

"FOR BILLY"

by
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes spill out of open drawers, scattered across the floor. Sheets lay crumpled on an unmade bed. Someone left here in a hurry.

A closed DOOR. Beyond it, monotone drones and demonic screeching - building. Then, a crash, a struggle on the other side. A final THUD, a silent beat. Until-

The door bursts open, as LAURA (late 30's) erupts into the room, wielding a large pepper mill like a sword. Frantically, she closes the door. Pooling across her abdomen, a dark circle of BLOOD stains her dirtied and torn evening dress. She gently favours it as she searches her new surroundings. Pausing momentarily, she examines a BOTTLE of Vodka on a bedside table.

LAURA

All these houses and I choose the
one with your poison!

Frenetic once again, she strips the bed of it's sheets and duvet cover, mumbling.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Isn't stuff like this supposed to
happen on Halloween or Friday The
13th? Not Valentine's Day!

Tying the ends of the bedding into one long piece, Laura intermittently glances back at the bottle, laughing lamentably to herself.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Oh Billy, you finally take me out
for dinner and it gets you mauled
alive-!

A BANG! Loud, but distant. For now. Laura lets out a short, sharp, SCREAM. Embarrassed, she eyes the bottle, accusatory.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Don't give me that look! I didn't
mean to leave you there, Bill. It
all just happened so fast.
(of the pepper mill)
I grabbed the first thing I
could, and I ran.

Beyond the door, the unearthly droning returns - growing in volume and number. Gathering the bedding together, Laura winces in pain, clutching at the widening the pool of BLOOD on her torso. She leers at the bottle with accusing eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

And you can stop all that, it's just a graze. They barely broke the skin.

As gently as she can, she teases open the bedroom window. Through immense pain, Laura tosses one end of the makeshift rope out of the window, the droning hordes now banging on the bedroom door.

She peers out, her hopeful expression quickly dissipating.

LAURA (CONT'D)

No! Too short! Please, no!

The pain overwhelming, Laura crumples to the bedroom floor, sobbing. She grabs the bottle - hugging, clutching tightly. Beyond the door, the incessant droning is now an almost cacophonous wall of sound.

She unscrews the cap, taking in it's scent.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I don't want to leave you, but I don't want to become like them. A droning, snarling beast. What if I were to hurt someone else's husband? Or father? Or son!?!

Looking down at her bloodstained torso, mournfully resolute.

LAURA (CONT'D)

No. If you have to go out, go out fighting, as they say.

Locking her lips around bottle, she takes one long, desperate gulp - A FINAL KISS GOODBYE. Coughing as it burns the back of her throat, she allows the bottle to drop to the floor, wiping the residue from her mouth. With great agony, she pulls herself to her feet.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Right you lot. This is for ruining my dinner, for the state of my new dress, but most of all... this, is for my Billy.

HOLD ON: Laura, the door bursting open. Her baying attacker's unearthly drones now louder than ever. She lifts the pepper mill, wielding like a sword. A steely confidence.

With a battle cry, she charges.

FADE OUT.