AND THE DARKNESS FADES

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

An upmarket hotel room, lit only by the bedside lamp.
A man lies in the bed, but we cannot see him clearly.

ANGELA, very attractive, blonde, late twenties, comes from en-suite bathroom, doing up her dress.

She takes a newspaper clipping from her shoulder bag, and sticks this to the wall.

The headline reads:

LIPSTICK KILLER STRIKES AGAIN

She takes a lipstick from her bag and writes on the wall:

COULDN'T THEY FIND A BETTER NAME?

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN...

Then she applies the lipstick to her lips.
Picking up her bag, she leaves the room.

Now we see that the man in the bed is dead - the sheets stained with his blood.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

Angela comes from the elevator and walks across a largely empty car park to her car, unlocking the doors remotely as she approaches.

She gets in.

Tries to start the car.

Nothing happens.

Tries again.

Nothing.

She gets out. Looks at her watch.

Walks from the car park.
EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

It's raining. Heavily.

We are in a major City.

Angela comes from the car park entrance and stands, apparently unconcerned, in the rain.

She hails a taxi cab and it pulls up. She gets in and it pulls away.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The DRIVER is middle aged. We never see him clearly, just the side of his head, the back of it, his mouth when he speaks, but never full face.

Most of the time our focus will be on Angela.

She looks out at the city as the taxi drives through the rain.

She removes her wig. She's a brunette. Puts it in her bag.

She - and we - realise that the Driver is speaking. He has an accent.

    ANGELA
    What?
    
    DRIVER
    You from out of town?
    
    ANGELA
    No.
    
    DRIVER
    Native New Yorker?
    
    ANGELA
    No. Look, I'm not the talkative kind. Not into small talk, chit chat...
    
    DRIVER
    Chit chat. That's not words I've heard before.
    
    ANGELA
    I'm just saying, I'm not really interested, OK?

The Driver shrugs.

Angela looks out of the taxi at the city.
She frowns.

ANGELA
Hey.
(No response)
Hey. Where are we going? This isn't the way.
(No response)
I'm talking to you.

She hits the partition with her hand.

DRIVER
Do not do that, please.

ANGELA
Then answer me.

DRIVER
You say you not want to talk. Then you talk. I thought you on phone.

ANGELA
Where are we going?

DRIVER
Where you ask.

ANGELA
Not this way we're not.

DRIVER
It is shortcut. I know route. Save ten minutes. More.

Angela looks at the back of the Driver's head. She does not believe him.

ANGELA
You trying to rip me off?
(No response)
Drop me here.
(No response. Angela hits the partition again)
Drop me here.

DRIVER
Please, I ask you not to do that.

ANGELA
It's bullet proof. I'm not going to break it. Now drop me here.

DRIVER
It is not safe. It is not a safe place.
ANGELA
STOP THIS FUCKING CAR NOW.

DRIVER
Please, do not use language. I do not like it from lady.

Angela looks at him in amazement.

ANGELA
What the hell do you think you're doing?

No response.

The taxi isn't moving particularly fast. Angela looks out at the city as it passes by. She looks at the door, and after a moments hesitation, tries it.

It's locked.

More urgently, she tries the other door. Locked.

DRIVER
Please do not try to open doors while we are moving.

ANGELA
They're locked.

DRIVER
They are locked for your safety.

ANGELA
You've locked me in.
   (she hammers on the partition with both fists)
Unlock these fucking doors and let me out.

DRIVER
I asked you please not to use such language.
   (with edge to his voice)
I do not like it.

Angela, out of breath, stares at him.

ANGELA
Are you a cop?
   (No response)
You have to tell me if I ask. Are you a cop?

DRIVER
I am a driver. I drive people from here to there. That is all.
ANGELA
(quietly)
Please stop the car and let me out.
(No response. She takes money from her bag)
I'll pay you extra. I'll give you a big tip. See. I have the money.
(No response)
Look! I've plenty of... money. Is this a robbery? Is that it? Or...
(Lightbulb)
If you think you're going to put your hands on me, think again.

No response from the Driver. Angela has a cold look in her eyes.

DRIVER
We are here.

Angela looks out at the darkness. No lights now, no signs of life.

This is not where she asked to go.

ANGELA
Where are we?

EXT. DERELICT LAND - NIGHT

Still raining. The taxi is slowing down and pulls up near a derelict building.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

DRIVER
We are here.

ANGELA
Where the hell are we?
(beat)
I'm telling you now, you will regret it if you touch me. You don't know who you are...

The Driver gets out of the car without a word

ANGELA
(shouting)
Take me back to the city now!

The door opens.
EXT. DERELICT LAND - NIGHT

The Driver, the hood of his jacket pulled up against the rain, stands looking in at Angela.

She glares back with animal like hatred.

He shoots her twice.

She cries out in pain. She tries to get her bag, but can't. The Driver pulls her out of the taxi by her feet, violently.

Angela is still alive, and tries to resist, but is losing blood rapidly and weakening.

The Driver drags her roughly away from the taxi and stands looking down at her.

ANGELA

Please. Don't.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

The hotel room of the first scene.

Close on the male victim's face - terrified as he dies at Angela's hands.

VICTIM

(Pitifully)

Please. Don't.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. DERELICT LAND - NIGHT

The Driver shoots Angela again. This shot proves fatal.

The Driver arranges the body - hands crossed on the chest, legs together. He closes her eyes.

He goes back to the taxi and returns with a single red rose, which he places in Angela's hands.

DRIVER

Good night sweet lady, good night, good night.

He walks back to the taxi. Before closing the rear door, he pulls out Angela's bag. He rummages in it, takes something out of it and throws the bag on the ground.
He gets into the taxi.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

On the passenger seat is a small box. The Driver opens this. It contains a number of lipsticks, different brands, shades.

The Driver uncaps the Angela's lipstick, looks at the bright red colour and smiles.

Then he puts the cap back on and tosses it into the box.

He drives off.

EXT. DERELICT LAND - NIGHT

Angela lies in the rain.

The contents of her bag have spilt on the ground nearby: the wig, a gun and a collection of newspaper clippings about the "Lipstick Killer" that become soaked in the rain as we:

FADE OUT.