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\*

INT. DARKNESS OF THE WOMB -- NIGHT

LUB DUB of a heart beat as the blood WHOOSHES by.

INT. DARKNESS OF A BARELY LIT ROOM -- NIGHT

CREAKING OF THE ROCKING CHAIR, back and forth, back and forth as a JANE, 23, sweet and fresh faced contented young woman HUMS a lullaby. Music from Mozart plays in the background. \*

Light from a passing car illuminates JANE, long dark hair, slender, pretty and very much pregnant. Jane rubs her stomach gently.

She continues to hum and rock. Puts her hands on her 8 month swollen belly.

JANE

I'm going to make such a good mother for you. You are so special. I --

FOOTSTEPS POUND UP STAIRS.

Jane pauses her chair mid stroke.

DOORKNOB TURNS.

Jane stops rocking. Holds her breath. She turns toward the door not knowing what to expect.

DOOR SLAMS open, vibrating against the wall. \*

She turns in fear.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT OF EDDIE AND JANE -- DAY

Jane lays in bed. GROANS. Turns on her side. A shiner on her left eye.

On the bedside stand are flowers.

Jane looks at the flowers and the crude card.

CARD: Forgive me Sweet Pie.

Jane smiles.

PHONE RINGS

MARTIN  
You okay, Janey?

\*

JANE  
He didn't know what he was doing.

\*

MARTIN  
He won't hurt you again. This time,  
I promise.

\*

JANE  
He...I'll talk to you later.

\*

DOOR KNOB TURNS.

She hangs up quickly as Eddie comes in bearing a breakfast tray.

EDDIE:  
Hey. You okay, babe?  
(sets the tray down)  
Here. Let me do that.  
(puts ice pack on her eye)

\*

JANE:  
(basking in his love)  
(beat)  
The baby kicked today. You want to  
feel?

\*

EDDIE  
(touches her belly)  
Won't be much longer now. Maybe  
he'll come out with a wrench in his  
hand.

\*

INT. DARKNESS OF THE WOMB -- CONTINUOUS

Baby is curled in her placenta.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT OF EDDIE AND JANE -- DAY

Eddie leans over Jane, touching her face with love, feeling a father's pride. He touches her stomach.

EDDIE:  
Why the hell isn't he kicking for  
me?

JANE:  
 It's a girl.  
 (on his reaction)  
 At least that's what the doctor  
 said.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

The flowers and vase he brought crash to the floor. Jane breaks out in sobs.

\*

Eddie storms out of the room as Jane looked glazed at the broken vase and the food over the bed.

INT. DARKNESS OF THE WOMB -- CONTINUOUS

Baby curled in her placenta, her eyes open.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT OF EDDIE AND JANE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jane rubs her stomach.

JANE  
 It's okay, baby.

\*

Jane crawls from the bed and tries to clean up the mess. Stripping the dirty bed, and still sobbing, she goes over to the CD player and puts on her Mozart.

\*

INT. BEDROOM AREA - A FEW HOURS LATER

Jane emerges from the shower, sans make up. She goes to the make up counter where everything has been put neatly in alphabetical order by Eddie. She accidentally knocks a jar from its aligned space. Hastily, she looks around, fearful that Eddie might notice. She nudges it back into place.

She wipes the fog off the mirror. Her bruises from the day before are clearly visible. She frowns and begins applying make up. It's not covering it up. She puts on more and more. The thick make up is now more obvious than the bruise. She speaks in a mantra to herself.

JANE  
 I love my husband. I do love him.

EXT. DARKNESS OF A BARELY LIT ROOM -- LATER

Across the street the night lights of the liquor store go on and off as the hours pass. Jane sits in the rocking chair, going back and forth as she repeats her mantra. She's lost in thought.

The dinner table is perfectly set. The candles have burned low. She anxiously watches the street.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT OF EDDIE AND JANE -- DAYBREAK

Jane has fallen asleep in the rocker. Her face is starting to show black and blue. She wakes and stares across the street.

PHONE RINGS.

JANE:  
(dulled)  
No, he's not here.

MARTIN  
You okay?

JANE  
Yeah. Sure.  
(forces a laugh) \*

MARTIN  
I meant what I said. You're running out of time -

JANE  
(alarmed)  
Martin---

MARTIN \*  
You need to leave him.

JANE  
And who's going to take care of me.

MARTIN  
Jane, you have to leave --

JANE \*  
I can't. He'd find me if I did.

MARTIN  
Jane, the baby --

FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

JANE:  
He's ...I have to go. \*  
(abruptly hangs up)

The door opens.

Jane turns expectantly and starts to rise as the door opens. She wears a long flowery skirt and long sleeved blouse. Her hair is tied back with a bow.

JANE  
That was just...

EDDIE  
I know who it was.

JANE  
Martin just called to --

EDDIE  
Sit down, Bitch. I'm through with you and your lies.

He advances toward her.

JANE  
Eddie, please. The baby. \*

EDDIE  
Clean this house. It's disgusting. \*

JANE  
I'm going to bed.

EDDIE  
No, you're not.

Eddie grabs Jane's arm.

JANE  
Stop it, please! You're hurting me.

EDDIE  
Sit down!

Eddie pulls her arm towards the ground, with it her body follows. Jane resists and eases her arm from his grasp.

EDDIE  
Bitch!

He back-hands her against the jaw. The blow is severe. Jane buckles backwards, trips and SLAMS her head against the TABLE'S EDGE. She slumps to the floor, motionless.

The carpet swells with blood.

EDDIE  
Get up!

Jane lies motionless.

EDDIE  
Jane? Stop fooling. Jane, get up!

Jane remains unconscious.

EDDIE  
I was just kidding.  
(realizes she's gone)  
Fucking shit!

SILENCE. Then,

Eddie frantically rolls the carpet near her so that it looks like she tripped and pulls his cellphone out and dials 9-1-1.

EDDIE  
Send help! My wife's fallen.

FLASH WITH:

AMBULANCE SCREAMS/SIRENS: NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ER -- LATER

Eddie paces back and forth in the waiting room.

MARTIN, 40s, average in every way including looks, wearing a cop's uniform, runs in.

MARTIN  
What happened?

EDDIE  
Don't know. I came home and --  
(tries to control  
emotions)  
She was there...on the floor.

Eddie's eyes are red with tears.

MARTIN  
She was on the floor? And you  
didn't --

EDDIE  
(irritated)  
She tripped and fell. All right.

The DOCTOR, female, 40s, emerges from the operating room. She is stoic.

DOCTOR  
Mr. Hutchins?

Eddie nods.

DOCTOR  
We did an emergency C-section. We saved your little girl.

EDDIE  
What the hell's that supposed to mean?  
(Sobs)  
Oh, my God. She's dead, isn't she? I loved her! I swear I did. I loved her.

DOCTOR  
Of course, you did.

EDDIE  
Fuck you!

DOCTOR  
We did an emergency c-section.

EDDIE  
A little girl? How the hell am I supposed to --

DOCTOR  
You want to see her?

EDDIE  
Yeah, sure.

The doctor motions for the nurse to come forward.

NURSE enters holding an infant Janey. She gently hands the baby to Eddie.

Eddie reluctantly accepts the beautiful, wide-eyed little girl. She gazes in her father's eyes. Her eyes turn BLACK.

Eddie looks up. The room is PITCH BLACK. Jane, BLOODIED, stands.

JANE  
(whisper)  
Murderer.

Eddie JOLTS.

NURSE

Are you ok?

Eddie looks again. The room is normal. He looks to his daughter - sleeping.

EDDIE

Yeah, fine. Just jittery.

NURSE

Of course, I understand. Take care of your precious bundle.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY.

SUPERIMPOSE: 4 YEARS LATER.

Eddie drunk on the sofa.

Little Janey, age 4, pounds with her pretend hammer into toy blocks and then picking up Jane and Eddie's wedding picture and pounding it until the glass shatters. She looks at Eddie directly.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DOORWAY and LIVING ROOM AS NECESSARY.

The door opens and Martin lets himself inside.

Eddie catches the stare of his 4 year old daughter. Chilling.

JANE (V.O.)

(whisper)

Eddie.

Eddie JOLTS quickly. Standing above him is Jane, BLOODIED, holding a shard of glass.

EDDIE

No!

Jane HAMMERS down the glass into Eddie's GUT. He buckles towards the wound.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Eddie?

Eddie pulls the glass from his stomach. Blood pulls around his waist.

EDDIE

No.

Jane is gone. In her place stands Janey, the 4 year old, holding the glass, SMILING.

Eddie bolts upright.

EDDIE

Jane!

His eyes wide open. NORMAL. Janey plays in the corner with her hammer. She looks to her father and SMILES.

Martin enters the room and bends down so that he's eye level with JANEY.

MARTIN

What are doing, Sweetheart?

Janey playfully holds her hands up to Martin.

MARTIN

What's the matter with, Eddie?  
Nightmare?

EDDIE

Yeah. Kind of.

He reaches for his bottle of Scotch and starts to pour. Martin takes the bottle from him. There's a slight struggle.

Eddie nods. He glances again at JANEY, watching warily as she plays with her toy hammer and blocks.

Eddie releases his grasp on the BOTTLE.

EDDIE

Yeah, you're right. I don't need a drink.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF APARTMENT. DAY.

SUPER IMPOSE: TEN YEARS LATER

Eddie is on the phone with a crisis HOTLINE.

EDDIE

You don't understand. I'm not crazy.

CRISIS WORKER (V.O.)

Have you had any alternative substances today?

EDDIE  
 Don't give me that shit! I'm  
 hearing voices! They're real lady!

CRISIS WORKER (V.O)  
 Are you a threat to yourself or  
 others?

EDDIE  
 No, I'm not.  
 (then)  
 The kid is.

He sees LITTLE JANEY (14) standing in the doorway, watching him.

Slowly, he puts down the phone. CLICK.

EDDIE  
 You're home.

He's nervous.

EDDIE  
 Everything okay?

LITTLE JANEY  
 Just fine, Daddy.

She returns a slow, half-witting smile.

INT. APARTMENT OF EDDIE AND LITTLE JANEY - TWO DAYS LATER

Little Janey, 14, sits in the exact rocking chair where her mother sat. She reads Jane Eyre. On the desk is a picture of her mother. It's uncanny how much the child looks like her mother, even to her hair style. Her hair has grown long

Eddie stops in the doorway with groceries in his arms. He swallows hard as if seeing a ghost.

EDDIE:  
 D'ya always gotta have a book in  
 your hand, kid?

LITTLE JANEY  
 I like to read, Daddy. Didn't  
 Mommy like to read, too?

EDDIE:  
 (Stammers)  
 H...how would y...you know about  
 y...your m...mother, kid?

Little Janey shrugs.

LITTLE JANEY  
Martin told me.

EDDIE  
(in a rush)  
I gotta go out. There's spaghetti  
in the fridge.

LITTLE JANEY  
Sure, Daddy.

JANE (V.O.)  
I loved you, Eddie. Why did you  
hurt me?

EDDIE:  
(spins around)  
Whatja say?

LITTLE JANEY  
Nothing, Daddy.

EDDIE  
Stop playing games with my head,  
kid.

LITTLE JANEY  
I don't play games.

INT. APARTMENT OF EDDIE AND LITTLE JANEY - DARK

The room is bathed in moonlight. Wearing a long flowery skirt and blouse, similar to what her mother wore before her death, Little Janey Puts on Mozart and sits in the rocker, rhythmically going back and forth. Her hair is tied back with a bow.

The rocker CREAKS BACK AND FORTH.

FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE.

DOOR KNOB TURNS

Eddie enters and blinks, barely able to see in the darkened apartment.

EDDIE:  
 What the...turn on the fuckin'  
 lights. Not like I can't afford  
 them.

LITTLE JANEY  
 No, leave them off.

She stands and walks toward him, looking amazingly like her  
 mother.

EDDIE  
 (drunk)  
 Whereja get those clothes? Huh,  
 where?

He approaches her angrily, almost ready to rip them off. She  
 avoids him laughing and returns to the rocker.

LITTLE JANEY  
 (laughing)  
 I found them. In a trunk. They  
 were mother's, weren't they?

EDDIE:  
 Take'm off.

LITTLE JANEY  
 No. Other kids have parties for  
 their birthdays. But what do I  
 have? A father who murdered my  
 mother.

EDDIE  
 Shut up! Turn that record off  
 before I slap you one.

LITTLE JANEY  
 Oh, don't you like the music,  
 Eddie? It was with mother's  
 things. I'm going to kill you  
 Eddie.

Janey stands out of the rocker looking every bit like her  
 mother. She walks forward. Eddie's face is white. \*

EDDIE  
 Get away from me! Go back! Get  
 away!

JANE'S VOICE  
 Eddie, why did you have to be so  
 cruel? Why did you have to kill  
 me? I loved you, Eddie.

He turns and looks for an escape, but sees none. With each step she takes forward, he takes one back. He doesn't realize that he is nearing the carpet that Jane had fallen on. He hits his head, just as Jane had.

The force of his fall is so great that he just lies there, eyes open.

INT. HOSPITAL ER -- LATER

Martin is with her.

DOCTOR  
I'm so sorry about your father,  
Miss Hutchins.

LITTLE JANEY  
Thank you, doctor.

MARTIN  
It's going to be okay. Janey.  
I'll take care of you.

LITTLE JANEY  
Mother always loved you, Martin.

He looks at her oddly.

Little Janey smiles.

**The End**

JANE

Three out of four people know a victim of partnership or dating violence

One in four women; one in nine men are victims of domestic violence at some point in their lives.

Every fifteen minutes a woman is abused. Teens are not immune.

Violence against women happens in every culture and across the socioeconomic board. Don't be a victim.

If you or someone you know is in danger, please

call the Hotline by phone at 1-800-799-SAFE (7233),