

NIGHT ATTACK

by

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Thriller / Suspense Short Script

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The full moon reflects in a puddle of water.

A dark car drives slowly down a secluded country road.

The ploughed fields lay bare.

A light shines on a real estate sign with a sold banner.

Another sign beside it reads of a single-home development for retirees to be completed in the next year.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The car pulls just out of sight of an old wooden farmhouse on the desolate country road.

The rain starts pouring as a FIGURE exits the car and approaches up the long lane to the house.

The old Victorian style house with the white clapboard and wide summer verandas appears dark except for a light in the kitchen that can be seen from the front door through sheer curtains.

The tree's branches MOAN in the wind.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

In a dingy turn-of-the-century scullery, an older woman in her late 60's, ABBY ZOLTAN, wipes the kitchen counter as the telephone rings.

ABBY

Hello, Cindy.

Yes, I'm just getting ready for bed
as soon as I feed Elmer.

The older woman takes cat food out of the fridge and fills the cat bowl as she talks on the phone.

ABBY

Don't worry I got the place locked
up tight.
Yes, I saw the report on the TV
earlier.
What gets into those guys?

As she speaks, the older woman washes the spoon from the
cat dish, wipes the spoon and puts it away into the drawer.

ABBY

Yes, I'll call you by 7 before you
leave for work. I need to get up
early to do some more packing.
I love you too honey.
Talk to you in the morning.
Goodnight.

The older woman shuts off the kitchen light with a loud
CLICK.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway's wallpaper is yellow, worn and ripped.

The older woman turns on the switch with a CLUNK at the
bottom of the stairs. She quickly turns her head wide-eyed.

The sound of the tree's branches MOAN in the wind.

ABBY

Elmer, Elmer. Where are you kitty?

Barely in sight in the shadows, the large grandfather clock
BONGS the eleventh hour.

She looks around the hallway again before mounting the
stairs towards the solitary bare light bulb in the ceiling
fixture.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the simple bedroom at a corner chair, she changes from
her worn dress and apron into her nightgown.

She walks over to the wallpapered wall and shuts off her bedroom light.

By the light of the little nightlight, she kneels down beside the bed, folds her hands against her chest and bows her head.

She closes her eyes and her lips move rapidly.

Out of the shadows, a FIGURE dressed in black with a black balaclava holding a knife steps forward.

The knife flashes with the light of the night light.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

The body of a cat swings from a rope.

The tree's branches MOAN in the wind.

FADE OUT.

THE END.