

Voice of the Voiceless

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

A hectic environment where medical officials are scurrying from one end of the hospital to the other.

Doors SLIDING open and shut as NURSES and DOCTORS rush from one patient to the next.

PATIENT'S MOANS and GROANS are heard between the sliding doors.

CORRIDOR

JENNIFER WRIGHT, a doctor in her early thirties, runs from one end of the corridor to another past nurses and doctors.

PATIENT ROOM

HENRY is a ten-year-old boy with a lung infection.

He is in bed coughing and wheezing. His forehead is sweating.

Although awake, the toll of the infection makes him look unresponsive.

His mother stands next to his bed comforting him.

Jennifer catches her breath as she walks in the room.

The mother stops talking to Henry when Jennifer enters the room.

Jennifer reads the chart.

JENNIFER

Sorry, hope you haven't been  
waiting too long. How's the little  
trooper?

Henry almost coughs up a lung.

Jennifer feels his pain. She is saddened to see Henry hurting.

THE MOTHER

It's been going on for a few weeks  
now.

Henry wheezes.

Then wheezing turns into a strong cough causing him pain.

He starts to tear up.

JENNIFER

I know it hurts, but please don't  
cry you're gonna get me going.

His mother rubs Henry's back to comfort him.

Jennifer takes out a thermometer.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(to Henry)

Can you open up for me?

Henry tries to be strong.

She puts the thermometer in his mouth.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Please don't try to eat it.

Henry tries to laugh.

His mother smiles, but it quickly turns to worry when he  
wheezes louder.

Jennifer prepares her stethoscope to listen to Henry's chest.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

All right, let's have a listen.

THE MOTHER

(to Henry)

It'll be all right, honey.

The room quietens as Jennifer listens until the only thing  
that can be heard is Henry's wheezing.

Jennifer then looks at the thermometer; 105.

JENNIFER

I believe your son may have a lung  
infection. I'm going to give him  
antibiotics and keep him here for a  
few days to monitor his health.

THE MOTHER

(nods while comforting  
Henry)

Okay. Thank you doctor.

Jennifer smiles before leaving the room.

Henry continues to cough and wheeze.

CORRIDOR

A man slowly exits the supply closet. Hand is shaking as he limps away.

This man is DOCTOR SALLOW; middle aged. Dealing with shoulder problems from a fall. One of his arms tremble occasionally from the pain. He also has a small scar on the side of his head.

He doesn't get too far until his path is obstructed by Jennifer.

DOCTOR SALLOW  
(no eye contact)  
Sorry, excuse me.

JENNIFER  
Are you all right?

Doctor Sallow looks up slightly.

DOCTOR SALLOW  
Yeah, sorry Jen. Busy shift,  
y'know?

Jennifer notices his hand is shaking.

JENNIFER  
Are you happy to see me?

Doctor Sallow makes eye contact, but confusion takes him over.

Jennifer signals for him to look down.

When he does, he sees an abnormally large bulge.

He nervously laughs it off.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
How many times today?

DOCTOR SALLOW  
A few, but I have it under control.

JENNIFER  
Okay, let's see it.

DOCTOR SALLOW  
(looks around nervously)  
Not here.

JENNIFER  
Yes. I want it now. It's been  
months, hasn't it? And if you can't  
stop yourself, I'll do it for you.

DOCTOR SALLOW  
You think-  
(looks around, then he  
whispers)  
You think I'm not trying to stop  
myself. I tried, but once it builds  
up I need to-

Doctor Sallow's right arm starts to tremble.

JENNIFER  
I understand it's a release, but  
this can't continue. It's been  
months, you refuse to get help, and  
now you're stealing from the  
hospital.

DOCTOR SALLOW  
Enough! I don't want to hear it,  
all right. I don't have a problem.  
I just like the feeling, okay.

Doctor Sallow winces in pain and holds his shoulder.

Jennifer puts her hand out.

JENNIFER  
Give it to me, Carl. And get some  
help, before it's too late.

Doctor Sallow reaches into his pants and gives Jennifer a  
bottle of painkillers.

Then storms off.

STAFF LOCKER ROOM

Jennifer is clocking out of work. She finishes getting  
changed.

Then closes her locker.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - DAY

A scorcher of a day. That's what it's like for the residence in this gated community.

A COUPLE is taking a stroll. Slow paced. Lovingly next to one another.

Three CHILDREN riding their bicycles speed past.

It's a peaceful day in the neighbourhood.

And the sun smiles down from above.

INT. JENNIFER AND RACHEL'S RESIDENCE - DAY

JENNIFER'S OFFICE

The office has book shelves filled with medical books.

What a lovely day, and after a day at work, Jennifer is still working. This time however, she is in front of her computer.

Jennifer is reading a medical journal she found online.

The TUNE of the ice cream van resonates across the neighbourhood.

She pauses, then turns to look out of her office window.

She sighs.

The tune of the ice cream van is getting louder as it approaches her home.

The tune is drowning the gleeful cheers from children chasing the van.

The van stops near her house.

The tune stops bellowing out of the horn, but the children continue to voice their excitement.

They all rush to the VENDOR wrestling to be the first in line.

The vendor gives out the ice cream, his face isn't shown.

Jennifer chuckles at the sight.

Her phone RINGS. RACHEL; her girlfriend, is calling.

Jennifer puts her on loudspeaker. Still looking at the children.

JENNIFER  
Little busy with work right now.

INT. HOTEL (NEW ORLEANS) - SAME TIME

RACHEL; Jennifer's older girlfriend by at least five years  
lays comfortably on the bed with the phone to her ear.

RACHEL  
Good to hear from you too. I just  
called to say today is going well.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JENNIFER  
Is it? Then why are you on the  
phone with me.

RACHEL  
Can't I just call and share good  
news.

JENNIFER  
So you're bored, huh?

RACHEL  
Yeah, little. The conference ended  
early so I'm now stuck in this  
hotel room.

JENNIFER  
Nothing's stopping you from going  
outside.

Rachel looks out of the hotel window.

RACHEL  
It would be nice to do a little  
exploring.

JENNIFER  
And you can pick me up a little  
something.

Rachel laughs it.

RACHEL  
I should be home tomorrow.  
Hopefully before nightfall.

JENNIFER  
I can hardly wait.

RACHEL  
To see me or the present.

JENNIFER  
(pauses, then)  
Sorry love, I gotta get back to  
work.

Jennifer hangs up the phone.

END OF INTERCUT

INT. JENNIFER AND RACHEL'S RESIDENCE - DAY

JENNIFER'S OFFICE

She then looks out of the window.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - DAY

STREET

Jennifer is jogging; casual wear, it's a hot day.

She gives way for others to walk gleefully smiling at all  
passer-byes; ADULTS and CHILDREN.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Jennifer is now jogging on a pebbled path. Her steps CRUNCH  
on the stony terrain.

Her breathing is controlled. She jogs until fatigue takes  
over.

Deep inhale. The air calm her stress level.

BIRDS TWEET from their nested branch.

Her jogging has slowed to a gentle walk.

She goes off the path.

Her steps CRUNCH the foliage.

She is enjoying nature.



ROBERT (O.S.)  
 (calling out)  
 Elizabeth.

Jennifer stops.

Then looks around, spots ROBERT worryingly calling out.

JENNIFER  
 Hello, is everything okay?

A hefty man in his forties with sweaty underarm staining his wife beater. Baggy trousers, and sneakers.

A little spacey, to some it could be confused as slow witted.

ROBERT  
 (calling out)  
 Elizabeth.

JENNIFER  
 Is that your child?

Robert slowly turns his attention to Jennifer.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Is Elizabeth your daughter?

ROBERT  
 I can't find her.

They both walk to look for Robert's daughter.

MATTHEW; twenty-one years old, watches them walk together.

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS

Jennifer walks with Robert assisting him to look for who she thinks is his "daughter".

JENNIFER  
 Does Elizabeth often wander in the woods?

ROBERT  
 She likes nature. It's very quiet and...  
 (thinks)  
 Away from everything.

JENNIFER

It's an escape isn't it? Being out here makes you forget about your worries.

Robert trips on a rock. Stumbles to the ground and lands on his hands and knees.

Jennifer helps him up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

This act of kindness confuses Robert.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

ROBERT

(nods, then)

Yes, thank you.

Jennifer walks ahead.

JENNIFER

(yells out)

Elizabeth.

Robert, still confused, stands back stunned.

Smiles.

Then follows.

But his smiles quickly turns to sadness.

Robert slows down.

He then looks around worried. He trails back.

Jennifer notices.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'm sure we'll find her.

Robert stops.

Rustling echoes the area.

Now his worry turns to fear. But not for Elizabeth, fear for Jennifer.

Robert stares at her like a worried puppy.

ROBERT

Thank you. But I don't want you to be out here right now. I mean, you probably have things to do.

JENNIFER

It can wait. Finding Elizabeth is more important.

Robert grows concern. Again, he looks around. Something is coming, and he knows it.

Jennifer walks further ahead. It starts to rain.

More rustling. Robert springs into action.

ROBERT

(reaches out)

Wait!

Jennifer turns towards him.

A log swings from behind, and...

WHACK.

Everything goes black.

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS

Jennifer eyes flutter; she slowly regains consciousness.

Her vision is blurry, but she can see a female figure dragging her by one leg.

She also sees Robert walking beside her.

The female figure is ELIZABETH; not Robert's daughter but his wife. Older than him by three years and sporting a perpetual scowl. Lifelong stress and pain is permanently etched on her face.

ELIZABETH

Honestly Robert, what were you thinking?

Robert doesn't respond.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What if she would've figured out something was wrong, huh? You don't want a repeat of what happened last time, do you?. Or maybe you do.

Again, Robert doesn't respond.

He looks at Jennifer with regret and sorrow.

Jennifer's eyes closes. She loses consciousness.

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS

Jennifer once again regains consciousness.

Elizabeth is still dragging Jennifer.

ELIZABETH

Get the door.

Jennifer's head tilts up. She sees it - A small wooden cabin.

Robert treads his feet slowly walking towards the cabin.

Jennifer is being dragged as Robert opens the door.

She fights against it, but Elizabeth fights back.  
Unimaginable strength for an old woman.

Jennifer turns her body to crawl away.

A tug of war occurs. On one end, Jennifer tries to crawl to safety. On the other, Elizabeth is pulling her to her doom.

Elizabeth is winning.

Jennifer cries out as she fights to survive.

She turns her body.

Pulls Elizabeth close with her leg. Then KICKS her with the other.

She glances at Robert for help.

He does nothing. Head down; ashamed.

She scurries away.

Elizabeth TACKLES her to the ground.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Remember me?

SLAMS her head on the ground. A GASH forms on her forehead.

And again for good measures.

Elizabeth pulls her towards the cabin. Blood drips down Jennifer's face.

Scratching and crawling is futile, but she tries.

Inside the cabin behind them; wood, leafage, and a toolbox can be seen.

And when Jennifer is inside the cabin, Robert slowly walks in and closes the door behind him.

SMACK.

CRACK.

THUD.

No one can begin to comprehend the unimaginable horror this poor woman is enduring at this time.

No one except those who understand the blood curdling screams that echoes through the wilderness.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The screaming have stopped.

The door swings open.

Elizabeth walks out first; expressionless.

Then Robert.

He glances back. Sorrow plastered on his face.

He turns to submissively follow Elizabeth.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer lays on the ground.

Her body trembles from the pain.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Jennifer limps slowly.

## ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS

Along the pebbled path, Jennifer slowly limps. Bruised. Bloodied. Violated. Her body hurts with every step taken.

She wants to stop. She wants to collapse. Jennifer is struggling, but she forces her body to walk.

## INT. JENNIFER AND RACHEL'S RESIDENCE - LATER

The front door opens.

## BATHROOM

Jennifer is throwing up in the toilet.

## BEDROOM

Jennifer lays in her bed. Eyes wide open. One of them blackened and swollen. Her body trembles.

She stares at the photo of her and Rachel lovingly embracing at a park. the photo is on her bedside cabinet.

The picture was taken a year ago, Jennifer's happiness is on full display. A smile that beams from ear to ear. If the eyes are a window to her soul, her soul would be lively and full of never ending joy.

And now Jennifer is laying on her bed with tears in her eyes staring at a soul that may be lost forever.

## INT. JENNIFER AND RACHEL'S RESIDENCE - DAY

## KITCHEN

Jennifer stands in her kitchen clasping a mug of coffee with trembling hands. She has a long sleeve top to cover her bruises. She also has a cut on her forehead.

She takes a sip.

Rachel walks into the kitchen; Fatigued.

## RACHEL

I tell you it's good to be home.  
(notices Jennifer)  
Oh my god. What happened to you?

Jennifer puts on a brave face.

JENNIFER

My fault. I was jogging in the woods. Tripped head first on a rock.

RACHEL

(doubting)

A rock?

No response. Jennifer just embarrassingly smiles. Then drinks her coffee.

Rachel tries to brush Jennifer's hair away to see the cut on her forehead.

That startles Jennifer.

She drops the mug on the counter and spills the coffee.

The tip of the mug breaks.

JENNIFER

Shit!

Jennifer rushes to get a sponge.

Then cleans the counter.

RACHEL

Do you need help?

JENNIFER

Yes. I mean no. Sorry, the mug just slipped. I'm fine, honestly.

RACHEL

Are you sure?

JENNIFER

Yeah, just tired. Didn't get much sleep last night.

Rachel notices droplets of blood on the counter where Jennifer was cleaning.

RACHEL

(worried)

Jen, are you sure you're okay?

Jennifer stops wiping the counter as soon as Rachel holds her hand.

The window to the soul is the eyes, and if that's true, then for Jennifer there's nothing but pain.

Rachel looks down at Jennifer's hands. One of them is bleeding from the shard of the mug that broke.

JENNIFER

It just hurts.

Rachel leads Jennifer to the tap.

Then helps to wash her hands.

RACHEL

Go and sit down, I'll finish up here.

DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

Jennifer opens the cabinet and takes out a bandage.

Wraps bandages around the cut on her hand.

Looks in the mirror; pain in her eyes. She doesn't recognise the woman staring back at her.

LIVING ROOM

Jennifer sits on the couch.

Looks in the direction of the kitchen. Thinks; unsure if she should tell Rachel what happened.

Rachel's suitcase is by the couch.

Jennifer notices from the corner of her eye. There is a travel bag on top; it's open.

A noticeable jewellery box sits atop and it brings a smile to her face.

She reaches for it.

RACHEL

Hands to yourself.

Jennifer sits back. Rachel joins her at the couch.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(gives her the box)

I saw this and thought of you.



Jennifer opens the box. A mix of shock and happiness brings her to tears.

She stares at an engagement ring. Didn't notice Rachel getting down on one knee.

Now she does.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Will you marry me?

Jennifer chokes up; she can't talk. She just nods while trying to say the word "yes".

Rachel puts the ring on Jennifer's finger.

Then kisses her.

Jennifer can hear Elizabeth laughing. Fiendish, humiliating laughter that tortures her soul.

She pushes Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Is something wrong?

Jennifer looks around. Elizabeth isn't there.

She looks back at Rachel.

JENNIFER  
No. I just didn't think all of this would happen.

Rachel smiles, then holds her uninjured hand.

Jennifer smiles back. Only thing she can do.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY. QUIET STREET - DAY

A lovely day for a walk around the neighbourhood. The sun shines, but greyish clouds are beginning to form.

Rachel and Jennifer stop at the sight of one of their neighbours; CLAIRE, an elderly woman who comes from money.

Claire is attaching a notice to a lamppost. She had been putting up a notice on several lampposts.

Her son; Matthew, a nerdy mama's boy in his early twenties stands next to her with a handful of flyers.

The notices read; TWO PEOPLE. ONE MALE, ONE FEMALE. HAVE BEEN SEEN LURKING IN THE WOODS. IF YOU SEE ANYONE LOOKING SUSPICIOUS, DO NOT APPROACH. CALL THE POLICE.

RACHEL

How awful.

Claire is spooked; she didn't expect anyone behind her.

CLAIRE

Oh Rachel. Did you hear?

Rachel's eyes are still on the notices.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Can you believe it? In our own neighbourhood.

RACHEL

Shouldn't we call the police?

CLAIRE

They didn't find anyone. They just said we shouldn't go near the woods.

RACHEL

(sarcastic)

That's assuring.

CLAIRE

(to Matthew)

This is why I don't like you going into those woods. Honestly Matthew, what if something happened to you yesterday?

JENNIFER

Yesterday?

MATTHEW

I'm fine mother. Nothing happened.

CLAIRE

Well it could have. I heard they approached Susan's boy in the woods last week. Thank god he had the good sense to run away.

Jennifer feels ashamed; she shouldn't, but she does.

RACHEL

Honestly, what are people like that thinking?

JENNIFER  
 (soft spoken)  
 Makes you wonder.

CLAIRE  
 It sure does. I do pray nothing  
 happens to either of you.  
 (holds Jennifer's hand)  
 You know, when you two moved here I  
 had my doubts. Two young beautiful  
 ladies living together, I didn't  
 know what to expect. But after  
 meeting you both, I realised, you  
 aren't that bad.  
 (notices ring)  
 I see congratulations are in order.

Rachel gleefully grins.

Jennifer is still in her head; shame and guilt controls her  
 mind.

She forces a kind smile.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 When's the big day?

RACHEL  
 Soon, hopefully.

JENNIFER  
 We haven't set a date yet.

RACHEL  
 We're just enjoying the moment.

CLAIRE  
 Well how about enjoying a drink?  
 Tonight?

INT. CLAIRE'S RESIDENT - NIGHT

LIVING AREA

A posh resident. As posh as the other houses in the  
 neighbourhood. Expensive decor. Rain hits the windows.

On the side table where a vase of white roses sits, a photo  
 of Claire and Matthew rests next to it.

A wine cork flies across the room. The bubbly overflows.

She holds three glasses in one hand. Then pours with the other.

RACHEL

Careful.

CLAIRE

Trust me dear, I know how to pour champagne.

Claire gives Jennifer a glass. Jennifer smiles in gratitude.

Claire then gives one to Rachel.

RACHEL

Thank you.

They all enjoy their drinks while conversing.

CLAIRE

How was your trip by the way?

RACHEL

Tiring. The travel was for sure.

CLAIRE

Isn't it always.

RACHEL

But the convention wasn't, believe it or not. Just a couple of meetings a day.

CLAIRE

You had a lot of time to yourself then.

RACHEL

I did do a lot of sight seeing. I tell you, New Orleans is a lovely city.

CLAIRE

And you Jen?

Jennifer is staring out of the window as the rain showers the neighbourhood.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Jennifer?

Jennifer slowly turns. She had been in her head all this time and wasn't paying attention to the conversation.

RACHEL  
Jennifer decided to stay home. She  
had patients and-

The sky growls.

CLAIRE  
How quick the weather changes.

Jennifer swallows the rest of her drink.

JENNIFER  
(playfully)  
How quick can you refill my drink?

Claire smiles it off and pours.

CLAIRE  
Didn't know you were much of a  
drinker.

JENNIFER  
I used to be.  
(looks at glass)  
Maybe I should slow down.

Jennifer takes a sip then puts the glass down on the table.

Rachel reaches over to hold her hand.

RACHEL  
Is everything okay?

Jennifer doesn't say anything. She just gives a friendly  
smile.

Then the sky growls, again.

JENNIFER  
(nods, then)  
I just need to wash up, excuse me.

Matthew walks through the front door.

Claire sees him about to walk up the stairs.

CLAIRE  
Oh, Matthew, you're home late.

MATTHEW  
Stayed in the library. I had some  
studying to do.

CLAIRE  
Would you like something to eat?

MATTHEW  
No thanks. I'm going straight to  
bed, I have work in the morning.

CLAIRE  
Okay honey. Goodnight.

BATHROOM

Jennifer splashes water on her face.

Then looks at her reflection.

JENNIFER  
I'm okay.  
(deep breath)  
I'm okay.

Lightning STRIKES nearby.

Jennifer once again splashes water on her face.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
I'm okay.

Another lightning STRIKE.

Then the power goes out.

Jennifer recoils.

Then thunder RUMBLES the sky.

The room is dark.

Then lightning STRIKES again revealing Jennifer's reflection  
staring at her; it's normal.

She stares at the mirror. The room is once again dark.

Then lightning STRIKES again.

And when it does, the facial expression on Jennifer's  
reflection changes. She now stares menacingly. Judgmentally.

It's dark once again.

Lighting STRIKES a third time.

Her face then slowly changes to reflect her true inner self.

Her nose and mouth bleeds. Scratches covers her face. One of her eyes blackened and swollen. A gash on her forehead where blood drips down one side of her face.

That sight strikes fear in Jennifer's heart. She covers her mouth to stop from screaming.

Then runs out of the bathroom.

LIVING ROOM

Claire has two torches in her hands. Gives one to Rachel.

RACHEL  
(tongue in cheek)  
God really knows how to ruin an evening, huh?

CLAIRE  
Won't ruin mine.

Claire takes a sip of champagne.

Jennifer hurries into the room. Still in shock.

She stumbles in the dark.

Turns to Rachel holding a light to her like a deer caught in a headlights.

Then lightning STRIKES.

It scares Jennifer. She panics. Then turns back to Rachel.

From the darkness behind Jennifer, Elizabeth peeks her head and whispers in her ear.

ELIZABETH  
It's your fault.

She swings her head back. Loses balance.

Rachel jumps up.

As Jennifer falls, so does the torch from Rachel's hand.

Jennifer's body breaks the glass coffee table.

A shard of glass pierces her abdomen.

The torch hits the floor.

The light from the torch beams into Jennifer's eyes. She lays unconscious. A small pool of blood forms around her head.

Rachel rushes to Jennifer's side.

CLAIRE  
Oh dear god!

RACHEL  
Call an ambulance. Quick!

THE NEXT DAY

INT. HOSPITAL. PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

Jennifer is sleeping in a hospital bed. Her head is bandaged.

Rachel is by her side.

Her eyes fixed on Jennifer. There is a glass of water with a straw sticking out on the over bed table.

Jennifer's fingers twitch. Then her eyes flutter. She awakens.

The doctor checks on Jennifer.

He stands patiently. She is slowly regaining consciousness.

DOCTOR JONES; years in the medical field, and still holds a deep passion for bringing care to others.

RACHEL  
Doctor, how is she?

Doctor Jones is holding Jennifer's chart along with her abdominal x-ray.

DOCTOR JONES  
Why don't we ask her?

Jennifer is conscious but groggy.

She tries to speak, but the words get stuck in her throat.

Rachel holds the glass of water. Jennifer drinks, then smiles in gratitude.

JENNIFER  
(weak)  
I'm fine.



DOCTOR JONES

Are you sure? You're free to talk here.

RACHEL

What do you mean? Jen, what is he taking about?

The room gets quiet. The doctor doesn't think it's his place to say anything. Jennifer is too ashamed to speak.

Silence can't go on forever, the doctor has to say something.

DOCTOR JONES

I took x-rays when you arrived to see the damage of the injury. The good news, you didn't need surgery.

The doctor shows them the x-ray. The abdominal wound is noticeable, but worse than that, so are the bruised ribs Jennifer suffered from the assault.

DOCTOR JONES (CONT'D)

This is a difficult question but I have to ask. Jennifer, were you assaulted?

Shock from Rachel to the point of tears as Jennifer lowers her head from the shame she feels.

TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - DAY

LIZ' ROOM

A teenager's room. ELIZABETH/LIZ was their daughter. She died of a car accident seven years ago.

The room is immaculate. It has always been kept clean and untouched since their daughter was taken from them.

Robert sits on a chair next to the bed. He is watching television. Deep sorrow shows in his eyes.

ON TELEVISION

The footage shows Liz' first steps. Laughter and joy fills the room.

LIZ' ROOM

A smile appears on Robert's face, but behind the smile is a tortured father yearning for a daughter that will never return.

ELIZABETH

What are you doing in her room?!

Robert was so fixed on the television he didn't realise Elizabeth entering the room.

Robert looks at Elizabeth. There's pain in his eyes, but hate in hers.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I don't want you back in this room.  
Go and play with your stupid train  
or something.

Robert stands without responding in any way.

Then walks out of the room without saying a word.

The television is still on and the home video is still playing.

Elizabeth stares at her child's smile.

She turns the television off; can't bear to watch it.

INT. JENNIFER AND RACHEL'S RESIDENCE - DAY

JENNIFER'S OFFICE

Jennifer is behind her desk typing on her laptop.

She stops, takes a sip of her coffee, then continues.

Rachel peeks her head inside.

RACHEL

I should be back shortly.

Jennifer nods in an understanding manner.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Do you need anything?

JENNIFER

No, thank you.

RACHEL

You've been stuck in your office  
everyday since the hospital.

JENNIFER

I have a lot of work to do.

RACHEL

Are you sure you should be working  
so hard after-

JENNIFER

(suddenly)

Yes.

(then)

Life goes on, doesn't it?

Rachel doesn't want to push.

RACHEL

Okay. I love you.

JENNIFER

(smile)

I know.

Rachel stares at Jennifer worried.

Then slowly closes the door.

Jennifer turns her attention back to her computer screen. She  
continues what she was doing.

Then stops. Looks out of the window.

Watches children run to the ice cream vendor.

She then brushes the blinds aside to get a better view.

The children cheerfully gets their ice cream. Jennifer finds  
her smile. Her genuine smile. The joyful screams of the  
children fills her heart with delight.

But that quickly comes to an end.

Across the street she stares eyes with the one person that  
could paralyse her with fear.

Elizabeth stares coldly at Jennifer.

Jennifer snaps her head away from the window and back to her  
computer screen.

Slams the laptop down. Fear takes over her body.

The cheerful screams from children enjoying ice cream turns a soft whisper, then it's dead quiet.

Jennifer is all alone as the darkness she feels envelopes her.

She takes a slow, deep breath.

Soft whispers start to fill the air, then the happy cheers from children begins to echo around the neighbourhood.

Jennifer slowly looks back out of the window.

Elizabeth isn't there anymore.

#### LIVING ROOM

Jennifer looks out of the window; this one is bigger than the one in the office; more of a bay window.

She takes a good look around.

#### JENNIFER'S P.O.V - STREET

People are walking. One couple is pushing a pram. Children are getting ice cream - from this view, the vendor isn't seen. Elizabeth is no where to be found.

She snaps her head towards her front door.

Nobody.

#### BACK TO SCENE

Jennifer slowly a couple of steps away from the window.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

#### HALLWAY

Jennifer cautiously opens the front door carefully looking to see who is visiting.

CLAIRE

Hello, dear. Is this a bad time?

Jennifer shakes her head, then opens the door to let her inside.

She takes a quick look around before closing the door.

LIVING ROOM

CLAIRE  
How are you doing?

JENNIFER  
Keeping it together. You know, the  
work, the house and...everything.

Claire nods in understanding.

CLAIRE  
No, dear. How are you doing?

JENNIFER  
I'm doing okay. At least, I think I  
am. Would you like a drink?

CLAIRE  
That would be nice.

Jennifer nods.

She notices dishes on the table.

She clears the table of the half empties coffee mug and plate  
with bread crust on it; Rachel's lunch.

Then leaves to put them away.

Claire sits. Turns the television on; the news.

NEWS ANCHOR  
We will let you know when more  
unfolds.  
(pause)  
A school girl, just fourteen years  
old, has said she was assaulted in  
the school bathroom while everyone  
else was in class.

SMASH!

Two glasses of water shatter on the wooden floor.

Jennifer's hands tremble. She is staring at the television.

Claire jumps back on her seat startled by the glass breaking.

CLAIRE  
Oh god, are you all right?

Jennifer is transfixed by the news story.

NEWS ANCHOR

We don't know much yet about what happened. We asked the school about this but they haven't gotten back with their response.

CLAIRE

Jennifer?

She snaps out of it.

Walks to the couch, her eyes never leave the television.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Can you believe this? Poor girl. That boy ruined her life.

JENNIFER

It isn't a life sentence.

CLAIRE

No, but it won't be the same. I hope she will speak up about it.

JENNIFER

(quietly)

I wanted to, but it's not that simple.

CLAIRE

Did you say something?

Jennifer silently stares at the television. She tries to keep a strong exterior but a tear falls from her eye.

LATER

HALLWAY

Rachel enters her home.

LIVING ROOM

The living room is empty. The television is turned off.

Rachel puts her bag on the couch.

JENNIFER'S OFFICE

Rachel slowly opens the door to Jennifer's office.

The office is empty.

She notices the cup of coffee. Now near empty.

Curious, she lifts the laptop screen. A deep sadness takes over her demeanour.

On the screen is a web page about mental health and PTSD.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jennifer walks into a busy police station; timid. There is an air of uncertainty in her movements.

She slowly walks to the reception desk.

A couple of POLICE OFFICERS are watching as they get on with their work; either on their phones, on their computers, or conversing with one another.

JENNIFER

(whispers)

I would like to talk to someone,  
please?

The reception clerk behind the desk greets her with a smile.

RECEPTION CLERK

Okay, can I ask what this is about?

DETECTIVE EVANS walks past. A man of determination and conviction. Holds himself upright at all times. Talks boldly and forthrightly.

JENNIFER

My name is Jennifer Wright. I would  
just like to talk to someone...  
please.

Detective Evans notices Jennifer's scared demeanour. Her finger scratches on the counter top of the reception desk.

DETECTIVE EVANS

I'm Detective Evans. How can I  
help?

DETECTIVE EVANS' OFFICE

Detective Evans stares at her.

He is patiently waiting for Jennifer to talk but it could be misconstrued as nerve wrecking.

His desk is filled with paper work on one end. A computer and phone on the other. His name plate is barely noticeable.

Jennifer sits on a chair. Her knee trembles anxiously. She wants to speak but her fear prevents her.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
It's okay, take your time.

JENNIFER  
I'm sorry. This is rather  
difficult.

Jennifer is trying to piece her words together. She is whispering what she is trying to say but it is too low to be audible.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Did you see something?

FLASHBACK - JENNIFER'S P.O.V

INT. CABIN - DAY

Elizabeth stands atop a fallen Jennifer.

Her boot SLAMS down on her body.

BACK TO SCENE

Jennifer doesn't say anything. Her arms trembles as they wrap around her abdomen.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Did you hear anything?

SCREAMS AND PLEAS can be heard from Jennifer's mind echoing around the room.

Jennifer can't bear the noise. She closes her eyes tightly while trying desperately to stop the noise.

DETECTIVE EVANS (CONT'D)  
Did something happen?

FLASHBACK



INT. CABIN - DAY

Jennifer lays motionless. One of her arm slowly reaches for her trousers. With great pain, she pulls them up.

BACK TO SCENE

The detective leans in a little closer.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
(concern)  
Jennifer?

JENNIFER  
(quickly)  
I was attacked.

Silence.

The detective leans back in his chair. Stares at Jennifer.

Then leaves the room.

Jennifer patiently waits. Who knows what is running through her mind at this time.

The detective returns. Closes the door behind him.

Then sits down.

Takes a pen and pad from his drawer.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Take your time.

He starts taking notes as he questions Jennifer.

DETECTIVE EVANS (CONT'D)  
Jennifer Wright?

He looks over for approval.

She nods.

DETECTIVE EVANS (CONT'D)  
Okay Jennifer, how are you feeling right now?

Jennifer doesn't know how to answer. She just shrugs.

JENNIFER  
It happened about a week ago.

DETECTIVE EVANS

One wee-

JENNIFER

And five days.

DETECTIVE EVANS

Did it happen at home?

Jennifer shakes her head.

JENNIFER

Nearby. I was jogging.

DETECTIVE EVANS

And that's when he attacked?

JENNIFER

They.

DETECTIVE EVANS

They?

JENNIFER

It was a couple. I think they were married.

DETECTIVE EVANS

Anything else?

JENNIFER

I don't remember much.

(thinks)

Elizabeth.

DETECTIVE EVANS

Elizabeth?

JENNIFER

He was looking for Elizabeth.

DETECTIVE EVANS

He?

JENNIFER

Robert. He was looking for his daughter.

DETECTIVE EVANS

He had a daughter?

JENNIFER

No, Elizabeth was his wife.

DETECTIVE EVANS

Did you know them? I mean, have you seen them before?

JENNIFER

I don't think so.

DETECTIVE EVANS

(thinks, then)

Miss Wright, what do you do for a living?

JENNIFER

I'm a doctor. Why? Is that important.

DETECTIVE EVANS

I don't know. There might be a connection. Maybe angry parents. I'll let you know when we have any news.

JENNIFER

I think someone saw what happened? Saw me-

The detective doesn't respond. He leans forward and patiently waits for her to continue.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

My neighbour's son, Matthew. I don't know, but he was hiking in the woods at the time that I-

She doesn't finish her sentence, she can't.

The detective takes notes.

DETECTIVE EVANS

Thank you Jennifer. I will look into this and keep you updated.

He stands and walks to the door.

Then he reaches for the handle before...

JENNIFER

There are days when I can't leave my house.

He puts his hand out.

She reaches for it.

Then stands.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Have you been to the hospital?

JENNIFER  
(nods, then)  
It could have happened to your  
wife.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
(sighs, then)  
We will find them.

Detective Evans looks at a picture of the his wife and  
daughter on the desk. A happy smiling family.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jennifer leaves the station.

She doesn't see him, but there is an officer leading doctor  
Sallow into the police station in handcuffs.

Jennifer bumps into a woman.

JENNIFER  
Sorry I-

The sight of the woman cuts her off. It's Elizabeth. She  
smirks at Jennifer.

Jennifer frightfully turns away.

Then turns back. It's not Elizabeth, but a frail old WOMAN  
who is disorientated. Others nearby help her.

Jennifer steps back.

Then hurries away.

INT. JENNIFER AND RACHEL'S RESIDENCE - EVENING

DINING ROOM

Rachel and Jennifer sits around the dinner table; spaghetti  
and meatballs are on the menu tonight.

Jennifer is eating slowly.

Rachel is not eating. She just stares at Jennifer; her arms crossed on the table and a sadness in her eyes.

JENNIFER  
You're not hungry?

RACHEL  
I'm worried.

JENNIFER  
Did the caterer cancel?

Rachel doesn't say anything. Her deep worry for Jennifer can be seen in her furrowed brow and near-teary eyes.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
I'm doing okay.

RACHEL  
That's a little vague.

JENNIFER  
I'm doing okay right now.

Although Jennifer puts up a tough front, Rachel can spot the pain inside her eyes.

RACHEL  
Then why can't you tell me?

JENNIFER  
I just don't want you to worry.

RACHEL  
And I don't want you to do this alone. You can talk to me.

Jennifer goes back to eating as silence fills the room.

JENNIFER  
I went to the police station today.

RACHEL  
What did they say?

JENNIFER  
They just asked a few questions.  
Nothing I haven't heard before.  
They think I know the attackers.

Jennifer nods her head implying she doesn't.

RACHEL  
Do you?

JENNIFER

I don't know. I don't remember.

RACHEL

What do you remember?

Anxiety builds inside Jennifer. She feels uncomfortable in her seat.

JENNIFER

I don't want to talk about it?

RACHEL

Think, maybe you-?

JENNIFER

Can we not talk about this right now, please?

After a moment of silence.

RACHEL

Did you try to-

JENNIFER

Not right now! Please?

RACHEL

Jen, what happened to you-

Jennifer filled with rage slams the plate on the table and smashes it.

JENNIFER

I know what happened to me!

Her hands shake. She takes a moment, then-

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry it did.

Jennifer walks out.

Rachel wants to say something, but she can't find the word. She just watches Jennifer leave.

KITCHEN - EVENING

Jennifer is in the kitchen washing the dishes.

Rachel is in the background staring at Jennifer with pain in her heart; conflicted by giving her space and doing something to help.

JENNIFER  
I'm sorry about earlier.

RACHEL  
I don't want an apology. I just  
want to understand.

JENNIFER  
Yeah, so do I.

Jennifer finishes cleaning the dishes.

Then turns the tap off.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jennifer is jogging near the same path as before.

She stops, looks towards the woods.

The screams and pleas from that day is all too clear. It's as  
loud as if it was coming out of her mouth right at that  
moment.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
Remember me?

INT. JENNIFER AND RACHEL'S RESIDENCE - DAY

BEDROOM

Jennifer frustratingly rummages through her belongings in a  
closet.

She pushes junk out of the way until she finds an old box.  
It's titled: "MISTAKE".

LIVING AREA

The box is opened on the coffee table; multi-coloured pens,  
newspaper clippings, a diary and a file are the content of  
this box.

Jennifer takes out the file.

Flicks through it. Then reads;

"JENNIFER WRIGHT."

MANSLAUGHTER (7 YEARS, 10 MONTHS).

VICTIM: ELIZABETH BROWN (14 YEARS OLD).

There's a newspaper clipping attached to the file.

Jennifer stares at it.

The title reads: ALCOHOLIC DRIVES OVER FOURTEEN YEAR OLD SCHOOLGIRL.

It shows a picture of Jennifer staring at a middle aged woman on her knees holding Elizabeth (Liz). Some of the on-lookers glare at Jennifer judgmentally while others stare at the child with a heavy heart.

Then the memory of that day grabs her attention.

FLASHBACK

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (SEVEN YEARS AGO)

Jennifer is driving slowly.

CHILDREN walk home from school.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer cautiously looks around as she drives.

Children are laughing and socialising with each other.

Some are standing between parked cars waiting for a safe time to cross; despite the traffic crossing ten feet away from them.

Jennifer sips a can of beer while driving, but doesn't take her eyes off the road.

Her phone rings. Jennifer's boyfriend BEN is calling.

Jennifer sighs, then answers.

BEN (V.O.)

Hey love, just got off work. I'll pick up dinner on my way home.

JENNIFER

Thanks. I should be-

BEEP!

The DRIVER behind BLASTS their horn scaring Jennifer out of her body.



She drops her can of beer.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Shit!

She glances at the rear-view window.

BEN (V.O.)

Did something happen?

Impatient, engine revving, the driver behind her keeps BEEPING.

JENNIFER

All right. All right.

(to herself)

What an idiot!

BEN (V.O.)

(confused)

What did I say?

JENNIFER

Not you, Ben. This idiot who's driving behind me.

The driver behind speeds up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(raises voice)

And is about to hit me.

She swerves.

The tire SCREECHES.

Then THUD!

Beer from the can has covered the passenger and the floor of the passenger side.

Jennifer groans in pain.

Then rotates her neck in hope of alleviating the pain from the whiplash.

The cries of children and adults outside gets louder as her hearing becomes clearer.

BEN (V.O.)

Jen? Jen? What happened? Are you all right?

JENNIFER

Yeah, yeah I'm fine. Or at least I will be.

She opens the door.

Then exits the vehicle, phone to ear.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to call you back.

One step out and her eyes are in shock at what they are witnessing.

Elizabeth, or little Liz, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Jennifer's attackers lay motionless on the street. Blood leaking from her head forming a small puddle.

Her friends and other school children are gathered around her.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

BEN (V.O.)

Jen, what's going on? What happened?

All the children look at Jennifer.

JENNIFER

I have to go. I need to call an ambulance.

BEN(V.O.)

(shocked)

Ambulance? Jen, what happened?

JENNIFER

Nothing. I didn't do anything. I just- It wasn't my-

With her hand trembling, she lowers the phone.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(whispers)

It wasn't my fault.

BEN (V.O.)

Jen? Jen? Jen?

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. JENNIFER AND RACHEL'S RESIDENCE - DAY

RACHEL  
Jen? Jen?

Rachel reaches out and touches Jennifer's shoulder.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Jen?

Jennifer comes back to reality.

She puts the clipping inside the file and throws it in the box.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Are you all right?

Jennifer doesn't respond.

Rachel looks in the box and sees more clippings inside.

She reaches for one.

Jennifer slams the lid down.

Rachel pulls her hand away in time.

JENNIFER  
Sorry. Never liked looking inside.

RACHEL  
And yet you do it every once in a while.

JENNIFER  
It'll always be a part of me, and I can't talk to anyone about it.

RACHEL  
You can talk to me.

Rachel reaches for Jennifer's hand.

JENNIFER  
It's just- It was the time in my life I realised I was truly alone.

RACHEL  
You're not alone now.

JENNIFER

(sighs, then)

That's what I thought when I told Ben. He said he would stay with me. Didn't tell me he would stay for a week.

RACHEL

What if I tell you I'll stay for a month?

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER

I thought about that day for a long time. Maybe I should still be in prison.

RACHEL

It was an accident, Jen.

JENNIFER

And yet I still feel guilty. I don't know, maybe it wasn't enough. Maybe I deserved what happened to me.

RACHEL

Nobody deserves that.

JENNIFER

That's what everyone told me the first time.

RACHEL

(shocked)

First time?

How many times were you-?

JENNIFER

When I was fifteen. James, a boy at school invited me to a house party. One drink after another and the next thing I knew I was waking up half naked in bed. Nobody believed me.

RACHEL

So nothing happened?

JENNIFER

I later found out he was pushing himself against another girl, so I told her boyfriend.

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

The day after I saw James fall down  
a flight of stairs.

RACHEL

Was he okay? I mean, did he-?

JENNIFER

I don't know. He never came back to  
school.

Rachel doesn't respond.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Detective Evans marches towards the empty reception desk.

A sigh of frustration leaves the detective's body.

He politely waits with slight annoyance; he looks around the  
near empty area.

The RECEPTIONIST; middle aged seasoned woman who spent too  
many years at this job, returns to her desk.

She takes her time; almost like she doesn't have an ounce of  
urgency to return to work.

DETECTIVE EVANS

I need to look through some case  
files if that's possible.

RECEPTIONIST

Down the hall. Keep going until you  
see archive.

Poor customer service. The detective pays it no mind and  
politely smiles.

Behind him, Rachel has entered the building.

HALLWAY

The detective find the "archive" room.

ARCHIVE ROOM

The guard is not at his post. The detective is once again  
left waiting.

Not as long as before though, the official soon meets the  
detective.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
I need the case files for the last  
five years for-

COURT OFFICIAL  
Name?

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Her name is Jennifer Wright.

The official nods and leaves to retrieve the demand.

EXT. ROBERT AND ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - DAY

Detective Evans stares at the near broken down house.

Windowless on the lower floor replaced by thick board and  
sealed with tape.

He looks at the file; it's the right address.

The detective slowly walks across the path in the middle of  
the unkempt grass until he reaches the front door.

He KNOCKS on the door. No answer.

He looks through the gap between the window frame and board  
to look inside. The television is on.

He KNOCKS again but before his knuckle can make contact, the  
door slowly opens.

ROBERT  
Hello, how can I help you?

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Are you Robert Brown?

ROBERT  
(nods)  
Yes.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
(shows badge)  
I'm detective Evans. Is this a good  
time to talk?

Shy, timid, and with a nervous twitch, Robert stands there  
unsure how to answer.

He looks back inside the house before turning back to the  
detective.

ROBERT

Well-

Elizabeth swings the door open.

Robert takes a step back.

ELIZABETH

(to Robert)

Who are you talking to?

(sees badge)

The police.

(to Robert)

What did you do?

Robert, like a child being told off, is too afraid to respond.

DETECTIVE EVANS

What is your relationship with Jennifer Wright?

ROBERT

(nervous)

Why did you bring up her name?

Elizabeth elbows Robert in the rib.

ELIZABETH

(stern)

What is this about?

DETECTIVE EVANS

When is the last time you made contact with Mrs. Wright?

ELIZABETH

I have no desire to see that girl.

ROBERT

(worried)

Is there a problem?

DETECTIVE EVANS

Have either of you ever been to Pine Green Woods?

Robert is about to speak but stops short when Elizabeth starts talking.

ELIZABETH

People like us don't really get along with people from that area.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
You were spotted by one of the  
locals.

Straight-faced and with a stern demeanour, Elizabeth stands her ground and glares silently at the detective.

It's a different story for Robert as worry is plastered all over his face. Detective Evans notices this.

DETECTIVE EVANS (CONT'D)  
(to Robert)  
Anything you want to say.

After a quick look at Elizabeth, Robert just shakes his head.

ELIZABETH  
Anything you want to say.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
I do, and I want you two to hear it  
at the station.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

INTERROGATION ROOM A

Elizabeth glares at the one-sided mirror as if she can see through it.

INTERROGATION ROOM B

Robert looks around worried and panicky; his knees are trembling, his eyes are wondering around the room.

Detective Evans calmly steps into the room.

Drops his file on the table and takes a seat in front of Robert.

He doesn't say anything at first, he glances over at Robert who can't look him in the eyes.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Would you like some water? I can go  
and-

ROBERT  
No. Thank you.

Detective Evans opens the file and reads it.



ROBERT (CONT'D)  
You know, I didn't do anything.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
(glances over)  
Is that right?

INTERROGATION ROOM A

Elizabeth lounges on her chair seemingly unbothered as if this isn't her first time.

There is a television in the room.

ELIZABETH  
I suppose you need someone to blame.

DETECTIVE GIVENS; a young detective in training and Evans' partner, is interrogating Elizabeth.

DETECTIVE GIVENS  
You weren't involved in the attack?

ELIZABETH  
You call it an attack. I call it retribution.

Detective Givens looks through the file in front of her. The television remote is also on the table.

DETECTIVE GIVENS  
So you were involved?

ELIZABETH  
Did I say I was. I was just saying you the girl had it coming.

DETECTIVE GIVENS  
It's been three years, hasn't it?

ELIZABETH  
They said I was fine.

Detective Givens reads the file.

DETECTIVE GIVENS  
Are you?

ELIZABETH  
(sighs, then)  
I'm coping.

DETECTIVE GIVENS  
No bursts of anger?

ELIZABETH  
Everyone gets angry.

DETECTIVE GIVENS  
Let's have a look at your anger.

Detective Givens picks up the remote.

Points it at the television and presses a button.

INT. COURT - DAY (SEVEN YEARS AGO)

Jennifer stands saddened with deep regret waiting her sentencing.

She can't make eye contact with anyone or anything but the floor.

The jury looks on; half with sympathy and the other with a deadpan expression.

There are few people sitting in court including Robert and Elizabeth who sit front row.

Robert's pain is seen through his tears. Elizabeth stares blankly at Jennifer.

The judge; a seasoned veteran in her mid sixties who has ruled over more cases than most, sighs.

Then looks at Jennifer; although Jennifer can't pull herself to look at her.

JUDGE WAGNER  
Jennifer, you have pleaded  
involuntary manslaughter for the  
death of fourteen year old  
Elizabeth Brown. After carefully  
reviewing the evidence shared, I  
believe the jury has come to its  
conclusion.

FOREMAN  
Yes judge. The jury finds Jennifer  
Wright...guilty of involuntary  
manslaughter.

The court is in a whisper. Robert buries his nose in a tissue.

JUDGE WAGNER

Jennifer, I sentence you to four  
years and ten months.

And then the gavel SLAMS down.

More whispers around the court.

Robert is in total disbelief. Elizabeth looks around; still  
with a blank expression.

Robert slowly stands, holds his wife's hand and helps her to  
her feet.

ELIZABETH

Where's Lizzy?

ROBERT

She's gone, love.

They take a few steps.

Jennifer glances over at them. Makes eye contact with  
Elizabeth.

She can't pull herself to say anything, so instead she  
mouths' the words "I'm sorry".

Elizabeth stares at Jennifer.

The more she stares the more her blank expression shifts  
towards anger and hate. Almost like her sanity is fracturing  
her brain.

She lunges with rage fists towards her prey. Grabs Jennifer  
and they both fall.

Panic and haste by the nearby spectator quickly puts an end  
to it.

They manage to hold Elizabeth's hand before her fist pummels  
Jennifer's face.

Even with the restrains, Elizabeth is proving quite difficult  
to hold back.

Elizabeth sees red, and she is determined to get at Jennifer.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

## INTERROGATION ROOM B

Detective Evans turns the television off.

ROBERT

We all get angry sometimes.

DETECTIVE EVANS

That's a little more than anger. It wasn't the first time either, was it?

ROBERT

I know, but she's doing better. Thank God.

DETECTIVE EVANS

And you?

ROBERT

(thinks, then)  
I'm surviving.

DETECTIVE EVANS

Must be difficult. The loss of a child. I can't imagine the pain.

ROBERT

Pain. Shock. Frustration-

DETECTIVE EVANS

Anger?

ROBERT

What?

DETECTIVE EVANS

You didn't feel anger? Your daughter walks home from school, as she does every day. The same route, every day. Safe and sound.

Roberts' fist starts to clench on his thighs; pulling at his trousers.

DETECTIVE EVANS (CONT'D)

And one day, she crosses the street. All it took was a split second.

One of Roberts' fist clenches tight. His facial expression however is still unreadable.

His hand relaxes as he lets out a sigh.

ROBERT  
(sighs, then)  
Anger won't bring her back.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Could you forgive her?

ROBERT  
Forgive?  
(pause)  
I should have picked Liz up from school, you know. I was always worried about letting her walk home on her own. But my wife was sick; lung infection, so I took her to the hospital.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
I meant forgive Jennifer?

ROBERT  
She called us from prison. We spoke over the phone several times.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Did you ever see her.

#### INTERROGATION ROOM A

ELIZABETH  
Like hell I did. I had no reason to see that woman.

DETECTIVE GIVENS  
You didn't want to hear her out?

ELIZABETH  
You have no idea what it's like, do you? You lose your child, and while you grieve, the person who murdered her harasses you, and for what...forgiveness? All so she can feel better about killing the most important person in your life.

DETECTIVE GIVENS  
(glances at file)  
States here that she spent almost five years in jail. She served her time, didn't she?

ELIZABETH

That's right, she served her time.  
Now she out and gets to live  
happily ever after, while I'm still  
serving mine.

DETECTIVE GIVENS

So she deserved being attacked.

ELIZABETH

She deserved worse.

A KNOCK on the door pulls Detective Given's attention.

A middle aged man named GEORGE pokes his head inside the  
room.

GEORGE

Their lawyer's here.

DETECTIVE GIVENS

Thanks George.

The LAWYER; DAVID; assertive, professional, a man in his  
thirties, storms in before anyone can say anything else.

Robert follows behind and stands behind Elizabeth.

David looks at Elizabeth, then at the detective.

DAVID

I need a moment with my clients.  
Alone.

HALLWAY

Detective Givens sighs as she steps out of the room.

DETECTIVE EVANS

Givens.

Detective Evans holds two cups of coffee. Gives on to Givens.

DETECTIVE EVANS (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

Evans drinks while listening to Givens.

DETECTIVE GIVENS

Thanks.  
(takes a sip, then)  
In all honesty, I don't know.  
(MORE)

DETECTIVE GIVENS (CONT'D)

There's certainly no love lost on her end I can tell you that. What makes you think they did it?

DETECTIVE EVANS

Looked up Jennifer's name, found she had a record from a few years ago. Their names were on the file.

DETECTIVE GIVENS

What happened?

DETECTIVE EVANS

Hit and run. The victim was their daughter.

Before he can say anymore, David, the lawyer, storms out of the interrogation room as quickly as he stormed inside which startles both detectives.

He walks past them before they can answer.

Shortly after, both Elizabeth and Richard exit the room and follow their lawyer past the detectives.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

PROTESTERS- MEN AND WOMEN - have gathered around this police station, chanting to make their voices heard about the injustice for abused victims.

A few protesters have their phones out recording themselves and the protest.

The lawyer leaves the police station.

He is followed by Elizabeth and Robert.

Jennifer walks towards the station and locks eyes with Elizabeth.

She stops; frozen. Eyes wide open.

Elizabeth walks past her.

ELIZABETH

(whispers)

See you soon.

Detective Evans storms out of the building and chases up to the lawyer.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
I still have questions.

DAVID  
You can keep them to yourself. You brought them here under false pretence and-

JENNIFER  
False pretence?

DAVID  
(condescending)  
Please miss, we're talking.  
(to Evans)  
You have nothing to hold my clients.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Your clients assaulted this woman, and we have the evidence to prove it.

DAVID  
I don't think you can prove my clients did anything.

JENNIFER  
You can't be serious.

David rolls her eyes at Jennifer.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
(to Evans)  
They can't just walk away.

DAVID  
(to Jennifer)  
This doesn't concern you?

JENNIFER  
I was beaten like a damn dog!

Ashamed and embarrassed, Jennifer's body shakes with a nauseous feeling in the pit of her belly.

She looks around hoping the protesters and anyone else didn't hear.

They did, and now they're staring.

She looks back at David and the detective. Her eyes scream help me like a lost child who is scared and alone.



David walks away, followed by Elizabeth and Robert.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
Let's go inside.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE EVANS' OFFICE

Detective Evans leads Jennifer inside.

He holds the door open for her as she walks into the office.

JENNIFER  
(angry)  
Why are they walking free?

DETECTIVE EVANS  
They won't, okay. It's just going  
to take a little time.

JENNIFER  
How long? Until another victim  
comes forward, or how about another  
two. Would it be time then? Or  
maybe-

DETECTIVE EVANS  
You're going to have to trust me.  
He can say what he wants. You said  
Matthew saw it. He can help testify  
for us.

Jennifer turns her head in disbelief.

DETECTIVE EVANS (CONT'D)  
Please sit, would you like a cup of  
coffee?

Jennifer nods.

Detective Evans smiles comfortingly then leaves his office.

Jennifer looks over at the file.

Then walks over to take a peek through it for information  
(including address) of Elizabeth and Robert.

HALLWAY

Detective Evans carries two cups of coffee. He walks towards his office.

DETECTIVE EVANS' OFFICE

And finds his office empty.

INT. THE EMPTY SOUL - DAY

A shoddy hole in the wall pub where patrons drown their mental suffering with alcoholic pain relief.

Among them is Jennifer. She sits at the counter and downs a shot of whiskey.

There is a television on a wall stand above the bar. The news is shown.

JENNIFER  
Keep them coming.

DOCTOR SALLOW  
Same.

Doctor Sallow moves from his seat at the end of the counter and sits next to Jennifer. Casual wear. Unkempt.

DOCTOR SALLOW (CONT'D)  
Didn't know you were a drinker.

JENNIFER  
I used to be.

DOCTOR SALLOW  
Yeah, me too.

Doctor Sallow's shoulder is hurting. He rotates it hoping the pain will ease.

JENNIFER  
Are you all right?

DOCTOR SALLOW  
I will be. Just an old injury.

Jennifer nods, then downs a shot.

DOCTOR SALLOW (CONT'D)  
It acts up every once in a while.

JENNIFER

Too heavy in the gym?

Doctor Sallow uses his good arm to down his shot of whiskey.

DOCTOR SALLOW

I took my daughter ice skating a few months back. Tripped over my own feet and slid right across the ice.

JENNIFER

And you left with a broken shoulder.

Jennifer takes a shot of whiskey.

DOCTOR SALLOW

(points to scar on head)  
And this.

JENNIFER

Well shit.

DOCTOR SALLOW

Painkillers helped, until they didn't.

JENNIFER

Alcohol doesn't help either.

Doctor Sallow looks at his glass of whiskey.

DOCTOR SALLOW

(sighs)  
I know.

Then he takes a shot.

DOCTOR SALLOW (CONT'D)

I'm working on it. Booked myself into rehab. After seeing what was happening around me, I knew something needed to be done.

JENNIFER

I'm glad to hear that.

Doctor Sallow looks at the empty glass.

Then sighs before standing to leave.

DOCTOR SALLOW

Wish me luck.

On his way out, he pats Jennifer on the shoulder.

JENNIFER

Always.

Jennifer turns her attention to the news on the television.

INT. JENNIFER AND RACHEL'S RESIDENCE - DAY

LIVING AREA

Rachel is sitting in front of her laptop. She is looking at holiday resorts around the Caribbean.

The news is on as background noise.

NEWS ANCHOR

Hundreds of protesters have gathered around several police stations in an act of support for victims of assault.

Rachel turns her attention to the television and increases the volume.

ON TELEVISION

SERIES OF SHOTS - EXT. OUTSIDE VARIOUS POLICE STATIONS - DAY

Protesters outside of a police station are making their voices heard.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Some who attended the protest were victims of assault themselves.

Protesters outside another police station are chanting "WE DESERVE RIGHTS!".

Outside the police station where Jennifer visited, protesters are making their voices heard.

Detective Evans can be seen talking with David, the lawyer.

This was recorded by one of the protesters, the chants of the protesters drown the voices of the detective and the lawyer.

JENNIFER

I was beaten like a damn dog!

Everyone stops.

The camera closes in on Jennifer who stands embarrassed and ashamed.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. THE EMPTY SOUL - EVENING

Jennifer's eyes are fixated on the screen. She notices the pain in her own eyes.

She downs another shot of whiskey.

Then signals the bartender for a refill.

The bartender pours the liquor and notices Jennifer's eyes towards the television.

She takes a peek, then turns back to Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Keep them coming.

The bartender does so, she pours whiskey in a shot glass.

Jennifer downs the shot.

Then another.

And another.

She keeps downing shots of whiskey until her vision blurs, and before she realises it, the room dims til pitch black.

EARLY MORNING

Jennifer's head is on the counter.

A glass is tipped over and whiskey spilt on the counter under her face.

Jennifer awakens groggy with the taste of whiskey on her breath.

She rubs her face, her hand sticks to the dry liquor.

THE BARTENDER

Rough night?

JENNIFER  
(smacks lips, then)  
That's one way to put it.

Jennifer stands; using the stool for balance.

Then puts money for the drinks on the counter.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Jennifer groggily walks away.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

Too early, so early it's still dark outside. Dark and cold.

Jennifer scuffs her feet walking home. She occasionally passes one or two LOCALS.

She hears footsteps behind her; doesn't think much of it.

The footsteps are getting closer. Jennifer wants to look back but something inside stops her.

A COUPLE walks towards her and smiles as they walk past.

She forces a smile out of courtesy.

She quickens the pace, so does the footsteps.

As she hurries, she looks around and notices Elizabeth across the street staring at her.

She continues; quickening the pace. As does the footsteps.

As a MAN walks towards her, she slows her steps and moves to one side for distance.

He smiles and walks past her. She smiles out of courtesy and hurries past him.

A quick glance behind her to see the man walk away; ensuring herself she is safe by the growing distance.

When Jennifer turns around, she notices Elizabeth.

She snaps her head turning her attention away from her and quickens the pace.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY. STREET - EARLY MORNING

Jennifer hurries to get home.

Children run past her.

The faint sound of the ice cream van be heard getting louder.

The children's cries of happiness is soon drowned by the charming melody of the van.

The tune stops.

Children are pushing in line fighting to get their treat.

Jennifer smiles watching the children.

As she turns to continue walking home, a blinding light startles her which is quickly followed by a speeding car.

Jennifer takes a moment to gather her senses.

MATTHEW  
(distorted voice)  
Hello Jennifer. This is for you.

Jennifer can't see that it is Matthew.

JENNIFER  
No thank you.

Her sight is clearing and the first thing she notices is a hand reaching for her.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
(fearful)  
I said no, leave me alone!

She pushes Matthew.

He falls back knocking his head on the floor.

The children scream in fear.

Claire runs towards her son.

CLAIRE  
(screams in disbelief)  
Matthew!

Jennifer's vision has fully cleared.

She notices Matthew laying unconscious.

Claire takes off her scarf and holds it against his head to stop the bleeding.

Jennifer is in shock. She can't move her body.

Rachel heard the commotion and ran out with the rest of the neighbourhood.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(cries out)  
Please, someone call an ambulance.

One of them pulls out their phone and makes the call.

JENNIFER  
I didn't mean to- I didn't know.

Claire look at Jennifer. She doesn't say anything, but her eyes clearly show her distress.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
(to everyone)  
I didn't- you have to believe me,  
this wan't my fault.

Everyone is silent.

Jennifer can see their eyes looking at her, judging her.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
This wasn't my fault.  
(voice breaks)  
It wasn't my-

RACHEL  
(reaches out)  
Jen.

Jennifer fearfully pulls back.

JENNIFER  
No! This wasn't me.

Jennifer looks around.

Then back at Claire who is comforting her son.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
It wasn't me.

Jennifer takes a step back.

Then another.



Then another.

FOUR DAYS LATER

EXT. PROTEST FILLED STREET - DAY

Near the police station, roars of frustrated protesters hijacks the street drowning out all noise.

The police stand guard surveying the crowd.

Jennifer phone rings.

She takes it out of her pocket. Looks at the caller; Rachel.

She hovers her finger over the answer and decline buttons.

She hears the protesters' yells loudly.

Jennifer declines the call.

She looks at the protesters. Notices the police just standing there not giving much of a reaction.

One of the protesters; a young MAN in his twenties gets close to an officer.

MALE PROTESTER  
(screaming)  
Can you hear me now!?

The police, along with two others, jump this man and arrests him.

The protester is squirming on the ground with his hands cuffed.

The police have him pinned with one of them having his knee on his back.

Jennifer walks towards them and notices other protesters getting angry.

This starts a war between the groups.

Jennifer stops.

She can't do anything, but her fist clenches tightly with frustrated anger.

INT. JENNIFER AND RACHEL'S RESIDENCE - DAY

The phone is ringing.

Rachel hurriedly opens the front door.

LIVING ROOM

Then rushes to the phone.

RACHEL  
(on the phone)  
Jen?  
(listens, then)  
Oh, hello detective. No, sorry to  
say I still haven't heard from  
Jennifer.

Rachel sighs before taking a seat on the couch.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
I know, but it's been four days. I  
just hope she's okay.  
(listens, then)  
okay, please call if you know  
anything.  
(listens, then)  
I will, thank you.

Rachel hangs up.

Then holds the phone to her chest and thinks.

BEDROOM

Rachel is rummaging through the closet.

She is looking for something, anything, a clue that can lead her to where Jennifer could be or what she could be doing.

She stumbles across the box from earlier.

Sets it on the bed, then opens it.

She notices the file Jennifer was reading.

Rachel opens it, then grabs the newspaper clippings.

They are from a time when Jennifer was a teenager; around sixteen years ago.

The title from the first clipping reads; STUDENT; 15, IN HOSPITAL AFTER A FALL AT SCHOOL.

The title from the second clipping reads; STUDENT AWAKENS TO LEARN HE MAY NEVER WALK AGAIN.

The title from the last clipping reads: PARAPLEGIC TEENAGER LEAVES HOSPITAL.

Rachel closes the box, sighs, then makes a phone call.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

WAITING ROOM

The waiting room located near the entrance.

Parents are comforting their sick children.

A man with a cloth in his hands covers himself as he coughs up a lung.

The woman next to him recoils.

Jennifer power walks through the doors like she's on a mission. She is carrying a medical bag around her shoulder.

Glances at the ailing soon to be patients before storming through the hectic hospital passing the reception desk.

One of the two receptionists is filing some papers The other is on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

(on phone)

I'm sorry Rachel, Jennifer hasn't been at the hospital lately, but I'll let you know if I see her.

Jennifer rushes past unnoticed.

HALLWAY

She has a destination in mind; the supply closet; slightly ajar, but she stops short.

Next to the supply closet is a window into a patient's room.

The sight of Matthew laying unconscious in the hospital bed catches her attention.

Claire sits next to the bed clutching at his hand.

Jennifer chokes up as she watches. The eyes are the window to the soul and her guilt over her actions eats away at it.

At the corner of her eyes Jennifer notices a nurse leaving the supply closet.

The nurse pushes the door in a haste and it slowly closes.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - EVENING

LIVING ROOM

Elizabeth puts the newspaper down.

There is an IV catheter sticking in her arm connected to an IV bag on a stand next to the armchair.

She takes a puff from her cigarette.

She feels annoyed and frustrated, on eye always looking out of the doorway.

She sighs, then grabs the remote and turns on the television.

ELIZABETH  
(shouts out)  
What's taking so long?

KITCHEN

Robert places a napkin and a spoon on a food tray next to a bowl of beef stew.

LIVING ROOM

Elizabeth is sitting on a shoddy armchair watching television and chugging a beer.

Robert places a plate of biscuits on a small table in front of her.

No "thank you" from Elizabeth, or even a smile. If anything, she is more annoyed that he is in the way of the television screen.

ELIZABETH  
Will you move.

Robert sighs in frustration.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
You have something to say?

ROBERT  
Can you please stop smoking, it  
isn't doing you any good?

Elizabeth inhales the rest of her cigarette and puts it out forcefully in the ashtray - like an act of defiance.

She then goes back to watching television while chomping at a biscuit.

Robert leaves the room.

On his way out, there is a photo on a stand of a family picture. Robert and Elizabeth are happy. Their teenage daughter; thirteen years old in this picture stands in between them with a smile on her face.

#### ROBERT'S TRAIN ROOM

The model train is set and ready to depart.

Robert stands tall beside the table wearing his conductor hat.

He presses a button on a intercom that came with the train set.

INTERCOM  
All aboard!

Robert adjusts his hat.

Grabs the track controller.

Turns the knob, and the train starts its journey.

Robert is usually a stoic man who doesn't show any emotions, however when his train departs the station, complete unadulterated joy shoots out of him.

With a smile from ear to ear, he moves closer for a better viewing experience.

A loud CRASH comes from outside.

The train comes to a stop.

Robert's smile turns to an emotionless deadpan.

His head turns towards the window.

EXT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - EVENING

UNKEMPT BACK GARDEN

Robert steps outside through the side door.

Looks around.

It's dark, especially for evening time.

Robert just stands and waits. He listens carefully.

CRASH!

Elizabeth runs out.

ELIZABETH

What's all that noise about?

She notices a bin tipped over.

Near it, a large rat is sniffing around.

Elizabeth recoils in fear.

Robert looks at the rat.

The rat looks at Robert.

Robert look at Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Do something. I don't need to tell  
you that.

Robert looks back at the rat.

The rat looks at Robert

Then Robert stomps the rat to death.

He calmly puts the bin lid upright and tosses the rat inside.

Then he closes the lid.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Now come on, I want coffee.

Robert just nods.

Elizabeth pulls her night jacket closer to her body before heading back inside.

Rustlings can be heard towards the back of the house.

Robert shines his torch into the darkness.

He walks around the unkempt garden.

Nothing is out of the ordinary.

The light shines on the ground showing nothing but stones on the patchy grass.

Then it lifts onto the broken wooden fence.

Robert turns away.

The torch shines in front of him...

And Jennifer rushes at him pushing Robert with all her strength.

Robert falls and-

THUD!

His head hits a rock.

Jennifer breathes heavily. Her deadpan, cold eyes stare vacantly at a motionless Robert.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - EVENING

KITCHEN

Elizabeth turns the sink on and fills a kettle.

She aggressively switches the kettle - like she's mad at the kettle.

She turns her attention to the garden and looks through the window.

She scoffs.

Then mumbles something to herself - her earlier encounter with the rat still has her riled up.

She pours herself a cup of tea.

## LIVING ROOM

Elizabeth places the cup on the table.

Then plops down on the chair.

She reaches for the remote and is about to turn the channel when she notices Jennifer's medical bag on the couch.

She grows curious; it wasn't there before.

Elizabeth stands using the arm rest for balance.

Halfway up, she is grabbed from behind and a syringe strikes her neck.

Elizabeth fights; scratching and clawing.

Jennifer won't give up.

She injects the paralysis into Elizabeth which takes a near-immediate effect.

Her feet scuff the floor as she tries to break free.

Elizabeth begins to slowly paralysing her body.

Her flailing stops and her body becomes heavy.

Jennifer drops her on the armchair.

Elizabeth looks around. Looks at her arms and legs. She can't move.

Jennifer walks to her medical bag and opens it.

Elizabeth watches Jennifer; that's all she can do.

Jennifer puts on medical gloves.

Elizabeth continues to stare at Jennifer.

Jennifer takes out a bag of stitching needles, then looks at her.

All Elizabeth can do is stare, her body is paralysed and motionless, but her eyes are filled with dread.

Then they become heavy.

And she loses consciousness.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING



## SECURITY ROOM

Rachel, along with Detective Evans stare at a monitor. Rachel is worried while Detective Evans is attentive.

On the screen, Jennifer is in the supply room taking medical supplies including gloves, a mini medicine bottle (of a paralysis agent), and a bag of stitching needles.

She is very cautious.

The SECURITY GUARD pauses the tape as Jennifer puts a pair of gloves in her medical bag.

Her body is obstructing most of the bag from the view of the camera.

## SECURITY GUARD

By the time I got to the storage room, she was gone. Not the first person to steal, looks like her first time though.

## DETECTIVE EVANS

(stares at screen)  
What is she taking?

## SECURITY GUARD

Busted a doctor once, well, multiple times actually. Couldn't keep himself from taking drugs.

Rachel is offended on the behalf of Jennifer.

## RACHEL

She's not like that.

## SECURITY GUARD

I hope you're right, I would hate to find someone else passed out and drowning in their own piss.

## RACHEL

(stern)  
Jennifer's not on drugs.

## SECURITY GUARD

Maybe not, but you can't look at this monitor and tell me she's not going through something.

Rachel stares at the monitor.

RACHEL

I thought giving her space would help, but it just made us more distant.

SECURITY GUARD

I know what you mean, my sister's kid had problems, anger problems to be exact. He would always try and fight or argue, like he had something to prove. Drove us crazy, til' we shoved the little shit in rehab.

DETECTIVE EVANS

(to Rachel)

Did Jennifer say anything?

RACHEL

She's trying to keep it together. She has a hard time talking, and when she does it's like no one cares enough to do anything to help.

Rachel turns back to the screen.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

She feels like she can only trust herself, at times she's not even sure of that. I'm afraid she's going to hurt herself, or worse-

Almost like a light bulb going off in both their heads.

Rachel and the detective look at each other with a nerve-racking realisation.

Without saying a word, detective Evans takes out his phone and begins to dial.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - EVENING

Elizabeth's eyes snap open.

She feels her heart pounding. She is covered in a cold sweat like she just woke up from a nightmare.

Her eyes scan the room - it's empty.

Jennifer finishes attaching intravenous anaesthesia to Elizabeth's arm.

She can't move her body Her shock turns to fear. Her heart beats faster.

Elizabeth is partly paralysed. She can't move, but she can feel.

Jennifer glances at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's eyes are wide open and staring at Jennifer.

Jennifer, still staring at Elizabeth, grabs her hand and slowly pushes a stitching needle through the tip of one finger into the nerve.

Elizabeth tries to "scream" but can only let out mumbled, incoherent noises. It isn't clear what she is saying, but the fear in her eyes speaks for itself.

Jennifer just stares into Elizabeth's eyes without saying a word.

She waits for Elizabeth to be quiet.

When she does, Jennifer pushes another needle inside the tip of another finger.

Elizabeth "screams" louder.

Jennifer reaches into her bag and pulls out a small rope.

She stands.

Walks behind Elizabeth and wraps the rope around her mouth to keep her quiet.

A single tear runs down Elizabeth's face.

She stares at Jennifer using the pain in her eyes to plead with her.

Jennifer is unfazed.

She reaches into her bag and takes out a needle.

Jennifer grabs Elizabeth by the hair and pushes her head against the armchair.

All Elizabeth can do is look on in sheer horror.

Jennifer gets into position ready to dig the needle inside Elizabeth's eye.

No emotion on Jennifer's face.

A tear runs down Elizabeth's face, the needle gets closer.

"Screams" echoes around the house.

The needle moves closer.

"Screams" gets louder, Elizabeth still can't move, but her screams of anguish continue to call for help.

The needle is about to penetrate her eye when-

Robert bursts in the room and tackles Jennifer to the ground.

Jennifer tries to stand but Robert brutally slams her head on the ground.

In a fit of pure uncontrollable rage, Robert pins her down and wraps his hand around her neck.

He begins to squeeze.

As Jennifer fights for her help, Robert squeezes tighter. His squeeze feels like a boa constricting around prey.

Jennifer tries to look around for something, anything.

She glances at the needle she is holding - she forgot about it in the moment.

Squeezes it with all her might, then-

STABS Robert in the leg.

Robert tries to ignore the pain and continues to squeeze tighter and tighter.

Jennifer still has a firm hold of the needle, and she isn't letting go.

She twists the needle inside his leg.

Robert groans loudly as Jennifer continues to dig and twist the needle.

He stands and stumbles back, knocking over the side table and IV drip in the process which detaches from Elizabeth's arm.

Jennifer coughs and wheezes as she desperately tries to catch her breath.

Robert struggles to get to one knee, then pushes up to his feet.

With the blood loss and a concussion, he is light headed and unsteady.

He sways slightly back and forth while trying to regain his balance.

Then notices Jennifer getting to her knees but does not notice her grabbing the ashtray.

In a fit of uncontrollable rage, Robert lunges at Jennifer.

Jennifer tightens her grip on the ash tray and swings with a right hook.

It's about to smash on Robert's temple, however, Robert manages to duck in time.

He lunges forward with both arms wide.

Wraps his arms around Jennifer, then squeezes

CRACK!

Bones begin to crackle.

Jennifer gasps for air.

Her legs are numb and one arm is trapped in Robert's bear hug.

She digs down and musters up some strength, then pushes Robert by his shoulder with her only free arm to pull him away; no effect.

Robert squeezes tighter.

Jennifer once again gasps in pain. The sudden shock of the pain resonating through her body leaves her momentarily paralysed.

She fights through the pain.

She once again tries to push him away; no effect.

She punches him; too weak to have any real effect.

She pushes his face away; no effect.

Jennifer grits her teeth to bear the pain. Jams her thumb in Robert's eye.

She pushes her thumb deeper, then feels Robert's grip loosening.

When he does, she jams her thumb as deep into his eye as she can.

Robert screams in pain and takes a step back.

Jennifer falls to one knee.

She snatches the needle from Robert's leg.

Then lunges at Robert before he can react and digs it in his neck.

She won't let go.

Robert stumbles to the ground.

Jennifer jabs at his neck until Robert loses consciousness.

She falls back. Stares motionless at Robert.

The faint sound of police sirens can be heard. They're on their way.

Jennifer takes a sigh of relief.

That's when Elizabeth jumps her from behind and wraps the IV cord around her neck.

She tries to grab the cord. It's too tight to get a good grip.

Jennifer tries to swing back at Elizabeth. She can't reach.

Elizabeth leans back as she pulls tighter. She uses a knee to dig into Jennifer's back.

Jennifer is squirming. She frantically kicks the air.

She tries to look around while reaching for something...anything nearby to help.

Her hand moves across the floor.

It brushes ash and cigarette buds.

Then past small shards of the ashtray.

She reaches the broken ashtray and gets her finger sliced for her effort.

Still squirming and gasping for air. Jennifer grabs the shards and ash and throws them back blinding Elizabeth.

Elizabeth recoils back.

No time to catch her breath fully, Jennifer is now on the attack.

She grabs the ashtray and-

THWACK!

Smashes the ashtray into Elizabeth face.

Elizabeth falls with a loud THUD but Jennifer isn't done.

She jumps on Elizabeth and bashes her face in with the ashtray.

Again.

Again.

Again.

Jennifer is relentless.

Blood splatters over her face; she is unfazed.

The police siren gets louder. It drowns all other noise. The police's arrival is imminent.

Jennifer continues her onslaught.

EXT. ROBERT AND ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - EVENING

The police car pulls up to the kerb.

The two detectives; Evans and Givens hurry to the front door.

Detective Evans knock; no answer.

He knocks again; again, no answer.

Detective Givens walks to the window to look in but the curtains cover the inside.

She walks to the side path of the house.

Detective Evans turns the knob. The door is locked.

DETECTIVE GIVENS

Evans.

Detective Evans shines a torch towards the open side door.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Jennifer is struggling to walk. Her body is trembling. Her movement is slow.

Adrenaline has worn off and exhaustion is kicking in.

A car drives past, stunning Jennifer with its light.

She walks, or to be more accurate, she limps. But continues to push forward, that's all she's thinking about...it's all she can do.

For about a minute. Pain and exhaustion become too much to bear.

She slows down, almost coming to a complete stop.

She can't continue, not for long.

A car approaches. Their light is on.

Jennifer drags her feet, then stops.

Collapses.

The car comes to a sudden stop near her.

INT. HOSPITAL. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Jennifer slowly opens her eyes.

There's a ringing echoing around the room.

When her vision comes back to her, she notices a hand on top of hers.

The hand belongs to Rachel who is sitting at her bedside.

The ringing quietens the more Jennifer awakens.

JENNIFER

(weak)

What...? Where..?

RACHEL

(squeezes hand,  
comforting)

Shh. Don't try to talk. A couple found you and brought you in. The doctor called me and I've been here all night waiting for you to wake up.



Jennifer looks blankly at Rachel; she is completely lost trying to understand what she is saying.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What happened last night?

JENNIFER  
(slow, confused)  
Last...night...

As Jennifer tries to collect her thoughts and memories about the previous night, a sense of worry befalls her.

She becomes nervous and can't stop her fingers from fidgeting.

Detective Evans walks in the room. Rachel notices and stands to leave.

Detective Evans signals for her to stop.

DETECTIVE EVANS  
You don't have to get up just for me.

Rachel sits back down.

DETECTIVE EVANS (CONT'D)  
Matthew woke up this morning.

The detective glances at Jennifer for a reaction.

JENNIFER  
(confused, softly)  
Matthew...?

DETECTIVE EVANS  
He still remembered what he saw,  
and he was happy to take the stand.

The detective once again glances at her.

Jennifer doesn't say anything.

DETECTIVE EVANS (CONT'D)  
But it's a little late for that.  
We can't prosecute the dead. We are  
now in an unfavourable situation,  
Miss Wright. We now have a murder  
case on our hands, and with all  
that blood I don't think Robert and  
Elizabeth were the only ones in  
that house.

Jennifer involuntarily shudders at that name.

RACHEL

What? No, Jennifer wouldn't-

DETECTIVE EVANS

We should know soon. The samples  
are at the lab as we speak and-

Detective Evans' phone rings.

He sighs, glances over at Jennifer, then stands and answers  
it.

It begins to rain. It starts as a drizzle, then turns into a  
shower.

Jennifer notices.

As she looks outside, the rain gets louder and drowns all  
other sounds from the room.

She then starts to hear faint crunches of leaves as if she  
was back in the woods.

Jennifer is in a trance. She can't stop looking at the rain  
as if it calls to her.

The crunches of leaves get louder. And then-

Rachel squeezes Jennifer's hand.

Jennifer's body shudders and her head jerks towards her  
direction.

Rachel can see something isn't right when she looks in her  
eyes.

RACHEL

(concerned)

Are you all right? I can call the  
doctor.

Still dazed and disorientated. Jennifer slowly shakes her  
head.

JENNIFER

I'm fine, thank you.

DETECTIVE EVANS

(sighs, then)

The samples contained a mixture of  
DNA. They can't get a clear match.

RACHEL

What does that mean?

DETECTIVE EVANS

It means we still have a murder on our hands. It's likely Jennifer will be the main suspect, but with everything that happened, they may be lenient with the charges. And maybe one day, you'll be able to move on from all of this.

The detective leaves.

Jennifer smiles at Rachel.

Rachel squeezes her hand to comfort her.

RACHEL

Try and get some rest. I'll get you some water.

After Rachel leaves, Jennifer turns her attention to look back at the rain.

It isn't as loud this time. And she doesn't hear the leaves.

In fact she doesn't hear anything. Until-

ELIZABETH

(whispers in Jennifer's ear)

Remember me.

Jennifer's body shakes to its core.

She jolts her head towards the voice.

There is nobody in the room.

She is scared...

Confused...

Alone.

END.