Clique
By
Craig Cooper-Flintstone
FADE IN:

LIVING ROOM – DAY

The early-morning light softly illuminates the large and luxurious, yet recently neglected living room.

Piles of empty ready-meal cartons cover the coffee table and cascade down onto the cream carpet.

NICKI, late twenties, tall and beautiful even in her makeup-free state, parts the Venetian Blind cautiously and peers outside. She snatches her fingers away then steps back from the window.

KATY, mid-thirties, blonde, also gorgeous but somewhat unkempt, whispers from under a blanket on the leather sofa –

    KATY
    Are... are they still there?

Nicki sighs as she perches herself on the arm of the settee.

    NICKI
    That’s a pretty stupid fuckin’ question, isn’t it?

    KATY
    I know, I know. What are we gonna do, Nicki?

Katy lurches back, nervously toying with the beads around her neck.

    NICKI
    What are we gonna do? You’re the reason they’re here, after all.
KATY
You don’t have to remind me. God, of all the stupid things I’ve ever done...

NICKI
Yep. You certainly surpassed yourself this time.

A few moments of awkward silence.

KATY
How... how many are there?

NICKI
I dunno. Ten, maybe twenty.

KATY
Twenty? Are they fuckin’ breeding out there?

NICKI
I said maybe twenty. I can’t be sure... It doesn’t look like they’ve moved all night though.

KATY
Evil doesn’t sleep. They just... watch and wait. I didn’t mean it to end up like this. I was only messing around, ya know? It was just a bit of fun.

NICKI
Well it’s far from fun now, isn’t it? They’ll never go. They’ll just wait and wait... and wait... for you.

KATY
And they’re gonna snap me. They’ll rip me to fuckin’ shreds. Five days we’ve been here now. What are we gonna do when we’ve run out of food?

A single tear rolls down Katy’s cheek.
NICKI
Hey, come on. We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it. We’re okay for a few days yet.

KATY
A few days of biscuits and fuckin’ frozen meals. I’m eating for two, you know?

NICKI
Of course I know. Just try to stay calm. You’re safe in here. They’ve not attempted to get in your house, that’s one good thing.

KATY
Yeah, they just circle around outside. Waiting for their prey.

NICKI
Try not to think about it. You’re bored. It doesn’t help. I’d put the TV on, but...

Nicki nods towards the huge, shattered, Plasma screen.

KATY
It was on every fuckin’ channel. I couldn’t bear it.

NICKI
Well, it is pretty news-worthy. It’s not exactly an everyday occurrence. I gotta pee. Won’t be long.

Nicki heads out the door.

Katy brings her knees to her chest under the blanket, and listens intently to Nicki’s footsteps ascending the stairs.
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KATY
Christ, I’ve never been religious, but God help me... please.

She is startled by a shrill scream that echoes from upstairs.

She sits up - a look of terror on her face.

KATY
Nicki. You okay?

Nicki rushes down the stairs and into the living room, panting for breath.

NICKI
Oh my God. They’re everywhere.

Extreme panic is apparent in Katy’s voice -

KATY
Not in the house? Please tell me they’re not in my house.

Nicki sits down beside her.

NICKI
No, babe. I saw one scrambling up onto the garage roof, that’s all. Don’t worry, I closed the bathroom window. I don’t think it saw me...

KATY
It probably fuckin’ heard you though. Jesus, I almost shit myself.
Nicki laughs nervously, joined shortly after by Katy.

KATY
You know what? I’m dying for a ciggie. You got any left?

NICKI
I have, but you’re not having one. Think of the baby.

KATY
For fucks sake, Nicki. One’s not gonna hurt is it?

NICKI
I suppose. You’re only having the one though. I’ve only got a few left, and it’s not as if I can just nip to the shop and get some more.

Nicki rummages through the rubbish on the coffee table, revealing a OUIJA BOARD and a pack of Marlboros.

She puts two cigarettes in her mouth and lights them both at the same time, handing one to Katy.

KATY
You’re a fuckin’ diamond, you know that?

NICKI
It has been said before!

Katy take a huge drag on the cigarette. A brief glimpse of a calm expression shows on her face. She exhales.

KATY
My fuckin’ God, I’ve missed that!
NICKI
Well don’t get too used to it, you’re not having any more.

Katy takes another deep draw on the cigarette, then leans over and stubs it out on an empty pizza carton on the floor.

KATY
I’m saving the rest of this baby for later!

Nicki giggles as she shakes her head semi-disapprovingly.

NICKI
Are you hungry, babe? Do ya want me to go and see what we’ve got left to eat?

KATY
Yeah, if you don’t mind. I’m starving.

Nicki slowly rises from the sofa then heads out the room.
After a few minutes she excitedly scurries back into the living room.

NICKI
Katy, I think they’ve all moved onto the back garden. I saw one up that big tree at the bottom, about five or six on the garage roof and I’m pretty sure a load of them were in the bushes.

KATY
And that’s good because...?

NICKI
It’s good because they’ve gone from the street. I can cause a
NICKI
distraction at the back door, and
you can make a run for it.

KATY
I can’t ask you to do that, it’s
not fair.

NICKI
It’s you they’re after. They’re not
interested in me. Don’t you think
it’s worth a go?

KATY
I suppose. Where will I run to,
though?

Nicki shrugs.

NICKI
I dunno. As far away from here as
possible.

Katy nods approvingly.

NICKI
When you find somewhere safe, call
me on my mobile. There’s no credit
on it, but I should be able to
receive incoming calls.

KATY
What are you gonna do?

NICKI
I’ll wait here. Do you know my
number?

KATY
No, I don’t. I’d got it stored on
my phone. It won’t switch on any
more.
NICKI
I’m not surprised. It did a great job of smashing through that telly screen though, didn’t it?

They both laugh. Nicki takes a pen from upon the coffee table.

NICKI
Stick your arm out. I’ll write it on there.

KATY
You’re not writing on my arm with a fuckin’ Biro. What’s wrong with a bit of paper?

NICKI
I know you too well. You’d lose it. You’re hardly likely to lose your arm though, are you?

KATY
Well, I fuckin’ hope not.

Katy reluctantly holds out her arm. Nicki scrawls her number.

NICKI
Okay, I’m gonna go and make some noise in the kitchen to try and get their attention. I’ll let you know when it’s safe to go, alright?

Katy fights back the tears as she nods. She lurches forward, grabbing Nicki in a tight embrace.

KATY
I love you.
NICKI
Me too. Now be brave. Get yourself a coat and here, take these.

She pulls away from Katy and hands her the packet of cigarettes.

KATY
Thank you, Nicki. You’re a star.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Katy stands by the front door wearing a thick winter coat. She trembles with fear.

She turns to face the commotion emanating from the kitchen — a loud clattering of pots and pans.

NICKI (O.S.)
Katy, I’m gonna open the back door in a minute. Get ready!

Katy nods silently and shakily raises her hand until it rests on the door handle.

NICKI (O.S.)
Okay... Go!

Katy gasps for breath as she slowly opens the door. She peers through the crack then reels back in horror and slams it shut.

She turns to face the kitchen and slowly slides her back down the door until she sits on the floor, sobbing. She yells —
KATY
Nicki! Come back. They’re out here too. It’s no good... Nicki!

Katy strains to hear. The panicked expression eases a little as she hears the door slam in the distance.

Nicki runs towards her. She joins her on the floor and they hug.

NICKI
Hey. Come on, Katy. It’s alright. It was worth a try.

Katy sits in silence for a moment or two. She suddenly wipes the tears from her face and stands rapidly.

KATY
You know what? Fuck it! I can’t stay cooped up in here. It’s driving me mad. I might as well just fuckin’ go out there and face my demons.

Nicki stands to face her.

NICKI
Are... are you sure, babe?

KATY
Yeah. They’re gonna get me sooner or later. I might as well get it out the fuckin’ way now rather that sittin’ in here stewin’.

NICKI
Well, I’m coming out with you.

KATY
There’s no need.
NICKI
There’s every need. I’m your best mate. I said I’d stand by you every step of the way, and I’m not about to back out now.

KATY
Okay. Are you ready then? After three...

They flash a half-hearted smile to each other.

KATY
One...

A long nervous pause.

NICKI
... Two...

They hug each other one last time.

KATY
... Three!

NICKI
... Three!

Katy confidently throws open the door.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Katy and Nicki stand in the open doorway. A huge commotion of activity and noise.

The girls cover their faces with their hands to shield their eyes from the almost stroboscopic light.
A few seconds pass then Katy drops her hands, followed by Nicki.

Katy forces a smile and begins to step confidently across the yard towards the huge gang of PAPARAZZI on the street.

PAPARAZZI #1
Katy! Katy! How long has the affair with the Prime Minister been going on?

KATY
No comment.

PAPARAZZI #2
Katy! Was it a honey-trap? Are you still in contact with him?

KATY
No comment.

PAPARAZZI #3
What did the Prime Minister say when he heard the news that a glamour-model was carrying his child?

KATY
No fuckin’ comment!

FADE OUT