

Friday Night Girl

Cover Image



Synopsis

Friday Night Girl is a horror short with a running time of approximately 10 minutes.

W1, M2

Hard working executive, Sally Hopkins flies back into Manchester after a long week - she just wants to get into her Mercedes and drive home. But first, she has to cross the airport car park.

Friday Night Girl (extract)

by

Anna Girolami

a short screenplay, running time 10 minutes

Cast:

Sally – a successful professional woman

Jeff – a middle aged security guard

Ed – his rather younger partner

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EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK

Sally is walking, getting close to her parking space.

SALLY

Nearly there, come on. Nine
hundred and one, hundred and
two.

She stops, listens. The FOOTSTEPS continue, get LOUDER.
She puts her head down with her hands over her ears,
starts to run as well as she can in those shoes.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(panicky)
There's no-one there. It's just
an echo, just that ol' echo.
Come on, Sally, keep going.

She looks up and ahead for a second.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(almost weeping)
There's the car. Oh thank God,
there's the car.

EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK

We're looking through someone else's eyes. Now, we're
right up close to Sally. We can hear her heels CLACKING
and now we can even hear what she's saying to herself.

SALLY

Nine hundred and seventy. Almost there, almost there..oh!

She turns her ankle, stumbles a little but desperately throws herself forward. That stumble has let us get right up to her.

EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK

Jeff is gaining on Sally. He sees her bent over, running for her car, fumbling in her handbag. He sees her straighten up and then suddenly turn around as if tapped on the shoulder. But there's nobody behind her. He sees - and hears - her SCREAM and SCREAM, clawing at her face, until she falls to the ground. There is no more sound.

JEFF

No!

He starts to run.

EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK

Jeff reaches Sally. She is sprawled akimbo on the ground, handbag tipped over, car keys and other detritus spilled out. Her face is frozen in a horrible rictus.

Jeff is breathing hard. He bends down to her, makes a cursory attempt to find a pulse in her neck but quickly abandons that idea. He stands and speaks into his walkie-talkie.

JEFF

This is 3734. This is 3734. I need emergency assistance. Woman down..

..yes, that's right. She's dead, oh God she's dead, I'm pretty sure. Yes, police and an ambulance..

..what? Long stay, terminal 3..uh..Sector D, near lot 259.

He ends the call and paces around Sally's body, can't keep still. At this hour, the car park is silent.

EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK

We're looking through someone else's eyes. We see Jeff pacing around Sally's body. We focus on Jeff.

EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK

Jeff is still pacing. His eyes are wet.

JEFF

Jesus Christ, Jesus, Jesus. What
the hell happened here?

He walks a little way away from the body, looking back towards the airport buildings. He stops but the sound of FOOTSTEPS carries on. He doesn't notice. He walks back towards Sally.

EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK

We're looking through someone else's eyes. Now we're following Jeff as he paces around. When he stops, we get a little nearer.

EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK

Jeff is still pacing. Again, he wanders a little way from Sally's body. He stops, checks his watch. The sound of FOOTSTEPS continues behind him and this time, he hears it. He swings round urgently.

JEFF

What the..?

SMASH TO BLACK

END