

BABY ALLIGATORS

By

J.E.Alexander

jealexander90@gmail.com

OVER BLACK

A woman's voice. Low and ragged.

VOICE
Ajutati-ma...

EXT. SKYLINE - EVENING

A VAST INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT churns darkly against the sky.

Factories, cooling towers, blast furnaces. The groan of heavy industry.

We edge closer, towards the smoke and molten metal. The groaning becomes louder, deafening...

INT. STUDIO - EVENING

Suddenly, the very same scene becomes still and silent.

A GIANT FEMALE HAND looms into view, dabbing gently at the cooling towers with a paintbrush.

We are no longer looking at the real skyline, but a MODEL version of it.

LAURA HAYES (24) is crouched over her worktable, frowning through her glasses in concentration.

Eventually she leans back to survey the model. It's impeccably made. The work of a true perfectionist.

INT. STUDIO TOILETS - EVENING

Laura washes her hands thoroughly, chipping off every little morsel of glue and paint from her fingernails.

Suddenly, there is a gurgling RATTLE from one of the empty cubicles. Laura pauses, turning off the tap - staring intently at the cubicle door.

Silence.

Laura turns the tap back on. After a few moments we hear the rattling again - this time she sees that it's coming from a WATER PIPE hanging precariously from the ceiling.

Laura watches the pipe as it bobs and sways, eventually becoming still again.

She quickly dries her hands and exits.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - EVENING

There's a chill in the air. Darkness closing in.

Laura exits the studio, locking the door behind her. A large sign above reads: SPARKS MODEL MAKERS LTD.

She lights a cigarette and puts on some headphones. ELECTRONIC MUSIC blasts into her ears as she sets off, hands thrust deeply into her coat pockets.

EXT. WASTELAND - EVENING

Laura walks briskly through the desolate wasteland, past a grimy CANAL, towering GAS HOLDER, disused TRAIN TRACKS, etc.

A sense of decay hangs about this place. Laura dodges around stagnating puddles.

EXT. ROAD - EVENING

Laura treads along the pavement.

A single CAR speeds past, and a drunken YOUNG MAN sticks his head out of the passenger window and SNARLS like an animal.

Laura frowns as the car zooms off into the night.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - EVENING

It's dark now. Streetlights flicker into life.

A BUS draws up and Laura steps off of it, crossing the quiet street towards a low-rise block of flats: 'DAMSON HOUSE'.

Before she can approach it however, something stops her in her tracks. Concealing herself behind a low wall, she pulls off her headphones and stares intently.

On the block's lawn, a disheveled HOODED FIGURE is shuffling about. Laura waits anxiously, clearly reluctant to engage with this person.

After a few moments, the figure turns and disappears around the side of the building.

Risking it, Laura quietly tears over the grass towards the main door.

INT. DAMSON HOUSE - EVENING

Once inside, Laura fiddles with the broken lock.

It's no use. Laura sighs, and lifts the FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall to set it down against the door as a makeshift barricade.

INT. STAIRWELL - EVENING

Laura climbs the steps in the shadowy stairwell.

INT. CORRIDOR - EVENING

She makes her way down the dingy corridor. Fluorescent ceiling lights flicker. A TRAIN can be heard passing in the distance.

She reaches flat 4B and unlocks the door.

INT. FLAT 4B - EVENING

Laura scrabbles for the light switch and edges into the dim hallway.

LAURA

Kate?

She peers into one of the bedrooms, where another YOUNG WOMAN is sleeping, splayed out like a baby. This is KATE(25).

Laura watches Kate sleep for a few moments before quietly closing the door.

INT. 4B BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura pushes in the bath plug and turns the taps on full.

At the mirror she combs her hair, counting each stroke under her breath, while her reflection is slowly obscured by condensation.