

Wednesday Night

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Standing by the door step, waving at a man pulling out of the driveway, is ERIN (27) a loving mother of one, a wife to a brutish husband and lives somewhat of a caged life.

The red car drives down the road. Erin backs up into the house at quick speed and closes the door.

KRISPEN'S BEDROOM

KRISPEN (13) a slender boy, quiet and always keeping to himself, but protective of his mother, lies on his bed, drawing a stick man hitting a woman.

Then the door opens. With panic written all over her face, Erin enters the room.

ERIN

Honey, come, take what you need and hurry.

KRISPEN

(Looking at her)
Where's dad?

ERIN

Come, let's go.

Erin leaves the room and charges downstairs, to her bedroom.

ERIN'S BEDROOM

Erin pulls her bag out from underneath the bed, hauling it on to the top. Breathing loudly from panic, she looks at a clock.

Erin opens her cupboard, grabbing whatever clothes she can take.

With her arms full, she goes to the bed but stops and looks at the family portrait and her wedding pictures.

Dazed, she takes time to drown in the memories, staring at the pictures, until-

The phone rings. Erin dumps her clothing onto the bed and answers her phone.

ERIN
 (Phone to ear)
 Danielle, are you on your way?

DANIELLE (ON PHONE)
 About that, I might be running
 late. The soonest I can be is half
 an hour.

Erin paces, scratching her neck.

ERIN
 That's not fucking good enough!!!
 He'll be here sooner than-

DANIELLE (ON PHONE)
 I don't get your problem anyway. Im
 sure you two can work it out.

Erin forces tears back.

ERIN
 For fuck sake Danielle, what would
 you know about marriage-

The lines cuts off. Erin, with tears starting to come out
 groans and puts her phone in her pocket. She runs to her bed,
 dumping her clothes in it and zipping it shut.

FRONT DOOR

Erin puts her bag down and unlocks the door.

ERIN
 Krispen! Are you ready to go.

Krispens walks on the stairs with a backpack.

Suddenly the front door opens, as Joseph walks in. He smiles
 at Erin, but it's erased in seconds. He looks at Erin's bag,
 then at Krispen.

Joseph slams the door shut and tenses his faces.

JOSEPH
 Krispen, where are you off to?

Erin stands with her head down.

ERIN
 We were going for-

Joseph grabs Erin by her hair.

JOSEPH
(Into Erin's ear)
I was asking Krispen!!!

He shoves her aside, causing her to hit a wall. Joseph walks closer to Krispen, who gulps and takes one step back.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(At Krispen)
Where were you and mommy going,
huh?

Krispen stands idle, his face whitening. He does not answer Joseph.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(Yells)
Where were you going!!!

ERIN
Don't yell at him!!!

Joseph forces his hands around Erin's neck and pins her against the wall. She cries and coughs.

JOSEPH
Were you going to leave me?

ERIN
(Shakes her head)
No...no. I just-... I just needed
sometime away.

Joseph, with tears in his eyes shakes his head. He lets go of Erin, who holds her neck.

Joseph sniffs his tears away and combs his hands through his hair, taking a cool breath.

JOSEPH
Krispen go up stairs to your room.
Mommy and daddy are going to have a
chat.

Krispen stays idle. Joseph looks at him.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Now!!!

Krispen slowly walks upstairs and goes to his room.

KRISPEN'S BEDROOM

Joseph and Erin have a screaming contest that's heard throughout the entire house.

Krispen sits on his bed, blocking his ears and drowning out the noise and cries silently.

LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Erin sits in the couch. Her hair is a mess and wet makeup is all over her eyes. She shivers and rubs her arm.

Across from her, Joseph sits in a single couch. He cries, his face in his hands. He then sits back and takes a sip from a bottle.

JOSEPH

So what. You were just going to leave me?

Erin looks at him, but says nothing.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

You are free to leave. Hell, take my car if you have to.

Erin curiously looks at him. Joseph reaches in his pockets and throws his keys at her.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Go, I won't stop you.

Erin slowly gets off the couch, holding the car keys. With precaution, she looks at Joseph, when approaching the exit.

ERIN

Krispen!!!

JOSEPH

No.

Joseph gets up and walks to Erin.

ERIN

Krispen!!!

Joseph makes Erin look at him.

JOSEPH

I said you can go. I never said you can take my son.

Erin quickly grabs Joseph's bottle from out of his hand and smashes it against his face. He goes down to the ground.

ERIN
Krispen!!!

Erin is about to leave the lounge but a grounded Joseph grabs her by her ankle and trips her to the ground.

SECOND STOREY

Krispen is on the stairs. He can hear exhausted grunting and screaming, slowly walking down the stairs.

LOUNGE

Joseph chokes Erin, while on top of her. She fights to get free but it's no use.

Joseph grip tightens around Erin's neck but suddenly-

Krispen swings a metal bat on the back of Joseph's head. He stops choking Erin and gets off her.

Joseph slowly stands up to his feet, feeling the back of his head. Blood is all over his fingers.

Krispen holds the bat tightly, subtly shaking on the spot. He looks at Erin, who coughs recklessly.

JOSEPH
(At Krispen)
Krispen.

He reaches out for the bat.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(Calmy)
Give me the bat.

Krispen shakes his head and backs away.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(Angrily)
Give me the fucking bat!!!

Joseph comes forward, reaching for the bat but Krispen gives the bat another firm swing straight across Joseph's face.

INT. HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Silence reigns in the bleakly lit room.

On the ground lies Joseph's dead body. Blood on the back of his head, as glass shards scatter around him.

A dark figure walks over the dead body and to the lighter space.

BATHROOM.

Two bloody hands wash themselves viciously under the running tap, so hard that skin starts to rub off.

In front of the mirror stands, Erin's finger traces the nasty purple bruises around her neck.

Grabbing the hanging face cloth, she dries her hands and throws it aside.

KRISPEN (O.S.)

Mom.

Erin quickly looks back at Krispen, who has blood sprinkled onto his face.

KRISPEN (CONT'D)

Did I kill dad?

Erin embraces him, biting her tongue and pushes away her tears.

Forcing a smile, she brushes her hands through Krispen's brown lengthy hair.

ERIN

(Shakes her head)

No, sweetie, no. Listen to me, daddy hurt mommy and you... you were being mommy's big soldier.

KRISPEN

Will...will I go to prison?

Erin laughs painfully and stands up, kissing him on his head.

ERIN

No, silly, absolutely not.

She looks at Krispen, both her hands on his cheeks.

ERIN (CONT'D)

You are a good, good boy. Now go upstairs, wash your hands really well and change your clothes and pack your bags for mommy ok. Go.

Krispen obeys his mother, nodding his head and walking out the bathroom.

Erin watches him run away. The tears reappear on her face. Covering her mouth she glances at the mirror.

Staring into the mirror, the lights flicker ominously. A dark male shadow looms over Erin. She looks back. The lights stop flickering, as there's no sign of anyone near.

LOUNGE.

Erin drowns the lounge with gas. The furniture, the floors and carpets, flooded in gas.

Looking at her dead husband, she bites her tongue, combats her tears. Throwing the gas can aside, she turns around to lexit the lounge.

FRONT DOOR

Krispen runs down the stairs, holding a heavy back pack. Erin stands by the front door, tight grip on the car keys, as she is impatient.

ERIN

Take these and get in the car.

Erin gives Krispen the keys.

KRISPEN

(Sniffs)

What's that-

ERIN

(Desperately)

Just go to the car!!!

Krispen is taken aback, while Erin quickly realizes her mistake.

ERIN (CONT'D)

(Gently)

Baby, im sorry, we just have to go quickly.

Krispen walks out the door, the second Erin opens it for him. She shuts the door and looks towards the lounge, slowly walking in.

LOUNGE.

Erin takes out a match box from her pocket. Lighting up the stick, she pauses and regrettably looks at Joseph.

ERIN
I'm sorry Joseph.

Erin throws the stick into the puddles of gas. The lounge quickly becoming hot hell fire.

Erin watches as the flames intensifies, but runs away, covering her mouth and coughing as the smoke darkens in colour.

FRONT DOOR.

Erin stands at the open front door. She is stable momentarily, until finally walking out the house and slamming the door shut.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The interior of the entire house is blazing orange from the flames.

A red vehicle pulls out of the driveway, into the road and races out of sight.

We continue to see as the fire in the house worsens, until-

FADE OUT: