

SAY GOODBYE

Written by

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For Create50 - "The Impact"

ACT II to Act III

EXT. SMALL DERELICT COTTAGE - DAY

A uniformed police officer, JOE (20s) knocks on a battered door. He clutches a handful of MISSING PERSON LEAFLETS. Photo of a young man (20s), under "HAVE YOU SEEN TOM?".

He knocks again. Louder. The door is locked with bolts and padlocks. Joe spies through the letter box.

Joe's P.O.V: On the inside wall is a smear. Blood? Spread by fingers? Movement and a faint gurgling sound rattles Joe.

Joe moves to the dirty window, looking into thick curtains. He peers through the faintest opening. He squints.

Joe staggers back horrified. Looks at the face of Tom on his leaflet then back through the window, panicked. His radio crackles. Joe is just about to answer when...

BRI(40s), gaunt skinhead, creeps up behind. Feral movement. He whacks Joe in the head with a rifle butt. Out cold.

INT. COTTAGE FRONT ROOM - LATER

Joe comes to. Groans. Bloody bruise on his temple. He tries to stand from the floor but is tied. Arms and hands bound back. Legs buckled. Gagged. His eyes adjust to the room...

One side normal with flat screen TV comfort. The opposite side, Joe's side, a horror chamber. Cuff and neck braces fixed into brick. Smearred with blood. Some fresh, attracting flies. A shelf of torture tools.

A groan. But not from Joe.

Joe is tied, by rope, to MISSING TOM. Back to back. Tom's head hangs, bloodied and Gagged too. Joe and Tom touch hands.

Bri sits in an armchair facing the TV. Bri grinds a hunter's knife on his steel cap boot. Sharpens it slow but noisily.

A NEWS BROADCAST suddenly fills the screen. Barely heard over the knife. Joe's eyes blink wide, Tom's purple swollen eyes do too - each turn their head, to watch. Bri stops grinding - and all listen.

INT - JOE'S POLICE CAR - SAME TIME

The car sits empty. On the seat CLOSE IN: Joe's PHONE receives a call from "KATE" (20s). Her image with their kid flashes. 6 missed calls. Make that 7 now.

INT. COTTAGE FRONT ROOM - 10 MISSED CALLS LATER

Bri has gone berserk. Trashed the room. Windows and furniture are smashed. A hole punched in the TV. Silence.

Joe and Tom remain in their position. Each watch Bri.

Bri is slumped on the floor too. A landline phone between his legs. He holds the receiver to his ear with bleeding fist.

Behind his back Joe uses a glass shard to cut at the hand ties. Blood streams over his and Tom's fingers. Entwined.

Bri's frustration grows as no-one answers. He re-dials.

More ringtone. Bri's eyes plead for it to answer.

Bri blinks. A tear escapes. Watched by Tom and Joe. Bri hangs up, angry. Embarrassed by his emotion. He storms out.

Phone abandoned, Joe sees his chance. He hacks without mercy. The guys' eyes connect peripherally. Tom is in agony. Joe is trying to free Tom's hands. Both splutter through their gags.

Tom's hands spring apart. All he can do is squeeze his lower arms round to his lap. His upper arms tightly buckled.

Joe is on to the next move. Uses any possible purchase from his twisted feet to push Tom toward the phone. They topple and the pair caterpillar to the phone. Joe knocks the receiver off and contorts his body. So Tom can dial.

Tom's fingers stretch. He dials a number.

Phone connects. Ringtone echos back. An eternity between each. Tom's panicked breaths suffocated. He's still gagged.

Tom's wrists and fingers stretch up to his gag. Face gurns down. He touches the gag but no purchase. Joe's presence a hindrance to him now.

Bri enters, wild eyes. As the phone is answered.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello? Who is it? (to Tom's muffled response)... Tom? ...Tom!

Bri puts his knife to Tom's throat. He cuts the gag free. Tom flinches as Bri offers a toothless grin, knife at his side.

BRI

Say goodbye.