

NATHAN GREEN

Written by  
Marnie Mitchell-Lister

Jrsygrl65@aol.com

**(c) Copyright 2014**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. MAIN STREET - BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - DUSK - 1960's**

A busy downtown lined with brownstones, heavily decorated for fall and Halloween.

From the steady flow of traffic, a city bus squeals to a stop in front of the Woolworth. It's door opens. People step off and funnel into a stream of pedestrians.

Last one off is smartly dressed, REBECCA MILLS (28). With a confident stride she heads up the sidewalk, smiling at the variety of TRICK or TREATERS traveling through.

She stops at a glass door next to MAIN STREET MARKET, unlocks it, then enters. She heads to the stairs.

Moments later, in a window of an apartment two floors above the market, a light turns on. Rebecca enters.

The window next to it remains dark. Through the window is the --

**INT. BEDROOM - REBECCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Door cracked opened, only a sliver of light peeks through.

Faint, recognizable sounds trickle in from the next room. A refrigerator opens, then closes. A faucet turns on then off. Feet scuff the floor as someone walks from one place to another.

Then, as footsteps approach the door, the bed skirt moves.

Rebecca opens the door, turns on the light, then the TV.

She spins the knob around the 13 channels, then settles on a horror movie.

**UNDER THE BED**

A man's hand lifts the bed skirt slightly. From the darkness he watches Rebecca move around the room. She kicks off her shoes.

The mattress crunches as she sits. Her feet only inches away from his hand, he reaches forward and lightly touches the back of her ankle.

**BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Startled, Rebecca gasps, then quickly pulls her feet onto the bed. Bewildered, she rubs her ankle.

She leans over, looks down at the floor and bed skirt, but doesn't see anything.

Blood curdling screams come from the TV as Rebecca lays on her stomach and carefully reaches for the bed skirt.

She lifts it slowly, leans down further and further, hanging off the bed until she's upside down. She sees...nothing.

Relieved, she chuckles until -- something moves. Her eyes widen.

All the way on the other side of the bed, through the narrow space between the skirt and floor, are a pair of men's shoes. They shift.

Terrified, she slowly turns her head.

The moment their eyes meet, NATHAN GREEN (45) maniacal and filled with hate, lunges onto the bed. His body on top of hers, he puts his hand over her mouth.

He wraps his arm around Rebecca's throat, squeezes until her face turns bright red. Squeezes until her body goes limp. Squeezes until there's no breath left inside her.

Then, he lets go. Her dead eyes stare at the TV.

Nathan stands, adjusts his yellow, black and brown plaid blazer, brushes off his wool pants, smooths his hair and exits the room.

Moments later, the front door closes.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - DUSK - PRESENT DAY**

Many of the brownstones have been refurbished and most stores have changed ownership. The Woolworth is now a Walgreens.

Keeping with tradition, Main Street is decorated for fall and Halloween.

Phone to her ear, MARGOT BELL (35) navigates the crowded sidewalk. She carries herself with confidence and is still pretty despite no make-up, mussed hair and puffy eyes.

She passes the MAIN STREET MARKET, dodging a group of kids in Halloween costumes as she talks on the phone.

MARGOT

I'm just not good company right now.

(listens)

Yes, I am depressed. Isn't that a normal reaction when your marriage ends? Anyway, I don't have anything to wear. Suddenly I hate all my clothes.

Everything reminds me of him.

Margot stops in front of Deja Vu Thrift Shop. She stares at the decorated store window. She listens, then groans in defeat.

MARGOT

Okay! Fine. -- I'll see you tonight.

**INT. DEJA VU THRIFT SHOP - DAY**

Eyes glazed over, Margot browses racks of faded hand-me-downs. Nothing of interest.

She heads to the men's side. She runs her fingers across a row of men's jackets. Suddenly, she stops. Her fingers travel back and she pulls out a plaid blazer.

She holds up the yellow, brown and black plaid blazer and studies it. She takes it off the hangar, inspects it.

At the mirror, she tries it on. A little big but it totally works. Finally, Margot smiles.

**INT. CITY BUS - DUSK**

Shopping bag in hand, Margot watches the people around her. A creepy OLD LADY stares at her from across the way.

Margot's phone rings. She looks at it. Caller ID, "ASSHOLE". She doesn't answer, then turns away from the old lady's prying eyes.

**INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A big open floor plan. Living room, dining room and kitchen all tastefully furnished with nice decor.

A bunch of cardboard boxes are stacked by the front door. The door opens and Margot walks in. She's immediately greeted by MAX, a chunky grey striped cat. She picks him up.

MARGOT

Sorry I'm late, Max. He got the car,  
I got the cat, so I take the bus.

She heads to the dining room table, takes the blazer out of the bag and hangs it on the back of a chair.

**KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Max circles her ankles and "meows" as she opens a can of cat food. She sets up his dinner then opens the freezer and stares.

She pulls out a frozen meal, pops it in the microwave. As she shuts the microwave door, she sees the reflection of a man standing behind her, wearing the plaid blazer.

She gasps, quickly turns. The blazer hangs on the back of the chair, just where she left it.

She turns back around, checks the reflection on the microwave door and now only sees the blazer on the chair.

MARGOT  
I need a bath.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Candles flicker on the counter.

A bottle of bath salts sits next to a glass of wine on the tub's ledge. Steam rises from the water as Margot soaks, her eyes closed until --

Three loud bangs come from the other room. Her eyes pop open. A moment later, three more.

MARGOT  
I left candy on the porch you little  
shit heads.

The banging gets louder, faster and closer together. Margot quickly covers her ears. It stops.

Slowly she removes her hands and hears what sounds like the front door creaking open. Her eyes widen.

MARGOT  
Hello?  
(listens)  
Jay? -- Is that you?

A breeze creeps under the bathroom door. The candles blow out.

MARGOT  
Great.

It's dark. Only tiny slivers of light peek through the door.

Water splashes as Margot gets out of the tub. Her wine glass crashes to the floor.

MARGOT  
Shit. -- Jay? -- If that's you,  
you're scaring me!

Carefully stepping over broken glass, she turns on the light.

Margot wraps a towel around herself and slowly opens the door.

Head first, she peeks outside. Suddenly, Max bolts in. She jumps, then chuckles at her paranoia.

She opens the door wider, steps out cautiously.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

She scans the room. Nothing seems out of place. The front door is closed.

She peeks out the front window, sees a group of older kids in costume walking the neighborhood.

A few pieces of candy remain in the bowl she left on the porch.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT**

Hair and make-up done, Margot looks more alive. She grabs the blazer, puts it on and checks her reflection in the TV screen.

She rolls up a sleeve. She likes it. She begins to roll up the other, but stops when she sees a tag sewn on the lining. "TAILOR MADE FOR NATHAN GREEN". She looks at it curiously.

She grabs scissors from a buffet drawer and carefully snips the tag off, then finishes rolling up the sleeve.

Checking her reflection, her contented smile quickly turns to a scowl. She sniffs the air and grimaces. Sniffs again.

MARGOT

Oh my god. What is that?

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

She grabs the garbage bag out of the can, ties it, opens the back door and tosses it out.

Her face scrunches. The smell is still there. Confused, she scans the kitchen then suddenly realizes. . .it's the blazer. She sniffs it and gags.

Quickly, Margot takes it off, holds it away from her and heads to the back door. It won't open. She jiggles the knob, checks the lock, pushes on it. It's stuck.

Unable to tolerate the smell a second longer, she opens a window, chucks the blazer out, then slams it shut.

Bewildered, she gazes out the window, at the blazer, now flung over a bush.

MARGOT

Rayna's right. I gotta get out of here for a while.

**EXT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

In a black leather jacket, Margot walks out and locks the door.

She grabs the last piece of candy from the bowl and heads down the sidewalk.

A few yards away she glances back at her house, and at the blazer thrown over the bushes.

**EXT. BROADWAY - FELLS POINT, MARYLAND - NIGHT**

The glow from old fashioned street lamps light the sidewalk and cobblestone street of this historic town.

Countless pubs and restaurants draw large crowds. They move past a group of PEOPLE, huddled around a "Ghost Tour" GUIDE (55). In a tattered Victorian dress, she holds a lantern as she speaks.

Headed down the sidewalk, Margot slows and listens.

GUIDE

(dramatic tone)

Most spirits are kind but there are some that are not. You will know by their stench - the smell of dead rot.-- Those evil in life can torment from the grave - but follow these rules and your life they can save. -- Find an object of theirs or just write down their name - light a white candle and burn in the flame. -- A barrier of salt will protect you well - while you work this magic and condemn them to hell. -- If the spell doesn't work it may not be your end - just keep yourself safe until sun rise, my friend.

Margot stares at the tour guide. They make eye contact. The tour guide smiles strangely then laughs.

Creeped out, Margot walks away, heads into --

**INT. CLANCY'S PUB - NIGHT**

Crowded and loud. A mix of music, TV's, chatter and rowdiness. Some patrons in costume, some not.

Margot stands with a group of 30 SOMETHINGS, next to her best friend RAYNA (35), exploiting cleavage in a sexy nurse costume.

RAYNA

It was so bad you chucked it?

MARGOT

I'm not exaggerating. I never smelled anything like that before.

RAYNA

What I don't understand is, how did you not smell it when you bought it? How did people from the store not smell it?

A GUY (30's) from their group hands them a shot. They chug it. Margot makes a sour face, shivers while Rayna contemplates.

RAYNA

Maybe it's possessed.

Rayna laughs, Margot huffs, looks at her seriously.

MARGOT

That's not helpful. I have to go home to an empty house.

Rayna tries to be serious, but can't help but chuckle.

RAYNA

Okay. I know. I'm sorry. That was mean. It's probably not possessed.

The same guy hands them another shot. The girls chug them down. Rayna much easier than Margot.

Margot's sanity and sobriety hang by a thread. Voices are garbled. Lights, blinding. It's sensory overload. And then --

In walks JAY (35), arm around some BLONDE TART (25).

Utterly gutted, Margot stands frozen. Rayna sees Jay, looks at Margot sympathetically. It's too much.

Pushing her way through the crowd, Margot heads for the door, making brief, painful eye contact with Jay.

**EXT. CLANCY'S PUB - MOMENTS LATER**

On the sidewalk, PEOPLE walk around Margot. She stands, doubled over, trying to catch her breath.

Her phone rings four times, then stops. She straightens up, tries to focus. Alcohol has taken effect.

She starts walking. The further she walks, the darker and less crowded it gets.

She turns onto a dark road, woods on both sides, dim lights of a neighborhood a few blocks away.

Her phones rings again. Caller ID, Rayna. Margot answers.



MARGOT

Did you know he was coming?

(listens)

Okay, okay. I believe you. I just --  
how can he be with someone already?

(listens)

No. I'll be fine. Really. I'll call  
you tomorrow.

She hangs up, continues to walk. Suddenly, she realizes how alone she is, how dark it is. Her eyes dart nervously.

All sounds seem magnified and then, something rustles behind her. She picks up the pace.

In her haste to get to her house, she doesn't notice the blazer is gone.

She runs up her walkway, fumbles for her key, unlocks the door and goes inside.

**INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Out of breath, Margot slams the door, secures the two locks.

**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Margot checks the windows, closes the curtains. Somewhat relieved, she falls back on the bed.

As her eye close, the lights begin to flicker.

Something crashes to the floor in living room. Her eyes open.

Margot gets off the bed, stands by the door, scared to walk out.

MARGOT

This is stupid. It's nothing. I'm  
just being paranoid.

She takes a deep breath and walks out of the bedroom.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Margot looks around, sees the same chair the blazer was hung on earlier is now on the floor.

She reaches down to pick up the chair and sees the tag she cut off the blazer, also on the floor.

Leaving the chair on the ground, she picks up the tag, reads it.

MARGOT

(softly)

Nathan Green.

All the lights go out. A moment later, a dim light appears as Margot pulls her cell phone from her pocket.

She shines the light around the room. The fallen chair is now upright.

Freaked out, Margot runs into her bedroom and slams the door.

**INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Margot points the cell phone light into an open drawer. She finds a flashlight, turns it on.

She sits on the bed, hits "Call Rayna" on her cell. Her leg shakes nervously as she waits for an answer.

MARGOT

Hey. You guys still out?

(listens)

No, I just -- I thought I heard someone in the house. I'm probably just being paranoid.

(listens - chuckles)

I'm not that drunk. Is he -- are they still there?

(listens - fights tears)

Yeah. Okay. I'll call you after he picks his stuff up tomorrow. -- Bye.

Her hands shake as she ends the call. A few tears escape but she tries to hold it together. She stares at her phone a moment then taps PHONE BOOK - ASSHOLE. Her finger hovers over CALL.

She backs into GOOGLE instead, types "NATHAN GREEN" in search.

Just then, the lights turn back on.

MARGOT

Oh, thank God.

Her body relaxes. She walks to her dresser, grabs sweatpants and a t-shirt, then changes her clothes.

She brings her dirty clothes to the closet, opens the door and tosses them into the hamper. She sees Max hidden in a corner.

MARGOT

There you are. My brave watch cat.  
Come out please. I need you.

Max just stares at her. She gives up, leaves the door open a crack then goes over to the bed.

She sits, one leg dangling on the floor as she finds out what Google knows about Nathan Green.

A bunch of hits come back. She clicks the first one, Wikipedia.

**INSERT IPHONE SCREEN/WIKIPEDIA PAGE**

Next to the bio there's a photo of Nathan Green in handcuffs, being put into the back of a police car.

He's wearing the plaid blazer.

"NATHAN GREEN (May 21, 1920 - Oct. 31, 1970) born in Baltimore, Maryland, was a serial killer convicted of murdering 23 people between 1940 and 1965. Green would break into his victims homes, hide under their bed and . . ."

**BACK TO SCENE**

Margot gasps, quickly pulls her leg onto the bed and gets under the covers. Terrified, she continues to read.

She doesn't see the lump under the covers, crawling up the side of the bed, slowly creeping toward her.

Finally, she looks up and sees it.

MARGOT

Max?

As it gets closer, she moves her legs away. She slowly lifts the covers to see what's underneath.

Nervously she lifts them higher, higher then -- she sees the blazer. Slowly emerging from the darkness inside is the menacing face of Nathan Green. It looks up at her.

Margot screams, jumps off the bed and runs out of the room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Phone in hand, Margot runs to the front door. The lights go out.

She trips over something, falls hard. Her phone pops out of her hand, slides across the room.

Banged up, she rolls over. The faint glow of the phone reveals what she tripped over.

Terrified, she stares at the blazer, now a crumpled ball on the floor.

Slowly, she slides toward her phone. Before she can reach it, the phone screen goes dark.

In the darkness she whimpers as she tries to find it.

SHLOMP. SHLOMP. Something heavy drags then drops. It's moving.

Whimpers turn to squeals then, the phone screen turns back on.

Margot holds the phone in her trembling hand. Apprehensively she shines the light toward the sound.

Sliding across the floor, the blazer moves toward her.

A sleeve reaches forward then drops, SHLOMP, pulling the blazer closer. The sleeves are full, like there are arms in them.

A decayed hand comes out of a sleeve and grabs Margot's leg.

She kicks and stomps, finally breaking loose.

Panicked, Margot gets up, limps quickly to the front door and tries to open it, but it won't budge.

She screams in frustration.

Dodging the blazer, she climbs over the couch. Her phone falls out of her pocket, tumbles onto a cushion..

She runs into the bathroom and slams the door shut.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Out of breath, Margot sits on tub ledge.

The door handle jiggles. Terrified, Margot watches as it jiggles harder and harder.

She reaches in her pant pocket, searches. Panicked, she checks her other pockets.

MARGOT

Where's my fucking phone?

There's a loud bang on the door. Startled, she jumps.

Another bang, then another. The door shakes.

Margot scans the room, grabs her bath salts, quickly pours some under the door. It stops shaking.

She pours the remaining salts on the window ledge.

She sits back down, puts her head in her hands. It's quiet except for her panicked breathing.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Margot is curled on the floor, towels under her head like pillows.

Her eyelids get heavy. She shakes herself awake, glances at the window. It's still dark.

After a moment, her eyes begin to close again, but they pop open when she hears a clanking noise. She sits up, listens closely.

It sounds like metal on metal, with a faint echo.

Margot stands up, puts her ear to the door. Listens. It's not coming from out there.

Horrified, she walks to the tub. The clanking gets closer, louder.

She stares at the drain then quickly gathers some salt from the window ledge and pours it around the drain opening.

The clanking sounds moves. Her head whips toward the sink. She watches as a smoky substance seeps out of the drain.

She tries the salt on that one but it blows out of her hand.

Margot opens the bathroom door, rushes out, slamming the door behind her.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Rifling through cabinets and drawers, Margot arms herself with salt, a few votive candles and matches.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Kitchen stuff on the floor, she crouches down, reaching under the table to grab the tag she snipped out of the blazer.

As her fingers touch it, a chair moves, pushing her arm away. Shocked, she tries again. This time the chair bashes into her arm. She yells out in pain.

Determined, she sits on the floor, reaches for the tag with both hands. As the chair smashes one arm, she's able to grab the tag with the other.

The chair pins her arm against the table leg. She's stuck.

With her free arm, she tries to reach the salt but it's too far. She shifts her position and pulls it closer with her feet.

She opens the salt and with trembling hands, pours a line under her trapped arm. Finally, the chair releases.

The knob on the bathroom door jiggles. Margot hastily pours a circle of salt around herself. As soon as the circle is complete, the lights go out again.

From the darkness, a match strikes. She lights two candles and blows out the match. She holds the tag in her hand.

MARGOT

Nathan --

The bathroom door flies open. The breeze causes the candles to blow out. Dark again.

Her phone rings. Horrified, she stares at Nathan Green standing directly in front of her, just outside the circle of salt.

Her phone lights up as it rings in the blazer's breast pocket.

Terrified, she scoots back. By doing so, she unknowingly breaks the circle.

The phone stops ringing, the light goes out. Darkness.

She strikes a match, sees Nathan is no longer in front of her.

Suddenly, she freezes. She slowly turns to see Nathan right behind her. Hand trembling, she lights the candle.

His hands reach down and grab her by the neck. She chokes as she blindly feels around the floor for the tag.

Struggling, her fingers land on the tag. She grabs it.

Nathan pulls Margot to her feet by her throat. As she gasps for air, she tries to say his name but can't. She drops the tag. It floats down, just missing the candle.

Face red, she kicks until she gets too weak. Her body slowly goes limp.

Suddenly, Nathan's grip loosens. The room gets brighter as the sun rises outside, peeking through closed curtains.

His body begins to dissipate. The hands around her neck release, then disappear. Margot falls to the ground.

After catching her breath, she looks up. The blazer now hangs on the back of the chair.

In the breast pocket, her phone rings. Weakly, she reaches up, pulls it out.

Text message from ASSHOLE, "I'll be there at twelve to pick up my things. Try not to be a bitch."

Margot coughs out a laugh. Max approaches, rubs up against her.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The events of last night are now cleaned up, curtains open.

Refreshed, Margot walks out of her bedroom, Max behind her.

Her phone rings. Caller ID, "ASSHOLE". She answers the phone as she opens the front door.

MARGOT

Your stuff will be on the porch.  
Goodbye, asshole.

She ends the call and smiles. One by one she places the boxes on the porch. She hesitates over the last box.

Margot looks at the blazer still hanging on the chair. She walks over and grabs it.

She unfolds the flaps of the last box, tosses the blazer in and folds the flaps back up.

She dumps the box on the porch and slams the door. Margot smiles.

FADE OUT