

BUMP

by

Jerod Brennen

323.863.6398

jerod.brennen@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. JENN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "Then..."

Beethoven's MOONLIGHT SONATA drifts through the air.

An MP3 player. Candles. A soft, comfortable bed. A tender touch. A KISS.

CHRISTINE (early 20's) and JENN (early 20's) hold one another. They share another kiss.

Jenn leads Christine to the bed.

JENN

Ready?

Hesitation.

CHRISTINE

What if someone finds out?

JENN

It's just you and me, Christine.
Just us. I'm not asking you to come
out to anyone. Yet.

Christine considers.

JENN (cont'd)

Look, if you're not comfortable-

CHRISTINE

I'm ready.

Jenn sits Christine down, pushes her back. Christine submits. Jenn STRADDLES her, KISSES her.

Jenn nibbles at Christine's ear. Christine GIGGLES.

JENN

Don't worry. The first time is
always the most awkward. I'll be
gentle.

CHRISTINE

I'm not your first?

Jenn flashes a playful smile. She kisses lips, neck, shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

JENN

Am I your first?

Christine is consumed by guilt and euphoria.

CHRISTINE

You know what I mean.

JENN

Becca. Her name was Becca.

CHRISTINE

Aidan. He was mine.

JENN

There. Now that we've got that out
of the way...

Jenn pins Christine's wrists to the bed, above her head. She
kisses Christine on the lips, then releases her wrists.

Her kisses trail from Christine's chin to her navel.

Christine writhes in pleasure.

Jenn speaks between kisses.

CHRISTINE

Boy. Girl. Doesn't matter. It's all
the same once you're in the
bedroom. The real challenge is
finally telling your friends, your
family. You can't be afraid.

Jenn stops just below Christine's belly button.

JENN

You're not afraid are you?

Christine is ecstatic in anticipation.

CHRISTINE

No.

A CRASH downstairs!

Jenn and Christine sit bolt upright.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)

Jenn-

JENN

Shhhhh.

They listen. SILENCE.

They relax. Another CRASH, this one smaller.

Christine is terrified. Jenn tries to hide her fear, fails.

CHRISTINE

What do we do?

Jenn stands.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)

Jenn, you can't-

JENN

Shhhhh.

Jenn creeps toward the bedroom door.

INT. JENN'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jenn stands at the top of the stairs, listens.

A HAND on her shoulder. Christine's hand.

Jenn almost pees her shorts.

They HUDDLE together, strain to listen.

A series of BUMPS and THUDS downstairs.

Jenn scans the hallway for something that can be used as a weapon. Nothing.

Undeterred, Jenn creeps down the stairs, Christine right behind her.

INT. JENN'S FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenn scans the room. Empty.

A LIGHT is on in the kitchen.

Together, they slink toward the kitchen. Christine's hand never leaves Jenn's.

They reach the kitchen doorway.

Another CRASH!

(CONTINUED)

They're coming from the BASEMENT.

CHRISTINE
Jenn, we should call the police.

JENN
You do that.

Jenn reaches for the basement door, pulls it open.

CREAK...

Sounds of RUMMAGING in the basement.

Jenn flips the light switch.

She's rewarded with the soft CLICK of the dead switch. No lights.

The rummaging stops.

CHRISTINE
(hushed whisper)
Jenn!

Jenn steps away from the basement door. She reaches into the nearby closet, produces a BASEBALL BAT.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)
(hushed whisper)
Jenn, don't!

Jenn ignores Christine and enters the basement. Christine heads back to the kitchen.

INT. JENN'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jenn glides down the steps, ninja quiet. She reaches the bottom step, looks around.

Her eyes adjust to the dark enough that she can make out shapes. Nothing moves.

Bravado.

JENN
I know you're down here, you prick!

Nothing.

JENN (cont'd)
The cops are on their way!

Something RUSHES toward Jenn through the darkness.

BARK! BARK! BARK!

A PUPPY skids to a halt on the floor beside Jenn. The tiny mutt barks up at her, unafraid.

Jenn LAUGHS, relieved. She turns. A BEAM OF LIGHT hits her in the face.

CHRISTINE
Jenn!

JENN
We've got a visitor.

Christine lowers the FLASHLIGHT. She clutches a PHONE in her other hand.

Jenn drops her bat, picks up the puppy.

JENN (cont'd)
How'd you get in here, little guy?

That's when Christine sees a CLOWN MASK emerge from the darkness, right behind Jenn. It's twisted grin and dark wrinkled eyes suggest a decomposing JESTER.

Christine SCREAMS.

Jenn SCREAMS as Jester WRAPS his wiry arms around her. She drops the puppy, and he BARKS up at the commotion.

Jenn STOMPS on Jester's foot. His grip loosens.

A SECOND CLOWN, GIGGLES, appears behind Christine. HE grabs her. More SCRAMS.

Jenn throws an ELBOW, sends Jester reeling.

Christine throws her head back, SMASHES Giggles' nose. She swings the PHONE, clocks him again.

Christine drops the BROKEN phone. Jenn grabs her hand.

JENN (cont'd)
Run!

INT. JENN'S FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenn and Christine burst from the basement stairwell.

They make it to the exterior door. Christine struggles with the handle, panics.

CHRISTINE

It won't open. It won't open.

Jenn reaches for the DEADBOLT, unlocks it. In the midst of their terror, Christine flashes a sheepish look.

Jenn smiles back. Her expression changes abruptly.

SURPRISE, then PAIN.

Christine slides to her knees, clutches at Jenn. A KITCHEN KNIFE protrudes from her back.

Jester stands behind her, grinning his twisted grin.

JENN

(weak)

Christine... help... me...

Christine struggles against her terror, but she loses the battle. The door swings open.

Christine RUNS.

EXT. JENN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Christine hurries into the night, away from the house. Tears stream down her face. She doesn't look back.

Her only pursuers are the puppy's BARKS and Jenn's SCREAMS.

FADE TO:

INT. CHRISTINE'S FAMILY ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "Now..."

Beethoven's MOONLIGHT SONATA drifts through the air.

Christine sits alone at an UPRIGHT PIANO, her fingers caressing the keys.

Her hair is shorter, she's a bit thinner, but she doesn't appear to be much older.

(CONTINUED)

FRAMED PHOTOS adorn every available surface.

Christine as a child, happy, carefree.

Christine with her younger sister, EMILY.

Christine at her high school graduation, standing beside her mother, ALICE.

Christine with her arm around her boyfriend, AIDAN.

No pictures of Jenn anywhere.

Christine finishes the sonata. She presses STOP on the MP3 player/recorder sitting on the piano.

She sits in silence, her eyes fixed on the picture of her and Aidan.

EMILY (O.S.)

Chris?

Christine JUMPS, startled. She turns.

EMILY (late teens) stands at the edge of the room. She watches her older sister from a distance, looks at Christine with a mixture of admiration and trepidation.

EMILY

Dinner.

Emily leaves. Christine closes the piano lid over the keys.

INT. CHRISTINE'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Christine sits at the table, picks at her food. Emily sits beside her sister.

Christine's mother, ALICE (mid 40's), sits directly opposite Christine. Alice has a tiredness about her that goes far beyond a long day at work.

Any empty chair sits by Alice, perhaps where the girls' father once sat.

The CLINK of silverware against plates is the only noise.

Alice takes a sip of wine, considers returning the glass to the table, DRAINS IT instead.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

Emily is going to attend Franklin
next fall. Veterinary medicine.

Emily shoots an apologetic look at her sister.

ALICE (cont'd)

There are a lot of opportunities
for a vet. A lot of opportunities.

From the slur in her speech, Alice doesn't need another
glass of wine. She refills the glass anyway.

CHRISTINE

I'm sure there are, Alice.

Alice stops mid-pour.

ALICE

Would it kill you to call me mom,
or mother, or-

CHRISTINE

Yes, Alice, it would.

Christine and Alice stare daggers at one another. Emily
stares into her food, trapped between them.

ALICE

Don't get lippy with me, Christine.
At least Emily isn't throwing away
a full scholarship-

CHRISTINE

Not everyone wants to be a vet.

ALICE

I was simply pointing out-

CHRISTINE

- what a huge failure I am?

ALICE

Christine, that's not what I-

CHRISTINE

Can I be excused, Alice?

Without waiting for her mother's reply, Christine grabs her
plate, heads for the kitchen.

INT. CHRISTINE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Christine empties her mostly full plate into the trash can, sets her dishes in the sink.

She holds onto the side of the sink for support as a wave of emotions engulf her. She refuses to give in to her despair, refuses to cry.

A HAND closes around hers. Emily.

EMILY

You okay?

Christine nods, lying.

EMILY (cont'd)

Look, I've known you long enough to know where you're upset about something. Give me some credit.

Christine can't suppress her grin.

EMILY (cont'd)

I know you don't want to talk, not with Mom anyway, but you can talk to me. You know that, right?

A TRUCK HORN outside.

Christine looks out the window.

AIDAN (early 20's), the young man from the picture, leans out of the driver side door of his pickup truck. Handsome, earnest, all-American... everything about him says he's a nice guy.

CHRISTINE

Tell Alice I'll be back later, okay?

They share an awkward silence. Should they hug? Both consider it, but neither acts on the impulse.

Christine turns her back on her sister and leaves.

EXT. CHRISTINE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

The driveway is long, narrow, surrounded by trees on either side. The nearest neighbors are a half-mile away on either side, if not more.

Isolated, just the way Christine likes it.

(CONTINUED)

She strides toward Aidan's truck. He leans against the fender.

AIDAN

Hey, babe. Just got off work,
thought I'd swing by and see if
you'd had dinner yet.

He pulls her in for a kiss. She returns it, half-hearted.

He notices Alice staring after them from one of the windows.

AIDAN (cont'd)

You guys fighting again?

Christine climbs into his truck.

CHRISTINE

Just drive.

Aidan doesn't argue. He climbs in, starts the truck, and pulls out of the long driveway.

INT. AIDAN'S TRUCK - DAY

Christine stares out her window as Aidan drives.

AIDAN

Tomorrow's payday.

No response.

AIDAN (cont'd)

I was thinking that maybe this
weekend, you and I could sneak off
by ourselves for a day or two. My
treat. You up for that?

No response.

AIDAN (cont'd)

Chris?

She returns from her reverie.

CHRISTINE

Sorry, Aidan. My mind was somewhere
else. What did you say?

AIDAN

(sullen)

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)