

Sticks and Stones

Written by

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INT. TOP FLOOR FLAT OF A SMALL BLOCK. LIVING ROOM. DAY

A WOMAN (60s) in a wheelchair, peers out a window with binoculars at the street below.

EXT. STREET. DAY

A MAN (40s) with a faded bruise on his face, carries a pre packed sandwich. He walks past two TEENAGE BOYS.

TEENAGE BOY #1  
(at the man)  
Mummy's boy.

TEENAGE BOY #2  
(at the man)  
Cry baby.

The boys throw stones at him. The man runs off.

INT. TOP FLOOR FLAT. DAY

The man enters.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
It's about time!

The woman wheels towards the front door, knocks over a glass ornament - it breaks into a million pieces.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Look what you made me do.

She hits him with a stick.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Pick it up!

The man goes into the kitchen, puts the sandwich down. He grabs a dustpan and brush, sweeps up the shattered glass.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Scared of little boys at your age.  
You're pathetic.

The woman spins on her wheels and zips back to the window. She picks the binoculars up, spies into a flat across the road: she watches a guy watch porn.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

The man puts the sandwich on a plate. Music on the radio is interrupted by the president's speech - he takes in the dire news.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Hurry up. I'm starving!

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

The woman continues to look out the window. Her eyes diverted to the street below.

EXT. STREET. DAY

People start to scream, cry, run in all directions. Cars crash into each other. Car horns blare.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

The man comes in, hands the woman the sandwich. She stays focused on the mayhem in the street as she grabs it and scoffs it down.

WOMAN  
What the fuck is going on?  
Everybody's...

Suddenly she starts to choke. She drops the binoculars, grabs her throat, coughs up blood in her hand.

She reaches out to the man for help. He steps back, she falls out of her chair, onto the floor.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY (FLASHBACK)

The man opens the sandwich, sprinkles it with broken glass.

INT. LOUNGE.

The woman lies gurgling in her own blood.

The man looks out the window with the binoculars. He sees into the flat where the two teenage boys cry and hug their mum.

A sneering smile comes across the man's face.