

Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow
(Revised Version 2)

Life's but a walking shadow

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ALICE finds herself the victim of first verbal abuse
then physical abuse at the hands her partner EDMUND.

Using dialogue & monologues from Macbeth & other
Shakespearean plays & through flashbacks we see her story
unfold, from the verbal abuse, the beatings, to the
terrifying violent conclusion of Alice's story.

1 OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE..

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

2 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.

3 EXT. PARK - DAY

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.

4 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.

5 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Alice & Edmund are in a restaurant having a meal, a man approaches the couple and speaks to Alice, she laughs and briefly touches his arm, he walks away. Edmund looks annoyed at her, his body language shows that he is angry.

The following sequence can be filmed as a dumbshow, we see that Edmund is angry with the encounter, Alice trying to appease him.

As with all of the above sequences we are onlookers, looking in on their world.

EDMUND

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.

The other patrons in the restaurant exchange glances and quickly look at Alice & Edmund before returning to their meals/conversations.

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 upon 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 away, 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 to not say anymore)* He cannot thrive, unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear and loves to grant, reprieve 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, pushing past the revellers, who have started to talk in hushed voices, he 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 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Establishing shot of a house to show a different time. We faintly hear raised voices.

8 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

(looking down at Alice on the floor,

angrily, spitting the words out) I am master of what is mine own: you are my goods, my chattels; you are my house, my household stuff, my everything. *(he turns to leave, 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.

All abuse scenes filmed handheld.

9 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...

10 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Camera pans around the kitchen, as if looking for the source of the sound. 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 has been 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 slowly guides her into the living room.

11 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

And that which pains me more than all
these wants, He does it under name of
perfect love; As who should say, if
you should sleep or eat, 'Twere deadly
sickness or else present death.

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

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

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.

12 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 moment's hesitation she moves towards her own house, glancing over her shoulder towards Alice's house as she goes..

13 INT. HOUSE - 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 walks towards the bedroom.

ALICE

(As she comes into view) Edmund?

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

14 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

ALICE
I will not travel down this path with thee again.

EDMUND
My love....

ALICE
(*with purpose*) No longer will I suffer at your hand..

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 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 switches to Alice's phone on the floor, it lights up, vibrates, we see Portia's name as the caller ID.

Exhausted Edmund gets up off Alice, looks 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*)

He slowly walks out of the room.

Alice curls up in the fetal position, 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

15 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.

16 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We focus on empty bottles of beer on a table, as the camera pans round the dimly lit room we find Edmund unconscious on the sofa in front of the TV. The camera moves out of the room up the hallway to the bedroom.

17 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...

In one hand she holds the broken necklace in the over a bottle of pills. 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)*

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 in 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) Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

She slowly places the 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

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 picks up her phone & what is left of the necklace which she throws onto the bed, phone in hand she walks slowly and purposefully out of the bedroom.

18 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 walks back to the bedroom, bottle in one hand knife in the other.

19 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alice sits down on the bed, knife resting on her leg, bottle poised near her lips, she drinks. 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.

20 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 repeatedly plunging downwards, SFX as it plunges into flesh, heavy breathing from the physical exertion, then silence..

21 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)

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. Wake Edmund with thy knocking! (*calmly*) I would thou couldst!

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

CUT TO

22 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.

23 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 scene of
activity there in.

FADE TO

24 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.

25 INT. CELL - NIGHT

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.

CREDITS

WORKING SCRIPT