

"EVICTION"

By

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FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - TIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

SARA WILSON, (32) A woman who takes care of herself, with a kind, pretty face, sits on the edge of her son, TIMMY'S bed. Timmy, about 10, looks up at his mom as she tucks him in and kisses him on the forehead.

SARA
Sweet dreams, baby.

TIMMY
Mom? Can you check under the bed?

Sara gets down on her knees and peeks under the bed while Timmy looks on nervously.

She pops her head back up.

SARA
All clear. No monsters tonight.

TIMMY
He waits til you leave... You don't believe me, do you?

SARA
I believe that you have a very creative imagination but I also know there's no such thing as monsters living under beds. When you grow up, that imagination of yours is going to make you very special and you won't be afraid of monsters anymore. I'll tell you what, honey, I'll leave the night light on. And when your dad gets home, I'll have him come in and check on you, okay?

Timmy nods.

TIMMY
I wish Dad was a knight or a superhero. Then he could fight the monster.

SARA
Your dad may not be a superhero but he loves you very much and so do I and we'll always do everything we can to protect you. Okay?

TIMMY

Okay. I love you too.

INT. WILSON HOME - DEN - LATER

Sara sits on the couch watching TV.

KURT WILSON, 37, enters holding a couple glasses of wine.

Kurt looks like a man who just got home from a long day at work. His nice dress shirt is unbuttoned and no longer tucked in. He hands Sara one of the glasses and kicks off his expensive shoes.

KURT

He said what? A superhero?

SARA

(smirking)

Or a knight.

Kurt sits beside his wife.

KURT

That hurts. Those jobs are easy compared to being an attorney!

SARA

You could be "Captain Law", entangling evil doers in a web of litigation!

KURT

You mock me?

SARA

I mock you with love, dear... Don't take it personally, sweetie. He thinks there's a monster under his bed. What would you do? Sue it?

KURT

I might!

(beat)

Y'know... actually...

INT. TIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Timmy's getting into bed. Kurt enters carrying a piece of paper.

KURT

Hey, sport! Your mom told me about your little monster problem. Now, there's no such thing as monsters...

(off Timmy's look)

Hey, just in case...Your dad may not be a superhero but he is a darn good lawyer. This is our house and no monsters can stay here unless we invite them.

TIMMY

But how can you make him leave?

KURT

(holding up the paper)

This is an eviction notice. It's a legal document telling the monster that he has to leave immediately.

(sliding the paper under the bed)

We'll just leave that there for him.

TIMMY

You think it'll work, dad?

KURT

Of course! It's the law!

TIMMY

Thanks, dad.

Kurt kisses him on the forehead.

KURT

Anything for you, buddy. Good night.

Kurt leaves. Timmy looks comforted.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kurt and Sara talk in hushed voices.

SARA

You don't think we're encouraging him?

KURT

Nah. I told him there are no monsters but this was "just in case." -as long as he believes the monster left, he won't be scared anymore.

Sara nods.

INT. TIMMY'S ROOM - MORNING

Timmy gets up and peeks under his bed. His eyes widen.

TIMMY

DAD!

KURT

(rushing in)

What? What's wrong?

Timmy hands him the paper. It's crumpled up. He unfolds it and looks at it with surprise.

THE PAPER: WRITTEN IN PRIMITIVE BOLD BLACK LETTERS "30 DAYS!"

OFF KURT'S REACTION--

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Sara sits at the table eating a muffin. Kurt enters, places his briefcase on the counter and pours some coffee into a travel mug.

KURT

Come on. It was you. It's funny. Just admit it was you.

SARA

Why would I encourage Timmy's belief in the monster?

KURT

Then who was it? The monster?

SARA

Timmy probably... looked up eviction on the internet. He's a smart kid.

KURT
Yeah, he is but... that's not a
very plausible explanation.

SARA
More plausible than a monster with
an understanding of the law.

KURT
Touche. I gotta get to work. We'll
figure this out tonight.

Kurt kisses his wife and exits.

INT. TIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara and Kurt stand next to Timmy's bed. Timmy pulls the
covers up.

TIMMY
I swear I didn't write that. It was
the monster.

Kurt looks at Sara, shrugs and shakes his head.

TIMMY
What does that mean, Dad? "30
Days".

KURT
Nothing, Timmy.

SARA
C'mon, dear. You wanted to be his
attorney. It's only fair you advise
him properly.

KURT
(to Timmy)
When you evict someone, you have to
give them 30 days notice...

TIMMY
I thought you said the law --

KURT
--But that's in a case where you
made an agreement to let someone
stay -like they're paying rent. The
monster isn't paying rent is he?

TIMMY
Not to me.

KURT

Well, there you go. There was never an agreement or an invitation so he's trespassing.

TIMMY

Well, you'd better tell him that, Dad!

SARA

Don't worry, baby. Daddy'll take care of it.

Kurt sighs and takes a pen out, places the "eviction notice" on Timmy's dresser, smooths it out and begins writing on the back.

KURT

(writing)

"Mr. Monster. As you were never invited and have not entered into a rental and/or tenant agreement, you are trespassing and must vacate the premises immediately."

(beat)

Okay. That should do it.

Kurt slips the paper under the bed. Sara and Kurt kiss Timmy goodnight and exit the room.

INT. TIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Timmy wakes as he hears odd scurrying SOUNDS.

He peeks over the bed and catches what looks like a big dragon-like TAIL disappearing under the bed.

Timmy gasps with terror. Wide-eyed, he looks around the room and listens intently.

Guttural GROWLS turn into words.

MONSTER VOICE

(deep, gravelly, barely understandable)

He's got ya, Lou. This guy knows the law.

Angry GRUNTS.

MONSTER VOICE

I understand but... hey, there are plenty of other kids' beds to live under. Find a kid whose dad is a dentist or somethin'

More angry GRUNTS. Then SILENCE. Timmy looks terrified.

Suddenly, the bed shakes and what looks like a big, monster HAND with CLAWS reaches up over the edge of the bed.

Timmy whimpers and hides under the covers. He curls up shaking with fear. He listens and hears SCARY sounds and then the sound of his door CREAK open and then SHUT.

He slowly peeks out from under the covers. Nothing. Except the paper crumpled up on his bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TIMMY'S ROOM - MORNING

Kurt uncrumples the paper, while Sara looks on.

TIMMY

What does it say, Dad?

KURT

"Well played, Wilson. You win. Grrrrr."

TIMMY

Yeah! You did it, Dad! He left! You are a superhero!

Timmy HUGS Kurt enthusiastically and runs off to get ready for school.

KURT

(to Sara)

C'mon. It was you, right? "Grrrrr"?

SARA

It wasn't. Really.

OFF KURT'S LOOK OF DISBELIEF--

FADE TO BLACK.