

# NO ONE'S HOME

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

SFX: CRICKETS AT NIGHT

SFX: A CROW BAR HITS THE GROUND

MARK  
(irritated)  
Would you...

FADE IN:

EXT. WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A street lamp reveals a UTILITY VAN parked in front of a two-story luxury home.

MARK (50s), DALE (mid 40s), and BIGBELLY (55), all wearing matching grey UTILITY COVERALLS, crouched down in a huddle.

BIGBELLY with the CROW BAR in one hand, holds his big belly with the other, like he has indigestion.

MARK  
(to Dale)  
Are you sure.

DALE  
Yes. The house is empty.

Bigbelly speaks with a MASSACHUSETT'S ACCENT.

BIGBELLY  
Oh, Mark, I don't feel well.

Mark mocks him.

MARK  
"Oh, I don't feel well.", Fuckin' pussy. Get your "Pahk tha Kah" big ass in the game. Now!

Stares. Dale smirks.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Kindly hand the crowbar to Dale without dropping it.

Bigbelly does.

Then Dale drops it.

SFX: A CROW BAR HITS THE GROUND

DALE  
Oops. Sorry.

MARK  
That's ok.  
(beat)  
Now let's go.

They stand with large black bags in hand.

Bigbelly stands with his big black bag albeit slower.

SFX: SLIGHT FART

BIGBELLY  
(to himself)  
Oh, great.

Bigbelly makes an effort to catch up to Mark and Dale.

EXT. LUXURY HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The two huddle and wait.

MARK  
Would you get your ass in gear!

BIGBELLY  
I'm here. I'm here.

MARK  
Shut up!

Dale sees the front door is cracked open.

DALE  
Look.

They do.

MARK  
That was easy.

They enter.

Bigbelly is last in, pushes the front door, leaving the same crack of an opening.

INT. LUXURY HOME - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Dale stand in admiration of the room, smiling from ear to ear.

SFX: STOMACH PERCOLATING

BIGBELLY  
 (to himself)  
 Oh, shit.

Bigbelly grabs the ass-end of his coveralls.

MARK  
 Hey Gassy, go upstairs and find the  
 loot.

Big belly, very gingerly, walks to the staircase, ass-end  
 grab still in place.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

Bigbelly looks up the many stairs.

BIGBELLY  
 (to himself)  
 Oh, shit.

One step. Fart. He winces.

Another step. Fart. Bigger wince.

MARK  
 (whisper yell)  
 WOULD YOU GET GOING, MORON!

SFX: STOMACH PERCOLATING

BIGBELLY  
 Oh Shit!

He JOGS the stairs, runs the landing, and ducks into the  
 first bathroom. Door closes.

Mark sees him, shakes his head.

MARK  
 Fuckin'---

Mark freezes.

DALE  
 What.

Dale looks, freezes.

At the top of the stairs stands CARINA CONNERS (4), blonde,  
 blue eyes, gripping a small stuffed animal.

Mark and Dale are still frozen.

MARK  
We gotta go.

DALE  
What about---

MARK  
Fuck him.

They leave. Poof!

The door still slightly cracked open.

INT. LUXURY HOME - UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

CARINA waves.

CARINA  
Bye.

Around the corner comes grandpa.

DR. CRAIG CONNERS (55), tall, dark hair, blue eyes, distinguished even in his pajamas. He speaks with a Massachusetts accent.

CRAIG  
What is it Little Button? Who...

Carina points to the front door, and the ominous slightly cracked opening.

SFX: HEARTBEAT

And then he hears it.

BIGBELLY (O.S.)  
(sings)  
"What is love? Don't hurt me."

Craig's head SNAPS to the light under the bathroom door.

BIGBELLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
"Baby, don't hurt me. No more."

He scoops Carina into his arms and out of site.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Opulence in white marble.

BIGBELLY sits on the oversized toilet.

BIGBELLY  
 (mocking Mark mocking him)  
 "Get your big ass in the game."

The shame on his face. It's not new.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)  
 Ugh. Fuckin'...

He grabs his own belly in disgust.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Mikey. Get it together.

He strains.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)  
 Ohhh!

INT. LUXURY HOME - UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Craig reappears with a miniature baseball bat coiled up, ready to swing.

BIGBELLY (O.S.)  
 Ohhh!

Craig takes a first step, slowly.

BIGBELLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 "What is love? Don't hurt me."

Craig trembles with each step.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)  
 (loud)  
 OHHHHH!  
 (beat)  
 Man.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bigbelly looks relieved.

BIGBELLY  
 Ahh. Yes.  
 (beat)  
 Come on now. Let's not fuck the rest of this up.

He reaches for the toilet paper.

INT. LUXURY HOME - UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Craig reaches the door.

BIGBELLY (O.S.)  
"What is Love!"

Craig feigns a weak attempt at a knock. It's nothing over the singing.

He POUNDS TWICE!

BIGBELLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What the Hell!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bigbelly looks irritated, again.

CRAIG (O.S.)  
Come out of there.

Bigbelly hears the fake Massachusetts accent.

BIGBELLY  
What's with the Mass accent? I  
fuckin' hate when you do that.

INT. LUXURY HOME - UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Craig hears the flush.

SFX: FLUSH (O.S.)

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bigbelly talks to himself as he struggles to pull his coveralls back on.

BIGBELLY  
"Oh, that's funny. Mass accent. He  
ha."

He gets it back on and stands to wash his hands.

Water running. He looks at himself in the mirror.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)  
 (to his reflection)  
 Maybe I am...

He washes.

INT. LUXURY HOME - UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Craig strains the hear.

BIGBELLY (O.S.)  
 Fuckin' loser.

SFX: SLAM ON THE MIRROR! (O.S.)

BIGBELLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Loser.

SFX: WATER RUNNING (O.S.) THEN OFF

Silence.

Craig panics and steps back to his original position at the stairs. He winds the mini-bat back up in a coil.

He sees the light go out at the bottom of the door.

He swallows.

The door comes open and a large man steps out with his BACK TO CAMERA. TURNS as he talks.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, Man! That was---

Freezes.

SFX: HEARTBEAT

The two men stare. Fear.

A moment passes.

The two men stare. Very slight tilt on both sides.

A moment passes.

Craig breaks first.

CRAIG  
 Mikey?

SFX: HEARTBEAT

BIGBELLY

Oh my God.  
(beat)  
Are you fuckin...

CRAIG

Mikey, it's me Craig.

BIGBELLY

... kidding me?

He can't believe it.

And then he smiles.

Both men do.

They each take one step forward, their arms come open,  
Craig's extended because of the bat.

They stop, then one step back.

They each shrug it off like it didn't happen; like they  
weren't both just really happy just then.

The joy deflates from their faces.

A moment passes.

CRAIG

What... what's going on Mikey.

Craig does a once over of the Coveralls.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I'm worried about you.

A moment passes.

BIGBELLY

Like the time you came after me  
when I ran away?

A moment passes.

Craig tries so hard to keep his growing smile and laugh  
submerged.

Now tight-lipped, struggling still.

CRAIG

And you only got as far as Target.

Rumble and then LAUGHTER EXPLOSION!

BIGBELLY

(smiling)

And you SWORE you wouldn't tell anyone.

CRAIG

And I never did.

BIGBELLY

I remember when you would studying late nights for exams the next day.

CRAIG

Yeah, and how you stayed up with me... asking me the study questions over and over... until I got it right.

BIGBELLY

Yeah, of course. You were gonna be a big doctor somewhere... some day.

Bigbelly notices the decor.

And Craig shares with him, like it was good news.

CRAIG

I did it, Mikey.

And for a brief moment, Mikey is happy about it, even proud.

BIGBELLY

Good job.

There is an awkward long pause.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)

What happened man? I thought of you like a brother.

CRAIG

I...

(beat)

I couldn't face what I did...

Bigbelly shakes his head.

BIGBELLY

What are you talking... oh.

(beat)

Sharon.

CRAIG

Yeah. The girl you'd been in love  
with since second grade.

Shrug it off. MO.

BIGBELLY

(no big-dealin' it)

Oh, what. Come on. She didn't have  
a thing for me. What? That's PFF!

(beat)

Please... Plus we were already out  
of high school/ Right? So that  
was... no. That doesn't count.

A moment passes. Craig shakes his head, looks at the ground.

CRAIG

No, Mikey.

(beat)

It was all senior year.

SFX: HEARTBEAT

Bigbelly is still.

BIGBELLY

So all the...

Craig nods.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)

And the...

Craig nods.

A moment passes.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)

You asshole.

Craig nods like it was payment for past sins.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)

(loud)

YOU ASSHOLE!

Craig tries to talk him down, his index finger to his lips.

CRAIG

SHHH! Come on, not so loud. It's  
not just Shar---

They stare.

Bigbelly's mouth comes open.

BIGBELLY

Wha...

(beat)

Is she here?

CRAIG

Mikey I wanted to---

BIGBELLY

No. I wanna see---

Bigbelly takes a step toward him, Craig the same.

Craig puts his hand on Bangbelly's chest.

Everything stops.

A moment passes.

Bigbelly looks at his hand on him. Touching him.

Craig slips it back.

On the hallway console Bigbelly sees an 8X10 of a large family portrait.

Bigbelly bubbles with loos and emotion.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I missed... your life.

Craig fumbles even without saying anything.

A moment passes.

BIGBELLY (CONT'D)

Tell Sharon I said hi.

CRAIG

I will.

An awkward moment passes.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I hope things work out, Mikey.

(beat)

That you can... get back on track.

Bigbelly winces.

BIGBELLY  
(questioning)  
Get back---

CRAIG  
I think you should go.

They stare.

BIGBELLY  
Yeah.

Bigbelly steps past him, walks downstairs. Craig follows.

INT. LUXURY HOME - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bigbelly sees the door still cracked, grabs the knob.

CRAIG  
Mikey---

Mikey turns, raises one hand up.

MIKEY  
Don't.

Craig stares and then looks to the floor.

MIKEY let's him self out and gently closes the door.

A moment passes.

FADE OUT.

THE END