

tell'n ya; er I'll whop ya.

Mr. Wembly grabs Sorcha by both shoulders and yanks her towards him. Sorcha resists.

MR. WEMBLY

I'll tell you what were gonna do.
We're going to go to my room and give
you a reason to put fresh linens on my
bed again.

SORCHA

You'd fuckn' like that wouldn't ya.
Now get tha fuck off me.

Sorcha yanks her arms free from Mr. Wembly and shoves him hard. He spins around to brace himself on something but steps right into the mop bucket. The bucket SLIDES backwards making him fly forward only to SMASH his head right on the corner frame of the wall. He then slides down to floor right onto his jaw. CRUNCH. A trickle of blood inches down the wall. Sorcha looks at Mr. Wembly in terror.

NARRATOR

Annd, pause. All caught up! You see?
Sorcha ain't a bad gal! And Mr.
Wembly? Well, the fucker had it
coming.

INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

Sorcha is finished cleaning the blood up. Duct tape is wrapped around Mr. Wembly's head to prevent any further bleeding. She stands there and stares.

SORCHA

What am I te do with ya now?

Sorcha sits there, as if waiting for an answer.

SORCHA

(Panicked and lost)
Agh! It's just so bloody quiet. I need
some fuk'n tunes.

Sorcha rushes to the computer to put on a playlist. Music smashes out the silence.

SORCHA

Much better... Now, some tea would be
lovely. To calm my nerves.