

SILENT VOICES

Written by

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(Revisions by
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Shooting script

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27 INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

27 **

MICHAEL

My mother left us. She didn't leave with a suitcase, and her coat over her arm, with a fifteen year old boy.

She left alone. Quietly, slipping away in the afternoon when no one was there. She left without a fuss. She would not have liked to think she was a burden on anyone.

I came in from school. The house was quiet. 'Mother', I shouted. No reply. That's odd, I thought. She never goes anywhere. I went into the drawing-room. She was lying on the sofa. She looked asleep. Yes, she looked asleep. A glass was on the floor, a tumbler of water. Unusual. Next to the glass was an empty bottle of pills. I went to shake her awake; but as I approached her I realized that she was dead. I hadn't seen anyone dead before. But I knew; something about the way she was lying. I touched her and her arm fell to one side. I just stood there, leant over to hug her and wept.

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28 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

28

LUCY

I spent all night in that bedroom with my baby daughter. She cried herself to sleep in the end.

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LUCY(cont'd)

At about eight in the morning, the doorbell rang. God gave me a break. It was the postman with something for me to sign. Joe tried to sign for me, but the postman wouldn't let him. I could hear this, so I shouted, 'I am here', and unlocked the door and came out as if nothing had happened. I was very good at this. Dishevelled, clothes, crumpled, a bruise over one eye. I was shaking.

*

I picked up the pen;
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LUCY(cont'd)

Joe was behind me and couldn't see.

I wrote 'Help me; call Police. Say nothing. Do it now.' 'What are you writing?' Joe asked.

The postman looked at Joe and then looked at me and he thought a moment and said, 'Nothing - just confirming address'.

'Thank you,' I said.

'Breakfast', Joe said. I tried to act normal, remained calm, washed and fed my daughter. Abused wives are great actors; they do it every day, one way or another.

The bell rang. It was the Police. He tried to talk them out of coming up, but they insisted and he warned me to say nothing and put make up on quickly; and for God's sake smile.

I did exactly as he did until the Police came through the door and then said; help me, I have to leave. He made to lunge at me but the policemen stopped him. He was yelling at me, 'I will find you. Why are you doing this? Can't you see she is mad? Tell her to leave the baby. You'll come back, you always do.'

I asked for my car keys and he didn't want to give them to me but he had to. When he handed them over he spat on them. The spit hit my daughter on the cheek. I wiped it off.

We went downstairs to the car.