

## BEHIND LUCY'S EYES

*Lucy opened her eyes hazily, "oh damn" she thought, "those are not my curtains"...*

Where for art thou hath my curtains disappearedeth to?" she asked herself as she rose from the giant flower petals that served as her bed. "Time for breakfast, what shall I have?" she pondered. Her mind wandered to the words of Oscar Wilde and considered for a moment that perhaps someone had saved her from her deathbed, that she had some higher purpose to being alive, before realising that these curtains were in fact WORSE than the originals.

*Ext. Lighthouse. Day - A priest knocks at the door*

Looks like I stayed over. Just when I thought I was over Ben. Here I am again. Now to exit quickly, it was already embarrassing enough from what I can remember of last night. Lucy was not very impressed being disturbed while ripping those hideous curtains off the rails. But decided to invite her guest to coffee and some homemade biscuits. When all of a sudden there was a horrific noise. That noise as eerie as it sounded was drawing me towards the basement why, why can't I stop myself as I realised my hand was upon the basement door. What's down there? What is that noise so scary but so compelling? I open the door and slowly descend the steps to the eerie darkness below. Is it to do with those curtains that seem so strange to me now? Oh wait...this is not my house, where am I?

"SUPRIIIIISE!!!" I nearly hit the roof as familiar faces jump out from behind the basements hiding spaces. How could I forget that this is my girlfriends house, how could I forget that it was my birthday??!! Oh well, guess all there is to do now is my meat curtains. Meat, curtains, confusion, happiness in seeing you all again. Thank you I managed to say through my shortness of breath. Startled as I was, still so glad to see everyone here for me for my birthday. Family, friends, all those presents. Are they for me or is this just some vivid dream.

I pinched myself to see and as I did I woke up. I opened my eyes hazily. I looked up disorientated, I knew I wasn't at home or anywhere else I recognised. I knew that from the hideous curtains hanging precariously above my head. At that moment there was a loud bang from outside and tap tap tap of semi automatic gun fire. I popped my head up to the edge of the window. \*BLAT\*. The end.