

Sitting Duck

written by

Aaron S. Barrocas

Aaron S. Barrocas
21900 Marylee Street
Unit 276
Woodland Hills, CA 91367
818.522.6623
AaronSBarrocas@gmail.com

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAMILLE HENDERSON, early 40s, dressed casually enough for home, but professionally enough for a video conference, types quietly on a laptop.

NATE

Wow.

Camille pauses her typing, looks up, and gives her attention to...

NATE HENDERSON, unshaven, early 40s, wearing shorts and a t-shirt, holds a very clearly used floss pick in front of his face. He is impressed with the payload.

NATE (CONT'D)

A lot of stuff comes out when I floss.

Camille earnestly musters a nod and smile as she returns to her work.

Nate places the pick down, looks at his laptop, and decides to continue speaking.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hope you don't mind me sharing your "office", Babe.

He chuckles.

She smiles for as long as he looks at her. When he's done looking, she's done smiling. She probably minds.

A high pitched CHIME from the other room catches her attention. She continues typing as she speaks quietly.

CAMILLE

You left the fridge open.

Nate either doesn't hear her, or has long-ago stopped trying to discern her soft-spoken words.

NATE

I bet some couples working in the same room would want to kill each other. Can you imagine?

CAMILLE

I can't.

A slight grimace suggests that she can. Her typing continues.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The refrigerator, hanging the tiniest bit open, lets out another CHIME.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Camille raises her eyes toward her husband - her fingers never leaving the keyboard. She blinks once, and mostly succeeds at maintaining a pleasant demeanor as she waits for him to react to the chime they both clearly just heard.

CAMILLE

Can you close the fridge?

NATE

Yeah. But when Vassers told me he didn't need me to work at the office - I said, "then what the hell am I still doing here?"

He laughs. Camille smiles gently at his humor. Another CHIME.

CAMILLE

Certainly not ensuring that food remains chilled.

He smiles.

NATE

Huh?

Still attempting to keep the mood peaceful, she gently shrugs and shakes her head as if to say "nothing".

Nate smiles back at Camille. She promptly returns her eyes to her screen, but then startles at his unexpected Judas Priest imitation.

NATE (CONT'D)
(to the tune of "Breaking
The Law")
*Working from home! Working from
home! Working from home! Working
from home!*

Camille eyes him as he hits imaginary cymbals with his imaginary drumsticks. For real?

A fourth CHIME causes Camille's eyes to dart in the direction of the kitchen.

NATE (CONT'D)
Is that the fridge?

Camille finally stops typing, and eyes Nate.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nate sleeps peacefully.

Camille crouches over him, her knees straddling his stomach, two-handedly gripping an enormous knife pointed at his chest.

She shakes nervously as she attempts to steel herself to plunge the knife. Her face contorts.

Nate unexpectedly snores, surprising Camille.

He opens his eyes, and sees her holding the knife. He's not fully awake, so the knife doesn't quite register.

NATE
Hey.

CAMILLE
Hey.

He falls back asleep. Camille sighs.

Nate clears his throat and settles back in as she gathers her courage.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Nate sleeps peacefully. Camille lies next to him, bloodshot eyes wide open. Nate lazily wakes.

NATE

You sleep ok last night? Thought I heard some stirring.

He emits a loud yawn, fully incorporating his vocal chords into the activity. She fucking hates him.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nate pulls a tray of potato skins out of the oven.

NATE

Something smells funny.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Camille, typing, speaks without looking up from her laptop. She makes a minor effort to raise her voice.

CAMILLE

It's the garbage, Nate.

Nate seems aware that she spoke, but her comment barely registers.

NATE

We probably need to clean the oven.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - OVEN - DAY

Nate places his head inside the oven. He inhales, and considers. He inhales again.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nate is unaware that Camille is standing over him with a kitchen fire extinguisher positioned to slam on his head the moment he steps away from the oven.

NATE

Nah. Just smells like oven in here.

His oven investigation complete, Nate withdraws his head. Camille, once again losing her bravery in the moment, gently places the fire extinguisher down.

NATE (CONT'D)

I think it's the garbage.

Camille rolls her eyes. A BEEP catches both of their attention. Nate sees the fire extinguisher.

NATE (CONT'D)

Were you... worried about me?

Caught, Camille smiles meekly.

Another BEEP.

NATE (CONT'D)

Smoke detector battery.

CAMILLE

We just changed that.

Nate shakes his head, annoyed at...

NATE

Global warming.

He heads toward the kitchen exit.

CAMILLE

What?

BEEP.

NATE

You mind holding the ladder for me?

Camille's face fills with optimism.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Nate, atop an 18-foot leaning ladder, fiddles with an inconveniently placed smoke detector.

NATE
Battery cover's jammed or
something.

Camille holds the ladder beneath him. This is her chance. Her grip on the ladder tightens. Her eyes narrow.

NATE (CONT'D)
There she is!

He seals the battery cover. Camille reaches for a rung and prepares to pull, as Nate's sneaker lands on her hand with a CRUNCH.

Her mouth opens wide with pain. Nate steps off the ladder.

NATE (CONT'D)
You gotta hold it from the rails,
Babe. I almost hurt myself.

She *did* hurt herself. Nate is unsurprisingly unaware.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nate and Camille sleep peacefully. A THUMP jars Nate from bed.

NATE
You hear that?

Another THUMP.

Nate jumps out of bed, as Camille slowly finds her feet. Nate grabs a flashlight, and opens a closet containing a wooden baseball bat.

NATE (CONT'D)
Take this.

He tosses the bat at Camille. It HITS her, and bounces to the ground.

CAMILLE
Ow!

NATE
Anybody opens that door, you pop
their head open.

Camille nods - too agreeably. Nate steps out of the door.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nate carefully steps out of the room with the flashlight, and cautiously descends the stairs.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Alone in the room, Camille steps into a perfect batter pose. She speaks in a low, threatening tone.

CAMILLE
(whispers)
Hey batter batter batter batter...
suh-wing batter.

She listens intently, and does a slow, half-swing practice hit while listening to Nate's footsteps.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nate turns on the light. The front door is wide open, and a GUY, mid-30s, scrubby, medium build, sporting a modest mohawk, is robbing the place. He has a burlap bag full of stuff in one hand, and a flashlight in the other. The two men freeze, and stare at each other. Nate recognizes the futility of his own flashlight, and turns it off. The Guy follows suit.

Breaking the silence, Nate yells. After a long moment, the Guy also yells. Nate continues to yell. The Guy continues to yell.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camille confusedly listens to both men yelling.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Both men finish yelling, and the Guy turns and runs, yelling once again. Nate fumbles with his phone as he bellows upstairs.

NATE
Camille, we had a break-in!

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Recognizing her opportunity, Camille lifts her bat and speeds toward the door.

NATE
I got 911 on the line!

She sighs, and places the bat on the floor.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Police lights flash on the living room window.

Nate gesticulates enthusiastically to two POLICE OFFICERS as Camille passively waits nearby.

NATE
So I'm all "you better get out of here before you get hurt, buddy", and he runs outside and drops his bag on the floor out there.

CAMILLE
You mean the ground.

NATE
Huh?

CAMILLE
He dropped his bag on the ground. Outside it's the ground.

NATE
Same thing.

CAMILLE & POLICE OFFICER 1
No it isn't.

Camille and Police Officer 1 make eye contact as...

POLICE OFFICER 2
Can you tell me more about his
appearance?

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nate eats a burger, while Camille enjoys some sushi.

NATE
Babe, since the burglary, I just
don't feel safe in my own house. I
feel like a sitting duck, you know?

Camille raises her eyebrows, carefully capturing a piece of
rice-wrapped salmon in her chopsticks.

NATE (CONT'D)
Quack.

Camille lifts her chopsticks to her mouth, as Nate walks to a
kitchen drawer.

NATE (CONT'D)
I don't want to be a victim. So I
went ahead and bought some
insurance.

At the mention of the word "insurance", Camille turns her
chair in Nate's direction. She is riveted at the potential.

He opens the drawer, revealing a handgun, and tenderly
removes it.

Camille's eyes widen as the possibilities begin to unfold.
Her pupils dilate.

Nate inspects the handgun as he walks toward Camille.

NATE (CONT'D)
It wasn't the cheapest, but the guy
told me it was the most popular one
for self defense.
(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

So if some mohawked butthair tries
to break in again, I'll be like
"Say Hello to my little gun" and
then *pow...*

BANG.

Nate stops speaking because he has accidentally blown half
his head off. Camille, shocked, looks up at him as his legs
give way.

He hits the floor.

Camille screams, pauses, and then sighs. She looks at her
phone, considering her next move. She dials. 9. 1...

NATE (CONT'D)

Ooow!

CAMILLE

(startled)

Oh, god!

NATE

It hurts so bad!

Rising from the chair, Camille leans over Nate.

NATE (CONT'D)

There's a bright light.

Camille considers.

CAMILLE

Go *there*.

NATE

Yeah?

CAMILLE

Go to *that light*.

Nate's eyes are focused on a ceiling lightbulb above
Camille's head. He lifts his head in that direction, and
unintentionally headbutts Camille.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Ah, crap!

She realizes...

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
You meant the ceiling light.

NATE
Yeah.

And he realizes...

NATE (CONT'D)
I hurt you by accident.

CAMILLE
Yeah.

NATE
Hmm.

Nate dies.

Camille sits down next to him, and sighs again. She looks deeply into his dead face.

CAMILLE
Quack.

End.