

HOODIE

By

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One Week Challenge (October)

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FADE IN:

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)

TOM

Jenny!

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