

Prom Night

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ETHAN, 18, sits at his dresser gazing into the mirror. His piercing blue eyes stare back. Long dark hair and a tuxedo accentuate his good looks.

A variety of masks and theatre costumes hang on the walls. The light is dim and the room is busy with junk and old furniture.

Photos of KATEY, an attractive 17 year old, hang on the wall beside the mirror. Each photo of her has pins stuck in her eyes.

A poster for a school play titled 'Macbeth' hangs on the other side of the mirror.

Ethan picks up an eyeliner pencil, leans in and pulls his eyelid down. He stops, puts down the pencil then gazes back into the mirror.

He sits for a moment staring blankly into his own eyes, his trance is broken when he notices his bow tie is crooked. He straightens it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Light from the television illuminates the room casting eerie shadows on the walls. The light flickers across worn furniture, tacky decor, and his MOTHER, 45, as she lies asleep on the couch.

Her night-gown is open revealing her bra and underpants.

The floor creaks as Ethan walks past. He stops and looks at her.

ETHAN

It's okay mom. It's going to be okay.

He heads into the

KITCHEN

Picks up a corsage and heads out the door.

EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - NIGHT

The upstairs bedroom light is on. Katey is dressing. A silhouette of her slim figure moves around behind the curtain.

Ethan walks up the path, notices her, stops, watch's for a moment then continues towards the house.

His finger presses hard on the doorbell - he straightens his suit and waits.

The door opens and MRS WILLIAMS, early 40s, dressed in casual up-market clothes and donning the latest hair-style, greets him with a warm smile.

ETHAN

Hello, Mrs. Williams.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Hello Dear, come in, come in.

INT. HOUSE

The house is immaculate. Furniture and décor are the latest fashion. They have money.

MRS WILLIAMS

Katey's still getting ready, come sit down.

She gestures for him to go into the living room.

ETHAN

Yes, sorry Mrs. Williams. I'm a bit early. It's a habit of mine.

He gives her a smile.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Oh that's fine Dear. I have to say, Katey is right, you have quite the smile and it is so nice to finally get to meet you.

An upstairs door CLICKS open. Katey yells out.

KATEY (O.S)

Give me 10 minutes. Don't embarrass me mom!

Ethan glances at his watch. Mrs. Williams rolls her eyes and smiles.

MRS. WILLIAMS

If you got here on time dear you'd still have to wait.

They sit down. Ethan clings to the corsage.

MRS. WILLIAMS

So Katey says you play baseball?

ETHAN

Yes. I'm on the team but I only really play to keep my dad happy.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Oh?

ETHAN

My dad played for the Indians. I don't really like sports I'm more of the creative type.

Ethan looks at his watch then checks his pockets.

He puts the corsage down, gets up and pats around his back pockets.

ETHAN

Um, I think I left my phone out in the car. Ah yeah think I did. Excuse me, Mrs. Williams, I'll just go get it.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Oh, okay.

The door closes behind Ethan as Katey comes running down the stairs.

KATEY

Look, I'm ready! On time! Are you surprised?

She looks around.

Mrs. Williams gets off the couch. She's in awe.

KATEY

Where is he?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Oh, Katey you look so beautiful.
Your dad would be so proud.

Mrs. Williams grabs her camera. Tears start to well.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Here, stand over by the stairs.

KATEY

Mom!

Katey reluctantly poses as her mom takes a few photos.

KATEY

Is he in the bathroom?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Just a couple more. He's getting his
phone.

KATEY

Okay, mom I'm going. Where's my
purse?

Katey looks around, sees it on the coffee table, grabs
it and hurriedly heads to the door.

MRS WILLIAMS

You need to get him back in so
I can get a photo of you together.

KATEY

Don't worry mom, I'll get lots of us
at the prom. Love you! Don't wait up.

Mrs. Williams follows Katey out and watches as she
runs down the path towards the car.

INT. CAR

Katey jumps in. She fixes her dress then turns to
Ethan.

KATEY

Did you get the weed?

She GASPS.

KATEY

Oh my God. FREAK. What are you
doing here? Where's John?

Ethan turns to Katey and calmly looks at her. He puts his right index finger to his lips.

ETHAN
Shhhhhhhh.

Then uses his left index finger to press the lock on the doors.

KATEY
What are you doing?

ETHAN
You need to be quiet now.

EXT. HOUSE

Mrs. Williams walks back into the house and shuts the door just as...

EXT. CAR

Katey's hands slam on the window. Her face screams through the glass as they drive off.

EXT. HOUSE - GARDEN

JOHN, 17, lies in a dark patch of the large garden that surrounds the side of the house. His throat cut, tuxedo covered in blood, a bouquet of flowers in his hand.

FADE OUT