

BLOOD ON HIS HANDS

Written by

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Rufus Cameron/George Rhys Thomas showreel Sc.
Rufus (MILES) - George (SAM)

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EXT. ALLEY/STREET - DAY

SAM and MILES run down an alley-way, coming to a stop to catch their breath.

They've just broken into an old house that rests isolated just outside of their town.

An ELDERLY MAN ended up being hit by Miles and left unconscious a-midst the panic of their escape. Miles believes himself to have killed him. Sam is a little more "chill", a sinister air clouds him.

MILES:
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!

Sam takes his mask/beanie off calmly.

SAM:
You need to calm down.

MILES:
I killed him...He just - I, I
didn't mean, he came from no where.
You said it would be empty!

SAM:
Where's your mask?

Miles clocks on and panics, he then realises...

MILES:
Shit...he saw me...

SAM:
What?

MILES:
I don't know my mask - it
must've...he did. He saw my face.

Sam shoves miles.

SAM:
Fucking idiot! We'll have to go
back then won't we!?

MILES:
What.

SAM:
Make sure he didn't see your face.

MILES:
I'm not following.

Sam gives a harsh "throat cut" gesture.

MILES:
No way. That's... you're sick in
the head.

Sam laughs. Miles grabs the rucksack.

SAM:
What you doing with that?

MILES:
Getting rid. Then i'm out of here.

Sam grabs the bag off Miles.

SAM:
Yeh right. Run back home to Mummy -
let's see what happens shall we...

MILES:
What're we gonna do?!

SAM:
We're gonna disappear.

MILES:
What?...where?

Sam smiles.

MILES:
Sam, where!

SAM:
You just concentrate on untwisting
those knickers before we go back.

MILES:
Go back?

SAM:
Make sure Granddad's ok.

MILES:
I'm not going back-

Sam shoves Miles against a wall.

SAM:

You fucked up. He saw ya face. Your mask is probably laying right next to him, covered in your pathetic DNA...

He grabs Miles hand pushing it into his face, there's blood on it. Sam lets him go roughly.

SAM:

We're going back.

He then grabs the rucksack and leaves.

It seems Miles doesn't really have a choice. There's blood on his hands...literally.

END.