

After Hours

by

Matthew J Sawyer

[matthewsawyerfilms@gmail.com](mailto: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 (short but very round 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

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 can't 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 can't 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 two doors down, you  
can do this. the doors open,  
you'll be back in minutes.

JENNY

OK

(beat)

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

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

Steven and Jenny place their foreheads on each other. Its a  
sweet moment.

Jenny stands to her feet.

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.

Jenny exits the pub.

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 knows why they are there, he 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: