

Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow

"Words to the heat of deeds to cold breath gives.."

Written by:  
Richard Clarke

The film looks at the harrowing realities of intimate partner abuse. It follows the emotional and physical journey of a woman trapped in a relationship marked by manipulation, jealousy, and control. Layered with the cadence of Shakespearean language.

1 A DARK PLACE

We hear the sound of crying, a woman speaks, she is tearful, there is pain in her voice.

ALICE (VO)

O that one might read the book of fate, and see the revolution of the times, such a book I would sorely have read before this time.

*(out of the darkness a female face emerges, bruised, eyes wet with tears, streaks of mascara running down her cheeks, her gaze falls upon us through the lens)* If you can look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow and which will not, speak then to me.

We hold her on her looking down the lens, we hold on her until she blinks a tear rolls down her face.

BLACKOUT

2 EXT. PARK - DAY

Titles "Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow" appear on a black screen, then fade into....

Establishing shot of a park on a clear sunny day. Couples, and families enjoying themselves, dogs running around, sounds of children screaming and shouting with joy.

ALICE, an attractive women, 25-40 with a slim build, your typical girl next door & EDMUND 30-40 rugged but with an outward air of pleasantness, you can see why women are attracted to him, are seen seated on a park bench, they are close, we do not hear their conversation, we are onlookers, observing them from a distance, looking into their world..

Sequence of footage showing the couple walking around the park hand in hand, they are happy.

Each of the following sequences are inter cut with scenes of violence as if we are witnessing what is to come.

3 EXT. STREET - DAY ANOTHER TIME

Sequence of footage of Alice & Edmund walking around city streets looking into shop windows, this time they are closer, in love.

## 4 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Alice & Edmund are in a restaurant having a meal, a man approaches the couple and greets Alice, she laughs and briefly touches his arm, he response taking her hand in his in greeting.

FRIEND

Alice! (*Kisses Alice on both cheeks in greeting. He notices Edmund's reaction to this*) Let it not gall your patience, good Sir, that I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding that gives me this bold show of courtesy.

EDMUND

Sir, would she give you so much of her lips as of her tongue she oft bestows on me, you would have enough.

The friend takes his leave of them, and walks away.

Edmund looks annoyed at her, his body language shows that he is upset.

EDMUND

(*Alice tries to touch Edmund's hand, he withdraws it suddenly, she makes to speak, but Edmund cuts her off*) Come not between the dragon and his wrath!

ALICE

I understand a fury in your words, but not the words.

EDMUND

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth! Then with a passion would I shake your world.

ALICE

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes.

EDMUND

Too hot, too Hot! To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods. My heart dances, but not with joy, to be paddling palms and pinching fingers, as you were, and making practice smiles as in a looking glass, and then

to sigh, as 'twere the mort o' th'  
deer, that is entertainment my bosom  
likes not nor my brows.

Alice makes to reply but decides not to inflame the situation any further, she hopes this outburst is a one off. Giving Edmund a reassuring smile she drinks from her glass. We pull away from the encounter leaving them as the other patrons in the restaurant exchange glances and quickly glance at Alice & Edmund before returning to their meals/conversations.

5 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alice sits in front of a mirror delicately applying makeup to her face, she looks at herself studying her features moving her head slowly from side to side, as she admires her handy work.

6 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A few days/weeks later. We follow a couple as they enter a house.

The house is full of people drinking, eating, talking having fun. Music plays in the background, not loud enough to stop people from talking. The revellers are spread throughout the ground floor of the house.

Camera follows the female as she moves amongst the revellers, some eating, drinking chatting etc. The female greets people as she moves through the revellers, eventually she comes apone Alice talking to a group of women they are slightly a drift from the rest of the revellers, she embraces Alice takes a drink offered to her and joins in with group. As the camera pans round the group we see Edmund drink in hand with a group of men, as he takes a sip of the drink he looks towards Alice watching her every move.

Alice breaks away from the group and joins her best friend PORTIA an attractive no nonsense woman aged 25-35 she doesn't suffer fools gladly and says it how it is, she is talking to a man. Alice seems to be aware of Edmund watching her so she positions herself next to Portia. After a while they are joined by another man who kisses Portia on both cheeks, shakes hands with the other man then stands next to Alice. Portia introduces the man to Alice who briefly takes his offered hand. They are laughing at something Portia said, Alice fiddles with her clothing and hair nervously.

Presently another man approaches the group carrying two drinks, stopping he passes one of them to Alice, she

hesitates at first, but encouraged by Portia she takes it. Edmund's view of Alice is blocked by the man with the drinks.

After a while the man with the drinks moves way, Edmund can now see Alice as she raises her glass to the departing man, she drinks then turns to join in the conversation with Portia and the other two men. Portia looks around the room she seems to be explaining something to the group, her gaze passes over Edmund, she does not notice him but as she does so she laughs loudly and turns back to the group who all join in her laughter.

Edmund's demeanour suddenly changes, he is annoyed. Excusing himself, he moves away from his group and makes his way towards Alice. Alice is still laughing as he approaches, smiling she turns to see Edmund, her face changes, the laughter and smile disappear quickly.

#### EDMUND

Unknit that threatening unkind brow,  
and dart not scornful glances from  
those eyes to wound me. (*He positions  
himself in between Alice and the man  
standing next to her*) It blots thy  
beauty as frosts do bite the meads,  
confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake  
fair buds, and in no sense is meet or  
amiable.

He raises a hand towards her face as if to brush a loose hair, she flinches, the group fall silent, they look awkwardly at Alice.

#### EDMUND (CONTINUED)

(*annoyed*) A woman mov'd is like a  
fountain troubled, muddy, ill-seeming,  
thick, bereft of beauty; and while it  
is so, none so dry or thirsty will  
deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

#### PORTIA

(*sarcastically*) You sign your place  
and calling, in full seeming,  
with meekness and humility; but your  
heart is cramm'd with arrogancy,  
spleen, and pride.

#### EDMUND

(*pointing at the men in the group*) We  
are thy partners, thy life; one that  
cares for thee, and for thy

maintenance commit are bodies to  
 painful labour, to watch the night  
 whilst thou (*points angrily at Portia  
 & Alice he speaks loudly*) liest warm  
 at home, secure and safe; and we crave  
 no other tribute at thy hands but  
 love, fair looks, (*aimed at Alice*) and  
 true obedience, too little payment for  
 so great a debt.

People closest to Edmund, Alice & Portia have stopped talking  
 and turn to watch what is happening.

PORTIA

(*aloud with indignation*) What woman  
 shall bless this unworthy man? (*Alice  
 motions to Portia not say anymore*) He  
 cannot thrive, unless her prayers,  
 whom heaven delights to hear and loves  
 to grant, relieve him from his  
 ignorance.

EDMUND

(*Turning on Portia, with venom*) Such a  
 woman who oweth duty to her man. But  
 when she is froward, peevish, sullen,  
 sour, and not obedient to his honest  
 will what is she but a foul contending  
 rebel and graceless traitor to her  
 loving partner?

PORTIA

(*squaring up to Edmund, with sarcasm*)  
 The cannons have their bowels full of  
 wrath, and ready mounted are they to  
 spit forth their iron indignation  
 'gainst our womanhood.

Edmund looks furiously at Portia he looks as if he is going  
 to strike her. Portia stands firm. Everyone has stopped  
 talking and is now looking at the group. Edmund stares at  
 Portia, suddenly he smiles at her.

EDMUND

Who can be wise, Amazed, Temperate and  
 Furious, Loyal and Neutral, in a  
 moment? Not a woman! (*Edmund takes  
 Alice by the arm and guides her away  
 from the group*)

PORTIA

*(As Edmund walks away with Alice)* O beware, Edmund, of jealousy! It is the green eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on.

Pushing past the revellers, who have started to talk in hushed voices, Edmund stops, pulls Alice close to him...

EDMUND

My blood boils with fury, that you should be friends with that serpent. *(Glances towards Portia. Alice tries to speak)* Hold thy tongue, she speaks poison in your ear, and every word seeps into your brain *(he taps her on the forehead to make the point)*, if her breath were as terrible as her words, there would be no living thing near her.

ALICE

*(trying to appease him, softly)* Be not angry, she has a way about her that only wishes to help me. Prithee, be not angry, *(gentle touching his face)* men in a rage strike those that wish them best.

EDMUND

*(grabbing her hand pulling her close to him)* Be wise, do not press my tongue-tied patience with words, lest these words lend me actions to express the manner of my torment with thee.

Edmund roughly guides Alice out of the house, the revellers watch them go, Portia makes a move to follow them but is stopped from going any further, the man holding her arm motions her not to follow.

PORTIA

*(turning on the man)* My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, *(turning away)* or else my heart concealing it will break.

Portia watches fearfully as Alice & Edmund leave.

7 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Alice sits in front of a mirror delicately applying makeup to her face, she looks at herself studying her features moving her head slowly from side to side, she winces slightly as she applies the finishing touches.

8 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Establishing shot of a house to show a different time.

9 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Alice is preparing food, she seems happy, she hears the front door close, her mood changes, she is apprehensive

Edmund enters into the kitchen, he is visibly annoyed.

EDMUND

Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all  
mad masters, and all foul ways! Was  
ever man so beaten? was ever man so  
rayed? was ever man so weary? (pause)  
What, no attendance? no regard? no  
duty? Did I not bid thee meet me in  
the park? (pause) Fetch my supper.

Alice places a plate of food in front of him, it makes a  
noise as she places it on the counter top.

EDMUND

Will you let it fall?

ALICE

Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault  
unwilling.

EDMUND

What's this? mutton? Who Brought it?

ALICE

I did

EDMUND

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.  
How durst you, bring it from the  
dresser, And serve it thus to me that  
love it not? There take it to you,  
trenchers, cups, and all.

He sweeps the food and plates off the counter top onto the

floor. Alice quickly moves to clear up the mess, as she does so she makes a noise.

EDMUND

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Edmund moves quickly towards Alice.

ALICE

*(Backing away she slips on some food and falls to the floor)* I pray you, be not so disquiet: The meat was well, if you were so contented.

EDMUND

I tell thee, 'twas burnt and dried away; *(he picks up food from the floor and throws it at her)* And I expressly am forbid to touch it, *(wipes his hands on her head to remove the food)* For it engenders choler and planteth anger.

Alice cowers on the floor.

EDMUND

I am abused, and my relief must be to loathe you. Oh, the curse of women that we can call these delicate creatures ours and not their appetites! I had rather be a toad and live upon the vapour of a dungeon than to keep a corner in the thing I love for others' uses. *(Standing he walks passed Alice, she cowers as he passes her, he stops then looks down at her cowering on the floor)* Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended.

With one final look he leaves, slamming the front door behind him.

Alice sits on the floor, food dripping from her face and hair, she sobs quietly.

10 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Through partially open curtains, we watch Edmund leave the house. He enters his car and drives off quickly. The curtain closes. We hear the sound of sobbing as we fade into...

## 11 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Camera pans around the kitchen, food is scattered around the floor along with broken plates and bowls. Alice is sitting on the floor food in her hair and on her clothes. Her knees are drawn up tightly to her chest, her arms locked around them, she is gently rocking backwards and forwards sobbing.

There is a knock at the door, she does not move, then another knock. A door opens, footsteps slowly make their way towards Alice. Portia stands looking down at her, she is aware of what Edmund has been doing to her.

Portia kneels next to Alice and gently touches her arm, she flinches from the touch as if she had been electrocuted.

Alice looks up, she tries to smile but it's difficult through the pain and hurt she feels. Portia helps her to her feet and tries to wipe some of the food off her face with a tea towel, then slowly guides her into the living room.

## 12 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Portia lowers Alice onto the sofa and sits with her holding her hand.

Alice suddenly bursts into uncontrollable tears her body shaking with the effort. Portia draws close and holds her as the tears show no sign of stopping.

PORTIA

Give sorrow words, the grief that does  
not speak knits up the o-er wrought  
heart and bids it break.

ALICE

(after a while *she pulls away from  
her*) He hast not half that power to do  
me harm, as I have to be hurt.

PORTIA

He is little worse than a man, and  
when he is worst, he is little better  
than a beast. (*pause, comforting  
Alice*) Were I burdened with a light  
weight of pain, as much or more I  
should myself complain.

ALICE

The more my wrong, the more his spite  
appears. But I, who never knew how to

entreat, Nor never needed that I  
should entreat, Am starved for love,  
giddy for lack of sleep, With oath  
kept waking and with brawling fed.

PORTIA

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.  
They are all but stomachs, and we all  
but food. To eat us hungerly, and when  
they are full, they belch us. And that  
which pains me more, He does it under  
the name of perfect love; As who  
should say, if you should sleep or  
eat, 'Twere deadly sickness or else  
present death.

ALICE

Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

PORTIA

But jealous souls will not be answered  
so. They are not jealous for the  
cause, but jealous for they're  
jealous. It is a monster begot upon  
itself, born on itself.

Alice wipes the tears from her face, after a moment she  
stands up and walks to towards the door, stops and turns back  
to Portia.

ALICE

To whom should I complain? Did I tell  
this, who would believe me? O,  
perilous tongue, that bear in them one  
and the selfsame tongue.

She walks out of the room. Portia looks at her as she leaves,  
she sighs and shakes her head as if to say what more can she  
do to persuade Alice to leave.

PORTIA

(*to herself*) Above all, to thine own  
self be true.

13 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

Alice sits in front of a mirror delicately applying makeup to  
her face, she looks at herself studying her features moving  
her head slowly from side to side, she winces slightly as she  
applies the finishing touches.

## 14 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing shot of house at night, lights are on in some of the windows, a car pulls up. Alice & Portia exit the car, they embrace. Portia watches aguishly as Alice enters her house, after a moment's hesitation she moves towards her own house, glancing over her shoulder towards Alice's house as she goes..

## 15 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Single bedside light is on, light from the hallway casts some light into the dimly lit room. Camera pulls out of the bedroom as we hear Alice tentatively calling...

ALICE (VO)

Edmund?

We hear her place her car keys on a table and climb the stairs to the bedroom.

ALICE

(As she comes into view) Edmund?

(pause. She draws closer to the open door of the bedroom) Edmund?

Pulling out her mobile phone Alice enters the bedroom, behind her the door slowly closes to reveal Edmund, he moves quickly towards her, placing a string of pearls around her neck, she is startled, turning quickly she faces Edmund who smiles at her.

ALICE

You scared me.(she takes in several deep breaths trying to calm herself)

EDMUND

Prithee peace.

Alice tries not to show how scared she is, she trembles as Edmund touches her arm.

EDMUND

You shake, why doth you shake so?

She battles to control herself, Edmund caresses her arm trying to comfort her.

EDMUND (CONTINUED)

Come. (he guides her to a tall free standing mirror. His hand on her back,

*we see their reflection in the mirror)*  
Dost thou like them? *(his hand slowly moves up to her neck, he leans into her and whispers in her ear)* For that sorrow, which I did sow, needs I under my transgressions bow. *(Alice does not answer. Edmund caress her back, looking at her in the mirror, touching the necklace)* Their beauty is naught compared to thine own.

Edmund moves in front of Alice, holds her by the tops of her arms, he caresses her.

EDMUND (CONTINUED)  
*(handling the necklace)* I only seek to right my wrongs with drops of joy.

ALICE  
*(trying to move away)* Will you go to bed?

EDMUND  
*(His demeanour changes as if a light has been switch off in his head)* If you think yourself of any crime unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace, solicit for it straight.

ALICE  
What may you mean by that?

EDMUND  
Well, do it and be brief. I would not kill thy unprepared spirit. No, heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

ALICE  
*(Worried looking for an escape from the room)* Talk you of killing?  
*(Edmund's countenance has changed, he is manic, unhinged, losing control)* I fear you, for you're fatal when your eyes roll so. Why should I fear I know not, since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.

EDMUND  
Think on thy sins.

ALICE

*(Unsure where the conversation is going she moves towards the bedroom door) They are loves I bear to you.*

Alice pulls away, Edmund grabs her hard, she tries to free herself, in the struggle the necklace breaks, in slow motion the pearls fall to the floor as a metaphor on their broken relationship. Edmund looks at the broken necklace then slowly at Alice, she knows what is coming, she braces for the inevitable beating.

ALICE

NO! PRITHEE NO!

EDMUND

O Full of scorpions is my mind...

Edmund slaps her across the face, grabs hold of her and violently throws her on the bed, her mobile phone falls to the floor, Edmund falls on her and rains down blow after blow on her. Alice tries to protect herself. Camera moves quickly to Alice's phone on the floor, it lights up, vibrates, we see Portia's name as the caller ID. We hear the assault continue as the phone vibrates. The call ends, the camera pans backup to the bed as, Edmund, exhausted gets up off Alice, stands by the bed looking down at her.

EDMUND

Come not again within the measure of my wrath. *(he moves as if to strike her again, she cowers. With a laugh he steps away)*

ALICE

I will proclaim thee, Edmund, with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world aloud what man thy art.

EDMUND

Who will believe thee? My unsoiled name, th' austereness of my life, My vouch against you, and my place i' ht' state, will so your accusation overweigh that you shall stifle in your own report and smell of calumny. *(he spits out the last few words with venom)*

He slowly walks towards the door. Turns back on her...

EDMUND (CONTINUED)  
(*calmly*) Say what you can, my false  
o'erweighs your true.

With one last look he pauses in the doorway as if he is waiting for a reply, he turns and leaves.

Alice curls up in the fetal position, she is broken, hurt, blood trickles from her nose, she has a cut lip, her face and neck red from the assault, sobbing under her breath she mumbles..

ALICE  
I will have such revenges on you...  
What they are, yet I know not, but  
they shall be the terrors of the  
earth.

FADE TO BLACK

16 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sometime later. The house is quiet, the camera moves around the kitchen, we see empty bottles, dirty plates in the sink, tap dripping, food on the counter top. We hear the sound of a TV somewhere in the house. (*single tracking shot*)

FADE INTO

17 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As the camera pans round the dimly lit room we find Edmund unconscious on the sofa in front of the TV, empty bottles on the table in front of him. The camera moves out of the room up the hallway to the bedroom. (*single tracking shot*)

FADE INTO

18 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alice is sitting on the floor at the foot of the bed, a half empty bottle of wine at her side, several bottles and packets of pills are scattered on the floor beside her. She is bruised, with a cut lip, her face wet with tears. She is staring straight ahead, slowly rocking backwards and forwards.

Throughout the following monologue we see her fighting the urge to take the pills...

ALICE

*(rocking back and forth slowly under her breath she chants)* To be, or not to be, To be, or not to be, To be, or not to be, or not to be...

She holds a bottle of pills in her hand. Our focus shifts to the bottle of pills. She turns the bottle around slowly.

That is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them? *(she pops open the lid)*

To die: to sleep; No more; No more, and by a sleep to say we end the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.

*(She pours some of the pills into her hand, she takes some washed down with wine)*

To die: to sleep; to sleep perchance to dream: ay, for in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil?

*(She looks at the pills left in her hand before swallowing them washed down with wine. She pours out more pills into her hand)*

But that the dread of something after death, the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns, puzzles the will... To be, or not to be, to die, to sleep..

*(She puts the pills back into the bottle and shuts the lid)* Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

She slowly places the pill bottle beside her. She rests her head against the bed, she is both mentally & physically exhausted. She sits staring blankly. Faintly we hear the sound of a mobile phone, it grows clearer, she looks at the phone vibrating on the floor, reaching for it she answers it..

PORTIA

*(Seeing the state of Alice's face)* Oh

that a man refused, should on a woman abuse. (pause) Why doest thou live a coward in thine own esteem, letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat i' the adage?

ALICE  
(quietly) Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind, and makes it fearful and degenerate...

PORTIA  
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep. Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.

ALICE  
I have no thought, other than to think not of what has happened here.

PORTIA  
If you prick us do we not bleed? If you poison us do we not die? And if you wrong us shall we not be revenged?

ALICE  
If it were done when 'tis done...

PORTIA  
...then 'twere well It were done quickly (pause) If the deed could trammel up the consequence, and catch with his surcease success; but that this blow might be the be-all and the end-all... (pause) Here, but here, upon this bank and shoal of time, you'd jump the life to come.

ALICE  
But in these cases we still have judgment here; that we but teach bloody instructions, which, being taught, return to plague the inventor: this even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice to our own lips.

PORTIA  
When he is asleep; where to the rather shall his day's hard drinking soundly

invite him, when in swinish sleep his  
drenched natures lie as in a death,  
what cannot you perform upon his  
unguarded person? (*silence*) Let grief  
convert to anger; blunt not the heart,  
enrage it. Go, and it is done..(*the  
call is ended*)

ALICE

(*she drinks the last of the wine from  
the bottle*) That which hath made him  
drunk hath made me bold.

Alice stands up puts her phone in her pocket, picks up the wine bottle, this makes her stumble as the effects of the wine & pills start to take effect. Bottle in hand she walks slowly and purposefully out of the bedroom. The necklace remains on the floor, broken.

FADE INTO

19 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alice is leaning against the counter, she is drinking copious amounts of alcohol, but through a montage of clips, we see the world through her eyes, spinning, out of focus, alcohol induced. She walks around, dazed, unsteady on her feet, carefully she places the bottle on the counter, opens a draw. Looks into it we see it is full of knives...

ALICE

(*She pulls out knives one by one and  
places them on the counter*) Is this a  
dagger which I see before me, the  
handle toward my hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee.(*laughs*) I have thee not,  
(*puzzled*) and yet I see thee still.

Drinks some more. Plays with the knife, she is not aware she has one in her hand

ALICE (CONTINUE)

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou  
but a dagger of the mind, a false  
creation, proceeding from the heat-  
oppressed brain? (*Drinks heavily from  
a bottle*) I see thee yet, inform as  
palpable as this which now I draw. And  
such an instrument I am to use.

Downs some more alcohol, she puts the empty bottle on the counter top, leans heavily on the counter for support, then with a great effort turns and walks unsteadily out of the kitchen, knife in her hand.

20 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alice sits down on the bed, knife resting on her leg. She sits staring blankly her face devoid of any emotion. She closes her eyes, we see a flashback to the last assault exploding on the screen as if we can see into Alice's head. She recoils from the images her eyes snap open.

ALICE

Mine eyes are made the fools of all  
the other senses, or else worth all  
the rest; There's no such thing: It is  
the bloody business which informs thus  
to mine eyes.

She lies back on the bed, closes her eyes. Through a series of flashbacks we see all the events that have lead Alice up to this point...

PORTIA (VO)

*Whiles you threat, he lives: Words to  
the heat of deeds too cold breath  
gives.*

Extreme close up on Alice, suddenly her eyes open, the fear has gone, she has decided what to do. She sits up. Close up on the knife resting on her leg, suddenly she grips the knife firmly, stands, then slowly but purposely she leaves the bedroom, we follow the knife in her hand as she moves from the room.

21 INT. NIGHT - HOUSE

We follow Alice's feet as she walks through the house (in slow motion)

ALICE (VO)

Thou sure and firm-set earth, hear not  
my steps, which way they walk, for  
fear thy prate of my whereabouts, and  
take the present horror from the time,  
which now suits with it.

She reaches a door which is ajar, we hear the sound of snoring over the sound of a TV. Through the gap we see the flicker of lights from the TV illuminating the dark room we

can make out the silhouette of Edmund on the sofa. Alice leans against the wall, closeup on her face as she agonises over what she has to do.

ALICE

*(looking into camera unsure of herself)* What if I fail? *(Her demeanor changes as if she is possessed)* Screw your courage to the sticking-place, and you'll not fail.

Her breathing is erratic she tries to calm herself, gradually she gets herself under control.

ALICE (CONTINUE)

Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, and fill me from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood, stop up the access and passages to remorse, that no compunctious visitings of nature shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between the effect and it! *(She walks quietly into the room stops behind the sofa, looks down at the unconscious Edmund. She gently moves a stray hair from his face)* Come, thick night, and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, that my keen knife see not the wound it makes, nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, to cry 'Hold, hold!' *(The word Hold becomes a scream of fury as she raises the knife above her head.)*

Flashes of a knife plunging downwards, SFX as it plunges into flesh, hold on Alice's face, she breathes heavily from the physical exertion.

We hear the sound of running water as we...

FADE INTO

22 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Silence. Slowly we hear the sound of a tap running.. we focus on Alice looking at herself in the mirror. Her mobile phone is propped up against the mirror, we see Portia on the phone as before.

Knocking can be heard throughout the following as if in the

distance, but grows louder and clearer throughout the scene.

ALICE

This is a sorry sight.

PORTIA

A foolish thought to say a sorry sight. The deed must not be thought after this way; it will make you mad. Get some water, and wash the filthy witness from your hand.

Alice moves her hand to wipe away a stray hair from her face, as she does so we see that she is holding a bloodied knife.

PORTIA

Why did you bring the dagger from the place? It must lie there: go carry it; and place it next to the body.

ALICE

*(looking at the knife in her hand as if she is seeing it for the first time)* I am afraid to think what I have done; and look on it again I dare not. *(Lowers the knife into the wash hand basin)*

PORTIA

Infirm of purpose! The sleeping and the dead are but as a picture.

Sound of knocking grows louder

PORTIA

*(urgently)* I hear a knocking, retire you to your chamber. A little water clears you of this deed. *(the knocking is louder now)* Hark! more knocking. Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call you, and show you to be a watcher. *(pause)* Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.

She ends the call as the knocking grows even louder

ALICE

Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise  
appals me? *(she looks down, camera follows her gaze, her hands are*

*covered in blood)*  
 What hands are here?  
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash  
 this blood clean from my hands? (*Back*  
*to her looking in the mirror*)

There is more knocking coming from a far.

ALICE (CONTINUE)  
 (*Sharply*) Knock, knock! Never at  
 quiet. What are you? But this place is  
 too cold for hell. (*Pause. Calmly*) To  
 know my deed, 'twere best not know  
 myself. Wake Edmund with thy knocking!  
 (*beat*) I would thou couldst!

We hear the sound of a door being broken down and the sound  
 of voices...

CUT TO

23 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Several police cars and an ambulance are parked in front of  
 the house, flashing blue lights reflecting off the houses and  
 parked cars in the cul-d-sac.

A policeman is winding out a roll of tape with "Police Line  
 Do Not Cross" written on it, several other officers hold back  
 a crowd of onlookers from the other houses, some are dressed  
 for bed. We see Portia in the crowd.

An unmarked police car approaches the scene, a WOMAN in plain  
 clothes gets out and moves through the crowd, she shows her  
 ID, an officer looks at it, holds up the tape so she can pass  
 underneath, she stops to talk to another officer who gets her  
 to write on a sheet of paper, after she does this the officer  
 points towards the open door of the house.

Moving slowly towards the house she takes in the scene,  
 police officers moving around or standing in groups talking,  
 an ambulance crew wait by their ambulance. As she approaches  
 the front door, a female officer is escorted out of the  
 house, she is visibly shaken. She stops to allow someone  
 dressed in white PPE to exit the house, they carry a blooded  
 knife in a tube. An officer points the way into the house as  
 the woman enters slowly watching where she walks.

24 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fade up on Alice who is seated on the bed, she is dressed in

a forensic overall. We see figures walking around her, some in similar overalls, lots of voices are heard but we cannot discern what is being said. A MAN and a WOMAN walk into the bedroom, it is the woman we saw arrive.

MAN

Death lies on him like an untimely frost and has closed up his eyes.

WOMAN

Cowards die many times before their deaths. The weariest and most loathed worldly life that age, ache, penury and imprisonment can lay on nature, is a paradise to what we fear of death.

ALICE

*(looks up and realises she is not alone. She is drained of all emotion, exhausted, free!)* He should have died hereafter. *(pause)* There would have been a time for such a word. *(She is helped to her feet, she is placed in handcuffs.)* Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time, and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death.

She is slowly walked from the room. She is lead away passed the door to the living room, we see the ambulance crew working on a body, one of them stops and shakes their head, a police officer places a sheet over the body of Edmund.

ALICE (CONTINUE)

Out, out, brief candle!  
*(Stops turns to no one in particular)*  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more. It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Alice is lead away, camera lingers on the room and the scene of activity there in.

FADE TO

## 25 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Alice is escorted out of the house by two police officers, she looks up and sees Portia in the crowd before she is placed into a police car, she smiles at her, Alice's expression says it all. Portia looks on as the car is driven away.

## 26 INT. CELL - NIGHT

Images flash up on screen of Alice's injuries, her face, cut lip, bruise under eye, around her mouth, bruises on neck, arms.

Black screen we hear a cell door close, muffled sounds of talking & footsteps which fade away, out of the darkness we hear Alice

ALICE

To do a great right, first you do a little wrong. The jury passing on my life may in the sworn twelve have one or two guiltier than me they try.

*(light slowly fades up during the following dialogue to reveal Alice's face)*

What's open made to justice,  
That justice seizes? What knows the  
laws that thieves do pass on thieves?  
*(pause)* 'Tis very pregnant, the jewel  
that we find, we stoop and take 't  
because we see it; but what we do not  
see, we tread upon and never think of  
it. *(pause)* If I must die, I will  
encounter darkness as a friend, and  
hug it in mine arms.

We hold Alice's stare, her face bruised, tear streaked, her eyes red & puffy, cut lip, exhausted, but free.

Music: The opening bars of "The Sound of Silence" plays over Alice's voice, as she finishes we hear the song sung by a female.

She blinks as she does - cut to black.

Voice Over

Women rarely kill, when they do it is often due to abuse. Between April 2008 and March 2018, 840 women were killed by their male partners, in contrast 108 men were killed by their

female partners.  
(*Women's Aid October 2021*)

Text appears on screen:

Of these, 43% of women were convicted of murder

FADES OUT

33% of these were sentenced to 20 years or more.

FADES OUT

71% had stabbed their partners.

FADES OUT

Because of their physicality. Women are more likely to use a  
weapon..

FADES OUT

The use of a weapon carries a longer prison sentence.

FADE OUT

CREDITS