

After Hours

by

Matthew J Sawyer

matthewsawyerfilms@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. RUNDOWN PUB. NIGHT

Dark and rundown. poorly lit and very generic looking. Jenny (a middle aged women, tall and tired looking) sits at one of the tables reading a magazine. The pub is silent.

Steven (a rather short but large middle aged man) burst through the front door, his white vest top and jeans covered in blood.

Jenny panics and jumps to her feet.

JENNY
(panic and worry)
Oh my god, what the hell happened?

STEVEN
I've killed him, I've bloody
killed him.

Steven's eyes fill with tears.

JENNY
What do you mean you've killed
him!, what happened?!, you were
only going round to talk to him.

STEVEN
(stuttering but trying
to calm himself)
I know, I got there and I told him
we wont be black mailed and he, he
started getting angry and he said
if we didn't pay he'd tell
everyone what we did and I told
him we wasn't going to pay!, but
then he started swinging at me and
I swung back. I managed to pin him
to the floor and I got my hand on
an ornament or something. AND I
HIT HIM, I HIT HIM!. And the blood
just poured.

JENNY
Oh god

Steven begins to cry, Jenny hugs him

STEVEN
What are we gonna do?

JENNY
(calmly)
Sit down, I'll pour us a stiff
drink and we'll talk about this.

Steven takes a seat Jenny walks behind the bar and pours whisky into two glasses. The man sits with his head in his hand at the table, the pub has a lingering silence.

Jenny takes a drink over to Steven and takes a seat at the side of him. She takes a big gulp of whisky and winces.

JENNY (CONT'D)
How'd you leave it?, was there any
sign you'd been there?

STEVEN
I don't think anyone saw me.

Steven drinks his whisky down in one

JENNY
OK, but you cant get away with
this we need to call the police,
they'll understand, just explain
how he attacked you and it was
self defence.

STEVEN
(worried)
No babe, we cant do that, they
wouldn't understand. Just think
about it a second. They will
discover our secret and we'd have
to explain what we did.

JENNY
(frustrated)
What do you suggest then?

STEVEN
I honestly don't know, let me
think a second.

The room once again falls silent, blue and red lights flash past the window, Steven jumps to his feet and quickly runs to the window. The police car continues down the road.

Steven sighs in relief.

JENNY
you sure nobody saw you?

STEVEN

I don't think so, I had to get out of there pretty quickly.

JENNY

Jesus

STEVEN

OK, here's what we're going to do. You're going to have go round and get the tape. Then we can call the police and explain to them that he was throwing false accusations around about us and trying to black mail us and then I refused to pay and he attacked me and I defended myself. OK babe?

JENNY

(angry)

Hold the fuck up, why do I have to go get the tape?!

STEVEN

Because I cant go, look at me, I'm covered in blood and I'm a wreck, please you have to do this.

Steven's face fills up with tears again he has a look of desperation.

Jenny sits in silence, look of disbelief on her face.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

He only lives 2 doors down, you can do this. the doors open, you'll be back in minutes.

JENNY

OK, I'll do it for you. But no matter what you have to promise me nobody will ever find out what we did?, you have to promise?

STEVEN

I swear to you. This will always stay between us. I love you.

Jenny stands to her feet.

JENNY

OK, I love you too, I'll see you soon.

Jenny walks over to the door and opens it. She takes one last look at Steven. He has a look of dread on his face. She leaves, Steven goes over to the jukebox and puts on a song. He stands at the jukebox resting on it with his arms. A couple of minutes pass. Blue and red lights up the room again. There is a sound of police sirens. Steven once again runs to the window. They stop outside a house a few doors down. Steven gasps and runs off into the back of the pub. He garbs his jacket and car keys and runs out the back door.

FADE OUT: