

Bloody Sunday

by  
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EXT. A HOUSE - DAY

We open on a house, preferably detached. The sky is red, and just... *wrong* somehow. On the doorstep of the house is a dirty, cracked milk bottle. The front door opens slightly, a hand snakes out to examine the bottle, then withdraws.

CUT TO:

INT. A LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

OK, this is going to be Gothic. Think Laurel and Hardy meet Joel and Ethan. Tim Burton may pop in for scones.

We are in an odd-ish looking room, depending on where we can find. Bare floorboards would be grand, as would strange angles and lots of shadows. Odd pictures adorn the walls.

Two people are present. They live here together, but not like that. They are Teddy and Huw. Teddy sits on a sofa. He looks glum. Huw is closing the front door. It is Sunday afternoon and they are bored.

Huw paces around a bit, whistling tunelessly, flapping his arms, seemingly looking for something to do. Maybe he finds a Monopoly box, but it is empty. Eventually he sits heavily on the sofa next to Teddy.

HUW

I hate Sundays.

TEDDY

I hate you.

HUW

Ha ha. Still, we have a laugh eh?

TEDDY

No. I really do hate you. We've been living in this tip for... Since the thing and I have to say you are quite the most irritating little tit it has ever been my misfortune to meet, and by crikey I've met some tits in my time.

HUW

Hee hee. What shall we do? I know.. I spy! I spy with my little eye...

TEDDY

We are not playing I spy again. If you try so help me I'll throttle you.

HUW  
Fancy a cuppa?

TEDDY  
A cuppa? Do I fancy a cuppa?  
Before I answer, could I ask you  
a couple of questions?

HUW  
Fire away.

TEDDY  
Do we have any milk?

HUW  
No.

TEDDY  
Sugar?

HUW  
No.

TEDDY  
Do we have any tea?

HUW  
We do not.

TEDDY  
What is the likelihood of our  
securing any of these items in  
the next 24 hours?

HUW  
Ummm... Best guess - slim to  
none.

TEDDY  
My answer, therefore, is "yes", I  
would love a cuppa more than  
anything in the world, and damn  
your eyes for once again  
reminding me of the fact.

HUW  
Soz. Oh, do you remember that  
time I said I'd make you a lovely  
cuppa because it was your  
birthday and you got really  
excited and I just went into the  
kitchen and then came out without  
a cuppa because we didn't have  
any milk or sugar or tea and I  
just laughed and laughed at your  
face?

Teddy remains deadpan through this, with maybe just a hint that he does remember and it burns.

TEDDY

No.

HUW

What's on the telly?

TEDDY

A meteor.

We see the television. The top of it has been stoved in by a small asteroid. It smokes.

TEDDY (cont'd)

So no television. Just you. And me. And the long afternoon stretching ahead of us. Again.

HUW

Oh well. I'll just have to read this.

Huw produces a battered copy of "Hello" magazine.

TEDDY

Where did you get that?

HUW

I found it.

TEDDY

I haven't read anything since the thing. Please can I read it?

HUW

No.

TEDDY

Seriously. You know I love to read.

Huw starts to sing.

HUW

It's mine, and you can't have it, you really want it, but you can't have it.

Teddy makes a grab for the magazine. They tussle. Huw wins.

HUW (cont'd)

Cos you can't have it.

TEDDY

Fine. Stupid magazine. I wouldn't even care, I don't care, it's just that I haven't read anything in ages. But I don't care. You read it.

Huw slowly and deliberately tears a page from the magazine and stuffs it in his mouth. He begins to chew.

TEDDY (cont'd)

I don't care. Do what you want.

HUW

Do what I want? OK. I spy with my little eye

TEDDY

I'm warning you.

Huw jumps up and starts to skip around the room.

HUW

Something beginning with T. Is it teabag? No! Is it television? No!

TEDDY

I can't stand it.

Teddy produces a pad and a piece of paper and begins to write. Huw cranes over the back of the sofa.

HUW

Whatcha writing?

TEDDY

None of your nevermind.

HUW

Aw come on old chum. What are you writing? Is it a story? Am I in it? Is it about two best friends who go on an adventure where there's grass and real live animals?

Teddy sighs. He looks genuinely depressed and distressed.

TEDDY

It's a suicide note.

HUW

Ha ha ha. Ah, we have a laugh though.

Huw plops back onto the sofa. Teddy shakes his head sadly and continues to scribble.

HUW (cont'd)

If I wrote a story it would probably be really good. Better than yours, but that's OK because you know I'm better at most things than you and you are OK with that, which is one of the reasons I like you so much. It's good to have a best friend isn't it? Because even when there's no tea or television we can just sit and talk about the good old days when there was tea and telev...

Teddy hands the piece of paper to Huw.

TEDDY

Sign this.

Huw absently takes the paper and signs it. There is a moment of dawning realisation, and then we see a noose looping round his neck. There is a pause, then he is jerked suddenly upwards.

CUT TO:

INT. A LIVING ROOM - LATER

We see Teddy with a beatific expression on his face. He is sitting on the sofa reading the magazine. Dangling above the sofa is the body of Huw with a note pinned to it, and we hear the creak creak creak of the rope he hangs from as we

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.