

CELL MATES

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FADE IN

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

The heavy metal door slams shut.

Lumpy bunks, a desk, partitioned toilet, prison minimalism.

LARA, 18, long chestnut hair, neck covered in tats, scans her limited surroundings.

LARA

'll do.

The mystery lump on the top bunk moves with a GROAN.

KAZ, 30s, rolls onto her side and peers at Lara.

KAZ

Fuck you doing in 'ere?

Lara stares back, unblinking.

LARA

Where they stuck me.

Kaz swings her legs round and sits on the edge of the bunk. She's petite, short haired and heavy makeup troweled on in a failed attempt to hide the hard years.

KAZ

'll see about that cunt.

Lara bristles at the insult.

LARA

Fuck you think you is?

Kaz drops down to the floor like a cat and stands toe to toe with Lara, she's a good foot shorter.

KAZ

I...

She pokes Lara in the chest.

KAZ

run...

Poke.

KAZ
this...

Poke.

KAZ
prison.

Kaz glowers, evil grin spreading on her face.

LARA
Fuck you do.

She raises her hand to strike Kaz, brings it down in a fat arc.

Her hand stops suddenly in mid air, inches from Kaz's grinning face.

KAZ
Don't think so bitch.

An unseen force propels Lara back against the door.

The air shimmers where her attacker would be.

Lara looks up from her prone position, fear and confusion etched on her face.

LARA
The fuck?

Kaz strides over and stands above Lara, bangs on the door.

KAZ
Hey, bitches! Open the fuck up!

INT. PRISON LANDING - CONTINUOUS

GAIL, 40s, ill-fitting guards uniform, constantly nervous, opens the door.

GAIL
Hey, what --

Kaz stomps out, gets right in the screws face.

KAZ
What's this shit?

She cocks her thumb at Lara.

Gail is petrified.

GAIL
Sorry, Kaz, night transfer,
Warden's orders.

Kaz sneers.

KAZ
That pencil pushing fucker knows
nowt. *He* won't fucking like it.

Gail nods in vehement agreement.

GAIL
Warden said two people per cell,
said it ain't no hotel.

KAZ
Hotel?

Gail nods.

KAZ
You know he likes it private?

Gail nods again.

GAIL
Tried to tell her --

KAZ
I know, din' believe, they never
do... till he fucks em up.

Kaz retreats into the cell, steps over Lara on the way.

The inmates on the landing go back to their business.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Lara wakes with a start.

GROANING above her, the bunk rocks.

She opens her mouth to say something, snaps it shut.

The GROANS are deep and harsh, unmistakably male.

KAZ
(whispers)
Go on, fucking hit it, c'mon you
bastard. Fuck me, go on, get it
in... shit, will you just ignore
that stupid bitch.

The bunk stops rocking.

SLAP.

KAZ
Fuck!

Lara stares up at the bunk above, waits for a guard's legs
to swing over and escape into the night.

Nothing happens.

Kaz rolls over. Head pokes over the edge of the bunk.

KAZ
See what you've done, cunt.

Lara feigns sleep, adds a SNORE for authenticity.

KAZ
No room in here for three of us.

She rolls back over and silence returns.

Lara shivers as a draft blows a wisp of hair from her head.

INT. PRISON LANDING - DAY

Lara exits the cell and makes a beeline for Gail.

Gail tenses as Lara approaches.

Lara slows, holds her hands out in a peace gesture.

LARA
Just wan' a word.

Gail nods, drops her eyes to the floor.

GAIL
Keep your eyes shut and don't get
in the way.

LARA

Who the hell is he? Not seen male screws in here.

GAIL

He's a prisoner.

LARA

No men in --

GAIL

From before, when it was a male facility.

Lara thinks, puzzles over something.

LARA

Can't be, that was Victorian times, he'd be dead.

GAIL

Like I said, keep your eyes shut and your head down.

Gail turns and walks away.

Lara stares after her, slack-jawed.

In the cell doorway, Kaz, stands compact mirror in one hand, the other dabs makeup on her black eye.

KAZ

Good advice, cunt.

Kaz turns and attempts to get back in the cell, but the interior is now preternaturally dark.

An unseen force prevents her entering.

KAZ

Hey, no, Jack, I said sorry.

Her compact flies from her hand as she spins round and is shoved out of the way. She crashes into the landing railing with a THUD and cowers from her attacker.

Lara peers into the darkened cell.

Framed in the doorway is the aurora limned mountain of a man, JACK, 40s, close cropped hair and an imperial mustache that is split in two by a scar that runs down his cheek.

Jack's translucent figure takes a step forward and points at Lara, his malevolent smile grows wider.

Lara shakes her head, takes a step backwards.

Jack curls his finger, beckons her to him.

With his other hand he unbuckles his thick leather belt.

KAZ
He's not asking.

The inmates go back to their business, none wanting to witness the transfer of power between Kaz and Lara.

LARA
No, he can't make --

The unseen forces wraps itself through Lara's long hair, pulls her to the floor and drags her SCREAMING into the cell.

The cell door SLAMS shut.

The SCREAMS are soon joined by GUTTURAL MOANS.

FADE OUT

THE END