

KUEBIKO

Part 1

Written by

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SUPER:

KUEBIKO

noun

a state of exhaustion inspired by acts of senseless violence
- the dictionary of obscure sorrows

SUPER: PART ONE

OVER BLACK:

The sound of a window BREAKING.

INT. A LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The muffled sounds of a violent scuffle.

A white marble cupboard is all we see.

THE VICTIM

(OS)

NO!

Suddenly, the cupboard shakes as something collides against it, and blood splatters across its white surface.

Silence.

Except for panicked breathing from a woman off-camera.

Calmly, easily, the female voice of the MURDERER talks in a voiceover:

THE MURDERER

(VO)

I didn't mean to do it.

A pool of blood GROWS on the floor. A shoe steps in it. It quickly steps away, leaving thick red residue behind in a footprint.

We look up to see our MURDERER: a young woman clad in a varsity leather jacket, holding a bloodied metal CANDLESTICK.

She stands still, in shock from what she has done. Around her now we see more evidence of the crime: curtains billow in the background from a broken window, furniture moved in the struggle.

She looks down at the VICTIM: a man.

He lies face down next to the cupboard, blood pouring from his head, a WHITE ENVELOPE clutched in his hand-

Then we pull away as our Murderer averts her gaze at the deed she's done. Closes her eyes, guilty. Then, slowly, fearful of what awaits on the other side, opens them again, looking down, focused on the envelope in the Victim's hands.

THE MURDERER (CONT'D)

(VO)

But I had to.

She breathes, bends down, takes the envelope in her hands-

But as she does so, the Victim groans.

She stares at him - *STILL ALIVE?!*

THE MURDERER (CONT'D)

(VO)

You see, sometimes, the truth is hard to get at.

The two tug at the envelope.

The Man groans painfully and tries to get up.

Seeing this, the Murderer swings the candlestick at the Victim.

It strikes him in the head. He falls down. Immediately tries to get back up.

The Murderer abandons the envelope to attack the man. The envelope drops into the blood, which soaks it red.

She brings the candlestick down on him again. She keeps on striking him, her blows coming faster and more confidently now that she's got the rhythm of it down.

THE MURDERER (CONT'D)

(VO)

Harder to hear, still.

With exertion, the Murderer raises the stick one last time, and brings it down forcefully onto the Victim's head. Blood.

There's lots of blood. Some gets on her face. He is *definitely* dead now.

THE MURDERER (CONT'D)

(VO)

But that's the funny thing about truth. Whether we *want* it or not, it's what we *need*.

She pants, sits down, stares at the body. Then, after a few moments, a woman calls from upstairs. Approaching footsteps.

Time to go.

She grabs the envelope. Runs to the front door. Opens it.

But before she heads out, she turns around, and looks at a woman, THE WITNESS, standing still on a stairway, looking onwards at the scene.

The two stare at each other for a second before the Murderer shakes herself out of it and runs out.

INT. THE MURDERER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

The Murderer wakes with a start. Looks clean, fresh - as if the last night didn't happen.

THE MURDERER

(VO)

Perhaps I was always this way. That it just took one nudge down the path to set me down the course. I would hope that's the case. It would make me feel better about what I've done.

She gets out of bed.

INT. THE MURDERER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The Murderer prepares some breakfast in the kitchen as her ROOMMATE passes her by.

The Roommate looks down to the ground.

A faint red shoeprint.

INT. THE MURDERER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

She walks into the bedroom and pauses in her tracks.

Hung neatly outside the closet, the bloody jacket from the last night.

THE MURDERER

(VO)

But one thing's for sure now.

She stares at it, wide-eyed.

INT. THE MURDERER'S APARTMENT - HOUSE - NIGHT

Red and blue police lights illuminate the bedroom.

The Murderer stands in front of the door.

She opens it, spilling light into the room, revealing the observant Roommate standing just outside the door. They excuse themselves, trying to talk their way out of this.

The light reveals one more thing: the Murderer wears the leather jacket from the night before.

The Murderer closes the door.

We reveal her desk, with a multitude of bills and unopened messages from companies, the bloody envelope laying on the table, untouched.

THE MURDERER

(VO)

I've tasted the truth.

INT. DARK INTERIOR - NIGHT

The Roommate wakes up in a chair, tied to it with ropes, their mouth gagged. They look around, squirming to break free. Yell fruitlessly for help.

We turn the camera around to reveal a table the victim is sitting next to - across from it, a dark space.

Suddenly, a match lights in front of us. It's held up, revealing the Murderer, wearing the jacket, smiling contentedly. She looks up at us.

For the first time, we see her speak:

THE MURDERER

And it. Was. Delicious.

She blows the match out.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

The sound of a window BREAKING.

THE VICTIM
(muffled, OS)
NO!

INSERT: A hand grabs a HAMMER.

INT. THE WITNESS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Witness wakes with a start.

She turns around, to see the other side of her large bed empty.

THE WITNESS
(calling)
John?

Muffled sounds of a scuffle downstairs.

A loud thud.

The Witness, now concerned, turns on a light and gets out of bed.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)
(calling, louder)
John? Are you all right?

She exits the bedroom.

INT. THE WITNESS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Witness walks down a narrow hallway, hesitant with fear.

Sounds of a beating going on downstairs.

The Witness turns a corner, and faces a staircase going down.

INSERT: The hand with the hammer, swinging at a person. It strikes.

As she descends the staircase, the beating grows more and more intense, until it stops. Someone out of breath pants.

Silence for a moment. The Witness turns on a light on the staircase. It spills down into the first floor, showing blood splatters on the ground.

Then, footsteps as someone runs from downstairs.

As the Witness stands still, the Murderer, covered in blood, clutching a bloody envelope in her hands, runs into view.

The two stare at each other for a second.

Then, the Murderer books for it out the front door.

THE THERAPIST

(VO)

How are the dreams now?

INT. THE WITNESS' BEDROOM - EVENING - MONTHS LATER

The Witness wakes with a start.

She turns around, to see the other side of her large bed empty.

THE WITNESS

(VO)

Worse.

EXT. THE WITNESS' HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - EVENING

THE WITNESS

(VO)

And I remember them clearly now.
The same act of violence. The same
person dying.

It's dark and dreary. A car, the Witness', is parked on the driveway. From the outside of the house, we see its interior lights on; the outline of the Witness moves around inside. The light turns off, and the Witness exits the house.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

(VO)

I'm tired. So tired. I close my
eyes and when I open them
everything's still here.

She looks up at the cloudy sky, taking a breath.

Then, she gets into her car and turns on its engine.

INT. THE THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The Witness sits in a soft armchair, looking downwards, as if avoiding eye contact.

An out of focus nearby TV is running a news program, faintly.

THE WITNESS

He's still dead. She's still free.

THE THERAPIST, a young woman sitting across from the Witness, awkwardly notices the TV and turns it to a kids' show. She mutes the TV.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

Everything's still the same. What's the point any more?

INSERT: Blood splatters onto a wall.

EXT. A ROAD - EVENING

As the Witness drives up to a crossroads, she enters the left turn lane and turns on her left turn signal.

INT. THE THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

THE WITNESS

And the worst part is that I know I'm heading down this path. And I'm just helpless to stop it.

INSERT: The hammer raises. Blood is clearly visible on the wall behind. A weak female voice groans: "No". The hammer swings down.

EXT. A CROSSROAD - EVENING

The Witness waits for the light to turn green. Thinking.

Then, she checks behind her - no cars.

The light turns green.

The Witness crosses lanes and turns right.

EXT. ACROSS THE MURDERER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Witness parks her car and gets out.

She faces the edge of a bridge. She peers over the railing into the swirling waters below. Closes her eyes, grips the railing, takes a deep breath.

THE THERAPIST

(VO)

In your dream - who dies?

Then, the Witness turns around, revealing the MURDERER'S HOUSE in front of her, with the garage open and the Murderer working on something in there. The Witness walks to the house.

INT. THE MURDERER'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The Murderer listens to music on earphones as the Witness approaches from behind, into the garage itself.

Suddenly, the Witness spots it:

On a nearby counter, a HAMMER hangs from a set of tools.

THE MURDERER

(OS, shocked)

Hi?

The Witness looks up at the Murderer. The Murderer spots the hammer in the Witness' hands.

THE MURDERER (CONT'D)

Oh God.

As the Murderer runs away, the Witness springs forward and drags the Murderer to the ground.

THE MURDERER (CONT'D)

HELP! HELP!

THE WITNESS

I know what you did!

As the Witness tries to pin the Murderer on the ground, the Murderer punches the Witness, knocking her back, and gets up.

However, as the Murderer tries to get away again, the Witness grabs her foot, tripping her.

The Witness gets up as the Murderer crawls away.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

(VO)

I don't mean to do it. Think these thoughts.

INSERT: A hand grabs a HAMMER.

The Witness grabs the hammer from the set of tools.

The Murderer finally gets on her feet. She turns to the Witness.

THE MURDERER

Wha-

THE WITNESS

(VO)

But I have to.

INSERT: The hand with the hammer, swinging at a person. It strikes.

The Witness swings the hammer at the Murderer; it connects with her head, sending her down.

The Witness immediately follows up with two quick swings at the Murderer. It's ineffective, inaccurate, causing no visible damage. She pauses, aiming this strike.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

(VO)

I never was a violent person. I thought the world was caring, understanding.

INSERT: Blood splatters onto a wall.

The Witness swings down. This one is painful. Blood splatters onto a nearby wall.

The Witness follows up the strike with several more similarly destructive ones.

Finally, the Witness catches herself, panting for breath. She's interrupted by a wheezing noise from below her: the Murderer. She looks down at the Murderer.

Still looking at the Murderer, the Witness raises the hammer.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

(VO)

But I know better now. Whether or not I like it, I've changed. We're all changed by this world.

INSERT: The hammer raises. Blood is clearly visible on the wall behind.

THE MURDERER

(weak)

No...

INSERT: A weak female voice groans: "No".

The hammer shakes in the air, waiting.

INSERT: The hammer swings down.

The hammer still waits in the air.

INT. THE THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The Therapist takes a breath, choosing carefully how to proceed.

THE THERAPIST

I know... these things you're thinking... that you think they aren't normal. But you're not alone. There's darkness in all of us. And you deserve love and happiness. You're just like the rest of us. Just like the rest of us.

INT. THE MURDERER'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The hammer gently lowers as we see the Witness, shellshocked, looking at what she's done.

A nearby sound brings the Witness back to Earth - she looks to the source of it: in a house across the street, a CHILD watches, curious from inside a lit room.

The Witness and the Child look at each other for a few moments.

Then, the Child's MOTHER walks in, berating the Child. She looks up and sees the Witness.

Horrified, the Mother instantly shuts the curtain.

The Murderer wheezes.

THE MURDERER

(weak)

Who... are you?

This triggers something in the Witness.

She looks at the Murderer, genuinely perplexed. Lets out an exasperated laugh. Then, raises the hammer.

THE MURDERER (CONT'D)

NO!

As she swings the hammer down we

CUT TO:

INT. THE THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The Therapist and Witness hug at the front door.

The Witness steps aside and wipes some tears from her eyes - she's been crying. She looks at the Therapist, smiling.

THE WITNESS

Thank you. For this.

The Witness waves goodbye, and walks away.

FADE TO BLACK.

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