

JAGGED LITTLE PILL

Shmoop A Loop

A troubled mother faces the consequences of her battle with post partum depression.

FADE IN

INT. OHIO REFORMATORY FOR WOMEN - DAY

A FEMALE GUARD (30) pushes a small, squeaky cart passed a long row of occupied cells. She stops at one, unlocks a small window, slides it open and places a tiny cup on the ledge.

FEMALE GUARD  
Get your meds. Hurry up.

A hand appears through the window and grabs the cup.

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Lying still on a solitary cot, JENNIFER BOWERY (35), stares at a cracked, water-stained ceiling.

Footsteps approach, along with the squeaky cart, then stop.

Keys jingle, metal scrapes.

FEMALE GUARD (O.S.)  
Medication.

Dark circles under her blank eyes, Jennifer continues to stare at the ceiling. Some stains look like balloons, the cracks like strings.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Blue balloons are tied to the back of a child's high chair occupied by SHEA BOWERY (2), face beet red from crying.

Cake on the table says, "Happy 2nd Bday", next to it are a few wrapped presents and party hats.

Jennifer, sweaty and disheveled, holds up a large knife, pointed at ED BOWERY (40).

JENNIFER  
I told you to put his fucking name  
on the fucking cake, Ed! You always  
fuck everything up!

The baby continues to cry uncontrollably as Ed tries to diffuse the situation.

ED  
Please, Jen, I'll fix it. Just put  
the knife down.

Jennifer lunges at Ed, stabs him in the chest.

She pulls the knife out, Shea cries in the background as she stabs Ed several more times.

Knife still in her hand, blood everywhere, she looks at the baby. There's not an ounce of motherly love in her cold eyes as she raises the knife to her son.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

FEMALE GUARD (O.S.)  
Bowery! Let's go! Come get your  
meds! I don't have all day!

The cot squeaks as Jennifer gets up.

The Guard scowls at her through the cell bars.

A tiny paper cup sits on the ledge.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Seated next to an empty high chair, blue balloons tied to the back, Jennifer wraps a birthday gift.

Her hair mussed, eyes look like she's been crying.

Jennifer doesn't look up as Ed walks in with a grocery bag and cake box.

ED  
Hey, babe. It's starting to look  
like a party.

He looks at the empty high chair.

ED  
Shea still taking a nap?

Jennifer doesn't look at him. He notices her red eyes.

ED  
Babe? You okay?

He puts the grocery bag down on the table, places the cake box with clear top, in front of her.

She looks at the cake, then glares at Ed.

JENNIFER  
I told you to put his name on it.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Slowly Jennifer reaches for the paper cup. Inside is one little pill.

FEMALE GUARD

Hey. Isn't today supposed to be your son's third birthday? Poor kid. Too bad you didn't have someone to remind you to take your meds. Husband didn't care? Guess you showed him.

The guard chuckles. Jennifer stares at the pill.

FEMALE GUARD

Better take it Bowery. Not that it matters much, you're never getting out of here. Post partum depression doesn't really fly with a jury.

Eyes filling with tears, Jennifer brings the cup to her mouth and flicks the pill in.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ed rifles through the shopping bag, pulls out a small bag, opens it and hands Jennifer a prescription bottle.

Her hands slightly shake as she opens it. Ed grabs a water bottle from the refrigerator, hands it to her.

Jennifer places a pill in her mouth. Ed sweetly places his hands on her shoulders as she takes a swig of water.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Colorful balloons are tied to the backs of six chairs that surround the kitchen table. A big pile of wrapped presents sit in the middle.

Shea runs into the kitchen, climbs up on a chair, gets a better view of the gifts and the birthday cake. Writing on the cake says, "Happy 3rd Bday, SHEA!".

Looking well rested and beautiful, Jennifer enters the kitchen, followed by Ed.

They stand behind Shea and hug lovingly as their son gawks happily at his cake and gifts.

FADE OUT