit of
a wreck at the moment.

Jason.

Well, it's true,
isn't it?

We're trying to find out
where Marcus may have gone,
talking to everyone.

I'm guessing you were
the last people to see him?

Well, saw him through
the window here
with a suitcase.

Never looked back.

You told me you
hadn't seen him.

Not face-to-face.

I didn't like
speaking with him.

I can understand that.

I've always had to
look after her.

Ever since our
parents died,
I more or less
brought her up.

That is from

the boer war!
Uh... may I?
Yes. Pick it up.
Give it a swing.
Goodness gracious.
Wow.
So you think
you're funny, boy.
Help!
Help!
If I don't hear
from mark by tonight
I'm calling the police.
Don't be so
dramatic, Jill.
It's good he's gone.
He was a loser.
You don't know him
like I do.
He dragged you down.
You and the old man
taking the piss out of mark.
Ganging up on him
when he's not even here
to defend himself.
Don't be so
deluded, Jill.
He's left you.
Face facts.
Mark was right,
the old couple
are acting strange.
Neither of us have
ever seen the baby.
I haven't heard it cry
since mark disappeared.
Will you listen
to yourself, Jill?
Marcus has turned you
into the same
paranoid mess he was.
Now, I have to be honest,
I think they're great.
I want them

to adopt me.
And they love you.
No, something is not right.
"Sorry I haven't
been in contact.
"Writing going great.
"Be back once finished.
See you then."
Smiley face and...
Who the fuck puts
smiley faces on the end of
text messages at his age?
Like I said, Jill,
he's a fucking child.
There's the baby.
Happy now?
I still think
you should leave him.
I'll check in on you
later in the week,
see how you're getting on.
It's time to move on,
baby sister.
Help me.
Listen to me, listen...
They didn't tie you up.
Help me.
Detective McQueen:
Don't worry, love.
We've known about
these people for years.
Untie me.
I'll get us both out.
No. Can't.
Help us.
They killed my brother
and my boyfriend!
Not just him.
There has been others.
What do you mean,
"it's too late"?
We have known about
these people for years.
For god's sake,

come on.

Don't worry about it, love.

We have known these
people for years.

Jill:

We have never found
anyone alive before.

What about her?

What are you
waiting for?

Help us!

You are meant to help!

This is what happened to
the last woman we helped.

She's dead...

And so are you.

Josephine:

have damaged him
when he touched him.

How dare you touch
my baby boy.

Oh...

Mark!

Mark! Mark! Mark!

Mark! Mark! Mark!

Henry:

hear the match.

Marcus!

Jill:

I keep worrying, Henry.

What if it doesn't
happen in time?

What if one of us
doesn't make it?

Couldn't bear to
live without you, dear.

Life is so short.

If it ever came to that,

I'd make sure

we go together.

"I often go to listen,
"when all is silent."
It's just a tranq...
He came back and then they
took all their
belongings and left.
When?
The day after you came.
It's a shame,
my wife and i
really liked your sister.
We asked her to
stay but she left.
She usually doesn't do
anything without
checking with me first.
Well, we think he gave her
some kind of ultimatum.
I really don't understand
what she saw in him.
Can you give me moment?
I need to make a call.

Operator:

phone is switched off.
Well, thank you.
Goodbye.
Will he be a problem?
I think we might need to get
some more plastic sheeting.
Somebody help me!
No one can hear you.
Why are you doing this to me?
We had a child.
But he died, because of me.
She will never forgive
unless I make up.
I failed
Josephine once.
I won't this time.
Josephine won't bury him
until she has a new baby.
Please, somebody help me.
Don't think you're so special.

Don't you know
how many people
have been sacrificed,
giving us back our baby?
Oh, we don't keep them here.
They are spread across London.
Same as I will
do for Marcus.
But I kept him as a memento,
seeing he likes
joking so much.
Thought he could
keep you company,
try and make you laugh.
We prayed every night...
...and god
gave us you.
I know who you are!
You don't own me!
Nobody owns me!
The queen doesn't own me!
I will shit on your face!
Come out, I know
who you both are!
I know who you both are!
Get off my property.
Get off my property.
I'm sorry, sir.
Oh...
It's your menstrual cycle.
Dated,
for when you're
ripe for seed.
Josephine assures me
that her shade
matches your skin tone.
You don't know what pain is.
Shh.
Oh, no.
Mark,
I'm sorry for what I said.
It's "Henry".
It's Henry.
Say "Henry," sweetheart.

Say it for me.
Say my name.
It's Henry.
Say "Henry," please.
Say it, say it, say it.
Say "Henry."
Once the baby is born,
what do we
do with her?
Can we keep her?
I know what you
have in mind, mister.
No, we can't keep her.
We have to get rid
of her, just like we
got rid of the others.
Oh, that's sad.
I thought we
could keep her.
Two more months to go.
I will start on
the baby's room.
Henry.
Henry!
Henry, its time.
We'll have to cut
the baby out.
No. No. No!
No! No!
You'll kill the baby.
She will run.
Where to?
She can't get
past us both.
Do it, Henry.
Okay.

Josephine:

flat on the floor.
Hold her down.
Push my baby out!
Or I will cut it out
and leave you to bleed!
Push my baby out!

Push!

Yes.

Massage its chest!

We got our

baby boy back, Henry.

Our baby boy, Henry!

We got our baby

boy back, Henry.

It's our baby boy.

Come at me and

i will kill it!

Get our baby, Henry!

We can't lose

our baby again.

I'm so...

No!

We had a child,

but he died.

What if one of us

doesn't make it?

I couldn't bear to

live without you, dear.

Shh.