

SONGBIRD
(working title)

Written by
Tommy Draper

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TommyDraper@live.co.uk

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - AFTERNOON

Worn down, pink High-tops walk along the side of a road.

The road is narrow, winding its way through the hills.

The pink trainers are worn by a young, soft-faced woman in her early 20's. Her name is JENNIFER.

On her back is a rucksack. Hanging from her neck is an A4 sized Dry Wipe Board. A marker pen attached to it with string.

Written on the board is the message:

*HEADING NORTH.
PLEASE TAKE ME AS FAR AS YOU CAN.*

She hears a car. She turns, sticks out her the thumb...
and wills it to stop.

INT. CAR - TRAVELING

The Driver, an almost 50 year old, with dash of 'salt and pepper' in his beard sees Jennifer.

His head turns, as he reads her sign.

He drives on.

Then stops.

He checks his rear-view mirror.

Jennifer bends down to his passenger window. She gives him her best smile.

The drivers name is MICKEY. He leans over, manually winding down the window for her.

MICKEY
What's a young girl like you doing
out here? It's the middle of nowhere.
And it's cold!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jennifer points up the road, then holds her sign up. Mickey is taken aback.

MICKEY (cont'd)
Can't you talk?

Jennifer shakes her head, no.

MICKEY (cont'd)
(points to his ears)
ARE. YOU. DEAF. TOO?

Jennifer winces as he shouts at her.

She shakes her head.

Mickey seems uncomfortable with this situation now he has stopped.

Jennifer mimes driving. Points to herself.

MICKEY (cont'd)
Drive, you?

Jennifer nods quickly. Mickey strokes his beard.

Jennifer puts her hands together, pleads with a him.

MICKEY (cont'd)
Alright, alright. Get in.

In a flash her backpack is shoved onto the backseat. She gets in the car.

MICKEY (cont'd)
Don't think I make a habit of picking
up hitchhikers out here. I don't.

Jen wipes her board, then scribbles.

THANK YOU

She winds up the window. Puts her hands on the heater.

He starts the car moving.

MICKEY (cont'd)
You're welcome. I'm just trying to do
a good deed for the day.

They drive down the road...

...in silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mickey hums a tunes, taps his fingers nervously on the steering wheel.

MICKEY (cont'd)
So, um,

SCRIBBLES

MY NAME IS JEN

MICKEY (cont'd)
Jen, I'm Mickey.
(beat)
Have you always been.... um, you
know, silent?

Shakes her head. She scribbles (I will stop saying that she scribbles now, I'll assume you understand what's going on).

LONG STORY

MICKEY (cont'd)
That's alright, you don't have to,
um, talk about it. Sorry, bad choice
of words. What I'm trying to say is I
won't pry.
(beat)
Where can I take you to?

She shows him her destination. We don't see what she wrote.

He slams on the brakes. She braces herself against the windscreen.

MICKEY (cont'd)
Why? Why would someone like you want
to go to a place like that? No, I'm
sorry, ride's over. You can get out
now.

Her hands go together, PLEASE

MICKEY (cont'd)
No, out. OUT! I should never have
picked you up. What was I thinking?

He gets out of the car. She watches as he drags her backpack onto the side of the road.

Her door opens. She is forcibly ejected from the car.

She pleads with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY (cont'd)
No, that place? I know the stories, I believe them. It's not a place for a girl like you. It's not a place for anyone. I am doing you a favour.

HELP ME!

MICKEY (cont'd)
No!

She grabs him, tries to stop him walking away.

He shrugs her off.

He gets to his car door.

She makes some sounds, tries to speak.

MICKEY (cont'd)
I don't understand?

She makes noises again. Jen gives everything she has to make a sound that might be a word.

MICKEY (cont'd)
Your voice? Did you say your voice?

She nods. She is breathless from all the effort that it took to make a noise.

His anger subsides as his guilt rises.

MICKEY (cont'd)
Get in.
(beat)
But I hope you have got plenty of ink in that pen. I want to know your story.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE BLUE MOON BAR - NIGHT

A crowd of people enter the modestly busy bar. Guitars and vocals swell from inside, out the open door.

A sign read:

OPEN MIC NIGHT - EVERY THURSDAY - ALL WELCOME

We enter through the door.

INT. THE BLUE MOON BAR

All the tables are full. There is a buzz of chatter from the bar as the male singer strums out the latest song about his breakup from his girlfriend.

He finishes pouring out his heart to the audience.

Polite applause compliments his attempt at entertainment.

The COMPARE returns to stage.

COMPARE

Many thanks to...

(checks his notepad)

Dave Johnson for that beauty. Give it up with another round of spontaneous, unprompted applause for Dave.

The Compare leads the way with more polite applause for Dave and his guitar.

COMPARE (cont'd)

And next up we have....

(checks notepad again)

We have the return of one of the Blue Moon favorites, put you hands together for the girl with only one name, but the voice of an angel, Jennifer.

Jennifer steps onto the little stage with her guitar. She awkwardly adjusts the mic. Uncomfortably enigmatic in the spotlight of the stage.

JENNIFER

Hey, how's it going?

Her voice is smooth like velvet. She strums her guitar, fiddles with the tuning.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Sorry, I'll be, you know, right with you.

Strums and tunes some more.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Ok, that's that done.

(beat)

So, this is a new song that I've been working on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER (cont'd)
And I wanted to sing it to you,
tonight. So, um, tell me what you
think, even if you hate it!

Jennifer begins her gentle folk-ish song. Her voice swells out across the room.

It melts the ice in peoples drinks.

Hugs every person, on every table like a long lost lover.

People are captivated by her as she tells her tale.

Over AT THE BAR

sits an OLD WOMAN.

She watches with a particular interest in Jennifer. She is on the edge of her bar stool.

Two men in suits enter the Blue Moon. They stand by the Older Woman, they talk and laugh loudly.

They aren't there for the music. This is just a bar on their journey to get drunk.

OLD WOMAN
Shush, I am listening to the girl

SUITED MAN
Maybe you should up your hearing aid,
you wrinkly old prune.

They both snigger, then continue to talk at the same volume as before.

The Woman looks at them both, daggers in her eyes. They totally ignore her.

She tries to concentrate on the beautiful melodies floating from the stage, but she can't. They are too annoying.

By her side hangs large, tattered bag. She reaches in to it, pulls out a jar of powder.

She flips the lid, careful not to breath any of the gray dust.

As the less annoying of the two men stares at the bum of a girl that passes by, the Woman takes pinch of the powder, blows it in her rivals direction.

He breaths it in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She puts the lid back on the jar, slips it back into her bag.

Behind her, the Suited Man coughs. Once, twice, three, times. He can't get his breath. He gasps over and over.

He makes a bolt for the door and fresh air. The friend follows.

The Old Woman enjoys the rest of Jennifer's song. Enthralled as before.

Jennifer's song ends. There is a large swell of applause. Jennifer accepts the applause, with awkward shyness on the stage.

JENNIFER

Thank you. You're too kind.

She takes the guitar from her neck.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Enjoy the rest of your evening.

She swaps places with the Compare. He starts to talk as Jennifer steps down from the stage.

In an instant Jennifer is set upon by an enthusiastic guy with a hipster beard. His name is JOEL.

JOEL

Hi, Jennifer, right?

JENNIFER

Yeah, hi.

JOEL

Joel, I'm Joel.

They shake hands. He's very warm.

JOEL (cont'd)

Listen, I'm really sorry about this, I'm late for something at this other place, but I love what you just did. Are you with a producer?

JENNIFER

No, not really. I kinda record things myself, at home you know, with my laptop and, you know.

Joel smiles. She smiles back, but she's really awkward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEL

You don't like talking much, do you?

JENNIFER

No, not if I can, help it. I prefer to sing.

JOEL

I hear you. And I heard you tonight. Look, Jennifer, here's my card. I would love to record some songs with you, I have a studio. If you're interested in getting off the laptops then call me

(beat)

Or email me, if you want to avoid the whole talking.

She smiles again. Warmer, more relaxed.

She looks at his card.

JENNIFER

Than, thank you.

JOEL

Ok, I would love to stay, but I...

JENNIFER

Yeah, it's cool.

He holds his hand out to her, to shake goodbye.

She responds. He leaves.

Jennifer watches him go, looks at his card again. Sliding it safely into her pocket. She looks up. The Old Woman is in her face. She makes her jump.

OLD WOMAN

Your voice. You, are a songbird.

JENNIFER

(stunned)

Thank, thank you.

OLD WOMAN

I wish I had a voice like yours.

Jennifer forces a smile. She backs away from the woman who is getting into her personal space, making an awkward girl, feel more awkward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Old Woman takes Jennifer's hand in hers.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)
Can I buy you a drink my dear?

JENNIFER
No, thank you, I don't drink, like alcohol.

The Old Woman keeps a hold of Jennifer's hand.

OLD WOMAN
Just a drink? A soft one? I just want to chat about music, your voice. Do you ever teach people how to do what you do?

JENNIFER
No, I don't. I'm sorry.
(beat)
I have somewhere to be, I'm a little late for this thing.

OLD WOMAN
What thing?

JENNIFER
This meeting, in another, place.

OLD WOMAN
What place?

JENNIFER
Another bar.

The Old Woman continues to keep a tight grip on Jennifer's hand.

OLD WOMAN
If you don't want to stay and chat with me just say. You don't need to lie, not to me dear.
(beat)
But politeness, it costs nothing.

The Old Woman holds Jennifer's hand for a little longer. They stand awkward together. Jennifer wants to move, the Old Woman keeps rubbing her hand.

Their eyes staring at one another.

A blink from the Old Woman and Jennifer is free. Without a word of 'goodbye', the Old Woman walks away, humming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jennifer rubs her hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jennifer stretches as she awakens from her long slumber.

She looks over at the clock, It is 10 in the morning.

She rubs her eyes, slowly rejoining the world.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

She pours cereal into a bowl. It doesn't have a brand name as we probably can't get the rights and won't have product placement in this movie.

She eats said cereal at the stained wooden table.

All seems well and normal with the world.

Her phone rings on the table. She grabs it, opens her mouth to speak.

Nothing comes out.

Jennifer tries and tries, she holds her painful throat.

MOTHER

(from the phone)

Hello? Hello? Jen? Are you there?

This is your Mother.

(beat)

This damn mobile phone. I will call you back on the plugged in one.

Jennifer panics, tries to speak, tries to scream. No sounds comes out.

She is mute.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Jennifer sits at the desk. The DOCTOR shines a light down the back of her throat. He looks long and hard, trying to find something that could be causing the problem.

Jennifer's Mother is by her side.

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CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

And you say you have been like this for a week now?

MOTHER

Yes. She hasn't been able to make a sound. In fact, it appears to be getting worse.

The Doctor returns to his seat, totally perplexed.

DOCTOR

The good news is, there is no infection, no swelling that I can see. No damage. For want of a better term, you're 100 percent fit Jennifer.

He scratches his head.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

The bad news is I don't know why you can't talk.

Jennifer looks fearful at her Mother. She holds her hand.

MOTHER

So? What happens now?

DOCTOR

I have a friend, a throat specialist. I will give you his number. You can call him, he will find out if anything is wrong.

(to Jennifer)

He really is very good. He has never had a problem he cannot solve. I know this, the whole throat thing, is scary, but there is nothing to fear. We can get your voice back.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIALIST'S OFFICE

The SPECIALIST examines medical results.

SPECIALIST

I hate to say it, I'm stumped. Every test came back as clear. Every test. For want of a better term, you're 100 percent healthy.

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CONTINUED:

Jennifer begins to sob. Her Mother comforts her.

SPECIALIST (cont'd)
I'm sorry the news isn't better.
There just is not anything wrong.

Jennifer tries to shout at him. Only gargled sounds come out, twisted and horrible.

Distressed, Jennifer runs out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM

Jennifer locks herself into a toilet cubicle. She sits on the toilet seat, pulls her knees up to her chest.

She holds herself tight.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
There's nothing wrong with you, is there, Jennifer?

Jennifer looks at the cubicle next to her.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
I know what's wrong with you. I can help you.
(beat)
But not here.

Jennifer slowly moves her feet to the floor. She crouches to look under the cubicle wall.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Meet me tonight. I can explain more.

Jennifer reaches the floor. She looks across the line of cubicles. There are no feet sticking out. Is she alone in here?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Don't be late.

The door to bathroom SLAMS shut.

Jennifer darts forward.

She bursts into the cubicle next to her.

EMPTY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

except for a note taped to the back of wall. It is an address and a time.

Jennifer takes it.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Jennifer, wrapped up warm in the chili night, walks down dark streets.

The address in her hand.

She looks at street names, numbers.

She is lost, this is an unusual address.

A MAN walks down the street. Jennifer taps his shoulder, points to the address.

He reads it.

MAN

No idea me duck. Never heard of it.

He keeps on walking.

Jennifer checks the time on her watch. Almost 9.

The piece of paper say 'Nine o clock' on it.

Jennifer looks totally lost. She takes a right, down another street.

The streets get darker and darker.

Jennifer is frustrated. The time ticks past 9 o clock.

In despair, she gives up. Totally lost.

She screws up the address, throws it into the night.

The piece of paper rolls down the street.

With a change of heart, refusing to give up, Jennifer heads to collect the paper.

As she approaches the wind takes it away from her. She has to give chase down the street to collect it.

When she does she finds herself at the entrance to an alley way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A light at the far end goes out when she looks toward it.

Jennifer unfolds the piece of paper. She is between two streets, like the address says.

She heads to where the light once way.

A single, old door. Number 44, like the piece of paper told her it would be.

KNOCK KNOCK

No reply

KNOCK KNOCK

Silence

Jennifer tries the door handle. It turns.

The door opens, with a cliche'd CREEK.

INT. MYSTERIOUS HOUSE

Jennifer enters the old, dark house, with caution.

Every thing in here exists in shadows. The only thing to be lit is a small table.

A reading light illuminates an old, leather bound book. The book has no title, just a worn, cracked cover.

There are pages marked with different coloured ribbons.

Jennifer opens one of the marked pages. The book reads:

THE COLLECTOR

The Collector is a rare find. They rarely exist within the 'human' world, but when they do it is normally that they have uncovered or are in search of an element of they desire.

When they find this element, they have an uncontrollable urge to take it, make it their own. Most Collectors specialise in one particular element from the human world, they take that one thing back with them.

But whatever the element is, it will be an addictive elixir which they will covet over and over again. No matter what the consequences.

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CONTINUED:

The book closes.

She exits with the book.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - LATER

Jennifer sips at drink of hot water, lemon, honey, still trying to sooth her throat.

She opens the book. She starts to read, makes notes on a blank page of her battered song book.

DAY TO NIGHT TO NIGHT TO DAY

as Jennifer writes down information about The Collector, and how to find her. She practices drawing symbols on paper, over and over again. Takes notes. Makes lists.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jennifer lays face down. The book her pillow.

Next to her on the table are sheets of paper. Lists of objects she needs:

Jam jar

Copper coins

Salt

Chalk

Blessed water

Rosemary sprigs

Eye of newt

Tongue of bat

That sort of thing

Basically, it's an odd shopping list.

The alarm on her phone chimes, waking her up with a start.

She looks around, dazed. She sees her trusty acoustic guitar sat in the corner of the room.

Sticking out of the strings is Joel's business card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She remembers her loss once again, she is filled with sadness.

She looks at her 'shopping list'. She grabs it, and leaves.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Jennifer has a rucksack on the worktop. It is half packed with clothes, covering herself for all weather eventualities on her long journey.

Next to it are the strange collection of items from her shopping list.

Carefully she checks each item, checks her list.

Each item goes in the rucksack.

She fastens it shut.

Jennifer wastes no time. The bag is slung onto her back.

The lights of the apartment are turned off on the way out.

Her quest begins, taking us back to the

INT. CAR - MOVING - LATE IN THE DAY

The sky outside starts to bruise

MICKEY

And that was when you start hitchhiking?

She nods, yes.

DO YOU BELIEVE ME?

MICKEY (cont'd)

It sounds crazy saying this out loud, but yes.

(beat)

You seem a good kid Jennifer. I want to help you. But you have to understand something, I can only take you to the edge of the woods. I can't go in with you.

She holds her hand up, it's okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY (cont'd)
I would, believe me, if I wasn't....
if I wasn't so scared of that place.

Jennifer's interest is peaked by his words.

MICKEY (cont'd)
I just know there is something about
those woods. I was raised around
here. The stories, some of them stick
with you, some of them you believe.

The car takes a turn.

MICKEY (cont'd)
We're almost there.

EXT. ROAD BY THE WOODS

The car pulls up on the side of the small road.

Jennifer gets out. Grabs her rucksack.

Mickey joins her.

MICKEY
Well, this is the end of the road for
me. I have to get back to my family.

THANK YOU

MICKEY (cont'd)
Don't thank me. You're the one who
has to go in there.

Jennifer looks at the Woods. Dark and foreboding, looming on
the horizon.

MICKEY (cont'd)
Here, I want you to have this...

He takes a pendant from around his neck.

MICKEY (cont'd)
...for luck

He fastens it around her neck.

She holds her THANK YOU sign up. Double taps it.

Her eyes turn the dark, uninviting trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A deep breath. She makes her way from the road, to the path leading her towards the final stage of her journey.

Mickey watches her for a beat before getting in his car.

EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS

Jennifer ventures into the trees.

Any daylight outside quickly fades when in here. The ground is soft. Rotten leaves squelch beneath her feet.

Jennifer treads with caution.

Deeper, and deeper she goes. Until all around her are trees.

EXT. WOODS

Strange distant noises keep Jennifer's head turning. The wind whispers to her as she searches. It calls her name. Beckons her deeper and deeper from the light.

Against the trees, strange figures move in silhouette.

Jennifer catches them out the corner of her eye.

She turns

Nothing moves. Only trees.

She is alone. She shivers.

She treads forward again. Shapes creep all around her once more.

On the floor, at the base of a tree mushrooms grow.

Jennifer spots them. She takes a jar from her backpack.

Several mushrooms are put into the jar. She takes some of the Blessed water, puts it in the with mushrooms and shakes it.

On the tree where she found the mushrooms, she draws a symbol with the chalk.

When she stands, inhuman noises are heard in the distance. Jennifer spins to the sounds of movement nearby.

She screws the lid tight on the jar. Quickly putting it away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She throws a handful of salt behind herself. Things hiss at her, she continues to cover her tracks with the salt before getting out of there.

The trees groan and creak.

Shadows move.

Creatures lurk.

EXT. DEEPER - DARKER

The woods feel claustrophobic. Everything seems to be shifting around her.

On the floor, a frog hops.

Quick as a flash Jennifer drops a jar on it, catches it.

She screws the lid back on tight.

Wasting no time she draws a black slate from her pack.

The frog in a jar is laid in the center of the slate. Symbols are drawn in chalk all around it.

She takes the mushroom jar. It is opened, the contents thrown - NORTH - SOUTH - EAST - WEST

SCREAMS and CACKLES can be heard in the distance.

Jennifer stands back, throwing salt out around her. The world HISSES

Jennifer trembles. She constantly turns to wherever a new noise is heard.

The noises reach a crescendo.

Jennifer opens the jar. The frog hops free.

Everything falls silent.

Her name is whispered on the wind once more.

She moves to the sound of it. Picks up her rucksack and the symbol slate.

A particular tree gets her attention.

She touches it, keeps her hand on its rough bark as she walks around it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Over and over she travels its circumference. Gaining speed at every turn.

The world spins as Jennifer darts around the thick trunk.

She spins until she cannot remain on her feet.

She spins out of control, twirling across the floor.

Jennifer tumbles, spills onto the floor. She passes out.

EXT. DEEP DARK WOODS - TIMELESS

Slowly she rises.

She is still in the deep, dark woods, but the world has changed.

Scattered around the woods are shelves. Each shelf has glass jars on them. They all look like they are empty, but the each of jar has a label, a symbol.

The world has become strangely silent. No wind. No noise. No movement in the trees. It all feels inhuman.

Jennifer rummages in her back pack. She pulls out her notebook, flipping to a page of symbols.

One of them stands out, she taps it. Then begins to search the jars for the same symbol.

She starts slow, methodical, but shelf after shelf, rack after rack, the search is fruitless.

The longer she searches, the more frantic she becomes.

Jennifer's emotions bubble up, boil, spill over.

She tries to SCREAM but can't. She throws jars to the floor.

She collapses to her knees.

All shelf's searched. She hasn't found what she's looking for

or has she?

Behind her a light pulses, slow, but strong and bright.

On and off, rhythmically. Communicating with her.

Jennifer turns to the jar that glows on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She laughs/cries as pure joy hits her.

The delicate jar is held in her hands. She looks at the light inside.

OLD WOMAN

Hello dear

As Jennifer looks up, the Old Woman blows a handful of dust into her face.

This dust gets into her eyes, nose, throat. Jennifer becomes ill, unable to breath.

She drops the jar. The Old Woman catches it mid-air.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

I will take that.

She looks around at the jars on the forest floor.

Jennifer's eyes are red. Her mouth open wide while she gasps in breath. She tries to make her way to the rucksack.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

Well, well, well, you have made a mess haven't you. I had my collection laid out just so.

Jennifer grabs her rucksack. Desperately fumbles.

She pulls out the Blessed Water. She opens it to take a drink. It is snatched from her.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

What is this? Water? Surely not just water.

She drinks some.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

Ah, the Blessed water. What is this for? To protect you? To melt me?

The rest of the water is tipped onto the floor. Desperate Jennifer watches it soak into the soil right in front of her.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

What else is in your 'bag of tricks'.

She turns out ingredients.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 OLD WOMAN (cont'd)
Capture jars
 (beat)
Ah, salt, to ward off the evil

The Old Woman liberally throws handfuls of the salt around. She chants, makes fun of it all.

 OLD WOMAN (cont'd)
Did it work?
 (beat)
Ah, I forget, no voice. No beautiful voice. My little songbird.

She goes back into the bag.

 OLD WOMAN (cont'd)
What else?
 (beat)
Slate and chalk.
 (beat)
Symbol notebook.
 (beat)
You came prepared songbird.

The Slate is broken over the Old Woman's knee, as if it was nothing.

The Chalk crumbles to dust in her hand.

Jennifer is gets weak. She struggles for air, and to stay conscious.

 OLD WOMAN (cont'd)
What now? All of your 'magic tricks' have gone.

Jennifer collapses onto her back. The Old Woman stands over her.

 OLD WOMAN (cont'd)
Relax my dear. Soon it will be over. Coming here, perhaps it wasn't the best idea.
 (beat)
You should know, before we go our separate ways, your voice, it's so sweet. It is one of my favorites of the collection.

The Old Woman crouches next to Jennifer. She begins to chant.

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CONTINUED:

A trance washes over the Old Woman. She looks toward the sky. Her hands raised.

Below her Jennifer is about to blackout, and never wake up.

Jennifer shakes. The necklace that Mickey gave to her breaks loose of her clothing, resting over her heart.

The Old Woman brings her hands down on Jennifer's chest. The moment her skin comes into contact with the 'good luck' charm she WAILS like a Banshee.

Her hand smokes. It burns. It hurts her.

She retracts. As the Old Woman feels pain, her powers begin to fade.

Jennifer's breathing gets better.

Jennifer rises. She sees the slate she brought broken in two. The chalk turned to dust, but she knows what to do.

On the whiteboard and pen from her bag, she starts to draw symbols.

The pain that the Old Woman feels is wearing thin, she hurries to finish the spells.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

You will suffer for that.

She lunges. Jennifer shows the symbols too her.

More pain. Like showing a crucifix to a Vampire the Witch retreats. Shrivels away from the symbols.

Jennifer follows her, backs her into a corner against a tree.

THE WOODS GROAN as the Old Woman's powers fade.

Down to the ground the Old Woman retreats. Jennifer follows her, the symbols held over Old Woman.

But the hold Jennifer had over her is only temporary.

The Old Woman chants. The effect of the symbol curses Jennifer has begins to fade.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

That hurt, it's true. But for the full effect, you need to be able to say the words.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

(beat)

And, we both know that won't happen
any time soon, will it songbird?

Both of them have the same thought, at the same time.

Jennifer and the Old Woman dash for the jar that contains
her voice.

They grab the jar, wrestle with it.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

It is mine, I own it, you don't
deserve something so beautiful.

(beat)

IT IS MINE

The Witch snatches it from Jennifer's hands. She holds it
tight to her chest. The light within fades once it moves
away from Jennifer.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

They are all mine. Beautiful voices
given to those who don't deserve
them. I take them. I keep them safe.
I appreciate them more than any of
you ever could.

Jennifer clenches her fists. She takes the first jar she
sees.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

Put that back.

Jennifer takes the jar, throws it through the air.

It hits a tree, smashing. The voice inside lets out a CRY. A
whisp of light flies high into the sky and beyond. It
returns to its rightful owner.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

Stop! They belong to me.

Jennifer throws another voice, then another, then another.
They all SCREAM, CRY, YELL; then escape.

The sounds becomes deafening. The Old Woman spins, turns as
they all leave her possession.

Soon the shelves are empty. Only Jennifer's voice remains.

The Old Woman is weak, on her knees. Jennifer's voice in her
hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Calm, collected, in victory Jennifer walks over to her.

She takes her jar from the Woman's weak grasp.

The lid twists open.

The light inside glows bright as it floats into the air. It returns to Jennifer.

She breaths it in, making noise for the first time in a long time. She touches her throat. The warmth of her voice returning to her is beyond words.

Jennifer removes the whiteboard from around her neck. The symbols drop to the floor in front of the Old Woman.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

You win. Say the words. Finish me.

Jennifer crouches down to her.

JENNIFER

I don't need to say them. You're already finished.

Jennifer gives her the empty jar back.

The Old Woman begins to sink into the forest floor.

Jennifer walks away.

EXT. WOODS - SUNRISE

Jennifer exits the edge of woods, heading to the road.

Waiting on the road is Mickey, standing by his car.

She joins him with a smile.

JENNIFER

You waited. Thank you.

MICKEY

I wanted to make sure you were alright.

JENNIFER

Is there any chance you could drive me home?

(beat)

I can tell you what happened along the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They get in the car, and drive away.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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