

House Sitters

written by

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EXT. BIG WHITE HOUSE - DAY

This house is very modern, lots of windows instead of walls. Lots of natural light. Low hills are behind the house, and it sits on top of very green grass that you'd think is turf.

LEMON PHAM, a Vietnamese American female in her early 20's is dressed in long true blue denim and an oversized cream knit sweater, walks alongside best friend, CHARLIE KENT, a male leopard gecko also in his early 20's wearing a fitted black suit blazer and light, pale green hemp dress that hits his mid-calf, as they approach the door of the house.

LEMON

So how did you hear about this again?

CHARLIE

Uh..ya'know..that app..whatsit called...

Charlie is rubbing his face, snapping as he tries to remember the name of the app.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Housesitterz...Watch4Me...Good Neighbor...somethin' like that.

LEMON

Those all sound like horrible movies.

CHARLIE

(LAUGHS)

Ok sorta true, but hey we're gonna make goood money today.

LEMON

Yeah, yeah.

CHARLIE

(SHRUGS)

C'mon, what's the worst that can happen?

Both now stand outside front door. Lemon rings doorbell.

LEMON

Quick, how do I look?

Charlie gives her a quick scan and fixes a strand of hair covering her face.

CHARLIE

Hm..Y'know dawg this isn't a job interview. Relax.

LEMON

I know, I know, I ju-

Door opens and host, who is dressed in an eccentric monochromatic hot pink outfit, greets them.

HOST

Hello! Hello! Ah, Lem and Charlie right? Come on in, hurry, hurry, I started to brew some organic lemon sage tea for us.

INT. BIG WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It is full of very crisp and clean boojy white furniture. Art on the walls that make no sense, you feel poor. Elaborate sculptures sit on indoor columns. You feel very poor.

Lemon and Charlie enter, looking around the place in awe. Door closes.

CHARLIE

(WHISTLES)

Yooo, what a place!

HOST

Listen, I'm so grateful that you guys are doing this! I know it's so silly, but I just haven't had the time to get the locks put in. I just need the two of you for the day, I should be back sometime in the early evening, say 7ish?

Tea kettle whistles loudly.

HOST (CONT'D)

Oh goodness! The tea, let me go get that real fast.

Host exits right to kitchen, leaving Lemon and Charlie to themselves.

LEMON

(WHISPERS)

So...we're just house-sitting for the day?

CHARLIE

Yep.

LEMON

(STILL WHISPERING)

And how much is she paying us again?

CHARLIE

(BEAT..GRINS BIG)

\$50 an hour.

LEMON

(LOUDLY)

We're going to leave here with \$300?!

Charlie hits Lemon's side.

CHARLIE

Yeah, you smelly idiot. At least.
(GIGGLES) Hopefully she comes back late.

Host reenters living room with tea tray, biscuits, and cookies.

HOST

Sorry about that loves, here help yourself to some tea and sweets. I'm going to go ahead and head out. Nothing really to this, I just need you to watch the house for a few hours.

LEMON

Is there anything we should know about the house?

HOST

Ah yes! Thanks for reminding me, the couch. The couch! Do not fuck up the couch. It's been passed down in my family and is one of a kind. My mother had sex on this couch, her mother had sex on this couch, and her mother, and so on. Lots of women in my family have been deflowered on this couch, very passionately, as have I, and so if anything happens to this couch, well. (SMILING) We shouldn't have to worry about that, will we?

Lemon and Charlie share a disgusted glance.

LEMON
(NERVOUS LAUGHING) Ah-ha-ha, of course not! Keep couch pristine, got it.

Charlie gives big cheesy smile and a thumbs up.

Host walks towards front door while speaking, grabs big brimmed dark green hat with fringe trim on her way out.

HOST
Splendid! Well I will see you pretties later then!

Door closes. Lemon and Charlie both sigh in relief.

CHARLIE
What the fuck was that?

LEMON
Seriously, what is up with white people and breeder sex?

Charlie plops down on couch, putting his feet on the coffee table. Proceeds to grab tea and sweets.

CHARLIE
Don't know, don't care, all I know is I'm going to just enjoy this vegan schmuck bullshit.

LEMON
If I knew we'd be here for hours, I would have brought my book.

CHARLIE
Wah-wah. Come on, sit with me.
(PLAYFUL, IN A FUNNY ACCENT)
Indulge yourself luv.

LEMON
(ROLLS EYES) Fine, fine.

Lemon sits.

CHARLIE
(TALKS WITH MOUTH FULL OF COOKIES) I think they're gwoo-tin...fwee.

Lemon still annoyed, reaches for tv remote and puts on some show.

MUSIC MONTAGE:

1. Lemon flipping through streaming services. Charlie still is eating away.
2. Lemon invested in some historical fiction drama romance show. Charlie is fast asleep, leaning on her.
3. Lemon still watching, now also eating. Charlie is half off the couch.
4. Both are awake watching something, a horror movie or rom com. Intensely eating popcorn.
5. Lemon struggles to keep eyes open. Charlie snatches the remote.
6. Charlie puts on music, gets up, and dances. Lemon exits off to put empty tray and tea cups in kitchen.
7. Charlie is sitting up straight, Lemon has her head in his lap. Both of their eyes start to close on themselves.

FADE OUT.

Loud bang comes from whatever show they left to play. Both suddenly wake up.

LEMON
(GROGGILY) Jeez, how long
were we out for?

CHARLIE
Ugh, not even that long. It's only
five-o-seven.

LEMON
Dang, still a couple more hours.
Maybe we should order something? A
pizza?

CHARLIE
I'm sick of pizza, man. Tacos? Hm.
How bout sushi?

LEMON
Ooo, I could go for tacos.

CHARLIE
Hell yeah! Let's order that shit
off doordash.

LEMON
Alright. Mmm..let's see.

Lemon looks on app, starts to place order.

CHARLIE
 (LAUGHING TO HIMSELF)
 Heh. How do you think the ladies of
 the manor had sex?

Lemon is still sitting, looking down, ordering. Charlie now stands, pacing in between the coffee table and flat screen.

LEMON
 Hmm..probably like this.

Still phone in hand, she sits on her heels rubbing herself into the couch.

LEMON (CONT'D)
 (LOUDLY AND DRAMATICALLY)
 Unnh! Ugh! Moaning!
 Groaning!

CHARLIE
 (LAUGHING) You're sick!
 Absolutely mental!

Lemon continues to moan and builds to climax. She is really rubbing her ass into this couch, moving her hands sensually.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (LAUGHING HARDER) You—
 (WHEEZING) You are goi—
 Oh my god, you're a nasty woman!
 (CONT. LAUGHING)

Charlie notices something then pauses.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Lemon.

Lemon doesn't notice. She continues the bit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (LOUDER) Lemon.

Lemon is still oblivious.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Lemon!! Stop!!

LEMON
 (EYES CLOSED)
 Wait, hold on, that orgasm wasn't
 real, you gotta actually let me
 finish. I promise I'm almost done!
 (LAUGHING)

CHARLIE
 (SHOUTING) LEMON STOP! THE
 COUCH!

LEMON
 Huh?

Lemon gets up and turns to face the couch. Both are now dead
 silent.

LEMON (CONT'D)
 NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NOOOOO!

Couch is stained from what seems like paint. The stain sort
 of looks like a smiley face.

CHARLIE
 What is that?

LEMON
 (GROANS) I painted the
 back of my jeans this
 morning, but I..I..I
 thought they were dry.

CHARLIE
 I am going to kill you.

LEMON
 No I can fix this.

CHARLIE
 Lem-

LEMON
 (STERNLY)
 No. I can fix this. Easy.

Lemon rushes to grab wet paper towels and rubs it into the
 couch creating an even bigger smear. It now resembles a face
 with a frown.

CHARLIE
 God, that is tragic.

LEMON
 Do you have any better ideas?

CHARLIE
Actually... (GRINNING) yeah I do.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

Host unlocks door and enters house, all the lights are off besides the ones in the backyard that can be seen through the large glass windows.

HOST
Hello? Lemon? Charlie? Where di-

BANG! Charlie whacks host from behind. Lemon turns the lights on.

LEMON
Oh my god. Charlie this was your fucking plan?

Host lies on ground dead.

CHARLIE
Well why did you think I turned the lights off? To surprise her and sing Happy Birthday?

LEMON
I don't know!

Lemon starts to hyperventilate.

CHARLIE
Lem, honey, breathe. It will be okay. Just trust me. We've gotten into worse hi-jinks before.

A ring comes from Charlie's and Lemon's cell phones.

LEMON
No. Freakin. Way.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
No. Freakin. Way.

LEMON (CONT'D)
(SPEAKING LOUDER)
I just got a notification from Facebook Market.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(GIDDY, SING SONGY)
I just got a notification from Craigslist.

CHARLIE
What does yours say?

LEMON

Someone is looking for a white
stained couch for a photo shoot...

CHARLIE

Some guy is looking for a spare
dead woman.

Both look and smile at each other. 90s rap music begins to
play.

FADE TO BLACK.