

All eyes on her

FADE IN:

TV SCREEN

A male NEWS ANCHOR smiles.

NEWS ANCHOR

...and finally, a have-a-go hero earlier today foiled a robbery at a local post office. Lucy Marsh is at the scene.

The TV cuts to a pretty, red-headed reporter. She smiles, holding a microphone to her lips. This is LUCY(28).

Next to her stands a hyperactive male in his early twenties. He can't stay still and grins broadly. This is BEN.

LUCY

Thanks Ted. This is Ben Hewitt, the man who alerted police to a robbery taking place in the post office behind me.

(to Ben)

You must be very proud, Ben. What alerted your attention?

BEN

Well, I had just finished my shift and was walking to my car when I saw two guys in masks getting out of a van.

Lucy nods.

BEN

Well I just thought, the guys at the Post Office are never gonna believe this! So I nipped around the corner and called the police...

EXT. ELECTRICAL STORE - DAY

The TV plays on silently.

A faint reflection of a MAN watches. A cigarette is thrown to the ground and stamped out.

MAN(O.S)

I knew you'd show up, baby. I just knew it.

The man walks away.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Lucy stands alone now, wrapping up the broadcast.

Sitting by the news van, LUKE(early 20s) watches. His eyes only on Lucy.

LUCY

Lucy Marsh. Channel Four News.

Lucy relaxes. Walks off to the van and grabs a packet of cigarettes. Pops one in her mouth and lights up. Lets out a sigh.

Luke looks up at her with a smile.

LUKE

Good job Lucy, you looked great.

Lucy exhales a puff of smoke and strokes her hair out of her face.

LUCY

Thanks Luke, hopefully it'll be my last one like this. Big time soon kiddo.

Luke shuffles his feet and stands up.

LUKE

How about a coffee? I know this place around the corner --

LUCY

-- Aww, I don't know honey.

LUKE

Just coffee Lucy, what's the harm?

Lucy picks up her mobile phone from the van, glances back to Luke as she flips it open.

LUCY

OK, give me two minutes alright?

Luke grins and walks off.

Lucy speed dials and holds the phone to her ear.

PHONE(V.O)

Hi Lucy, it's Eric. Just got back from court and it's gone through. He won't be bothering you anymore. No letters, phone calls and he's gotta keep one hundred feet away from you at all times--

Lucy flips the phone shut and smiles.

She turns and heads off the same way as Luke.

Amongst the crowd gathered in the distance; someone watches Lucy's every move.

His gaze moves up her toned, tanned legs. Her figure hugging dress shows off all her curves. A natural beauty.

INT. CAFE - LATER

Lucy and Luke sit at a table. They are the only people in. Two cups of coffee rest in front of them.

LUCY

Well, I've worked hard Luke...don't you think?

Luke seems depressed. As if his earlier hope has been taken away.

LUKE

Yeah, but co-anchor? I mean I hope you get it, but -- but I kinda like working with you Lucy.

Lucy gives him a flirtatious smile, flicking her hair from her face with her hand.

LUCY

I like working with you too Luke, but I can't do these shitty stories much longer. You understand don't you?

A man stands behind Lucy, looking down at her. This is MARK(30s).

First Luke notices him, then Lucy. Both look up at Mark.

LUCY

Can I help you?

Mark smiles.

MARK

Lucy Marsh? It's you isn't it?

Lucy frowns, giving a look to Luke. Looks back to Mark.

LUCY

Yeah, who wants to know?

MARK

It's me. Mark Jones -- from school,
don't say you don't remember me?

Lucy's face softens. She smiles.

LUCY

Holy shit! Mark? How you doing?

Mark takes a seat, beaming.

MARK

Fine, fine. God you're a sight for
sore eyes.

Lucy giggles, eyes solely on Mark.

Luke in the b.g frowns.

LUKE

Lucy, we should really be getting
back.

LUCY

(ignoring Luke)

I could say the same about you,
mister. How long has it been?

MARK

Five years? Maybe six.

Luke stands up, looking at his watch.

LUKE

Lucy, you coming?

LUCY

(not looking)

I'll meet you there Luke, jeez.

Luke sighs and walks off.

LUCY

So how have you been? This place
hasn't changed much has it?

Mark laughs as they lean closer to each other at the table.

EXT. CAFE - LATER

Mark and Lucy walk out the door, still deep in conversation. Bright smiles on both their faces.

MARK

Yeah, it's just around the corner.
You sure they'd have waited for
you?

They walk side by side along the street.

LUCY

Don't worry about it, I'm the star!

They both laugh as they turn a corner.

INT. CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

THROUGH A WINDSCREEN

Mark and Lucy walk along.

The car door CLOSES.

BACK TO SCENE

Gaining on the pair of them.

An iron bar smashes Mark on the back of the head.

Lucy turns around, mouth open in shock.

She's grabbed, a handkerchief put over her mouth and nose.

She squirms, muffled screams coming from her.

Her eyes close.

BLACK

LATER

BREATHING...close.

A slither of light from above. HEARTBEAT racing.

A MUFFLED SHOUT.

INT. GARAGE

Lucy sits blindfolded and tied to a chair.

The room is dark. A single hanging bulb the only source of light. It swings.

Lucy squirms in her chair, testing her binds.

Close to her, squatting on the floor is DANNY(early 20s).

He has long, greasy hair and a scruffy beard. He watches her closely, a wry smile on his face.

DANNY

I knew you'd come Lucy. Just knew
it, you know?

Lucy squirms more at the sound of his voice.

DANNY

Shit, how could you not?

He stands up and walks close to her. Runs a finger down her cheek. Lucy turns her head, trying to bite his hand.

He pulls it back quickly, laughing.

DANNY

Shit baby, you sure are feisty!

He pulls off her blindfold.

Lucy's eyes are wide with fear. They stare at Danny.

DANNY

Seemed a shame to cover up your
eyes, don't you think?

He squats'down, inches away from her. Looks into her eyes with a smile.

DANNY

I love your eyes -- but I guess you
get sick of me telling you that,
huh?

Lucy shows no sign of knowing what he's talking about.

DANNY

Don't pretend you never hear me...I
know when I'm being watched.

He puts a finger to his mouth and shushes her, pulling her gag down.

Lucy SCREAMS. Danny, shocked, pulls out a knife and holds it to her throat. She's instantly quiet. Tears flow from her eyes.

LUCY
(quiet)
Wh...what do you want?

DANNY
(mimicking)
Wh...wh..what do you want?

He laughs, lowering the knife down her neck, down her cleavage. Her chest rises and falls. Sweat drips down her neck.

He leans in close to her. Whispers in her ear.

DANNY
Why you being like this bitch? Why you acting dumb? You're not dumb -- you're smart, like me.

Lucy calms herself down, taking deep breaths.

LUCY
I don't know who you --

Danny backhands her. Sweat shoots from her face as it's knocked to her shoulder.

She looks back to him, eyes lowered.

LUCY
Please...please, I have money.
Just let me go, please.

Danny cuts a button from her top, smiling at her.

DANNY
You think I want your money? Think I need your money?

Lucy, whimpering, pleads.

LUCY
I don't know what you want, please, just let me go. I won't say anything.

DANNY

I know everything about you Lucy,
you know everything about me --
shit, I've told you everything
about me.

Lucy SOBS. Her eyes dart around the garage.

An OLD WOMAN shouts from in the house.

OLD WOMAN(O.S)

Daniel! Daniel, what's going on
down there?

Danny glares at Lucy.

DANNY

Now see what you've gone and done.

He leans into her and kisses her cheek softly. Lets his
tongue slide down her neck. Stands up.

DANNY

Be back in a second honey. We're
gonna have some fun, OK?

He walks off. A door closes(O.S).

Lucy, alone now, scans the garage.

She pulls at the rope around her...no use.

The garage door in front of her catches her eye. She swings
side-to-side on her chair. Falls to the ground.

With her hands she crawls along the floor towards the door.

RAISED VOICES, then a SLAMMED DOOR(O.S).

Lucy whimpers and speeds up.

Another door SWINGS open and SHUTS(O.S).

FOOTSTEPS close in on her, then stop inches away.

Lucy carries on to the door...reaches it. Tries the
handle...locked.

Lucy collapses to the floor, her eyes spy a screwdriver
close by.

Arms grab her and pull her to her knees, facing Danny.

DANNY

Why you trying to run baby? You
can't run from fate.

Lucy looks up at him, calm.

LUCY

Please, whatever you want...just
let me go.

Danny squints, watching her closely. Checking for a lie.

DANNY

Whatever I want?

Lucy nods, pouting her lips.

LUCY

Anything...I'm sorry about making
all the noise. I was just scared
that's all.

Danny smiles, stroking her hair.

DANNY

I knew you weren't really like
that--shit, I'm sorry for scaring
you like this. It's just...it's
just --

LUCY

Just what?

DANNY

I didn't think you'd come. I mean,
not deep down.

Danny bows his head as Lucy smiles. Her eyes fall to his
crotch, Danny notices.

DANNY

What you looking at baby?

Lucy puts on her best innocent schoolgirl act, eyes
fluttering.

LUCY

I dunno. How about you untie my
arms and find out.

Danny studies her...nods.

He unties her arms, throwing the rope away.

Lucy moves her hands up Danny's legs. Hand cupping his crotch.

He moans out and unbuttons his jeans...they drop to the floor.

His eyes close as he leans back a little.

Lucy's hand moves to the screwdriver, grabbing it.

DANNY

That feels so good baby, so goo --

Lucy stabs him in the stomach with the screwdriver. He doubles over.

Reaching up, she stabs him again in the neck. Blood squirts all over. He sinks to the floor.

She stabs him again...and again. In the back, in the neck again...finally in the back of the head.

She falls back against the door, sobbing.

The door at the back opens and the Old Woman walks in. She carries a shotgun.

OLD WOMAN

What the fuck is going on in --

She looks down at Danny's dead body.

LUCY

Oh thank god, thank god! He kidnapped me!

The Old Woman glares at Lucy, raising the gun.

OLD WOMAN

What the fuck have you done to my son?

Lucy covers her face with her arms as the Old Woman fires her gun.

The bullet hits her in the stomach. She stares at the Old Woman as she falls to the ground, eyes stunned.

The Old Woman fires again.

Lucy sinks to the floor. Blood pours from her body all over the garage floor.

Lucy's body deathly still.

LUCY'S EYES

- watch the Old Woman bend down next to her son.

OLD WOMAN

What's she done to you baby? What's
she done?

BLACK

The sound of a body getting DRAGGED.

OLD WOMAN(O.S)

What's that bitch done to my baby?

FADE OUT

THE END