

PERSPECTIVES

Written by
Anthony Cawood

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anthony@anthonycawood.co.uk

INT. SOFT LIT BEDROOM - NIGHT

JESSIE, 30s, wiry body, just boxer shorts on, lies on his back, apprehension on his face.

BETH, 30s, straddles him, unashamed of her curves, fat cigar between her lips.

She drags on it.

BETH

Sure?

He nods.

She takes the cigar and grinds it out into his chest, hairs singeing as his SCREAM fills the room.

Beth pulls the cigar away, taking some skin with it.

Jessie grimaces as she moves.

BETH (cont'd)

Again?

He nods again.

JESSIE

Why not, we have all the time in the world now.

She strikes a match and re-lights the cigar.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jessie, in black clothes, topped with a balaclava, pours lighter fluid over nearby bales of cloth in a large room full of similar bales.

He lights and smokes a cigarette, just a few puffs, blows it until the end glows a demonic red.

Throws it into the bales where it quickly catches fire.

He takes a hammer from within his jacket and throws it away, towards a dark corner where it skitters to a stop.

Jessie walks away as the flames begin to spread.

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark.

A lighter clicks shut and the coal-red wink of a cigarette illuminates two naked figures, but nothing else of the room.

Beth, takes a drag from the cigarette.

Smoke drifts from between her pursed lips.

BETH
I can't do this anymore.

RYAN, 40s, bald and out of shape, pulls a sheet over his naked torso.

He studies her in silence, malevolence in his sneer.

RYAN
We need the money.

BETH
But not like this.

RYAN
You can do something else?

BETH
Anything, a job, temping, you know...
normal stuff.

RYAN
No, I **need** this money, not some
fucking call centre wage from you.

BETH
But I can't. Aren't you listening?

RYAN
You're the one not listening.

BETH
You could get someone else.

His face reddens, anger suffuses his skin.

RYAN
Why, when I've got you.

BETH
I could leave.

He laughs.

Beth makes to slap him, but he's quick and catches her hand.

RYAN

How many times do we need to do this?

He grabs the cigarette from her hand and stabs it down, grinding it out on her breast, briefly illuminating other such wounds before the room goes dark again.

RYAN (cont'd)

Next one will be here soon, get fucking dressed, you know what he wants.

He stomps out of the room.

Beth's sobbing is illuminated briefly by the open door, along with the rest of the contents of the room and the bathroom door opposite a small curtained window.

Fetish garb, whips, chains and S&M gear line the walls.

Then darkness consumes the room again.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jessie walks out of a side alley and sprints over to a parked car.

Jumps in.

Behind him, the glow of insistent flames is visible from within the warehouse.

The flames spread as the car door slams shut.

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bedside light on.

Beth sits on the bed, fetish rubber outfit, ridiculous heels, and mascara running down her face as she cries.

Ryan slams into the room, nearly taking the door off its hinges.

RYAN

Where?

She points to the bathroom door.

RYAN (cont'd)

Oi, bastard, I told ya not to damage my property. Now ya gonna pay.

He strides towards the bathroom door.

Flings it open.

As he does, Jessie slides out from under the bed.

Ryan pokes his head in the bathroom.

RYAN (cont'd)
Hey, there's no one here...

He turns as Jessie smashes him over the head with a large hammer.

The look of shock on Ryan's face is briefly comical until blood runs down his scalp and wipes the look away.

He drops to his knees as Jessie follows up with a second blow to the scalp.

Beth wipes her tears away.

BETH
Is it over.

Ryan is still on his knees.

Jessie hits him again and his knees finally give way.

JESSIE
Yes, he's done.

He grabs the sheets from the bed and wraps the body.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Beth leans forward as Jessie removes the balaclava.

BETH
Done.

He nods.

BETH (cont'd)
This'll work?

JESSIE
I've done it before, no one asks or cares.

BETH
Like this though?

Jessie shrugs.

JESSIE
What's the difference?

Her turn to shrug.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessie drags the body towards the door, held open by Beth.

He pulls Ryan through and out of sight.

THUNK-THUNK-THUNK as he drags Ryan's body down unseen stairs.

Beth follows and the door closes.

Darkness.

After a moment...

Light.

The door opens and Beth comes back into the room.

Goes to the side of the bed and retrieves the bloody hammer.

Leaves the room again.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END