

SIREN

Written by

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FADE IN.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The city skyline twinkles in the distance.

We pull back through an apartment window.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sitting on the window sill leant against the frame, wearing only lingerie, is a young girl smoking a cigarette as she looks out to the horizon. This is DEVLIN (22), her body may be young, but her mind is very old.

As she raises the cigarette in her shaking hand we see blood drip from her fingers. A charm bracelet wrapped around her wrist.

She places the cigarette between her lips and takes a drag. Her face is covered with blood. Her eyes are glazed over staring into space.

After exhaling the smoke into the night air, she flicks the cigarette away and slides off the window sill.

Devlin makes her way through the studio apartment to the bathroom door, passing the BODY of a young man, RICKY lying on the bed tied by his wrists.

What is left of his face is unrecognizable, nothing but a bloody mess. Blood is everywhere, sprayed up the headboard and wall, soaking into the bedsheets.

Devlin enters the bathroom, switching on the light.

\*FLASHBACK\*

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Devlin sits at the bar wearing a pink cocktail dress and leather jacket. She stares longingly at a photograph of a young woman smiling back at her.

She strokes the picture softly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Devlin stands on the street corner with the girl in the photograph. They are wearing provocative clothing trying to keep warm.

A car pulls up by the curb and the other girl approaches. She speaks to the driver briefly before climbing into the car. As she opens the car door, the internal light glows up Ricky's face in the driver's seat.

Devlin watches as he disappears in darkness and drives off.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Devlin watches the news on television. They are reporting on the discovery of a body. They show a picture of the girl Devlin was standing with on the street. She throws a hand over her mouth in horror, tears welling up in her eyes.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Back to the bar.

Devlin glances up from the photograph and spots Ricky sitting down at the end of the bar. He orders a drink.

He looks over at Devlin and she makes eye contact. He smiles at her and she returns with a seductive smile back.

He winks.

She slides off her stool picks up her handbag and takes a sultry walk over to him.

\*END FLASHBACK\*

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The tap runs a moment before Devlin slips her hands under to wash the blood away.

She splashes water on her face to clean every last mark of red. She looks up into the bathroom mirror and stares deeply at herself.

Her eyes have dark circles around them. There is nothing but gloom staring back at her. She pulls a black wig from her head to reveal her golden blonde hair, with pink streaks on one side.

Suddenly she comes over all nauseous and throws up in the nearby toilet.

CUT TO:

She rummages through her handbag and takes out a small tin case. She flips open the lid to reveal her heroin kit; syringe, rubber tube, spoon, lighter, small plastic bag of white powder.

CUT TO:

Devlin sits on the toilet as she pierces her arm with the needle and pumps her veins full of the liquid.

\*FLASHBACK\*

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin enters with Ricky. She looks around at the lavish studio apartment, placing her bag on the sofa. Artwork on the walls of nude women. Modern furniture neatly lined up.

Ricky enters the kitchen.

Devlin looks around the room, Ricky pours two glasses of wine and carries them over to her.

He hands her a glass.

They clink glasses and both take a sip.

They sit on the white leather couch placing their wine glasses on the glass coffee table. Ricky throws an arm over the back of the sofa.

Ricky looks into Devlin's eyes.

She leans in, he follows suit and they kiss passionately. Ricky cups her breast. She pushes his hand away.

Devlin stands collecting her bag before heading to the bathroom. Ricky watches her disappear then strolls over to the bed.

He sits down on the edge. On the bedside table is a dish filled with cocaine and a mirror next to it with four lines ready to go.

Ricky snorts both lines. He cleans his nose and starts removing his clothes.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Devlin slips off her leather jacket and dress. She wears lingerie underneath with stockings and suspenders. She looks at herself in the mirror and takes a deep breath.

She grabs her bag and exits.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin approaches the bed with her handbag. She finds Ricky lying on the bed in his underwear.

Ricky grins at the half dressed body teasing him.

She pulls off a couple of ties from a suit hanging on a wardrobe door, holding them up.

Ricky gets excited.

Devlin approaches the bed dumping her bag down by the side. She spots the cocaine lines.

She bends down ensuring her bottom sticks high up in the air. As she snorts two lines of the cocaine Ricky's eyes are transfixed on her rear.

She feels the rush of the drug. Ricky sits up and reaches out to touch her bottom, but she slaps his hand away.

She pushes Ricky back down on the bed and climbs onto him, straddling his body. She binds his wrists to the bed with the ties. She begins kissing him, before looking deep into his eyes.

She runs her fingers over his eyes closing them. Devlin makes her way down his chest with kisses.

She reaches down the side of the bed into her bag and pulls out the hammer.

She raises the hammer above her head.

Ricky can't help but peek, resulting in his eyes widening rapidly as he sees the hammer.

Devlin brings the hammer down smashing into Ricky's face. She proceeds to do this several times, blood squirting at her face and up the wall.

Devlin stops, exhausted and stares at the mess. Her hands are shaking.

She releases her grip, dropping the hammer on the floor. She climbs off Ricky and grabs a packet of cigarettes from her bag.

She lights one with shaking hands and heads over to the window.

\*END FLASHBACK\*

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin re-enters the bedroom dressed.

She picks up the bloody hammer off the floor and wipes it down with the bedsheets.

She places it inside her handbag and pulls it onto her shoulder.

Devlin picks up a wallet off the bedside table where a dish of cocaine sits, white powder scattered across the surface.

She removes £200 in cash, then places the wallet back.

She opens the front door, the bright light cutting a silhouette of her. She shuts the door filling the room with darkness again.

FADE OUT.