

Solicitor

Written by

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While teasing their fearful suburbanite neighbors, a motley group of teenage friends encounter a vampire posing as a solicitor. With no one to believe them and school on Monday, they have just the weekend to put their differences aside and save their community.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

On the side of a steep wooded hill, an entrance to a small CAVE is obscured by trees and undergrowth.

There is a repetitive sound coming from inside. It's the DIGGING of paws from an animal. RAPID BREATHING matches the pattern.

Moving toward the barely visible entrance, the noise CONTINUES, pauses, CONTINUES... growing louder as the cave gets closer. Just before moving inside -

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

A group of four middle aged MEN dressed in suits are letting loose in a trendy food hall. They are taking up a corner area decorated like a living room space with chairs and a couch around a low table.

It's a warm contrast to the cold polished concrete and iron warehouse space. The open room is busy with the happy hour crowd.

One of the men appears to be holding court. HE is a larger man with a voice that matches.

MAN HOLDING COURT

Let me tell ya, that's the last time I try to fix it myself. She kept asking me and of course I'm gonna say I've got it.

In the middle of his story, the man across from him (JEFF) glances down. His phone is buzzing. It reads MARCY.

JEFF

Excuse me guys. It's the wife.

He stands up and walks toward the door as he answers the phone.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hi Marcy.

MARCY (O.S.)

There's someone at the door.

JEFF

What?

MARCY

Jeff, there's someone at the door.  
He won't leave.

JEFF

OK. What do they want?

MARCY

I don't know. But I'm not opening  
the door. I took a picture of him.  
I'm sending it to you.

Jeff looks down as his phone dings and he opens the message.

It's a photo taken through a sidelight of a young MAN  
standing on the front porch with a clipboard. He is wearing a  
red polo.

JEFF

Marcy, that just looks like a  
solicitor.

MARCY

He says he's from an energy  
company. But I've never heard of  
them.

JEFF

Jesus Marcy, I'm with my coworkers.  
He's just some kid getting  
signatures. Tell him you're not  
interested and he'll leave. I gotta  
go.

MARCY

No Jeff, but he's -

Jeff abruptly ends his call and returns to the table.

JEFF

Sorry. Go ahead.

MAN HOLDING COURT

My wife never calls. Unless she  
needs to know when I'll be home so  
she can tell her boyfriend to  
leave!

INT. MARCY'S HOUSE - EVENING

MARCY (50's, doesn't like to go downtown at night) is looking  
at her phone which now says CALL ENDED. She cracks the front  
door just enough to speak with the solicitor.

MARCY

My husband said he was on his way home.

SOLICITOR

Should I wait for him?

MARCY

No. He he's had a long day and doesn't want to speak with anyone.

SOLICITOR

Maybe another time then?

MARCY

I don't think so. Excuse me, I have to get dinner ready.

Marcy closes the door and steps back, waiting to see him leave.

She doesn't notice a FIGURE similar to the solicitor that leans in just against her ear.

FIGURE

You're lying.

She startles but sees no one else in the house.

Visibly distraught, the voice then continues inside her head.

SOLICITOR

No one is coming.

She tries calling her husband again.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The men are all laughing with empty glasses on the table in front of them and fresh drinks in their hands.

Jeff looks down at his phone. Marcy is calling again. He silences it and puts it in his pocket.

INT. MARCY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marcy pacing nervously. The doorbell RINGS.

She walks over and peeks out the sidelight. The solicitor is still there.

SOLICITOR

Marcy, I just need the signatures.

MARCY

Leave me alone!

Marcy walks away. The doorbell rings again. The man starts KNOCKING.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Stop it! Go away!

The knocking continues, booming throughout the house. The sharp ring of the doorbell pierces her nerves.

MARCY (CONT'D)

No! I'll call the police!

The knocking becomes much harder, HAMMERING away at the door. The slow pounding is driving Marcy into a frenzy.

She SCREAMS and the house goes SILENT. There is no one at the door. There are no voices.

Marcy gathers herself and walks into the kitchen. She grabs a pot, fills it with water and turns on the stove.

She reaches for a drawer and sees the solicitor's clipboard on the counter. "MARCY" is written in large red letters across it.

She looks up to see the back door WIDE OPEN. A gentle wind pushes at the curtains.

Marcy walks over to the door, looks around.

Something from above grabs her hair and pulls her off the ground. She grabs the doorframe, pulling for dear life.

Whatever is pulling her whips back and forth. Her feet are planted on the inside of the door.

She slips down and then is pulled up again, losing her grip on the door. She grabs the curtains and attempts to climb back inside.

SOLICITOR O.S.

Just let go, Marcy.

MARCY

No!

SOLICITOR O.S.

You're not needed here.

The curtain rod is bending. It pulls the anchors from the wall.

As it tears from the wall, the curtain rings slide off the end. Marcy is pulled outside, up and out of site.

MARCY (O.S.)

Nooo!

There's a loud CRACK. Blood drips down from the door frame.

Marcy's twisted body falls down onto the back patio with a THUD. Blood leaks from underneath her.

TITLES: SOLICITOR

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Rows of colonial and split level homes are divided by a tree lined street backing up to forest. Lawns are all vivid green, some more finely trimmed than others.

A small fox trots out of the woods. It's an adorable creature, smaller than expected but with visible sharp teeth.

It jogs brazenly out into the sunny afternoon across the manicured lawns that were once woods, disappearing between houses.

INT. SEAN'S BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Four friends hang out in a finished basement. High school seniors. All male.

Three of the boys sit around a table to the side of the room. Shelves along the wall are filled with modern board games.

Small statuesque game pieces, tokens and cards are spread out on the table in front of them. They are playing the co-op strategy game, Castle Panic.

SEAN, 17, a warrior in games, not in life.

TAYLOR, 17, a human shield in games, struggles with weight in life.

ZAYDEN, 17, a wizard on guitar, but not in public.

CAM, 18, plays sports, not games. He is laying on the sofa with his hoodie pulled up, tapping at his phone. His space at the table looks abandoned.

SEAN

Firing at the goblin. He takes damage. We're safe on that side. Taylor?

TAYLOR

Aiming at Orc. Miss. He takes down the first wall. Zayden?

ZAYDEN

Aiming at Orc. Nailed him. He's gone. Safe on that side. Cam?

SEAN

Cam. Are you even playing anymore or are you just going to sit over there like a fucking monk?

Cam's attention remains on his phone.

CAM

Yeah um, attack.

SEAN

Attack what?

CAM

Um, Taylor.

TAYLOR

We're on the same team!

Cam's phone dings.

SEAN

God, you are useless. If we lose the castle to these orcs because of you I'm gonna be pissed.

CAM

Sean, can you get me a drink?

His phone dings again.

SEAN

No. Get it yourself.

CAM

Come on. Be a host.

SEAN

Try being present.

Another ding.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Remind me again why you're here and not out snapping jock straps?

CAM

Told you, I'm grounded this weekend.

SEAN

Great. So we get the pleasure of seeing this all weekend?

CAM

I'm gonna be glued to you boys like an 11 year old on Twitch.

TAYLOR

Well it's good see you again, buddy.

CAM

That's why I love Taylor best. The rest of you bums are dead to me.

ZAYDEN

Thanks a lot.

SEAN

You came to MY house!

CAM

I kid. I love you guys.

SEAN

That's something a step dad says.

CAM

Oh man, you gotta see this.

SEAN

Can you turn that on silent!? I thought you came here to hang with us.

CAM

Physically, yes. Spiritually, no

TAYLOR

At least we get that swoll bod.

CAM

Thanks buddy. This is for you.

Cam flexes and pops his biceps.

ZAYDEN

Nice.

Sean shakes his head in frustration.

Cam makes his arms talk in a funny voice.

CAM

Don't be sad about your puny corn  
nut arms, Sean. Your big boy  
muscles will come in one day.

Sean smiles trying not to laugh at Cam's antics.

CAM (CONT'D)

Stop. Jen Marina is freaking out on  
the community Facebook page.

TAYLOR

What else is new?

CAM

She's got a solicitor at her door  
and thinks he's casing her house to  
rob later. She yelled at him  
through the window. Poor guy.

ZAYDEN

She's the worst. Bet he was black.

CAM

She would've said so. But he is on  
his way down Foxtree and she told  
everyone to watch out, like he's  
some kind of predator.

ZAYDEN

What an asshole. That guy's gonna  
have a tough afternoon.

SEAN

Are you my Dad? Why don't you look  
at Insta like a normal person.

CAM

Because the olds on Facebook are  
comedy gold. Seriously, it's better  
than reels.

TAYLOR

Oh my god. Let's go fuck with them.  
We can film her friends being  
lunatics and post it.

CAM

Yes!

SEAN

I'm not bothering with her. Let's finish here.

CAM

Fuck you. It's middle of the afternoon. Where's your sense of adventure, Sean?

SEAN

It's not an adventure. You're just messing with our uptight neighbors.

ZAYDEN

They're uptight because nothing ever happens here and they like that. They're complacent and fearful of the outside world.

SEAN

So let them be bored and paranoid. It doesn't affect us.

CAM

Sure it does. If they're going to be outspoken, they're bringing it on themselves. We need to stand up for this poor guy who's just doing his job.

SEAN

Since when have you stood up for anyone?

TAYLOR

I'm Team Cam here.

SEAN

Guys. Come on. It's supposed to be game night.

CAM

Yeah, not game afternoon. We can finish later. Let's go. Let's go! Zay - you in?

ZAYDEN

For sure. I hate these fear mongering fascists.

SEAN  
Dammit guys.

CAM  
Outvoted!

The boys abandon their game and walk out the basement door. Sean groans and exits last.

EXT. FOXTREE RD - AFTERNOON

The guys walk on the opposite side of the street from the houses. There is a field with a few trees to their side.

CAM  
Oh shit. There he is. Get down.

SEAN  
Why? He doesn't know us.

CAM  
Just get down you jag.

The boys duck behind a couple bushes near the sidewalk. They are low to the ground and nearly piled on top of each other.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Get close.

The boys shuffle in closer together.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Closer.

TAYLOR  
Why?

CAM  
So I can keep you little guys safe.

Cam puts his arms around them. Sean shrugs him off.

Across the street, the solicitor knocks on the next door. The homeowner opens it, yells at him and closes it.

Cam checks his phone.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Haha. Guys, Linda Rodden Grace just posted too. She said she told him she would call the police. These women are such jerks.