

GUILD OF THE BLACKPOOL WALTZ

Written by

J. Phillip Wilkins

INT. REGGIE'S APARTMENT

A darkened apartment. In the gloom we see someone move underneath a desk.

From outside we hear SOUNDS OF THE APOCALYPSE: people running, screaming, sirens.

FRIGHTENED MAN
(O.S. from outside)
The End Times are nigh! Repent!
Repent!

SLOW DOLLY into the gloom of the desk reveals REGGIE, frightened, clutching a cell phone.

His eyes dart around, blink with every scream or crash. The sound begins to increase in volume, a cacophony of terror.

It's too much for Reggie, he holds his hands over his ears, closes his eyes tight. The SOUNDS build and build and build until...

His cellphone BEEPS with an incoming call and the outside sound suddenly stops.

ON THE PHONE, "GWENEVERE" is calling. Reggie answers, clearly relieved.

REGGIE
Gwen? Thank god. Are you ok? Where
are you?

A BLAST OF STATIC causes him to wince and pull the phone from his ear for a moment.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
The connection's bad.

MILD STATIC and then a voice breaks through.

GWENEVERE
(from phone)
Reg? Reg? Can you hear me? *STATIC*
Are you there? *STATIC*

REGGIE
I'm here. Gwen, what's wrong?

The STATIC still happens once in a while, and a strange ambience/reverb/echo cuts in and out on her voice.

GWENEVERE

Reg. I'm driving to you. I'm stuck on the road. So much traffic. People filling the streets. It's chaos.

REGGIE

Be careful.

GWENEVERE

They say it's going to hit, soon. I don't want to be alone.

REGGIE

You won't, we'll be together. I've got your favorite crisps and some Old Speckled. We'll go out in style.

He manages a weak laugh.

GWENEVERE

Nothing but the best from my Reg.

From the phone, the CRUNCH of a large vehicle hitting something, then a LOUD SCREAM.

REGGIE

Gwen!

More STATIC.

GWENEVERE

She... a truck didn't stop. It just... ran her over. She's laying there. No one is helping. Should I-

REGGIE

No! Don't get out of the car. There's nothing you can do.

GWENEVERE

Are you sure? She's...

REGGIE

I want you here, with me. I know, that sounds selfish.

A moment of silence, the STATIC is low, somber.

REGGIE

Remember when we went to Blackpool with my mum and dad?

GWENEVERE
Why won't the cars move?

REGGIE
And we stayed at that bed and
breakfast with the chip shop
underneath.

GWENEVERE
Everything in her purse spilled
out.

REGGIE
Our room was right above it and our
clothes smelled like cooking oil
all weekend.

GWENEVERE
I can see everything she had, laid
out like an art exhibit.

REGGIE
And when we finally wanted some
chips, it was closed.

Another weak laugh from Reggie.

GWENEVERE
Lipstick. Brush. I can see her rail
pass. A pack of gum.

REGGIE
Gwen, please.

GWENEVERE
Her wallet fell open.

REGGIE
Stop looking. Stare straight ahead.
Think of getting down the road,
I'll open the door and you can fall
into my arms.

GWENEVERE
She has photos in her wallet. I can
almost see one.

Reggie gets agitated.

REGGIE
Fuck'sake, Gwen. I'm serious. Look
away. There's no point in-

GWENEVERE
I don't want to die.

REGGIE
Who does? It's not like we have a
choice. At least we can be together
when it hits.

Soft sobbing from the phone.

REGGIE
Sorry. (BEAT) When we left, you
said you never wanted to go back
again. And a year later we were
there, same room, same chip shop.
It became our thing. Same time,
every year. That twin bed we barely
fit on. The way it squeaked when
we...

Gwen's SOBBING becomes more intense.

REGGIE
The old lady at the manager's desk,
with the one log hair from the
massive mole on her nose. You
couldn't take your eyes off it.
Bloody hell, it was like something
you'd see in a Hammer horror movie.
Where's Peter Cushing when you need
him, you said. I swear she heard
you 'cause we never got clean
sheets from her again. And clean
towels? Forget it.

He attempts a weak LAUGH, but it does nothing to quell her
sadness.

REGGIE
I love the fact that you put up
with it for me. It brought back so
many great memories of my parents.
I thought it would make me miss
them more, but it only made me
appreciate them, 'cause, you know,
I could be a real shit. You always
had a smile, even when you shook
wet sand out of the crack of your
arse. Fuck, I'll miss that.

He goes quiet for a moment. And then...

GWENEVERE

I'll miss it, too. Though, I never
got used to smelling like a chip.
It's why I stopped reading the
newspaper.

REGGIE

I always wondered.

Another reflective pause.

GWENEVERE

If we don't see each other again-

REGGIE

Don't even.

GWENEVERE

I never regretted anything.

REGGIE

Gwen, you don't have to-

GWENEVERE

In fact, can you imagine bringing
someone into this world?

REGGIE

I wanted that as much as you did.

GWENEVERE

Just think, who would he have been
with right now?

REGGIE

Gwen.

GWENEVERE

Cradled in my arms, watching the
end, wondering where daddy was.

REGGIE

Gwen, please.

GWENEVERE

Or with you, asking for his mum,
nothing I could do to hold him one
last time.

Another SCREAM from outside brings him back to reality.

REGGIE

That's enough. Have you moved?

She's SOBBING again.

REGGIE
Have. You. *Moved*?

GWENEVERE
No.

REGGIE
Where are you, exactly?

GWENEVERE
In front of that breakfast place
you love.

REGGIE
The bacon butty? Wait, that's only
a few blocks. I'm coming to get
you.

GWENEVERE
No, Reg.

REGGIE
I can be there in a tik.

GWENEVERE
It's too late.

A RUMBLING SOUND starts from a distance, grows louder each
passing second.

AIR RAID sirens wind up and wail in the air.

REGGIE
I'm coming, Gwen.

He scrambles out from under the desk and goes to the door
when he sees something out his front window.

He looks out onto the road as the RUMBLING becomes deafening.

A car is parked on the other side, its driver-side door open.

In the middle of the road a woman lays dead, her purse open,
its contents splayed out.

REGGIE
Gwen?

GWENEVERE
I'm here, Reg. Why won't you open
the door. Open the door. Hold me,
Reg. Hold me.

EXT. REGGIE'S APARTMENT, ROAD - DAY

CLOSE UP on Gwenevere, then over to the purse as we move among the spilled items she described earlier, finally resting on the open wallet and a picture of smiling REGGIE and GWENEVERE in front of the Blackpool chip shop, oil-stained newspaper with their fried fish in their hands.

The RUMBLING sound reaches maximum volume as a shadow falls over the scene and a MASSIVE EXPLOSION rings out.

INT. REGGIE'S APARTMENT

CLOSE ON Reggie's eyes, in them we see a fiery explosion.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.