

Withdrawl
(Short)

by
Anthony Hudson
'alfy'

Second Draft
Copyright 2007. All Rights Reserved

Anthony 'alfy' Hudson
Email: buckrogers_10@hotmail.com

FADE IN.

INT. BEDROOM

Brightly coloured paint covers the walls and shelves are littered with soft toys and family photos.

CATHERINE sits on the end of the bed. She is in her mid thirties with long flowing brown hair.

Catherine rubs the feet of her daughter, DEBBIE, who is safely tucked up in her bed. Debbie hides under the covers.

A sadden look descends on Catherine's fresh face.

CATHERINE

Don't worry my darling, daddy has gone to see the nice people at the bank today.

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Will the bank say yes this time mommy?

Catherine gently pats Debbie's feet and gives them a tender squeeze.

INT. BANK

Busy customers queue patiently.

JOHN enters wearing a plush suit, he is in his late thirties. He joins the queue and straightens his tie.

CATHERINE (V.O.)

I'm sure they will sweetie.

In front of John queues MICHAEL, mid thirties. He wears a long scruffy old jacket and woolen hat.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

I hope so.

John takes a few small pieces of paper from his jacket and scans over the first. He screws it up and looks at the next with a smile.

CATHERINE (V.O.)

Everything will be fine. We won't have to struggle anymore, we'll have the money we need and we might be able to afford a holiday.

The queue shrinks and John nears the counter.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I'd rather have a new bike mommy.

CATHERINE (V.O.)
(chuckling)
We'll see honey.

John again reads over the paper as Michael approaches the counter.

CATHERINE (V.O.)
I thought you wanted a hamster?

Michael reaches inside his jacket and removes a long kitchen knife. He thrusts at the assistant. Protective glass divides the two.

Customers gasp and fall silent.

Michael panics, turning he grabs hold of John by the arm. Swinging him round, he presses the blade against his side.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I'd prefer a dog.

Michael turns back toward the assistant and stuffs a bag under the glass.

The assistant takes the bag.

CATHERINE (V.O.)
Yes but they take a lot of
looking after and they can be
dangerous honey. Maybe when your
older.

Michael presses the blades tip harder into John's jacket.

INT. BEDROOM

Catherine looks through a large dairy.

She turns to a page, June 27th. The date is circled in red.

INT. BANK

Customers lay on the ground. Michael looks over them.

INT. BEDROOM

Catherine closes the diary with a

INT. BANK

SLAM as the shutters crash down, startling everyone.

Michael jumps with shock.

He looks over his shoulder and glares at the shutters. He starts to panic, glancing around the bank.

John slumps, pulling Michael downward.

Michael releases John's arm and he drops to the floor.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I'm tired mommy.

Michael breathes heavy with panic. He looks down at the knife, blood coats its blade.

CATHERINE (V.O.)
Rest your eyes for a bit but
it'll soon be dinner time.

Michael stares at John's motionless body.

Blood seeps from John's suit and pools on the bank's polished floor.

Customers scream in terror.

Michael drops to his knees. The knife slowly slips from his grasp and falls to the floor beside a piece of paper. The paper reads, 'Don't forget bank'.

CATHERINE (V.O.)
I hope your daddy makes it home
in time for dinner.

Michael puts his head in his hands.

Police sirens sound (O.S.)

INT. BEDROOM

Catherine stands from the foot of the bed and smiles at Debbie.

Debbie pulls back the covers to reveal her pale face. A tube runs from her nose and a drip from her hand.

DEBBIE
Are you making chips for tea
mommy?

She brushes Debbie's hair with her palm.

CATHERINE

If you want, now get some rest.

Debbie closes her eyes.

CATHERINE

I love you sweetie.

DEBBIE

I love you too mommy.

Catherine picks up a photo frame and gazes into it.

The photo shows Catherine, Michael and a well looking
Debbie

FADE OUT.