

Wasted Life

By

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FADE.IN

SLOW MOTION

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Blue lights from two police cars and an ambulance illuminate the night. Two POLICE officers dwarf a screaming/struggling WOMAN (Rachel mid 20s) UNKEMPT.

She tries to break free and looks behind as they bundle her into a police car. A woman wearing a lanyard with I.D carries a 2 year old child to a waiting car.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rachel sits at a table in a small room. She has a brown woolen blanket wrapped around her. A plastic cup is on the table in front of a recording machine. A FEMALE police officer, 40s plain clothes with a lanyard with I.D round her neck sits opposite.

POLICE OFFICER

I have to remind you that you are still under caution, do you understand?

Rachel nods as the police officer presses the record button on the machine.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Tell me in your own words what happened.

RACHEL

I didn't want to, well I spose I did but (beat) not really.

POLICE OFFICER

Not really?

RACHEL

I wanted him to hurt like I was hurting.

Rachel's shaky hands raise the plastic cup to her lips taking a few sips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE OFFICER
Had you been drinking?

RACHEL
Always

POLICE OFFICER
Always?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Baby clothes clutter the table, a pile of nappies and used baby bottles lay on their side. RACHEL sits on the sofa in her dressing gown. A half empty bottle of VODKA sits next to a tablet on the sofa showing a web site "Dealing with postnatal depression"

RACHEL (V.O)
Always, the birth of my son should have been a happy time, but without my Mum I felt (beat) I felt lost.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O)
Your Mum?

RACHEL (V.O)
She died months before.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A baby cries in a cot.

RACHEL (V.O)(CONT'D)
He was never there for me, I felt so alone (beat) is he...

POLICE OFFICER (V.O)
Dead? Thankfully for you no. He is in a bad way but they have said he'll live.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MAN (Dean) late 20s, DISHEVELED, followed by RACHEL, slightly untidy and clearly had too much to drink. Dean washes blood from a scratch on his face, his breathing is LABORED.

RACHEL (O.S)
How could you? She's my mate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rachel grabs a steak knife off one of the empty plates on the table. Dean turns to face her. She rushes at him with the knife raised. Dean grabs her hands and they tussle for control. They slam into a table sending plates crashing to the floor then slip on the broken plates.

Dean is on top of Rachel, he pounds her hand on the floor until the knife shoots from her grip and crashes against the wall. They are both breathing heavily. Dean starts breathing in unison with Rachel slowing his breathing which she mirrors, apparently calming.

Rachel begins to cry so Dean stands and approaches the sink. Relieved it's over he leans against the sink with his head down, tears welling in his eyes.

RACHEL (O.S) (CONT'D)

(CALMLY)

I **am** gunna kill you Dean.

Panicked Dean spins round and a knife is plunged into his belly. A look of disbelief and fear on his face as he clutches the knife and falls to the floor. Rachel slowly sits on a dining chair with a vacant look on her face.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Rachel is dressed in a baggy tracksuit with a hoodie, a clear plastic bag by her side with her belongings in. She is a sad lonely figure as the prison looms behind her.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Rachel sits on a bench in the same but now dirty tatty tracksuit, an empty bottle of VODKA by her side, head in her hands. As we close in on her, she lifts her head and looks directly at us. The tracks of her tears are visible on her unclean alcohol ravaged face.

FADE.OUT