

I KILLED TONIGHT!

by

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FADE IN:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - FRIDAY NIGHT - HALLOWEEN

A bright spotlight shines onto a stage, the only light in a dark room. A person is onstage, it's the show's host, ANDY FRANCIS. A middle aged, balding, slightly overweight white man, in a blazer and scruffy jeans, a jaded veteran of the comedy scene. Only his back is visible, a silhouette against the bright spotlight. The room is filled with applause and cheering.

ANDY

Ladies and gentlemen, you've been an absolutely smashing audience this evening...have you had a great time on this spooky Halloween? You ready for your headline act?

The audience applauds and cheers and whistles at the host's question. He adjusts the microphone stand and slips in the corded microphone.

ANDY (CONT'D)

This guy travels and performs all over the world...you're in for an absolute treat...please welcome your headline act Marcus Bishop

The volume of the audience almost drowns out the name of MARCUS BISHOP as he steps onto the stage, shakes Andy's hand and walks to the mic stand and looks out into the crowd - they are noisy but are in almost total blackness.

BISHOP

Thank you...thank you very much for such a warm welcome. Let's give a massive round of applause to the host and to all the other acts you saw tonight.

Bishop is tall, with dark features. He is dressed in all black, an imposing figure on the small stage.

Bishop hasn't lifted the microphone from the stand yet, he just speaks into it and then takes a step back and joins in the rapturous applause from the audience.

BISHOP

Wow, this is going to be fun. My name is Marcus...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We don't hear Bishop's full name as it's drowned out by feedback, the audience replies with excitement.

AUDIENCE
(shouting)
Hello Marcus!

He looks out at the audience, taking in the cheap Halloween decorations hanging around the venue - lifts the mic out of the stand, moves the stand to the side and begins his set, only taking a second to glance at his watch - it's 10pm.

He walks back and forth across the stage, his body silhouetted by the blinding, bright spotlight.

He moves across the stage smoothly - a consummate professional.

He stares out into the darkness, only the first few rows are visible, seeing smiling, laughing faces, the rest of the audience barely visible, all in shadow.

He continues to come back to one face in the audience over and over again as he scans the crowd to read the reactions of the audience.

There is no smile on this face. It's the surly face of a man, arms folded across his chest, a phone in one hand.

This man is PETE. He has messy blond hair, he's tall and slim and has a permanent scowl on his face.

Bishop thinks to himself as he continues his performance.

BISHOP (V.O.)
There's always one isn't there.
100's of people can be laughing
and having a great time but who do
I keep going back to, the same
unsmiling, miserable piece of
shit. All the time. Every single
time.

His eyes keep coming back to Pete's unsmiling, miserable face. Even though he's not seated in the first few rows, he seems to stand out in the shadows, his face bright, as though lit up by some unseen lighting.

He moves his gaze to a young couple in the front row, and continues his comedy set.

BISHOP
Kev and Leanne right?

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CONTINUED: (2)

The couple squirm uncomfortably in their seats, the girl giggles nervously. The Headliner stares at the guy, KEV, and directs his next question to him.

BISHOP

So how long have you two been together for?

Kev folds his arms across his chest and turns his head to look at LEANNE.

BISHOP

Don't look at her for an answer mate!

The audience roars with laughter at Bishop's rapid observation. Kev throws his head back and laughs. Leanne glares at him and nudges him sharply in the ribs with her elbow.

Bishop laughs at her reaction and looks out into the audience.

BISHOP

I guess someone's going to be sleeping on the sofa tonight.

Another roar of laughter fills the room.

LEANNE

Three years, we've been together three years now.

Bishop acknowledges her answer with a nod but his eyes continue to look in the direction of the unsmiling, Pete, seeing the same miserable scowl carved onto his face. This time he's reading a message on his phone.

The light from the phone lighting up his miserable face even more.

Bishop returns his attention to the couple and then looks directly at Kev, leaning in towards him.

BISHOP

Three years! Engaged?

Leanne shakes her head no, glaring at Kev as she does this, a grin on her face.

KEV

Nope, not yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kev squirms in his seat. He is clearly uncomfortable as a few "ooh's" from the audience fill the room.

Bishop stands upright, tilts his head and pauses briefly, raising the comedic tension in the room, a naughty grin on his face.

BISHOP

Commitment issues?

The room explodes with laughter and applause from the audience and after a brief moment the couple join in with the applause.

BISHOP

And Kev thought Halloween couldn't get any scarier!

Bishop has throughout his exchange with the couple kept getting glimpses of Pete on his phone.

He sees a woman, BONNIE, short blonde hair, friendly face, quite petite. She's sitting next to Pete and asks him to put his phone away. Pete turns to her and Bishop can see him say to her "Bonnie, fuck off", he doesn't hear it but reads his lips. Pete continues with his phone.

BISHOP (V.O.)

What the fuck is wrong with people?

Bishop grabs the microphone stand and takes a moment to glance down at his watch - it's 10:30pm.

He looks down for a moment, lets the final laughs and applause from the audience die down, he looks out at the audience again and sees that Pete now has stood up and making his way along the row. The same sour miserable look still etched onto his face. Bishop clenches his jaw and watches as Pete reaches the end of the row. All he sees is Pete, everything else is black. There is no audience anymore, Bishop can only see this man.

He takes a deep, calming breath - unclenches his jaw, smiles and acknowledges the audience.

BISHOP

Ladies and gentlemen...that is my time...you've been lovely...

(beat)

I have hated some of you though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The audience laughs and glance around to where Pete was seated.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

To Kev and Leanne...you've both
been brilliant...and remember I am
also available for weddings!

The audience and the couple all laugh loudly and the sound of applause ripples through the room.

BISHOP

I've got a train to catch. Happy
Halloween. See you soon.
Goodnight!

He slides the microphone into the stand, steps back and gives a slight bow and walks off the stage, pausing briefly to shake hands with Andy as he walks back onto the stage to close the night.

INT: COMEDY CLUB BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop walks past the bar, audience members pat him on the back and tell him "great job". He gives them all a friendly smile and mouths "thank you" and heads away from the crowded room.

The room fills with the sound of applause and cheering as Andy says goodnight.

ANDY (O.S.)

Drive home safe and see you all
soon. Remember to follow all your
favorite comics on Instagram and
don't forget to buy me that drink.

Bishop walks directly into the gents toilets, pulling the door shut behind him.

INT. TOILET. CONTINUOUS

He walks up to the sink and stares into the mirror. Sweat beads his forehead. He removes his jacket and places it neatly onto the little shelf above the sink. He turns on the cold water tap and splashes water onto his face - grabs a few paper napkins from a small basket on the same shelf and pats his face dry.

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He glances at the poster on the wall next to the mirror and smiles - his own face stares back at him - the words "A HALLOWEEN COMEDY SPOOKTACULAR" in bold blood red type stands out.

The toilet inside the cubicles flushes. He pauses mid-pat and stares into the mirror, watching the cubicle door.

The cubicle door opens and he sees the miserable prick, Pete, step out, his face still buried in whatever was so intriguing on his phone.

He watches Pete head directly towards the bathroom door, not bothering to wash his hands.

He steps back, directly into Pete's path, who is oblivious that anyone else is in the bathroom with him. He walks directly into Bishop, his phone jarring loose from his grip and falling onto the floor.

PETE

(shouting)

Fucks sakes!

Pete bends down and retrieves his phone, turning it over in his hands, checking for cracks and damage.

BISHOP

Your phone ok?

Pete notices Bishop for the first time, steps up threateningly to him, noses only inches apart. Pete is tall but still shorter than Bishop and has to look up into his face.

PETE

Yeah...you're lucky it's fine mate...otherwise...

BISHOP

(slow, menacing)

Otherwise? Otherwise what?

Bishop stares directly into Pete's eyes, he doesn't blink, a small grin on his lips. His eyes black, emotionless.

Pete stares back, but only briefly before turning away and walking out of the bathroom.

PETE

(mumbling and chuckling)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETE (CONT'D)

Funniest thing you said all night.
Twat.

Bishop watches the door close and continues to stand his ground for a moment, staring at the shut door, no longer grinning.

He pulls his hand out of his back pocket and returns to the sink, placing a cut throat razor onto the shelf. He grabs his jacket, puts it on, picks up the razor, stares at it for a moment and slips it into the inside pocket of his jacket.

He glances into the mirror for a moment and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. GREEN ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Bishop steps into the green room, a typical comedy club green room, a worn sofa against a wall with random scattered chairs throughout. There's a large mirror on one wall with a small bar fridge tucked into a corner.

Two other people are in the room. He'd had seen them leave the bar area as he stepped off the stage. They are two of the other acts, both open-mic comedians, NATHAN and JACK

NATHAN

Great set mate.

Nathan slaps Bishop on the shoulder. He is 22, a scruffy beard and even scruffier clothing.

JACK

Yea man, that was quality.

BISHOP

Cheers.

He smiles at both the new young acts and sits on the sofa.

JACK

Listen mate, I'm happy to give you a lift to the station...it was pissing down earlier.

Bishop looks up at Jack. He's a little older than Nathan, but is in a suit with a neat haircut.

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BISHOP

I don't mind walking, the station's not too far and I could use the cool air...sorry fellas but I have to dash.

Bishop pulls out his phone and checks the train timetable - the next train is at 11:15pm, it's also the last train. He pulls on his dark thick coat and slings the satchel over his shoulder.

BISHOP

I'm going to be late if I don't run. Cheers.

NATHAN

Cheers mate.

JACK

Marcus, would you mind if I used you as a reference to try and get onto some other lineups? It could really help having you as a reference.

Bishop pauses at the door and pulls out a card from his coat pocket. He passes it to Jack.

BISHOP

This is for Covent Garden and Camden Comedy Clubs, tell the bookers that I saw you play and they should at least give you a try out.

JACK

Ah mate. Brilliant. Thank you.

Bishop nods his head, and walks away. The door shuts behind him.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

He walks towards the exit. The comedy club has emptied. Staff tidy up empty pint and wine glasses, rearranging tables and pulling down the Halloween decor.

He sees that the show's host, Andy, is still on the stage talking to a straggler, a middle aged woman - dressed as a Nun. He tries to avoid the man but unintentionally makes eye contact. Andy waves him over. The "groupie" also tries to entice him, and she shouts across to him.

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GROUPIE NUN

C'mon love. Come have a drink with us, it's still early.

He smiles and shakes his head no, points to his watch and mouths the words "train" and "late". He shrugs his shoulders in a "I have no choice" manner.

Andy gives him 2 thumbs up, looks at the "Nun" who is still staring at Bishop, and licks his lips and thrusts his hips back and forth with a sneer on his face. The "Nun" turns to look back at Andy, and almost caught out he returns his attention to her.

BISHOP

(whispering and smiling)

What a sleaze bag!

He speed walks towards the door and offers the staff cleaning up a friendly smile as he walks past. He stops to pull the zip of his coat up so that it comes to just below his chin and pulls his beanie down lower, covering his eyebrows, and steps out into the night.

EXT. OUTSIDE COMEDY CLUB ON THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The rain has stopped. Puddles on the street reflect the street lights.

Bishop looks at his watch and sees it's 10:50pm.

He hears a loud voice coming from behind him, it's a woman's voice.

BONNIE (O.S.)

(shouting, angry, upset)

You're such a wanker Pete...a miserable fucking wanker.

The angry shout is followed by that of a man's voice.

PETE (O.S.)

(angry, raised)

Fuck you Bonnie. I told you tonight would be shit and I was right...I'm always fucking right...and that's why you're so pissed off with me.

Bishop turns and recognises that it's the same miserable prick from the comedy club.

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Pete leans on the open door of his car, a Ford Focus. The argument is with the woman, Bonnie from the comedy club, the same one he had told to "fuck off" earlier that night.

BONNIE

You're rude and you're miserable
and you spent all night on your
fucking phone...probably messaging
that whore Beth.

Bonnie turns her back to Pete. He pulls on her shoulder roughly turning her around to face him.

She pulls away forcefully from his grip on her shoulder.

BONNIE

Don't you ever pull on me like
that again you abusive prick!

She moves closer to him, inches from his nose. Bishop sees the spittle shoot from her mouth into his face as she shouts at him. He sees Pete clench his fists.

He stares at Bonnie closely, his sharp eyes picking up the faint outline of a bruise on her neck, the shape of fingers, a man's fingers, beneath a poorly applied coat of makeup.

He removes his hands from his pockets, both already balled into tight fists. He bites down hard on his jaw and starts towards the arguing couple.

BISHOP (V.O.)

This asshole needs a lesson in
manners!

He's barely taken a step when another voice shouts out and he stops abruptly.

BOUNCER (O.S.)

(loud, commanding)
Oy! You two...take your domestic
shit somewhere else...people have
had a good night and you're
pissing all over it. Now you,
mate, leave the lady be and fuck
off!

Both Pete and Bonnie turn, as does Bishop and they all see the huge doorman standing at the entrance of the club, thick arms folded across his chest.

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CONTINUED: (2)

BOUNCER

You heard me mate...FUCK OFF!

The BOUNCER strides towards Bonnie. He places a giant hand gently on her arm.

BOUNCER

You alright love? Want me to call you a taxi?

She shakes her head no. The bouncer plants himself between Pete's car and Bonnie, a human shield.

Pete glares at the huge man for a moment and then climbs into his car, slams the door shut, rolls his window down and leans out.

PETE

(loud)

Bonnie...hey Bonnie! Really? So now you're not getting in? C'mon love...I'm sorry. Just get in will ya...we'll talk about this at home.

Bonnie walks away crying, ignoring Pete.

She continues towards another group of girls. They all hug her as she arrives.

The bouncer jerks a thumb at Pete, again telling him to leave without saying a word.

Pete starts his car and revs it loudly - he is angry, face red.

Bonnie turns and looks at Pete. He continues revving his car.

She glares angrily at him and suddenly flips him the bird, mouthing "fuck off" at him. She rejoins her friends and they climb into a waiting taxi.

Pete speeds off, tyres throwing up wet gravel, his music blaring. He shouts out the window as he drives away.

PETE (O.S.)

CUUUUUUUUUNT!

Bishop watches the taillights of Pete's car disappear into the night. When he no longer sees the car he relaxes his jaw and flexes his fingers.

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CONTINUED: (3)

BISHOP
(whispering)
What a fucking asshole.

He looks at his watch - it's 10:54pm.

EXT. THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop tucks his hands deep into the pockets of his dark coat and walks away from the comedy club, rounds a corner and spots the lights of a convenience store. The sign for the train station only a little further on.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The light from inside is warm and inviting and reflects in the puddles in the car park. From where he stands he can see the beers in the fridge.

He glances around the car park, it's empty except for a large metallic bin on wheels. From where he stands he can only see the cashier inside the store.

He opens the door and hears the sound of a door buzzer. Loud, Indian style music floods out through the open door.

He steps inside.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

At the sound of the door buzzer, the young Asian cashier, RAFIQ, (17-20s) turns down the stereo's volume. He greets Bishop, the only customer, with a smile.

RAFIQ
Welcome sir. Let me know if
there's anything I can help you
with? We close at 11pm sir...3mins
from now sir.

Bishop smiles back, nods his head in greeting and makes his way to the fridges at the back of the store and picks up a four pack of Lager. He grabs 2 packets of crisps and a chocolate bar from a nearby display.

The door buzzer sounds again from a speaker right above the fridge. He hears a man's voice but can't see who is speaking.

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This person talks like they have no volume control and "wants the world to hear" everything they say.

PETE (O.S.)

Yea mate, it was a total fucking waste of money...

Curious, Bishop looks into the curved security mirror.

He hears the cashier call out.

RAFIQ

We are about to close sir, please hurry to make your purchases.

He sees a man stand just inside the entrance of the store, he's talking into a phone. The man raises his middle finger in the direction of the cashier.

BISHOP

(muttering to himself)

Why does the world have to hear your conversation you inconsiderate prick!

He watches the man pulls down his hoodie, take off his cap and pull his fingers through his hair. The man still talks loudly into the phone - it's Pete.

PETE

Ended up having a right old shouting match with Bonnie...only good thing about tonight was the beers and a sexy waitress...

Bishop watches Pete. He rolls his eyes.

BISHOP

(whispering)

Of course. It had to be him!

Pete continues his conversation, even louder.

PETE

Mate...and those people call themselves comedians...fucks sakes...the shit I had this evening before coming out was funnier than all of them combined. Not only was it a waste of money but me and Bonnie are probably over too...FUCK!

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CONTINUED: (2)

Pete walks further into the store and heads to the fridges in the back.

PETE

She called me an abusive
prick...stupid bitch. Silly slag
don't know what abuse is.

Bishop bites down on his jaw. His hand holding the crisps curl into a tight fist, stopping himself when he hears them start to crunch in his grip.

PETE (CONT'D)

Mate, here's a joke for ya, what
does a man say to his woman that
has two black eyes?

(beat)

Nothing...he's already spoken
twice!

Pete roars with laughter.

PETE (CONT'D)

Speak to ya in the morning
mate...now that Bonnie's fucked
off I've gotta try get my end away
with Beth now don't I?

Pete ends the call.

Bishop glares at Pete in the mirror. His eyes narrow slits. His jaw clenched.

Taking a deep breath he walks to the counter and sees the top of Pete's head disappear behind the shelves near the beer fridges. Pete has started another phone call.

He places his purchases on the counter, Rafiq starts to ring them up. He can't see Pete any longer but he can hear him.

PETE (O.S.)

Hey Beth...yea it's Pete. You
alright love?

RAFIQ

That'll be £7.50 please sir.

Bishop looks up and sees a name badge on the cashier's chest. It says RAFIQ. He drops a £5 note and some coins onto the counter.

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BISHOP

Pop the change into one of those
charity jars please Rafiq. Thank
you!

He picks up his purchases, nods his head in thanks to the young cashier and heads to the exit - catching the end of Pete's phone call.

PETE (O.S.)

Brilliant...I'll be at yours in
10, 15 minutes tops...and
yea...I'll bring some Prosecco.

Pete laughs sleazily.

Bishop glances one more time in Pete's direction who is headed to the cashier.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The door buzzes again as Bishop steps out of the store where he pauses for a moment, his warm breath billowing out into the cold night air. He looks at his watch - it's 11:05pm.

He looks into the car park - it's no longer empty. A single car is parked at the furthest end, the metallic bin on wheels a few feet in front of the car. It's Pete's Ford Focus. A street lamp, near the car, is broken and shrouds the car and that entire area in darkness.

He looks back into the store's window as he walks in the direction of the station and sees Pete fling cash at the young cashier, grab his packet of purchases and a bottle of Prosecco by its neck. He watches as Pete pulls on his cap then his coat's hood over the cap and walk towards the store's door, his attention once again on his phone.

BISHOP

That phone is going to be your
downfall Pete.

He moves into the blackness surrounding the car, his dark coat, black jeans and black beanie make him completely invisible as he's swallowed by the shadows. He rolls the bin closer to the driver's side door, narrowing the space Pete would have to be able to get in. He engages the bin's brake with his foot and pushes it, it doesn't budge.

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He slips back into the darkness where he stands motionless and waits - the only movement his hand sliding into the pocket of his coat. He pulls it out, his movement slow, a brief metallic glint flashes in the darkness.

The sound of the store's door buzzer is distant, dulled by the sound of Bishop's heart beating. The click clack of Pete's shoes on tarmac penetrates through the sound of the heart beat.

There's a sudden loud bleep and a quick flash of dull red as the car's alarm is deactivated. Pete is still focussed on his phone and looks down into its bright screen and does not see Bishop's face, which for only the briefest of moments is painted in the dark red of the car's lights - ominous.

Pete finally looks up from his phone, the night again black - Bishop hidden - invisible within the darkness.

Pete walks around the back of his car - the large black bin near his car's front door unnoticed. He opens the door - it bangs loudly with a metallic clang against the bin and Pete cries out in surprise and anger.

PETE

What? Fucks sakes. What the...a bin? Who's the stupid twat that put that bin there?

He tries to shove the bin aggressively - it doesn't move.

PETE

FUUUUUCK!

He stares at the bin, kicks it and pulls his door open again - it knocks against the metal bin with a grating metallic thud.

PETE

(muttering)
Fuck, fuck, fuckit!

He leans half way into the car and flings the packet onto the passenger seat. He still holds the Prosecco as he slides awkwardly into the driver's seat. The door knocks against the bin a few more times as he does this.

From behind, unseen, Bishop moves, his body shrouded by the darkness. He reaches out when Pete is at his most vulnerable and grabs a handful of the hoodie, the cap as well as Pete's hair and jerks hard backwards.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Pete lets out a confused questioning shout.

PETE

What the...?

Bishop pulls down sharply, his grip firm on the hoodie, cap and hair, revealing Pete's exposed white neck. Pete's vision is blocked by the hoodie and peak of his cap and can't see Bishop.

There's a sudden, violent flash - Bishop releases his grip - steps back into the darkness and disappears. A menacing glint disappears back into his coat's pocket - the cutthroat razor - the only sound his soft footsteps retreating into the night.

Pete is confused as he sits down into his seat - door still open - light from the roof light filling the interior.

Blood seeps into his shirt - soaks it. It flows down to his crotch.

He looks down, confused by the wetness - touches himself between his legs and lifts his hand to look at it - his fingers are coated with red, sticky blood.

He attempts a deep breath, but there's only the sound of a wet gurgle. His eyes dart around - panicked - his face fills with fear.

He tries to talk - no sound comes out - only a cough - blood sprays from his mouth.

His hands drop to his sides, his head tilts backwards - a wide, deep, ear to ear cut across his throat is exposed - it resembles a grotesque, mocking smile.

His eyes roll back and his head drops forward and comes to rest on the steering wheel with a dull thud - he still grips the bottle of Prosecco in his hand - it is now a death grip. Pete is dead.

The time on the car's dashboard flashes 11:13pm.

INT. TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

There's a loud beeping and the sound of the train's doors sliding shut.

Bishop sits in an empty seat. There's a few other people in the carriage, but there's plenty of space between him and the other passengers.

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He folds his coat neatly into the overhead compartment and pulls off his beanie and straightens out his hair. He sits back and listens to the train announcement.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is the 11:15pm service to
London, Charing Cross...our next
stop will be...

The end of the announcement is immediately cut off as music fills his headphones.

He pops open one of the beers - a loud hiss fills the carriage - he takes a long sip from the can and closes his eyes. His face peaceful.

He is roused by his phone buzzing on his lap. It's a message. He opens it and reads "Terry - Agent" on the screen, it's a voice message from his comedy agent, TERRY WHITE.

He presses play and the voice of his agent replaces the music. He listens with interest as he sips his beer.

TERRY (V.O.)

Hello mate. Just checking up on how tonight's gig went? It's a new room so wanted to make sure they got it right...but mainly that you did what you're so bloody good at...killing it. Chat tomorrow, might have something in the pipeline.

The voice message ends - his finger hovers over the screen as he thinks for a moment. He smiles, presses the voice record option and proceeds to leave a voice message.

BISHOP

Hey mate. Gig was lovely. And to answer your question...yeah...I killed tonight!

FADE OUT.

THE END