POST-IT PAIN

Written by

Dale Saxton

Copyright (c) 2013 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE UP OF A SHAKING FINGER IN BETWEEN THE TWO BLADES OF SCISSORS.

GRANT [young, skinny] stands with his hands over the sink in pyjama pants and no top.

He is sweating and shaking.

He looks over his shoulder to the fridge.

A yellow POST-IT note.

F NGER

Some of the hangman is already drawn.

GRANT

(breathless)

Jesus...

He looks down at his ring finger.

He takes a deep breath.

Scissors CUT.

Screams echo the kitchen.

The scissors haven't made it all the way through the finger and blood has flooded the worktop.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Come on!

He grabs a butchers cleaver from the wall where it salutes a glint.

His hand flops onto a wooden chopping board next to the sink.

He moves his other fingers bar the mangled one into a fist.

Grimace of pain.

He brings the cleaver above his head and with a yelp-

CHOCK!

His hand jolts from the chopping board. Finger stays put.

He runs and rifles through the draws, blood drips on the kitchen lino.

He yanks out a towel and wraps his hand in it.

Grant starts to dizzy. He stumbles to the fridge and grabs a sharpie. He fills in the Hangman puzzle.

FINGER

GRANT (CONT'D)

(pointing at the post it)

Fuck you.

He RIPS it from the fridge and screws it into a ball, throwing it in the bin. He puts the sharpie in his pocket.

He FALLS to the floor, holding his hand.

His face is pale.

He looks up.

ANOTHER. FUCKING. POST-IT.

L FT E R

He stares at the floor where it sits smug, yellow and oh so terrifying.

GRANT (CONT'D)

No! I solved it! The game's done!

He looks at the hangman. It's showing a head and torso.

Only two arms and two legs are yet to be drawn on.

We look again, and an arm has appeared.

Grant RECOILS in fear.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(calming himself)

Okay, okay...

He pulls the sharpie from his pocket and rolls onto his belly.

LEFT E R

GRANT (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

The kitchen radio switches on.

'STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU' By Stealers Wheel plays.

GRANT (CONT'D) Are you having a laugh?

He WRIGGLES onto his back and towards the fridge door.

He sits up against it.

Grant uses his feet to force his body up against the fridge door.

He looks across the Kitchen work top.

His finger is still on the chopping board.

He walks round the perimeter toward it, steadying himself with his good hand.

A BLOOD-SOAKED towel, nestles under his armpit.

The finger is white, wrinkled and lonely. It sits in a puddle of RED on the board.

He picks up the finger and opens the window behind the sink.

Leans over and throws it outside.

He closes the window, and on his way back in, spots something in his peripheral.

His eyes fall on an ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE.

It stands tall by the microwave, with a smug, yellow, bastard note on it.

LEFT E R

A LEG has appeared on the hangman torso.

Grant swallows. HARD.

He stares at the carver a beat.

It's plugged in.

He rushes straight for it. Pale-faced.

Ripped from side. No time to remove the POST-IT.

Lifted high.

Gritted Teeth.

Squinted eyes.

Music stops.

THE CARVER SCREAMS.

So does Grant.

PAIN.

The carver is thrown across the kitchen floor, spattering blood on the lino.

CLOSE UP OF THE NOTE ON ITS SIDE. DROPLETS OF RED SOAKED INTO THE YELLOW.

We hear Grant hollering.

Banging sounds.

A HAND ENTERS FRAME WITH A SHARPIE.

LEFT EAR

WE DOLLY BACK FROM THE CLOSE UP OF THE NOTE AND PASS TRAILS OF BLOOD, FOLLOWED BY A HACKED OFF EAR AND PISSED OFF GRANT.

The EARLESS patch of red tissue on the side of his head,

е

m

р

t

i e s itself across Grants face and onto the floor.

He rolls through puddles of his own blood, moaning, his eyes rolling back and forth.

He yanks another towel from a cupboard handle and pulls himself together.

He fashions a kind of white turban out of it; albeit with a dark patch on the left side... which continues to grow.

He lay there on the lino, skin turned ivory white.

Breath now short and sharp.

Eyelids like lead weights.

He pats the blood puddles around him with his good hand.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I need to clean this up.

A beat.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I need to clean myself up...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Solid wood flooring. We hear Grant huffing and puffing.

But only see trails of blood on the floor and walls.

INT. STAIRS - AT THAT MOMENT

The sounds of grant struggling are louder. Smears of blood up wall of the stairway.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grant is looking at himself in the MIRROR CUPBOARD above the sink basin.

His whole body is shaking.

EXHAUSTED.

His bathroom is white and clinical.

A shower curtain is drawn across his bath.

He is three quarters of his way on the road to death.

OVER THE SHOULDER WE LOOK AT GRANT IN THE MIRROR. THE KIND OF SHOT WHERE YOU EXPECT A SCARE.

He takes a GLASS from the cupboard, closes the door and pours himself a water.

Downs most of it.

He opens the mirror cupboard door again.

His hand goes for the bag of cotton wool balls, then stops.

He stares at the inside of the OPEN DOOR in fear.

He slowly begins to close it.

The mirror is clear.

He breathes a sigh of relief.

GRANT

Oh thank god!

He goes to take a sip of water and there's a POST-IT note on the glass.

He fucking drops it in TERROR of course!

SMASH!

The NOTE lands upside down.

Grant crouches onto the floor holding his mouth in disbelief.

He reaches out a hand and FLIPS it over.

D _ _ _

Grant jumps upwards and puts his head in his hands.

He breathes shorter and sharper.

Mimicking the sound of an approaching steam train.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Fuck that.

CLOSE UP OF NOTE.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Are you fucking serious?

He sighs.

Crouches down and gets out his sharpie.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF LETTERS ON THE NOTE: D

A sharpie enters frame and SCORES out the other letters.

DICK

Grant lets out a high-pitched squeal at the thought.

The 'ICK' fade and disappear into the yellow.

Grant starts to panic. He steps backward onto a bath mat.

GRANT (CONT'D)

No! That's not right!

A beat.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(to the note)

You cheated! You fucking cheat!

He starts throwing things from the mirror cupboard onto the note.

Medicine bottles, toothbrushes, plastic cups, the cotton wool balls.

Nothing touches the note.

GRANT (CONT'D) (to the note) You can't do this!

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF THE NOTE'S HANGMAN.

The FINAL LIMB inks onto the paper.

The shower curtain zips open.

The bath mat is pulled from beneath Grant's feet.

His head flies backward toward a nylon corded noose hanging on the shower curtain rail.

It slips over his towel wrapped head and tightens up round his neck like a boa.

The noose catches him before he can fall.

His legs struggle, but not much.

He doesn't have much more strength left.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF THE LETTERS ON THE POST IT NOTE:

DEAD

FADE TO BLACK.