

HELP, HELP

Written by

Simon K. Parker

Copyright © 2016 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

INT. LEXINGTON'S HOUSE - LEXINGTON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Messy and cluttered, a couple of large rap star posters on the walls. BOBBY, 12, short and skinny creeps across the floor littered with women's clothes and shoes and over to a window.

He peers outside and down onto the empty street.

BOBBY

Where are they? No one ever tells me if things get cancelled.

LEXINGTON, 17, tall, slim and pretty now appears, marching quickly over to him she slaps him hard across the back of the head.

LEXINGTON

Get out of my room Bobby. I told you to stay out didn't I? What's wrong with you?

He stumbles, spins around to face her. Shocked.

BOBBY

I just wanted to see outside. I'm just waiting for my friends. They were supposed to be here already.

She's bigger and stronger than him, grabbing the back of his top she yanks him away from the window and back over towards the door, screaming.

LEXINGTON

You're never allowed in here, do you understand? I don't ever want to see you in here again.

She trips him up and as he falls to the floor she kicks him in the stomach and across the back of his legs.

He breaks into a fit of tears.

BOBBY

I hate you Lex. There's something wrong with you.

She spits at him as he crawls out into the landing.

She slams the door shut behind him, smiling to herself.

INT. LEXINGTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The oven is on and there's a couple of saucepans of water boiling. THERESA, 49, attractive but a little overweight stands at the counter and is busily chopping vegetables.

Lexington is next to her.

LEXINGTON

Just give me what you promised I'm
not asking anymore than that.

Theresa shifts uncomfortably on her feet.

THERESA

It's just been a tight month Lex. I
haven't really got all that much
left. I've got an entire house to
look after.

LEXINGTON

(holds out a hand)

I'm serious mom. Just give it.

(reaches forwards with her
other hand and shoves

Theresa just that little
bit too hard in the
chest)

Why do you always like pissing me
off so much?

Theresa forces a smile back at Lexington, she's obviously
scared of her.

INT. LEXINGTON'S HOUSE - LEXINGTON'S BEDROOM - DAY

With a fist full of money Lexington places it into her purse.

Her mobile phone vibrates. She reaches into her pocket and
slides it out. An unknown number is calling. She answers it
all the same.

LEXINGTON

Hello?

(a deep demonic voice
grumbles on the other
end)

What? Who is this? I can't
understand you?

DEMON

I'm coming for you. You have no
one.

LEXINGTON

(rolls her eyes,
unimpressed)

OK whatever. Who is this?

(a beat)

Not going to say then go and try
this with someone else.

(MORE)

LEXINGTON (CONT'D)

Isn't going to work on me. I don't need anyone. Hanging up now OK?

Suddenly the demonic voice transforms into a barking, growling dog. Lexington's whole face changes. Pale white, terrified.

INT. LEXINGTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The fridge door is open as Lexington comes hurriedly through the door. Her eyes big and searching.

Bobby takes out a bottle of orange juice before slamming the fridge door closed. She comes over to him forcing a weird looking smile.

LEXINGTON

Hey Bobby did you friends not show up. You came into my room looking for them outside right?

He's taken aback, shakes his head.

BOBBY

No, I don't know what happened? I don't know where they are?

LEXINGTON

What were you going to do today? Were you going to go somewhere?

BOBBY

What, why are you asking me that? Why would you care?

LEXINGTON

You want to call them? You want me to help you to see where they are?

BOBBY

I've tried that.

LEXINGTON

I just want to help Bobby.

He pushes past her, heads for the door.

BOBBY

Leave me alone.

Lexington watches him go, her breathing quickens. She looks around the room and spots Theresa's purse on the counter beside a small television.

She takes out the money from her own purse and puts it into Theresa's empty one.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Hands filled with shopping bags an ELDERLY WOMAN looks from left to right. Her eyes narrow. Keeps switching from side to side.

She takes a step to her left before taking a step the right. Can't seem to make up her mind.

Lexington is here with her. Standing beside her. She moves closer, even placing a hand around her.

LEXINGTON

If you just tell me where you want to go I'll try help you.

OLD WOMAN

I don't understand what you're trying to say.

LEXINGTON

(rasing her voice)

Where are you trying to go?

OLD WOMAN

That's the problem I can't remember which way it is. I need to meet my grandson. But he normally picks me up and drives me.

LEXINGTON

(shouting even louder)

Where is it, I live around here. Where is it that you want to go? What's the place? The address?

OLD WOMAN

(shakes her head, moves away from Lexington)

I don't know what you're saying. Just leave me alone. I'm trying to think.

Lexington lets her go, breathing heavy.

LEXINGTON

I'm sorry I couldn't help. I really am.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jogging around a corner Lexington looks all around her but the street is empty.

She comes to a stop, hands on hips and breathing heavy. Her face drenched in sweat.

LEXINGTON

I should have stayed with her.

(slaps herself across the
back of her head, hard)

There has to be someone who I can
help?

(now slaps both hands down
against her stomach even
harder)

That's it. There is. There's going
to be someone.

(stands back up straight,
a deep breath)

I'm not giving up.

She breaks out into another sprint. Heading for the end of the street.

EXT. CITY STREET - STAIRWAY - DAY

A heavy tool bag slung over his shoulder a MAN dressed in overalls reaches down for a second bag by his feet. A long flight of steps in front of him.

Lexington jogs over to him, a big smile.

LEXINGTON

Here, let me grab that for you. It
looks heavy. I can help.

He gives her a suspicious look.

WORKMAN

I'm sorry?

(suddenly realizing what
she said he starting
smiling)

No you're alright. I've got it.

Looking at you I don't think you've
got the arms for it anyway.

He picks the second tool bag up and heads down the steps, descending them quickly.

Lexington is a little panicked, follows after him.

LEXINGTON

Please, I'm desperate. I just want
to help you? Is that so bad? Am I
so wrong for asking?

He ignores her. Doesn't look back.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Lexington runs onto another empty street, looking all around, searching.

She's alone.

LEXINGTON

There's got to be someone.

A tall dark figure, all in black and without a face catches her eye.

She glances over towards it, moving eerily towards her but very slowly.

She turns and keeps her back to it. Her shoulders rise, tense. Her breathing becomes rapid as she swallows hard.

She moves away from it, walking, jogging and finally sprinting again.

LEXINGTON (CONT'D)

I've still got time. I can do this.

I can find someone. It's not over.

Come on.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

With a walking stick and a pair of large sunglasses on an OLD MAN sits on a dirty plastic bench.

Lexington out of breath, drenches in sweat and gasping comes slowly over to him. She bends over a little.

LEXINGTON

Hi. Is there anything you need?

Anything you need help with?

(closes her eyes and
shakes her head)

I'll do anything.

The old man turns to face her and smiles warmly.

OLD MAN

Are you serious?

LEXINGTON

I just need to help someone. Is there nothing I can do?

OLD MAN

Why yes. There is actually. I've been looking for someone to help me. But these days everyone wants money before they'll lend a hand. It was different when I was younger. People were happy to help out their elders.

She lifts her head up, tears in her eyes.

LEXINGTON

That's not me. I'll help you. I need to do something.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Lexington and the old man walk side by side.

LEXINGTON

You live alone? You not got any family?

Shakes his head.

OLD MAN

I'm happy as I am but it would be nice to have an extra pair of hands around every now and again.

LEXINGTON

You not got a wife? No kids to call?

OLD MAN

It's nothing big. It's a little strange to have such a young girl come up and ask me like you did. But I'll take it. I mean I have to see this almost as divine intervention.

LEXINGTON

Is it far from here? You've still not told me what it is?

OLD MAN

Nothing much, all I needed was an extra pair of hands. I'm sure you'll be perfect.

She giggles.

LEXINGTON

I hope so. I'm just glad I was finally able to find someone.
(MORE)

LEXINGTON (CONT'D)

You can't believe how hard it is to
find someone to help in this city.

INT. OLD MAN'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

The front door is closed shut behind them.

Lexington watches him as the old man now makes his way
towards the staircase.

LEXINGTON

Have you lived here long?
(follows on behind him)
Been here all your life?

He ignores her, climbing up the staircase.

Lexington glances behind her, sees that tall dark faceless
figure at the closed front door.

She speeds up, chasing up the stairs behind him. Forcing a
smile.

INT. OLD MAN'S HOME - SPARE ROOM - DAY

Cluttered with a huge number of cardboard boxes, the floor
filled trash bags. No room at all. Piled up and messy.

The old man gestures to it with Lexington beside him.

OLD MAN

I want all this gotten rid of. I've
needed help with this for so long.
It's so filthy. I don't want to
have to look at it anymore.

Lexington's mouth hangs open, taken aback.

LEXINGTON

This is too much.
(turns to face him)
I would need a week to do all of
this.
(filling up with tears)
I need to help someone today. I
can't do this. I don't know how I
could do this?

OLD MAN

I didn't make you come here. You
asked me, don't forget that.

LEXINGTON

Is there nothing else I can do for
you?

(MORE)

LEXINGTON (CONT'D)

(holds her hands to her head)

I don't know what I'm doing. I just need to help someone with anything. Please. Is there nothing else?

He backs away from her, coming out of the room. He stares at her hard, in disgust.

OLD MAN

Just get rid of all of this. That's what you can do.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

In a flood of tears Lexington stumbles down the empty street.

She takes out her phone, glances down at it.

LEXINGTON

I can't do it.

(looks around)

There's nowhere I can even go. My legs. I can't keep running like this.

(opens her phone and goes into her contacts)

I just need to do one thing. There's has to be still time.

She calls 'mum.'

THERESA

(O.S)

Hey, Lex. Are you OK lovely?

LEXINGTON

Mom just listen, I really need you right now. I don't have anyone. I don't have anyone else. I need to help someone before the end of the day. I can't explain it so don't ask me any questions. I need you to give me something to do. Give me something that I can help you with. Make something up if you have to. I need my mum right now. Just make it easy.

THERESA

(O.S)

Are you OK, calm down. Try to breathe. Do I need to come and get you?

LEXINGTON

I'll be OK. Just stay where you are. Don't go anywhere. Wait for me.

THERESA

(O.S)

What's happening? What is all of this?

LEXINGTON

Please mom, just wait for me. And have something ready for me to do. I don't care what it is. But I need to be able to do it quick. Let me help you with something. But please, please, please I've got to be able to do it before sunset.

INT. LEXINGTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Flicking on the lights there's no one here. Lexington lets the back door close shut behind her.

She steps forwards, shouting.

LEXINGTON

Is there anyone here?

INT. LEXINGTON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Lexington looks over towards the staircase.

LEXINGTON

Mum, are you in? Are you upstairs?
Mum. You best not have gone out. I told you to wait for me.

INT. LEXINGTON'S HOUSE - THERESA'S BEDROOM - DAY

In the open doorway Lexington peers into the darkened room and watches as Theresa slowly rises up from the edge of her bed.

LEXINGTON

Mom?

As Theresa steps forwards she suddenly transforms into that dark faceless figure.

Lexington shakes her head, breaking into a fit of tears.

LEXINGTON (CONT'D)

No. I'm sorry. I tired. I really did. That was my best. I've run all over the city. I couldn't find anyone. It's not my fault. There was no one that I could help!

The dark figure continues to the move towards her. It wraps it's hands all around her face. She screams.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.