

BOB'S BIG BREAK

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BOB'S NEW HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

BOB HARPER, mid-30s, not physically remarkable, but has well-kempt dark hair, unpacks and stores glasses from a cardboard box as he keeps an eye on the stove timer.

He seems a little nervous.

BOB (V.O.)

This is insanity. Total insanity. I thought I'd escaped...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. BOB'S OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

With no lights on, and all the curtains drawn, Bob, dressed all in black and toting a small suitcase, sneaks out the side door and smoothly gets into his car.

Keeping low in the seat, he backs slowly out of the driveway without turning on the headlights, and moves smoothly down the street.

In the red glow of his taillights, we can make out the name Bert Haskins, on the mailbox by the driveway.

INT. BOB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Prepacked boxes fill the back seat and cut off much of the rear window, but Bob strains to see if anyone is following in the rear-view mirror.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BOB'S NEW HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob shakes as he removes a pair of plates from the cupboard.

BOB (V.O.)

...to a safe place for my...hobby.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. BOB'S NEW HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob stares out the window openly, a serene smile on his face as he draws the curtain. His silhouette moves across and disappears off to the side. The lights go out, and a few seconds later the room is bathed in a warm glow.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BOB'S NEW HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bob's fights against the tremors as he sets two places at the table.

BOB (V.O.)

A place where I could start over. A
new job...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CITY HALL - BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Bob stands in front of a boardroom table, pointer in hand, with a large colorful chart on an easel. || A mixture of smartly dressed men and women pay close attention.

BOB (V.O.)

No one knows a thing about me and I
could make new friends...

Bob pours himself a cup of coffee at a table along the wall of the room as the other associates mill about and talk in small groups.

From off screen a delicate hand reaches out and touches his shoulder.

Bob turns somewhat too fast, as he is obviously not quite at ease yet, only to relax when he locks eyes with...

JENNY HOUSER, a beautiful woman also in her mid-30s, wearing a stylishly cut 90s power suit.

Bob melts.

BOB (V.O.)

...nice...new...friends.

JENNY

I very much like your new ideas
about infrastructure, Mr. Harper.

BOB

Thank you. Please, call me Bob.

With the smile of an angel, she puts her hand on his cup of coffee and says,

JENNY

That stuff is battery acid. Let's go get a real cup of coffee and we'll discuss your ideas.

END FLASHBACK

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK:

BOB (V.O.)

The next two weeks were amazing!

BEGIN FLASHBACK MONTAGE

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bob and Jenny laugh and toast each other over plates of succulent food.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Bob and Jenny stroll arm-in-arm under a street lamp.

INT. CITY HALL - JENNY'S DESK - NIGHT

Bob sits on the edge of Jenny's desk. It's all grins and full of delight.

JENNY

I'd love to come over for dinner.
You can cook, can't you?

BOB

(full of himself)
Best cook this side of the river,
ma'am!

They both crack up in joyous laughter at this witticism, and she excuses herself to go to the ladies room.

BOB (V.O.)

And then it happened.

As Jenny gets up to leave, her arm brushes a paper from her desk to the floor.

Bob stoops deftly and scoops it up. He blows at it to get off any dust, and stops cold as he see whats on the paper.

His body stiffens, and the breath catches in his throat as he scans the page.

He nervously glances side to side, as though someone might have caught him reading it, quickly puts it back right where it was, grabs a pen, jots a quick...

NOTE: SEE YOU AT 8! I CAN'T WAIT!

...and scampers off.

END FLASHBACK MONTAGE

INT. BOB'S NEW HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob has the oven door open, poking at something inside.

BOB (V.O.)

So here I am, she's due in two hours, I've got a stupid duck in the oven, a bottle of wine on ice, a half-assed salad beside it in the fridge, I've got to act like everything is normal, but I've got to stop her! How?

He slams the oven door shut, throws his oven mitt on the counter and slouches next to it.

BOB

(near tears)

This shit's too much. I've walked into a worse nightmare than before. I've just got to calm my nerves. Just got to. There's time. There's time! Two hours...fuck the duck.

He runs from the kitchen into the...

HALL

...where he pulls two good-size cardboard boxes from the closet and heads back to the...

LIVING ROOM

...leaves them on the table and, more cautiously this time, glances out the window and draws the curtains closed.

EXT. BOB'S NEW HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA POV

We watch the curtains close, see the lights go out, and after a moment's wait, the room is bathed in a warm light.

We move up to the house slowly, hearing our own shallow breathing the whole time, and try to see in and around any possible sliver of an opening in the curtains. We utter a frustrated "Hmmp." And head quickly around to the front of the house.

INT. BOB'S NEW HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Only the top of Bob's head is visible above his couch, he's lit from the front by a television we can't see.

Suddenly, the front door is BLOWN off it's hinges and in strides...Jenny!

JENNY'S POV

Bob, clad in a brightly colored turtleneck Christmas sweater, holding a cup of cocoa with marshmallows, cowers against the arm of his couch.

He sobs:

BOB

Jenny, no. Not you...

JENNY (O.S.)

Oh my Dark Lord! It's worse than we thought. I told him you were weak, 'Bert Haskins', and I could get you to expose your secret, but this just turns my stomach.

She focuses on his...

MUG

JENNY (O.S.)

Cocoa? Really? And, and...

Then to his...

SWEATER

JENNY (O.S.)

...and...and...oh my Dark Lord, I
can't say it. An 'X-Mas' sweater,
and...

Then to his..

TELEVISION WITH A VCR ON TOP

On screen a couple snuggles in front of a roaring fire.

JENNY (O.S.)

A Hallmark holiday romance movie?
(her voice becomes a
guttural growl)
It's too disgusting for words!

END JENNY POV

Jenny morphs into a huge, insect-like creature and towers
over Bob.

He is basically in a fetal position on the couch blubbering
like a baby.

BOB

I can't help it. I love Christmas.

JENNY

(still guttural)
Say that word one more time and...

He tries to take a sip of his cocoa and Jenny's 'appendage'
shoots out and knocks it from his hand.

JENNY

(still guttural)
Stop it with the damn cocoa!

BOB

I can't control it! It controls me!
I'm sick. I need help!

JENNY

(still guttural)
If it were up to me, I'd banish you
from our beautiful Netherworld.
There's no place in hell for SICKOS
like you! However, his unholiness
feels he can...help you.

This perks Bob up.

BOB

He does? He can?

JENNY

(growls even deeper with
each pronouncement)

Oh yes, Bob, he's going to put you
in your own personal twelve step
program...by his side...every
day...for all eternity. I'm certain
you'll feel much better, once the
program is...over...

Bob wails an anguished "Nooooo!" As Jenny laughs maniacally
and we...

FADE OUT

THE END