HOODIE
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One Week Challenge (October)

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EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

RAIN pours down around the middle-class, suburban house. THUNDER claps in the distance. LIGHTENING lights up the house.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

At the dining table sit JENNY, 30 and TOM, 35. Beside Tom’s seat is a WHEELCHAIR. They eat a standard family dinner of steak and veg.

JENNY
How was your day hon?

TOM
I’m getting sick of that ass hole Michael. He keeps telling me that my articles aren’t "verbose" enough.

JENNY
Pretentious git.

(beat)
I was thinking tonight we could get some wine and candles. You know, have a proper romantic evening. Maybe even have some fun afterwards.

TOM
Wine and candles aren’t fun?

KNOCK KNOCK!

The pair JUMP.

TOM
Can you get it? I’m a bit...

He gestures at his wheelchair.

JENNY
Sure.

She gets up and walks towards the front hall.

(CONTINUED)
JENNY
What kind of moron would be put in this weather?

INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT
Jenny walks up to the front door and PEERS OUT through the letterbox.

OUTSIDE, a HOODIE stands in the rain, his hood pulled down so far we can’t see his face.

    JENNY
    (calling through the letterbox)
    Hello? Who are you?

She waits but gets NO ANSWER.
She runs back to the dining room.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT
Jenny runs into the room, panicked.

    JENNY
    I think someone’s trying to break into the house.

    TOM
    Someone who knocks?

    JENNY
    There was this guy wearing this hoodie.

    TOM
    Yup. He’s definitely a burgler. Is he still there?

    JENNY
    I’ll check. Are the doors locked?

    TOM
    Not the back door.

    JENNY
    You lock the back door then.

Jenny runs back to the front hall.
With considerable difficulty, Tom HOISTS himself onto the wheelchair and starts to push himself out into the hall.

INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT
Jenny looks though the letterbox.
There’s NO ONE THERE. Just the bucketing rain.

     JENNY
     Tom, he’s gone!

NO ANSWER.

     JENNY
     Tom!

Jenny, worriedly starts towards the living room.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Jenny walks into the DARK ROOM. She stumbles around, trying to find the lights.

     JENNY
     Tom! The guy’s gone!

Jenny finds the light switch and clicks the LIGHTS ON.
In a MIRROR across the room, the HOODIE is RIGHT BEHIND JENNY.

Jenny spins around. He’s not there. She breathes a sigh of relief.

She looks back into the mirror. HE’S STILL THERE.

INT. HOUSE - LAUNDRY - NIGHT
Tom finishes LOCKING the back door.

JENNY SCREAMS.
Tom spins around and start to wheel towards the living room.

(CONTINUED)
INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Tom enters the room.
Jenny is standing in the corner, scared out of her mind.

TOM
Jenny, what happened?

Jenny starts to cry. Tom wheels over to her and start to comfort her.

TOM
Don’t worry. It’s okay. Nothing happened.

JENNY
He’s in the house. He attacked me.

TOM
No he didn’t Jenny. You’re just imagining things.

JENNY
I swear. I saw him.

TOM
Jenny, you’re just imagining things.

JENNY
(angry)
I’m not fucking imagining it!

TOM
Okay. Okay.

Tom moves in to hug Jenny.
He notices, BLOOD DRIPPING down the back of Jenny’s leg.

TOM
Oh my God! Honey, what happened to your leg?

JENNY
What? What’s wrong with my leg?

The BLOOD POOLS on the floor. It coming down fast now.

(CONTINUED)
TOM
Honey, I’m gonna need you to turn around.

Jenny quietly obliges.

On Jenny’s back, about mid-way up is a BLEEDING STAB WOUND.

TOM
Holy shit.

Behind him stands the HOODIE.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END