

**Under the Influence**

by  
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**FADE IN:**

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Dexter (20's) stirs and wakes, alone in a king size bed.

He groans and buries his head in his hands.

DEXTER

I'm never drinking again.

He slides his legs out from beneath the bedsheet and immediately notices a large red stripe across his shins. With a puzzled look he gives the marks a rub but they remain.

DEXTER

What the hell?

He throws the bedding to the floor, stands and exits.

**BATHROOM**

With a towel covering his modesty, Dexter exits the shower. The red lines are now much brighter.

He rubs them again, this time causing him discomfort.

Looking into the mirror above the sink he is shocked to see a small bruise on his forehead. Another rub and a flinch from the pain.

**KITCHEN**

Dressed, Dexter hovers over the sink and wipes a trace of vomit from his chin.

He runs his fingers over the bruise on his forehead, which is now swollen and more prominent.

Taking out his cell phone, he dials.

DEXTER

Pick up, pick up.

He sighs with frustration.

DEXTER

Carl, it's Dex, where are you?  
I'm fried, man. The mother of  
all hangovers. Anyway, did I get  
into a fight again last night, I  
look like I've done twelve with  
Fury? Call me back when you can.

He ends the call, and as he puts the phone down on the work top, his eyes waver and catch sight of the clock on the cooker that reads '11:35'.

He stares intently as it changes to '11:36'. A memory jogs in his mind.

Shaking it free he snatches a bottle of whiskey and breaks the seal. Quickly, and with little care, he fills a glass and downs it in one.

## **LOUNGE**

Dexter sits and watches the large TV, a tray of untouched food on his lap. His face now more swollen, hampering his vision.

The whiskey bottle, now half empty, stands at his feet, accompanied by an empty glass.

An uncontrolled twitch and scream of agony, sends the tray crashing to the floor.

He pulls up his shirt to expose his red, and slightly concave, ribs.

DEXTER

What the fuck is happening to me?

With a struggle and a grimace, he stands. Concern and panic engulf his face.

With a limp, and in visible discomfort, he exits.

## **BATHROOM**

Dexter enters and slowly pulls off his shirt to reveal a host of bruises across his torso, and a large weeping graze on his back.

Raising his arms, he examines his injuries in the mirror.

His breaths become short and sharp as panic takes hold.

Heaving, he coughs and vomits blood into the sink.

A few more heaves and coughs, and he stops. Wiping his chin, he looks into the sink.

He turns the faucet and rinses the bowl clean of blood and teeth.

**KITCHEN**

His scuffed and bloodied hand snatches the phone from the work top and he checks the screen. No new calls.

DEXTER  
Where are you?

His eyes wander in thought.

DEXTER  
Did you leave before me, Carl?

He stuffs the phone in his pocket and grabs his car keys.

With a real struggle, Dexter staggers to the door and exits.

**INT. DEXTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

Dexter grips the steering wheel and fights to keep it straight as he drifts in and out of consciousness.

He glances at the dashboard clock, it reads '11:23'. At that moment his nose begins to bleed. He cups the flow with a badly cut hand but it quickly pools and overflows.

With blood now covering his face, Dexter contorts in pain and his body begins to spasms.

He loses control of his vehicle and it veers off the road, cracking the windshield as it's overwhelmed by foliage.

**EXT. BAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

The door opens, releasing the boisterous noise from within, and a silhouetted MAN stumbles out.

Clearly drunk, he fumbles for his keys as he approaches a sports car.

**INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT**

He takes a few deep breathes and rests his head on the steering wheel, composing himself.

Turning the key in the ignition, the engine roars into life.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CAR - NIGHT**

The car door opens and Dexter falls out, his body convulsing.

He settles and with difficulty stands, resting his frame against the rear of the vehicle.

After a moments composure he staggers back toward the road.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT**

Beset by hedgerows on both sides, the sports car speeds along the narrow asphalt.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CAR - NIGHT**

Dexter takes a few steps and looks left and right. No traffic in sight.

A few awkward painful steps and he stops and reaches for his head, placing his hands on both sides to compress the onrushing pain.

He staggers to the roadside and spews up blood as he wretches.

Screaming in agony, his legs buckle and he falls onto his knees.

The lights of an oncoming car trace the ground, rapidly creeping toward him. Eventually they illuminate him in a bright glow.

Dexter stands and straightens his body, screaming out in pain. He turns toward the light and steps onto the road, waving a hand for attention.

DEXTER

Help me!

**INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT**

The driver's head bobs as he struggles to stay awake.

The glowing clock on the dashboard reads '11:36'.

The man's head rolls back just as Dexter steps into the road ahead.

The cars bumper smashes into Dexter's legs, causing his head to crash down onto the hood with a sicken thud.

The driver snaps his head up and in a delayed panic, slams on the brakes, causing Dexter to disappear down under the car and crunching beneath its wheels.

All is quiet but for the hum of the engine.

The man sits frozen behind the steering wheel.

He looks in the rearview mirror at the mangled body lying on the road.

Slowly he opens the door, causing the internal light to illuminate him and reveal Dexter behind the wheel.

DEXTER

Think about this, Dexter.

He starts to pull himself out but stops, noticing a car a few yards ahead, half buried in the hedgerow.

He pauses in thought, his eyes flicking between vehicle and victim.

DEXTER

Fuck!

He slams the door, grinds the stick into gear and drives away.

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**FADE OUT.**