

WHITE FRIDAY

Original Short script Written by

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FADE IN

INT. FIRST FLOOR EDINBURGH CITY FLAT - NIGHT.

THE OPENING SEQUENCE HAS A RHYTHM LIKE TICKING CLOCK

A dripping kitchen tap, the sink cluttered with lipstick smeared wine glasses, and the breakfast bar strewn with the gastronomical remains of a young woman's week.

CLOSE - A mobile-phone vibrating. The caller ID is Stuart - his picture: a rugby type in a pub, holding up a beer.

In the living room are several empty cardboard packing cases, the mobile stops vibrating.

WIDER - a beam of streetlight from the window appears painted into all the dark angles of the kitchen, and the sounds of Friday night rise up with the wind, parting the net curtains.

High on the kitchen wall a framed publicity photo of WILLIAM DAFOE (As JESUS of NAZARETH) seems to beseech the ticking clock on the opposite wall. The clock reads 7.35 pm.

LOW ANGLE ON THE DOOR - Keys rattle in the lock, the door opens - we see two shapely legs, and a bulging grocery bag.

The bag instantly SPLITS!! Emptying ready-meals and packets, and CLUNK!! - A bouncing bottle of red wine!

Her hand plucks it out of thin air. Amazed to see it there, she slips onto her arse - crushing a loaf of bread.

LORNA
(Grunting)
SHIT!!!

CLOSE UP ON LORNA HAMILTON (23 yrs), clutching the bottle to her chest. She is a timid little professional, pretty, but she has had a very tough week at the office.

She closes the door; retrieving the scattered groceries. Then the phone starts vibrating again. She glances at it, putting the things on the breakfast bar, and lets it ring.

When the phone goes to voice-mail she picks it up and listens to the message.

STUART (RECORDING)
Lorna God, fantastic news! Trinny
and Archie are getting married!

He sounds drunk, and incredibly, irritatingly, posh. Throughout the recording his drunken mates are yelling out, and generally being wankers in the background.

STUART (CONT'D)
Keep the bed warm darling, I'll be over in about an hour.

LORNA
(Defeated)
Oh God!!

LORNA slumps against the wall, sullenly staring at the bottle of wine on the breakfast bar. She sees a long crack around its base.

She calls him back, picking at the crack on the bottle with her fingernail. She gets his voice-mail - she waits...

LORNA (CONT'D)
Hi, Stuart, tonight's no good.
Morgan's given me homework, again.
Loads of it. I'll see you at The Poet on Sunday, ok? Sorry. Bye.

She pauses anxiously for a moment; then hustles into the bedroom. Her clothes land in a heap at the open door, then a fast bath can be heard filling in the background.

Lying flat on the coffee table, next to a half unpacked box is a framed family photo: her parent's back yard. The photo seems contrived, awkward. STUART has his arm around LORNA.

A moment later she is back; wearing a bathrobe, slippers, rubber gloves, and a scuba divers mask. She finds the corkscrew, grabs the bottle, and sits it in the sink.

Gently she winds the corkscrew into the bottle, easing out the cork, like she's disarming a bomb. The clock is ticking, WILLAM is watching, finally the cork pops out.

Well pleased, she removes the mask and gloves, grabs the bottle, a clean glass and goes to her bath.

The street-door downstairs bangs; and the shadows of her rowdy neighbours pass her door on their way upstairs.

From the bathroom we hear LORNA bathing, and singing softly.

LORNA (OFF SCREEN) (CONT'D)
It's like ten thousand spoons when all you need is a knife.

ANOTHER SHADOW stops at her door, it knocks.

LORNA stops singing.

A PLANE CRASH OF MUSIC from the flat above suddenly pounds through the roof.

In the bathroom we hear the bottle explode, and LORNA scream. In a panic she rushes into the living room, naked and dripping wet. Her face; and right hand covered with bloody red wine.

She stops in front of the full length mirror, examining herself for cuts. The music upstairs is turned down, LORNA plucks a sliver of glass from her face.

THE SHADOW at the door knocks again!!

LORNA (CONT'D)
(Sotto)
Bugger off!

THE SHADOW lingers, she glances at the clock, frowning she creeps up to the peephole.

LORNA'S FISH EYE POV. - She sees a young Asian man - staring back at her, He comes closer, eye-to-eye. LORNA stifles a squeak, falling back behind the door as it pops open.

He stops right in front of her, and closes the door quietly. DAVID SINGH (27 yrs) is a chic, second generation, Anglo/Indian.

He moves straight to the kitchenette, LORNA's wide eyes are glued to him. She reaches back, stealthily slipping on a raincoat from the peg behind the door.

She picks up an umbrella, and slowly reaches for the door handle. DAVID has the fridge open, poking through the light assortment of low-cal-food. He is delighted when he finds a thick wedge of chocolate cake.

DAVID
Yes!

CLOSE ON - LORNA, backing through the door, wide eyes still glued to him; but something primal snaps in LORNA, timidity transform into pure rage as she watches him, eat her food.

DAVID sits at the breakfast bar, back to the door, devouring the cake. Suddenly he notices WILLAM DAFOE on the kitchen wall. Sensing something, he stands up - too late.

CRACK!! The handle of the umbrella crashes into his head.

Knees buckling, he flops neatly back onto the barstool. LORNA stands above him, wielding the broom like a bloody red maniac.

He stares at her for a moment; then slumps forward, onto the breakfast bar.

LORNA is triumphant, but only for a moment.

He isn't moving; he doesn't even seem to be breathing. She prods him with the tip of the broom. He grunts aggressively, she leaps back, uncertainly looking around the room.

LATER - WIDE SHOT: LORNA and DAVID, (from the neck up). She is on the phone, there is some distance between them, and he is sitting upright, snoring like a caveman.

LORNA
 (On phone)
 I beg your pardon!
 (Looking at David)
 No, he is not in the recovery
 position.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: DAVID, bonded to the hi-back stool, in a cocoon of brown-plastic-packing-tape.

LORNA (CONT'D)
 (Exasperated)
 Yes, I'll hold!

LORNA sees something on the floor, under his stool, it's a single, brass, front-door-key. She frowns.

CLOSE ON DAVID - not breathing.

LORNA puts down her phone and switches it to speakerphone; we can hear the recorded music as she creeps forward. DAVID looks perfectly dead.

She bends down and picks up the key, when she looks up, he is staring at her, she screams, he screams, nearing toppling over in the stool.

LORNA (CONT'D)
 (Snatching up the broom)
 Don't you move fucker!

DAVID
 (Incoherent, terrified)
 What the fuck, who are you, hit me
 with that AIR-CRAFT-CARRIER, BITCH!

LORNA
 (Beside herself)
 Who am I, who am I!! This is my
 place. I ask the questions, ok.
 (Showing him the key)
 Where did you get this?

DAVID
 (Trying to focus on it)
 She gave it to me. She—
 (Looking around)

LORNA
 Who gave it to you?

DAVID
 (Pause, trying to
 remember)
 My girlfriend, my ex girlfriend.

LORNA
 Her name?

DAVID
 (Head swimming)
 What is this, kill fucking Bill?
 Where's the guy with the cowboy
 hat?

LORNA puts the umbrella down. She wipes the red wine off of
 her face on a dish towel.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Don't go all psycho on me, darling.

LORNA
 Don't you call me darling!

He grins disarmingly, she picks up the phone. She is still on
 hold. She glances at him, not entirely hating what she sees

LORNA (CONT'D)
 No talking your way out of this
 one, slick.

DAVID
 Fine, fine, bring them on! I'll sue
 your tits off! Let me see! Ahh,
 grievous, bodily harm, deprivation
 of liberty!

LORNA
 Your kind makes me sick!!

DAVID
(Outraged)
My kind!!

LORNA
Do you know what you are?

DAVIS
Why don't you tell me!

LORNA
A remora.

DAVID
What!!

LORNA
It's small fish that lives inside
another fish's arse!! That's what
you are, a lying, cake eating,
remora!

DAVID
You don't know a single thing about
me.

LORNA
I know all I need to know.

DAVID.
Is that right David, fucking,
Attenborough! How long have you
lived here? One, two weeks? Does
that shitty old wooden toilet seat
still pinch your arse when you
stand up?

LORNA reacts to this information, DAVID grins.

DAVID
That's right! My ex-girlfriend used
to live here. She's moved out
obviously.

LORNA
(Sceptical)
Obviously

DAVID
I should have realized.
(Looking around)
She would never have a picture of
Jesus on the wall. She's a Muslim.

LORNA

It's not Jesus! It's Willam Dafoe!
When did you ever see a photograph
of Jesus!

DAVID

I don't know, it's not my religion
for Christ's sake! I'm a bloody
Sikh.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(Suddenly remembering)
Nasrim Aslam! That's her name!
(Beat)
Look, I just came back for my
guitar, ok?

LORNA

Well, it's gone, and so has she.

The police operator suddenly comes back on line - LORNA
panics, she hangs up. He smiles. Despite herself, she does
too. The letter-slot rattles loudly!

DAVID

Oh Shit!! Who's that, the fucking
Gimp!

LORNA hushes him, and rushes to the door, but it opens before
gets to it. She tries to block him, but Stuart staggers past
her with a pizza, patting her on the arse.

STUART

What happened to--?

He sees DAVID. He glares at LORNA, who pulls her dishevelled
raincoat closed.

DAVID

(Apprehensively)
How's it going?

LORNA

(Nervous, unconvincing)
It's just someone from work

DAVID

No, no, I have a key, I...

STUART

(Sneering)
Really?

LORNA
 (Snatching up some
 scissors)
 Actually, I'm cutting his hair.

STUART
 So why is he taped to the fucking
 stool?

LORNA
 (Beat)
 He moves around a lot?

DAVID explodes in laughter, then LORNA erupts snorting loudly. DAVID nearly topples over; LORNA has to grab hold of him. STUART's face is bright red.

STUART
 You kinky little twat, and with a
 Paki no less!

LORNA
 (Laughing)
 No, no! He's a Sikh! He's a Sikh!

STUART puts down his pizza, moves toward her, large and threatening.

DAVID
 Hey. Back off! This is not--

STUART
 YOU, SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

STUART turns his venom on DAVID, his fists clenched. LORNA snatches up her broolly, and attacks, punctuating her words with strikes across his back and arms.

LORNA
 Get-out-you-fat-piece-of-crap!

She beats STUART back toward the door. He raises his hands, defeated. DAVID is in awe of her.

STUART
 (Almost crying)
 You're not worth it, you really
 aren't worth it, darling.

STUART goes and drops his key on the breakfast bar, he picks up his pizza, sneers at her and storms out the door, slamming it behind him. LORNA turns to david, triumphant.

DAVID
Wow, my hero!

She laughs, and puts down her broolly.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(Beat)
You've got a little cut on your
face.

She touches her cheek; the sexual tension is electric.

LORNA
I had a little accident.

DAVID
Hasn't been our night.

LORNA
Wasn't a total loss.

DAVID
What's your name?

LORNA
(Smiling)
What's yours?

DAVID
David, Patrick, Singh.

LORNA
(Eyes shining)
I'm Lorna.

DAVID
Are you going to unravel me
Lorna?

LORNA
I'm thinking about it.

BEHIND THEM IS A WINDOW - The eye is drawn outside, to the
BIG CITY, sparkling, spreading out into the night. From
somewhere a siren can be heard.

THE SOUND OF A LONG STRIP OF PLASTIC TAPE BEING TORN AWAY.

MUSIC OVER CREDITS - "A good pumping Friday night track".

FADE OUT