

CATCHING FLIES

Written by

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An Original Horror Screenplay

INT. BLACK SCREEN.

Radio static.

HONEY (V.O.)

What is the *thing*? The thing you do
to just let go of it all?

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

I don't know if I have a *thing*
anymore. But the feeling that I
don't anger him is the relief.

HONEY (V.O.)

Remember it's *his* anger. Not yours.
You need to find your thing again.
The antidote to the toxic
substance, if you will.

Writing appears - '*TIME 186 FM - what better time than the
present*'. Blinks.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

Maybe I've lost my identity. I
don't remember who I was before I
met him.

Writing appears - '*ON AIR*'. Blinks

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

(whispering)
I think about escape.

INT. TIME 186 RADIO (STUDIO) - DAY.

Lynn, 35, radio co-host/producer, holds up a piece of paper
with the words 'keep it light!' scribbled on to it. She
aggressively points it toward the host, Honey, sitting
opposite her. Honey, 31, wearing big headphones, a face full
of makeup and a dress, sits before a microphone.

Honey ignores Lynn. She ushers her to put the sign down.

HONEY

When things get too much, you need
to follow this process. Take the
keys, lock the door, and chuck the
keys into the sea. Physically or
metaphorically. Forget men, *people*,
who poison your life.

Lynn is blinking back at her - not what she had in mind.

HONEY (CONT'D)

And that goes to everyone listening. Know your worth and don't let anyone undermine you. Thanks for your call, Charlotte. Be safe and remember your future can start now. Like we say, there's no better time than the present.

Honey disconnects the call. *Time 186* jingle rings out:

TIME 186 FM NO BETTER TIME THAN THE PRESENT.

HONEY (CONT'D)

If you're hearing my voice that means you've survived the first ten days of the year, congratulations. That was our new agony aunt section. You call me up I try and squish your problems. Hence the name 'Catching Flies with Honey'. See what we did there?

Lynn looks smug.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Name creds to my lovely producer Lynn. We're going to take a short break and for now, I'll leave you with this song.

Lynn puts her own headphones on, goes on her laptop and presses play on a song. She flicks the switch to turn off the 'On Air' sign. They remove their headphones.

LYNN

We gotta keep the agony aunt bit light. It's 8 am. Not the time for all that crap.

HONEY

I was intrigued by her story. What's next?

LYNN

Song request. I've got a few callers waiting. I'll put one through in...48 secs.

Beat. Lynn puts her headphones back on. Honey takes out an e-cigarette. Lynn removes a headphone.

LYNN (CONT'D)
New years resolution?

HONEY
Bill thinks smoking's unattractive.

LYNN
Bill thinks a lot of things.

Honey takes a long drag.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Turn that off. 30 seconds. There's
an... Annie on the other end.

EXT/INT. WHITE VAN ON A MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

A white handyman van with the logo 'Shepherd Trades' speeds
down the road.

Bill, 40, rough and ready, is driving on his way to work
through the countryside. He flicks through the radio channels
trying to pick the right one.

He passes by *Time 186*, lingers, then clicks onto the sports
commentary radio.

INT. TIME 186 RADIO (STUDIO) - CONTINUOUS.

Lynn mouths to Honey down from 10, 9, 8...

HONEY
Good morning, early birds. I'm your
host Honey, here to hopefully
brighten up this horrible January
day. Let's go to the phones now.
We've got Annie on the other end.
Hey Annie!

Silence.

Beat.

HONEY (CONT'D)
It appears Annie is a little shy,
maybe a problem with connection on
our end-

CALLER
Greedy fucking bitch.

Lynn quickly cuts the call. They look at each other in a brief moment of disbelief. Then burst into laughter. Honey mouths 'oh my god'.

HONEY

Well, folks, live radio strikes again! Apologies for that unexpected language. We'll try to keep it a bit more PG from here on out. Thanks for hanging in with me.

INT. SHEPHERD'S KITCHEN - EVENING.

Honey is cooking dinner. Bill walks in, in his work gear. He places his bag and toolbox down with a sigh and then kisses his wife's forehead.

HONEY

How was your day?

BILL

Usual. Rough. Long. Yours?

HONEY

A bit weird actually.

Bill begins to potter around the kitchen, absent-mindedly.

HONEY (CONT'D)

There was a really depressing call this morning from this young girl. Then some weirdo called in and called me a bitch.

Silence.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Did you listen?

BILL

No, I didn't. Sorry.

HONEY

Lynn thinks it was a prank call.

Bill inspects what Honey is cooking.

BILL

What's that?

HONEY

Thought I'd try something new. It's a Mediterranean chicken dish.

Bill doesn't say anything. He sits down at the table and produces a plastic bag.

HONEY (CONT'D)
What's that?

Bill takes out a pay-as-you-go flip phone.

BILL
For mum. It's a bit more user-friendly, with these giant buttons.

He demonstrates.

BILL (CONT'D)
Maybe the incompetent staff won't steal it as it's not got any fancy features.

INT. CARE HOME - DAY.

Ada, 82, sits in her orthopedic chair with a mobile phone in her hand. She's tutting at herself as she prods the phone with one finger. She grunts as she can't seem to understand it.

Suddenly a shrill, high-pitched noise fills the room, she winces. She drops the phone and the sound becomes muffled as she holds her ear in pain.

INT. SHEPHERD'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

They begin to eat. Honey looks at Bill for approval, he doesn't say anything.

HONEY
I do the best I can.

BILL
You'd be a better cook if you didn't have to keep rushing in from work.

HONEY
(under her breath)
Here we go.

Bill pushes a letter from the pile stacked up on the table.

BILL
Invoice came through.

Honey looks at it.

BILL (CONT'D)
All that for such substandard care.

HONEY
The nurses are nice.

BILL
This is my inheritance being eaten
into.

HONEY
You know your mum would never leave
her little boy high and dry.

She says 'little boy' with a sting to her voice. He doesn't
pick up on the sarcasm.

BILL
I know she won't. But every day she
spends in there means less for the
future.

Honey opens her mouth to object. Bill takes her hand.

BILL (CONT'D)
For *our* future, babe. I'm thinking
about us. We should see her this
weekend. Maybe take her round to
see some other homes.

HONEY
She won't like wherever we take
her.
(pause)
Because she wants to live with you.

INT. BED - EARLY MORNING.

Alarm buzzes. 5AM. Honey presses it off quickly and slips
herself out of bed. She glances at Bill who stirs. A shiver
catches her.

BILL
(half-asleep)
Talking in your sleep last night.
What's up with you?

HONEY
Just restless. All these early
mornings I'm sorry. Go back to
sleep.

She kisses him on the head. He turns over.

INT. TIME 186 RADIO (OFFICE) - MORNING.

Honey enters the radio show office, a takeaway coffee in her hand. Lynn is typing on her laptop. Honey sits down beside her.

HONEY
(re. Coffee)
Almost a fiver.

Lynn takes a swig.

LYNN
Oat milk. Pretentious twat.

HONEY
Is that a dig that I didn't get you one?

LYNN
An americano wouldn't kill you.

Honey playfully smiles. Lynn stands up with a pile of documents in her hands and looks at her watch.

LYNN (CONT'D)
On air in 15. Oh there's a message on your phone in the office I saw it light up.

Honey groans.

HONEY
You couldn't just answer it for me?

Lynn shrugs and drinks more of the coffee.

LYNN
I am not your assistant, you might be shocked to hear.

HONEY
Love you.

Honey blows her a kiss. Lynn pretends to catch it and throw it away.

LYNN
12 mins, you.

Lynn leaves and Honey goes to her office phone. There's nobody left in the office. She puts the phone to her ear.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE

There is 1 unread message.

Honey presses a button. A snarling voice bites her ear...

CALLER

Honey. You should be more careful.
Greedy bitch.

INT. TIME 186 RADIO (STUDIO) - MORNING.

On Air sign flashes red. Things are a-go. Honey stretches her arms out like she's prepping for a race, and flashes Lynn a thumbs up.

On Air sign flashes red and things are in motion. Honey stretches her arms out, flashes Lynn a thumbs up and leans in.

HONEY

Welcome back to 'Catching Flies with Honey' on Time 186. Our caller today is phoning to squash some dilemmas she's been having with her friends. Hi, Erica.

ERICA (V.O.)

Hi, there.

HONEY

What's been going on?

ERICA (V.O.)

Well, I've been feeling really confused and overwhelmed lately. My friends keep telling me I'm overreacting to things.

HONEY

Setting boundaries and being clear about your feelings can be empowering. You should never hide how you feel especially from the people in your life.

ERICA (V.O.)

That makes sense.

HONEY

Thanks for your call, Erica. For you lovely listeners out there, if you too, are having issues that you want some of my advice for please don't hesitate to ring my line.

Honey presses the *Time 186* jingle and cuts the call. She feels her mobile phone vibrate in her pocket. She pushes it down. Lynn is staring at her with a blank expression.

Lynn switches the On Air sign off.

LYNN

Giving out a lot of advice you should be taking.

HONEY

I don't know what you're talking about.

Honey's phone buzzes again. And again.

LYNN

Turn that off. Back on in a minute.

Honey takes her phone out and opens it. 8 missed calls and 10 missed texts from Bill.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON.

Honey is driving back from work, she dials her phone and puts it on speaker.

HONEY

I'm on air, Bill. I can't pick up the phone you know that.

BILL (V.O.)

My mum's had a... I don't know what it is. But her hearings gone.

HONEY

What?

BILL (V.O.)

She's lost her hearing. It's like a seizure in her ear or something. Come to the home, asap.

INT. CARE HOME - DAY.

Honey rushes in to Ada's room. Bill and the nurse, Chris, are standing around Ada who is lying in her bed, propped up, holding her ears in pain. Chris is in the middle of explaining the issue with Ada.

CHRIS

She'll be on some strong oral
steroids for a while. She may
experience some dizziness and sleep
disruption.

Ada looks up to her son and daughter-in-law in an infantile way.

ADA

Maybe I should stay with you two?

There is a moment of silence. Chris breaks it for them.

CHRIS

Some home recuperation could help.

BILL

I think that's a brilliant
idea.

HONEY

I don't know. Could we
discuss-

BILL (CONT'D)

I said that's a brilliant idea.

INT. CARE HOME HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Honey is standing in the hallway. She is zoning out waiting for Chris and Bill to stop their conversation. Her daze is disrupted when the door to Ada's room opens and Ada slowly pops out.

ADA

Sweetheart.

HONEY

You alright, Ada?

ADA

Just wanted to say before you go. I
don't want to be a nuisance.
I just think some time with you
guys will be a nice break.

Ada looks little and weak. Honey feels sorry for her.

HONEY
Of course Ada. I understand.

EXT. CARE HOME - DAY.

Honey and Bill walk back to the car. Honey has parked next to Bill's work van.

BILL
I'm not sure what you have against
my mum.

HONEY
I didn't say anything.

Beat.

BILL
You have holiday to use up. I
don't. You and her can spend some
time together whilst I'm at work.
Like a girls holiday.

Honey leans against the side of her car. She is itching to
smoke.

BILL (CONT'D)
You took care of your mother.

HONEY
I was sixteen and didn't know
anything about anything.

Bill strokes her arm, in a palpable sense of patronisation.

BILL
My mother won't die under your
care. It's just a bit of time away
from this shit hole.

Chris then interrupts them with some forms in his hand.

CHRIS
I forgot to give you these to fill
out.

He hands them to Bill and turns to Honey.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Not to be a total freak but I just
want to say I love you on *Time*. The
agony aunt section is great.

Honey looks taken aback, so does Bill.

HONEY

Oh... well. Thanks very much.

Chris speeds off. Bill turns to Honey.

BILL

You know she doesn't like you.

HONEY

She does like me.

BILL

This will be the perfect way for her to get to like you again. A re-vamp.

HONEY

You're just trying to get into my head.

Silence.

BILL

A month?

HONEY

Three weeks.

BILL

Fine.

They drive off separately.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS.

Honey is driving back, she glances at the passenger seat - a lighter and packet of cigarettes are taunting her. She turns back to the road. Then back to the packet.

She lights up a cigarette and takes a long drag.

Some ash falls onto her trousers.

HONEY

Shit.

She wipes the ash away but it rubs into her trousers, causing a stain.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Honey's phone is sitting in the hallway, on charge. It is receiving a mass amount of text messages from an unknown number.

Honey goes into the hallway and picks it up.

Bill shouts at her from inside the kitchen.

BILL (O.S.)
Who's that?

Honey looks at the texts.

They read:

'Bitch.'

'Fucking slut.'

'I hope u die.'

HONEY
You remember that prank call I told
you about?

BILL (O.S.)

Yeah.

HONEY
I think they got my number.

BILL (O.S.)
Like I say, Hon, if you constantly
use that flirty voice on your show
it's going to attract some weirdos.

Honey blocks the number.

EXT. TIME 186 RADIO (BUILDING) - MORNING.

Honey shuts her car door, and begins walking into work. She straightens out her dress and fixes her hair. Her phone vibrates and she opens it.

There's a new unknown number texting her:

'u can't block me from ur life'

'Whore'

'DIE'

She blinks at it and then types back 'who is this???'.

INT. TIME 186 RADIO (RECEPTION) - CONTINUOUS.

Honey enters the office building, she looks vexed. She places her phone down on the reception desk. Molly, 20s, is looking through a desk file and then blinks up at Honey.

MOLLY
(innocently)
Morning, Honey.

HONEY
Molly. Did you give out my number
to anyone?

Honey is breathless.

MOLLY
Are you okay?

HONEY
Yes or no, Molly. It's a simple
question.

MOLLY
No, no I didn't.

HONEY
You are the only one here who has
access to both the callers and us.
You have all our personal numbers
on file.

Molly looks offended by the insinuation.

MOLLY
I would never release your personal
information, Honey.

HONEY
You must've done.

MOLLY
I'm telling you I didn't.

A beat, then Molly continues looking at the file, trying to avoid eye contact. Honey snatches the file from her hands and throws it on the ground, papers scattering everywhere. People in the office turn to look.

Honey bursts...

HONEY
JUST BE HONEST WITH ME.

Lynn comes down the stairs after hearing the commotion. She picks up the paper from the ground and hands it back to Molly.

LYNN
Hey, whoa. What the fuck's this?

Honey looks like a child being told off. She grows taciturn.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Sorry, Molly. Get back to work,
love.
(to Honey) You're out your nut.

EXT. RADIO SHOW BUILDING - DAY.

Honey and Lynn have just finished their show. They are having a smoke outside. Honey takes a long drag and passes it over to Lynn.

LYNN
I hate smoking.

Lynn smokes.

LYNN (CONT'D)
What happened with those disgusting
e-cigs?

Honey takes the cigarette off Lynn.

HONEY
Bill wants his mother to live with
us and wants *me* to look after her.

Lynn considers this.

HONEY (CONT'D)
I mean, I like the woman she's
fine. But almost a month...not in
work. Can I even do that?

LYNN
You have the accrued leave.

HONEY
You sound like Bill.

Lynn screws up her face. Honey ashes out the cigarette and takes a long gaze into the car park in front of her, filling the air with her smoke.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Just tell me I'll be fired or something then he can't make me do it.

LYNN

I would if I could. But that isn't the point. If you don't want to, why are you?

Honey shrugs.

HONEY

People pleaser.

LYNN

Bill pleaser. Nay, Bill fear-er.

Honey looks at Lynn, offended.

HONEY

I just can't babysit an elderly woman for a month.

LYNN

I reckon it's just like kids. Only easier. It's funny how we regress into childhood when we get old. Like we wear nappies and talk funny. Throw tantrums when we don't get what we want. Yadda yadda.

Lynn stands up, taking the cigarette one last time and having a drag of it.

HONEY

You'll get to cover me whilst I'm gone.

LYNN

(impersonating Honey in a cheesy American radio accent)

Welcome back you lovely listeners. Our next topic is shitty husbands who force their wives to look after their ailing mothers.

(MORE)

LYNN (CONT'D)

Phone in with your own piece-of-shit husband stories!

In a gesture of quiet disapproval, Honey tilts her head slightly, her smile betraying her. Lynn begins to walk off. Honey lights a new cigarette. Her phone buzzes again. As she opens to some more texts reading 'FUCKING BITCH' etc from a new number, she hears a faint noise.

HONEY

(staring at her phone)
What?

LYNN

Didn't say anything.

HONEY

Thought you said my name.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Honey is applying some skincare products, Bill is brushing his teeth beside her.

BILL

I said I'll pick her up on the 14th.

He spits into the sink.

HONEY

Valentines day?

Bill looks at her through the mirror.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I thought we could do something nice this year, romantic dinner or a film?

BILL

We never do anything to celebrate.

HONEY

Exactly.

BILL

Well the three of us can celebrate. You can throw her a surprise party again.

Bill starts chuckling as he wipes his mouth with a towel then throws it on the bathroom floor.

HONEY

Huh?

Honey picks up his towel and places it over the rail.

BILL

You know, like on her fiftieth.

Bill kisses her on the head. Honey is confused.

HONEY

What about her fiftieth?

BILL

She hated that. She's always hated surprises.

HONEY

What?

BILL

Yeah she spent the whole night
bitching about you.
(he laughs)
Babe. I swear you knew this.

HONEY

Of course I didn't know this. Why
would you let me throw her a
surprise party if she hated
surprises?

Bill holds his arms out as though he's being arrested.

BILL

I don't 'let' you do anything. You
wanted to do it. Not me.

He pinches her cheeks.

BILL (CONT'D)

The three of us are going to have
the best time.

INT. TIME 186 RADIO (STUDIO) - MORNING.

Honey sits down at her desk, Lynn is typing on her laptop rapidly.

HONEY

Busy?

Lynn ignores her.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Oi.

Lynn sighs and shuts her laptop lid.

LYNN

Just going through today's
itinerary.

Honey's phone buzzes. She ignores it.

LYNN (CONT'D)

You are a twat. You shouldn't have
accused Molly of giving out your
number.

HONEY

Why?

LYNN

Had to stop her making a complaint
to HR.
(she leans in)
Don't take this the wrong way.
I know you hate the fact you're
going to be off for a while. But I
think it'll do you some good. A de-
stress.

Honey raises an eyebrow.

HONEY

Is this an intervention?

LYNN

I'm being serious. I think you're
wound up.

Honey's phone buzzes again. And again. She checks it.

A new, unknown number sending spam texts:

'GREEDY'

'SELF CENTERED!!!'

'WATCH OUT.'

LYNN (CONT'D)
Are you listening to me?

Honey is absorbed in the phone...

HONEY
That prank caller. I mean I think
it's the same person.

LYNN
What?

HONEY
They've been sending me hundreds of
texts everyday. On new numbers.

She shows her phone to Lynn.

LYNN
Can you block them?

HONEY
I've tried. They find new ways to
get to me.

Lynn scans the messages.

LYNN
Well, that's odd. I'm sure it's
harmless. Some freak playing a joke
on you. But can I just ask...

Honey groans.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Do you think you're more wound-up
about these texts or Ada moving in?

INT. TIME 186 RADIO (STUDIO) - CONTINUOUS.

The morning show is in full swing. Lynn and Honey are
bantering with a caller, the 'Catching Flies' segment is just
ending.

HONEY
Thank you for your call!
(she disconnects the line) As I'm
sure you're all aware Valentine's
day is coming up. My husband has
got me a two week vacation...

LYNN
Oooh.

HONEY

But did I mention, it's a
staycation. In my house. Not as
glamorous as an all-inclusive.

LYNN

The things we do for love!

Honey and Lynn laugh, in a ersatz way.

HONEY

I want you guys to phone in with
your romantic stories so I can sit
here and get jealous.

Honey presses a few buttons which disconnects her. Lynn turns
off the On Air sign. They remove their headphones.

LYNN

Bill isn't going to like that.

HONEY

He doesn't listen to us.

EXT. CAR - MORNING.

Honey is leaving work. As she is getting into her car, she is
on the phone with Bill.

HONEY

I've moved stuff out of the
downstairs spare room for Ada.

BILL (V.O.)

(sing-songy)

She's going to hate that.

HONEY

Why?

Honey gets into the front seat.

BILL (V.O.)

She hates that room, it gets no
sunlight and the walls are a
horrible colour.

HONEY

Is that why she hates it, or why
you hate it?

Honey's phone vibrates.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Hold on.

She looks at her texts. She's received another one that reads 'GREEDY WHORE'.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Bill, I'm going to call you back.

She hangs up and then phones the unknown number. It goes straight to voicemail.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Listen, tell me who the fuck you are and what you want from me. Any more abusive texts and I'll phone the police.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

Honey stands amidst a few of Ada's belongings, overwhelmed. Bill hauls her orthopedic armchair through from the car.

BILL

Could help, you know.

HONEY

This is a lot of stuff for a couple weeks stay.

Bill sighs as he places down the seat and starts propping it in place. He hands Honey a medicine bag.

BILL

Check all her meds are in there.

Honey peers in and nods. Bill goes to leave.

HONEY

Happy valentines day(!)

Bill turns back. A moment.

BILL

You too.

INT. ADA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Honey helps Ada into her orthopedic armchair, getting her in is a struggle but Honey does so. Bill watches.

BILL
Okay, Mum?

ADA
Yes, thanks.

Ada peers up at Honey, guileless.

ADA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

HONEY
Are you comfortable?

ADA
I'll always be comfortable here.
With you guys.

Beat. Ada adjusts her earpiece.

BILL
(loudly)
Mum, Honey's going to be off work
for the next few weeks to make sure
you recover okay.

Honey nods. Ada grasps Honey's hand, and looks at her seriously in the eyes.

ADA
Oh, Honey. What about your show?

HONEY
Don't worry about that, Ada.

ADA
But what will they do without you?
Your charming voice. All your
advice.

Honey clamps her hands over Ada's to reassure her. Ada looks passively into the distance.

BILL
This will be a good time for us
all.

ADA
I'll make it up to you somehow.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT.

Honey is sitting inside her office, on her computer. Bill comes in and kisses her on the head. He leans in and scans the screen with his eyes.

BILL
Work? You're off now, babe.

HONEY
Just getting the last emails sent.

Honey wearily smiles up at him.

BILL
I'm going to get my mum settled in
for her first night.

Bill switches off the computer for Honey.

BILL (CONT'D)
I thought because it's Valentines
day we can watch that film you've
wanted to watch for a while. The
long boring one. As a treat for us.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Honey and Bill are watching the film. Honey is invested whereas Bill is fast asleep. Honey looks over at him and rolls her eyes. She reaches for her glass of wine and takes a sip.

She spills a bit of the wine down onto the sofa. She curses and tries to rub it off.

Then a voice from the other room.

INT. ADA'S ROOM - NIGHT.

Honey enters Ada's room. Ada is sitting up in her chair, she looks puzzled.

ADA
Sorry for bothering you,
sweetheart. I just can't turn this
television on properly.

She points to the small television that Bill has propped up for her on a makeshift table.

Honey presses the button on the remote and turns it on.

ADA (CONT'D)

Thank you, love. I'm useless with this stuff.

HONEY

Don't worry. How are you doing?
Settling in okay?

ADA

Oh, yes. I'm very comfortable.

Honey looks at the wallpaper. It *is* crusting.

HONEY

Bill mentioned the wallpaper bothered you.

Ada scoffs.

ADA

You know...
Sometimes people like to put words
in others mouths.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING.

Honey rolls over in bed. Her phone sits on the bedside table and buzzes. Sleepily she reads the message: 'FRAUD'.

This wakes her up, like a unsettling alarm.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

Honey is on the phone. She speaks quietly.

HONEY

I'm just wondering if there's
anyway you can tell if it's the
same person.

Pause.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Can you not find the...what's it?
The IP address or something.

Pause.

HONEY (CONT'D)
I don't think this is serious
enough for the police...well I've
been with your phone company for
years so...

Pause. She looks annoyed.

HONEY (CONT'D)
A whole lot of nothing cheers.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Honey hears a whisper as she is making a cup of tea. It sounds like a sharp whisper of her name. She closes the fridge door and looks around the kitchen. Nothing.

She mutters to herself.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Honey approaches the spare room door. She leans into eavesdrop. She hears Bill's voice, but she can't make out what he's saying. She leans in further.

Then, she hears a creepy whisper almost saying her name again 'honey, honey, honey'. She stumbles back, alarmed.

Bill then opens the door.

BILL
Sorry could you give us a second?

HONEY
What're you guys doing?

BILL
Just discussing some things. Can
you go get her breakfast? She's
starving.

Bill closes the door on her.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING.

As Honey prepares for yet another day of confinement, she studies her reflection in the mirror, her tired eyes reflecting the strain of her routine.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT.

Honey takes out the bins. As she closes the lid down on the bin at the end of the driveway she hears a whisper. Her name again. She slams the lid down.

She looks around. A fox runs out from under the bush in her driveway.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

Another day. Groundhog day. Honey sits, blankly staring out the window. Bill kisses her on the cheek before he leaves for work. She doesn't react. Her hair is a mess.

Her phone buzzes. New number:

'ugly slut'

'i am goin to kill u'

As she is reading the texts coming through, she is pouring milk into her tea. It overflows and spills over the edge of her mug.

She lets the milk drip down the side, her attention fixed on the screen. The milk drops from the table cloth turning into the beating of a heart. 121212.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

Honey is making up a tray for Ada for breakfast. On it, Honey carefully places her medications, painkillers, a bowl of cereal and juice.

Bill comes down, dressed for work. He shoves a newspaper on the tray, disrupting Honey's meticulous work. She sighs.

BILL

Mum'll want the paper.

Honey doesn't say anything. She takes the tray and begins to walk past Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)

Hey, what's up with you? No good morning.

Honey looks at him with a resigned, fatigued look.

HONEY

Good morning.

Bill starts to idle around the kitchen. He sticks his face into the fridge.

BILL
My mum hates that cereal babe.

HONEY
No she doesn't. She's had it
everyday since she's been here. Not
complained once.

BILL
She says a lot to me.

Honey slams down the tray onto the table.

HONEY
Why can't we just be fucking honest
with each other then?

Bill shuts the fridge door, confused.

BILL
Hey, wow. What's up with you?

HONEY
Nothing.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Honey leaves Ada's room with an empty tray in hand. She feels her phone buzz from her pocket. Sighing as she knows what it is. She opens her phone to a new bout of spam messages.

'WHORE'

'LIAR'

'SLUT'

She quickly types out a response. 'I'm going to contact the police'.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON.

Honey stands, stressed, in her kitchen, her phone pressed against her ear. She paces back and forth.

HONEY
What do you mean? You can't do
anything. I'm being *stalked*.
(MORE)

HONEY (CONT'D)

Bullied. Yes, I...well, no I don't know who... If I knew who-

She waits. Breathless.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I'm a radio host on *Time 186 fm*.
Yeah. Thanks. But I'm worried they might show up in work. I...excuse me? No it's not a *fan*....No. No-

A bird hits the kitchen window. Honey jumps.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. UTILITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Honey stares her mobile phone sitting on the counter, as though it's a bomb about to go off. She has an upholstery hammer in one hand. Shakily, she approaches the phone and begins to smash it up.

Weightless for a second.

She takes a long deep breath and observes the phone that is partially broken. As she goes to throw another swing she hears a noise from Ada's room.

An idea hits her.

INT. ADA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Honey places a capsule into Ada's mouth then hands her a glass of water. She takes the medicine but struggles to swallow it.

HONEY

There.

ADA

Thanks.

Honey wipes Ada's mouth.

HONEY

How do you feel?

ADA

Oh, you know.

Ada gingerly reaches to drink a bit more water. Honey passes her a bowl of fruit.

HONEY
You should eat.

ADA
I don't really feel like eating.

Honey tries to spoon some fruit in her mouth.

ADA (CONT'D)
I said I don't feel like it, Honey.

Honey leans her chin into her hand, exasperated.

HONEY
But you *need* to.

Ada adjusts her ear piece.

ADA
I can't hear you when you speak
into your hands like that.

HONEY
(loudly)
You're getting frail, Ada.

ADA
I'm fine.

Honey inhales deeply, steeling herself to ask what she needs to.

HONEY
How would you feel if I brought in
some agency workers to look after
you for a few days?

Beat.

ADA
Let's see what Bill says.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING.

Bill and Honey are tucking into dinner. It's silent apart from the clattering of forks against plates. Honey is in her pyjamas. Bill looks up from his plate, mid-chew.

BILL
You haven't brushed your hair
today.

HONEY
I haven't really had time.

BILL
Well you've had all day.

He looks up at the clock. Then pushes his plate away.

BILL (CONT'D)
Needs more spice in this, babe.

Honey tries to not react.

HONEY
I think. Or I was thinking, if I
could go back to work for a day.
Maybe we could get in a carer for a
day-

BILL
No.

HONEY
Hear me out at least.

BILL
No.

Honey falls back into her chair.

HONEY
Just for one day, Bill. I'll go
into work just for a sense of...I
don't know normalcy. There's an
agency that can come in. I've
researched it-

BILL
No, Honey. It's out of the
question.

HONEY
Why?

BILL
She doesn't need more strangers
coddling her. You're doing a great
job. She's a grown woman.

HONEY

Who's sick, Bill. Very sick.

Bill picks out some lamb from his teeth, throwing the remnants onto his plate.

BILL

She's fine.

HONEY

If I don't go into work they'll forget about me.

Bill stands up and scraps his chair, chucking his fork down with a clatter. Honey flinches.

INT. ADA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Bill and Honey stand around Ada.

ADA

I think that would be okay with me.

Bill begins to protest.

ADA (CONT'D)

I don't see why Honey can't go back in to work. You can tell she's itching to.

Honey stands uncomfortably in the room as they watch her, like a predator eyeing its next prey.

BILL

I'm saying no. You needed time away from those people.

HONEY

Okay. Fine. I'm sorry for suggesting it in the first place.

Honey storms out. Bill slumps down next to his mother.

BILL

Sorry about her Mum.

ADA

She's just tired of looking after me.

BILL

Greedy woman just thinks about herself.

Ada hits his hand.

ADA
Don't be horrid.

INT. ADA'S ROOM - EVENING.

It's late night. Ada is throwing up in the bucket. She coughs and splutters in the dark. Her groans fill the night time silence.

INT. CAFE - DAY.

Honey sits opposite Lynn in a coffee shop. Lynn looks glamorous in a nice dress and trench coat. Honey is wearing joggers and a hoodie.

Honey sips the coffee like it's a drug.

LYNN
Well. You don't look good.

HONEY
Thanks.

LYNN
How has it been?

HONEY
Hell. Not even Ada. I don't mind giving her food and meds. It's just I think I'm going crazy.

LYNN
You need your phone.

HONEY
I don't.

LYNN
For work you do.

Lynn passes her a mobile phone from her pocket.

LYNN (CONT'D)
It's my old one. Take it. I don't use it. Just for work or to text me.

HONEY
I don't want a phone.

LYNN

Do you want to be fired for missing work stuff? No exactly. Take the phone and hush up.

Honey downs her coffee. She then starts puffing her e-cigarette.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Things will be normal again.

HONEY

I don't know what you mean by normal. This is the first time I've left the house in a month.

The waitress comes by and collects their stuff.

WAITRESS

I'm sorry, we don't allow vaping in here.

HONEY

Who am I killing? I know a lot of worse things that'll kill you. Slowly and painfully.

The waitress looks at her in horror. So does Lynn.

LYNN

We'll be out in a sec.

The waitress leaves, unamused.

LYNN (CONT'D)

You need to screw your head back on.

Lynn sighs. She taps her finger against the table, she thinks for a moment. She keeps tapping her finger. Honey watches her, not blinking, the tapping gets louder. Like an industrial thumping. Soon Honey hears 'honey, honey, honey' in time with the tapping, like an unrelenting drum. 1-2-1-2-1-2.

HONEY

FUCKING STOP THAT.

People look at her.

LYNN

Home time.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

Honey, looking more relaxed, is fiddling with the settings in her new phone.

She sets up Lynn as a contact. As she does so a text message from an Unknown number comes in:

'you can't get rid of me bitch'.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - EVENING.

Honey is standing, watching Bill who is up in the attic. Sounds of grumbling as he is sorting out the boxes. He chucks something down and it lands by Honey's feet. She jumps back with a 'oh'.

HONEY

It would just be for a day. There's this agency worker that'll come in and just give her-

BILL

Would you stop with this?

Bill jumps down from the attic. He brushes off the dust.

BILL (CONT'D)

She wants to see this.

He produces a photo album. It is labeled 'Billie and Me'.

INT. ADA'S ROOM - NIGHT.

Ada's chair faces outside the window. There is a little lamp on and she is flicking through the photo album. She smiles as she does so.

She then starts coughing again.

INT. ADA'S ROOM - MORNING.

Honey is in her work clothes and Ada in a dressing gown. Honey spoon-feeds Ada some cereal. Ada looks frail. Honey looks at her with a wilting confidence.

HONEY

Maybe this is a bad idea.

ADA

No, Honey. Just don't tell Billie.

HONEY

The agency worker says she'll be
here in an hour.

Ada nods then dribbles some water out of her mouth. Honey
wipes Ada's mouth.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Thank you for this, Ada.

ADA

The city's ears are missing you. Go
get em.

INT. TIME 186 RADIO STUDIO - MORNING.

Honey, looking happier than ever, leans into the microphone.
The studio looks exactly the same, Lynn sits next to her.

Click of a button then the On Air sign flashes. Honey takes a
deep breath before leaning into the microphone.

HONEY

Did you miss me, *Time 186*? Well I
missed you guys. Never fear here I
am gracing your ears once again. I
know I know you probably thought I
was abducted by aliens or lost in
some parallel universe. But my
hiatus was spent doing a lot less
riveting things.

Lynn glances at her. Honey holds back.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Enough about me. I've got a killer
show for you guys today to remind
you why you put up with me in the
first place. So without further
ado, I hope Lynn hasn't ruined my
favourite section 'Catching Flies
with Honey' where you lovely
listeners send in your worries and
we can work them through together.

INT/EXT. RADIO SHOW BUILDING - MORNING.

Honey and Lynn exit the building and toward their respective
cars.

LYNN

How'd you think that went?

HONEY
Like a sniff of cocaine.

LYNN
How positive are you Bill won't
find out?

HONEY
He's never listened to the show.

Honey unlocks her car.

LYNN
Least your stalker's stopped.

HONEY
They actually haven't.

LYNN
You're kidding.

Her mobile phone starts buzzing. They look at each other in fear.

She looks at it. Then relief.

HONEY
It's just the agency worker got to
the house okay.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS.

Honey is driving back. She looks calm. She's listening to the radio, then a piercing shrill sound hits her. She flinches.

The sound melts away into a muffled audio...

INT/EXT. SHEPHERD'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON.

The sound is indistinct. Bill comes racing into the house and then storming through into Ada's room.

The agency worker is standing by the door, looking mournful. Bill looks over to his mother's chair, then collapses to the floor.

INT. ADA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON.

The sound is still muffled. It's becoming claustrophobic. Honey stands inside Ada's bedroom, stunned and overwhelmed.

There are paramedics passing through her like a ghost. Over Ada's orthopedic chair lies a white blanket, covering her body.

Honey blinks into the abyss. Then blinks back at Bill who is sobbing on the floor, knelt down like a baby...

INT. CHURCH - DAY.

The sound is still faint. Ada's funeral has few guests, some of the nurses and other inpatients from the home are scattered in the pews behind Bill and Ada who are smartly dressed.

Bill is holding a piece of paper, the eulogy, and rehearsing his lines. His eyes are shut as he recites his words.

Honey dabs her tears with a handkerchief.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Honey is lying awake in bed. Bill is sleeping next to her. She leans over to the nightstand and pulls out Ada's funeral order of service.

She scans over one of the pieces of poetry:

In Blackwater Woods by Mary Oliver.

'To live in this world

*you must be able to do three things: to love what is mortal;
to hold it*

against your bones knowing your own life depends on it;

and, when the time comes to let it go,

to let it go.'

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

There's a slight shrill piercing noise that can be detected but only very faintly. Bill and Honey are eating breakfast. He looks angry, she looks guilty. She sheepishly moves her hand onto his. He swipes it away.

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON.

Honey scrubs the toilet. She is working tirelessly, her actions are neurotic as if the toilet is punishing her.

She splatters bleach all over the bathroom floor.

She burst into tears, sliding her body against the bathroom wall.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Honey and Bill are having sex. She lies uncomfortably. He takes her arms and shoves them forcefully to one side. He presses his thumbs into her forearm. She tries to hide the fact she's in pain.

EXT. PARK BENCH - MORNING.

The sound is no longer confined. Lynn and Honey have met up in a local park. Lynn is watching her dog run around, the lead tied round her arm. Honey sits next to her. She looks tired.

Lynn pulls out a pack of cigarettes and offers it to Honey. Honey shakes her head. Lynn tries to offer her one again, jokingly extending her arm.

Honey forcefully shoves the packet away. Lynn looks at Honey's bruise-covered arm.

LYNN

What the fuck is this?

Honey covers up her arm with her jumper.

HONEY

You can take it.

Lynn grabs Honey's arm.

LYNN

Is he hurting you?

HONEY

All of it. Take it.

LYNN

I don't understand.

HONEY

The show. It's yours.

LYNN

Honey-

HONEY

Bill needs me. I've done enough.

LYNN

You sound crazy.

Beat.

HONEY

I need to live for him now.

LYNN

Honey. I mean this when I say this,
you didn't do anything wrong.

HONEY

Not in his eyes.

LYNN

I can't tell who's punishing you
more, him or you.

Beat. Long pause. Neither of them know what to say.

LYNN (CONT'D)

You didn't kill her.

The words are carried into the wind...

INT. ADA'S ROOM - DAY.

Bill is rifling through some boxes of Ada's. He looks in pain, trying to locate something specific. Honey is watching him, whilst trying to dismantle the orthopedic chair.

HONEY

What're you looking for?

BILL

That photo album. The one I gave
her a few days before she...

HONEY

Oh.

The room sits silently.

Bill finds it, slumps himself on the floor and starts flicking through it.

BILL

This!

He stabs his finger at a photograph.

HONEY

What?

BILL

Do you remember this day?

HONEY

Of course I do.

BILL

The first day you two met.

(he laughs maniacally)

My god she hated you.

HONEY

Bill. I'm really tired of this narrative. I don't think Ada ever hated me. I only ever heard from you that she did.

Bill stops laughing.

BILL

You took me away from her.

HONEY

I didn't. You moved out.

BILL

It was always me and her.

HONEY

It's hardly my fault you continually dropped out of Uni and always wound up living at your mums.

BILL

Fuck you.

HONEY

Bill.

Honey's eyes well up with tears.

BILL

You fucking killed her.

He speaks quietly.

HONEY
I didn't.

BILL
You lied to me.

Honey shrivels up inside herself.

HONEY
I'm sorry.

BILL
You aren't sorry though are you.

HONEY
Of course I am.

BILL
I hate you.

The room sits holding this statement for a beat.

HONEY
I know.

Bill walks towards Honey. She slightly flinches, preparing herself for his next move. He slaps Honey across the face, leaving a pink mark on her cheek. She tenderly holds her cheek, trying to fight back the tears.

INT/EXT. SHEPHERD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

Bill speeds off in his van. Honey is watching him from the window. She frantically hits it trying to get him to stay.

She weeps.

The piercing noise starts again, only faintly, and it softens into...

INT. ADA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

The sound is muffled here again. Honey, through a tear-filled expression, has successfully dismantled the chair.

She puts the remote control into a box and it hits against something which makes a loud clatter.

Honey inspects it and pulls out what she finds.

Tens of Nokia mobile phones lie broken in a sandwich bag.

She pulls out one of the phones and turns it on.

In it, she finds her own number, and a text message that lies waiting to be sent.

'GREEDY BITCH'.

She starts frantically scrolling through all of the phone's looking at all of the text messages being sent to her.

INT. CARE HOME - FLASHBACK.

Ada, healthier, sits in her chair stabbing away at her phone. She has a scrap piece of paper with Honey's name and number on it. She plugs it into her phone and begins to type out a message.

Under her breath she mutters.

ADA

Cunt.

INT. SURPRISE BIRTHDAY - FLASHBACK.

A younger Honey and Bill pose amongst a small group of Ada's friends and family for a picture. Behind them a banner that reads 'Happy 50th Ada!'

Cakes, presents and balloons adorn the room.

Ada smiles in the middle of the group.

The photographer counts 3,2,1 CHEESE.

Ada's face drops into a deep grave look of disgust.

INT. BEDROOM - PRESENT.

Honey is packing up a suitcase frantically. The shrill piercing noise is back and plays as a crescendo in this scene. Honey smacks her head trying to get the noise to quieten.

She throws a bunch of clothes into the case.

She takes one last glance at the photograph of her, Bill and Ada from Ada's surprise birthday.

Expressionless she looks at the photograph.

INT. KITCHEN - PRESENT.

Honey sits in a dark kitchen. A suitcase sits next to her. She taps on the table. The taps get louder and louder like the beating of a heart. 121212.

She grabs her phone and dials. This cuts the slightly deafening piercing sound.

HONEY

Take it. Take it, Lynn. Scrap that
agony aunt section.

She writes a something on the back of the photograph and shoves it into an envelope. The phone pressed against her shoulder and ear.

She licks the envelope.

HONEY (CONT'D)

What are broken people giving
holier than thou advice for?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

A letter addressed Bill sits on the counter top, in a dark, unoccupied kitchen.

Radio static begins.

INT. CAR - EARLY MORNING.

Honey speeds along the road. She wipes the tears from her eyes.

She turns on the radio to *Time 186*.

LYNN (V.O.)

What motivates you? Each day.
That's the question we asked at the
beginning of the year...

Honey presses her foot down on the accelerator.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING.

Bill has returned home and is furiously reading the note. He tries to call Honey but she doesn't pick up.

Over the top, we hear...

LYNN (V.O.)
The thing that motivates me, I've
learned, is liberation. Freeing
yourself from things that pull you
down.

INT/EXT CAR - CONTINUOUS.

Honey parks up to a river, in the middle of nowhere, and
slams the door shut. The rain showers over her, she lets it
consume her for a second.

The shrill sound has stopped.

LYNN (V.O.)
What are the chains, visible or
invisible, that keep you from
reaching your full potential? It
might be fear, doubt, or the
expectations of others. Acknowledge
them, and then take one step—just
one—towards your own freedom...

Honey watches the stream of water race. She takes out her
house keys and throws them into the water.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS.

A set of house keys floats steadily down the river.

LYNN (V.O.)
We all have a choice. Sometimes we
need a push. But at the end of the
day you may only be able to trust
yourself. Free yourself...

The keys hit against a rock and one of the key-rings becomes
unattached. It's a little plastic honey-pot.

LYNN
What better time than the
present...

The honey-pot keychain floats independently away from the
rest down stream and into blackness.

End.

