

CONCERNING THE THIRD HOUSE ON THE LEFT

by

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FADE IN:

STILL LIVES

We see a suburban paradise, cutting between the cars and houses. We enter a house and watch the signs of life, family, hobbies and history. The house is still.

After some time we hear a fumbling of locks; metal scraping and popping. Someone has entered the house. They stand in the doorway momentarily. Then...

O.S.S: SHOULDER-RIG.

[JAZZ PLAYS]

INT. HOUSE - DAY

... We follow the INTRUDER prying around the house. Into bathrooms, under beds, around cabinets. We watch the discovery of the house. Everything is new; daring. The thrill is played out in front of us, we want to help but can't -- and anyway, we enjoy the danger of it.

After some time the same noise begins again. The INTRUDER's ears pop up: oh no!

He hurriedly throws what he's collected together, adds a few items within arms reach and stands to leave. He stands, there's no where to go. The door opens downstairs. He frantically runs up and down the room searching for a way out - he tries to stay silent. After a few beats he runs into the master bedroom and throws himself into the closet. It's his only hope.

Footsteps approach on the stairs. We wait.

The door slowly opens, after a beat we can see through the doorway. The ROBBER fills the doorframe. He stands for a moment then...

[JAZZ PLAYS]

He begins to search round the room. Picking up items and quickly inspecting them, judging a lifetime of value in a moment. The ROBBER approaches the closet. He reaches for the doorknob...

Metal begins to scrape and pop again -- someone is entering the house. The ROBBER pulls his hand back, the seriousness of his situation suddenly dawns on him. He darts around the room frantic -- "**FUCK**".

He opens the window and assess the distance, He's tempted but it would mean a broken leg.

After a few beats he runs to the closet, slings it open and sees the INTRUDER. After a beat of hesitation he jumps inside and pulls the door closed.

The closet can hardly fit the two men. We sit and listen to their harsh breaths. We hear faraway sounds of everyday life, plates moved, feet on wood.

INTRUDER

(whisper)

I...I just wanted to say--

ROBBER

--What the fuc--

INTRUDER

--wait. I got here first so you should split some of that with me.

(a beat)

Don't yo--

The ROBBER shoves his hand over his face. Someone is opening the bedroom door.

Tension rises as the door slowly opens. A foot comes round the door... the THIEF stands in the doorway. The ROBBER and the INTRUDER take turns looking through the crack. They share a glance of disbelief.

THIEF

(to themselves)

Nothing in here either.
Ridiculo--

The THIEF suddenly turns. The sound of metal starts once again. Someone is home.

The THIEF darts her eyes across the room, desperately looking for an escape. After exhausting all options she runs to the closet and jumps in without looking.

Her eyes slowly move to her left, then to her right.

ROBBER

...Hi--

INTRUDER

--I was here fir--

The THIEF covers her mouth with her hands. Her eyes scream.

FADE OUT:

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

FADE IN:

A couple, HUSBAND and WIFE, approach their front steps. They converse casually as they open the door and enter through the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

WIFE

Ok. Start unpacking this shopping
and let me go change. I'll be
back to help in a sec.

HUSBAND

You best.

The wife slips out the room and upstairs.

HUSBAND

(distantly)

Oh, grab my slippers while you're
at it.

She walks into the bedroom and stands frozen in the doorway. The room is full of poorly hidden home invaders. There must be 15. Under blankets, behind curtains, feet sticking out from under the bed.

The woman stands in her doorway. Beat, she thinks. Suddenly she remembers her and walks over to the dresser, kicks off her heels and leaves without comment. The entire room exhales in union...

She suddenly darts back in, catching the room of guard. They hold their breath... the WIFE grabs the slippers by the foot of the bed. She leaves and the room exhale deeply.

FADE OUT:

THE END.