

HIGH LIFE AFTER DARK

Written by

Christine Locker & Lee Ann Riddle

wordbreeders@gmail.com
+1661-817-5411
+2784-215-9796

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TRUDY (22) sits on a sofa and flips channels with a remote.

A gust of wind blows through a slightly open window making an eerie, whining noise.

Trudy picks up a half-smoked joint off the coffee table and lights it.

A flash of lightning and the loud clap of thunder. The power goes out.

Rain beats down on the roof in torrents as the flares get brighter and thunder snaps closer this time.

Trudy, with the lit joint still between her lips, finds a candle, lights it, and places it on the coffee table. She draws in the smoke and holds it.

A loud banging outside O.S. Trudy jolts.

She takes another big hit from the joint, places it in the ashtray, finds her cell phone and dials.

TRUDY
(into the phone)
Hey, Lisa, is the power out at your
place?... Just went off here,
but...

A faint knock O.S. Trudy goes silent, listens a beat.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
(whispers into the phone)
Someone's at the door... No, Nick's
on night shift 'til six tomorrow
morning.

Trudy tiptoes to the front door, peeks through the window, sees nothing. She opens the door a crack with the chain still attached.

Nobody is there. She closes it and locks the deadbolt.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
You coming over? Got some good shit
here... Cool, hurry, I'm a little
freaked on my own...

Trudy disconnects the call, flops onto the couch and scrolls through social network on her phone.

A loud creaking sound upstairs O.S.

Trudy turns her head to look at the dark stairwell, then up at the ceiling.

A loud knock at the back kitchen door O.S. The wind howls outside, making it difficult to hear properly.

She puts out the joint and creeps toward the kitchen.

A loud THUD and the sound of glass breaking O.S.

Frozen with fear, Trudy fumbles with the cell to dial again. She struggles to focus fully.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
(filtered)
Nine-one-one, what is your
emergency?

Trudy fidgets with the phone to turn the volume down and whispers.

TRUDY
(into the phone)
Ssshhh. I think someone is breaking
into my house. Three-two-two-four
Sage street. Hurry. Please don't
leave me.

Trudy staggers to the fireplace, picks up the fire poker and hides in the shadows of the room, trembling.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
(filtered)
Ma'am?

TRUDY
(into phone)
Still here.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
(filtered)
Don't open the door until we tell
you. ETA five minutes. You need to
stay calm and hide.

A loud slam from the kitchen O.S. Trudy gasps into the phone.

TRUDY
(into phone)
Oh, shit they're in the kitchen.

Trudy raises the fire poker as a weapon. She shuffles toward the kitchen with caution.

Shadows dance on the wall from the lit candle.

A howling gust of wind O.S.

The candle flame goes out. Trudy freezes.

The cell phone low battery warning sounds off. She checks and sees it's shutting down.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
(into dead phone)
Dammit!

She creeps to the kitchen doorway, leans with her back against the wall, raises the fire poker up high.

Lightning blazes and a crack of thunder.

A figure enters through the doorway.

Trudy swings, makes a direct hit. The intruder crashes to the floor. Trudy loses her balance, almost falls.

A loud knock on the front door now O.S.

Trudy drops the fire poker, rushes to unlock the chain and bolt.

She flings the door open wide, appearing like a deer in headlights.

EXT. HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Trudy throws her arms around LISA (20s) on the porch. Lisa manages to untangle herself, holds Lisa at arm's length.

LISA
What the hell?

TRUDY
I just whacked someone. Are the cops here yet?

LISA
What? Geez! That must have been some really good shit you're smoking.

Lisa laughs.

TRUDY
No, seriously. Someone broke in.

LISA
Where's Nick?

Lisa tries to pass Trudy to get in the house.

LISA (CONT'D)
Nick!

Trudy blocks her way.

TRUDY
Told you, he's working.

Lisa points the flashlight at two cars parked in the driveway.

Trudy's eyes widen.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Oh, shit!

Trudy grabs the flashlight and races inside.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lisa follows Trudy to where NICK (30) lies unconscious, face down on the floor. She rolls him over to his back, checks for a pulse.

TRUDY
Nick? Wake up, baby... Oh my God.

Nick opens his eyes a slit.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
You're alive! Oh, thank heavens.

Trudy pulls him up to a sitting position, plants kisses on his face. He pulls away, holds the back of his head, groans.

NICK
What the hell happened?

TRUDY
I'm so sorry. I thought you were an intruder.

NICK
Shit, Trudy, really? I told you to lay off the dope.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Road's closed because of the storm. I knocked a few times. The lights were all off and your phone kept going to voice mail so I figured you were sleeping. I used the spare key under the patio brick.

TRUDY

But I heard glass breaking and it was so dark and scary. I thought I was gonna die...

NICK

I was hungry. I dropped the pickle jar on my way to the leftover meatloaf.

TWO DEPUTIES rush inside with guns drawn and flashlights.

DEPUTY #1

Freeze!

Trudy throws her hands up. Nick snarls.

NICK

No. It's okay. My wife just beat me unconscious... accidentally.

The deputies lower their weapons, give each other a knowing look and flash the light around the room, seeing the broken pickle bottle and the fire poker

Deputy #1 pulls Trudy and Lisa aside. Deputy #2 kneels next to Nick.

DEPUTY #2

Sir, if you are being abused, you can tell us. We see this all the time. Do you want to press charges? You need an ambulance?

Nick rubs the lump on the back of his head.

Trudy steps towards Nick.

TRUDY

I really thought he was...

Deputy #1 blocks her.

DEPUTY #1

Ma'am, please stay back.

Lisa tugs Trudy's arm to keep her from trouble.

NICK
No, no, I'll be okay, thanks. It's
not like that.

The deputies survey the room once more, then head for the
front door.

DEPUTY #1
You sure you don't want to go in?

NICK
I'll be okay. Honest.

DEPUTY # 2
It's your call. Good night then.

The deputies give Trudy a look of disdain as they exit.

The lights flicker and the power comes on.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Lisa and Trudy help Nick to the couch and close the front
door.

Trudy lights the joint from the table again and hands it to
Lisa.

Lisa heads for the kitchen.

LISA
No. I think I'll stick to beer.

Trudy looks at the joint, thinks a moment.

TRUDY
Yeah, me too.

Trudy smashes the joint in the ashtray and smiles at Nick who
is now glaring at her, still holding his head.

NICK
Make mine an aspirin and water!

FADE OUT.