

CAR KEY ROBBERY

Written by

Grace Sprague

Address
Phone Number

INT - FRONT HALL - LATE NIGHT

CHRISTINE APPLETON, 23, grabs her thick jacket off a hook on the wall and puts it on. She puts on her winter gloves, groaning in frustration. She rips the gloves off, zips her coat up, and shoves the gloves back on. She bends down to tie her shoes, unable to reach over the dense layers.

Christine stands up and rolls her eyes, accepting that her shoes will remain untied, she is in a rush. She reaches for the next hook; the hook is empty.

Christine loudly and angrily groans and storms down the hall and up the stairs to a bedroom.

INT - UPSTAIRS HALL - LATE NIGHT

Christine approaches the closed door, screaming at her roommate inside

CHRISTINE
Jenna! Stop moving my shit!

A BLANKET WHOOSHING and a FAINT SHUSHING come from inside.

CHRISTINE
Answer me!

Christine is met with silence and enters the room.

INT - JENNA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Christine's silhouette stands at the door as the crack of light grows bigger.

CHRISTINE
Jenna?

As she looks into the room, she notices her roommate, JENNA HENDERSON, 23, yanking the covers to her chin. The space next to her is messy and lumpy, and Christine could swear that she hears another set of breathing in the room.

JENNA
All good!

CHRISTINE
Where the fuck are my...who's in bed with you?

Jenna's face goes pale and expressionless, and she doesn't answer. Christine charges up to the bed and slowly pulls back the corner of the blanket to reveal her boyfriend, COLIN BARRETT, 24.

CHRISTINE

Colin! What's wrong with you?

Colin is disheveled; his shirt is off, and his hair is noticeably messy. He remains frozen and silent in bed, as if freezing will make him invisible to his enraged girlfriend.

Christine looks between the two, mouth agape. She closes her mouth and her eyes, sighing and putting her hands out.

CHRISTINE

Jenna, where the fuck are my keys?