

Lady At The End Of The Pier

by
Jack Jones

Jackjones_1980@yahoo.co.uk

OVER BLACK

Sea waves ROAR. Seagulls CAW.

OLD LADY (V.O.)
Eight... Eight... Eight...

FADE IN:

SUNGLASSES LENS

Seagulls soaring above choppy sea water reflects in the smooth impenetrable black surface.

EXT. END OF PIER - DAY

An OLD LADY stands dangerously close to the edge of the pier, sunglasses concealing her eyes.

She keeps her balance thanks to a white-knuckled grip on her cane.

Dirty, mangled hair seeps from underneath her trilby hat. Her black trenchcoat flaps furiously in the wind.

She gazes out at the ocean's rough waves. Drizzle descends from a miserable overcast sky.

Her cracked, pursed pale lips match the heavily wrinkled tense expression on her face.

OLD LADY
Eight... Eight... Eight...

FURTHER DOWN THE PIER

GUY wanders up the empty boardwalk. He's bewildered, looking for something or someone.

He gazes out at the choppy waters of the ocean. The downcast sky compliments his mood.

Guy drifts a little further up the pier. He pauses, sighs. He runs a hand through his hair. Defeated.

Three dark bollards take his eye at the end of the pier. The middle bollard moves, something flapping around it-- it's not a bollard, it's the Old Lady.

GUY
What the hell--?

Guy rushes towards her.

GUY
Hey! Harriet!?

END OF PIER

Guy rushes to the Old Lady. He gingerly touches her shoulder. She abruptly turns to face him.

GUY
Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were--

Old Lady looks up at him. Stern lips.

GUY
I thought you were a friend of mine, she's gone missing and-- I'm sorry to disturb you.

OLD LADY
Eight... Eight... Eight...

GUY
Excuse me?

OLD LADY
EIGHT... EIGHT... EIGHT...

GUY
Late? Eight? Eight what? Look, are you sure it's safe to be standing this close to the edge? Accidents happen all the time around here--

Old Lady whips up her cane, withdraws its sheath, revealing a long, sharp blade.

Guy's eyes open wide in shock.

Old Lady stabs Guy in his throat, the blood-soaked blade shoots out the back of his neck.

Guy sinks to his knees, blood spitting from his mouth.

Old Lady withdraws the blade, covers it with the sheath. She WHACKS Guy over his head with so much force he falls over the edge of the pier and into the water below.

Old Lady resumes her position and looks out at the ocean.

OLD LADY
Nine... Nine... Nine...

FADE TO BLACK.