

LUNCH MONEY

Written by

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INT. SHED - DAY

WILLIAM (13) searches methodically through shelves and racks of tools. His uniform torn and scruffy.

He picks up a screwdriver, shakes his head and tosses it backwards over his shoulder with a thud.

A mallet. Same reaction, over the shoulder.

Thud.

A hacksaw. A pause. Shrug. Over the shoulder.

Clang.

Was that a groan?

William keeps searching.

He winds a hand drill in the air. Over the shoulder.

Heavy thud and a definite groan.

William doesn't turn from his task.

WILLIAM  
If you struggle, the knots will  
just get tighter.

A low groan. William tosses a trowel over his shoulder.

WILLIAM  
I know that, because I'm a nerd.

Another screwdriver lands behind him.

WILLIAM  
A geek...

A hammer.

WILLIAM  
A mummy's boy...

A chisel.

WILLIAM  
A pussy...

A Stanley knife.

WILLIAM  
Your bitch...

William reaches for something on a low shelf and chuckles.

He turns, a very shiny pair of garden shears in his hands, the blades snip twice in the air.

Groans and the sounds of struggling. William reaches out towards the screen and pulls down on something. We realise we have been viewing William from GARY'S (13) point of view.

Choking and a breath of relief after a gag is removed.

GARY

You're fucking insane, let me go!

WILLIAM

Did you let me go when I asked?

Crying.

GARY

Please. I'm sorry. I --

WILLIAM

(looking up)

-- bit late now don't you think?

GARY

I just want my mum.

William reaches into his pocket and pulls out two nursing tourniquets. He holds them up.

WILLIAM

You know what these are?

A shake of the camera.

WILLIAM

Tourniquets. They'll slow the flow of blood. We've got about 50 minutes now. I reckon I can keep you alive for that long... if they are tight.

Gary whimpers as William raises the shears in one hand and the tourniquets in the other.

He looks at the tourniquets.

WILLIAM

Do you like them? I bought them with my lunch money.