

ONE HOUR EARLIER

by

Daddy-O

INT 50S ERA KITCHEN - NIGHT

Five people lie on the floor, each clutching their right thigh with blood-soaked hands. Guns are strewn about the tiled surface. FREDDIE, in his 20s, rocks a shark-skin suit. ALVIE, in his 40s, sports a ratty old sweater and chinos. ARNOLD, possibly an octogenarian, looks a mess in an old undershirt and patched dungarees. ALICE, in her 20s, sprawls beside FREDDIE, obviously a pair, would look swell in her tight sweater and capri pants, if it weren't for her bloodied hands and soaked trouser leg, and MARGIE, also possibly an octogenarian and ARNOLD's partner due to their proximity, looks rather drab in her 50s bog-standard nightdress.

All moan and gasp in pain, muttering adlibbed obscenities and such under their breath, as the scene...

FADES TO BLACK

SPONGEBOB VOICEOVER ARTIST (V.O.)

One hour earlier.

FADE IN

INT 50S ERA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arnold holds an old revolver in his shaky hand as he reaches the bottom of the stairs. Margie clings to his shoulders as though they were attached.

MARGIE

I'm tellin' ya, I heard something, Arnold.

ARNOLD

I believe ya, Margie, or I wouldn't be totin' this here gun. Now be quiet, so's we can sneak up on 'em.

A loud CRASH O.S. startles them both, and Arnold drops the gun. He covers his ears as though that might stop anyone else from hearing it.

FREDDIE (O.S.)

What was that?

ALICE (O.S.)

What was what?

Arnold and Margie, terrified now, try to back up the stairs and stumble over each other loudly.

FREDDIE (O.S.)

Shh. Someone's in here.

ALICE (O.S.)

I thought the place was deserted.

FREDDIE (O.S.)

So did I. C'mon.

Arnold and Margie find their nerve enough to back up the stairs and out of sight - the gun left behind.

Freddie and Alice enter from the other room. Freddie spots the gun on the floor.

FREDDIE

That wasn't here when we came in.
Let's get Alvie and find out what's
goin' on.

They run to the front door, their feet crunch on the glass from the broken pane they used to unlock it from the outside and exit onto the...

50S ERA FRONT PORCH

They both hiss and wave at a dark car parked at the curb.

FREDDIE/ALICE

Alvie! Alvie! Get over here.
Something's wrong.

INT 50S ERA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arnold and Margie, realizing they've left, creep down the stairs. Looking around cautiously to be sure, Arnold scoops up the gun and they scamper into the same room Freddie and Alice came out of.

EXT FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Alvie creeps up onto the porch, whispering low.

ALVIE

What's wrong with you cats? Haven't
you found it yet?

ALICE

(angry)
Found it? You greaseball, I
oughta...

Freddie stifles her with a wave.

FREDDIE

No, we haven't found it. You said this pad was empty.

ALVIE

It is. The Odd Ball that lives here is outta town on some trip for biscuits.

ALICE

Well your Odd Ball dropped one of his biscuits in there.

ALVIE

What?

FREDDIE

She means a heater, Arvie. We were pokin' around in the kitchen, and some goof dropped a gun in the front room.

Alvie looks exaggeratedly back and forth at the pair's empty hands.

ALVIE

So where is it? You muffin-heads didn't leave it in there for the goof to pick back up, did ya?

FREDDIE/ALICE

Oh shi...

INT 50S ERA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door creaks open. Freddie, flanked by Alice, with Arvie ducking behind them, enter slowly.

Freddie points at where the gun used to be.

FREDDIE

It's gone. You were right.

Alvie pushes between Alice and Freddie. He's already produced a gun from somewhere in one of hie hands, and pushes another on into Freddie's hand.

ALVIE

Of course I'm right, you dope. Take this.

Freddie yanks his hand away.

FREDDIE

Where'd you get that? I don't want it. We just came here to heist some goods. Alice and me are gonna bug out.

Alvie grabs Freddie's wrist, forces the gun into his hand, and pulls him face to face.

ALVIE

(menacing)

Don't go chickenshit on me, Freddie. We came here to cop some loot, and I'm not leavin' without it.

(pause)

Now let's go find the goof with the gat. Move it.

FREDDIE

(placating)

All right Alvie, all right. Just cool it. We'll go find the goof with the gat.

Shoulder to shoulder, Freddie and Alvie form a human shield in front of Alice, the trio moves forward. Alvie's gun is much steadier than Freddie's.

As a unit, they move through the room looking all around, then proceed into the room Arnold and Margie went into.

FROM THE OTHER ROOM:

ARNOLD (O.S)

Get outta my house!

Margie SCREAMs, guns start going off, interspersed with more SCREAMS and CRASHING noises.

Then, silence, as the screen...

FADES TO BLACK

SPONGEBOB VOICEOVER ARTIST (V.O.)

One hour later.

FADE IN

INT 50S ERA KITCHEN - NIGHT

Back where we started. All the players strewn about, bleeding, moaning, panting, crying, etc.

After a moment, Arnold manages to prop himself up on a elbow and speaks. All dialog is through gritted teeth, moaning, panting, crying, etc.

ARNOLD

What are you kids doing in our house?

ALVIE

You weren't supposed to be here, old man.

ARNOLD

Where would we be? Dragnet's on every Thursday.

MARGIE

We're gonna die here. We've all been lying here bleedin' for sumpin' like an hour.

ARNOLD

Calm down, Margie, we'll be alright.

ALVIE

Dammit, old man, you were supposed to be in Siler City buying antiques!

ARNOLD

Antiques? What the Sam Hill would I be doin' buyin' antiques? Our things might not be new, but we don't go buying antiques!

FREDDIE

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Isn't this five-seventeen Benton Street?

ARNOLD

No, son. This is five-seventeen Fenton Street.

FREDDIE/ALICE/ALVIE

Oh shi...

6.

FADE OUT

THE END