

FRECKLEBUG

Written by

Anthony Cawood

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[anthony@anthonycawood.co.uk](mailto:anthony@anthonycawood.co.uk)

**INT. BETHANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

BETHANY, 7, is snuggled into bed crying gently, red hair cascading over the pillow.

FOOTSTEPS on the landing.

DAD, 30s, concerned look on his face, enters the room.

DAD  
Bethany, what's wrong?

BETHANY  
Nothing.

DAD  
Crying over nothing, that doesn't sound likely.

BETHANY  
No, well, it's just...

DAD  
Another one?

She nods.

DAD  
Where this time?

Bethany rolls the duvet down and points to her elbow where a small freckle rests.

Dad looks, then laughs.

Bethany pulls the duvet back up.

DAD  
Sorry love, but it's tiny.

She stifles a snuffle.

BETHANY  
But it's still a new one.

DAD  
I know love but...

BETHANY  
The frecklebug?

DAD  
Exactly.

She looks at him intently.

BETHANY  
Really?

DAD  
Yes, really.

Bethany examines her elbow again.

DAD  
You're lucky, the frecklebug only visits special children, and the more freckles the more special the child.

Bethany nods.

DAD  
And you are so special.

He ruffles her hair good-naturedly.

DAD  
Now, sleepybyetime.

She yawns and snuggles down.

BETHANY  
I think I like the frecklebug...

DAD  
Me and Mum love her.

BETHANY  
You think I'll ever see her?

Dad shakes his head.

DAD  
They're like fairies, you know they are around but they're very shy.

Bethany yawns again.

DAD  
Right sleepy time.

He dips his head and plants a gentle kiss on her forehead before tip toeing out of the room.

**LATER**

Bethany snores quietly, arms above the duvet, one leg sticking out.

CLOSE - Her elbow, now with two freckles.

BG - A small iridescent bug, like a rainbow coloured ladybug, flits across the carpet and out of the room

BETHANY  
(asleep)  
Special...