Victim

Ву

Bryson G

Escapists 2015

brysong417@gmail.com

INT. HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT A young woman kicks back on the couch in sweats and a hoodie. She texts on her massive smart phone. OLLIE, 23, the innocent type with a not so innocent smirk that lays across her face. OLLIE POV HUBBY: I'm stopping by the store after work, we need anything? OLLIE: Cookies! :D HUBBY: SMH, anything else? OLLIE: You ;) HUBBY: :\* See you soon. Her fingers backs out of the thread and opens an old one with the name "Sarah". OLLIE: Sarah? SARAH: Your husband around? OLLIE: No, working late ... \* hint hint \* SARAH: Why are you calling me Sarah then? OLLIE: In case he goes through my phone. Thanks, now I have to delete this. When you coming over? SARAH: I can be there in 15. OLLIE: Hurry up. INT. APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT Gloved hands hold a stylus that picks and prods at an illuminated cellular. The lean man, in a tight fitting black sweater, gets off the

Another male lies half off the bed. He's in his underwear and undershirt, his throat spits blood like it's escaping from a busted pipe.

bed, crosses it, and heads towards the door.

INT. HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

OLLIE POV

SARAH: OMW

LIVING ROOM

Ollie smiles, I mean legit smiles. She hops off the couch and walks into one of the rooms down her hallway.

INT. HOME (BATHROOM) - NIGHT

Ollie flicks on the light and approaches the mirror. She fixes her hair, brushes her teeth, and puts a little bit of that "smell good" on her neck.

She breaks out her pocket TV she calls a phone and those thumbs get back to work.

OLLIE POV

OLLIE: When are you getting off?

HUBBY: Why?

OLLIE: I was going to stay up for a bit to see you. Missing you.

HUBBY: Missing you too baby. I'll be home late, pulling more OT. Rome's ass called in again, but hey, more money for us, right?

OLLIE: :\* Okay, I'm going to get some sleep. I love you.

HUBBY: Love you too.

BATHROOM

Ollie, like a skilled politician who can turn it off and on at will, toses the phone down on the sinks edge like it was nothing.

She gives herself a final look over, pleased with herself, turns out the light as she leaves.

INT. HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Ollie saunters into the space and sits on the couch.

She takes a small box from under the couch and sets it on the table. She opens it and takes out an eight ball of coke, a small square mirror, and part of a straw.

She does a line, then another, and goes for a third.

A sound from outside snatches her attention. She puts the contents of her box back inside in a matter of seconds, and shoves that shit back from where it came.

She speed walks her ass up to the window and takes a peek.

A young man picks his bike off the ground, hops back on, and pedals off.

A lean figure stands way behind her by the bathroom, he watches her peer outside. She breaks out the damn phone she can't do shit without and gets to poking.

OLLIE POV

OLLIE: Where are you?

SARAH: Already here.

LIVING ROOM

Her face twists up and she looks through the window, she doesn't see anything or anyone.

CLICK!

The lights vanish, darkness appears.

Slow steps are heard one by one, thud by thud...

Ollie breathes become short and quick.

OLLIE The hell? Baby, that you?

Silence.

A weird sound emits through the blackness...

then a tiny LIGHT.

The small fan of light illuminates a face in a black skully and a red checkered scarf wrapped around his mouth like a bandit. His cold eyes are on the phone before they snap to her.

Ollie screams, the figure tosses the phone at her feet.

PHONE

Display of the texts between "Sarah" and ollie under a cracked screen.

LIVING ROOM

Ollie tries to navigate the dark, but knocks shit over, trips, stubs toes.

She ducks into one of the backrooms.

INT. HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Ollie scurries into the room, hops the bed like a damn Olympian, and looks out the window to find the guy on the bike taking a water break.

She calls out to him, or tries to...

as a hand whips her around and violently throws her to the ground.

The figure pounces.

Thuds of heavy blows, screams that pierce the darkness, and heels that beat up the ground.

Ollie struggles to breath.

The kicks, the screams, the thuds all slowly, agonizingly, fade to a screaming silence.

The gloved hands pull Ollie's phone from her bra, he shoots a text.

CLUNK!

Let there be light.

The FIGURE, 29, in black, unaffected eyes and dressed like a low budget mercenary in very light gear.

He looks to her then behind him.

FIGURE She's in here.

A thick guy in a dress shirt and tie strolls into the room. The HUBBY, 31, well groomed, well dressed, empty eyes.

Hubby looks to Ollie, then to Figure, who still looks at her.

Hubby takes out a fat knot of cash and hands it over.

HUBBY Not a word. Not a fucking word.

The Figure looks at Hubby who slightly trembles.

FIGURE We all got demons, weaknesses, vices. When you realize that, you realize that to judge is nothing short of being a hypocrite with an ego.

HUBBY I'm sorry, are you a hit man or fucking Confucius?

The figure looks at the wad of greenbacks before he pockets it.

The Figure crosses himself and bows his head briefly, raises his cranium, turns and leaves.

HUBBY What the fuck ever! She's not a victim. She was a cheat and a god damned lie!

The Figure has already disappeared under the night sky.

HUBBY

She...

Hubby's voice trembles.

HUBBY wasn't happy...

HUBBY POV

There she is, lifeless, with looks like she tried to fight Mike Tyson in an unsanctioned bare knuckle boxing match in a casino basement.

FADE TO BLACK

"You don't have to take anyone's

HUBBY bullshit. It's only what you allow that you will have to deal with..."

- ANONYMOUS