

Stuffed
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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Photos of a married couple cover most surfaces. From the fashion and the hairstyles, they were married in the 80s.

A dressing table by the wall, littered with anti-ageing lotions, potions and unguents. A multitude of pill bottles jostle for space.

ATIVAN...

XANAX...

TRANXENE...

ANGIE, 50s, sad and weary, sits in her dressing gown and stares at the bottles, fingers tapping on their lids.

She picks the Xanax, chugs it like a beer bottle and dry chews the pills through a grimace.

She picks up a framed photo, herself, younger, happy.

Angie smiles at herself.

Scowls.

Screams.

Screams louder.

Sobs.

She smashes the frame on the edge of the dressing table, shattering the glass and freeing the photo from inside.

She picks the photo out of the shards of glass and bends it round her face, holds it in place like a grotesque mask.

Sobbing escapes from beneath, guttural, agonised.

She throws her photo into the mirror, it hangs there, held by her tears.

Young Angie stares back at her.

ANGIE
Better or worse --

Screams again.

INT. SMALL WORKSHOP - DAY

Gardening equipment, DIY and decorating implements fill the shelves on one wall.

On another, the shelves hold, golf trophies, snooker trophies, darts trophies. Poker chips and card sets, a humidior and smoking gear.

The final wall is full of photos of drunken men in front of a variety of club houses, pubs and casinos.

No Angie in any of these photos, though one man is familiar, the groom from the bedroom wedding snaps.

It's not quite a man cave, no TV, but it is the paraphernalia of a content man.

A long workbench lines the wall nearest the tools.

Angie works on something small and hidden from view.

Her hair is in tufts, unwashed and unkempt.

She looks feral.

Angie turns to her left, drops a bloody pair of garden clippers.

In front of her is a small Jack Russell dog.

Dead.

To her right is a small pile of emotionally connected memories. Letters, cards, jewellery, collected with love, bound by ribbons.

She picks up a small trinket and inserts it into the bloody wound in the dog's stomach.

She continues slowly, stuffs one item after another into the dog.

Everything goes into the dog, her hands now bloody and tears still fall.

Finally, she takes the collar from around the dog's neck, lifts it to her eyes to read.

INSERT - DOG TAG

Roxy

She turns the tag over.

All my love - Brian

BACK TO SCENE

The collar goes the same way as everything else, Roxy is now an awkwardly stuffed and bloody mess.

ANGIE

Perfect.

She picks the limp dog up.

Some of the items start to fall back out, more, as she turns and takes it to the back of the workshop.

She doesn't notice the trail she's leaving.

By the door is a golf bag, full of well maintained clubs, each with a novelty club cover.

She stuffs what's left of her bloody pinata into the top of the golf bag.

There's not a lot of room.

Taking a driver out of the bag creates a little more room.

She uses the driver to smash Roxy further into the bag, pulping the dog, sending blood spattering onto the wall.

A quick succession of blows and the dog fits.

ANGIE

Stuff it.

Angie goes back to the bench and retrieves the photos.

She glances at it, composes herself.

ANGIE

All...

She goes to the door of the workshop, opens it and enters the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MRS JESSOP, 80s, in her dressing gown, watches TV.

Angie enters.

MRS JESSOP

That you son?

ANGIE

No.

MRS JESSOP

What? Speak up.

ANGIE

No, it's me, Angie.

MRS JESSOP
(disappointed)
Oh.

ANGIE
Don't worry, I'm sure your precious
son will be home soon.

MRS JESSOP
(brighter)
Oh, lovely.

Angie takes the photos from her pocket and looks at it.

INSERT - PHOTO

A print of a selfie shows a mostly naked young woman in bed with a grinning, mostly naked, mostly bald, man in his 50s.

Round the woman's neck is a necklace, the name Roxy hangs from the chain, encrusted with diamonds. The man is feeding her chocolate.

On the bedside table is a wedding photo, the man and Angie, happy then, smiling back through time.

Angie flicks to the next photo, the girl is straddling him, pouring champagne onto her breasts.

BACK TO SCENE

Angie shudders, lets the photos fall. They're all similar scenes of lust fuelled coupling.

ANGIE
Love.

Not said as a question, or statement, said as an epitaph.

Angie advances on the old lady.

MRS JESSOP
What dear?

She starts to swing the driver, a couple of drops of blood flicking off the end of it.

ANGIE
All...

The driver comes down with a sickly swoosh.

ANGIE
My...

The driver comes down again, terminates with a wet bone-crack.

ANGIE

Love...

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Angie sits at the table, clothes spattered with blood.

She's stabbing at something in front of her with a very large kitchen knife.

The clock on the cooker reads six pm. Pots bubble, the oven is on a high heat.

The table is set for two, best china, wine glasses, the works.

A key rattles in a lock in the hallway. The front door opens, closes, feet shuffle in.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Hello... where's all my girls then?

Angie stops whittling.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Mum?

He waits for an answer.

Nothing.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Roxy, here girl.

He snaps his fingers and pauses again.

Nothing.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Angie?

ANGIE

Kitchen, tea's almost done.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Love, where's Roxy?

ANGIE

In here... love...

She rolls the object she's been stabbing onto the plate opposite her.

The 'Roxy' necklace no longer shines, half the jewels missing.

Brian approaches, footsteps get nearer.

BRIAN (O.S.)
(sniffing)
Jeez, what are you ruining tonight?

ANGIE
Your love, dearest.

The kitchen door starts to open.

FADE OUT:

THE END