

THE MOVEOUT

Written by

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Text pops up over BLACK: 'The content contains a dialogue between TWO MEN.'

Opening Title: REONG PELIKULA.

EXT. HOUSE (YARD, FRONT CHAIRS) - DAY.

Yellow-ish, vintage color grading. Almost dreamy like. Glare across.

The time is between morning and noon, but not too noon that it's too late to drink a cup of coffee and have brunch.

Set in the typical house-front archetypes. Two chairs bodyguarding a table, placed in front of two long-windows beside a front door. The chairs are facing the grassy front yard.

On the left (camera's perspective), with one leg up the chair, seated A FAT YOUNG MAN (M20s). The man is wearing a ripped up wifebeater, and a jean 2 size smaller than intended. The young man is the long-hour-work husband type.

He is smoking, reading a piece of paper.

Enters CASUAL YOUNG MAN (M20s). He dresses casually, and respectfully. Contrast between the two men. He sits on the right chair, carrying two mugs of what might be coffee. Their conversations next, are to be said passively, 'Vincent Vega and Jules Winfield' style.

FAT YOUNG MAN
Extra sugar?

CASUAL YOUNG MAN
More extra than you needed.

The Casual Young Man hands a mug to the Fat Young Man, then sits on THE RIGHT. Fat Young Man puts the piece of paper down, drinks his coffee.

The relationship between these two men is unclear. It most likely be that they're both friends that live together.

CASUAL YOUNG MAN
Tell me again, why have you
suggested we move out?

FAT YOUNG MAN
You seriously goin'na ask that
again?

CASUAL YOUNG MAN

Yeah man, I mean, we've got everything that we're supposed to have in here. Sure it might feel a little empty around.. But damn is it way better than living in the city.

FAT YOUNG MAN

LANCE. No... Not empty... Empty ain't a member of my concerns.

LANCE (REVEALED)

(Mocking)

Well what is it then, DEAN? What's a member of your 'concern club-council' thing?

DEAN (REVEALED)

(Calm)

Don't ya mock me with my analogies. Y'know damn well I could use it back on ya.

LANCE

Well I'm just wondering of your reasoning to why we should move out of this palace of a house.

(utter)

Me, personally, the past five years have been indescribably, nothing but 'FINE'. OK? And you randomly, on- on a fine morning breakfast, came to me with your diabetes of a coffee cup in hand, and utters, 'We should move out'.

DEAN

'Am disturbed by the sight of cats 'round here.

Shows a DOG, looks somewhat deformed and creepy, standing right in front of them. It wasn't a normal dog.

LANCE

That's a dog.

DEAN

Hm.

Dean carelessly sips on his coffee.

LANCE

I can't believe this.

DEAN

Listen man... I know you worked your ass hard to get to buy this house. But something's crawling under my skin man. And I ain't gon' do nothin till I got this bug off me.

LANCE

(sighs)

What are you talking about?

DEAN

Ima just gon' say it man. Somethin bout the house, I think.. I think you can describe 'em with the "S word."

LANCE

Shitty?

DEAN

(Head signals NO)

Supernatural.

Lance looked at Dean in a silent stare of confusion and shock.

LANCE

So the house is haunted? That's what you're suggesting?

DEAN

I ain't suggestin' nothin' man... it's real, I've seen some fucked up shit in there.

LANCE

Yeah? Like what?

Dean sips on his coffee, preparing to tell the story.

DEAN

(Clears Throat)

Alrite, check it, yeah? There's this one time, right.

INT. HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT.

DEAN (CONT'D; V.O.)

I was just layin down, chillin' on the floor beside the bed.

Shows Dean, lying on the floor, beside a tall bed.

Rural ambince. Chicken clucks, crickets crickets, and a ticking noise from a clock O.F.

EXT. HOUSE (YARD, FRONT CHAIRS) - DAY.

C.U. Dean looking at Lance, leaning above the table.

DEAN (CONT'D; TO LANCE)
Now y'know I like to lay on the
floor better than I like 'em up on
the hay, gave me better structure,
y'know.

INT. HOUSE (BEDROOM) - BACK.

Shows Dean, still laying on the floor, now reading a book titled 'Men without Women'.

DEAN (CONT'D; V.O.)
So, get this. I was just readin' my
book right? "Men Without Women".
And somethin, something felt fishy
man, I can tell. It was cold, like
windy cold.

Shows Dean, still laying, uncomfortable, disturbed, shivering. The room gets darker.

DEAN (CONT'D; V.O.)
I felt like I was hearing some
whispers from under the bed.

Dean slowly looks to his right. Under the bed, he sees a semi-visible figure. Woman, perhaps. It whispers to him, like how they do in the movies.

DEAN (CONT'D; V.O.)
But it ain't no scary whispers like
in the movies no. It was like a
catcalling.

The scary whispers turn into catcalling. Tone changes.

FIGURE
Dean... Oh Dean...

The Figure whistles eerily...

LANCE (V.O.)
Wait, hold up. Catcalling?
seriously?

EXT. HOUSE (YARD, FRONT CHAIRS) - DAY.

From this point, the color grade slowly disperse into a greyer, less saturated color grade.

Dean is back on his chair.

DEAN

Yeah, catcalling man. She really
went like...
(Imitates the ghost)
Dean... Oh Dean... Hey Dean...

Camera pans swiftly from Dean to Lance. Lance looks in disgust, weirded out.

LANCE

Well that's odd.

DEAN

Whadya mean odd? What, you don't believe me?

LANCE

No, nonono, I believe your story. What I don't believe however.. Is how you decide that it's better to move out just because of a naughty ghost. I mean I thought you liked them naughty, no?

DEAN

Wait.. Man you're kinda right. I do like 'em naughty. I mean, after meeting so many ghosts.

LANCE

Exactly. What do you say we cancel the move out, eh? I think I'm going to call the move out agency now, to cancel all of this.

DEAN

(Neutral)

Dont. It's too late.

LANCE

What?

DEAN

It's too late.

Dean takes a big sip of his coffee, finishing it.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Don't ya... Find it weird how some
of your stuff are already there? On
the front yard.

Lance looks the direction Dean is looking, with a confused look. The stuffs are there. Furnitures, chair, table, everything is neatly stacked.

LANCE

Wait actually, you're right. D- Did
you move them there?

DEAN

No. The moving men did.

From the door beside them, walks out A MAN wearing a neat work uniform, thought to be from the moving agency, carrying a chair.

MAN

Ey Lance, what should I do about
the wardrobe? Should I disassemble
them first then lift it, or lift it
then disassemble it?

LANCE

What.. Uh.. Wait what?

MAN

I think it's better to disassemble
them first. I don't think the
wooden fatass fits through the
door. Your call, though.

LANCE

Uhh, j-just leave them be for now.

MAN

Okay, boss.

The Man walks to the front yard.

LANCE

Wait, uhh, hey you!

The Man stops.

MAN

Hm?

LANCE

How are you already here? I- I
thought you were still on your way?

MAN

Well uhh, me and John have been
here since before you started
drinking coffee by yourself.

LANCE

What?

Lance looks over to Dean.

Now, the screen is fully bland in terms of color, no longer
dreamy like, but instead, more real.

DEAN

You made all the decisions
yourself, Lance.

MAN

Hey, busy day, eh? Two mugs for
yourself!

Shows the two coffee mugs on the table. Lance's empty, and
Dean's full.

Lance takes Dean's mug. He seems confused.

Lance looks back to the Man.

LANCE

Wait, what the hell.

MAN

What's wrong, man?

LANCE

I- I'm not sure, it's, it's really
confusing. Dean, are you seeing
this?

Lance looks back to Dean, revealing nothing but the piece of
paper Dean was reading, and an empty chair.

Lance shows worried expression.

Shows Lance and the Man, staring into nothing, where Dean
were.

Text pops up: 'THE TWO MEN'

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

Back to dreamy color grade.

Close up of TWO mugs of coffee being prepared hot by Lance on top of a counter. One particular mug, were poured more sugars than the other one. A lot of sugars.

While preparing, Lance talks to seemingly nobody.

LANCE

Yeah, I would like to cancel the Moveout.

(Silence)

No, it's my friend... He had this problem with the house, but we managed to work things out. It's fine now.

(Silence)

Yeah, we're terribly sorry about it. Me and my friend were too late to discuss it.

(Silence)

Yeah thank you.

Heard the sound of a telephone ended.

Lance picks up the two mug of coffees, and walks through the living room outside. In the living room he stops. He looked through the window to the chairs in front of the house. The chairs are empty.

Lance proceeds to walk outside, exiting the main door.

EXT. HOUSE (YARD, FRONT CHAIRS) - CONTINUOUS.

Outside the doors, Lance looks over to his right, to where the chairs are.

Camera pans, follows his head.

There he was. DEAN, wearing the same fit, sitting, lifting a leg up, smoking, reading a paper like the beginning.

Dean slowly looks over to the still standing Lance.

Lance are standing still, stunned.

DEAN

Extra sugar?

Shows Lance's face, looking down to Dean, staring him in a deadpan.

After a long pause, Lance speaks in an awkward, almost scared tone.

LANCE

(Slowly)

There was never a ghost, — were
there? All this time — it was
just... me.

Lance shows a concerned expression, as if regret or despair.

STRANGE BREW by Cream subtly plays.

Dean stares Lance down. Hans Landa style. Afterwards, he turns his head down, as if not caring of the situation. He picks his cigarette, lights it, smokes it, then stares off to the distance, not acknowledging Lance.

Lance sits down on his chair, puts Dean's mug on the table, sips his coffee, stares down to the ground. Looks tired, as if a lot is going through his mind.

Camera shows both Dean and Lance in one frame, CONTRAST ON THEIR POSTURE AND EXPRESSION.

Camera slowly pulls back, showing more of the house and the yard. A NORMAL DOG, walks by, sniffing around a particular chair. The chair is that one chair, the MOVEMAN BROUGHT EARLIER.

Everything else is left to the viewers to imagine who or what DEAN is.

CUT TO BLACK
CREDIT ROLLS,

THE END.