

ADDICTION

By

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Second Draft
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FADE IN:

EXT. MARIO'S PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

VINCENT, mid thirties, peers in through the window. A 'take-away' sign flashes and illuminates his bearded face.

Distant incoherent shouts echo.

INT. MARIO'S PIZZA SHOP

CLARE, twenties, scantily clad, leans against the counter.

EXT. MARIO'S PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

Hysterical laughter.

Vincent turns.

TINA and LISA drunkenly approach. They stop outside.

TINA
Come on, Clare!

Vincent looks at the women.

LISA
What you looking at?

He looks away.

Clare exits with her food, joins her friends and they stagger away.

Vincent leans his back against the glass shop front. He closes his eyes.

A man walks past and deliberately nudges Vincent.

MAN
Watch it, retard.

The man laughs as he walks away.

Vincent straightens his frame and inhales a deep breath. He stuffs his hands in his pockets.

A siren peeps in the distance.

His knees buckle and he slides down into a seated position. He looks at the bar across the street.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Two BOUNCERS guard the door. They converse. They part and EMMA, early twenties, exits. She is clearly drunk.

EXT. MARIO'S PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

Emma stumbles passes Vincent.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A rubbish bin audience line either side.

Emma rounds the corner and bumps one of the bins. Its lid falls and breaks the silence. She puts her finger to her lips and shushes her clumsiness. She staggers on.

Vincent steps over the grounded bin lid. He removes a pair of black latex gloves from his pocket and puts them on.

Emma stumbles and lets out a drunken chuckle.

Walking ten feet behind her, Vincent pulls a balaclava from inside his jacket and pulls it over his head. His posture straightens.

A quiet buzz emits from Emma's bag. She stops.

Vincent slows his pace.

Emma rummages and pulls out her phone.

EMMA

Hello?

Vincent checks they are alone.

EMMA

I'm hammered. No, I'm okay, I'll see you tomorrow. Bye.

Vincent jumps Emma from behind. Her phone skids across the concrete and disappears in the darkness. He muffles her scream with his hand and forces her to the ground.

VINCENT

Don't struggle.

Emma struggles. She tries to roll him off her back.

Vincent slinks his arm around her neck and tightens his muscles. Her fight weakens and she falls silent.

VINCENT

Good girl.

Vincent checks round the alley. He rolls her over and onto her back. He checks the pulse in her neck.

He grabs Emma's bag and takes out a small purse. He empties the few notes but leaves the bank cards.

Roughly he pulls a ring from her finger and snaps the small silver crucifix from around her neck. He stuffs the haul into his pocket.

Placing his finger on Emma's cheek, he pulls the skin down to expose the pink flesh beneath the eye. He opens her mouth and examines her gums.

VINCENT

Good.

Vincent slowly unbuckles his belt. He takes one last look around the dark alley. He slides the belt from his trousers and ties it around Emma's upper arm.

He takes a small plastic case from his jacket pocket and opens the catch. Inside are two empty tubes and a hypodermic needle.

Vincent taps the vein on the Emma's inner elbow and carefully slides the needle through the soft flesh.

Taking one of the empty tubes, he clips it onto the needle and removes his belt. Blood pulses into the container. The tube quickly fills and he removes it.

He repeats with the second tube and puts the paraphernalia away. He pulls the needle free and tosses it into the gutter.

His eyes are drawn to the small puncture in her skin. A small amount of blood begins to clot.

A dog bark echoes in the distance.

Checking the alley again, he lifts the balaclava above his mouth and clamps his lips around the wound. He suckles the goodness.

His body convulses with every suck and he groans with pleasure. A lick of the lips and he pulls the balaclava down.

Vincent stands and fills his lungs with the night air and he strides away from the scene.

The rubbish bins watch over Emma.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - DAY

A fluorescent light hums.

Vincent stands in front of a mirror. A large bag at his feet.

Shirtless and clean shaven except for a small strip of shaving foam on his chin. A large scar is visible on his neck.

He dips the razor into the sink and shaves the remaining foam. A quick splash of water and he dries his face with a paper towel.

Pulling a clean crumpled shirt from the bag, he puts it on.

A male ATTENDANT, late teens, enters. He fumbles his name badge.

ATTENDANT

Hey, you can't do that in here.

Vincent shakes his head, grabs the bag and storms out.

ATTENDANT

How many times, man.

The attendant drains the sink.

He looks into the mirror and pulls his two finger revolver from his pocket.

ATTENDANT

Bang.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Vincent approaches a vehicle and fobs it open.

He pops the boot and throws the bag inside. He pulls out an aluminum briefcase before slamming it closed.

He climbs in the drivers seat.

INT. CAR - DAY

Vincent looks at the briefcase. '*Hanson's Pharmaceuticals*' is written across it. He flicks the catches and flips the lid.

A number of tubes, all full of blood, sit snug in protective foam. The two new tubes are added. He strokes his fingers across them and closes the case.

He pulls a wallet from the glove compartment and adds the night's spoils. He puts the wallet in his pocket.

Vincent tweaks the rear view mirror and starts the engine.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Moderate in size, clean and tidy.

KATY, late twenties, washes the dishes. Her long golden hair hugs her face.

DEBBIE, infant, sits in a high chair and giggles as she scribbles on a piece of paper.

A door slams.

KATY

Is that you, Vincent?

Vincent strolls in with a smile across his face.

VINCENT

Who else would it be?

He places his briefcase down and turns to Debbie.

VINCENT

Hello, sweetheart. Have you missed me? Have you?

Katy dries the suds from her hands.

KATY

Of course we have.

Vincent looks at Debbie and her drawing.

VINCENT

That's wonderful, Debbie. Quite the artist aren't you.

KATY

Did you make many orders?

Vincent looks at the briefcase.

VINCENT

Enough.

KATY

Enough? What does that mean?
Enough to put food in the
cupboards? Enough to put clothes
on Debbie's back? Enough to...

VINCENT
Give it a rest for fuck's sake.
I've been home for one minute and
you're on my back.

Katy turns back to the washing up.

KATY
Don't swear in front of your
daughter.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vincent stares at his reflection in the mirror. He wears
only a pair of pajama bottoms. He sticks out his tongue.

A knock on the door.

KATY (O.S.)
You nearly done?

Vincent hangs his head.

VINCENT
Won't be a minute.

INT. HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT

Vincent exits the bathroom and heads for the stairs. His
foot hovers over the top step.

VINCENT
Just getting a drink.

He pauses for a response but none comes.

He descends the stairs.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Katy sits in her dressing gown at the table. A large
number of yellow paper slips are strewn across it.

Vincent enters and stops abruptly.

VINCENT
What you still doing up? I
thought you were in bed?

Vincent looks at the table.

VINCENT
Oh, don't start again.

She grabs a handful of paper slips and throws them at him.

KATY
What have you been pawning?

VINCENT
Just stuff.

KATY
Just stuff!

She picks a slip from the table and reads from it.

KATY
One gold ring with single
diamond. One silver eternity
ring. One silver bracelet.
Shall I go on?

Vincent sighs.

VINCENT
I found them so thought why not.

Katy laughs and stands. She leans into Vincent's face.

KATY
You're a fucking liar.

Vincent backs away and scans the kitchen floor. He sees his bag.

VINCENT
Why are you going through my
stuff anyway?

KATY
Don't change the subject. Where
did all this shit come from?
Have you been thieving again?

Vincent shakes his head.

VINCENT
Oh, let's bring that up again.
It was twenty years ago and I did
my time in Juvi for it.

KATY
Well you won't get Juvi now will
you. You're a fucking idiot,
Vincent. We have a child. What
we going to do if you go inside?

VINCENT
I'm not a thief!

KATY

But you are a liar.

Vincent waves his arms.

VINCENT

I'm not a fucking liar.

KATY

You're not even working for
Hanson's are you?

VINCENT

Of course I am. Where do you
think I go all week?

Katy thumps her fist into Vincent's chest.

KATY

Who fucking knows! I know you're
not going to work though. You've
no work suits, no order book and
your case was full of blood
samples. What's going on,
Vincent?

Vincent's eyes search for the case. He spies a row of
empty tubes standing on the kitchen sink.

VINCENT

What have you done? Have you
emptied them all?

Katy shakes her head.

KATY

I think you should start going to
counselling again.

Vincent scowls at his wife.

VINCENT

What?

KATY

I don't think you're over it.

Vincent rubs the scar on his neck.

VINCENT

Oh, Katy. You don't get it? I
never got over it and I never
will. I just have to hide it.

KATY

Hide it?

Vincent rubs his head.

KATY
You need to talk about it, not
hide it. You were attacked,
Vincent, there's no shame in it.

VINCENT
Fuck!

He looks at the empty tubes again.

VINCENT
Oh, Jesus. You don't know what
you've done? I need one tonight,
I need one now.

Katy looks over at the tubes.

KATY
What do you mean, Vincent? Need
what? You're not making sense.

Vincent approaches his wife. He stands only inches from
her. He gently unties Katy's dressing gown.

She backs away and the cord is pulled free. Disgust is
written across her face.

KATY
Don't even think about it. You
think you can smarm out of this?
I don't think so.

Vincent holds the cord in his tightening grip.

VINCENT
I'm sorry but I can't hide the
pain anymore.

KATY
What pain?

Vincent stares at his wife.

VINCENT
Tell Debbie I love her.

Katy breathes hard, a nervous look on her face.

KATY
Why can't you?

LATER

The bag and empty tubes are gone.

Debbie's muffled cries penetrate the ceiling.

Katy sits under the kitchen table. She wears only her underwear. Her face pale and colourless. Her dressing gown is laid a few feet away.

Her knees buried in her chest, she rocks back and forth and sobs her heart out. Her hand clamps around her opposite arm. A little blood is visible.

A syringe and the dressing gown cord lay beside her.

FADE OUT.