

The Voice of Innocence

written by

Matthew Taylor

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Taylor.MJ88@Gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. TRANSIT VAN - STATIONARY - DAY

ADNAN (29) stubble, sweaty, squeezes the steering wheel. He's alone in the cab, engine on.

Out of the windscreen, in the distance, a bustling Westminster bridge.

Adnan stares out of the windscreen. He takes a deep breath, grabs the gear stick and rams it into first.

The engine REVS, 5,000 RPM.

CHILD (O.S.)

Stop!

The revs stop.

Adnan turns to the passenger seat. OMAR (7) pinnacle of innocence, stares at him, concerned.

OMAR

That was loud.

Adnan examines the child. His face scrunches, tears swell.

Adnan looks forward, clamps his eyes shut, grabs the steering wheel so hard his veins bulge.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Daddy, what's wrong?

ADNAN

You're not here, you're not real.

OMAR

What are you doing?

Adnan reluctantly opens his eyes, turns to Omar.

ADNAN

Please go, please leave. You can't be here.

OMAR

Why?

Adnan attempts to compose himself. Looks ahead.

ADNAN

You're--

He chokes on the words.

ADNAN (CONT'D)
--You died.

OMAR
I died? How?

Sadness turns to anger.

ADNAN
They killed you.

Adnan nods to the civilians walking the streets. Omar peers out of the window.

OMAR
Why did they do that?

ADNAN
They... hate us.

Omar opens his mouth to speak.

ADNAN (CONT'D)
They hate us because they fear us.
They demean our religion, they
interfere without invitation.

Adnan turns to Omar, face screwed in anger.

ADNAN (CONT'D)
They are a blight!

Omar cowers in fear. Adnan softens, apologetic.

ADNAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, son, I didn't mean--

OMAR
--You're scaring me.

Adnan leans back, anxiously rubs his face.

OMAR (CONT'D)
You're not happy anymore, you used
to be happy. Smile more.

ADNAN
You need to leave.

OMAR
Why? Do you not want me here?

Adnan chuckles.

ADNAN
More than anything.

OMAR
Then why do you want me to leave?

civilians pass by the van outside. Adnan Impatiently shuffles.

ADNAN
I don't want you to see what I am about to do.

Omar looks at the civilians outside.

OMAR
Oh. Are you going to hurt them?

ADNAN
Yes.

OMAR
There's children out there,
children like me.

Adnan closes his eyes, breaths deeply.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Will they be dead? Like me?
Do they have daddies as well? You
know, who will be upset, like you
are?

Omar looks at Adnan, quizzical.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Daddy?

Adnan opens his eyes, tearful. He reluctantly looks at Omar.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Will they then try and get revenge,
as well?

ADNAN
Omar, stop it! Please.

scorned, Omar retreats in. He gazes out of the window.

OMAR
Seems silly to me.

ADNAN

You don't understand, Omar, you are just a child.

OMAR

Well, Maybe you should be more like a child. Maybe then you'll smile again, you don't seem like my daddy anymore.

ADNAN

They need to learn! They need to understand. They kill without consequence--

Adnan slams the gear stick into first, builds up the REVS.

ADNAN (CONT'D)

--well I am the consequence!

Omar scrambles across the cab, sobbing, he clings onto Adnan's arm.

OMAR

Daddy. Please don't hurt anyone, not because of me.

Adnan scrunches his eyes shut, rocks backwards and forwards in his chair. The REVS grow louder.

ADNAN

I have to!

OMAR

Please, daddy, please, please.

Adnan sobs, rocking frantically. He cradles his head with his hands.

ADNAN

Please stop, please be quiet.

OMAR

Daddy! Please! For me.

ADNAN

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

Adnan releases his foot from the accelerator, the revs reduce to a hum. He looks to the passenger seat. Empty.

Adnan stares out of the windscreen at the passing civilians, some stare back, others flee in fear.

Adnan breaks down, sobs uncontrollably into his hands.

He manages to sit up, compose himself slightly. He turns off the engine, it's dim hum falls silent.

Adnan falls back in his seat, places his hand on the empty passenger seat. He closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.