

NOCK-NOCK

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY (IN THE PAST)

Pleasant music is playing. George with a beatific smile, resting, lounging in his chair. We see smiling Loraine with new earrings.

LORAININE

Like it?

GEORGE

(fun)

Shine like the real thing!

Pleasant music gives way to anxiety music and strange knocking sound. George's face clouded. He started as if waking up.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY. PRESENT TIME

Loraine is walking back and forth in the room, collecting her belongings and putting them into a large yellow handbag. George is sitting in a recliner, staring vacantly down toward his feet. Near his feet is an open bottle of whisky.

LORAININE

Me, live with a lush and a dooper? A brainless stoner, that's all you are. What was I doing with you so long? I should have left you two years ago. Take a look at yourself! What a nobody...

GEORGE

It's all about the money Right? I know. You need money You can't fool me. But, I will have money. A whole lot of it in fact, you hear? You'll be sorry then!

LORAININE

Ha. Ha! You, with money? You don't even have enough to keep high. So what's your scheme? Problem with you is, you have no brains

GEORGE

Don't leave! I'm begging you! I'll die without you!

LORAININE

(speaking on auto-pilot,
her mind elsewhere)

Mmm, oh yeah?

GEORGE
 (on hands and knees in
 front of her)
 I'm begging you! Loraine! Don't
 leave me! Give me a chance!

Loraine walks around him, paying no attention to his antics.

LORAININE
 Whatta you mean, another chance?
 Take a look at yourself! Whatta you
 been smoking

GEORGE
 I'll kill myself

LORAININE
 Go ahead, only I'm getting out of
 here first.

George's lips are trembling. He seizes his head with his hands. He moans.

LORAININE (CONT'D)
 Hysterics! That's all you're good
 for.

GEORGE
 I'll slit my wrists, I will.

LORAININE
 Ha, ha, ha! You make me laugh.
 (leaning over his face)
 You're such an insect. A pitiful
 little bug! You're going to cut
 your little veins open, are you?
 Poor little thing. You know, I'm
 actually curious. Will you be able
 to take one serious decision in
 your whole life? Nope. I'm afraid
 nothing will happen. You haven't
 got it in you! But It's a shame,
 really!

George looks imploringly - and hatefully - at Loraine.

LORAININE (CONT'D)
 Make yourself useful. Tell me where
 my Michael Kors is - my red purse,
 where's my red purse? Hopefully you
 haven't sold it for booze yet.

George stands up and walks shakily away from Loraine.

GEORGE

You can't leave me.

Lorraine heads toward the exit, carrying her large yellow handbag. The door is open. Suddenly she pauses and places the bag on the floor.

LORAINNE

Now I remember! It's in the closet!
Over there. Up on top

She walks toward the closet. George stands near the door, carefully positioning the blade of a kitchen knife above his left wrist.

GEORGE

(repeating hysterically)
You can't leave me

LORAINNE

Ha! Now what! How interesting! Will
you actually manage to scuff up
your precious little hands?

GEORGE

(his breathing labored)
How cruel you are. You can't leave
me.

LORAINNE

(with hatred and contempt)
You're wrong, I can do lots of
things. You're the one that can't
do anything!

GEORGE

(beginning to scream)
I can too. I can. Here, look!

George's face is contorted. His eyes are wide open. We hear him scream, and we hear the dull thud of a beating heart. George's hands are covered with blood.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(his voice growing faint)
There! There! I can! You can't
leave me.

A dull pounding sound is heard - the sound of the entrance door slamming.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(Switching to a whisper)
No, you can't leave me.

George falls to his knees.

INT. KITCHEN. A BIT LATER

George stands by the kitchen sink and examines his hands in a stupor. His wrists are bound with adhesives tape. Traces of blood can be seen in the sink.

GEORGE
You can't leave me.

The dull thud of heartbeats is heard. The sound grows louder, causing the air to vibrate. George seizes his head. He screams in a feral voice.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
A-a-a-a-a-a!

We see fragmentary images from George's mind: Adhesives tape rolling on the floor; George's bound, bloody wrists; The floor, giving way underneath George's feet, disappearing off to one side; From the entrance door, the dull echoes of footsteps from a person walking away; A bloody knife held by a hand that is becoming feeble. George faints. Everything goes dark.

INT. LIVING ROOM. A BIT LATER

George is standing, cradling his head in his hands. Suddenly from somewhere in the distance comes a strange knocking sound. It is someone knocking at the door. The knocking grows louder and becomes duller in timbre. George's visions fade away as he rejoins reality. He takes his hands off his head. The door shakes from the knocking. George opens the entrance. Loraine stands on the threshold. George looks at her in amazement.

LORAINÉ
(looking at him with alarm
and speaking her words
slowly)
I... I'm staying.

She goes into the living room. She casts onto the floor her large yellow handbag with everything in it. She stands with her back toward George. George can hardly believe his eyes. He is overjoyed.

GEORGE
 (with relief in his voice)
 Loraine!

He falls in exhaustion to his knees in front of her, hesitant to actually touch her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 (his voice growing faint)
 You came back! Now everything will be fine! Everything will be different. You'll see! And there will be money! Lots of money I promise. I'm gonna change everything. everything..

LORAININE
 (quietly)
 I believe that deep down you really love me and it will give you the strength to believe in yourself... the strength to help me in difficult time...

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

George is lying alone on the bed in the bedroom. Loraine's large yellow handbag is on the floor by the closet. Loraine herself is nowhere to be seen. From the kitchen comes the sound of running water. Once again there is a knock at the door. A strange knock. George awakens.

GEORGE
 (toward the kitchen)
 I'll open up.

He rises and walks toward the door. He looks into the peep hole. He sees nobody. The knock on the door is repeated. This time it is much louder. George throws wide open the door.

INT. DOORWAY. THE SAME TIME

There are two people in the doorway, Alex and Jane. George gazes at them as though he had never seen them before in his life. Alex and Jane exchange surprised glances.

ALEX
 Do we go in?

GEORGE
 (coming back to his senses)
 (MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

A-a-a. Yes! I do know you guys.

Alex

(pointing first at one,
then the other as they
enter)

and Jane. We're old friends. Yeah.
Whoooooh. It's . Something happened
to my head...

Alex and Jane giggle and look at each other in surprise. They go into the living room

ALEX

There's something wrong with your
head!

Jane nods in agreement, glancing at George confidentially.

GEORGE

What I mean is. My head is
splitting, I have a cold, I
suppose.

(He attempts to simulate a
cough)

INT. LIVING ROOM. A BIT LATER

Alex and Jane are seated on one side of a table. George is sitting opposite them.

GEORGE

(There is commotion in the
background.)

That's my neighbor, two floors
above me. Every evening he comes
home with a bulging suitcase. In
the morning when he leaves, It's
empty, and when he comes back, It's
full!

JANE

So what? How do you figure It's
full of money?

GEORGE

What else could it be? I see his
black limousine constantly. Right
here. In our neighborhood. All the
time!

JANE

A limousine?

GEORGE

Don't you get it? It's all connected. Everything fits together!

Alex and Jane look at each other dubiously

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(in a crazed, hysterical tone)

There's got to be cash inside! Of course! What else could he have in there? What Don't you understand? That suitcase must be full of money! And we're gonna get it. Are you on board?

Alex and Jane are unsure how to react. From somewhere in the distance, a strange knocking sound is audible. But Alex and Jane show no sign of hearing it.

ALEX

(giving the matter deep thought)

Now, an attaché case, or at least a metal briefcase. Something like that would make sense. Sometimes people use 'em to haul cash around. But an ordinary suitcase.

JANE

Yeah, yeah! What we want is an attaché case! Handcuffed to the guy who's carrying it, a sure bet to have cash inside. But a leather suitcase? Nah.

Again a knocking sound is heard, but much louder now. It becomes obvious that someone is knocking at the apartment door. George turns around abruptly toward the door and walks up to it on tiptoes. Alex and Jane look on in amazement. George looks through the peep hole and sees Alex and Jane, standing outside the door. George whirls around and looks to where Alex and Jane had been, but they are gone. Dumbfounded, George opens the door and sees Alex and Jane walking down the staircase. They both pause and turn, facing him. George looks at them, stunned.

ALEX

What?

JANE

Hey, relax! If it was a metal
attaché case, then sure, why not.
But a suitcase.

She throws her hands up in the air

GEORGE

(with hatred)

Yeah, f..k you! F..g freaks!
Without you, I will do!

George slammed shut the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

George gently hugs Loraine's shoulders. She is seated at the table.

GEORGE

(with excitement in his
voice)

You know, I can do it without them!
I'll make it work .

LORAINNE

(with tired voice.
hopefully)

I believe! You do love me... It is
true that you love me? You will
find the strength. You can... you
can do it... I just look strong...
but I am so tired! Me so hard! I
need your help...

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

George is lying alone on the bed. From somewhere comes an unidentifiable sound, but then the sound turns into the familiar knocking sound. George awakens and sits up on the bed. He moans, clasping his head in his hands. The knocking continues, getting louder. George rushes to the door and flings it open. He sees there two detectives who very much resemble Alex and Jane. George looks at them in a daze.

DETECTIVE 1

Hello!

(He opens his jacket and
shows his police badge.)

Detective Schonberg. I'm sorry to
bother you.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)
We're looking for a neighbor of
yours, the gentleman who lives two
floors above you. When did you see
him last?

George peering into the eyes of the detective.

GEORGE
(mumbling and in a weak
voice)
What the hell? What's going on
here?

DETECTIVE 2
(glancing at his partner)
Are you all right?

GEORGE
Yes.

DETECTIVE 1
We were informed. Your neighbor is
missing. Do you know the man?

GEORGE
No.

DETECTIVE 2
(holding out a business
card)
Uh, huh. Well, if It's not too much
bother, please let us know if you
have any information. We'd
appreciate it!

George accepts the card without speaking and quickly shuts
the door. The detectives exchange a glance.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

George backs away from the door. He looking into the peep
hole again, but there is no longer anyone out there. George
begins to black out. And a knocking sound begins to come from
somewhere again.

GEORGE
(talking to himself in a
low voice)
No! No! Enough! I can't stand that
sound any more

George yells in pain and horror. His eyes go dark and he loses consciousness. Darkness, then a gradual return of the light.

INT. LIVING ROOM. PRESENT TIME. SOME TIME LATER

George is sitting on the floor. His hands are bloody. His right hand holds a roll of adhesives tape. He is turning it in his hand, trying to make it match his wrists, but he suddenly discovers that the cuts on his wrists have disappeared, and he has no reason to bandage them. At this moment, the terrifying knocking sound begins again.

GEORGE
 (yelling insanely)
 No! I can't stand it anymore! No-o-
 o!!! No! No! No more!

The knocking does not stop and only gets louder. Now George knows for certain where the sound is coming from. It is coming from his bedroom. His whole body quivering, George goes toward the sound. It becomes louder. George stops opposite the bedroom closet, realizing the sound is coming from there. He slowly opens the closet door. On the floor, in a pool of blood, lies Loraine, bound with adhesives tape. The handle of a bloody knife is protruding from her abdomen. She is still alive. Trying to break the tape wrapped around her ankles, she is jerking her now-feeble legs. The heels of her shoes beat against the closet wall, causing the knocking sound.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 (terrified)
 Loraine! No!

He extends his trembling hand toward her, but a moment later his eyes become glassy. He leans his head over to one side, examining her at a different angle. The tension leaves his face. He pulls Loraine's legs forward toward the closet door, so that the heels of her shoes will no longer beat against the closet wall.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 (relieved)
 Loraine! Everything'll be different
 now! You'll see! Everything'll be
 for you. I promise! Everything'll
 be fine now!

LORAININE
 (She hardly can speak with
 adhesives tape on her
 mouth)

(MORE)

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Wake up, finally, if you really
love me! You see - I'm dying! If
you really love - help me...

These words awaking George. Suddenly he sees a reality. With weeping and shouting "I'm sorry" and "I didn't want to" he breaks the adhesives tape freeing Loraine's hands. Loraine hardly gets up to her feet and pressing his hands to her stomach, goes to the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Silence. George alone. He is sitting at the table absently staring in front of him. The doorbell rings. George opens the door. Behind the door is detective.

DETECTIVE 1

I apologize. I'm looking for the
young woman.

Detective shows a photo Loraine. We hear familiar sound of a heartbeat or it's a knock of a heel on the wall of the closet? Alarming music. George in a daze. The camera moves into his crazy eyes.

The END