

THE KEYS

Written by

Bryony Quigly

Address
Phone Number

OVER BLACK:

Throaty voice sings nonsense.

INT. CELL - DAY

Sunlight filters in through the bars. Illuminating a filthy cell and an equally grimy, JESSICA MILES (mid 30s).

Curled up on the mattress, singing to herself, winding a lock of hair around her fingers.

A key turns in the lock and Jessica is off the bed and on her feet in an instant.

A grizzly bear of a man opens the metal door. As big as Jessica is small, his name is HUGO CHILDS.

HUGO
Mornin' sunshine.

He puts down a tray of unappetising food.

HUGO (CONT'D)
Brought you some nourishment.

Jessica stands, looks off to one side. Coy.

HUGO (CONT'D)
C'mon darlin', we can't all live
like kings and queens.

He steps forward. Big mistake.

Jessica grabs his throat! Pulls him to her. Licks his cheek lasciviously.

Slaps a hand over his mouth.

Squeezes tight, tighter. It's too tight, bones crack, he can't breathe!

He's like a ragdoll in her hands. She throws him on the floor.

And she's on him like a leech. Rummaging through his clothes like a dirty little thief. Until a triumphant, manic snicker!

She has them.

THE KEYS

Jessica stuffs a used tissue into Hugo's mouth. Pins his head down and stares directly into the dying mans eyes. Creepy, intense eye contact as she

TRANSFORMS

Bone breaking, gut wrenching, hideously transforms into the very man she's sitting upon.

Hugo SCREAMS. Chokes on the tissue, swallows bits and pieces. But won't stop screaming!

Jessica slaps him round the face, knocks him out and stands up. Brushes herself off.

JESSICA
Thank you kindly.

Tries again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Cheers.

Not quite satisfied, she pockets the keys.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Yo, I'm Hugo. Hi there, Hello, how goes it, What's up? -

She shuts the door behind her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
- hi there, hey -

FADE TO BLACK.

