

A DAY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Written by

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INT. MR. RAMIREZ'S LIVING ROOM SET- AFTERNOON

A man in his late 40's (Mr. Ramirez) sits upright in a rocking chair and reads a book out loud in front of a GROUP OF YOUNG CHILDREN who are sitting on the ground all around him. Behind the children are a GROUP OF PARENTS sitting in a row of chairs.

Next to the chair, there are various puppets and other children's toys.

Mr. Ramirez is dressed in a red cardigan, khaki's, and white sneakers. The walls behind Ramirez show pictures of him in goofy costumes and doing various sports.

Despite his age, Ramirez has the body of an in shape younger man. He speaks in a deliberate, yet friendly manner.

MR. RAMIREZ

Well kids, I hope you've had a great time with me today. It seems like I need to say goodbye.

A few kids in the audience whine.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'll always be there with you. I hope you've all had a nice day in the neighborhood.

Mr. Ramirez slowly gets out of his chair and waves at the kids as he leaves the set.

Two pre-teens (STEVE and LISA) sit on some chairs near the back of the set.

Steve's clean dress clothes have a large Mr. Ramirez pin sticking into it and he has a Mr. Ramirez branded hat on his well combed head.

Lisa's dress is slightly shabby in comparison, and her long hair is held back with a few pins.

Steve waves enthusiastically to Mr. Ramirez while Lisa's wave is more half hearted.

Lisa leans towards Steve.

LISA

I don't know why mom makes me babysit you for this junk.

STEVE

I thought you used to like his show.

Lisa shrugs.

LISA

I did, but Mr. Ramirez has started getting weird to me. You feel like something is off about him?

Steve raises an eyebrow.

STEVE

No. Why do you ask?

LISA

It's the way he talks. I feel like he knows something that we don't.

STEVE

Mr. Ramirez is just old, like grandpa. They can be weird sometimes.

LISA

Yeah, but grandpa is weird because he's racist, this is different. Whenever I watch his show, I feel like a bird that knows it's near a cat or something. I just can't figure out what is off about him.

Lisa smirks.

LISA (CONT'D)

How about you solve this mystery for me? I dare you to sneak into his room and get an autograph. If he is just weird, then it shouldn't be a problem.

Steve's eyes widen and he leans back.

STEVE

No way! Why don't you do it?

LISA

I'm not going back stage you idiot! I've already gotten in trouble earlier today!

STEVE

Because of the egg thing?

Lisa sighs.

LISA
Yes, and don't tell mom about that.
Anyway, if I get caught back there,
then mom might actually kill me.

She flicks Steve's forehead.

LISA (CONT'D)
That's why you need to go back
there.

STEVE
I can't do that! I don't want to be
kicked out either! Besides, Mr.
Ramirez probably locks the door to
his room.

Lisa reaches into her hair and pulls out a pin.

LISA
You should be able to open it with
this. I use one of these each
Christmas to look at our presents
early.

STEVE
YOU WHAT?!?

LISA
Don't tell mom about that either.

Steve shakes his head.

STEVE
Wait a second, that's not
important. I'm still not going in.

LISA
Well, if you don't, I'm going to
put a peanut butter and jelly
sandwich in your game console.

Steve sighs and takes the hair pin.

STEVE
I'll be back in a minute.

INT. RAMIREZ'S HALLWAY SET - AFTERNOON

Steve stands alone in the middle of the hallway with his hair
pin in hand.

Florescent light bathes the area as Steve presses an ear onto the door labeled Mr. Ramirez's changing room.

A SECURITY GUARD appears from out of nowhere.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey kid! What are you doing?

Steve FLINCHES and looks at the guard.

STEVE
Uh, I was trying to talk to Mr. Ramirez.

SECURITY GUARD
Can't you see he is busy? He doesn't want to be disturbed after filming.

Steve looks around for a moment.

STEVE
Well, it's just, uh, someone threw up on the main set and I thought maybe he could help them?

The guard looks down and sighs.

SECURITY GUARD
Look kid, a custodian will help more than Ramirez can. Go back to the set, and I'll look for someone to clean up.

The guard angrily mutters to himself as he walks off.

Steve waits for a moment in the hall before he puts the hair pin into the lock of the door.

Steve whispers as he wiggles the hairpin.

STEVE
Ok. Jump in, get him to autograph something, and jump out. Easy.

The lock emits a gentle click as the door unlocks.

Steve's hand twists the door knob.

INT. MR. RAMIREZ'S CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

With his head down, Steve charges into the room.

STEVE
MR. RAMIREZ, CAN I PLEASE HAVE AN
AUTO...

Steve looks up and his voice dies in his throat. He goes pale.

Mr. Ramirez is gone.

Sitting in a simple blue chair is a grey MONSTROSITY.

The creature still has the red cardigan on, but it's skull is uneven and its skin is like leather.

The eyes are pitch black with no pupils.

The teeth stretch up a face with no lips and red streaks the front grouping of fangs.

The legs are vaguely humanoid, and the monster has impossibly long arms with spindly fingers. Each finger has a sharpened claw.

A mask of skin resembling Mr. Ramirez lays on a table next to the monster. An eviscerated CORPSE on the table in front of the monster creates a Jackson Pollock of gore and viscera around the room.

The monster speaks with Ramirez's voice.

MR. RAMIREZ
Didn't you parents teach you to
knock?

One of Ramirez's arms reach across the room and SLAMS the door shut, the other GRABS Steve by the waist and brings him close. Steve's hat goes flying off his head.

Ramirez's breath rattles through his teeth onto Steve's face.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
Why did you break into my room?

Steve's eyes practically bulge out of his head.

STEVE
My sister dared me to get an
autograph! Please don't eat me!

Mr. Ramirez lets out a rumble resembling laughter.

MR. RAMIREZ
You should have learned to just say
no.

A black tongue stretches out Ramirez's face and licks the squirming Steve's cheek.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
You taste delicious.

Steve trembles in Ramirez's grasp.

The door opens and Lisa walks in.

LISA
Steve, are you in here?

Lisa sees Ramirez and her eyes widen.

MR. RAMIREZ
Oh dear. You children sure are nosy today.

Ramirez wraps a hand around Lisa's mouth and closes the door with a finger. This time, four fingers relock the door.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
I suppose this is partially my fault for not locking the door.

Ramirez looks at a terrified Lisa.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
When my hand leaves your mouth, you will be silent. Understood?

Lisa nods, and Ramirez's hand leaves her mouth.

LISA
I, I, I was just wondering where my brother went. I hadn't seen him for a while.

MR. RAMIREZ
So you must be the sister then! You sure have gotten your brother into a world of trouble.

LISA
Please sir, it was my fault. I dared him to come back here.

MR. RAMIREZ
That is what he told me.

A finger from Ramirez points into Lisa's chest. A single claw begins to slowly dig into her chest.

She tries to move backwards, but the rest of Ramirez's hand stops her as a small amount of red begins to bloom.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
Remember to be quiet, or this will
get a lot worse.

STEVE
Please stop hurting her! This was
my fault! I could have just said
no!

Ramirez's hand stops. He tilts his head.

MR. RAMIREZ
You know what, I think this gives
me an idea. Someone will pay a
price for this autograph.

He looks at Steve.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
And I think you will be the one to
tell me who pays for this. So tell
me boy. One. More. Time.

One claw taps Lisa's chest again, while another hand taps
Steve.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
Who's fault is this?

Steve looks at a crying Lisa.

STEVE
I'm sorry.

He takes a slow, deep breath and faces Ramirez.

STEVE (CONT'D)
It's still my fault sir. Please let
my sister go.

Ramirez releases both of the children and claps his hands.

MR. RAMIREZ
How brave! What an act of love!

One of his hands curls into a crude fist. He LASHES out and
BREAKS Steve's knee in a single strike.

Steve collapses to the ground in pain and Lisa runs over and
kneels next to him.

Ramirez moves forwards and towers over the kids.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
You know, some doctors believe that when a bone is broken at a young age, it doesn't grow back the right way. An injury like that will leave you with a limp for the rest of your life. I think that is a fair price for an autograph, don't you?

Tears stream down Steve's face, but he nods.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
This next part should go without saying, but if either of you tell anyone what happened here, I will tear your sibling to pieces right in front of you and then I'll eat you alive.

Mr. Ramirez leans close to Steve as he hands an autographed piece of paper to him.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
Now get out of here you little rascals.

Mr. Ramirez goes back to where he was eating.

Lisa helps Steve as they limp towards the door.

They reach the doorway when Mr. Ramirez pokes Steve's shoulder.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
And boy?

The two turn around.

Mr. Ramirez grins and puts Steve's hat back on before waving at him.

MR. RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
I hope you've had a nice day in the neighborhood.

The rumbling is heard from Mr. Ramirez again as the two children limp out the door.

INT. RAMIREZ'S LIVING ROOM SET - AFTERNOON

Lisa presses her hand against her chest wound while she helps a limping Steve walk. Most of the other parents and children have left by now, and the few left don't pay any attention to the two kids.

She helps Steve sit down in a chair near the front of the audience seating.

LISA

Oh my god. I am so, so sorry. I shouldn't have sent you back there.

STEVE

It's ok. There is no way you could have known.

Lisa looks at Steve's knee and frowns. She leans in close to him.

LISA

We need to take this guy down.

Steve's eyes widen.

STEVE

ARE YOU CRAZY?!?

Lisa holds a finger to his mouth. Steve's voice goes down.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Are you crazy? How could we do that?

LISA

We need to tell everybody what happened. If they look at us, they would have to believe it.

STEVE

Who would believe us in the first place? Do you really think the cops would trust some kids over Mr. Ramirez?

LISA

What about our parents? Couldn't they get help?

Steve shakes his head.

STEVE

Even if they do help. What could they do to stop him? You heard what he would do to us, I don't want to start checking under my bed for that guy.

Lisa's scowl deepens. She looks up towards to some catwalks that hang above the set.

Something moves up there.

Lisa's expression remains firm as she looks back at Steve.

LISA

Fine. Let's drop it for now.

Steve sighs and relaxes into his chair.

STEVE

Good. Now what do we tell mom and dad when they pick us up?

Lisa looks around the set and taps her foot.

LISA

Ok, here is what we tell them. I dared you to go behind the set once the show was over, and you tripped and hit your knee. I got so freaked out about it, that I ran into part of the set while I went to help. We didn't want anyone to notice, so we hid what happened until they picked us up.

Steve nods and looks around the set for a moment before looking back to Lisa.

STEVE

Think they will buy it?

LISA

If they don't, it's not like they would believe the truth anyways. Ready to go?

Lisa offers a hand for Steve to get back up. He takes it and gets back to his feet.

STEVE

Let's get out of here. I'm getting too old for this show.

Lisa stares at Steve for a moment before she looks back up to the catwalk where she saw something move.

LISA

Good. The host of this show was a
real dick head.

She flips the bird out of Steve's view.

Something moves in the catwalks again.

Lisa wraps her arm around Steve and helps him leave the set.