

"An Uneventful Day"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL GATES - MORNING

A large noisy crowd of parents and young children.

MRS. WINTERTON (40s), a prim-looking woman, hurries her two children, 6 and 8, out of the car, neatening up clothing and checking lunches as she does so. She's no-nonsense but not stern.

Across the road, ABBY (20s) watches from her car.

The children are ushered into the playground. Mrs. Winterton stops to chat with a few of the other parents.

Unseen, Abby drives off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A pleasant, middle-of-the-road tune plays quietly on the radio.

Mrs. Winterton is in the middle of her daily housekeeping. A vacuum-cleaner stands idle in the corner. She runs a duster expertly over the furniture and ornaments.

She makes a tiny adjustment to a china figurine... steps back to get a good look at it.

MRS. WINTERTON

Perfect.

Continues with the dusting.

RADIO DJ

(On radio)

We've got Jane from Worthing on the phone right now. Hello Jane.

JANE

(On radio)

Hello.

RADIO DJ

(On Radio)

To win two nights in a top quality holiday resort in the south of

(Cont'd)

France all you have to do is answer
this question: what is the capital
of Costa Rica?

MRS. WINTERTON

(Not looking up from
the dusting)

San Jose.

JANE

(On radio)

San Jose?

A pause as the DJ builds tension.

RADIO DJ

(On radio)

Congratulations Jane! You and your
partner are off to the south of
France!

Quietly pleased at herself, Mrs. Winterton switches off the
radio. She starts to coil up the power-cord of the vacuum
cleaner.

The doorbell rings.

Slightly annoyed at the interruption, she arranges the
power-cord as neatly as possible then heads to the

FRONT DOOR

She takes a moment to straighten-up her clothing and then
opens the door.

Abby is stood there, clutching a clipboard. She seems a
little anxious.

MRS. WINTERTON

Hello.

ABBY

(Beat)

Hello.

There's a pause, then Abby realises she's supposed to speak.

ABBY

Hi. I'm here on behalf of a
prominent environmental charity. I

(Cont'd)
was wondering if you could possibly
answer a few questions.

MRS. WINTERTON
Well...

ABBY
It'll only take a few minutes.

MRS. WINTERTON
Okay then. Tell you what, come in
and have a sit down.

Abby is a little taken aback by this.

ABBY
Are you sure?

MRS. WINTERTON
Of course. I can't stand talking on
the doorstep. And I expect you've
been on your feet for most of the
day. Come on in.

Abby hesitates a second, then steps inside.

ABBY
Thank you.

Mrs. Winterton closes the door behind her.

MRS. WINTERTON
Can I get you a cup of tea?

ABBY
I don't want to be any trouble.

MRS. WINTERTON
The kettle's already on. And
there's more than enough for two.

ABBY
Okay.

MRS. WINTERTON
(Gesturing to the
living room)
Make yourself at home. I'll join
you in a moment or two.

Mrs. Winterton disappears into the kitchen, as Abby heads into the

LIVING ROOM

She puts the clipboard down on the settee.

Glancing back at the doorway, she starts to have a nosey around the room, paying close attention to the various family photos on the wall.

MRS WINTERON (O.S)
How do you take your tea?

ABBY
Oh, just milk please.

MRS. WINTERTON (O.S)
I know I shouldn't use so much water in the kettle. It's one of the things they frown upon, isn't it?

ABBY
(Still engrossed in the pictures)
I'm sorry?

MRS. WINTERTON (O.S)
Environmental groups. It wastes energy, doesn't it?

ABBY
I think so. Yes.

MRS. WINTERTON (O.S)
But then you never know when you might need that cup extra.

ABBY
I suppose.

MRS. WINTERTON
Here you go.

Abby jumps as she realises that Mrs. Winterton is back in the room.

MRS. WINTERTON
I didn't mean to startle you.

ABBY

No... it's just... I was just-

MRS. WINTERTON

Oh, don't worry. I'm a terrible snoop myself. I can never resist it when I'm in someone else's house. I'll just pop the tea down on the table.

She does so, then sits down in one of the comfy chairs. Abby sits opposite on the settee. Takes a sip of the tea.

MRS. WINTERTON

I know what thirsty work this door to door stuff can be. I've done a little of it myself in the past. I like to try to stay quite involved in local issues. Take part in raising awareness, fund-raising, things like that. It keeps me busy. And it can be quite rewarding, can't it. Making the world a better place, one thing at a time.

Abby smiles politely, but a little coldly. She indicates one of the photos nearby.

ABBY

Those your kids?

MRS. WINTERTON

Hmmm? Oh yes. We have three. The oldest was feeling a bit camera shy at the time. Do you have any?

ABBY

No.

MRS. WINTERTON

You're still young.

ABBY

I don't... intend to have kids. My childhood wasn't exactly a happy one.

MRS. WINTERTON

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

ABBY

My father died when I was young.
 Things sorta went downhill from
 there. I started to have
 nightmares... panic attacks...
 things like that. My family, they
 just wanted to move on with life. I
 couldn't.

Talking about this is obviously difficult for her. She
 drinks some more of the tea, trying to steady herself.

MRS. WINTERTON

I really am sorry to hear that. I
 can sympathise. My own childhood
 was... less than perfect.

Silence. Abby is building up to something...

ABBY

You recognise me. Don't you.

MRS. WINTERTON

I'm sorry?

ABBY

You recognise me. I thought I saw
 it when you answered the door.

MRS. WINTERTON

I...

ABBY

Let me help you: you murdered my
 father.

More silence. What can you say to that?

MRS. WINTERTON

That's ridiculous.

ABBY

Edward Farroway.

Mrs. Winterton tries to move away, but Abby gets up as well:
 blocks her way, becoming more aggressive.

ABBY

Sixteen years ago. His name was
 Edward Farroway.

MRS. WINTERTON

I don't know what you're talking about!

ABBY

I think you do.

MRS. WINTERTON

My husband will be home any minute!

ABBY

No he won't. I've been watching you. He won't be home for hours. Neither will your kids. There's no-one.

MRS. WINTERTON

This really is ridiculous. Tell me. Do I look to you like the kind of person who could... who could kill somebody?

ABBY

I saw you.

This stops Mrs. Winterton dead.

ABBY

I saw you do it.

EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

An eight-year old Abby looks out as Mrs. Winterton and EDWARD FARROWAY argue in the shadows at the bottom of the garden.

Edward starts to walk back towards the house.

Mrs. Winterton grabs a nearby hammer... swings it at him...

(END OF FLASHBACK)

INT. LIVING ROOM

As before.

Mrs. Winterton sits back down. Abby paces anxiously.

ABBY

Those nightmares I told you about... for years I convinced myself that they were just dreams. That I'd made the whole thing up. Just a young child traumatised by the death of her father. But they refused to go away. Then I saw your face in the paper, for your charity work!

MRS. WINTERTON

I thought it might have been something like that.

ABBY

I knew then that it was all true. That I hadn't just made it up. You really existed!

MRS. WINTERTON

The police will never believe you.

Abby sits back down on the settee. She's struggling a little to stay in control.

ABBY

I know.

She pulls a small gun out, points it at Mrs. Winterton.

ABBY

Tell me why you did it. Tell me why you murdered my father.

MRS. WINTERTON

If it helps, I really was very sorry to have to it.

She sits back, only vaguely concerned by the gun.

MRS. WINTERTON

As I've said, my childhood wasn't a happy one either. When I was able to get away I only knew one thing for certain: that I was going to have the kind of life that had been denied to me. Finding my husband was the first step of that. A good job and happy children were the next step. But, unfortunately, it turned out that my husband is unable to have kids. So I had to look elsewhere for that. Your father was the answer. But he wanted more than that. He was going to tell your mother, and then everyone would know. That would have destroyed everything.

ABBY

You're psychotic!

MRS. WINTERTON

You're hardly in a position to comment.

ABBY

You killed him for that?

MRS. WINTERTON

There's nothing more important to me than my family. I won't allow anything to threaten that. Anything.

Abby goes to speak... but then it begins to dawn on her that something isn't right... she struggles to focus.

ABBY

What have you done to me?

MRS. WINTERTON

Sleeping pills. Ground up in the tea. I knew it was you the moment I first saw you weeks ago... watching me... working up the courage to approach me.

(Softly)

You have your father's eyes. Quite unmistakable.

She leans forward and takes the gun from Abby, who can offer no resistance.

Fighting against the pills, Abby tries to get up but can't.

Mrs. Winterton watches, her expression a mixture of resignation and pity.

Abby slumps to the floor, unconscious.

Mrs. Winterton calmly puts the gun to one side, then -- with some difficulty -- starts to drag the body into the

HALLWAY

Leaving Abby's body nearby, she opens up the cupboard under the stairs... searches around inside until she finds a hammer, hacksaw and bin liners.

MRS. WINTERTON

Perfect.

EXT. GARDEN - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Winterton, wearing different clothes to earlier, is tending to the flowerbeds. There's plenty of fresh earth around. A shovel is lying on the ground nearby.

MR. WINTERTON (O.S)

Honey? Honey?

Mr. Winterton emerges from the house.

MRS. WINTERTON
Hello, dear. Good day at work?

MR. WINTERTON
Not bad. Where at the kids?

MRS. WINTERTON
I arranged for them to go round to
their friend's houses for the
afternoon. I felt like a bit of
peace and quiet for a change.

MR. WINTERTON
No complaints from me there. So...
how's your day been?

Only the slightest flicker.

MRS. WINTERTON
Oh. Pretty uneventful.

FADE OUT: