

PINK PRIMATE

Written by

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OVER BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - MORNING

Hussle and bussle of students, MR. OAKS and MRS. CATES squeeze through.

Mrs. Cates, mid 20's, Drama, fiery redhead, specs, jungle pattern dress.

Mr. Oaks, early 30's, IT, pale green shirt, Fritz the Cat tie, sunken eyes, rotund.

EXT. COURTYARD - MORNING

They walk down the steps smoking.

Mrs. Cates points.

MRS. CATES

Look who decided to show up.

A red convertible pulls up, narrowly missing a cyclist, the driver, MR. PERRY, honks his horn.

50's, English, corduroy ensemble, ashen-faced, scraggly.

He gathers his papers, briefcase, steps out the car, rushes past Mr. Oaks and Mrs. Cates.

MR. OAKS

Busy mornin huh buddy?

MRS. CATES

You look like shit.

MR. PERRY

(agitated)

Don't have time, excuse me.

They shake their heads at their flustered colleague.

INT. MR. PERRY'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The bell rings, students make their way out.

MR. PERRY

Don't forget I want your essays first thing tomorrow guys.

He drops to his chair, adjusts his tie.

A faint growl seeps through the open window.

He wheels his chair back, swallows, eyes flicker.

Mr. Oaks pokes his head through the door.

MR. OAKS

Bad time chief?

MR. PERRY

Oh shi!...could you knock next time
you almost gave me a heart attack!

MR. OAKS

Somebody's a little tense today.

MR. PERRY

Just been a long one that's all.

Mr. Oaks sits on the desk.

MR. OAKS

Yeah. Ya sure that's all it is?
Cause me and Cates are rackin our
brains. Honestly something ain't
right with ya.

MR. PERRY

Look, I-I-I guess I've been
overdoing it with work and stuff.
I'll get some sleep and I'll be
fine, really I will.

MR. OAKS

Ya still thinkin about your
daughter aren't ya?

Mr. Perry pauses, rubs his eyes.

MR. PERRY

You know it's been fifteen years
since she disappeared?

Mr. Oaks pats his shoulder.

MR. OAKS

Never lose hope. You'll see her
again I'm sure of it.

MR. PERRY

I hope so.

MR. OAKS
Anythin else ya wanna get off ya
chest?

MR. PERRY
No. Really I'm fine.

MR. OAKS
What about the video?

MR. PERRY
Video?

MR. OAKS
The other week? King Kong?

Mr. Perry turns paler, shakes his head.

MR. PERRY
I don't know what you're talking
about.

MR. OAKS
Ya do. Ya threw up everywhere,
couldn't even make it to the end!

The growling returns, stronger.

Mr. Perry jumps, eyes on the window.

MR. OAKS
What are you looking at?

MR. PERRY
Listen I've got marking to do, wh-
why don't you head off?

MR. OAKS
Are ya sure?

MR. PERRY
Yeah yeah yeah.

MR. OAKS
Okay, just make sure you do get
some sleep.

Mr. Perry nods, waits for him to leave, turns to his laptop
and searches paranoia, voices and visions.

A pink fuzzy figure catches his eye, swinging from a tree
branch.

He puts on his glasses, heads to the window, the figure stares directly at him, a gorilla with pink fur and wearing a tutu, it's snarling and slobbering.

Mr. Perry shuts his eyes tight.

MR. PERRY

You're not there. You're not there.
You're not there.

He opens them, it's gone.

He breathes a sigh of relief, looks to the left.

The gorilla climbs a flagpole, reaches the top, chews the American flag.

Mr. Perry sprints out the classroom, slips on a banana skin, slams into the cold hard floor.

The gorilla stands over him, dripping saliva, he picks himself up, continues down the corridor, panting.

EXT. COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

He skitters down the steps, not a soul in sight.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

He puts his key in the ignition, it won't start.

MR. PERRY

Oh c'mooooon!

He looks to the school entrance, no sign of the gorilla.

He jumps at a loud thud, the car shakes violently.

EXT. CAR - AFTERNOON

The gorilla rages, pounding it's chest.

It leaps onto the grass, tears the car door off it's hinges.

Mr. Perry is exposed, terror-stricken.

MR. PERRY

Ahhhhhh!

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Mr. Perry listens at his daughter's door, concerned by giggling, he enters.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A heaven of pinks and purples, window wide open.

MARTHA is sat upright.

Ten years old, brunette, tear-shaped birthmark on the left cheek.

MR. PERRY

You better have a good reason for being awake missy?

MARTHA

Betsy wanted to play daddy.

Mr. Perry sits beside her, sighs.

MR. PERRY

Honey, don't you think it's time to forget this whole...Betsy nonsense? You're ten years old now, and ten year old's don't have imaginary friends now do they?

MARTHA

Bu--

MR. PERRY

--do they?

She stares vacantly into the distance.

MR. PERRY

Especially gorillas with pink fur and wearing tutu's. Bit silly isn't it?

MARTHA

But dad--

MR. PERRY

--ah, I don't want to hear anymore about it okay? Come on time for bed.

He kisses her forehead.

MR. PERRY
Sleep tight.

He leaves the room.

EXT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He walks across the landing, shaking his head.

MR. PERRY
Don't let Betsy bite, pfft.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Martha's fast asleep.

The closet door opens, an infant Betsy steps out, she jumps out the window and clings to a tree.

She watches Mr. Perry climb into bed, crumples her face and growls.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Mr. Perry clutches his seatbelt.

Mrs. Cates arrives, peers through the windscreen.

MRS. CATES
Mr Perry? What's going on?

MR. PERRY
Oh my god. Cates what are you doing get out of here, she'll rip you to pieces!

Mrs. Cates, calm, collected, strolls towards Betsy, runs her fingers delicately through her fur.

MRS. CATES
Now why would she do that?

Mrs. Cates removes her red hair, specs and makeup, revealing a tear-shaped birthmark on the left cheek.

Mr. Oaks taps on the windscreen, laughing, waving a banana skin.

He walks over to Martha, arm round her waist.

MR. OAKS
(to Mr. Perry)
Told you you'd see her again
hehehe.

Mr. Perry is shocked and confused.

MR. PERRY
Martha? Wh-why are you doing this?!

She strokes Betsy.

MARTHA
Dinner time sweetheart.

Betsy props herself on her feet, edges forward, eyes
glistening with rage.

MR. PERRY
No. Just, just wait a minute,
please! Martha, call her off,
listen to your father!

MARTHA
Sorry. But you didn't believe.

FADE OUT.

THE END.