

NASTY NIGHT

Written by

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KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

FADE IN:

INT. BROOKS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

The sound of knocking echoes out loudly around her.

Sitting in comfortable pyjamas on her recliner chair, BROOKS (late 20's) holds on tight to a fantasy novel.

The front room is bright, colourful and spacious.

The furniture and ornaments, quirky things you could only find in an obscure thrift store.

The sound of the knocking continues.

Clearly irritated, Brooks grips the book tighter. Tries to stay focused. To stay reading. But it doesn't seem like the knocking is going to stop.

She growls. Slamming the book closed. She throws it down onto the woollen rug at her feet.

She stomps out of the room.

INT. BROOKS HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The front door open. Brooks arms folded, leaning against the doorframe. Looking at MILLER, (late 20's). Dressed in a long trench coat.

She's soaked. It's raining hard outside.

MILLER

I won't leave until you've let me in.

Brooks has a unmistakable look of guilt on her face. She shakes her head.

BROOKS

I'm not letting you in. Because I know why you're here.

Miller smiles, no point in acting coy.

MILLER

Well, I'm still not leaving.

BROOKS  
This is borderline abuse.

MILLER  
I only want what's best for you.

BROOKS  
And what if what's best for me is  
just leaving me alone?

MILLER  
You're not even 30 and you've  
become a spinster.

BROOKS  
A happy spinster.

MILLER  
If this doesn't work out, I'll buy  
you a cat.

Brooks contemplates on this. She then holds up two fingers.

BROOKS  
Two cats.

MILLER  
If you let me in, you've got  
yourself a deal. But you've got to  
let me in.

Brooks rolls her eyes. Gestures for Miller to come in.

INT. BROOKS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

With her trench coat off, Miller kneels down in front of a  
radiator. Drying her hair with a towel.

Brooks stands over her, watching her with suspicious eyes.

BROOKS  
So what is it? Tell me everything.

MILLER  
It's just a date.

BROOKS  
Just a date?

Miller nods.

MILLER

A blind date. You'll have fun. Me and Steve met on a blind date. And now we're happily married with two kids.

Brooks gives her a sideways look.

BROOKS

(smirking)  
Happily married?

Miller rolls her eyes back at her.

MILLER

Mostly happily married.

BROOKS

Don't I get to know his name first?  
What he looks like, what he does  
for a job?

MILLER

No.

BROOKS

Why not?

MILLER

Because it wouldn't be a blind date  
if you were able to do research,  
you've just got to trust me.

BROOKS

And I don't get a say?

MILLER

Of course you get a say. You get to  
say, yes.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Hair done and makeup on. Revealing dress. Glittery clutch purse. Brooks sits at a table inside a cool and hip trendy bar. She checks the time on her phone.

She looks totally pissed off.

BROOKS

This is fucking bullshit.

A WAITER, (late 30's) comes over.

WAITER

Are you still waiting for your friend?

BROOKS

I've been fucking stood up.

The waiter's face drops.

WAITER

I'm so sorry. But if it means anything. I think you look amazing.

BROOKS

Thanks. Do you have any idea how long took me to get dressed?

WAITER

A long time?

She nods.

BROOKS

Just to get fucking stood up.

WAITER

What's his name? What's he look like? If he comes in, I'll be sure to give him a piece of my mind.

BROOKS

A blind date. I don't know anything about him.

WAITER

Well, that's just stupid.

Brooks scoffs.

BROOKS

Tell me about it.

WAITER

Can I get you anything?

BROOKS

A vodka tonic. Large.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Brooks, clearly drunk staggers in between the rows of cars. Searching through her clutch purse, she pulls out her car keys. Unlocking her car she opens the door. Can barely stand upright.

A YOUNG COUPLE holding hands are about to get into their own car. Seeing Brooks in the state she's in, they stop and watch.

Brooks attempts to get into her car. But her head slams on the frame of the door.

The woman of the couple steps to walk over to her. But is held back by her partner. She calls over.

WOMAN  
(shouting)  
Excuse me? What the hell do you  
think you're doing?

Brooks looks over at her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
You're drunk and you're seriously  
trying to get into your car? I will  
call the cops.

Brooks, embarrassed slams her driver's side door shut. Locks the car again.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I will call the cops!

Brooks walks away. Trying to hide her face.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
You know, this is how people get  
killed. Because of people like you.

The man of the couple now joins in.

MAN  
Where'd you live? Maybe we can give  
you a ride?

His girlfriend hits him in the arm.

WOMAN  
No, fuck that bitch. Driving drunk?  
Seriously pisses me off.

Brooks slips away. Staggering around the corner.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Brooks continues her staggered walking. Finding it hard to put one foot in front of the other.

She slips. Falling onto her hands and knees. A group of TEENAGE BOYS are pointing and laughing.

Brooks is close to tears.

BROOKS

Oh, for fuck's sake. I just want to go home.

A TAXI pulls up alongside her, the DRIVER, a small Asian, man. Balding with a gold tooth rolls down his window. He leans out to look at her.

TAXI DRIVER

Do you need a ride home?

She looks up at him. Seeing that it's a taxi, she nods.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Brooks is fast asleep on the backseat.

The taxi drives, cruising along in total silence. The driver uses the rear-view mirror to glance back at her. She's sleeping soundly.

FADE TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Outside Brooks house, Brooks tries and fails repeatedly to pay the taxi fair with her phone. But for whatever reason, it's unable to connect to the drivers payment device.

'Payment declined.'

The taxi driver looks on edge, irritated.

TAXI DRIVER

You need to pay.

BROOKS

I'm trying.

He grabs a hold of her wrist, his knuckles turning white.

TAXI DRIVER  
You need to pay!

EXT. BROOKS HOUSE - NIGHT

Brooks walks up to her front door. The taxi driver follows her.

Brooks puts her key into the lock. Glances back and sees him right behind her.

BROOKS  
I've got plenty of cash inside.  
I'll get what I need to pay the  
fare. And I'll be right back.

He just stares at her with a burning intensity.

BROOKS (CONT'D)  
Stay right here.

INT. BROOKS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brooks enters the house. She tries to quickly close the front door shut behind her. But the taxi driver manages to slip inside with her. She's on edge.

BROOKS  
I told you to wait outside.

TAXI DRIVER  
I want my money.

BROOKS  
I asked you nicely. This is my  
house.

TAXI DRIVER  
You don't get a free ride. I want  
my money, pay the fare.

BROOKS  
Fine.

She reaches out to a dresser by the front door. Pulling open one of the drawers she searches inside it. But she's not finding anything.

BROOKS (CONT'D)  
What the hell? I've always got  
something in here.



He gets right in her face, angry.

TAXI DRIVER  
I want my money!

INT. BROOKS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Brooks enters the front room. Still closely followed by the taxi driver.

TAXI DRIVER  
I want my money.

Brooks breaks out into a run. Trying to get away. The taxi driver chases after her.

INT. BROOKS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The chase continues. The taxi driver pushes her hard in the back. Sending her stumbling, crashing to the floor.

TAXI DRIVER  
I want my money.

She looks up at him, fear in her eyes.

BROOKS  
I have to find it first. I asked  
you to stay outside.

He grabs a hold of her hair. A fistful. Yanks her up back onto her feet.

TAXI DRIVER  
No free ride.

She's in pain. Grimacing.

BROOKS  
I need to find it first.

Again, he shoves her in the chest. Sending her crashing into the countertop behind her.

She spins around. Opening up one of the drawers. Filled with cutlery. She grabs the first knife that she sees, holds it out in front of her.

BROOKS (CONT'D)  
Get out of my fucking house.

He charges at her, she stabs him in the arm. She pulls it out. Blood oozing. Dripping onto the floor.

Again, he grabs her hair. This time delivering a hard headbutt to the middle of her face.

CRACK! CRUNCH!

She collapses into a heap. Knocked out cold.

INT. BROOKS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Groggily, Brooks wakes up on the floor. Her hands and feet hog tied together. The taxi driver stands over the top of her. Now putting a gag into her mouth.

It doesn't take long before she realises what is happening to her. She wriggles and screams, but tied up and gagged, she can't move and she won't be heard.

EXT. BROOKS HOUSE - NIGHT

The taxi driver opens up the trunk to his taxi.

TWO other WOMEN are already in there. Hog tied and gagged. Their faces are a mess. Tears streaming down. Who knows how long they've been in here?

The taxi driver lifts Brooks up and dumps her down on top of the other two.

TAXI DRIVER

You think you don't pay? But you  
will pay.

Brooks tries to plead with him. But the gag muffles all of her words.

SLAM!

The taxi driver closes the trunk.

CLICK!

He then locks it.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**