

Bump in the Night

By

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FADE IN:

INT. DIRTY PUB. NIGHT

BAZ, late teens, unkempt hair, sunken yellow skin and the skittish movements of the addict in need of a fix... leans forward.

BAZ
Yeah, but need the paper now...
bones're fucking aching.

GEOFF, 80s, grubby in appearance and deed, nurses the dregs of something dark in a pint pot.

GEOFF
What 'bout yer job?

BAZ
Dole, man... pays shite.

GEOFF
I heard factories takin on.

BAZ
Fuck that, 9 to 5 for peanuts,
don't think so.

Geoff looks round, then pulls his chair closer.

GEOFF
Well, lad, there's this house...

OVER BLACK

Muffled sound of BREAKING GLASS.

VOICE 1 (FEMALE)
Did you hear that?

No response.

VOICE 1 (CONT'D)
Oi! Did you hear that?

VOICE 2 (MALE)
Hear what?

VOICE 1
Something downstairs... I think.

EXT. SMALL GARDEN - NIGHT

Small, well kept, flower beds line either side of a narrow path up to the door.

A dark figure stands in front of it, glass sparkling on the floor.

The figure darts in, closes the door quickly, but quietly behind.

INT. SMALL SUBURBAN BEDROOM - NIGHT

SOFT LIGHT

ALEXANDER, 60s, thin wisps of hair and inquisitive eyes, takes his hand from the nightlight he's just switched on.

ALEXANDER

You sure?

AGNES, 60s, wiry and oddly excited, nods at her husband from the other side of the bed.

AGNES

It's time.

Alexander gingerly swings his legs over the bed and slips his feet slowly into fluffy slippers.

AGNES

It's been ages.

ALEXANDER

Yep, too long.

AGNES

You ok?

ALEXANDER

Never better.

Alexander stands and makes quietly for the door.

Agnes stares proudly after him.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A small light flashes around the hallway, darting here and there like a firefly.

Baz edges forward with his small flashlight out.

Behind him is a door with a single pane of broken glass, a few shards scattered on the floor.

Baz glances behind him on the wall, to the side on the radiator cover.

Head and flashlight search from side to side.

Nothing at all in the hall, walls are bare, functional room, but no more.

BAZ
(quietly)
Fuck.

He continues down the hallway towards the open door at it's end.

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Alexander looks over the banister rail, down into the hallway.

Below him a light shifts about.

Holding the light is disheveled youth.

BAZ
(quietly from below)
Fuck.

Alexander smiles and picks up the cricket bat leant against the banister.

Baz moves off, towards the door, into the kitchen.

ALEXANDER
(quietly)
I'll give you fuck.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Baz steps into the room, flashlight moving constantly.

The light scans the kitchen counter, slips over a dark bump, pauses on the kettle, moves slowly back to the dark shape.

A handbag.

BAZ

Gotcha.

Baz advances, round the kitchen table.

He quietly opens the handbag, rifles the contents and retrieves a purse.

Baz transfers the flashlight to his mouth to better examine the contents of the purse.

Deft hands open and explore the purse.

The contents are shifted into the flashlight beam.

Bus pass, Agnes Bean.

Donor card, unsigned.

Library card, Agnes Bean, expired.

Ten pounds, pocketed quickly.

Ancient lottery ticket, pocketed... just in case.

No more.

BAZ

Fuck.

ALEXANDER O.S.

Language, young man.

BAZ

Fuck!

Baz spins to find Alexander in the doorway, arms aloft, wielding a cricket bat in his general direction.

BAZ

Shit, fuck, wank.

Baz drops the flashlight, only moonlight illuminates them now.

Alexander's smile broadens.

ALEXANDER
As I said, language...

BAZ
Look mister, I don't want no trouble.

ALEXANDER
Well, you shouldn't break into
other people's homes then.

Baz glances left and right, down at the flashlight on the floor and finally back at Alexander.

Finally notices Alexander properly.

BAZ
Ha, you're just an old codger...

Baz advances round the table.

Alexander brings the bat down in a short arc, catching Baz on the wrist.

Baz lets out a canine yelp of pain.

BAZ
Fucka.

Baz stops in his advance, good hand holding damaged wrist.

He steps back a few feet.

Stalemate.

ALEXANDER
Not your night son.

BAZ
Look, just lemme out.

ALEXANDER
I don't think so.

BAZ
Here, have ya stupid stuff back.

Baz throws the purse and contents onto the kitchen table.

ALEXANDER
Thank you, but...

BAZ

But wha?

Alexander advances on Baz.

Baz retreats.

Alexander quickens his pace, cricket bat in front.

Baz back pedals quicker, slips, but catches himself as his good hand grabs the upright freezer he's next to.

Alexander laughs as he comes forward, spring in his confident step.

ALEXANDER

(laughing)

Steady now.

The laugh is cut short as Baz swings a wild fist at him, connects with Alexander's chin.

Baz's rotation threatens to drop him to the floor, he grasps the fridge door again, to steady himself, pulling it half open in the process.

A sickly light invades the kitchen.

Alexander drops to his knees.

Baz, pauses, adrenalin and effort coursing through his wiry frame.

He breaths deep.

BAZ

Urgh.

Baz wrinkles his nose, disgusted by a smell that has assaulted him.

The fridge door swings to his touch, Baz spares the contents a quick glance.

BAZ

Fooking hell.

Baz stares fully into the fridge, bug eyed and frantic.

On a plate on the middle shelf is a human hand.

On the shelf below is a partial leg, slices appear to have been taken out of it.

In a jar in the door are a number of eyes, like pickled onions.

Baz gags, but doesn't vomit.

ALEXANDER
(perplexed)
Almost, got me.

Alexander gets back to his feet, one hand on the table for stability.

BAZ
You sick cunt, that's bits o people
in there.

ALEXANDER
Pension doesn't go far these days.

BAZ
Yeah, but... fuck...

Baz trails off, speechless.

Alexander advances, bat in front again.

ALEXANDER
Your turn.

He takes an exploratory swipe at Baz.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Larder's almost empty.

BAZ
F'cking stay that way too.

He swings the fridge door violently open, to it's fullest extension.

THUD, it connects with Alexander's face, as simultaneously the kitchen is fully bathed in artificial light.

Alexander drops to his knees, dazed.

Baz follows up with a weak, but accurate, kick to Alexander's head.

Alexander sways back, sideways, slips further to the side, hits the floor.

Unconscious.

Baz kicks the prone figure, garners a moan, repeats the action but not the moan.

BAZ
Larder that ya fucka.

He slams the fridge door shut and starts round the table.

The kitchen is in darkness again.

Baz pauses, shuffles back and picks up his flashlight.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Baz skitters towards the front door and safety.

He places his damaged hand on the banister and reaches for the door.

Agnes appears like a spectre from her hiding place behind the solid banister.

Baz squeals in shock.

A hockey stick smashes down on his wrist, breaking it into a twisted wreck, white bone clearly evident through red skin.

Baz screams.

Louder and longer, much longer.

Agnes brings the stick round again, looks practiced, now head height.

THUD.

The screaming stops.

Baz crumples into the doorway.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Alexander sits at the kitchen table, a thick cut of steak pressed to his head.

Agnes cooks, moving things round in the frying pan.

AGNES
You sure you're okay?

ALEXANDER
Yes, fine. Now stop fussing.

AGNES
You're getting too old for this.

ALEXANDER
Rubbish... he was lucky, that's
all.

Agnes shakes her head.

AGNES
(smiling)
Maybe I should take the lead next
time?

Alexander laughs and shakes his head.

ALEXANDER
You remembered the mushrooms?

Agnes moves over to the fridge, opens it and retrieves the
mushrooms.

The fridge is full of body parts, including a new arm...
this one has a bone protruding at the wrist.

Agnes reaches back in and grasps a plate of sliced meat.

AGNES
You want a tongue sandwich for
lunch?

Alexander shakes his head.

FOOTSTEPS shuffle along the hallway.

AGNES
What about you, Dad?

Geoff shuffles into the kitchen from the hallway.

GEOFF
God, no, filthy bloody thing.

Geoff and Alexander set to laughing.

Agnes ignores them, reaches back into the fridge.

AGNES
Liverwurst?

Geoff and Alexander cackle even harder.

FADE OUT:

THE END