

CULTURE KILLINGS: LIGHTS OUT

by

Isabel Wyatt

EPIISODE 4

SCENE 1

INT: OFFICE

FX: MUFFLED VOICES IN CROWDS. CRACKLE OF THE TANNON

RAY: (THROUGH TANNON) Ladies and Gentlemen, the Wandsworth Borough Gallery will be closing in five minutes. The gallery will be closing in five minutes time. Thank you.

FX: BUTTON CLICKS OFF

(MUTTERING UNDER BREATH) So if you would all kindly piss off...

FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN. TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS ENTER, THEN STOP

MEREDITH: Ah, Ray – good evening.

RAY: 'Evening.

MEREDITH: Working hard I see.

RAY: You know me Mere, always doing me' bit.

MEREDITH: Hmmm.

FX: WILLIAM COUGHS.

So Ray, I would like to introduce you to William Moores. He's the new night guard sent by the agency.

RAY: Another one? So...you're the new boy, eh?

WILLIAM: (STAMMERING) Ugh...yes. For the meantime...I mean...I hope so. Yes.

RAY: Bit young in'he?

MEDEDITH: Be nice, Ray.

RAY: I'm just sayin' – don't look like he could say boo to a goose. Let alone chase off burglars.

MEREDITH: Oh, and how many burglars have you chased off then?

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RAY: Plenty. Back in me hey-day.

MERDITH: I presume that was before your arse got superglued to that chair.

RAY: (UNDER BREATH) Cheeky cow.

MEREDITH: Anyway, it's William's first night on post, so I expect you to show him the ropes.

(BEAT)

MEREDITH: Ray?

RAY: Hmmm?

MEREDITH: Look after him, okay?

RAY: Course I will. We'll have a grand time, won't we Bill?

WILLIAM: Actually I do prefer to go by Willia...

RAY: ...Right, don't let us keep you Mere. It's your going home time, isn't it? Best be getting back to that fella of yours. What are we on now, husband number three?

MEREDITH: Screw you, Ray.

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY

RAY: Any time, darlin'.

FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN

MEREDITH: Good luck tonight, William. Don't look so nervous, there's nothing to worry about. You've done your training and you're a smart boy, you'll be fine. Oh and if you do manage to refrain from killing your elderly colleague there, I'll double your salary.

RAY: Much obliged.

MEREDITH: Although if you accept the challenge and actually go through with it, I'll *triple* your salary. Goodnight.

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FX: DOOR SLAMS SHUT. MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS IN B/G
FADE OUT

(BEAT)

RAY: 'Elderly'? What the hell is she on about?

WILLIAM: I'm sure it was a...a joke.

RAY: I don't know who she thinks she is.

WILLIAM: She...she's in charge isn't she?

RAY: Meredith? In charge?

FX: RAY SCOFFS

She can dream.

WILLIAM: I thought she was the curator?

RAY: You've got a lot to learn, Son, if you think that old bint can tell me what to do.

WILLIAM: I just presumed...

RAY: Yeah she might pick out all the poncy art but that's not what's important.

WILLIAM: Well, it is an art gallery...

RAY: It's the people, innit? The people are important. And who looks out for 'em? Me. And well, I guess you do to now, don't cha?

WILLIAM: I guess...

RAY: Why are you 'ere then, Bill? Eh? No offence lad but you're not exactly the 'pack a punch' type.

WILLIAM: I...urm...wanted a change.

RAY: From what? Stacking shelves?

(BEAT)

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How old are you?

WILLIAM: 18

RAY: Christ.

FX: ALARM BEEPS LOUDLY

Bloody finally.

FX: BUTTON CLICKS ON. CRACKLE OF TANNOY

(THROUGH TANNOY) Ladies and Gentlemen, the Wandsworth Borough Gallery is now closed. Please make your way to the nearest exit. Thank you for visiting and have a pleasant evening. The Gallery is now closed.

FX: BUTTON CLICKS OFF

Right – now let the fun begin.

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SCENE 2

INT: FOYER

FX: RATTLING CHAINS

RAY: Right, so once everyone is out you lock this door.

FX: CHAIN RATTLES. LOCK CLICKS

WILLIAM: Okay...urm...what's the code?

RAY: Hmmm?

WILLIAM: The combination? ... So I know how to open the padlock up again.

RAY: Why would you need to open it? Security opens up the doors in the mornin' – it's a different team.

WILLIAM: What...what if someone needs to get in?

RAY: They won't.

WILLIAM: ...or out?

RAY: Nobody can get in and nobody can get out. That's the point of a lock. God – do they teach you nothing at school?

WILLIAM: But what...

RAY: ...After you've locked up, you wanna start on the rounds. Now I usually do it in order. Gallery A leads into Gallery B and then I take the lift up to Gallery C. Never do the stairs – they're not good for my heart.

WILLIAM: I thought the power would shut off in the evening?

RAY: What year do you think it is? 1982? We have an overnight generator – keeps everything running throughout your shift. Nothing to be scared of, Bill.

WILLIAM: I'm not...scared...I just thought...

RAY: Come on. Those galleries aren't going to patrol themselves.

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SCENE 3

INT: GALLERY A

FX: **TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS WALKING**

RAY: There's not much else to say really. Just check on the exhibits, make sure nothing has fallen down throughout the day. Just do a slow wander through each studio, keep a leisurely pace mind – there's not a lot to keep you entertained here at night so you don't want to be pegging it through the galleries. Slow and steady.

WILLIAM: Can't we turn the lights on?

RAY: What for?

WILLIAM: Well, I can't really see where I'm going...

RAY: That's what you've got this for.

FX: **TORCH CLICKS ON**

RAY: The night guard's best friend.

WILLIAM: Wouldn't it be easier just to...

RAY: Okay so that's everything in here. And now...

FX: **FOOTSTEPS STOP. A DOOR CREAKS OPEN**

We check the bathrooms.

(BEAT)

After you.

WILLIAM: Aren't you coming in?

RAY: I've done this enough times in my life, lad. Now it's your turn. Plus, it's the ladies. Always makes me feel weird going in there. Not right. You'll be fine though. In you go.

FX: **SLOW FOOTSTEPS ECHO AND THEN DISSAPEAR**

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SCENE 4

INT: BATHROOM

FX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS ECHO BACK IN. A TAP DRIPS

WILLIAM: (CALLING OUT) What...what is it I'm looking for?

RAY: (FAR OFF) Just check everything's running smoothly and that nobody's left anything behind. Use your imagination.

WILLIAM: Ugh..urm...okay.

FX: BANG ON THE WALL. FOOTSTEPS STOP

Ow. (TO HIMSELF) Where's the –

FX: LIGHT SWITCH FLICKS ON THEN OFF. THEN ON THEN OFF AGAIN.

(CALLING OUT) It's very...it's very dark in here. The lights aren't working.

RAY: (FAR OFF) Use your torch.

FX: A POCKET UNZIPS. TORCH CLICKS ON

WILLIAM: G-got it.

FX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS START AGAIN. THE DRIPPING GETS LOUDER

(TO HIMSELF) Check everything is working. Okay.

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP. SQUEAK OF A TAP TURNING ON. WATER RUNNING

Okay, that's fine.

FX: SQUEAK OF TAP TURNING OFF. WATER STOPS. FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE. DOOR CREAKS OPEN SLOWLY

H-hello?

RAY: (FAR OFF) How's it going, Bill?

WILLIAM: (CALLING OUT) Y-yeah, it's fine! Everything seems to-

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FX: SQUEAK OF A TAP TURNING ON

Wha-

FX: RUNNING WATER. SQUEAK OF ANOTHER TAP
TURNING ON. DRIPPING GETS LOUDER

I didn't touch-

FX: THUMP ON THE FLOOR. GLASS SHATTERS

No, no, no.

FX: SHARDS OF GLASS BEING WALKED ON. TORCH
CLICKS

Please work, please work, please -

FX: RUNNING WATER. SQUEAK OF THREE MORE TAPS
TURNING ON. RUNNING WATER GETS MUCH LOUDER

(CALLING OUT) I don't know what's –

FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN AND SLAMS. ANOTHER DOOR
CREAKS OPEN AND SLAMS. SOUNDS REPEAT AND
GET LOUDER

(SHOUTING) What's going on?

FX: ALL SOUNDS CRECHENDO. FOOTSTEPS RUNNING.
EVERYTHING SUDDENLY STOPS

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SCENE 5

INT: BATHROOM

FX: FOOTSTEPS ENTER. TORCH CLICKS ON

RAY: Bill? You alright in here?

FX: HEAVY PANTING. FOOTSTEPS STOP

What you doing on the floor, Son?

WILLIAM: Wh – what?

RAY: Get up. It'll be dirty down there.

WILLIAM: What happened?

RAY: I dunno. You been gone ages.

WILLIAM: My torch...my torch broke.

FX: TORCH CLICKS ON

RAY: Looks fine to me.

WILLIAM: But the taps turned...and the doors were...didn't you hear it?

RAY: Ain't heard a scooby all night. What's up with you, eh?

(BEAT)

Ah it don't matter. Better get a shift on.

FX: FOOTSTEPS ECHO AWAY. A DOOR OPENS. A TAP DRIPS

(FAR OFF) Come on then, lad!

FX: WILLIAM SIGHS. TORCH CLICKS OFF. FOOTSTEPS ECHO AND FADE OUT

SCENE 6

INT: CORIDOOOR

FX: **TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS WALKING**

RAY: So you've got the hall of modern art through there – that's all the clay models and bullshit paint splattered canvases that old biddies love. And then through here...

FX: **FOOTSTEPS STOP. A DOOR CREAKS OPEN**

This is graphic design. This is computer crap you young people think is so impressive. Let me tell you mate, it's all just a bunch of colours and bass music. Nuffin I didn't see in the 80s.

WILLIAM: Are they left on overnight? The displays?

RAY: Nah – they're turned off by Mere before she buggers off home, bless her. We just have to check nothing's still plugged in. Fire hazard 'n that.

WILLIAM: R-right.

RAY: After you, Bill, my boy.

FX: **TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY. A DOOR CREAKS SHUT**

SCENE 7

INT: GALLERY B

FX: STATIC HUM. CLOCK TICKS. TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS WALK THEN STOP. A TORCH CLICKS ON

RAY: Right. This is the place.

(BEAT)

See that big TV?

WILLIAM: Yes.

RAY: That repeats old sitcoms. You know the ones, old 70s shows. The type with the audience laughter. Don't ask me why.

(BEAT)

It's supposed to mean something about our 'comic understanding'. As a society I mean. Something about how we crave new material but always stick to things we know. I don't get it if you ask me. I met the girl once, the one who designed this exhibit. Bloody barmy she was – bright pink hair. Gets paid a bloody fortune for this heap of shite. For doing what? Sticking a bit a' telly on? Any old bastard could do that. Madness it is.

FX: ONE SET OF FOOTSTEPS TAKE 4 PACES THEN STOP. RAY GRUNTS. A SWITCH CLICKS

You see, Bill? She might be the big boss, but she doesn't always get it right.

FX: RAY SIGHS

All these sockets have gotta be turned off. I'm guessing if she's dim enough to leave these going, then she's forgotten about the screens in the back. I'll go and sort them out. You stay here and do these ones, alright?

FX: ONE PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS WALKS AWAY

WILLIAM: Can't I...can't we do them together?

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RAY: (FAR OFF) Just the ones on the far left, leave the floor boxes.

FX: FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT

WILLIAM: (UNDER BREATH) Okay.

FX: LIGHT FOOTSTEPS 4 PACES. THEY STOP. A SWITCH FLICKS. 4 MORE FOOTSTEPS. ANOTHER SWITCH FLICKS. 4 MORE FOOTSTEPS. ANOTHER SWITCH FLICKS. STATIC HUM GETS LOUDER. 4 MORE FOOTSTEPS. ANOTHER SWITCH FLICKS. A SUDDEN LOUD BURST OF AUDIENCE LAUGHTER

Jesus Christ!

FX: LAUGHTER CONTINUES

What the hell –

FX: STATIC HUM INCREASES. LAUGHTER GETS LOUDER. A SWITCH FLICKS

(BEAT)

FX: A SWITCH FLICKS

(BEAT)

FX: A SWITCH FLICKS

(PANICKED) Turn off, turn off, turn off!

FX: OLD CIRCUS MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY. LAUGHTER GETS LOUDER STILL. A SWITCH FLICKS.

Why aren't you turning off?!

FX: STATIC HUM GETS LOUDER

Leave me alone!

FX: ALL NOISES CRESCENDO. TV STATIC. THEN STOP WITH THE SOUND OF A TV BEING TURNED OFF

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SCENE 8

INT: CORIDOOOR

FX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING. A DOOR CREAKS OPEN. IT SLAMS SHUT

RAY: Hey, what's going on?

WILLIAM: (PANTING) There's...someone...here.

RAY: What are you on about?

WILLIAM: I'm telling you, there's someone here! There was someone in the bathroom and now there's someone in the graphic design display!

RAY: There's nobody here, Bill.

WILLIAM: Stop calling me that! I know what I saw!

RAY: And what did you see?

WILLIAM: I saw...

(BEAT)

I...

(BEAT)

Well, I heard it!

RAY: Right.

WILLIAM: You must have heard it too! You were next door!

RAY: There's nobody here but you and me.

WILLIAM: I know what...

RAY: Let's get a move on. Plenty to do.

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY

WILLIAM: W...what?

RAY: (CALLING BACK) We've still got Gallery C to scout out.

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WILLIAM: But what about...what I heard? We're not going to do anything?

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP

RAY: What is there to do, Bill? Arrest an invisible man?

WILLIAM: I don't...I don't...

FX: RAY SIGHS. FOOTSTEPS START

RAY: (CLOSER NOW) Look, let's carry on. Once we've finished the rounds we can sit down in the office with a cup a' tea for the rest of the shift. Okay? It's just first night jitters. We all get 'em. Even me.

(BEAT)

Though I know that's hard to imagine.

FX: FOOTSTEPS START AGAIN

(CALLING OUT) Come on then. That cuppa won't make itself.

FX: A DOOR CREAKS OPEN, THEN SLAMS. WILLIAM SIGHS. FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY QUICKLY. FADE OUT

SCENE 9

INT: HALLWAY

FX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS WALKING. A CLOCK TICKS. THE FOOTSTEPS STOP. THE LIFT IS CALLED WITH A 'DING'. RAY WHISTLES 'LET IT BE'

(BEAT)

RAY: You been up here before?

WILLIAM: N- no. Meredith never finished the tour.

RAY: Ah, it's not much. Fashion. All that bullshit. It's just full of mannequins really.

FX: LOUD CRASH IN B/G

WILLIAM: Wh-what was that?

RAY: Sounds like the bins.

WILLIAM: What?

RAY: We get foxes. The cafeteria lot never clean up after themselves. Means the bastards get into the courtyard and knock the rubbish over.

FX: LOUD CRASH IN B/G AGAIN

WILLIAM: That doesn't sound like bins...

(BEAT)

RAY: Mere probably left the staff entrance open. Sometimes they get in.

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING

WILLIAM: Wa-wait, where are you going?

RAY: (WALKING AWAY) I'll get rid of them.

WILLIAM: You can't...you can't leave me here.

RAY: (CALLING OUT) Take the lift up one floor. I'll meet you in Gallery C.

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WILLIAM: Can't I come with you?

RAY: You need a staff ID to get through that door. One person at a time, and you haven't got yours yet – have you?

WILLIAM: N- no.

RAY: Exactly. So just take the lift...

WILLIAM: ...I can't...I can't do that.

FX: RAY SIGHS. FOOTSTEPS QUICKEN

RAY: (CLOSER) Here, take this.

FX: RADIO TURNS ON

WILLIAM: What...what is it?

RAY: What, you never seen James Bond? It's a radio, you eejit. Means we can stay in contact. If you want.

WILLIAM: So...so we can talk?

RAY: See, you won't be alone.

FX: FOOTSTEPS START AGAIN

(FAR OFF) I'll only be a minute anyway. Take the lift to the next floor. Wait for me there.

FX: FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT. DOOR SLAMS IN B/G.
WILLIAM BREATHES HEAVILY. THE LIFT DINGS. THE
DOORS OPEN.

WILLIAM: Okay.

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALK INTO LIFT AND STOP. BUTTON IS
PRESSED.

LIFT VOICE: Doors closing.

FX: LIFT DOORS CLOSE. CLOCK STOPS TICKING

Going up.

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FX: WHIRRING LIFT ASCENDING. WILLIAM NERVOUSLY HUMS 'LET IT BE'. WHIRRING NOISE STOPS. BUTTON BEEPS

First floor.

FX: WILLIAM TAKES A DEEP BREATH

WILLIAM: Okay.

FX: BUTTON IS PRESSED. IT DINGS

LIFT VOICE: Doors opening.

(BEAT)

FX: BUTTON IS PRESSED. IT DINGS

Doors opening.

(BEAT)

WILLIAM: (UNDER BREATH) Open then...

FX: BUTTON IS PRESSED. IT DINGS

LIFT VOICE: Doors opening.

(BEAT)

FX: RAPID PRESSING OF THE BUTTON. OVERLAPPED DINGING.

(OVERLAPPING WORDS) Doors opening. Doors opening. Doors opening. Doors opening. Doors opening.

WILLIAM: (SHOUTING) Let me out!

FX: LOUD CRASH. LIFT WHIRRS. IT DROPS. WILLIAM SCREAMS

(SHOUTING) Help! Somebody!

FX: RAPID PRESSING OF BUTTONS. RADIO IS TURNED ON

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WILLIAM: (INTO RADIO) Ray? Help me! Come in!

(BEAT)

RAY: (ON RADIO) Was that you, lad?

WILLIAM: (INTO RADIO) Help me! The l-lift...it's not...I'm...it's not working...I don't know what's... Ray just help me!

FX: STATIC FROM RADIO. RAY'S MESSAGES COME THROUGH BROKEN

RAY: Can't...are...okay?...happening...clear...okay?...come... where...gallery...don't...Bill...power...generator...it'll...go... failing...careful...stop...

WILLIAM: (SHOUTING) W-what? I'm still in the lift. It won't open! And now it's f-fallen. But...but it's still...going. I don't know where I am!

FX: STATIC THROUGH RADIO GETS LOUDER

WILLIAM: R-Ray? Can you hear me? Ray? Come in? Hello?!

FX: RADIO STATIC FADES OUT AND AUDIENCE LAUGHTER FADES IN

W-what? Ray? Hello? Is that you?

FX: AUDIENCE LAUGHTER GETS LOUDER

(SCREAMING) Help me!

FX: LOUD CRASH. LIFT WHIRRING STOPS. AUDIENCE LAUGHTER FADES OUT. DOORS BEEP

LIFT VOICE: Doors opening.

SCENE 10

INT: OFFICE

FX: MUFFLED VOICES IN CROWDS. CRACKLE OF THE TANNY

RAY: (THROUGH TANNY) Ladies and Gentlemen, the Wandsworth Borough Gallery will be closing in five minutes. The gallery will be closing in five minutes time. Thank you.

FX: BUTTON CLICKS OFF

(MUTTERING UNDER BREATH) So shove off, the lot of ya...

FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN. TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS ENTER, THEN STOP

MEREDITH: Ah, Ray – good evening.

RAY: ‘Evening.

MEREDITH: Working hard I see.

RAY: You know me Mere, always doing me’ bit.

MEREDITH: Hmmm.

FX: MICHAEL COUGHS.

So Ray, I would like to introduce you to Michael Chesney. He’s the new night guard sent by the agency.

RAY: Another one? So...you’re the new boy, eh?

MICHAEL: Seems so.

RAY: Bit young in’he?

MEDEDITH: Be nice, Ray. Anyway, it’s Michael’s first night on post, so I expect you to show him the ropes.

(BEAT)

Ray?

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RAY: Hmmm?

MEREDITH: Look after him, okay?

RAY: Course I will. We'll have a grand time, won't we Mike?

FX: ALL SOUND FADES OUT. MUSIC PLAYS

THE END

ISABEL WYATT