

A Woman Scorned



U.S. Version

*A Short Screenplay
Written by Curt James*

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A WOMAN SCORNE - By Curt James

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

Moving around a gloomy kitchen, dirty pots, cups and pans piled up, against a large window. It looks like a cold sunny morning outside.

ELLIE, 35, blonde and hard looking shuffles in wearing a crappy old T-shirt and jogging bottoms. She stands at the kitchen table, then calmly sits down, emotionless. She sits in a daze staring into the air. Something isn't right.

She reaches for a packet of cigarettes on the table and takes out a cigarette with slightly shaking injured hand.

C.U. Lights the cigarette.

Moving back, she blows out the smoke now swirling around the room as the rays of light shine in. She mutters to herself in a daze.

ELLIE

I never wanted to be on my own you know?

Ellie looks down sadly.

ELLIE (cont'd)

After Gary left me, I thought I would stay single. I thought I would end up bringing up Lauren and Chloe all on my own.

She stares a cold stare.

ELLIE (cont'd)

Then you, came along.

Ellie starts twiddling her hair in a smiling daze.

ELLIE (cont'd)

[CHUCKLES] My life just seemed to get better. Holidays, days out, a man in my life I would trust with my little girls. You changed my life.

Ellie's eyes well up, with a little smile.

ELLIE (cont'd)
All those happy times. Times you read
the girls bedtime stories, held me
and wanted me for who I was. No-one
else wanted to know me, you know,
kids and baggage, and all that.

Moving to the kitchen clock, then across the stove.

ELLIE (O.S.)
For the first time in my life, I was
really happy.

Moving slowly across the counter top, herbs in jars, cups
and glasses. Depression medication in blister packs,
sleeping pills in small plastic jars, a block of kitchen
knives and cutting utensils, one is missing. A fly buzzes.

ELLIE (O.S.) (cont'd)
You made me whole again. You gave me
a purpose, the girls a future and
that balance that every family needs.
I loved you so much.

Ellie wipes away her tears with a scrunched up tissue from
her pocket. She sits motionless looking out of the window
for a moment rocking back and forth.

C.U. She stubs out her cigarette in a dirty ashtray.

ELLIE
Lauren's teacher rang me the
yesterday day. Miss McCarthy.

She pulls out another cigarette.

ELLIE (cont'd)
I like her. Always liked her. She's
great with the kids. I trust her.

Ellie fumbles around with her lighter, still staring.

ELLIE (cont'd)
She said Lauren keeps getting into
fights at school and not paying
attention.

(BEAT)
Some of the other parents have
complained about her as well.

She gets up and fills the kettle up.

ELLIE (O.S.)
She said this isn't the first time.

Ellie puts two sugars in a cup.

ELLIE (O.S.) (cont'd)
She then told me she had a chat with
her.

Her hands start to shake. She gets the milk out of the
fridge as the door shuts with a "WHUMP!"

ELLIE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Lauren told her something, something
that sickened me, shocked me to the
very soul.

She pours the tea, puts down the kettle and walks back to
the table when she continues to stare into the air holding
her cup.

ELLIE
I couldn't believe it. I didn't want
to believe it. This was something
that only happened in films or
something. Not here!

She puts her head in her hands, holding a shaking cigarette.

ELLIE (cont'd)
I really wanted this to work. YOU
were my world. All those times I
trusted you. All those times I left
you alone with the kids. MY kids!

Ellie then looks up glaring, snarling into the camera with
venom and BANGS the table hard with her fist! Suspense
builds. Then she sweeps across the table with her other hand
knocking the cup of tea onto the floor with a smash!

ELLIE (cont'd)
MY KIDS! Six, and nine!
(BEAT - SCREAMS!)
I hate you (SOBS) I FUCKING HATE YOU!
We all TRUSTED YOU! You evil SICK
bastard! How could you do it!?

Ellie finally puts down the cigarette and balls her eyes out
as she turns away, gets up and leans over the kitchen sink.

Her mobile rings, she picks it up. "Doctor". She rejects the
call and starts to compose herself. She stares into the
camera broken hearted.

ELLIE (cont'd)
So, what now? What am I going to do
now. Now you're gone, and I'm left
all alone? What do I tell Chloe and
Lauren? Eh?

She paces up and down, biting her nails. Her blood stained
knuckles and a bloodstained patch of wall tell a story!

ELLIE (cont'd)
Will they blame me? Will they hate
me? What do I tell the neighbours?
Mum, Dad?

C.U. A fly lands on the table. She wafts it away.

A quick glimpse of her wrist shows old wrist slash scars,
Moving around the room, there is a shadow opposite, like she
is talking to someone, but this person is not revealed.

On the floor are some broken dollies and kids toys near her
foot. Some are blood stained. Ellie takes another drag on
her cigarette. She sighs.

ELLIE (cont'd)
Right, can't sit here all day, gotta
move my ass.

Ellie stares into the camera and starts to tear up a little,
then composes herself.

Ellie then walks out of view. The moment is quiet, a tense
moment fills the air, and the sound of a fly. Cigarette
smoke flickers in and out of the suns rays across the
kitchen. She walks back in and plonks a large roll of clear
plastic cellophane, and duct tape on the table.

Ellie then pulls out a large meat cleaver and sighs, staring
into the camera.

ELLIE (cont'd)
Better get rid of you now before you
stink out the place. Hope you enjoyed
your special breakfast babe. It was
your fucking last, you sick fuck!

Ellie raises the glinting cleaver, looking evil.

ELLIE (cont'd)
Trash collection tomorrow, time to
put you out with the rest of the
garbage.

Ellie stares psychotically into the camera.

Moving down across the floor to the sound of CHOMPING and CUTTING of human flesh.

Continuing to move across to the spilt puddle of tea on the floor. Following the puddle to an old doctor's letter partially scrunched up on the floor. A close up of a couple of excerpts of the letter reveals a dark secret --

"The patient, Ms Ellie Portman has been receiving long term medical treatment for over three years for various psychological conditions. Such conditions include schizophrenia, anger management and regular delusions of having two children, and a family that has never occurred".

"Ms Portman is single, with no known family, so I have recommended a community nurse checks on her every two weeks at her home. As long as she continues to take her medication with regular check-ups, I am hopeful that her condition may show signs of improvement".

Moving to a bloodstained NYC Nurses ID on the floor.
It reads:

*City Heights Medical Centre
Metropolitan (NYC)
Mobile Assistance Group
Stephen Bowers
Registered Nurse
[BARCODE] 457824*

FADE OUT.

END OF A WOMAN SCORNE.