

MINE

Written by

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EXT. ABANDONED ROAD - NIGHT

The white billow of smoke from the engine contrasts with the dark night. EMMA (20s), pretty and sweet-faced, steps out of the driver's side door and walks around to open the trunk.

Inside the trunk, JESSICA (20s) struggles with wide, terrified eyes, unable to release her muffled screams from behind the duct tape covering her mouth.

Emma reaches past Jessica, fumbling in the dark for the road emergency pack. She puts on gloves, then uses alcohol pads from the first aid kit to wipe down the steering wheel, shift, seatbelt, door, and trunk handles.

She grasps the pointed T-handle insert in her right hand, tossing the bag back into the trunk beside the squirming body. With a gentle touch, she brushes the hair out of Jessica's eyes.

EMMA

How did it come to this?

INT. BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

Emma wakes up, flexes her sore hands, and looks around the room. The words "It's mine, give it back" are written on every surface. Evidence of patches and paint shows on the wall beneath the fresh writing.

Her hands are blistered, stained with paint and marker, and covered with nicks and scratches from carving the letters into the furniture. She buries her head in her hands, defeated.

Emma drags herself out of bed and stands before the mirror.

EMMA

What do you want from me?

Inside the mirror appears an attractive young man about her age, GARETH.

GARETH

I want it back.

Emma rubs her chest over her heart.

EMMA

You're dead. You don't need it.

Gareth frowns.

GARETH  
Just because I am not using it  
doesn't mean you can.

Emma grasps the mirror.

EMMA  
Please.

Gareth scuffles his feet.

GARETH  
Can't you tell?

Emma steps back.

EMMA  
What?

Gareth points to her chest.

GARETH  
It's broken.

Emma feels her heartbeat, thump, thump, thump.

EXT. JESSICA'S DRIVEWAY

The old car pulls into the drive, Jessica grabs her bag out of the passenger's side, says a little prayer of thanks to the car before closing the door.

A cat cry comes from the backyard, Jessica cocks her head.

JESSICA  
Gigi?

Jessica follows the sound to the backyard, a shovel hits her in the head.

INT. JESSICA'S KITCHEN

Jessica opens her eyes to Emma's face drinking a cup of coffee. Her hands are tied behind her back with cable ties. Her mouth covered with duct tape. The road safety kit from her car is on the kitchen table.

Emma follows her gaze to the bag.

EMMA  
It's handy.

Jessica stands up but falls straight down. Her feet are also restricted by an ankle chain of cable ties.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ouch.

Emma helps Jessica back into the chair.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Don't be in a rush. It's almost dark, then we'll get out of here.

Jessica tries to speak.

EMMA (CONT'D)

To fulfill your promise. If you break someone's heart you need to fix it.

The automatic lights come on outside as the sun goes down.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Almost time.

Emma washes the mug she was drinking from.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Did you really think it was ok to make a suicide pact then back out? What a bitch.

Jessica's tears drip down her face. Her head hangs in shame.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Are you sorry?

Jessica nods her head.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Emma fishes for scissors in the bag, snips the ties around Jessica's feet. She holds the scissors open against Jessica's throat as they walk through the house to the car.

Emma opens the trunk of Jessica's old car, forces Jessica in. She throws the bag in with her.

Emma hops into the driver's side. Looks into her reflection in the rearview mirror.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's only what she deserves. I can do this.

Emma revs the engine, backs out of the drive.

EXT. ABANDONED ROAD

In the bright moonlight, Emma's silhouette stabs into the trunk.

She walks down the road; white gloves covered with blood, but barely any on her clothes.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - DAWN

The bloody gloves and clothes burn in the waste basket by her desk. Emma sleeps peacefully in her bed.

MONTAGE

- Emma paints the walls.
- Replaces the furniture
- A social media post has a One Year Memorial for Jessica.

INT. BEDROOM

Emma wakes up, flexes her sore hands, she looks around the room. The words "It's mine, give it back" are written all over the room.

She lifts her hands stained with paint and marker. Emma rolls out of bed to the mirror.

EMMA  
What do you want?

Emma's reflection in the mirror bags the glass angrily.

EMMA IN MIRROR  
I want it back!

Emma rubs her chest in pain.

EMMA  
No.

The mirror cracks from the reflection's fists.

EMMA IN MIRROR  
Give my body back!

THE END