

ONE THING WAS CERTAIN

Original screenplay by

Peter Delaunay

© 2012 Peter Delaunay

Revised 27 November 2014

4 Pauls Terrace
Truro,
Cornwall TR1 1HD

+44.1872 274282
+44.7870.505220

TITLES

FADE IN:

EXT. A COASTAL VALLEY IN CORNWALL - THE LIGHT BEFORE DAWN

From the surrounding hills of moorland and farmland fields divided by fencing, trees or hedges, towards -

- the river running through the valley - beyond which lies the estuary and the sea -

- a deer appears on the outskirts of a wood, grazing, watching, grazing then suddenly noticing something it darts away -

- across the valley - an isolated house, ancient but not imposing on the landscape, nestling in woodland, surrounded by a cultivated garden -

- where rabbits are eating and playing - and watching, a light in an upstairs window -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA JESTER, in her 50s, a strong, handsome face. She wears a simple, but stylish, nightdress, her hair simply styled but unbrushed because she sits at the dressing table holding a tablet computer by which she is having a Skype video conversation with her daughter HANNAH, early 20s, make-up free, hair loosely tied back, she is wearing a T-shirt. Hannah is in a cheap Spanish-style hotel room in Peru -

HANNAH (ON SKYPE)
I know I said that we'd come home
but they really want us to stay for
at least another three months -

ANGELA
But we agreed you would have the
baby here -

HANNAH (ON SKYPE)
I know what I agreed - but I was
just being silly - plenty of women
have babies in Peru -

ANGELA
Now you are being silly. The
doctors told you that -

HANNAH (ON SKYPE)
Oh, Mummy.

ANGELA
Where's David ?

HANNAH (ON SKYPE)
He's asleep - and so should I be.
Mummy, I really need to go to bed-
it's after midnight and we're
driving up to the camp at Lambrama
tomorrow. We'll both call you when
we get back -

ANGELA
Hannah - ?

HANNAH (ON SKYPE)
A couple of days. Give my love to
Daddy when you speak to him. He'll
understand. And please don't
worry. Tell me you won't get upset.

ANGELA
I am upset.

HANNAH (ON SKYPE)
Well don't be. It's going to be
alright. I promise. Now I've got to
go.

Hannah is now standing up and jutting her pregnant belly to
the screen -

HANNAH (CONT'D - ON SKYPE) (CONT'D)
Say good night to your grandma -
(then with a comic voice)
Night, night, Granny !
(own voice)
We love you, Mummy.

A look of love on Angela's face displaces her annoyance with
her daughter and Hannah seizes the moment to blow a kiss to
her mother as she shuts the Skype connection.

And Angela is annoyed that her moment of affection has
allowed Hannah to escape, and she drops the tablet on the
glass-topped dressing table - where it lies next to one of
the photographs displayed under the glass top: a man in his
late 50s, a tough, worn but smiling face with open sparkling
eyes, a muscular torso beneath his open shirt, WILLIAM,
Angela's husband, is standing on the deck of a yacht.

EXT. THE VALLEY - A LITTLE LATER

Towards the house from across the valley. The light in the
upstairs room of the house is switched off.

- as the sun rises over the horizon.

- a field, as a tractor enters through the gateway.
- a motor-boat appears around a bend in the river, and passes on towards the ocean -

And we are now established in some timeless corner of coastal, rural England.

- and again on the house and its garden -

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

- where Angela, now dressed in gardening wear: a loose fitting faded skirt, well-worn man's military uniform shirt and clogs, vigorously digging a vegetable patch, forking and breaking the soil, taking out on the earth the frustrations of her conversation with Hannah -
- and close on the fork as it plunges into soil and lifts a clod and turns it back on the soil A worm wiggles back into hiding in the dark earth just as the fork smashes down on the clod of earth -
- Angela, a dew of perspiration on her skin -
- and a sound that might be no more than the breeze rustling the branches of a tree or -

She stops, pushes her hair back. She looks back to the ancient, solid, family house and the electric light in the kitchen window. She licks her lips, thrusts the fork into the dug earth, and starts back up the path towards the house -

As Angela makes her way to the house - through the garden that is not the product of some makeover plan but has an order and design that has evolved over years of labour -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE : KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Through the kitchen window as Angela approaches - then she moves away until we hear the back door open -

- and Angela crosses to stand in front of the sink, turns on the cold tap, lets it run for a moment and then fills a glass of water - but as she raises the glass to drink, a sound like a child's whimpering so surprises her that she drops the glass in the sink where it shatters.

Angela turns sharply -

To face a naked GIRL standing across the kitchen.

The Girl - slight of build, in her early 20's but with eyes that have seen more than most see in a lifetime - is dirty, scratched, smeared with blood and mud, her hair dishevelled, with a length of bramble hanging from the skin of her thighs.

She shivers, almost vibrates, eyes staring sightlessly, yet so powerfully that she seems to stare right through Angela -

- Angela catches her breath, can barely speak until -

ANGELA
Who are you ?
What are you doing here ?

- The Girl whimpers - Angela takes a step towards her - gently reaches out and touches her - then puts an arm around her shoulders -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
What has happened to you ?

- The Girl does not react.

Angela gently turns The Girl and guides her out of the kitchen -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

As Angela slowly brings her through -

ANGELA
Where have you come from ?

The Girl does nothing but let herself be steered towards -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

- an old deep sofa covered with an authentic Oriental throw and scattered with cushions.

Angela gently sits The Girl on the sofa, lays her down and eases her legs up onto the sofa -

And now Angela can more closely see the mess of this girl's body - but she also doesn't want to see the wounds. Angela reaches across The Girl and draws the throw from the back of the sofa and wraps The Girl in it -

- as Angela tucks The Girl in the throw she feels the pull of the length of bramble hooked into her skirt. She unhooks the barbs then traces the bramble back to where it caught on the skin of The Girl's thigh -

- Angela eases the barb out of The Girl's skin and throws it aside. She tucks the throw around the girl and leans close to her. She looks into The Girl's staring, vacant eyes - and then softly -

ANGELA
Hello.

- Angela gently touches the girl's cheek -

ANGELA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Can you hear me ?

Angela takes a handkerchief from her pocket, wipes dirt from
The Girl's mouth and eyes -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
What's your name ? You're safe now.
My name is Angela. Can you tell me
your name ?

- but there is no response and Angela stands up.

She crosses to a cabinet on which is a phone -

Angela dials 999. She watches The Girl until the call is
answered then turns to focus on the phone -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Ambulance, please.
(a beat)
Yes - it's Jester. J-E-S-T-E-R.
Mrs Angela Jester.
(a beat)
TR28 6JL
(a beat)
The house is called - Tanhay -
T-A-N-H-A-Y.
(A beat)
It's a bit ridiculous really.
I found a girl in my kitchen.
Yes, a girl. In my kitchen.
She's naked. I think she might have
been attacked. She's filthy and
bloody. She looks as though she's
run through a wood or - there are
brambles. She can't speak - or -
she won't speak.

FEMALE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Are any of her wounds bleeding ?

ANGELA
No. I don't know. She's not
dripping blood but -

FEMALE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Stay on the line caller - I'm
transferring you to a paramedic -

ANGELA
Thank -

The phone line goes on hold. Angela looks across at The Girl -
Angela watches and waits - neither Angela nor The Girl move.

Then a new voice on the phone line and Angela turns away from The Girl -

PARAMEDIC - MALE (V.O.)
Hello ? Mrs Jester. You found a naked girl in your kitchen ?

ANGELA
Yes

PARAMEDIC - MALE (O.S.)
The girl doesn't have any obvious injuries.

ANGELA
No.

PARAMEDIC - MALE (O.S.)
Where is the girl now ?

ANGELA
I've put her on my sofa - I've wrapped her in a throw - she's in shock -

PARAMEDIC - MALE (O.S.)
I'm having difficulty locating you on our map -

ANGELA
We're in the Hydra Valley.

PARAMEDIC - MALE (O.S.)
Right. The problem is we have a major incident in St Austell. We won't be able to get to you for a couple of hours. I'm sorry -

ANGELA
But she needs help -

PARAMEDIC - MALE (O.S.)
Yes.
(a beat)
Do you have a car ?

ANGELA
(to phone)
Yes..?

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT DRIVE - A LITTLE LATER

A ten year old estate car parked outside the house. The car is well maintained, but not pampered, a rugged workhorse.

The door of the house opens and Angela carries out The Girl, wrapped in the sofa throw.

She carries her to the car and with some difficulty manages to open the front passenger door and get The Girl into the front seat.

Angela hurries back into the house and reappears a moment later with her handbag from which she takes the car keys as she hurries to the car -

INT. ANGELA'S CAR, OUTSIDE HER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

Angela gets in and puts the key in the ignition then turns to look at The Girl who is facing her.

Angela adjusts the throw around The Girl - then gently touches The Girl's cheek. The look on The Girl's face has lost some of its dull intensity and now her eyes seem to be gently pleading.

ANGELA
It's going to be alright.
We're going to get you help.

Angela half smiles - but there is no response from The Girl.

Angela starts the car, puts it in gear, releases the hand-brake and starts forward -

EXT. A LANE NEAR ANGELA'S HOUSE - LATER

- where the lane narrows - and Angela slows for the blind bend -

As Angela turns the corner the Girl's head lolls away towards the side window -

EXT. MOORLAND - MID MORNING

Angela's car speeding along the road over the moors -

EXT. ROAD JUNCTION, OUTSKIRTS OF A TOWN - LATER

Angela is stopped at traffic lights. She looks at The Girl then reaches to adjust the throw which has slipped from her shoulder.

Angela looks round to see a MALE DRIVER, a businessman, pull up in the next lane in his executive saloon. The man looks across at her. His eyes meet Angela's for a long moment - then he looks away - the lights have changed and he pulls away.

Angela drives on behind the executive saloon.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS OF THE TOWN - CONTINUOS

Again, HIGH ANGLES of Angela's car following the saloon through various streets -

- until the saloon turns off - and Angela drives on.

INT. HOSPITAL, A&E ENTRANCE - MID DAY

THE OUTSIDE DOORS open and A PORTER pulls a gurney on which The Girl lies, still wrapped in the throw. NURSE AILEEN tends to The Girl with a young male doctor, DR HAINES, in his mid-twenties. Angela follows -

ANGELA

She was just standing in my kitchen
- with no clothes on. I called for
an ambulance, but -

INT. HOSPITAL, TRIAGE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Nurse Aileen directs the porter to an examination cubicle and they take the trolley into the cubicle -

Dr Haines holds back with Angela

DR HAINES

Thanks - we'll take care of her.

- Dr Haines moves into the examination cubicle and the Nurse pulls the curtain closed behind him.

DR HAINES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello ? Can you hear me ? I'm
Doctor Haines. What's your name ?
I'm going to examine you now -

Angela, left standing alone turns and moves away -

INT. HOSPITAL, A&E RECEPTION - LATER.

At the desk THE RECEPTIONIST types into her computer and then stops and looks up -

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST

But you don't know her name ?

ANGELA

No - as I said -

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST

Yes.

ANGELA
The paramedic said that I should wait here for the police -

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
You can wait over there -

- she gestures to an area: rows of chairs where other less urgent patients are waiting.

The receptionist turns back to the more satisfying task of transcribing data from a pile of files into her computer -

Angela takes a seat among the waiting sick and injured.

A LITTLE GIRL with her MOTHER watches Angela. Angela smiles, the child watches her then looks away.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN reading a newspaper. AN OLD MAN, in his 70s, nursing his amateurishly bandaged arm.

Then Angela feels the gaze of a YOUNG MAN, late-20s, casually dressed, unshaven, leaning against a wall. He watches her, she looks away towards a SECURITY GUARD but he doesn't seem to be aware of her. Angela looks back at the Young Man - his expressionless face still fixed on her.

DR HAINES (O.C.)
Mrs Jester ?

Angela looks up to the voice -

ANGELA
Yes.

DR HAINES
Would you like to see your friend ?

ANGELA
Oh. Yes.

Angela stands up -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
But she's not my friend.

Angela follows Doctor Haines - the Young Man watches her as she goes -

INT. HOSPITAL: EXAMINATION CUBICLE - LATER

Dr Haines draws back the curtain and Angela enters -

DR HAINES
Whoever she is, she was lucky to find you.

ANGELA
But what do you think happened to
her ?

DR HAINES
No idea. It could be - I don't
know.

Nurse Aileen continues tidying away the swabs, suture kits, sponges and dirty water. The Girl, now in a hospital gown, lies on the bed - her eyes are now closed - and now cleaned up and her wounds stitched and/or dressed, she looks even more damaged and hurt. But for her shallow breathing she might be dead.

DR HAINES (CONT'D)
I can't tell whether someone did
this to her, or she did it to
herself.

Nurse Aileen gathers up some of the dirty equipment and leaves.

DR HAINES (CONT'D)
I didn't find any needle marks, I
don't think she's a junkie.
Toxicology will tells us more.
There are no signs of sexual
assault.

Angela sees the throw discarded on the floor and picks it up. As she straightens up she hears The Girl whisper indecipherable words -

Angela bends over, her face close to The Girl's, whose eyes are now open -

THE GIRL
(whispers again)
I want my baby -

- her voice is neutral, without accent or recognizable social identity.

ANGELA
Your baby ? You have a baby ?

THE GIRL
(still a whisper)
I want my baby.

ANGELA
(More urgently)
Where is your baby ? Who's got
your baby ?
Who are you ? what is your name ?
We want to help you -

- but The Girl is retreating inside herself again -

Angela looks to Dr Haines but he shrugs - she turns back to The Girl whose eyes are closed again -

DR HAINES

I didn't see any obvious indicators
that she's had a baby. I can
examine her again but -

Angela steps back from the table - Dr Haines draws back the curtain and indicates for Angela to leave.

INT. HOSPITAL : TRIAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Angela steps out of the cubicle ahead of Dr Haines -

He leads her back towards the reception area -

DR HAINES

We'll look after her. I think
you've done everything you could -

ANGELA

I need to speak to the police -
this is crazy. Where are they - I
was told they would meet me here.
Someone must be looking for her. I
mean - who is she ? Where did she
come from ? Have you ever seen
anything like this -

DR HAINES

No. Well, not here - not in
England. I've seen -

ANGELA

What ?

DR HAINES

I don't know - but - she may have
been tortured.

ANGELA

What !

Angela stops. Dr Haines turns back to her.

DR HAINES

Three of her finger nails have been
torn out -

ANGELA

Oh, my God - !

DR HAINES
 She has burns on her arms - they
 look to me like cigarette burns.
 She could have done those to
 herself, it's not impossible but -

ANGELA
 Christ - who - ?

Angela starts walking again -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 I can't believe this happening.

Angela walks faster - Dr Haines keeps pace with her -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 Where are the police ?

INT. HOSPITAL : RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Angela and Dr Haines enter the reception area - Angela goes to the desk -

ANGELA
 (to the receptionist)
 I'm supposed to meet the police
 here - Mrs Jester -

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
 I'm sorry but -

Angela looks round - just as a TWO UNIFORMED POLICE SERGEANTS enter from outside. Both are at least six feet tall, heavily muscled, wearing bullet proof vests and side arms. They move with calm urgency - Angela goes to them -

ANGELA
 Hello - I'm Mrs Jester -

One Sergeant acknowledges her but both keep walking -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 You're looking for me. I brought
 the young girl in -

Both Sergeants keep moving towards the reception desk -

POLICE SERGEANT #1
 Sorry, madam, not us.

ANGELA
 But I was told to meet -

POLICE SERGEANT #2
 (to Receptionist)
 Children's Cardiology ?

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
3rd floor - Lift D

ANGELA
I was told the police would meet me
here -

POLICE SERGEANT #2
(to Receptionist)
Thanks -

POLICE SERGEANT #1
I'm sure our colleagues will be
along soon -

ANGELA
But -

But the Sergeants keep moving - and then are gone -
- and when Angela turns around Dr Haines has also gone -
People move around her until -
- she moves back to speak to the receptionist but AN OLD WOMAN has the receptionist's attention -

OLD WOMAN
Well, dear, you see I left my glasses on the bench - in the garden - and I hadn't but gone inside for a couple of minutes - I had to give Jimmy his medicine and that only takes me a minute or two 'cause I got it all measured out, but then when I came out I saw -

Angela moves towards the waiting area -
- where the same Patients are waiting in the same chairs -
- and just as she moves to the same chair she occupied earlier but then catches sight of the Young Man who was staring at her before, and again he is staring at her. She gives him her most withering look but his dead eyes do not flinch from her.

Angela moves decisively towards the exit -
- and she goes out.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON.

- Angela at the sink, carefully picks out the fragments of the glass she broke earlier and drops them into the under-sink waste bin -

- as she drops a shard of glass into the bin it bounces on the edge and falls to the floor -

- Angela crouches down to find the piece of glass - her eyes searching - but she can't see it - then as brushes her fingers carefully over the tiles to locate the glass - then suddenly the phone rings and surprises her, she jerks her hand it finds the glass and she cries out as the glass cuts into her.

She hurriedly stands up, crosses the kitchen to the phone extension as she pulls the piece of glass from her finger and blood oozes -

The phone stops ringing. She snatches up the receiver. There is just a dial tone. She curses. She replaces the phone. Inspects her finger as blood oozes quite strongly -

She moves away -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE : LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Angela comes through nursing her finger, sucking the blood - and goes through to the stairs -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE : BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angela opens the bathroom cabinet and finds a box of plasters - she opens the box and selects a plaster -

- and again the phone rings -

- she hurries out -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angela hurries to the phone beside the bed, sucking her injured finger. She snatches up the receiver with her other hand -

ANGELA
(to phone)
Hmmm- hello - Angela Jester -
Hello ? This is Angela Jester.

Suddenly the line clicks in with a burst of static - then -

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Hello ? Hello ?

ANGELA
William ?

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Darling ! Hello.

- the conversation is somewhat stilted because William is calling from a yacht in mid-Atlantic via a satellite phone - there is occasional echo and break up as they continue -

ANGELA

Hello.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Hello, darling ?

ANGELA

Yes. How are you ? How's the boat ?

WILLIAM (O.S.)

I'm fine - boat's a real beauty - sails like a dream. The buyer's a very lucky chap. The weather's perfect.

Angela's gaze on a nearby framed photograph of Angela and William - ten years ago - his arm round her shoulder, on the deck of a 12 metre yacht in some tropical harbour.

ANGELA

Where are you ?

WILLIAM (O.S.)

300 north-east of the Bahamas. If the weather holds we should be home by the eighteenth. Everything alright with you ?

ANGELA

Yes. Yes, everything's fine.

Looking forward to seeing you.

Angela's eyes have moved to another more recent photograph - Angela with Hannah at a table of an outdoor restaurant; a warmth and joy on their faces should suggest that William was the photographer -

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Sure ? You sound -

ANGELA

No. Everything's - I'll tell you when you get home.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Did you manage to speak to Hannah ?

ANGELA

Yes. She sends you her love.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

They'll be home soon.

ANGELA
Yes. Yes, enjoy yourselves.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Did they give you a date ?

ANGELA
Oh you know what she's like. I'll sort it out. Don't you worry - I've had a very strange day. But everything's fine. I'll tell you when you get home.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Right - better go now - talk soon.
Love you.

ANGELA
Yes - bye.
(the connection cuts)
I love you.

A moment - then she replaces the receiver -

Angela's eyes look to a wedding photograph - Angela and William, he is in the dress military uniform of a major in the Royal Marines. They are the centre of an honour guard of fellow officers and four bridesmaids.

Angela touches the picture affectionately - and her cut finger leaves a smear of blood on the glass. Quickly she sucks on the wounded finger.

With her other hand she wipes the smear with her handkerchief - the same handkerchief that she tended The Girl with. She moistens a clean part of the handkerchief with saliva and wipes the smear from the photograph.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - LATER

Angela turns on the shower - she drops the handkerchief in the washing basket - and runs the cut finger under a cold tap - with her other hand she starts to unbutton her shirt -

EXT. THE GARDEN OF ANGELA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Angela, now dressed in a fresh skirt and blouse, and flip-flops, walks down the garden -

- she sips from a gin and tonic, a plaster on her injured finger -

A still evening in the half light. A distant dog fox barks.

- she stands by the patch of earth that she was digging earlier in the day -

- she turns and looks towards the house - then up to the sky -
- to a bird flying overhead - she watches until it has
disappeared into the gloom -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lit only by the moonlight. Angela, in her nightdress, gets into bed -

She lies down - on her back - her eyes are wide open - staring intently. Her pose is reminiscent of The Girl lying on the hospital gurney.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, CHILD'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A single bed. This is Angela's daughter Hannah's bedroom, but barely altered since the gymkhana rosettes from ten years ago were pinned on a notice-board, together with snap shots of friends and family from school and university, and in a corner a new baby's cot waiting to be assembled.

Angela, now dressed in slacks and a shirt, is hunting through drawers and cupboards - she finds two plain bras, pairs of knickers, T-shirts, a pair of leggings and a pair of flip-flops, all of which she stuffs into a holdall.

EXT. MOORLAND - MORNING

Angela's car approaches - and then drives away towards the town.

INT. SUPERMARKET - MORNING

At the far end of the 'Personal Hygiene' (*sic*) aisle Angela pauses and inspects the products on the shelves.

She makes a selection and puts it in her basket -

INT. SUPERMARKET OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A bank of security-camera screens - on one screen Angela adds to her basket a wash bag, a flannel, soap, toothbrush and toothpaste, a box of sanitary towels and finally a boxed set of designer toiletries.

She moves away - and on successive screens we follow her progress towards the checkout.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Angela exits carrying a supermarket bag of her purchases -

INT. HOSPITAL : A&E RECEPTION - MID DAY

Angela stands before the reception desk - her holdall in one hand, the supermarket bag in the other -

ANGELA
This is ridiculous! I want to see
whoever is in charge.

The receptionist sits tight-lipped - but glances away behind Angela -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(her voice even stronger)
I'm not being funny. I want you to
call your supervisor and get them
down here. You're accusing me of
lying.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
What's the problem ?

Angela turns towards the voice of a tall, burly SECOND SECURITY GUARD looming over her - not the same guard she saw the previous day.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - LATER

Angela's car parked in a parking bay -

- and then looking towards one particular office window in a building beyond the car park.

We can just distinguish a woman hospital ADMINISTRATOR, younger than Angela but armoured by her executive suit and confident to tackle the most difficult of customer, in this case Angela, seated on the other side of her desk.

The following conversation can be heard clearly - but as though recorded by a directional microphone, so any turn of the head causes the level to drop and slight distortions.

ADMINSTRATOR (V.O.)
I am sorry, Mrs Jester but there
was no 'name unknown' patient
admitted yesterday -

ANGELA (V.O.)
But I told you: the receptionist
took all the details, she took my
address, my phone number and she
tapped it all into her computer.

- a beat -

ANGELA (V.O.)
 Dr Haines treated her and there was
 a nurse -
 (hesitation, recalling -
 then trying two
 pronunciations)
 Aileen - A-leen - I don't know if
 that's her first name or -

ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)
 I don't think we have a Nurse
 Aileen or A-leen or

ANGELA (V.O.)
 What about Dr Haines ? Don't tell
 me he doesn't exist !

ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)
 Yes, Dr Haines exists. But he
 isn't on duty again until -
 (referring to the screen)
 - next Thursday.
 (over Angela's
 interruption)
 I'm sorry Mrs Jester, and I'm sure
 this is very distressing but -

- cutting across Angela's protest -

ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)
 - but what I can do is arrange for
 you to talk with -

CUT TO:

INT. COASTGUARD OFFICE - AFTERNOON

ANGELA
 - a bloody shrink - or -

Angela takes a gulp of from a mug of tea -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 - a counsellor or some - it's not
 funny, Jack !

JACK STRANG, suppresses a smile and drinks from his mug of tea. Early 40s, a strong, handsome face with a muscular physique that fills his uniform sweater. He sits behind his desk and behind him a window with a view across the port.

JACK STRANG
 No, of course not -

He finishes his mug of tea -

ANGELA
I left before the bloody woman had
me committed.

Angela finishes her mug of tea and puts it on Jack's desk.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I'm bloody furious !

JACK STRANG
(gestures to her mug)
Another ?

ANGELA
(answers with a shake of
her head)
What happened to her, Jack ?
She was in my house, I saw the
state she was in, I took her to the
hospital, I spoke to the doctor, I
heard her speak - he told me he
thought she had been tortured - or
might have been. And twenty-four
hours later no one has heard of
her. She has disappeared.

She looks up at Jack. Their eyes meet.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I'm not dreaming this, Jack.

She looks away. Jack glances at his watch - then back to Angela.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I'd call the police - but they
never showed up. Except for the
two who couldn't have cared less.
May be *my* policemen never turned up
- if they did the receptionist was
supposed to tell them to call me -
may be she never told them - may be
they don't know anything about it.
I'd call 999 again, but I don't
know who I spoke to - and the
paramedic didn't give me his name -
why would he ?
It's ridiculous. I saw her. I
touched her. She spoke to me. What
the hell has happened to her, Jack?

Jack doesn't respond -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Do you think I'm crazy ? Do you
think I'm making this all up. It's
as if I dreamt the whole thing.

Jack stands up -

JACK STRANG
Let me make a couple of calls.
See what I can find out.

ANGELA
Would you ?

JACK STRANG
Of course.

Jack offers her a hand - to see if she will take it - but also if she doesn't, then to guide her out.

Angela takes his hand - and stands up -

ANGELA
You are a pal !

Angela kisses him on the cheek. He holds her -

JACK STRANG
Any time.

A moment - if she would kiss him then he would love her.

JACK STRANG (CONT'D)
Anything you need. You know that.

Angela disengages from him -

ANGELA
Yes.

Angela steps away -

JACK STRANG
I'll call you -

- Jack guides her to the door -

JACK STRANG (CONT'D)
Later.

EXT. A LANE NEAR ANGELA'S HOUSE - LATER.

The narrow part of the lane with the blind bend we saw when Angela drove The Girl to the hospital -

Angela's car approaches the blind bend on the lane approaching her house, this time from the opposite direction - and just in time she brakes sharply as she comes head on with a dark saloon car coming the other way -

INT. ANGELA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Angela waits a moment to see who will back up. The angle of light on the other car's windshield obscures its occupants. It is clear that the other driver is not going to reverse.

Angela puts her car in reverse - the other car follows her until the road widens and it speeds past so that she barely catches a glimpse of the two men in the front seats, neither of whom look at Angela or make any gesture to thank her -

Angela swears under her breath and drives on -

- then a thought and she glances up into her mirror, but the car has gone.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, CHILD'S BEDROOM - LATER

Angela finishes unpacking the contents of the supermarket bag and takes out the boxed set of toiletries -

As she puts the toiletries on the dressing-table she catches sight of her reflection in the mirror - for a moment doubting herself -

Then she turns to the holdall on the bed and opens it. As she takes out a bra its clasp hooks pull out one of the pairs of pants. Angela starts to untangle them - then stops -

She looks up to the mirror again - this time she makes a connection to a memory -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Angela's outstretched hand searching around on the floor under the sofa -

Angela, crouching on her hands and knees, moves along and reaches under again -

- and again - then an exclamation, and as she straightens up she brings out from under the sofa the length of bramble that she unhooked from her skirt and The Girl's skin -

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE : GARDEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Angela works her way along the hedge looking for some indication of where The Girl might have broken through -

At each stage she drags out dead undergrowth - brambles and branches -

A MONTAGE of Angela hacking away at undergrowth, dead branches of hedge -

- until she notices a particular hedge branch and bends it to her.

Angela gently examines the branch -

CLOSE ON: a brown smear on a leaf - is it blood ? Angela moistens a finger dabs the smear. Brown brightens to red -

Suddenly she is aware of the distant sound of the phone ringing. She releases the branch - and hurries towards the house.

The branch springs back and becomes once more just a branch in a hedge, indistinguishable from any other.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE : KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Angela hurries from the door to the phone on the wall.

It doesn't ring.

Angela snatches it up -

ANGELA
(to phone)
Yes !

- a beat

JACK STRANG (O.S.)
(phone effect)
Angela.

ANGELA
(getting her breath)
Jack ?

- on the kitchen table lies the length of bramble she recovered from under the sofa -

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I know - I think I know - how she -

JACK STRANG (O.S.)
(cutting across her)
Angela. Listen to me.

ANGELA
Yes, but -

JACK STRANG (O.S.)
(firmly)
Listen to me very carefully.

ANGELA
Jack ?

JACK STRANG (O.S.)
Forget about the girl.

ANGELA
But -

JACK STRANG (O.S.)
Angela - they're very grateful for
all you did but -

ANGELA
They ?

JACK STRANG (O.S.)
The girl is very grateful.

ANGELA
Yes, but -

JACK STRANG (O.S.)
Angela. Let it alone.

ANGELA
But -

JACK STRANG (O.S.)
Anything you do now will only hurt
the girl. You cannot help her.

ANGELA
But -

JACK STRANG (O.S.)
As I said, they're very grateful -

A beat -

ANGELA
But who are 'they' - ?

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE: GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

LONG SHOT: Towards the house -

ANGELA (O.S.)
(phone effect)
Jack ?
Who is she ?
I want to know what happened.

A pause -

JACK STRANG (O.S.)
(phone effect)
Nothing happened, Angela.
Nothing happened.

A beat -

The line clicks off - and then the dial tone comes on.

Then stops.

A longer pause -

And then Angela comes out of the house carrying the length of bramble.

She comes down into the garden and then stops - looks around for a moment - as if by some mad inspiration she might see where the bramble originally came from.

And then she looks out across the valley towards the camera for a long moment - as she makes a decision.

She walks down the garden -

- she drops the bramble on to a pile of dead wood - and drags more dead foliage around it -

- until we realize that she is building -

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, GARDEN - DUSK

- a bonfire.

Angela strikes a match that illuminates her face -

- she puts the match to the bonfire - it begins to catch.

Angela watches the flames grow -

CLOSE ON - the line of bramble as it crackles and writhes in the flames until it is consumed by the fire -

EXT. VALLEY - TWILIGHT

LONG SHOT TO: Angela watching her bonfire -

- until she turns away and walks towards the house -

- as she approaches the kitchen back door -

BLACK.

CREDITS.

THE END