

Anniversary

By

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EXT. THE GREEN RESIDENCE - DAY

A bright spring day, a small brick house on a near silent suburb.

INT. THE GREEN RESIDENCE - HALLWAY

A long rustic hallway corridor, all dark wood and vintage furniture.

On the left side a large table. A colourful bouquet of flowers, a bottle of champagne, a framed picture of a happy couple.

Up the corridor, CHAOS.

Overturnd furniture. Blood. A man laying still, crumpled on the floor, an open wound.

HELEN (V.O)
(Hysterical)
Hello?! Police?! Please you need
to help me, my husband -

INT. THE GREEN RESIDENCE - STAIRCASE

Large carpeted steps lead to the upstairs, the adjacent wall covered with framed photographs. Holidays and occasions frozen in time.

HELEN (V.O)
..I've come home and someone's
attacked him.. Please you have to
help, hurry, he's not breathing..

INT. THE GREEN RESIDENCE - BEDROOM

A tidy, cosy room. Helen, mid forties, delicate, perches on the edge of the bed.

HELEN
(Crying)
Please, send someone quickly...

She sits opposite a mirror, watching herself as she sobs.. phone in her lap.

She abruptly stops crying.

HELEN
No.

She takes a moment, exasperated, before clearing her throat and lifting the phone to her ear. The tears return.

HELEN

I've just come home from work and
my husband.. He isn't moving..
he's been stabbed...

A noise from downstairs.

Interrupted, she lifts the phone from her ear, composed again.

After a wait, a thud, echoing through the house.

Helen drops the phone onto the bed, concerned, marching out of the room.

INT. THE GREEN RESIDENCE - HALLWAY

Helen paces down the stairs and into the hallway.

The man crumpled in the corridor has moved, dragging himself milimeter by milimeter towards the kitchen.

Laboured breaths, struggling to move up the hallway, she watches him - taking a slow glance to the flowers and champagne on the table to her left.

She considers for a moment - before a purposeful move towards the table, grabbing the champagne bottle by the spout like a club.

She moves behind the crawling man, a predator after her prey, lifting the bottle high above him.

EXT. THE GREEN RESIDENCE - DAY

A slow pan a way from the house, a loud THUD, a crack of glass and muffled moan.

A few moments of silence pass before the crackled ring of a phone, a click in reply.

OPERATOR (V.O)

Hello, what's your emergency?

END