

BLOOD STONE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. JORDAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Open planned, modern with all the current high end kitchen gadgets.

Jordan (40's) looking frazzled is trying to butter a slice of toast, whilst his wife, Leah (30's) determinedly follows him around with an I-pad in hand. She's scrolling through a list of flats available to rent.

LEAH
Are you looking?

JORDAN
I'm trying to eat.

LEAH
Look.

All the places she's showing him are available to rent.

LEAH (CONT'D)
This one, £2,200. And this one,
£2,270. And this, £2,400. A month.
And you're charging what?

JORDAN
It's my grandparents' place. It's
not like I had to do much to get
it.

LEAH
You're charging what?

JORDAN
£1,100 a month.

LEAH
You're being robbed. We're being
robbed.

JORDAN
I've got reliable tenants. Isn't
that worth something?

LEAH
Not £900 a month, it's not. Because
that's how much more you could be
charging.

JORDAN
Can you just drop it? I can't keep
doing this every day.

LEAH
£900 gone. Over ten years that's
nearly ten grand.

JORDAN
What do you want me to do?

LEAH
Be a man.

She slams the i-pad into his chest, causing him to drop his
toast to the floor.

LEAH (CONT'D)
You find a way to evict them, or I
will.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Around a messy kitchen table, ETHAN (19) sits eating a bowl
of cereal. MAYA (18) reads from a couple open textbooks.

The whole place is classic student living.

The sound of faint knocking echoes out around them. But
neither Ethan or Maya moves a muscle.

Finally Maya tilts her head up. Shoots an annoyed glance at
Ethan.

MAYA
That's the door.

ETHAN
Then you answer it.

MAYA
I'm studying.

Ethan groans, rolling his eyes but pushes himself to stand
up.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Ethan shuffles to the front door. Still, that knocking sound
persists.

He opens the door to Jordan. Ethan is clearly shocked.

ETHAN

Oh, wow. Jordan. Is everything OK?

JORDAN

No.

Jordan pulls out a contract that had been rolled up and stuffed into his back pocket.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Twenty four hours. That's all the notice I have to give you.

ETHAN

I'm lost.

Jordan jabs a finger against the papers.

JORDAN

It says it all right here. Section fourteen. If the dwelling is not kept to a state of satisfactory standard. If dirt, filth, mould or overall disarray is found, this can be deemed a breach of contract.

Ethan's head is spinning.

ETHAN

What? I don't know what you're talking about? What are you doing here?

Jordan loses his cool. He grabs a hold of the Ethan, slapping the contract across his face then stuffing it forcefully down his top.

JORDAN

I'm here, you fucking idiot to tell you you're getting evicted.

ETHAN

You can't do this.

JORDAN

Read your fucking contract, that you signed. It says if this house is dirty, I get to kick you out. And there's no way that's not happening. I suggest you find somewhere else to live. Twenty four hours. I'll be back tomorrow.

ETHAN
(shook up)
You can't do this.

Jordan slaps a hand across Ethan's face, leaving a bright red mark. He then grabs a fistful of his hair and shakes Ethan's head violently from side to side.

JORDAN
(shouting)
Find somewhere else to live!

INT. FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Maya now stands up at the side of the table. One hand gripping the edge of it.

Ethan comes in. Hair a mess, red mark still on his face. He pulls out the contract that was stuffed down his top.

MAYA
What was that? All that shouting?

He tosses the contract down onto the table.

ETHAN
We're being evicted.

Upon hearing this, Maya looks like she might actually faint.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Ethan walks with a can of beer pressed against his face, the same spot where he was slapped.

Maya, frantic chases after him.

MAYA
We need to clean this place from
top to bottom.

ETHAN
I'm going to bed.

Ethan enters his bedroom and slams the door shut behind him.

INT. FLAT - ETHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ethan lays in bed, drinking. His bedroom is a mess. Several empty beer cans on the floor.

Ethan's eyes are heavy and he slowly drifts off to sleep.

INT. FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Maya, rubber gloves on and a bucket of hot soapy water beside her is furiously cleaning the floor.

Scrubbing it as though her life depends on it.

INT. FLAT - ETHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ethan suddenly jolts awake. In his bed beside him is a large stone. Jagged and black. A voice seems to come from within.

STONE

Blood!

Ethan clasps his hands over his ears as though to hear it speak is causing him terrible pain.

INT. FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Maya has now moved onto cleaning the sink. Scrubbing it until it shines.

Ethan enters, staggering over towards the drawer.

Maya shoots him a glare.

MAYA

You better fucking help me clean
this fucking place.

Ethan opens the drawer, pulls out a sharp knife and leaves again.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Do you fucking hear me you bastard!

INT. FLAT - ETHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ethan comes back to his bed, hovering over the stone.

ETHAN

What the fuck is this?

STONE

Blood!

He grimaces. The pain returning.

Ethan cuts the palm of his right hand and drips blood onto the stone.

Drip, drip, drip. Ethan breathes a sigh of relief. The pain is going away.

INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jordan sits on his sofa, reading a newspaper.

Leah beside him, playing around on a laptop.

LEAH

Do you want to see the ad I've made for the flat?

He nods. She shows him the screen.

JORDAN

(surprised)
£2,000 a month. Are you sure?

She nods.

LEAH

There will be people queuing to rent it.

JORDAN

Alright.

LEAH

Just make sure they're gone.

He nods, confidently.

JORDAN

They'll be gone.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Maya is now hovering the same spot over and over again.

Ethan passes her. Grabbing his keys and coat.

She watches him as he opens the front door.

MAYA

Where the fuck are you going?

He ignores her, or doesn't hear her. Hard to tell which.

EXT. BUTCHERS SHOP - DAY

Ethan exits a quaint family owned butcher shop, holding onto a large plastic bag.

INT. FLAT - ETHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ethan stands beside the stone. Placing the shopping bag down next to it.

STONE
Blood! Blood! Blood!

He opens the bag and removes several bloody steaks. Rubbing them all over it. Staining it with fresh blood.

Its voice gets lower and lower until finally it's gone all together.

ETHAN
(tears in his eyes)
Please stop talking. Please.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Maya opens the front door to Jordan.

MAYA
It's clean.

JORDAN
It's time to go.

MAYA
It's clean.

JORDAN
Don't make this hard.

MAYA
(emotional)
Never missed a payment. Never caused you any problems.

JORDAN
You signed the contract.

MAYA
It's clean.

Jordan pushed past her, entering the flat.

JORDAN
We'll see about that. I've got a
bitch of a wife to keep happy.

INT. FLAT - ETHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jordan and Maya enter. They're in a state of instant disbelief at the sight of a Ethan down on his knees next to the blood stained stone.

Hand over his ears. Beer cans on the floor. Old steaks of meat on his bed. And dried blood everywhere.

JORDAN
What the hell?

MAYA
(to Ethan)
What the fuck have you done?

STONE
(screaming)
Blood! Blood! Blood!

Ethan looks across at them, tears streaming down his face.

ETHAN
I can't make it stop.

Ethan then throws himself at Jordan. The knife in his hand.

JORDAN
Jesus!

Ethan sticks the knife deep into the Jordan's throat. Killing him. Blood spraying out.

Ethan positions Jordan over the stone. Blood pouring out all over it.

Maya screams.

ETHAN
(to Maya)
I just want it to stop.

The Jordan flops to the floor. Dead.

Fade to black

The end