

Where It's Safe

Written by

Simon K. Parker

copyright 2025
Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hard to see, with only a single dim light at the side of the bed. Most of the room is in darkness, but what we can see is a man and his wife sitting on the bed together.

The man, GARY, has his arms wrapped around his wife, LENA, holding her to his chest—supporting her. Like a human beanbag.

Her eyes are vacant, black, and soulless. She looks heavily medicated.

A terrible rope burn around her slender neck from a failed suicide attempt.

Gary leans down to her ear.

GARY

(Whispering softly)

You're going to be just fine. This was just another bump in the road. But we'll get you back to where you need to be. I promise you that.

There's a knock on the door. Gary snaps his head up, scowling.

GARY (CONT'D)

(Hissing)

Go away.

The door is pushed open all the same. Their teenage son, CONNOR, sticks his head in.

CONNOR

Dad, phone.

Connor then looks at Lena.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

You should let Mum sleep.

GARY

Who's on the phone?

CONNOR

Don't know. It's the hospital.

Gary kisses Lena on the top of the head.

GARY
(Whispering in her ear
again)
I'll be back. Try and get some
rest.

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Gary walks at a fast pace, heading toward the staircase.
Connor walks just behind him, trying his best to keep up.

CONNOR
She's not getting better, Dad.

Gary shakes his head.

GARY
Never once have I asked for your
opinion on anything to do with your
mother, but you just keep on giving
it anyway.

Gary races down the staircase as fast as he can.

CONNOR
Dad, she needs help.

GARY
And I'm giving it to her. She's
getting better. You just don't want
to see it.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

Gary, on an old-school telephone, paces up and down the well-worn carpet. The house is neglected. The chores allowed to build up and then be forgotten.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
I'd like for you both to come in
tomorrow. I'm not happy with the
medication she's on.

GARY
But she's getting better.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
The Profoxialoc that she's on—the
side effects...

GARY

All drugs have side effects.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

I want to try something else.

GARY

But she's getting better. I see it.
And I'm the one looking after her.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

I want you to come in and see me
tomorrow.

Gary considers, shaking his head, clearly agitated.

GARY

I'll have to see. Got a lot on.
Next week might be better.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You need to—

GARY

I've got to go.

Gary hangs up, slamming the phone down.

GARY (CONT'D)

(Muttering)

Fucking asshole. Pills, pills,
pills. Doesn't care—just wants to
fill her up with shit. I'm not
changing her medication again. They
can get fucked.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connor approaches the bed slowly. Lena is sitting up. Awake, but her eyes are bloodshot red. She looks at Connor, breathing heavy and fast.

LENA

(Softly)

Water...

CONNOR

Mum, are you okay?

LENA

(Louder)

Water.

Connor stops at the side of the bed.

CONNOR
You want something to drink?

She snaps out a hand, grabbing a tight hold of Connor's wrist.

LENA
(Shouting)
Water!

Connor tries to pull himself free but can't. Lena digs her nails in, breaking the skin. Blood trickles out.

CONNOR
(Grunting)
Mum, you're hurting me.

LENA
(Screaming)
Water!

The door is ripped open. Gary rushes in, grabbing hold of Connor and yanking him away from Lena.

GARY
What the hell are you doing?

Connor, tears in his eyes, shows Gary his scratched-up wrist.

CONNOR
Look!

Gary is stunned. Speechless.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gary pulls out a first aid kit from under the kitchen sink.

Connor sits at the table, his injured wrists laid out, still bleeding.

Gary joins him.

GARY
You need to leave your mum alone.

CONNOR
She needs to be in a hospital.

GARY
No.

CONNOR

Dad—

Gary, annoyed, opens the first aid kit and slams it down onto the table.

GARY

Sort yourself out. I need to check on your mum.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bath is running. Just cold water.

Lena stands at the side, dressed in a long fluffy bathrobe. Swaying from side to side.

Muttering repeatedly and manically under her breath.

LENA

Water. Water. He needs to return to the water.

From the bathroom shelf, she fetches a box labelled "Salt." She pours the whole thing in.

INT. LANDING - DAY

Gary stomps past the closed bathroom door. But the sound of running water causes him to stop suddenly.

He presses his ear to the door. Pulls a puzzled face.

He tries the handle, but it's locked.

GARY

Honey, you know you can't be in there on your own.

He listens for a reply but doesn't get one.

He slams a clenched fist against the door. The sound of running water stops abruptly.

GARY (CONT'D)

Lena?

Again, no answer.

His confusion quickly transforms into rage.

GARY (CONT'D)
Lena, open this goddamn door right
now. You know you can't be in there
on your own.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOOM!

The bathroom door is forced open. Gary stumbles in, clutching his shoulder in pain. He eyes Lena with tears in his eyes.

She continues her ramblings.

Gary needs a moment to compose himself.

He comes over to her, wrapping his arms around her and holding her tight.

GARY
(Emotional)
You're going to be okay. I'm going
to look after you.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lena has taken a turn for the worse. Her face is sweaty, her eyes wild-searching the room.

Gary reluctantly uses restraints on her wrists and ankles, tying her to the bed.

GARY
(Tears in his eyes)
I'm not going to lose you.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

Connor sits on the edge of the sofa, one hand resting on top of the telephone. He's waiting.

Finally, Gary enters.

Connor picks up the receiver. His hand is shaking.

CONNOR
Call the fucking hospital. She
needs to go back.

Gary stops in his tracks, genuinely stunned.

GARY
Excuse me?

CONNOR
Either you call her doctor or I
will. But she's going back.

GARY
Is that so?

Connor puffs out his chest, trying to be brave.

CONNOR
It's a fact.

Gary walks over, picks up the rest of the phone. First, he rips it out of the wall. Then he snaps the receiver out of Connor's hand.

He launches everything against the wall, obliterating it. A once perfectly functioning phone now lies in several tiny plastic pieces.

Gary turns back to Connor.

GARY
She's going nowhere. You should be
ashamed of yourself.

Connor leaps up off the sofa. Father and son now square off, both letting their emotions take over.

CONNOR
(Jabbing a finger into
Gary's chest)
You're the one who should be
ashamed.

GARY
At least I still love her. Hating
your own mother—pathetic.

BAM!

Connor takes a swing and hits Gary across the face.

Gary takes the blow. Stays standing.

WHAM!

Gary strikes back, hitting Connor in the stomach and sending him crumpling into a heap.

Connor groans in pain.

Gary watches him for a moment—instantly regretting what he's done but having no idea what to say.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Lena tips several sleeping pills into the sink. Then, using the tip of the knife she's holding, she cuts them into smaller pieces.

Once satisfied, she turns the knife around in her hand and uses the bottom of it to crush the pills into a fine powder as best she can.

INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Connor lies on his back across the bed. Eyes red from crying, he holds both hands to his stomach.

Lena enters, now holding a cloudy-looking glass of water.

She approaches the bed and holds the drink out to him.

Without a word, he takes it and drinks.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Gary, carrying several bags of shopping, approaches the house. He stops, mouth open—seeing the front door left wide open. He turns to the empty driveway.

He looks ready to explode. Can't contain his anger.

GARY
Where the fuck is the car?

INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Gary bursts inside. Looks around. No one is here.

GARY
(Shouting)
Connor!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Gary enters the bedroom, seeing the bindings that had been around Lena's wrists and ankles piled up neatly in the middle of the bed.

He looks crushed. Gasps, suddenly finding it hard to breathe.

GARY

Oh God, you crazy bitch. What have you done?

EXT. BEACH - DAY

An empty, pristine beach.

Lena is dragging a drugged, unconscious Connor across the sand. It's hard work, but she's focused and determined.

The waves lap over her feet. She pulls Connor ever closer to the water.

Gary, in the distance, races toward them—waving his arms wildly.

Connor is now in the water, the lapping waves washing over him, pulling him out.

Lena drops to her knees, smiling happily. More than anything, she looks relieved.

LENA

Back to the water. Back to where you belong.

Gary, out of breath, reaches them.

He splashes into the water, pulling Connor out and back onto the sand. Soaking wet—he's not breathing.

Gary looks to Lena.

GARY

What are you doing?

LENA

Returning him to the water. Where it's safe.

Lena tries to pull Gary off Connor.

GARY

Stop it.

LENA

We need to get him back into the water.

Gary grabs hold of Lena's arms, yanks her, and sends her headfirst into the water.

He then positions himself beside Connor, performing CPR.

GARY

(Crying)

Don't die. You were right. Don't
die. I should have listened. Don't
die. I love you.

As these words leave his mouth, Connor suddenly sits
upright—coughing up water and breathing again.

Gary grabs him and hugs him tight.

Lena is splashing about in the water, completely lost—trapped
in her wild delusions.

Gary glances back at her before returning once more to
Connor.

GARY (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

You were right. I'm sorry.

Connor shakes his head. Too weak to speak. He takes hold of
his father's hands and shakes his head again.

GARY (CONT'D)

Help me?

Connor nods.

GARY (CONT'D)

We need to take her back.

CONNOR

(whispering)

Thank you.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END