

OH, WHAT A NIGHT

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

BRANDON, a thirty-something male, is desperately trying to jimmy a door with an advertisement flyer in a hallway lit by a sconce at each door.

He removes the flyer and shakes the door handle. The flyer is bent and torn beyond hope.

Brandon rests his hand on the knob for a second before sprinting down the hallway.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A framed picture of Brandon holding up a tuna he caught rests on an end table behind his wallet, phone, and keys.

The phone lights up and vibrates against the keys.

As it vibrates again, it scoots toward the edge close to the couch's arm rest.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Brandon backs away from the building's exterior wall, looking up the side of it.

He backs up close to a tree and starts looking up the tree.

With a big jump, Brandon manages to grab onto a branch.

He clenches his teeth, gets red in the face, halfway up, and starts to shake.

With a grunt, he falls to the ground.

He looks back up the side of the building.

The balconies are ten feet apart from each other and the building is five stories high.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

JOCELYN, a thirty-something woman, slumps over a table draped in white linen and nicely decorated with silver, flowers, a crystal candle holder, and etched glassware.

GREGORY, a fatherly waiter, replaces the bread basket and the cosmopolitan with new ones.

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Jocelyn pushes a button on her phone, resting open on the table, and stares at it.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brandon's phone lights up and scoots to the edge of the end table as it vibrates.

With another fit of vibrations, it ends up hanging over the edge.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Brandon has stripped down to his boxers and is pulling on the knot he tied between his shirt sleeve and his pant leg.

He pulls on the pants tied to cable wires and leans back.

Going back to the ledge, he puts his legs over the outside wall and both hands with a grip on the pants.

Wide-eyed and breathing hard, he puts one hand under the other and lowers himself down.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING WALL - NIGHT

Brandon dangles down from the top of the building.

Slowly but surely, he makes his way to the first balcony.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The cable wires bow upward.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING WALL - NIGHT

Brandon is almost out of shirt and his toes reach desperately for the balcony's rail.

In a jerking motion, his foot slips past the rail and he falls, holding onto his shirt, down to the next balcony as wires get yanked over the ledge.

The fall stops abruptly and, with a RIPPING sound, the pants cleave in two.

Brandon quickly grabs on to the ledge of the second balcony down and watches part of his clothes drift to the ground.

He looks up to the sky and groans.

A cat MEOWS.

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Brandon pulls himself up and sees a cat at the screen door.

BRANDON

Meow.

The cat answers with a MEOW.

TESSIE, a twenty-something woman, comes up to the cat, wearing only a towel.

Brandon's eyes widen.

As Tessie stands up with the cat, the towel drops.

Brandon shuts his eyes and tries to lower himself some more.

Tessie drops the cat and picks up the towel.

Just as she looks outside, a bright, white light shines onto her balcony and Brandon.

Tessie gasps and covers herself. Brandon nods.

OFFICER PETERS (O.S.)

(Over the megaphone.)

Sir, remain calm. We are coming to get you. Do not move.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

OFFICER PETERS is a well-built policeman in his forties. He grabs the radio on his shoulder.

OFFICER PETERS

Dispatch, this is Officer Peters, badge number eight, five, three, seven. I've got a three, one, one, with possible other charges at two, niner, one, zero Holton Avenue. Will advise on progress. Over.

Officer Peters closes the door to his squad car, takes his flashlight from his belt, and moseys over to the building.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Officer Peters shines his flashlight up at Brandon.

OFFICER PETERS

(To himself.)

That is indecent.

(MORE)

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OFFICER PETERS (CONT'D)

(Louder.)

How are you doing tonight, sir?

BRANDON

Not good. I don't think I can hold on much longer.

OFFICER PETERS

Help is on the way. Just sit tight.

Tessie pokes her head over the balcony.

TESSIE

Arrest this man, Officer! He was watching me while I was naked!

BRANDON

I didn't see anything. I closed my eyes when the towel was dropping. I swear.

Tessie pokes her lower lip out and furrows her brow.

TESSIE

Didn't you want to look?

She opens her towel in front of Brandon.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jocelyn frowns at her phone. Gregory walks up.

GREGORY

Can I get you something else?

JOCELYN

(Inebriated.)

No, Gregory. Thanks. Just get me a cab and I'll pay up.

GREGORY

Are you sure you don't want to wait for Brandon a little longer?

She closes her phone.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Officer Peters is looking through Brandon's wallet while sitting on the couch. He isn't wearing any pants and Brandon, still in boxers and handcuffed behind his back, is on his knees looking under the couch.

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BRANDON

I always put it here. It must have
dropped, but I don't see it.

Tessie, now dressed in a bathrobe, enters with Officer
Peters' pants.

TESSIE

Told you I could get the stains
out.

Brandon's door OPENS. All three look toward the door.

Jocelyn enters and freezes, although wobbly.

OFFICER PETERS

This isn't what it looks like! I
can explain!

TESSIE

(With a nod.)
Jocelyn.

JOCELYN

(With a nod.)
Tessie.

Brandon rests his head on the end table and sighs.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

Lemme guess. You locked yourself
out and thought it'd be a good idea
to try to scale down from the roof
with your clothes.

OFFICER PETERS

Oh. She's good.

Brandon sits up and nods.

JOCELYN

And it never occurred to you that I
put your spare key inside the light
thingy outside.

Tessie and Officer Peters look at Brandon, who just juts his
jaw to the side.

FADE OUT:

THE END