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## **THE RENOVATORS**

by  
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FOURTH DRAFT  
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**1. INT. FOYER - NIGHT**

A MAN'S silhouette fumbles at the front door, searching for keys. He CURSES under his breath, reaches under the doormat. Finds what he needs, pushes the key into the lock.

Light from the hallway spills onto his face as he enters: he is late thirties, hair receding. Eyes sunken. Wears a tatty grey suit that's seen better days. His name is MACE HUBBLE and he's clearly relieved to be home. Dusty and dishevelled.

He closes the front door behind him, lethargic. Distant. Dusts himself off. CALLS out.

MACE

You home?

No answer. He turns into the hallway, stops. Confronted by unfamiliar surrounds. Things he does not recognize.

He looks up at the ceiling, across to the opposite wall. Glances into the adjoining lounge room. The lines in his forehead grow thick. He steps forward, his cheap leather shoe nudging the edge of a pentagram. Arranged in sand on the hallway floor. Lit candles all around, the glow dancing across his pale face. There's uncertainty in his VOICE.

MACE (cont'd)

Honey?

He heads briskly down the hall, stepping around the candle-lit pentagram. Brushes past an UPTURNED CRUCIFIX on the wall.

**2. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A pot boils on the stove. MACE enters, looks about. There's a macabre canvas on the wall. Goathead nick-nacks. A hideous, horned sculpture.

KAREN is sitting at an empty kitchen table. She sips from a tall glass of red wine, light bouncing harshly off her sharp features. She is thin and wiry, dressed in black. Mascara-drenched eyes bulge from their sockets. MACE looks over.

MACE

What the hell happened?

She looks up briefly, a little irritated.

KAREN

I was expecting you earlier.

MACE

What did you do?

KAREN

I had nothing to do with it.  
They were here when I came home.

MACE

Who?

KAREN

The people from the television.  
Those renovator people.

MACE

Which ones?

KAREN looks over, briefly meets his eyes.

KAREN

I don't know. The ones.

MACE is becoming impatient.

MACE

The gay guys?

KAREN

No, no. The ones in black.  
(searching)  
The satanists. You know.  
Satanic Makeover.

MACE glances off down the hallway, suddenly alarmed.

MACE

Who let them in?

KAREN

One of the neighbours. I think  
it was that nice couple across  
the road.

MACE

Those two are drug-fucked. I  
called the police on them last  
week.

KAREN'S not sure how to respond. She back-pedals, thinking.

KAREN  
Maybe it wasn't them.

MACE edges closer, noticing her hideous black dress. The mascara.

MACE  
What in God's name are you wearing?

KAREN takes another sip from her blood-red wine.

KAREN  
They redesigned both our wardrobes.

She glances down at her dress, runs a delicate hand over the fabric.

KAREN (cont'd)  
I quite like it.

MACE backs away, darts off down the hallway.

### **3. INT. BEDROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT**

A row of BLACK shirts and suits line MACE'S wardrobe. Black pointy shoes. Thick heels. He SLAMS the door shut.

### **4. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

He opens doors, flicks on switches. Room to room. His pace quickens, becomes frantic.

### **5. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

KAREN is facing the stove, stirring the pot. Doors open and close down the hall. She tops up her wine from a glass decanter. MACE enters behind her, veins thickening in his forehead.

MACE  
There's a paper machier Satan in the guest bedroom.

KAREN  
Don't touch that. It's still wet.

MACE

My office is no longer an office.

KAREN

It's a ritual room now. For ceremonies, conjuring up the dead. That sort of thing.

MACE half-mouths a response -- but nothing comes out. KAREN turns, folds her arms. Glares at him.

KAREN (cont'd)

We should be thankful: they've added ten thousand to the property.

She storms off, flicking a tea towel over her shoulder.

KAREN (cont'd)

Dinner's ready.

He doesn't respond. A GARGOYLE sculpture eyes him from above the fridge.

## 6. INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Sinister shadows stretch across the kitchen table as MACE and KAREN sit before full plates. There's an uncomfortable silence.

MACE stares at his meal. An eyeball looks out from a tangled mess of intestines. KAREN slurps hers up like spaghetti, looks over with a disapproving eye.

KAREN

They said it's low on salt.

MACE glares back at her, clearly not enticed.

MACE

I don't understand how they can just come in here and change the way we live. How we dress. What we EAT.

KAREN

What should I have done? I couldn't tell them to leave. They said they were from the television. They had cameras. They had pointy things.

MACE

Knives?

KAREN

No. Pointy things. Like the grim reaper.

MACE

Scythes?

KAREN

Yes. Those.

MACE

I don't have a problem with five gay guys coming in here and going through my underwear. But devil-worshippers with scythes? What do they know about home renovation and personal grooming? They don't groom.

KAREN

I think you're over-reacting. Look around you. Some of their ideas really work. And they left one of their do-it-yourself handbooks so we can do things ourselves..

MACE

Like sacrificing your mother..?

KAREN ignores him and presses on, talks between hideous mouthfuls.

KAREN

They said if we knock down that wall in the bedroom we might find a gateway to hell.

MACE stands, drops his untouched plate into the sink. KAREN is upbeat, positive.

KAREN (cont'd)

We'd be the only house on the street..

## 7. INT. BEDROOM - DAY

KAREN is sitting up in bed, lamp light spilling across the pages of SATANIC MAKEOVER: D.I.Y. HANDBOOK. She reads

enthusiastically, entranced. MACE brushes his teeth in the en suite, visible through the doorway.

MACE

We're not taking out any walls.  
Gateway or no gateway.

KAREN

All I'm interested in is  
increasing the value of this  
property. We find that gateway  
and suddenly we've got a four-  
bedroom home. Five, six.

MACE

And if there's no gateway we've  
got a gaping hole in the wall.

KAREN

(under her breath)  
There's a gateway.

MACE pops his toothbrush in the holder, turns to wipe his face on a towel. Something in the bath catches his eye: he lurches back, horrified.

MACE

Fuck. Oh fuck.

KAREN turns pages, not bothered.

KAREN

What is it?

MACE composes himself momentarily, hand gripping the rail. He edges forward, hesitant. Takes another look. Something FURRY is floating in muddy, blood-tinged bathwater. Entrails drift about.

MACE

It's Boo-boo. It's fuckin' Boo-  
boo.

Yes. It is BOO-BOO. A black poodle, twisted and bloody. Dead in the water.

MACE pokes his head through the bedroom doorway.

MACE

What did they do to Boo-boo?

KAREN turns pages, unfazed. Talks without turning.

KAREN

He kept biting the paper machier  
Satan. And they needed his  
blood for the mural.

MACE

Mural?

KAREN

The mural in the garage. Did  
wonders for that awful brick  
wall.

MACE slides the en suite door shut, leans up against it.

MACE

Is there anything else I need to  
know? Any more surprises?

KAREN turns another page.

KAREN

You hated that dog anyway.

**8. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Darkness cloaks the house. A light goes ON somewhere.  
Off again.

**9. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

A SHADOW passes. Clock TICKS. FOOTSTEPS somewhere.

**10. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

MACE stirs, opens sleep-clogged eyes. KAREN is pulling  
at his pyjama top, equally groggy.

KAREN

It's your turn.

He comes to his senses momentarily -- but nothing's clear.

MACE

What? Turn for what?

KAREN rolls away from him, sinks back into her pillow.  
MUMBLES under her breath.

KAREN

To check on the baby. I think  
he's awake.

MACE is awake now too -- wide awake. He sits up, pulls sweaty black sheets from his face.

MACE

What baby..?

KAREN rolls back half-heartedly, eyes searching for sleep.

KAREN

Oh. I forgot to tell you. I had the baby.

MACE's eyes bulge from their sockets.

MACE

What are you talking about? You were only two months' pregnant.

She yawns, rolls away from him.

KAREN

They induced it.

MACE can hardly believe his ears. He pulls at her shoulder, intense.

MACE

They what? It's not even formed.

KAREN

Oh, it's formed. They sprinkled some stuff on it, said a few prayers. Spells. Whatever. It was up and about in no time.

MACE

Are you telling me there's a child in the house? Our child?

KAREN

Technically it's not OUR child. We're its keepers.

There's a THUD from a distant room. MACE looks off, startled. KAREN turns to him, opens her eyes. Serious.

KAREN (cont'd)

Go and check on him before he gets angry.

MACE is lost for words. He finds some -- but stumbles.

MACE

Where is he?

KAREN

He's in a pram in the dining room. If we find that gateway we'll have room for a nursery. He needs his own room.

MACE clambers out of bed, throws a shabby grey dressing gown over his shoulders. He turns back to her as he fumbles for his slippers, CURSING intermittently.

MACE

Does he have a name?

She's almost back to sleep. MUMBLES a reply into the pillow.

KAREN

Darian. But he'll answer to Evil One.

#### 11. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

MACE's pale face peers through a slender opening in the doorway. A macabre, old-fashioned PRAM is in the centre of the room, lit by thin shards of moonlight. Ominous.

He approaches with stilted, uneasy steps, bony fingers clenched in fists. Stops within reach, his slippers sinking into the carpet. He looks over the edge of the pram with nervous, quivering, SEARCHING eyes.

It's EMPTY. He moves close, tosses a silky black blanket aside. Looks about. Underneath.

A tiny, disfigured SHADOW moves behind him. Fleeting. He turns, unsettled.

SOMETHING darts behind the shelf, its frantic feet CRUNCHING on the carpet. He sees it, turns. Follows its footsteps along the length of the shelf.

He readies himself at the other end, waits for it to emerge. A SHADOW creeps to the edge, holds. Short, throaty breaths. A low, inhuman GURGLE.

MACE looks down the narrow crevice between the wall and the shelf, head pressed against the wallpaper. Unseen, DARIAN peers out from behind the shelf's edge, catches MACE'S ridiculous face. MACE sees it, horrified. Curls

the corners of his mouth in a fake, uncomfortable smile.

MACE

Hey there, little one.

He extends a limp, frightened hand.

MACE (cont'd)

Come to daddy now. I'm going to tuck you in.

DARIAN swipes viciously at his hand and he withdraws in pain, wincing. Sucks the blood from the wound. He looks back into the crevice but the foetus is gone.

It darts back across the room, slips behind a cabinet in the opposite corner. MACE spins, clutching his bleeding hand. He spots its distorted, horned shadow as it disappears from view. From behind the cabinet, DARIAN watches MACE turn, shoulders slumped. Beaten. He rises, ambles through the dining room door.

## 12. INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

A grinning MACE emerges through the doorway, sees DARIAN'S shadow behind the cabinet. He darts over, peers into the crevice. Extends the blunt end of a broom handle towards him.

MACE (cont'd)

Grab hold, little one. Daddy'll get you out of there.

DARIAN swipes at the broom, GURGLES. MACE withdraws, his face contorting in anger.

MACE (cont'd)

That's it then. No more nice daddy. No more patient daddy.

He turns suddenly vicious, jabs the broom stick into the corner with short, sharp, deliberate prods. DARIAN SHRIEKS and SQUELCHES under its force.

Wiping blood specks from his cheek, MACE withdraws the broom handle. Inspects the gooey remains of his son. Suddenly regretful.

MACE (cont'd)

Oops.

## 13. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

With delicate hands, MACE seizes the SATANIC MAKEOVER: D.I.Y. HANDBOOK from KAREN'S bedside table. She GROANS and SNORTS in her sleep -- but does not stir.

**14. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Light spills over bizarre, gothic pages. Potions and spells. Horned, hideous creatures.

MACE flicks through the makeover book, searching. Purposeful. Chapter names fill the frame: BLOOD MURALS, PAPER MACHIER SATANS, GATEWAYS TO HELL.

He finds what he's looking for: CONJURING UP THE DEAD. D.I.Y. RESURRECTION. More flicking. Narrowed, intense eyes.

KAREN'S handwriting distracts him. In the margins. Doodles all about. Words and phrases have been circled and underlined: SPOUSAL RESURRECTION. BRING BACK HUBBY. MAKE YOUR MARRIAGE LAST MORE THAN A LIFETIME.

MACE backs away from the handbook, realization creeping over his face. He rises, notices an URN on the mantelpiece. A gold plaque near the bottom reads: MACE.

KAREN's standing in the doorway behind him. Expression hardened. She sees the remains of the foetus in the corner. She is distant, morose.

KAREN

It wasn't supposed to be like this. They said everything would be perfect. The décor. The baby. You.

MACE turns, pale. Confused.

MACE

What did you do?

KAREN

They said if I brought you back.. if I followed the instructions.. you'd be different.

(a beat)

You'd be non-violent.

MACE glances down at the broom handle. His eyes drift to his scarred, bruised knuckles.

KAREN (cont'd)

I didn't want to have to kill  
you a second time.

Tucked behind her back -- clasped in her bony, manicured  
hand -- is a rusty, serrated BLADE.

FADE OUT