PIECES OF TIME

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FLM151   
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#1 BUMP IN THE NIGHT

FADE IN

INT. JAMES’ APT, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

JAMES, a paranoid but affable 1st-year college student, is sitting on the floor of his living room, playing a game on his laptop computer. His hands are moving spasmodically on his keyboard, his eyes wide, glued to the screen.

A KNOCK comes from somewhere in the house. James looks up, removes his headphones. Waits a second before:

JAMES

(Calling out)

Is someone at the door? (Pause) Mum? Dad?

Another KNOCK. James gets up slowly and goes to the door. He reaches for the handle, hesitates, then yanks it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

No one is there. Just the lawn bushes swaying in the night.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES’ APT, LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JAMES peeking out from behind the door:

JAMES

(Muttering)

Must be a squirrel or something…

He closes the door and turns around. Then he looks down and screams.

On the floor, at James’ feet, is an UNCONSCIOUS YOUNG MAN, lying in a messy heap, with a knife stuck in his back.

#2 BAD THINGS

FADE IN

EXT. SUBURB STREET -- AFTERNOON

JANE, a physically fit 30-something, is running down the street. She looks out-of-breath, but she doesn’t stop. CLOSE-UP on the phone clutched tightly in her hand.

JANE (V.O.)

The day I got the call, I thought ‘the worst has happened’.

JANE rounds the corner, runs toward her apartment. She stops, clasps her hand over her mouth.

JANE (V.O., CONT’D)

But I was wrong.

We CUT AWAY just as she’s about to cry.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

CLOSE UP on a hand, limp, hanging from the edge of a bed. In the background, SIRENS are blaring.

#3 BAD THINGS

FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM -- SUNSET

WIDE SHOT of JANE, a young, recently fired local news reporter, sitting on the edge of her bed, silhouetted against her window. In the BG, on a desk is a photo of her as a reporter holding microphone, with huge X across the photo.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- SUNSET

WIDE SHOT of JANE reaching out to touch SOMEONE lying on the bed. We do not see this person’s face. Only his hand, limp and frail.

Their fingers intertwine. He grasps hers with considerable effort.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- SUNSET

CLOSE UP on Jane’s face. She’s starting to tear.

CU on Jane’s hand, on the empty bed, lightly trailing across the sheets.

JANE

What do I do now…