

# **Night of the Living Flatpacks**

## **Episode Three**

**By  
Kathryn Golding**

**SCENE 1. INT. GROUND FLOOR SHAREWOODS, CONTINUOUS.**

**FX: THE RATTLE GETS LOUDER, AS DO THE SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS OF STELLA, ERICA AND ALI AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE SHUTTERS OF SHAREWOODS.**

ERICA: Get behind me, Stella. I'll protect you!

ALI: (HUSHED) Shush.

GREG: (V.O.) Hello?

**FX: A CRASH OF BODIES AND SCRATCHING OF METAL AS ERICA AND STELLA TRY AND HIDE.**

ALI: (HUSHED) Why are you hiding? They can't see you.

ERICA: (HUSHED) It's *scary!*

GREG: I know you're in there.

STELLA: (HUSHED) Is the ghost a man?

ERICA: (HUSHED) Shh!

GREG: Hello?

**FX: STELLA'S MOBILE PHONE STARTS RINGING. IT'S LOUD.**

GREG: Can anyone hear me?

STELLA: (HUSHED) I'm trying!

GREG: I know you're in there.

STELLA: (HUSHED) It's my mother.

ALI: (HUSHED) Will she come looking for you?

STELLA: (HUSHED) I doubt it, she's in Spain. Unless...

ALI: (HUSHED) Unless what?\

ERICA: /(HISSING) Shut up!

GREG: (SHOUTING) Hello? Erica?

ERICA: Greg?

ALI: (HUSHED) Is that the lad you were with earlier?

ERICA: (HUSHED, TO ALI) Yeah.

GREG: Erica! Are you okay?

ERICA: How did you know I was here?

GREG: I know you.

ALI: Stalker.

STELLA: Bit harsh. She's only calling me.

ALI: Not your Mum. Him. Control freak.

ERICA: You two – sshh! (TO GREG) We got locked in.

GREG: "We"?

ERICA: I'm here with my friend from earlier.

GREG: The girl in the wheelchair?

ERICA: She's why we're stuck here in the first place.

STELLA: Don't blame me!

ALI: (HUSHED) Shh! I'm listening!

STELLA: (HUSHED) Don't shush me!

GREG:                    Shall I call for help?

ERICA, ALI & STELLA: NO!

GREG:                    Are people listening?

ALI:                      (HUSHED) I think we should give them some privacy.  
STELLA                    Aw. Do we have to?

ALI                        Yes! Come on!

**THEY MOVE AWAY BUT IT ISN'T VERY FAR.**

ERICA                    It's just us.

GREG:                    Erica, you text me to say you'd meet me but you just disappeared.

ERICA:                    Go back to your parents. I'll see you tomorrow.

GREG:                    (BEAT.) I just want the place to feel like home. Our home.

ERICA:                    So why let your mum make all the decisions?

GREG:                    It's easier.

ERICA:                    Well, maybe you should stand up for yourself. That would be nice.

GREG:                    That's what you want. (BEAT) Erica?

ERICA:                    It's complicated.

GREG:                    Do you want to break up?

ERICA:                    No!

GREG:                    Do you love me? (BEAT.) Erica?

ERICA:                    I don't want to live together.

GREG: This was your idea!

ERICA: It's what you're supposed to do!

GREG: So you don't want to live together but you still want to be with me?

ERICA: Yes! I love you\

GREG: /That's great.

ERICA: What?

GREG: What?

ERICA: What do you mean "that's *great*"?

GREG: Don't take this the wrong way but, well, I've never lived on my own before.

ERICA: So?

GREG: So, it would be nice to have some time to just be, you know, on my own.

ERICA: And how long do you want to be "on your own"?

GREG: Is this a trick?

ERICA: No...

GREG: I don't get it.

ERICA: I'm not the one that's excited to be alone!

GREG: That's not what I mean. (CHUCKLES. BEAT.) I'm not happy-happy about it. But it'll be cool to, you know, eat crisps and play PlayStation. I still expect you to be there. A lot.

ERICA: But it's going to be *your* place, not ours.

GREG: You can still help me decorate it.

ERICA: I did see a really nice sofa here.

GREG: Yeah?

ALI: (WHISPER SHOUTS) We do next day delivery!

STELLA: Ali, shut up!

ERICA: Someone's going to have to explain this to your mother\

ERICA & GREG: (TOGETHER) /Not me!

GREG: Okay. I guess it's time I stood up to her...

GREG (V.O.) I can't just leave you here, Erica.

ERICA Why not?

GREG You're locked in a shop.

ERICA I'm with my friends. I'll text you in the morning.

GREG But anything could happen.

ERICA Like anything's going to happen. It's an empty shop.

GREG You know what you're like when you get stressed. You need something to distract you, and you don't have any of your jewelry making stuff here.

ERICA Stop fussing. There's plenty of cardboard.

GREG Be careful

ERICA Of what?

GREG Paper cuts, cardboard cuts, staples.

ERICA I'll be fine. I'll text you tomorrow. Goodnight Greg.

GREG (NOW FURTHER AWAY) I love you too.

**PLINKY PLONKY UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYS**

STELLA: Guess you can't really bring people back here, can you?

ALI: (LAUGHING). No!

STELLA: Do you meet many guys?

ALI: No!

STELLA: Girls?

ALI: Nah, but it'd be nice.

STELLA: So are you\?

**FX ERICA JOINS THEM.**

ERICA: /What did I miss, girlfriends?

**STELLA GROANS.**

ALI: Nothing. How'd it go?

ERICA: It was – interesting.

STELLA: /(SMIRKING) Yeah, sounds it.

**FX: STELLA'S PHONE RINGS AGAIN**

ALI: Are you going to be okay?

ERICA: I think so. I'm going to see him after we get this one home tomorrow.

STELLA: I already have one mother, Erica. I don't need another. **STELLA ANSWERS THE PHONE.** What? (BEAT.) Well, mum, maybe Clifford shouldn't stick his nose where it doesn't belong. (BEAT.) I'm fine. Yes! Mum, I'm (BEAT.) Nothing's wrong, I forgot it and now I'm just watching Netflix on the sofa and don't want to get up again so I've left it outside. (BEAT.) No, it's fine, nothing is going to happen. (BEAT.) I'm fine, *Mum*. Ok? Goodbye. Goodbye. Good bye! **SHE HANGS UP.**

ALI Bit harsh

STELLA: She's awful

ERICA: (SMIRKING) Yeah, sounds it.

**PLINKING MUSIC PLAYS**



**FX                      ERICA'S PHONE TRILLS**

ERICA:                      (CONT.) My battery's about to die. Where can I plug it in?

ALI:                         There are some power sockets back near the shutters.

STELLA:                    What kind of phone is that?

ERICA:                    Old Nokia. I keep breaking phones..

STELLA:                    How do you even charge that thing?

ERICA:                    I have a plug in my bag. Very prepared

**FX                      ERICA RUSTLES AROUND IN HER BAG.**

ALI:                         Is your phone background Greg?

ERICA:                    Yeah.

ALI:                         He's kind of handsome actually.

STELLA:                    (TO SELF) For a guy, sure.

ERICA:                    (LAUGHING) Yeah, he's okay.....It's not that I don't love him -

ALI:                         No! -

ERICA:                    I just I want to do it for the right reason. I hate where I live now but moving in with him, it's not the answer either. I'm going to charge my phone!

**FX                      ERICA RUNS OFF**

STELLA:                    How has she got the most healthy relationship of anyone I know?

ALI:                         Right?

STELLA:                    Seriously!

ALI: I'd like what Erica's got.

STELLA: One day!

ALI: I don't know. My parents aren't... Well, my stepdad isn't\

STELLA: /My parents are suffocating.

**FX ERICA SKIPS BACK.**

ERICA What are you two chatting about?

STELLA Parents being suffocating.

ERICA: Maybe your parents are a little overprotective, but that's understandable.

STELLA: Because I'm in a wheelchair?

ERICA: Well they're just worried about you. You should talk to them. I can come with you if you like.

STELLA: Why would you do that?

ERICA: It's nice when someone has your back.

STELLA: Oh. Yeah. Well. Maybe, thanks.

ALI: I'm knackered. Let's go back to bed. Stella, how about I get you a squishy memory foam.

STELLA: No! I'll never get out of it again.

ERICA: I can make you a throne! Out of cardboard?

**FX: THERE IS A RIPPING OF CARDBOARD, MIXED WITH SMALL SQUEALS OF JOY FROM ERICA.**

ALI: Erica, I don't think that's a good\

STELLA: /Just leave her. She'll be fine.

ALI Are you sure you're okay sleeping in your chair.

STELLA Yeh, it's really comfy.

ALI Night then.

STELLA Night.

**FX WHEELCHAIR RECLINES**

**PLINK PLONKY MUSIC OVER LOW HUM**

**SC. 2. INT. GROUND FLOOR SHAREWOODS, 7.30 AM. NEXT DAY.**

**THE BIRDS TWEET AND THE SHUTTER CREAKS, USHERING  
IN A NEW DAY AT SHAREWOODS.**

ERICA Stella? Stella, are you awake? (GENTLY SHAKING STELLA'S SHOULDER)

STELLA (INCOHERENT WAKING UP NOISES)

ERICA Wake up.

STELLA (SLEEPY) What?

ERICA Look at this, Stella! STELLA!

**ERICA IS RIGHT IN FRONT OF STELLA'S FACE AS SHE  
OPENS HER EYES.**

**STELLA SCREAMS.**

STELLA What are you doing in my face?

ERICA I made you a throne!

STELLA Have you been asleep at all?

ALI We better get going. Marcus will be here soon.

STELLA: Just a sec.

**FX THERE IS THE GRIND OF A DYING WHEELCHAIR TRYING TO  
START UP.**

ALI You alright?

STELLA My chair's run out of battery. I must've left it on last night. Oh no!

ERICA Take the throne instead!

STELLA (AGITATED.) Stop, with the throne.

ERICA Let me help you.

STELLA Do you even know what you're doing?

ERICA & STELLA No!

ERICA But I'm a fast learner.

**FX (OFF) NOKIA RINGTONE**

STELLA What is *that*?

ERICA My phone.

ALI Why can't you two be unpopular like normal people?

ERICA It's probably Greg about meeting up later.

**FX SOMEWHERE ELSE ON THE FLOOR, METAL SHUTTERS GO UP AND A BODY ECHOES THROUGH THE SHOP.**

MARCUS Ali! Ali!

ALI Oh no. Marcus is here.

STELLA At 7.30 in the morning?

**FX THE RINGING STOPS. BOXES TUMBLE.**

MARCUS (SHOUTING, OFF) Ali? What was that noise?

ALI (HUSHED) Where did you leave your phone, Erica? (SHOUTING, TO MARCUS) What noise is that, Marcus? (HUSHED) Marcus. Stella, we have to get you moving. Now.

MARCUS I think it was a phone? A really old phone.

ALI (SHOUTING TO MARCUS) Oh! Maybe, umm... Maybe the ghost's got a phone too! (HUSHED ) Erica, I need you to help with Stella. Can you do that?

ERICA Yes. Absolutely.

**FX ERICA THROWS A BLANKET OVER STELLA.**

STELLA What the...? What are you doing? I can't see.

ERICA That should do it.

ALI That's the plan? To cover up Stella with a blanket until we can smuggle her out.

STELLA Get this off me!

**FX ALI PULLS THE BLANKET OFF.**

ALI There you go. I can see your pretty, and very, very angry face.

STELLA Erica, do you think your throne will hold my weight?

ERICA Of course!

ALI It's worth a try. Can you transfer yourself.

STELLA (DOING SO) I think so.

**FX SOMEWHERE IN THE STORE, MARCUS SHUFFLES ABOUT.**

ERICA He's coming. Oh no! My DNA's everywhere.

ALI (TO SELF.) You and hundreds of other people...

ERICA Where are your cleaning supplies? I need to go back and clean.

ALI                                There are hundreds of people in here every week. No one will find your DNA.

**FX                                THE CARDBOARD THRONE COLLAPSES STELLA FALLS TO THE FLOOR WITH A BUMP.**

STELLA                            (MORE OUT OF SHOCK THAN PAIN) Ouch.

ALI                                Stella are you okay?

MARCUS                         Ali what was that?

ALI                                Just tripped over some cardboard.

ERICA                            (DISMAYED) My throne.

STELLA                            Would not pass a health and safety test.

ERICA                            It will hold your weight now.

ALI                                Your point?

ERICA                            I can drag the cardboard to the lift with her on it.

ALI                                Is that okay with you Stella?

STELLA                            Go for it. Not got much choice.

**FX                                ERICA STARTS TO PULL THE CARDBOARD WITH STELLA STILL ON IT TOWARDS THE LIFT.**

ALI:                                Okay! I'll go head Marcus off. (SHOUTING) Marcus! How are you this fine morning?

**PLINKY PLONKY MUSIC OVER LIGHT DRONING SOUNDS**

STELLA                            That was pretty quick thinking, of you, you know.

**FX                                ERICA OPENS LIFT DOORS.**

ERICA (OUT OF BREATH) One last pull to get you into the lift.

STELLA Bring it on.

**FX ERICA HUFFS AND PUFFS AND GETS STELLA IN THE LIFT.**

ERICA I just need to shut the doors.

STELLA You can't! Half of your cardboard throne is in the way.

ERICA Don't panic. I've seen people do this with tablecloths. (SHE JERKS THE CARDBOARD FROM UNDERNEATH STELLA)

STELLA (FALLS OFF THE CARDBOARD WITH A BANG) Argh!

ERICA: Not bad for a first attempt. At least you're in the lift.

MARCUS: (OFF) What was that noise?

ALI: (OFF) Maybe it was the ghost! I'll go check.

MARCUS You do that and I'll put all the lights on. And my torch - where's my torch?

**ALI RUNS BACK**

ERICA (HUSHED) Does light protect you then?

ALI He thinks so.

STELLA: I'm fine, by the way.

ALI: But you're\ on the flooe

STELLA: /On the floor, yes I noticed.

MARCUS: (OFF.) Ali! Is it the ghost!?

ALI: (SHOUTS TO MARCUS) I'll sort it. (TO STELLA) Are you okay?



STELLA: Oh you've remembered that I'm here have you?

ALI: What do you mean - ?

STELLA: Pretending you care all of a sudden.

ALI: I'm not the one who thinks this is some kind of fun game. This is my life.

**FX THE SHUTTER BEGINS TO STUTTER ITS SLOW ASCENT AS SHAREWOODS GETS READY TO OPEN.**

MARCUS: (OFF.) Hurry up. We've got 15 minutes to set up the tills.

ALI Erica, help me get the cardboard out of the way.

ERICA My throne. I stayed up all night to make that.

**FX ERICA AND ALI STRUGGLE WITH THE CARDBOARD.**

ALI Leave it.

ERICA No.

ALI Erica...

ERICA No, it's mine!

ALI Leave it!

MARCUS (OFF) That's no ghost! Ali, where are you? I'm coming.

ALI Oh no! (SHOUTING.) I didn't hear anything, Marcus! (TO SELF.) I can't afford to be fired.

**MARCUS'S FOOTSTEPS GET LOUDER. HE'S RUNNING.**

STELLA He's coming!

ALI Stand back.

**FX                      TRYING TO CLOSE THE LIFT DOORS**

ERICA                      Are we going to be arrested?

ALI                         Help me get these doors shut.

**FX                      DOORS SHUTTING**

MARCUS                 (CLOSER.) Ali?

ERICA                      We're all going to prison. That's too stressful. I won't cope. How am I going to cope?

ALI                         Erica shush!

**MARCUS BANGS ON THE LIFT DOORS.**

MARCUS                 Ali!!!

**FX                      LIFT JERKS INTO LIFE.**

END.

**PLINKY PLONKY MUSIC BECOMES MORE SPOOKY AND INTENSE AS THE THEME TUNE PLAYS OUT UNDER CREDITS:**

Stella was played by Amy Conachan, Ali by Kirsty Johnson, Erica by Paislie Reid, Greg by Tachia Newall and Marcus by Jonathan Keeble.

The writer was Kathryn Golding, series advisor was Sarah Daniels, the director was Nickie Wildin, the music was by Oliver Vibrans and the sound designer was Alisdair McGregor.

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