

CONSEQUENCES (IN SHORT)

By

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EXT - A COUNTRY ROAD NEXT TO FIELDS - DAY

Stone wall - beyond is fields, leading down to a river - JACK (50's, beard and moustache, slightly overweight, short) is looking down at the scene. There is a river at the bottom of a small valley at the bottom of the field.

EXT - A WOODED COPSE - DAY

JACK is in the woods - a bit of a clearing - he is looking around, bending down, pulling at twigs, he has a small bag with him, and has some nails in his hand.

EXT - A PICTURESQUE COTTAGE - DAY

LIZZIE comes out of her cottage, smallish, quite picturesque, sun is shining, walks out into the road. LIZZIE sees JACK by the wall - he has his binoculars with him and is looking over the fields.

JACK turns to see LIZZIE walking along the road toward him.

JACK

Morning there. Lovely day of it isn't it?

LIZZIE

Hello, yes it's quite a gorgeous morning it - makes one thoroughly glad to be alive.

JACK

Off for a walk then? Getting some fresh air?

LIZZIE

Yeah. I'm off up to Taylor's Farm, they do their own fresh eggs, further up the road, I can't resist all that fresh produce.

JACK

Oh indeed, so much better than all that stuff those supermarkets sell - they get sat around in their stores for month on end, all the flavour dies out - tastes of nothing when you get round to eating

it.

LIZZIE

Absolutely. What are you doing with yourself?

JACK

Oh, I like a spot of bird-watching. I know there's a falcon around this area, I spotted him the other day without my glasses. They tend to stay to a certain area, you know, have their patch they stick to, so I'm hoping to get a good view. If I know where he hangs out, I get my camera, I've got a good lens on it and I'll get a couple of shots off, see what I can find.

LIZZIE

Wow.

(Looks impressed, but slightly contrived)

Well I wish you the best of luck. I'm going to run off to the farm now. Good day.

JACK

Good day to you.

INT - LIZZIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Inside LIZZIE'S kitchen, basket with eggs in it is on the kitchen table. LIZZIE is pottering around the kitchen, tidying up, and wiping surfaces clean with a cloth.

EXT - DAY

Outside of LIZZIE'S cottage, she is potting some plants, and generally tidying the garden. The weather is good, maybe a slight breeze, but a pleasant day.

INT - NIGHT

LIZZIE gets ready for bed, checks the alarm clock, and gets into bed - she is wearing comfortable pyjamas. Gets into bed. Light from outside - the moon - shines on her face. She pauses to think for a second and her brow becomes furrowed. Then turns to the bedside lamp and switches it off

INT - MORNING

Next day - morning. LIZZIE is putting her coat on and is speaking on the phone, doing two things at once

LIZZIE

...ok Mum, well I'm just going to get some fresh air for half a hour or so, and then as soon as I've had lunch, I pop round, ok?

(listens for a second or two)

...ok

(continues to listens)

...see you then, byee.

LIZZIE leaves the house to get some fresh air, and walks down the road. Sees JACK again at much the same spot he was at yesterday, and this time he has his camera bag with him, and is still using his binoculars.

LIZZIE

Hello there again!

JACK turns around, and appears to be a little surprised.

JACK

Oh, hello there love. How are you?

LIZZIE

Still hunting for your... falcon, was it?

JACK

Oh yeah, I seen him this morning from the B&B, so I know he's been round here, so I've got my gear out...

JACK nods towards his camera bag

JACK

...and I'm going to try and bag myself a shot of him.

(frowns)

Don't know this area do you?

LIZZIE

Oh, yes, I grew up here, my parents still live here, I'm staying in a cottage for the week to see some old friends, and my Mum's a bit poorly as well, so I'm going to offer her some tonic. Played round these fields for years, more happy memories round here than I think I can possibly count.

JACK

Well, you can be my guide, if you want? If you fancy a bit more fresh air - or if you fancy a bit of a walk? I know where I want to be from here, not too sure how to get there mind. Don't want to put you out or anything, just thought, that if you've got some spare time?

LIZZIE

(Thinks, she is unsure)
Where is it you want to go?

JACK

Well, just down into that valley really.

LIZZIE

Would falcons be there? Wouldn't they be higher up?

JACK

Oh, as long as there's food. They'll nest high up in a tree, and they've been known to nest in higher places, up cliff and all that, but as long as they are safe and there's fresh supplies, they'll go where it is, see? No, no, just though I'd ask, I don't want to put you out or anything.

LIZZIE

Oh, no, not at all. I could show you down into the valley, if you wished. You could bring yourself up fine, if I showed you a route down?

JACK

Oh, certainly - I'm pretty used to getting myself lost.

(Both laugh)

LIZZIE

Ok then, I'll walk you down into the valley a while, and you must show me this remarkable falcon of yours.

JACK

Well, so be it, off we trek then.

JACK and LIZZIE climb over the style, and walk down into the fields, which eventually leads to the woodland at the bottom of the hill

EXT - DAY

JACK and LIZZIE are walking along a woodland path. To their left is a hill incline that is wooded. To their right is a wooded decline, leading down to a river. Daytime, weather pleasant

LIZZIE

(continuing a conversation)

...so what's the most unusual bird that you've ever spotted - the rarest?

JACK furrows his brows somewhat

JACK

Well that's different thing really isn't it? Most unusual, I guess would be the Spotted Woodbeak, strange thing, quite ugly to be honest, sort of tall neck, scruffy looking thing, and odd shaped bill - lives on the coast you see, so it actually sifts through wet sand and mud to get its food, top beak doesn't match its bottom beak, wierd really?

LIZZIE nods, smiles to convey that she is interested and listening, glances over at JACK who is alternating glances between the way ahead, the ground and LIZZIE

LIZZIE

Mmm? Ok.

JACK

Rarest?

JACK looks up as if to the sky for a little inspiration

JACK

Well...

JACK draws out the word, as if he is still buying a little thinking time.

JACK

Rarest has to be the Ptarmigan. Don't know if that was worth it though. I've got a brother in law in Scotland, sister's husband. I used to do a little bit of photography, but he got me into the bird-spotting bit, I'd take pictures of them before I knew him, like, but I'd take pictures of many things, so he got me more into it.

LIZZIE

(nods sympathetically)

Uh hu.

JACK

So I went visiting one week, well it was a long weekend really, and he was like, come on, coat on mate, off into them hills. Had a good old gander with him, but oof, we spent an age in this hide and that hide, waiting here, stalking there. I mean, eventually I got a couple of good old shots off, had a long lens and everything. Didn't really appreciate it at the time; almost froze the old brass bits off.

LIZZIE

(Laughs)

JACK

Still got them picture, and now when I meet other tweeters - bird-sporters

them, then I tells them about it, and I can show 'em the pics as well, so it's a good one to have up your sleeve, see?

CUT TO:

Long shot of JACK and LIZZIE, looking straight toward them.

CUT TO:

Long shot from up the incline, shot from seven o'clock, JACK turns to check behind him, still chatting along the way, both engrossed in the conversation

EXT - FOREST CLEARING - LATE AFTERNOON

The day is drawing in, and the light is lower. Forest scene. Very still. Pull backwards to a wooden box. There is a noise - a muted bang on or from the box.

CUT TO:

Total blackness - the inside of the box, but not yet apparent. There is light coming into the box, and this falls onto a woman's face. She is screwing her eyes intensely and then opens them. Blinks tries to look around her, her arm goes up to the top of the box, her mouth opens slightly in surprise, shock, horror. Woman is LIZZIE. She attempts to call out.

LIZZIE
Hello?

LIZZIE frowns hard. Looks around her, trying to make sense of what is around her. She turns her head, a blood stain is visible. As she turns her head, she winces and puts her hand to her neck. LIZZIE bangs on the box, and now speaks more loudly and with more urgency.

LIZZIE (CON'D)
(louder)
HELLO???

LIZZIE'S eyes are now wide open, face mixture of anguish and anger. LIZZIE bangs on the box again. A piece of wood is moved open and an object is thrown in. LIZZIE jumps.

We do not now who has thrown in the torch, but the voice is recognizable.

JACK
You might be needing that!

LIZZIE
JACK? JACK, is that you?

LIZZIE'S face is now confused, she is trying to work this situation out, trying to decipher what is happening.

JACK
JACK? Is that you JACK?

LIZZIE Listens for a response, but none is forthcoming. LIZZIE kneels up in the box - there is only just enough room. She fumbles for the object that was thrown into the box. Hastily turns it round in her hand and presses the switch a couple of times before the TORCH comes on. LIZZIE shines the TORCH around her and looks around the box.

LIZZIE
JACK? JACK!

There is no response. LIZZIE looks around the box again. She is lost as to what to do. Suddenly there is some tapping noises on the outside of the box. She listens intently. Then a louder BANG: suddenly a nail shoots through the side of the box in front of LIZZIE. She screams and jumps.

LIZZIE
JACK! JACK, what are you doing? Is that you? Talk to me! What are you doing? Why are you doing this? What have I done? Have I done anything? What is it - anything I said, anything that I did? I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. Did I say something to upset you?

Another nail crashes through the side of the box. LIZZIE screams again.

LIZZIE
JACK! JACK!

Yet another nail comes through the box. LIZZIE is looking extremely panicked and tenses herself.

JACK! Please stop! I can talk to you, tell me what it is. Please JACK.

Silence. LIZZIE listens out for any noise, or sign. She can hear nothing. Begins to weep slightly. Puts her hand to her mouth, as if to stop herself crying, or to stop the noise from coming out. She stops and freezes for a second. She has heard the sound of a twig snapping outside of the box. Her eyes flick to the right, and she listens intently. She is deeply unsure of what to do, to keep quite, or to call out again.

LIZZIE
(Whispers)
JACK?

Suddenly there is chaos, LIZZIE is thrown forward, and tumbles head over heels. The box is being rolled forward. LIZZIE is screaming, one of the nails penetrates her shoulder and LIZZIE cries out in agony. The box comes to a halt.

FADE OUT.

EXT.

JACK is sitting on a log. Stands up and stretches himself. Walks forward, and a box is evident in the foreground. It is a wooden box, approximately three foot by three foot square. JACK hitches up his trousers and walks round the box, keeping his eyes fixed on it. He has a grin on his face - he is the victor, and the box is his quarry. There are nails sticking out of the box - evident from the nail heads. JACK walks closer to the box, in a relaxed fashion, and gives the box a good bang on the side with the side of his fist.

JACK
Anybody in?
(Laughs to himself)
We all alright in there? Got enough
room?

CUT TO:

INT.

Inside the box. LIZZIE is looking groggy. She has her head in her arm. She appears to be in a little pain. On hearing the voice she winces and furrows her brows, for a second she looks more annoyed than frightened. Her lips tighten

LIZZIE
JACK? Is that you?

JACK
Ahhh, you got me in one. Pretty sharp
today are we not?

LIZZIE
(Still wincing)
What are you playing at JACK? What's
going on?

JACK
Just 'aving a bit of fun, love.
(Smiling)
You can't blame a man for 'aving a bit
fun now, can you?

LIZZIE
You. Insane twat. Get me out of here
now. I want to go home.

JACK
(Laughs)
You want to go home? What do you to go
home for? You're 'aving too much fun
here to be going home, surely? Don't
tell me you aint enjoying it.

LIZZIE knocks her head on the inside of the box in
exasperation.

LIZZIE
JACK...

JACK
Don't worry if you aint enjoying it too
much now, my love, there's lot more to
come, you'll always find something
that'll spark your imagination,
something that you'll like. I'm sure of
that. And anyway, if you don't, well so
be it. 'Least I'll be at a bit of fun.

LIZZIE
JACK. This isn't fun. This is twisted.

We had a nice chat. We had a walk. I tried to help you out. Why have you turned it into this? What are you going to get out of it? This doesn't make sense.

JACK

Get out of it? What do I want to get out of it?

JACK gets up off the rock and moves closer to the box.

JACK

Think you're so much better than the rest of us do you, with all your airs and graces...

LIZZIE

Airs and graces? Me? I went for a walk with you! What is your problem?

JACK Moves closer to the box, tries to look around the box, looking for a gap so that he can see LIZZIE.

Something sparks her interest, her eyes open a little, her ears are on stalks as she listens out, she leans a little closer, she can hear that JACK is moving closer to the box

LIZZIE

You a little loser, then JACK?

LIZZIE Squints her eyes, unsure if this is going to have the desired effect

JACK Purses his lips somewhat, looks a little peeved off at the remark, unsure of the change of tact.

JACK

Decided to be a funny one then have we? Decided to get cocky? What's building your confidence?

JACK sees a spot where there is a gap in the box, and takes a closer look at it, to see if he can see LIZZIE. LIZZIE can just about make out where JACK'S head has blocked some of the light. LIZZIE bring her legs up and puts her full force forward on one plank. There is a nail in the plank, and as it is rammed towards JACK, the nail head goes into his eye.

JACK screams and falls backwards, rolling in agony. LIZZIE kicks wildly at the box, breaking other planks outward. Fade out to black

EXT.

FADE IN:

A box, which is standing next to a tree. Move back, so that more of the box comes into view. The legs of a man become visible. Pull back. There is a man standing on the box. He has a rope around his neck and he is naked. His arms stretched upwards. There is another rope around his hands: this rope, like the one around his neck is wrapped around a thick branch of a tree. JACK is beginning to wake up

JACK mumbles. His eyes open. He mumbles again, and looks around him.

JACK
LIZZIE?

LIZZIE is tidying up near to the box, putting branches away, picking things up. On hearing JACK, she reacts almost nonchalantly, but this is an act, which she mostly carries off.

LIZZIE
JACK. Oh JACK, you're awake.

Stands up and moves closer to JACK.

JACK
LIZZIE. Lizzie, what am I doing here?

LIZZIE
You're safe, JACK. You've been made safe. Safe for me.

JACK
Where are my clothes, LIZZIE? What are you playing at?

LIZZIE
Moves right up to the box. Folds her arms and stands in

front of JACK looking up to him

What were you playing at, JACK? You tell me first.

JACK

(Smiles)

Just a game LIZZIE, that was all, just a game.

LIZZIE

Ok. It was a game. Only I didn't want to play. And I didn't find it particularly funny. In fact I didn't find it funny at all.

JACK

SO, it looks like we've reached a bit of an impasse, eh?

LIZZIE

IMPASSE!?

(The remark infuriates her)

You're...

LIZZIE moves forward and grabs the end of one of the ropes. It is wrapped around a root of the tree that has grown above the ground. She unties the rope, and while she is doing it, she talks to JACK.

LIZZIE

This rope, JACK is tied to your hands. I had some fun while you were unconscious. You took a good couple of bangs on the head before you'd go down though, I'll tell you that.

The rope is untied. JACK looks up, he is now concerned; the rope around his hands is loosened. The only rope around him is now the one around his neck. He looks down, as he balances on the box

JACK

LIZZIE, LIZZIE, think about this. Do you want a dead body on your hands. Is that what you want?

JACK puts his hands on the rope around his neck, holding onto it tightly.

LIZZIE

I've got my mobile. You didn't take it off me. Did you check me before you put me in the box?

LIZZIE take the end of the rope that is connected to JACK'S hands and pulls it so that his hands are yanked away from holding onto the rope around his neck. JACK steadies himself with a worried look on his face. JACK also has a rope tied round his ankles. LIZZIE feeds the rope round the rope about JACK'S ankles, so that his hands cannot reach the rope around his neck

JACK

LIZZIE, think about this, what are you doing?

LIZZIE

You should have checked me over, JACK. I've still got the mobile. Big mistake.

JACK

Looks up to the sky, is clearly concerned

LIZZIE

JACK, I'd like to see you hang. I have, I still have, no idea why you did what you did. You've had time to tell me. I think you're just a stinking pervert, but, with an ego, haven't the bottle to admit it.

JACK

(Laughs, a nervous laugh)

LIZZIE

So here's what I'm going to do. I'm going to make a call to the police. And I'm going to tell them exactly where you are. And I'm going to tell them exactly what happened. So you have a choice. You can hang around here and face the music

for when the police arrive. And, I'm pretty sure, that will be quite an explanation, it'll be something quite worth hearing. Or..., well. There is one other option, if you don't fancy facing the music. I mean, that box doesn't look like it'll last that long anyhow, but you never know...

LIZZIE gets her phone out, and begins to make a call as she walks past JACK

JACK
LIZZIE? LIZZIE! Look! LIZZIE! LIZZIE!

There are signs of panic in JACK'S voice, his eyes dart from the left to the right, and then down and up again - he is considering his dilemma, the box wobbles - his adjusts stiffly to maintain his position.

LIZZIE walks down the forest path away from JACK, her face is determined, intense, but impassioned as well. She is face on to viewer.

FADE OUT:

THE END