

CURTAINS

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A dark living room, cluttered with empty food tins and boxes, a makeshift blanket bed lay on the floor. Weary eyed and bruised is NATE (20's). He pulls the curtain open a crack and light spills into the room. CAMERON (20's) bruised and tired, jumps up from the sofa and pulls the curtain shut.

CAMERON

What the hell are you doing?

NATE

I was just looking.

CAMERON

I told you not to open the curtains.

NATE

Surely it looks worse if we keep them closed. It's been three days. What if the neighbours notice?

CAMERON

Only thing they'll notice is your curtain twitching head bobbing in and out checking for the coppers!

NATE

I can't keep sitting here doing nothin'.

CAMERON

You bloody can.

NATE

Can't I just get us some food? We need to eat.

CAMERON

We got enough to last a few more days.

NATE

Tins of soup aren't food! I'm starving Cam.

CAMERON

Yeah, alright just go over to the little kebab shop down the road and grab some pizzas for us.

NATE

Okay, sweet, what kind do you want?

CAMERON

What kind do you think they have in  
the nick?

Nate's excitement fades.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

You killed someone Nate, you can't  
just go skipping down the shops.  
Pigs are out there lookin' for us  
right now. This ain't some game.  
Now shut the damn curtains!

Nate nods, pulling the curtain closed.