

AN UNLIKELY WARRIOR

Written by

Nicholas Paul Papas & Chanel Ashley

Registered WGAw.

Nicoflix@gmail.com

0416 174 888

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BLACK:

SUPER: "2003"

"Based On A True Story"

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The rain falls gently, a gloom hovers that casts a pall on to the day - the old, tired hospital building unable to brighten nor lift any spirits.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The rain can be seen falling through the window, a mature man, LANCE (82), lay on the bed - GLYN SCOTT (58), sat next to him, quietly holds his hand, a tear in her eye.

He whispers, but struggles, finds it hard to breathe.

LANCE

Will you promise me something?

GLYN

Of course, if I can.

LANCE

Tell your story, it's important, it will help you after I'm gone.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - CITY LIMITS - DAWN

(FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

SUPER: "1945"

The first rays of daylight appear as they rise above a modest mountain range with the city limits in the foreground.

It's going to be a glorious day, a new and fresh start to the morning.

GLYN (V.O.)

The world was a different place, then - the Second World War was coming to an end.

EXT. SUBURB - DAY

A leafy blue collar street, both hardship and poverty is evident everywhere, reflected in the local attire.

GLYN (V.O.)

There were no refrigerators - an Ice-man came daily in summer and brought blocks of ice that fit on top of an ice chest to keep food cool.

(beat)

Another brought rabbits as meat was scarce and expensive, the Baker and Milkman also came by horse and cart - a tin billy can was left on the front doorstep with sixpence for a pint of milk to be poured in the early hours.

(beat)

For those that could afford it, a Dunny Cart Man, he would empty the toilet can - everyone else fixed a wooden seat over a hole in the ground surrounded by a crude tin shed.

EXT. LOCAL CHURCH - DAY

The local church is prevalent and imposes itself in most daily lives.

GLYN (V.O.)

The church played an integral part, girls encouraged to marry young and have children - pregnancy before marriage was stigmatised, it brought shame and guilt to mother, child and family - this was life as we knew it.

INT. MATERNITY WARD - HOSPITAL - DAY

A young NURSE #1 carries a small bundle of a new born CHILD, stops to show another NURSE #2, neither can contain a smile.

NURSE #2

... Ooh, isn't she beautiful.

MATRON arrives, no smile upon her face, confronts the two Nurses, terse.

MATRON  
What is it?

Nurse #1  
A girl, Matron.

MATRON  
Surname?

NURSE #1  
Scott.

MATRON  
Another bastard for the orphanage.

EXT. METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

A beautiful, but old stone-built church, a tall, traditional steeple, surrounded by a pretty garden.

INT. METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

In an empty church, JEAN and CHARLIE stand before the MINISTER, they appear nervous.

The Minister doesn't speak, he weighs his words carefully as he makes no motion to ease their nervousness, then ...

MINISTER  
Adopt?

JEAN  
Yes.

MINISTER  
A girl, you say?

JEAN  
Yes.

The Minister mulls over this proposition, then a smile.

MINISTER  
Wonderful. She shall become a much loved daughter of the church.

EXT. ST VINCENT DE PAUL ORPHANAGE - DAY

This grand, stately, 19th century building, manicured gardens in immaculate condition, there stood a welcoming statue of an ANGEL with open arms in the foreground.

Jean, her mother, NANA, stand at the gate before they enter the imposing sight, a measure of trepidation.

NANA

Are you certain this is what you want??

Hesitation, they look at each other, then towards the orphanage.

JEAN

... Yes, I am.

They walk together towards the front door, a slight WOMAN appears, bars their way, no words are spoken immediately.

THEN

WOMAN

You got the money?

Jean opens her handbag, fidgets, retrieves a wad of notes, hands them over - the Woman counts the amount expertly, when satisfied, smiles.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You bought yourself a girl.

INT. BEDROOM - HOME - NIGHT

Glyn (2), lay between Jean and Charlie in the main bed, all three appear happy and content.

CHARLIE

What shall we name her?

JEAN

Glenys.

Charlie lay back on the bed, hands behind his head.

CHARLIE

I like, that.

Jean points to several pictures on the bedroom wall, she often sings about them, Glyn would sleep cradled in her arms, her voice soothing.

Jean is a different person in the morning when her husband left for work, it was still dark outside.

Glyn sits at the kitchen table.

JEAN

Eat your bread and milk. Hurry up or the mice will have it - do not make a noise, or they'll come and take you away.

Jean turns on the radio, then leaves the room, Glyn loves to sing along - her mothers returns, ANGRY.

JEAN (CONT'D)

What did I tell you?

SUDDENLY

Jean grabs the little girl, drags her to a trap-door, opens it, forces Glyn inside the hole in the ground, the child is terrified.

GLYN

Please, mummy, I'll be good, I won't make a noise, promise.

Glyn clutches at her mother, but she was too strong, her little fingers prised open to let go.

Jean forces her down into the hole, BANGS the trap door shut, SCRAPING as she drags the sofa over the entrance.

Glyn is alone, terrified in the DARKNESS.

KITCHEN

Jean savours her cup of tea as she sits at the table, she glances up at the clock, five minutes to six.

She places her cup down, rises, quickly shifts the sofa, opens the trapdoor, a broom in her hand.

JEAN

Hold onto the broom. Do as you're told - quickly.

The kettle whistles on the stove, a bowl of water to wash up then in pyjamas.

Jean hears the front gate open, another glance at the clock, one minute to six.

JEANNIE

Hurry!

KEY in the front door, Charlie walks in, always glad to see his daughter, Jean pushes Glyn towards him.

JEAN  
Give daddy a kiss.

Beaming, Charlie picks her up into his arms.

CHARLIE  
Hello my precious, how was your  
day?

Glyn looks towards her mother, neither say a word.

BEDROOM

Jean, a different persona, lit a candle, lay beside Glyn, the little girl snuggles in as her mother sings softly until she falls asleep.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You're a good mother, Jean.

She hears, but doesn't respond, not a trace of emotion.

INT. KITCHEN - HOME - DAY

Glyn sits in the kitchen with her colouring book and pencils, her eyes open wide and sparkle when she hears a pushbike bell RING.

GLYN  
He's here!

She peeks through the window to see an elderly man arrive on a pushbike, then runs to the front door as her PAPA strides in, hugs Jean.

PAPA  
How's my best girl?

He has a slender frame and erect posture, grey hair, twinkle and affection emanate from his eyes, a charm and smile for everyone.

Glyn jumps into his waiting arms, he holds her aloft, both of them laugh, a connection, she holds him tight.

PAPA (CONT'D)  
Who do we have here? My little  
Princess.

GLYN  
I've missed you, Papa.

PAPA

Missed you too, rode all the way  
here to see you.

GLYN

Can we sing, dance, I want to hear  
a story about fairies.

JEAN

Glyn, let your Papa rest a bit, he  
rode a long way.

PAPA

Make a cuppa, Jeannie, I'll take my  
little Princess into the garden and  
we can search for fairies.

GLYN

Are there really fairies, Papa, do  
they really live in flowers?

PAPA

What? Well, we better investigate  
your mother's flower garden and  
find out.

Papa gives Glyn a wink, takes her hand as they make their way  
outside - Jean watches their warm and close inter-action from  
the kitchen window.

Charlie stands by the back screendoor - watches the two in  
the garden together, he smiles, pleased, but doesn't say a  
word.

KITCHEN

Papa and Jean sit at the table enjoying a cup of tea and a  
biscuit.

PAPA (CONT'D)

She's a lovely girl, Jeannie, bring  
her to our place soon, take a tram,  
Nana would love to see her.

JEANNIE

We will, dad, soon.

She places her hand on his, their special bond obvious,  
Charlie wanders the garden alone.



EXT. FRONT YARD - HOME - DAY

Papa hugs Jean, then Glyn, a nod towards Charlie who responds in kind, walks his pushbike to the front gate.

PAPA

Don't forget, Nana and I expect a visit soon, garden is filled with fairies waiting to be discovered.

Smiles, waves goodbye, rings the bell, Papa on his bike as he disappears down the street.

INT. EYE SPECIALIST OFFICE - DAY

Dimly lit room, the EYE SPECIALIST talks to himself and makes remarks.

EYE SPECIALIST

Extraordinary!

He removes the frame, Glyn tilts her head back.

EYE SPECIALIST (CONT'D)

Keep very still. How old is she?

JEAN

Five.

He squeezes a drop in each eye from a small bottle, it STINGS, then leans back into his chair, contemplates.

EYE SPECIALIST

Your daughter has a very unusual disease, she'll have to wear glasses for the rest of her life.

He waits for a response, none comes, he takes a deep breath, clears his throat.

EYE SPECIALIST (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, she'll be blind by the time she's fourteen.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - HOME - DAY

Jean is alone, cries uncontrollably, Glyn walks in, unable to discern what has happened, she also begins to cry, an attempt to console her mother.

GLYN

What's wrong?

Jean opens her arms wide.

JEAN  
Come here.

She wipes away tears, clutches her daughter tight.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
... It's your Papa, there's been an  
accident... he was knocked off his  
bike.

GLYN  
Is he in Heaven now?

JEAN  
Yes, darling, your wonderful Papa  
is in Heaven.

BACK VERANDAH

Charlie sits alone, forlorn, a tear in his eye, Papa is a  
great loss.

INT. TRAM - DAY

Jean and Glyn sit in a crowded tram as it makes its way along  
a busy street.

GLYN  
It will be good to see Nana again,  
her house will be sad, now.

JEAN  
... I wish we had gone earlier.

Glyn presses her sad face close to the window, she notices a  
grand, stately, 19th century building, all manicured gardens  
in immaculate condition.

There stands a welcoming statue of an Angel with open arms  
and it catches her attention, a sense of recognition.

GLYN  
Do I know this place?

Jean turns her head slowly as they pass the St. Vincent De  
Paul Orphanage, her look is one of disdain.

She considers telling Glyn, then thinks better of it.

JEAN

... It's an orphanage, evil Sisters  
live there.

The tram continues its journey, no more words are spoken from  
either of them.

INT. KITCHEN - HOME - DAY

Glyn arrives home, places her school bag and books onto the  
table.

She notices the glasses case, also on the table, picks it up,  
takes out the glasses, tries them on, slowly makes her way to  
a mirror.

The glasses are thick and heavy with fine gold rims, she does  
not like what she sees.

JEAN (O.S.)

I have a surprise for you.

EXT. STREET - DAY

They walk hand-in-hand down the street, past the corner shop,  
then stop outside an old villa.

Make their way to the front door, KNOCK - a stout lady with  
short, dark wavy hair, MRS ROSE, opens the door and beckons  
them in.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

They walk into a room where stood a magnificent grand piano.

JEAN

This is Mrs Rose - she's going to  
teach you the piano every Tuesday  
and Thursday after school.

EXT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

They stop at the corner shop, bikes on the ground, several  
children consume sweets from their lolly bags.

JEAN

... When I was your age Nana let me  
learn music. One day I'll buy you a  
piano of your very own. Promise you  
will be very good from now on.

Glyn wraps her arms around her mother, bursts with pride and affection.

EXT. STREET - SUBURB - DAY

Children play, a dog BARKS, a car drives past - the Minister walks down the same street - he stops, LISTENS intently, can hear music emanate from an old villa.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - VILLA - DAY

Glyn practises on the grand piano, Mrs. Rose stands close by, both eyes closed, listens intently, pleased with her pupil's progress.

MRS. ROSE

Good, you will excel in the exams.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Glyn waves goodbye to Mrs. Rose as she rushes onto the street on her way home, wears the biggest, happiest smile.

Her brisk walk begins to slow - her smile converts to a frown as she feels some discomfort in her legs, stops several times to rest.

INT. KITCHEN - HOME - DAY

Barely able to stand, beads of perspiration wet her forehead, her mother helps her to a chair.

JEAN

What's wrong?

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Her father carries Glyn into the hospital, after they arrive in a taxi.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

The SPECIALIST #2 examines Glyn from top to toe, especially her legs until finally satisfied.

He looks at Jean and Charlie who wait patiently, they know it will not be good news.

SPECIALIST #2

I have the results from tests as well as my own examination.

There is no easy way to say it.

SPECIALIST #2 (CONT'D)

... Polio.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOME - DAY

Jean was almost dressed and prepares to go out, Nana appears.

NANA

I'm coming with you.

JEAN

Mother...

NANA

She's been in hospital five and a half months, I'm coming with you.

INT. WARD - CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Jean and Nana arrive at the hospital ward, Glyn is in a wheelchair.

She stands up with some help, callipers have been fitted to her special shoes, metal bars attached to either side of her legs and held together by thick leather straps.

SPECIALIST #2

She must learn to walk, it will be difficult and may take a year.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Jean wheels Glyn to school in her baby pusher, the irons on her legs, she can sense STUDENTS stare, some laugh once her mother has gone.

The teasing is cruel and never ceases - another humiliation to contend with.

During recess, she has to get to the toilet, dragging one leg after the other as she holds onto the rail fence - her single minded determination fierce, she is almost there.

SUDDENLY

There is a girl that blocks her way, legs apart, hands on hips, a silly grin across her face, two others in close proximity.

The school BULLIES find their easy target and entertainment.

They knock Glyn to the ground backwards and while down they kick her, laugh at her predicament.

BULLY #1  
Cripple! Mother's a fat pig you're  
a freak.

The bell RINGS, the Bullies leave in hysterics as Glyn lies on the ground, struggles to get up, no one comes to assist.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Jean waits by the school gate, she hears the final bell, STUDENTS begin to stream out towards the gate for home.

Glyn struggles to walk the distance, teased and laughed at, it leaves an IMPRESSION on her mother - she reaches the gate with enormous effort, one look at each other, neither SPEAKS.

Glyn continues, Jean wavers, a look of PAIN on her face, then quickly catches up with her daughter.

INT. KITCHEN - HOME - DAY

Glyn begins to walk more often, the improvement steady, her desire to overcome this obstacle with stubborn resilience.

JEAN  
I may not be home after school.

GLYN  
Can I stay home with you, mum?

JEAN  
Not today, you're nine years old,  
you must go to school.

GLYN  
Mum...

JEAN  
I said no, not today!

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Glyn is at her desk in class, she looks up at the clock, the bell RINGS, instantly on her feet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOME - DAY

Glyn ambles inside, the key in the door, no one else home - she closes the door behind her, latches it, makes her way along the passage and into the dining room.

She stops, FROZEN on the spot.

There, in the corner near the window is a piano - regains her composure, she approaches tentatively, raises the piano lid, sits down.

JEAN (O.S.)

Go on then, play something for me.

She didn't notice her mother sitting in the far corner, Glyn turns back to the piano, deep breath, she begins to play and transports both of them somewhere else.

BEDROOM

Glyn enters her bedroom, tired, but happy.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I heard you. What you played was beautiful.

She gives her dad a hug, he takes her by the hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Come on outside precious, I have something to show you.

On the back verandah is a shiny blue and white two wheeler bike, a good day just got better.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'll teach you over the weekend, it will make your legs stronger.

It is difficult to contain her delight, but then a little sadness.

GLYN

... Why do you and mum sleep in separate bedrooms?

It's his turn to display a little sadness.

CHARLIE

... I will explain it one day, not today, precious, today is special.

INT. BUS - DAY

Jean and Glyn are on a bus, but head towards the city, not home.

GLYN

Six months mum, I ride my bike to music and practice every day - my music exams are in November.

Jean doesn't respond, Glyn looks outside the bus window, notices they are not going home, puzzled.

GLYN (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

JEAN

I need to find work.

GLYN

Why?

JEAN

We don't make enough, we need to pay the bills.

INT. DINING ROOM - HOME - NIGHT

They arrive home, through the passage and into the dining room, Glyn continues walking - then, a SHRIEK!

She runs into the kitchen.

GLYN

Where's my piano?

JEAN

I couldn't afford to pay for it so they came and took it away.

GLYN

My exams? I need to practice?

JEAN

I'm sorry, it's your father's fault.



She runs into her bedroom, closes the door - Glyn hears her father drive in and enter via the front door, it's not long before the argument starts.

JEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Why can't you work more overtime,  
 you never earn enough.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
 I leave home when it's dark, I get  
 home when it's dark, Sunday is the  
 only day I have off.

EXT. METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

These are unhappy times, her piano gone, her parents argue, Glyn mopes along the street on foot as she pushes her bike.

As she passes the old stone-built church, she hears wonderful organ MUSIC emanate from inside.

INT. METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

Unable to resist, Glyn quietly creeps in and sits at the back to listen, fascinated - the CHOIRMASTER plays the big pipe organ with music that fills the entire room.

SUDDENLY

The music stops, Glyn FROZE, the Choirmaster slowly turns around, fixes his gaze upon her.

PAUSE

CHOIRMASTER  
 Practice is Thursday if you wish to  
 join the choir -- we sing in church  
 every Sunday.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Glyn immediately runs outside, onto her bike, rides home as fast as she can.

She arrives home, through the front gate then the front door, barely contains her excitement.

INT. HOME - DAY

She burst into the house, runs from one room into another, searches for her mother.

GLYN  
MUM, MUM!

She almost collides with Nana with a little three year old in-tow, GREG.

NANA  
She's not here, look after your  
cousin, I'm in the kitchen.

GLYN  
But Nana?

NANA  
Did you hear me...?

She acquiesces to her fate.

GREG  
I want a piggy back.

GLYN  
Not now, Greg.

He pulls at her arm, an energetic toddler.

GREG  
I want a piggy back.

Glyn relents.

She kneels down as he climbs onboard - both arms tight around her neck, her arms around his legs - as she rises, there is a loud BUMP followed by a piercing SCREAM.

Greg hit his head against an open window frame, blood STREAMS from a head wound, Nana rushes in, takes the boy in her arms.

She YELLS.

NANA  
Don't just stand there gawking, get  
a towel, you stupid girl.

She runs to the cupboard, pulls a large towel from the shelf, Nana snatches it from her hand and wraps it firmly around the boy's head.

Nana races to the telephone, calls a taxi, then turns to face Glyn, her face DARK and voice full of ANGER.

NANA (CONT'D)

I'll deal with you when I get back.

The taxi arrives, she storms out of the house, Glyn watches them drive away through a window.

SILENCE

Glyn sits on the sofa, looks at the clock - waits patiently, another look at the clock, two hours before they return.

She hears the taxi arrive, doors open and shut, the front door SQUEAKS open.

Greg's head is bandaged, Nana put him in his cot for a sleep before she returns to face Glyn - her ANGER did not subside.

SLOWLY

NANA (CONT'D)

You're evil. I was there, I knew your mother shouldn't have taken you.

INT. METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

Glyn enters, makes her way forward, the class stops, watches her make an entrance.

The Choirmaster is dressed in black, hair well-oiled, slicked back, his sinister hint of a smile almost a sneer, he motions for her to sit down.

CHOIRMASTER

Glyn, is it - sit, class is almost at an end, then I can have you all to myself.

His smile widens.

EXT. METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

The church and grounds are devoid of Parishioners, the time is late, we hear wonderful playing and singing emanate from within the church walls.

INT. METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

The Choirmaster, still dressed in black, stands tall - both hands behind his back, eyes closed, well-oiled hair slicked back, nods his head in time to music and song.

Behind him, with her back turned, Glyn plays the pipe organ.

She stops, the score complete, sits upright, the Choirmaster ceases to nod his head, Glyn turns to face him - the quality of her playing and singing improved.

He opens his eyes slowly, clearly impressed with her ability.

                  CHOIRMASTER  
Very good, Glyn.

                  GLYN  
Thank you, sir.

                  CHOIRMASTER  
How old are you?

                  GLYN  
Ten, sir.

                  CHOIRMASTER  
You have been under my tuition for  
sometime now.

                  GLYN  
Yes, sir.

                  CHOIRMASTER  
Your improvement quite dramatic,  
don't you think?

                  GLYN  
Yes, sir, I have you to thank.

                  CHOIRMASTER  
Yes... you have me to thank.

He turns to face her, after all this time, she still isn't comfortable in his presence.

                  CHOIRMASTER (CONT'D)  
Would you like that, Glyn - to  
thank me?

                  GLYN  
Ye... yes, sir.

CHOIRMASTER  
Pull up your dress.

SHOCKED, perplexed look upon her face.

CHOIRMASTER (CONT'D)  
Do as you're told, it's what God  
wants.

She's frozen with FEAR.

CHOIRMASTER (CONT'D)  
Allow me, then.

He raises her dress slowly, places his hand inside her  
panties, begins to fondle her.

SUDDENLY

Her eyes and mouth are wide open, he watches her intently.

CHOIRMASTER (CONT'D)  
... You like that?

GLYN  
What are you doing, sir?

CHOIRMASTER  
Do you like it?

GLYN  
I... I don't know?

CHOIRMASTER  
... To relax you, to make you feel  
better, that's why I am doing this,  
it will be your reward after every  
lesson, but it must be our secret.

She remains in STUNNED silence.

CHOIRMASTER (CONT'D)  
Do you understand, this must be our  
secret, it's what God wants.

She cannot get the words out.

CHOIRMASTER (CONT'D)  
Glyn... do you understand?

GLYN  
Ye... yes, sir.

CHOIRMASTER

Good, time I took you home, mustn't  
make your mother worry.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

The Choirmaster drops Glyn off at her home, no words are spoken, she quickly alights and closes the door, the car quickly disappears down the street.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

She burst through the front door into the kitchen where her mother prepares the evening meal.

Glyn stops, pants heavily, almost out-of-breath.

GLYN

... Mum?

JEAN

Yes, Glyn?

GLYN

... Mum?

JEAN

What is it, girl?

GLYN

I don't want to sing in the choir  
anymore.

Jean stops, looks towards her daughter, hands on hips.

JEAN

Why not?

Glyn doesn't know how to explain, she has no understanding of what just happened.

GLYN

... The Choirmaster is touching me -  
I don't like it.

Jean, horrified, becomes ANGRY.

JEAN

How dare you speak like that about  
a man of God.

GLYN

... but...

JEAN

Enough, you're a liar - you will  
burn in hell.

GLYN

... but I...

JEAN

Go to your room until you learn  
some manners.

As Glyn turns to go, her mother grabs her and slaps her hard  
across the face.

It STINGS, a red mark on her cheek, Glyn slowly turns to face  
her mother, their eye contact fixed, defiance.

GLYN

... I'll never tell again.

Glyn leaves the room and sits on her bed - sullen, angry and  
disillusioned.

Papa sits next to her, a part of her memory.

GLYN (CONT'D)

Why did you leave me, why did you  
have to die?

PAPA

We all die someday, Princess.

GLYN

I miss you so much.

PAPA

I will always be in your heart, I  
never left you.

He gently takes her hand and places it in his, their tender  
moment.

GLYN

Everyone bullies me, everything I  
do is wrong.

PAPA

Be strong, Princess, your day will  
come.

GLYN

When?

PAPA

When it's meant too.

EXT OLD VILLA - DAY

Glyn plays the piano with intense concentration as Mrs. Rose listens until completion.

MRS. ROSE

Are you alright?

GLYN

Yes, Mrs. Rose

MRS. ROSE

Good.

Mrs. Rose holds up an envelope.

MRS. ROSE (CONT'D)

Your exam results. Shall I open it?

She proceeds to open the envelope, takes out a letter, which she reads slowly, the suspense builds - then a smile.

MRS. ROSE (CONT'D)

... You've topped your class with Honours - continue good work, you will study at the Conservatorium.

Glyn jumps up with excitement, wraps her arms around her tutor.

GLYN

That would be my dream.

INT. HOME - DAY

Glyn rushes into the kitchen, unable to contain her joy.

GLYN

Mum, mum!

Jean looks at her daughter.

GLYN (CONT'D)

I topped the class with honours, I can study at the conservatorium.



Glyn knows something is wrong by the look on her mother's face.

GLYN (CONT'D)  
... What's wrong?

JEAN  
Your piano lessons are over.

GLYN  
You can't do that.

JEAN  
Mrs. Rose has been teaching you without payment for almost a year, I can't afford to pay her. I'm sorry, that's it - we can't do it any longer.

GLYN  
... The conservatorium?

JEAN  
Tomorrow will be your last day at school.

GLYN  
It can't be, my lessons...

JEAN  
You're thirteen, you can leave school with my permission. You have to get a job.

GLYN  
Job? Where?

JEAN  
I saw one in the paper today and phoned. You start tomorrow morning eight thirty - it's a dry cleaning shop.

Glyn remains speechless, Jean does not relent.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
It's your father's fault, he can't earn anymore and I need to pay the bills. You will give me your wages.

INT. DRY CLEANING SHOP - DAY

Glyn is alone in the shop front, folds clothes expertly, item per item in appropriate piles and on a rack.

The lady SHOPKEEPER walks in from the rear room with a small cup cake and lit candle.

GLYN  
What's this?

SHOPKEEPER  
One year today, Glyn, and I never regretted hiring you.

GLYN  
You are so kind.

SHOPKEEPER  
Here's your pay, finish folding, enjoy the cake then lock up.

The Shopkeeper smiles as she leaves Glyn on her own.

SUDDENLY

The door bell RINGS, someone enters the shop.

The Choirmaster enters, without a word he makes his way into the backroom, then returns - she is uncomfortable alone in a room with him, his smile almost a sneer.

CHOIRMASTER  
Come to the backroom, it's time for your reward.

EXT. DRY CLEANING SHOP - DAY

She burst through the rear door with her push bike, looks at her wages, then up the street, then back towards her wages.

GLYN  
Enough is enough, I'm running away.

She jumps on her bike and peddles as fast as she can - a new resolve and purpose has come over her.

The busy suburban street disappears as she continues to ride and feels invigorated, soon past some swamp lands - dusk has started to shadow the day, but her resolve is unabated.

The wind in her hair, wide smile across her face, she didn't hear the car behind her until it came alongside.

She tries to ignore the car with three ABORIGINAL males as it edges closer towards her.

ABORIGINAL 1#  
Stop peddlin' so fast, you gonna do  
yo' self an injury.

ABORIGINAL 2#  
Get off yo' bike an' ride with us.

ABORIGINAL 1#  
Come on girl, get in the car.

Eyes ahead, peddles fast, but the car is too close, she hits the kerb, flies off her bike and onto the pavement, wounds to an arm and a leg.

The car comes to a sudden HALT, begins to reverse, stops next to her as she lay on the ground.

Two doors open, two Aborigines slowly step out, walk towards her, both grin, white teeth bared.

ABORIGINAL 2#  
Looks like you comin' with us.

ABORIGINAL 1#  
We show you a good time.

He bends down to grab her arm.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Oi, bugger off!

They all look up, GEORGE PYCROFT (29) sits in his ute, window wound down.

GEORGE  
I said get away from her!

ABORIGINAL 1#  
Buzz off, grandpa.

George opens the car door, moves towards the young teenagers, they all jump into their car and speed off, leave a cloud of dust.

He approaches Glyn, offers a hand.

GEORGE  
You alright, girlie?

She is speechless when she confronts her Knight In Shining Armour.

GLYN  
... Are you him?

GEORGE  
Who?

GLYN  
My Knight In Shining Armour.

Sheepish grin.

GEORGE  
Prince Charming, maybe.

EXT. DELI - DUSK

George exits a deli with two ice creams in his hand, offers one to Glyn who sits in his ute.

GEORGE  
I'll take you home.

GLYN  
I don't want to go home.

GEORGE  
Why's that?

GLYN  
I'm running away.

George chuckles.

GLYN (CONT'D)  
What's so funny?

GEORGE  
How old are you?

GLYN  
Fourteen. How old are you?

GEORGE  
Twenty nine.

GLYN  
I'm never going back.

GEORGE  
Where would you like to go?

GLYN  
Anywhere.

GEORGE

Then I'll take you anywhere. I'm George.

GLYN

Glyn.

He jumps in, starts the vehicle - they drive along the shore, it's night, the moon soon reflects on the calm sea water, he parks as they take in the view.

GEORGE

Problems at home?

GLYN

My mother and I argue - sometimes she's kind and nice, sometimes not. My dad... I don't see much of my dad, I don't understand him, he doesn't say very much and always working.

Moment of solitude and reflection, neither speaks.

GEORGE

You know you're too young to live on your own. You have to go home, it's almost midnight.

GLYN

Can you take me to the church near the bridge, it's open, I can sleep in one of the pews.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

George drives towards the port and the church, again, neither speak, only the HUM of the ute.

SUDDENLY

GLYN

Stop. STOP!

She places a hand over her mouth, he immediately stops the car beside the footpath - a SOLITARY man stands in the dim light.

GEORGE

What is it? You know this man?

The man walks slowly towards the car, George wound down his window, the distraught man peers inside.

CHARLIE  
Come home, Glyn, it's late.

GLYN  
... I'm sorry, dad.

CHARLIE  
Can you take us home?

GEORGE  
Of course, get in. George.

They shake hands.

CHARLIE  
Charlie, a pleasure.

A tight fit, but the three make their way down the street and disappear around the corner.

EXT. DRY CLEANING SHOP - DAY

Many cars and pedestrians pass the shop that faces a busy road.

INT. DRY CLEANING SHOP - DAY

Glyn, sullen, folds clothes, the Shopkeeper walks in from the rear, hands her a pay packet, Glyn smiles her appreciation.

EXT. DRY CLEANING SHOP - DAY

Glyn grabs her bike, jumps on, peddles down the street at a brisk pace until she arrives at her front gate.

INT. KITCHEN - HOME - DAY

Glyn parks her bike, immediately enters the kitchen, hands her mother the unopened wages, no words are spoken - turns to walk away.

JEAN (O.S.)  
You have a visitor...

She stops, looks towards her mother.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
... in the lounge.

She walks in to find a beaming George sitting on the sofa.

GEORGE  
I came to see you, would you like  
to go for a drive?

The big smile on Glyn's face gives her answer.

INT. METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Glyn is at the organ practicing, the Choirmaster in close proximity.

CHOIRMASTER  
I'll take you home after practice.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
It's okay, Padre...

George sits at the rear pew, a broad smile upon his face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
... I've got it from here.

No smile upon the Choirmaster's face, only his displeasure.

INT. DINING ROOM - HOME - NIGHT

The entire family is at the table, they enjoy their dinner, it includes Nana and their guest, George.

GEORGE  
Lovely dinner, Jean, you're a lucky  
bloke, Charlie.

Jean can't resist a smile of satisfaction.

JEAN  
You're very kind, George.

Charlie can only manage a small smile, says nothing, he knows his place.

GEORGE  
Pleasure, it's getting late, I best  
be going.

LOUNGE

Jean and Glyn watch George reverse his car from the driveway through the lounge window.

JEAN

It's been almost a year, I think  
it's time for you and George to get  
engaged.

A look of astonishment.

GLYN

... engaged?

JEAN

Perhaps on your fifteenth birthday.

GLYN

... but George...

JEAN

Think about it - your father and I  
are going away on a camp with Cubs  
and Scouts - George could stay here  
with you while we're away - I don't  
want you home alone.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Charlie and Jean, both in their camping attire, pack the car  
and ready to embark - she winds down her window.

JEAN

I've prepared the spare bedroom and  
left a towel, both enjoy the Easter  
weekend.

They drive off amidst smiles and waving hands, the laden car  
finally disappears around a corner.

Glyn and George saunter casually back into the home.

GLYN

What would you like for lunch?

SUDDENLY

George pulls Glyn into his arms and gives her a passionate  
kiss - he swoops her up and carries her into the bedroom,  
pulls her clothes undone.

GLYN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

George continues with a sense of urgency.



GLYN (CONT'D)

Please don't, you have to wait till  
we're married.

GEORGE

We're practically married.

GLYN

Don't do this.

GEORGE

You love me, don't you, show me how  
much.

He removes her clothes as she lay on the bed, he on top, too strong for her to escape his clutches.

He mounts her, Glyn in great pain as he THRUSTS continuously, filled with crazed LUST, the pain now agonising.

He holds Glyn down, TEARS and SOBS ignored, George has his way with her until a CLIMAX - not a sound, finished, rolls over, walks out the room.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Charlie and Jean return from their camp, park the car in the driveway, George and Glyn there to welcome them home.

JEAN

So good to be home.

George is in a cheery mood.

GEORGE

I've decided we'll get married in a  
year's time.

Jean's face lit-up with joy, gives George a big hug, then turns towards Glyn.

JEAN

You're a lucky girl, you need to be  
good to George, make him happy.

Charlie shakes George's hand, gives Glyn a hug, walks away into the house without a word.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The parked car faces the moonlit beach, small waves lap the shore, the vehicle sways as George forces himself upon Glyn.

GLYN (O.S.)  
Ah, ah, ah, you're hurting me.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

George and Glyn are in the backseat, both her legs high in the air, semi naked, George thrusts without a care for her needs.

GEORGE  
Don't resist, it'll hurt you more.

GLYN  
I don't like it.

GEORGE  
LEARN, to like it, it'll be like  
this every day for the rest of your  
life.

His thrusting didn't subside, nor did her pain, juxtaposed to the sound of the ocean.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

Glyn sits opposite a DOCTOR, nervous hands rest on her knees, she looks unwell.

GLYN  
... Pregnant?

DOCTOR  
How old are you?

GLYN  
Sixteen, almost seventeen.

DOCTOR  
Married?

GLYN  
No!

DOCTOR  
You'll have to come back and see me  
in a month's time - I think you'd  
better bring your mother with you.

INT. KITCHEN - HOME - DAY

Both Glyn and her mother sit at the dinner table, she still looks unwell.

JEAN  
Have you told George?

GLYN  
Not yet, maybe tonight.

LATER

George sits opposite the two women.

GEORGE  
I'm not ready yet.

JEAN  
You'll get married as soon as possible.

GEORGE  
I can't afford to keep her nor pay anything towards the baby.

JEAN  
You can both live here.

GEORGE  
No, I can't.

JEAN  
This baby needs a name and father, you will not shame my daughter.

GEORGE  
No!

JEAN  
If you don't, I'll report you to the police. She's under age.

INT. HOME - DAY

Glyn looks wonderful in her wedding dress, two BRIDESMAIDS and a FLOWER GIRL attend to her, she is unable to wipe the smile from her face.

Jean helps with the veil as the bride stands before a mirror, takes Glyn's hands in hers, some emotion takes hold, a tear.

JEAN

You look beautiful, as a bride should.

GLYN

Thanks, mum, the young girl becomes a woman today.

JEAN

Glyn, I know you've had a difficult childhood, it hasn't always been easy between us...

GLYN

Mum...

JEAN

Let me finish - this should be the happiest day of your life, look to the future, it can only get better from here on.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The black Holden with the bride and the white Jaguar with the Bridesmaids and Flower Girl arrive at the church - smiles and excitement on all their faces.

They alight from the cars then prepare to enter the church, a man, JOE (45), walks up to Glyn.

JOE

I'm the eldest brother, Joe, why is a nice young girl like you marrying George?

GLYN

... Sorry?

JOE

Do you know what you're doing?

GLYN

... I... I love him.

JOE

I hope you don't live to regret it.

He walks off, leaves Glyn bewildered, Jean arrives.

JEAN

What was that about?

GLYN  
I don't know?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Glyn walks into the church, then down the aisle on her proud father's arm, organ music plays.

The Choirmaster sits at the organ, the Minister officiates, George waits for his bride by the alter.

Bride and groom smile, exchange vows, sign the registry, both prepare for a new life to unfold.

EXT. BACKYARD - HOME - NIGHT

Happy faces, cheery voices, it is everything you would expect from a backyard wedding celebration.

THEN

It was time to go and commence the honeymoon, there were many goodbyes and well-wishes - the bridal couple enter their car, they're off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Both sat apart, both appear excited, Glyn notices they do not drive towards the city, she looks out the window.

GLYN  
Where are we going, this isn't  
towards the city?

GEORGE  
I've got something to show you,  
it's a surprise.

Glyn slides across the seat and squeezes his arm, her head rests on his shoulder.

He drives along the seashore, it is dark without a moon, the air turns cold.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

George stops in front of an old poorly lit house, he takes her hand, leads her to a front door, Glyn begins to shiver, rubs her arms.

GLYN  
What are we doing here?

INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

He opens the door, they enter, they see a dim light emanate from a room.

He leads her into this room, a woman, HAZEL, sits on a double bed, a little BABY #1 asleep beside her.

GEORGE  
This is Hazel, that's my daughter.

The woman smiles, there are tears in her eyes as George holds the Baby - he puts the Baby down, holds Hazel's hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I have to go.

She clings to his hand, SOBS, pleads for him not to leave, he breaks free.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I'll be back in a few days.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

They drive in silence, wide apart, her face completely devoid of any smile, only her expression of shock.

THEN

GLYN  
Why? Why would you show me such a thing?

GEORGE  
So you know, I can do what I want, when I want, with who I want!

GLYN  
You expect to have me tonight?

GEORGE  
You won't stop me having what I married you for, it's my right, I'll have you anytime I choose, you belong to me now!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Their car disappears into the dark night, faster and faster, the streets deserted, lights dim, until the only visible car finally disappears from view.

EXT. HOME - DAY

The sun shines, the scene peaceful, some children on the street, a car passes by.

INT. HOME - DAY

Jean sits at the kitchen table - she organizes baby clothes and baby items, a happy smile on her face.

Glyn walks in, nine months pregnant, looks enormous, it must be close now.

GLYN  
I feel strange.

JEAN  
You in labour?

GLYN  
I have no idea?

JEAN  
Go for a lie down, see if it makes a difference.

George walks past, pays no heed.

GEORGE  
I'm going out for awhile.

JEAN  
What if we need the car?

GEORGE  
I won't be long.

George is out the door, Jean is not impressed.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

It's late, no one is on the street, not even a car can be seen, George has not returned.

INT. BEDROOM - HOME - NIGHT

Glyn is in bed, Jean beside her offers comfort, holds her hand, the PAIN begins to increase.

JEAN  
Where is he?

GLYN  
He'll be here soon.

JEAN  
You need to be in hospital. I'll  
call a taxi.

GLYN  
No, wait, please, he'll be here  
soon.

The front door slams, Jean leaves the room to confront him.

JEAN  
Where have you been, do you know  
the time?

He pushes her out the way, long-neck beer bottle in his hand, enters the bedroom, SLAMS the door shut behind him, Glyn lay in bed, in pain, in labour.

He begins to undress, drops his pants.

GEORGE  
The sooner you give me what I want,  
the quicker you'll get to hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The car stops at the front entrance, he RINGS the night bell, a NURSE #3 appears.

George opens the car door, Glyn staggers out.

GEORGE  
Get out of the car and hurry up.

The Nurse #3 grabs a wheelchair, helps Glyn in, glares at George.

NURSE #3  
Bring your wife's case and follow  
me.



George places the case on Glyn's lap, enters the car and is gone.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Nurse #3 wheels Glyn down a long corridor, a second Nurse #4 joins them.

NURSE #4

We are taking you to the Maternity ward, the doctor's on his way, not long and your baby will be born.

DARKNESS

Glyn is drowsy, she hears MUFFLED voices, opens her eyes, the curtains are drawn in a single room, light dim, BABY cries in the distance.

Nurse #5 stands by her bed, makes notes on her writing pad.

GLYN

What time is it? Where's my baby, how long have I been here?

NURSE #5

Five days, there were complications in the delivery.

GLYN

My baby?

NURSE #5

Suffered severe head trauma. Your son is recovering well.

GLYN

Son?

NURSE #5

I'll bring him to you, he needs to be fed.

She returns with a bundle of joy, places him in Glyn's arms, tears of JOY in her eyes, the DOCTOR #1 walks in.

DOCTOR #1

Mrs. Pycroft, there was cause for concern - a blood transfusion, an infection, restitch your internal and external wounds - I can reassure that you are on your way to recovery.

GLYN

How long?

DOCTOR #1

Perhaps a month as our guest, your body has been through an ordeal, I suggest be gentle with yourself, be careful not to aggravate the stitches, allow yourself time to heal, your flesh is still raw.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Glyn is wheeled outside in a wheelchair, a Baby in her arms, the sun is shining, a beautiful day, time to go home.

INT. HOME - DAY

Glyn and her mother hug, Jean takes the suitcase while Glyn holds the baby, STEPHEN, they sit at the kitchen table.

JEAN

It's so good to have you both home.

GLYN

Good to taste home cooking at last.

JEAN

I like the name.

GLYN

Stephen.

LATER

Glyn puts the baby to sleep in her bed, both mother and grandmother have forged a close bond.

GLYN (CONT'D)

He's fed and settled, I'm tired and ready for bed.

They hug, Jean closes the door behind her, Glyn wears her night gown, climbs into bed.

She turns off the light, relaxes, a gentle smile, ready for sleep,

SUDDENLY

George climbs on top, NAKED - she's STARTLED.

GLYN (CONT'D)  
You can't be serious?

GEORGE  
Can't I?

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Glyn went to see Doctor #1 for her check-up, Stephen was in his pram, the Doctor seems delighted to see them.

DOCTOR #1  
Hop on the bed, let's have a look  
at you - it's been eight weeks.

It all went well until he did the internal examination, then suddenly has a puzzled look.

DOCTOR #1 (CONT'D)  
You still breast feeding?

GLYN  
Of course, isn't that the best for  
him?

DOCTOR #1  
Yes, but not for much longer.

GLYN  
What is it?

DOCTOR #1  
You're pregnant.

GLYN  
I can't be!

DOCTOR #1  
You can be, 'bout three or four  
weeks.

The SHATTERED look on her face said it all, this was the last thing she expects or wants.

INT. BEDROOM - HOME - NIGHT

Glyn is in her bedroom, Stephen asleep in her bed, George by the door, a beer in his hand, voice RAISED.

GEORGE  
You slut, I don't want another kid,  
I hope the little bastard dies.

JEAN (O.S.)  
What's wrong?

GEORGE  
Tell the fat pig!

A smack in the mouth pushes Glyn backwards onto the bed.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

George stands in the backyard, makes cages for animals he brought home - pigeons, dogs, kitten, rabbit, guinea pig, chooks, duck and small birds.

GEORGE  
I like animals. We have a new house, I want animals.

Glyn looks bewildered.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
It's for the kid, you look after them, it's your responsibility - I'll give you money for the fodder store.

EXT. FODDER STORE - DAY

An old fashioned fodder store, grain bags, bundles of hay and other items spread out the front.

Glyn arrives on foot, EIGHT months pregnant, she walks with her pram and a long list of items which she peruses - appears uncomfortable, her stomach very large, she looks near-term.

INT. FODDER STORE - DAY

She enters, encounters the FODDER MAN (45), wide grin, long apron, CHEEKY persona.

FODDER MAN  
Can I help you young lady?

GLYN  
I have a list.

He takes it, reads the items she requires.

FODDER MAN  
That's some list.

GLYN

I can pay.

FODDER MAN

That's not what I meant, let's see  
what I can get for you.

He finds all the items, places them on the counter - Glyn opens her purse, struggles to find enough money, he notices the look of anguish on her face when she offers some notes.

GLYN

This enough?

His smile widens.

FODDER MAN

More than enough, in fact, I can  
drop these off for you.

They both look at each other, eye contact, there is a WARMTH between them.

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - MORNING

Stephen starts CRYING, he still sleeps in their bed, George is in a foul mood.

GEORGE

Get that fucking kid out of our  
bed. I'll bring home a cardboard  
box, he can sleep in that.

LATER

There's a KNOCK at the front door, Stephen has his bottle, Glyn quickly dresses.

GLYN

Who is it?

Silence, then another KNOCK.

She opens the door slowly, surprised to find the Fodder Man stand there with a huge grin.

FODDER MAN

My, don't you look good in the  
morning - your delivery, young  
lady.

Fodder Man brings in the items, takes them out back with several trips, a substantial order.

GLYN

... There must be some mistake, I  
couldn't afford to order all this  
from you?

FODDER MAN

No mistake, had a little left over,  
thought you could use it.

GLYN

You're very kind, thank you for  
helping.

FODDER MAN

No trouble, I hope to see you again  
soon.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Glyn prepares dinner, George watches the wrestling on TV,  
beer and cigarettes in close proximity.

SUDDENLY

A piercing SCREAM comes from another room - she looks about,  
her son is not in sight, PANIC, she makes her way to George.

He has his back turned, Stephen under his arm, legs kicking.

GLYN

Give me back my son!

George laughs.

GLYN (CONT'D)

I said...

GEORGE

I know what you fucking said.

George holds his tiny son's hand, a FLAME burns his  
fingertips from a cigarette lighter, then another piercing  
scream.

She lunges at George, he knocks her to the ground, drops his  
son beside her on the floor.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Keep that little bastard away from  
me - took me smokes and broke them  
up - where's my dinner, I'm hungry.

She returns to the kitchen, he back to the wrestling, drinks  
from another long neck, three empty beside his chair.

She brings him his plate, places it on a side table, turns to walk away.

SUDDENLY

The plate CRASHES into the back of her head, cutlery against a wall, George in a rage.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm not eating this shit, I want a piece of steak.

He grabs GLYN by the hair, flings her to the floor, kicks her several times in the stomach - she tries to protect her unborn child.

GLYN

STOP IT, you'll hurt the baby.

GEORGE

I 'ope the bastard dies.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Glyn, in pain, struggles through the front door - a Nurse is waiting with a wheelchair, George hands her the case, leaves.

They rush Glyn into

THEATRE

Where a Doctor, Nurses, Medical Staff quickly prepare for an urgent delivery - they administer an injection, Glyn is semi conscious, can VAGUELY hear some conversation.

MEDICAL STAFF (O.S.)

It's a boy.

Glyn passes-out, screen FADES TO BLACK.

NURSE #6 (O.S.)

Glyn, Glyn, time to wake up.

FADE IN

WARD

Glyn struggles to open her eyes, they slowly focus until she can see Nurse #6.

GLYN

Where's my son, I want to see my son.

NURSE #6  
You're not well, you need to get  
well first.

GLYN  
I want to see my baby.

NURSE #6  
I have to speak to Sister first.

SISTER arrives, a severe expression on her face, her voice  
monotone.

SISTER  
Did you feel your baby move before  
he was born?

GLYN  
... I ... I think so, I can't  
remember. My baby...

SISTER  
... isn't well enough to bring to  
you.

Glyn becomes emotional, begins to plead with Sister.

GLYN  
Please, let me see my baby.

SISTER  
... I'm sorry, that will not be  
possible, your baby's in the  
morgue.

STARTLED, Glyn begins to cry, a despair only a mother that  
has lost her child can fully comprehend.

GLYN  
I give permission for an autopsy.

Sister sits on the bed, takes Glyn's hand in hers, a tired,  
but painful smile.

SISTER  
We asked, your husband refused it,  
his word overrides yours.

Glyn is speechless.

GLYN  
I'll make the funeral arrangements.



SISTER

... Your husband gave the hospital permission to dispose of the body.

Now, devastated.

SISTER (CONT'D)

I'll make certain we bury him in our hospital garden, near a rose bush - I'm sorry, but I can't do anymore.

Glyn places her other hand on top of Sister's, forces a smile of gratitude, Sister understands.

EXT. FODDER STORE - DAY

Glyn walks past the fodder store, the Fodder Man notices her and Stephen, calls out.

FODDER MAN

Hello there, it's been awhile, where you going, you alright?

GLYN

Saw doctor this morning, made an appointment in the city with the Welfare Department.

FODDER MAN

How did you get here?

GLYN

I walked.

FODDER MAN

Ridiculous, I'll take you.

INT. WELFARE OFFICE - DAY

The WELFARE OFFICER looks at the paperwork in front of him, page after page, no expression on his face, then finally.

WELFARE OFFICER

You allege your husband did these things?

GLYN

Yes.

WELFARE OFFICER

Did you report this to the police?

GLYN

The police will not become involved in a domestic argument, they're not allowed too.

WELFARE OFFICER

These allegations are serious, some of the worst I have ever read - I'm appalled.

He looks at Stephen, then towards Glyn.

WELFARE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Your son doesn't look starved - I suggest it's evident you must have provoked your husband in some way. I can't help you!

EXT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

SUPER: "One Year Later"

The sky is cloudless, the stars shine, the hospital lights subdued, very little activity.

INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Glyn is in her hospital bed - the small Child wrapped in her arms - there's a warm glow about her, the smile of content a mother provides for her child.

George walks into the room, dishevelled, a little drunk, his speech slurred - he leans towards the baby, his devious grin a leer, close to Glyn, he turns to face her.

GEORGE

I've finally got a daughter and no bastard's having her till I do.

This time an ANGER arises within Glyn, her gaze INTENSE, a new fierce RESOLVE, her voice COLD as Arctic Ice.

GLYN

... You ever touch her, I promise I'll kill you.

He laughs, turns away and walks out of her room, a NURSE #7 walks in immediately, places a packet of tablets beside her bed.

NURSE #7

She have a name?

GLYN

Christine.

Glyn motions towards the packet of tablets.

GLYN (CONT'D)

What are those?

NURSE #7

... Something new, your Doctor will explain in the morning. It's called the Pill.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Glyn is feeding her new daughter, CHRISTINE, when she hears a vehicle.

She looks outside her window, saw someone reverse a caravan along her driveway until it came to stop at the back.

George and MERV (50), are engaged in jovial conversation as they unhook the caravan from the four wheel drive vehicle, they both make their way inside, confront Glyn.

GEORGE

This's me mate Merv, works up North as a carpenter, reckons he can help with rent at our new place.

MERV

G'day, 'ope ya don't mind if I stay a spell.

Glyn notices immediately there is good humour in Merv, glean in his eye, a warmth in his ready smile - she smiles back.

GLYN

Stay as long as you like.

LATER

George and Merv leave together for work, both men constantly laugh when together, George much more relaxed.

LATER

There is a KNOCK on the door, an ELECTRICITY INSPECTOR, the bill has not been paid, Glyn knows what this means.

GLYN (CONT'D)

Please, I have children, I need the electricity, give me one more day.

ELECTRICITY INSPECTOR  
I'm sorry, Mrs, company rules.

Moments later, a light goes out, Glyn sits down, despondent.

LATER

She hears George and Merv arrive home, still in good cheer, they enter the house - George's mood changes.

GEORGE  
Why's the light out? Where's my dinner? Haven't you started cooking yet, what've you been doing all day you stupid bitch?

GLYN  
... You didn't pay our electricity bill.

George is in a RAGE, grabs her by the hair, flings her to the floor, kicks Glyn several times, grabs her by the hair again, slams her face into the floor.

She raises her arms to protect herself from the BLOWS, there was a cut just above her eye which begins to bleed.

SUDDENLY

Merv rushes George, grabs him, throws PUNCH after PUNCH, he lifts George against the wall, more PUNCHES to the face and stomach until George collapses onto the floor.

George bleeds from the blows, GASPS for breath, Merv kneels beside him, his victim cowers .

MERV  
You gutless bastard - you fuckin' ugly bully, touch her again mate you're fuckin' dead.

He goes to assist Glyn, she is still on the floor, the cut still bleeds, his concern genuine.

MERV (CONT'D)  
Leave the electricity bill to me.

She looks up at him.

GLYN  
... are you my Knight In Shining Armour?

His warm, ready smile returns, offers his hand to help her up.

MERV

Nah, just a chippy from out bush.

INT. HOME - DAY

Jean and Glyn are at the kitchen table drinking a cup of tea where they discuss recent events - both appear in a happy frame of mind.

GLYN

The violence stopped because of him.

JEAN

He sounds a good man.

GLYN

Merv also helps me bath the kids, talks to me while I make dinner.

JEAN

George?

GLYN

George is hardly home, stays out late, arrives early hours in the morning.

JEAN

Why is he so kind?

GLYN

I don't know

JEAN

... do you think he likes you?

Both women look at each other without speaking.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The night was mild, the sky full of stars, the full moon provides the light.

Merv is out the back of the house, he stokes a small bonfire for the kids - Stephen is four, Christine sixteen months.

He cooks sausages and potatoes on the coals, Glyn can spy through her kitchen window - the kids are happy and laugh, comfortable and relaxed with Merv.

Glyn walks outside, sits close to the fire, both kids play on the lawn, Merv moves beside her.

MERV

He'll never change.

GLYN

I know that now.

MERV

Let me take you away from here.

She turns to face him, this was unexpected.

MERV (CONT'D)

... How do you feel about going to Queensland? I'll make ya happy an' never hurt you.

GLYN

This is sudden, I don't know what to say.

MERV

Say yes.

GLYN

I want to leave George, very much, but I'm scared - there's too much to think about.

MERV

Don't think so much.

GLYN

... I don't love you.

MERV

Perhaps not, but in time I hope you might learn to love me.

GLYN

I feel safe with you, the children like you, let me give an answer in the morning.

She places her hand on top of his.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Glyn sits by her kitchen table, then stands, walks to the window, pulls back the curtain, gazes for a moment, a sad appearance on her face.

Merv is outside, his caravan packed, hooked onto his four wheel drive vehicle, kicks the tyres, prepares to leave.

He looks up, can see Glyn, she smiles, he smiles back, a nod of his head as a final acknowledgement, enters his vehicle, starts the engine, drives off, she releases the curtains.

She makes a cup of tea before she sits down, feels alone, the house deathly quiet.

Glyn looks at her bag, contemplates, opens it, retrieves a small piece of paper with a phone number.

The phone in her hand, she hesitates, then DIALS the number, listens to the dial tone, then...

GLYN

Glenys Scott, I rang before... can you help me?

EXT. FODDER STORE - DAY

The Fodder Man is outside, shifts bags, he looks up to see Glyn arrive on foot with her children, he manages a smile.

FODDER MAN

I've missed seeing you, almost didn't recognise you.

GLYN

What do you mean?

FODDER MAN

You haven't been pregnant for awhile.

She can't resist her own small smile.

GLYN

The doctor put me on the pill.

FODDER MAN

Has he hit you again?

She looks up at him in surprise.

FODDER MAN (CONT'D)

... Your mother told me, no woman should be treated like that - why don't you leave him?

GLYN

I have nowhere else to go, I have no money, my parents can't afford to help me.

FODDER MAN

You shouldn't be walking with the children, I know someone who has a small car for sale, let me buy it for you.

GLYN

I couldn't do that, George would never allow it, besides, I could never repay you... why are you so kind to me?

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The new car parks in the driveway, the motor is left running with the lights left on - a shadow emerges from the driver's side.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a loud KNOCK on the door, a look of concern on Glyn's face, she makes her way towards the front door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Open the fucking door.

She complies, opens the door, George is in the doorway, a beer bottle in his hand, obviously not his first.

GEORGE

Got a new Government car from work, bin promoted at the Wool Store, get in, we're going for a drive.

GLYN

The children?

GEORGE

Drop 'em off at yar mother's, don't argue, get the fuck in, we'll drive to the city.



INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - NIGHT

Progress towards the city was slow due to traffic, George becomes agitated.

GEORGE

Bloody traffic, gotta return the car to the depot by ten P.M.

GLYN

Slow down, we have plenty of time, let me drive.

GEORGE

Shut yar mouth, I do the drivin'.

George begins to drive faster, Glyn displays concern, he continues to drink.

GLYN

George, let me drive, you'll have an accident.

GEORGE

You deaf? Shut yar mouth, I'm driving this fuckin' car. I'll get the sack if yar caught drivin' it.

Glyn can see the lights ahead change to amber, she bites her lip, George continues through a RED light.

She looks further ahead, notices a group of people emerge onto the footpath, mostly young CHILDREN.

GLYN

George...

GEORGE

Shut-UP!

GLYN

Look out, stop! STOP! There's kids crossing the road.

SUDDENLY

He slams on the brakes, a SCREECH, a loud BANG, she lurches forward, braces herself, tightens her grip.

A Boy is thrown onto the car bonnet in front of Glyn, their faces meet for an instant through the glass, he rolls off as the car continues.

GLYN (CONT'D)  
You've hit him!

GEORGE  
I bumped him, he got up an' run off  
the road, can't see him in me  
mirror.

The car begins to slow.

GLYN  
... he's under the car.

GEORGE  
He's not, got up an' run off.

The car comes to a halt, George looks in the mirror, can see  
PEOPLE run towards him.

Glyn is in shock.

GLYN  
I know he's under the car.

GEORGE  
He's not, I'll bloody show ya,  
stupid woman!

He changes gear, begins to reverse, there's a THUD, stops, in  
front of the car is the motionless body of a Boy.

George gets out, throws away bottles of beer before a crowd  
descends upon him and the car - a SIREN can be heard in the  
distance.

Glyn continues to be in shock, she can't move, a TAP on the  
window startles her - a POLICE OFFICER, beckons her to get  
out, she winds down her window.

POLICE OFFICER  
I need to take a statement from  
you.

She winds up her window, George got back in the car.

GEORGE  
Don't open yar bloody mouth, don't  
say a word to the cops, tell them I  
was drinking, I'll kill yar.

Both get out, questioned by the Police, the crowd begins to  
disperse, SOBS can be heard from friends, family.

GLYN  
... The boy?

POLICE OFFICER  
Dead!

George and Glyn drive home in silence, park in their driveway, lights switched off.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

They walk into the house, still in silence, she walks into the corridor.

BEDROOM

Glyn begins to change into her night clothes, George enters, removes his clothes until naked.

GEORGE  
No need to put them on, I haven't finished with ya yet.

GLYN  
You just killed a boy?

GEORGE  
What do I give a fuck, get undressed an' be quick about it.

NEXT DAY

Glyn is in the kitchen, morose and shattered, she sips on her cup of tea.

The phone RINGS, George quickly answers it, hangs up.

GOERGE  
Bastards, they want the car back an' I'm sacked, I'll be down the pub.

He leaves, Glyn's in a daze, finally makes a decision, begins to pack a suitcase.

PAPA (O.S.)  
Packing?

Papa is in the room.

GLYN  
This isn't life, Papa, why am I being punished?

PAPA

Princess, what you call punishment,  
is nourishment for your soul.

GLYN

Nourishment? Ha, if that's true, I  
have had my fill.

PAPA

I watch over you, I always have and  
always will. Your day will come.

GLYN

When? When I'm an old woman?

PAPA

That's not for you to say.

GLYN

You were the most important man in  
my life.

PAPA

You're not listening, Princess - I  
never left you.

INT. HOME - DAY

KNOCK at the door, Jean answers it, surprised to see Glyn and  
the children beside a suitcase.

GLYN

I'm leaving him, can we stay with  
you.

The two women embrace, shed a tear, they enter, close the  
door and LOCK IT.

DINING ROOM

Glyn, her children and parents have dinner, they are a family  
again.

SUDDENLY

George storms into the room, confronts them.

GEORGE

YOU, get back to the house.

GLYN

No.

GEORGE  
You're my property, do as I say!

GLYN  
Never again.

He lunges forward to grab Glyn, Jean intervenes.

JEAN  
Get out of my house, you pig!

George shoves her away.

GEORGE  
Shut-up, you stupid fat woman.

SUDDENLY

Charlie reacts, ENRAGED, rises to his feet, shoves George away.

CHARLIE  
Never speak like that to my WIFE!

Jean can't believe her ears, looks at Charlie with a measure of surprise and admiration, then back towards George, her family UNITED.

JEAN  
Get! Out!

George is stunned by this unexpected bravado, he spies a screwdriver on a side table, grabs it, attacks Jean.

Charlie puts-up his hand to defend her, the screwdriver fully stabbed into his hand, his pain audible.

GEORGE  
Whatcha gonna do now, hero?

George raises the blood stained screwdriver, ready to strike Charlie again.

SUDDENLY

George is hit across the head with a rake, again and again, raises both arms to protect himself, eventually retreats.

Nana, in a RAGE, attacks him, rake in hand, forces George out the front door.

NANA  
Get out of the house you filthy  
beast.

Blood from a gash to his head, George backs off, runs towards his car, retreats at great speed down the street.

NANA (CONT'D)

... Touch my granddaughter or her children again, I'll come after you and I'll kill you, bloody bastard

Nana SLAMS the door shut, storms into the dining room, she's furious, all eyes on her, places her arms around Glyn.

NANA (CONT'D)

Didn't mean to raise my voice, but you are all my family, all I have, while I'm alive he will never come back.

Jean applies a bandage on Charlie's hand, they all embrace with tears of joy.

NANA (CONT'D)

... now, what's for dinner?

EXT. FODDER STORE - DAY

The Fodder man is again outside shifting bags, he stops when Glyn arrives on her own, they look at each other before they speak.

GLYN

That offer still hold?

FODDER MAN

Never say anything I don't mean.

GLYN

I could use a small car, I don't have any money.

FODDER MAN

Did I ask.

GLYN

Why are you so good to me?

FODDER MAN

I've known you five years now, I've seen you struggle, your mum and dad too. I want to help.

She looks at him with intrigue, she wonders.

GLYN  
 ... are you my Knight In Shining  
 Armour?

He can't help a smile.

FODDER MAN  
 This might be a good time to  
 introduce ourselves - name's  
 Lancelot, except for mother,  
 everyone calls me Lance.

Her jaw drops, stands there open mouth, he continues to  
 smile.

EXT. RENTAL - DAY

Glyn stops walking, she stands in front of an old building,  
 looks at her newspaper, then the number on the letter box.

She enters the gate, makes her way to the front door, presses  
 a door bell.

The door finally opens slowly, Glyn sees a female silhouette  
 behind the screen door.

GLYN  
 I've come for the room.

INT. RENTAL - DAY

Glyn began to unpack her suitcase, boxes all about her, the  
 children help to empty those boxes and put things away.

Nana was also there to help, they all seemed happy.

NANA  
 Don't trust the bastard, I'll stay  
 with you when I can. I brought the  
 rake.

EVENING

They hear a car stop abruptly outside their rental, Glyn  
 makes her way outside, George can see her, steps out of his  
 car, walks briskly towards her front door.

The front door opens, Lance walks out, menacing, hands on  
 hips, stands beside Glyn, George stops in his tracks, races  
 back in his car, drives off.

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY

School bell RINGS, swarm of children begin to stream out of their classes, time to go home - parents chat as they wait to pick up their children.

Stephen was almost at the gate, George gets out of his car, cigarette in his hand, grins, but his son slows his walk, he can't disguise his concern.

Lance and Glyn get out of their car, George panics when they make their way towards him, he becomes ANGRY, scatters back into his car and drives off.

Stephen rushes into his mother's arms.

INT. RENTAL - NIGHT

Glyn, Nana, Lance and the children complete their dinner, Nana rises.

NANA

You clear the table, I'll put the children to bed.

Glyn clears the table, puts on the kettle.

LANCE

You're safe, he won't bother you tonight.

She sits down at the table, looks him in the eye.

GLYN

Why are you doing this?

LANCE

You don't know?

GLYN

Tell me.

LANCE

You've shed enough tears, I've watched your determination and struggle all these years - you deserve some happiness.

GLYN

That doesn't explain everything, what is it you're not telling me?



They look at each other, the kettle boils with a nice head of steam to break the silence, Nana walks in.

NANA

Just what we need, a nice cuppa tea, what will it be?

LANCE

Thank you Nana, I have work in the morning an' better get going.

He stands, says his goodbye, makes his way out.

NANA

Such a nice man, he'll make some woman a good husband one day.

GLYN

I'm sure he will.

INT. RENTAL - DAY

Next day, Glyn is home alone, she removes the phone number from her bag, dials.

GLYN

Glenys Scott, I rang before... can you help me?

INT. FODDER STORE - DAY

Lance lifts heavy bags from one side of the store to another, stops, wipes the sweat of his brow.

GLYN (O.S.)

I admire a hard working man.

Glyn stands in the doorway, relaxes, armed with a wide grin.

LANCE

Another order already, anymore deliveries, people will talk?

GLYN

You didn't finish last night.

LANCE

Glyn...

GLYN

Tell me.

He watches her closely, sits in a chair, contemplates his words, then finally.

LANCE

I've loved you from afar for a very long time - promised myself one day I would marry you.

Their eyes remain locked.

GLYN

I had no idea how you felt.

LANCE

Now you know.

GLYN

I don't know what to say, what to do, how I feel.

LANCE

Don't say anything, I'm a patient man, when a divorce is final, let me know how you feel - give me an answer then, I can wait.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

Lance and Glyn finally marry, he in his suit and bow tie, she in her white wedding dress and veil, both about to sign their registry papers, both beam with happiness.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Lance stops the car by the side of a road, Glyn has her eyes shut, she winds down the window.

LANCE

You can open your eyes, now.

She does, a gasp, hand to mouth, a tear begins to well, a brand new house awaits them.

LANCE (CONT'D)

This will be home, now, our home.

INT. NEW HOME - DAY

Some years have elapsed, Lance, Glyn, Jean, Charlie and four children, two new additions, prepare for Christmas lunch and a Christmas tree has an array of presents underneath.

Jean approaches Glyn while Lance converses with Charlie, the children play.

JEAN

Who would've believed it could be like this, you're married, a home, two new children, the horror with George behind us.

GLYN

I feel loved, I feel blessed, Nana may be gone, now, but I still have you and dad.

JEAN

... She was a tough ol' bird, Nana couldn't love you more if you were her own blood, she told me so.

GLYN

I miss her, it's still a shock to have heard her swear at George as she hit him with the rake.

JEAN

She confided in me these last few years she spent with you and your children were some of her happiest memories. Never doubt Nana's love, your dad and I will pass soon, never doubt ours.

GLYN

There is, however, one more thing I need to do - two actually.

Jean looks into Glyn's eyes, can see the pain, she knows the answer, a veil of sadness covers her face - she understands with a small nod.

JEAN

Do what you have to do when the time is right.

GLYN

I'll miss you and dad when the time comes.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It was overcast with a light shower, Glyn, Lance, all their children and other folk were dressed for the conditions, an occasional tear.

Charlie has died, he is buried next to the woman he loves.

GLYN

First mum, now dad, I miss them so much, both with Nana and Papa, now.

LANCE

He was a good man to the last, not many like him.

GLYN

It's strange to me now why I didn't understand what a beautiful person he was all those years. I saw him a weak man, but he was damaged by the war, yet, he loved me most.

Lance places an arm around her, pulls her in close.

INT. KITCHEN - HOME - DAY

They take off their coats, hang them up, Lance fills the kettle.

LANCE

Cuppa?

GLYN

Lovely.

She takes the note out of her bag with the phone number, begins to dial.

LANCE

You've been ringing for three years, is it worth it?

GLYN

Glenys Scott, I rang before... can you help me?

There's a response from a MALE VOICE.

INTERCUT:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

If you give me some details, I'll see what I can find.

Glyn is stunned.

GLYN

... You can help me?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Call me back in an hour and I may  
have some information for you.

She hangs up, Lance notices the change in her.

LANCE  
What is it?

GLYN  
... I might have it this time, my  
Birth Mother's details.

Lance was about to give her a cup of tea, returns it to the  
sink.

LANCE  
I'll make a stronger brew.

EXT. HOME - DAY

The overcast sky begins to clear, the sun and some blue begin  
to appear.

INT. KITCHEN - HOME - DAY

Glyn, trembling, picks up the phone, dials the number.

INTERCUT:

GLYN  
Glenys Scott...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
I have your file in front of me,  
what do you want to know?

Glyn begins to madly scribble whatever information is passed  
onto her until she has everything.

GLYN  
Thank you, thank you so much.

Hangs up the phone, a measure of disbelief, she holds up the  
written information.

GLYN (CONT'D)  
... I don't believe it?

PAUSE

LANCE  
... Cuppa?

BEDROOM

Lance and Glyn lie in bed in each other's arms.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
You certain about this?

GLYN  
I have to find out who I am, who is my Birth Mother - where my baby son is buried, the two things I need to know.

LANCE  
What do you plan to do?

GLYN  
... I'll write two letters, one to the hospital - one asking my Birth Mother to ring me.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Glyn walks along a busy road until she arrives at a red Post Office box, she looks at the two letters held in her hand as if she has second thoughts, finally posts them.

She looks tired and drained, sits at the bus stop, next to an ELDERLY LADY.

ELDERLY LADY  
Going into town?

GLYN  
Hospital for a check-up.

ELDERLY LADY  
I worked at Queen Victoria Hospital, delivered many babies.

GLYN  
I was born in Queen Victoria Hospital.

ELDERLY LADY  
What year? I might have delivered you.

GLYN  
Nineteen forty five.

ELDERLY LADY

I 'ave a memory from that year,  
'aunts me still today. Delivered a  
baby girl, never forgot her, she  
was all alone. Mother wouldn't have  
anything to do with her, strange  
thing, wondered what happened to  
that baby. Mother named her after  
me.

GLYN

What's your name?

ELDERLY LADY

Judith.

GLYN

I was told that was my birth name,  
can you remember the date?

ELDERLY LADY

I remember it clearly, winter, the  
war ended that year born on Friday  
thirteenth.

Glyn begins to form tears, she chokes on her words.

GLYN

I was born thirteenth July nineteen  
forty five, a Friday.

The Elderly Lady gasps, she also has tears in her eyes.

ELDERLY LADY

Is it possible? You must be that  
baby girl.

GLYN

I can't believe I met you, it was  
fate we met today, thank you.

They hold each other's hand, a connection.

ELDERLY LADY

You've grown up to be a fine woman,  
I'm pleased, after all these years.

SUDDENLY

The bus arrives with an abrupt stop, they give each other a  
warm hug, the Elderly Lady climbs onboard - the bus quickly  
re-joins the traffic.

INT. KITCHEN - HOME - DAY

Glyn often sits in the kitchen, she wants to be near the phone, Lance appears impatient.

LANCE

You can't continue to stare at the phone, it's been several months.

GLYN

I know.

LANCE

You've got that letter from the hospital, isn't it time you opened it?

GLYN

I'm afraid.

LANCE

Read it, I'm here for you.

She considers, then opens the envelope, unfolds the letter, reads, tears well in her eyes, Lance stands behind her, his hands on her shoulders.

LANCE (CONT'D)

... Your son is buried in a mass grave, an autopsy revealed he died of suffocation. His body was macerated, the result from severe trauma... It's cruel, but at least you know.

SUDDENLY

The phone RINGS, it startles both, neither move, they stare at the phone.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Shall I answer it?

GLYN

No... let me.

She slowly rises to her feet, makes her way to the RINGING, answers the call.

GLYN (CONT'D)

Hello?... Yes, this is she... Of course, that would be suitable... thank you.



She slowly hangs up the phone, no words are spoken, then looks up at Lance, there is great anticipation.

GLYN (CONT'D)

It was my Birth Mother... She wants to come here to meet me.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - CITY LIMITS - DAWN

The first rays of daylight appear as they rise above a modest mountain range, the city limits in the foreground.

INT. HOME - DAY

Glyn sits alone in the lounge, waits for the moment she has longed for, to see her BIRTH MOTHER.

KNOCK, KNOCK

It startles her, but she rises and walks to the door, a deep breath, opens it, there stood a small, frail woman.

BIRTH MOTHER

I'm Joyce, your Birth Mother.

She enters, followed by another woman, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

BIRTH MOTHER (CONT'D)

This is your brother's wife.

GLYN

I have a brother?

BIRTH MOTHER

Two still alive.

They all sit, mostly hesitant and subdued, an uneasy truce, Glyn attempts to engage.

GLYN

What was it like for you, back then?

BIRTH MOTHER

I wondered, had I done the right thing exchanging you for cash? I'd given birth four times before, I realised, you'd be an anchor to me so I didn't want to keep you.

Glyn begins to cry, CRUSHED by her Birth Mother's words and lack of emotion, the frail woman becomes angry.

BIRTH MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Stop your snivelling if you want to  
hear my story.

GLYN  
I'm sorry, please go on.

BIRTH MOTHER  
I had decided from the beginning  
that I didn't want you, I tried to  
get rid of you, it didn't work,

GLYN  
Who is my father?

BIRTH MOTHER  
I'm not telling you.

GLYN  
Please...

BIRTH MOTHER  
No... He's a bastard, besides, he's  
dead now anyway!

GLYN  
I need to know who he is.

BIRTH MOTHER  
Too bad, I'm not telling.

GLYN  
... Did you love me at all, how  
could you not want your own baby?

BIRTH MOTHER  
My breasts were full of milk... I  
didn't give you a drop... couldn't  
care less, now you know the kind of  
mother you have, was it worth the  
wait?

GLYN  
... I have two brothers, I'll know  
once I meet them.

(END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The rain continues to fall outside the window, Lance lay on  
the bed, Glyn next to him, quietly holds his hand, he tries  
to talk, but his speech is laboured...

LANCE  
... Remember when you met your  
Birth Mother?

GLYN  
Vividly.

LANCE  
... She was a cow, died soon after,  
but you found two brothers.

GLYN  
Especially Malcolm, we became close  
and spent quality time together.

LANCE  
... Something good came of it.

The Nurse comes in and applies the appropriate checks, she leaves the room, returns with a YOUNG DOCTOR - immediately searches for vital signs.

The Young Doctor looks towards Glyn, a sad expression on his face.

YOUNG DOCTOR  
... I'm sorry.

EXT. HOME - DAY

The light rain and overcast conditions continue - it dampens the mood and the home looks bleak, devoid of any light, only dark, cold and lonely.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Inside fared no better, dim and a veil of gloom, Glyn sits in a lounge chair, doesn't move, rugged-up in warm clothes - she turns her head and stares at the phone - it doesn't ring.

EXT. HOME - DAY

SUPER: "One Year Later: 2004"

The rain has ceased, but the gloom hasn't, the overcast conditions begin to fade.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Glyn remains in the same chair, motionless, watches TV, her face drained of any emotion, her expression cold - she turns her head, stares at the phone - it doesn't ring.

THEN

Barely discernible, an ad on TV, a government enquiry begins into the abuse of children in State care, the number to call FLASHES on the screen.

It catches her attention, she slowly returns her gaze towards the TV.

A hotline has been set-up, requesting people to come forward, Glyn did not react, continues to stare at the set.

THEN

A VOICE cut-in with a final request, the number continues to flash on the screen.

VOICE (O.S.)

This is the final evening to call,  
the hotline closes at eleven this  
evening.

She glances at the clock, 9.00 pm, studies her phone a moment then returns to her TV, nonplussed and still no reaction.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This is the final evening to call,  
the hotline closes at eleven this  
evening.

Compelled to look at the clock once more, 10.50 pm, then at the phone, eyes glued, glance at the CLOCK, now back to the PHONE.

SUDDENLY

Glyn reacts, jumps from her chair, the phone in her hand, she dials.

RING-RING, RING-RING, RING-RING, RING-RING, answer.

GLYN

... Hello, my name is Glyn Scott.

EXT. HOME - DAY

No rain, sky cloudy, a bird CRIES in the distance to break the silence.

INT. HOME - DAY

SUPER: "One Year Later: 2005"

Same Glyn, same chair, not as rugged-up as before, her bland expression an improvement.

SUDDENLY

The phone RINGS, Glyn is FROZEN in her chair, eyes fixed on the phone - waits, waits, then jumps up and answers.

GLYN

Hello... yes, this is she... from  
Commissioner Mullighan's office...  
when?... Certainly, I'll be there.

Slowly returns her phone to the receiver, stands motionless, then for the first time in a very long time, manages a small smile.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The blue sky with white clouds and a hint of sunshine hovers above a busy city street with tall buildings on either side.

Glyn is well dressed, but does not feel as comfortable as she would have liked, enters a building.

INT. COMMISSIONER MULLIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

She opens a door tentatively, enters passively, approaches the desk towards a RECEPTIONIST who beams a warm smile.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you, please?

GLYN

I have a nine o'clock appointment.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course, Commissioner Mullighan is expecting you, he won't be too long.

COMMISSIONER MULLIGHAN (60), thick silver hair, steel rimmed glasses, walks into the room, welcomes Glyn with much warmth and accommodation, dressed in a grey business suit.

MULLIGHAN

Mrs. Scott, I've looked forward to our meeting - please, please enter my office.

OFFICE

Glyn enters and sits in front of an expansive wooden desk.

MULLIGHAN (CONT'D)

Can I get you anything, coffee, tea?

GLYN

I'm fine, thank you.

MULLIGHAN

Please commence whenever you're comfortable, I'm here to assist you.

GLYN

... I'll try and get the words out without crying, Mr. Mullighan.

His gentle voice and kindness allays many of her fears.

MULLIGHAN

There is no shame in crying, I have as many tissues as you will require and more - call me Ted.

GLYN

... Where shall I start?

That kind, generous smile again.

MULLIGHAN

Dare I say it... from the beginning if you can - take your time we have all day, I'm a good listener.

CLOCK

The time was now 5.10 p.m., past closing, there was no sign of urgency from the Commissioner.

Glyn sits back in her chair, a long SIGH to end a long day and a look of relief, faces the Commissioner opposite her, his chin rests in his hands, suit coat off.

Neither speak for a moment, then he leans back in his chair.

MULLIGHAN (CONT'D)

... I believe you have grounds for a number of prosecutions, would you like me to look into that?

Glyn can't speak, she nods her head in agreement.

MULLIGHAN (CONT'D)

I understand your hesitance, I'm truly, truly sorry you've had to suffer such horrific experiences. No one need endure what you went through. No one!

GLYN

Is there hope?

MULLIGHAN

There's always hope, you can't deny it, I want these people prosecuted, made accountable for what they have done.

GLYN

When do we begin? I've waited fifty years?

Commissioner Mullighan leans forward, hands on the desk, that reassuring smile.

MULLIGHAN

... My dear girl, consider it initiated, your next journey has already begun.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Glyn walks out of the tall government building, a new resolve on her face - she looks up at a blue sky with a scattering of small white clouds, some rays of sunshine - a weight lifted.

This time Glyn walks away with a hint of a spring in her step at almost a brisk pace.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Glyn is in the garden, a peaceful day when an unmarked Police car arrives, stops - the tall man, DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON, leaves the vehicle and walks towards her.

INT. HOME - DAY

Detective Scott Simpson sits in the lounge, a well worn briefcase open, pen and paper on the coffee table.

GLYN

Hot cuppa Detective Simpson?

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

Thank you. Call me Scott.

She boils the kettle, makes a pot of strong tea, places it on the table, next to milk and sugar.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON (CONT'D)

I've been given information that could lead to a prosecution, are you willing to give a statement.

GLYN

Who is it?

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

The Choirmaster. He has perpetrated offenses with other girls - we have their statements, he's the first.

GLYN

Is there a second?

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

The Catholic orphanage, we will be looking into cases of abuse.

GLYN

Do we have a third?

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

... Not yet, I'm sorry.

GLYN

... You know, I have no anger, only hurt. I've never been vengeful, nor looking to put anyone in prison.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

There's a special strength in say'n that.

GLYN

Not really. They're all old now, what's important is they know I finally have a voice, the world will know what they've done.



EXT. CATHOLIC STANDARDS ASSOCIATION - DAY

Glyn is hesitant, finds her resolve, walks inside the old Catholic heritage building.

INT. CATHOLIC STANDARDS ASSOCIATION - DAY

The CATHOLIC NUN sits opposite Glyn in a large office and wide desk, her face betrays no emotion.

CATHOLIC NUN

You must be mistaken, we didn't have babies at Goodwood Orphanage.

GLYN

I know I was there.

CATHOLIC NUN

How do you know?

GLYN

My adopted mother and Birth Mother both told me.

CATHOLIC NUN

Sometimes they had babies there, usually by private arrangement.

GLYN

I was there.

CATHOLIC NUN

Do you have any proof?

GLYN

That would be in your records, surely a file exists?

The tall Catholic Nun stands, walks slowly towards a filing cabinet, searches files in a drawer, retrieves a copy, sits down.

CATHOLIC NUN

... Goodwood Orphanage you say, nineteen forty five forty seven.

GLYN

Yes.

CATHOLIC NUN

There's some mention of files here, all have been destroyed, how unfortunate.

Glyn is horrified, mouth agape.

GLYN

They can't be, without them I have nothing.

The Catholic Nun's face still betrays no emotion nor an ounce of care.

CATHOLIC NUN

... It would appear so.

INT. COMMISSIONER MULLIGHAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Commissioner Mullighan is his usual relaxed, confident self, Glyn sits low in the chair, shoulders slouched.

MULLIGHAN

All is not lost.

GLYN

Then why does it feel like it?

MULLIGHAN

There is a way.

She looks up at him, some of her resolve returns.

MULLIGHAN (CONT'D)

It's time consuming, many steps to follow, a long process and nothing is guaranteed.

GLYN

Is there a third case?

MULLIGHAN

Not yet.

GLYN

... What do I need to do?

INT. SUPREME COURT ARCHIVES - DAY

Glyn finds it daunting to attempt reading so many documents, obvious this will be a slow, tedious process, she sits down, opens a file, starts reading.

Detective Scott Simpson walks into the room, he stands before her, she doesn't notice, surrounded by numerous files.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

... Glyn.

She looks up, almost an expression of defeat, exasperated, she closes a file.

GLYN

I can't do this, it could take years.

She studies his face, knows something is wrong.

GLYN (CONT'D)

What is it?

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

Your son Stephen has been searching for his biological father.

GLYN

I've told him nothing about George.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

He found him.

GLYN

When?

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

Recently.

She releases a deep sigh.

GLYN

I guess it was only a matter of time.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

... Glyn.

GLYN

It's alright, I'm not angry.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON

... It's about Stephen, he took his own life.

STUNNED SILENCE

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON (CONT'D)

I wanted to be the one who told you, I'm so, so sorry.

DISBELIEF

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON (CONT'D)  
Is there anything I can do?

Colour is drained from her face, her mood visibly darkens,  
then a new RESOLVE.

GLYN  
Thank you, Scott, I have work to  
do.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Glyn climbs up the steps of an old red brick building, she  
disappears behind a glass door, large briefcase in her hand.

INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Scott Simpson pours over several documents slowly,  
almost a child in a toy shop, a look of constant amazement.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON  
This is incredible, how did you do  
this?

GLYN  
These documents should assist  
Police with their inquiries.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON  
This would have taken quite some  
time.

GLYN  
Two years in the Supreme Court  
archives.

The Detective looks up at Glyn, then back at the documents.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON  
I'm impressed, this is painstaking  
work - your family support must be  
outstanding.

GLYN  
I have no family support.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON  
Your children...

GLYN  
... are busy with their lives.

DETECTIVE SCOTT SIMPSON  
You did all this alone?

GLYN  
... What can the Director of Public  
Prosecutions do with it?

INT. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

SUPER: "2011"

Glyn sits at her usual place in the court with only a few people inside.

Her LAWYER, the opposition LEGAL TEAM #1, the COURT CLERK, a COURT OFFICER.

The door behind her opens, an old man and a frail old woman enter the courtroom, sit almost next to Glyn, the old woman holds his hand, the ring on her finger suggests a WIFE.

She doesn't turn nor move, the nearness unnerves Glyn - eyes remain glued to the empty Judge's chair, but Glyn knows it's the Choirmaster.

After all these years, he still wore black, the slight stoop, well-oiled hair, completely grey now.

He stares at Glyn, her discomfort begins to grow - THEN, the JUDGE (60), enters and walks towards his chair.

COURT CLERK  
All rise.

The entire room complies, the Judge takes his seat, they follow suit.

He looks old and tired, glasses, well groomed, more suitable to a past era, studies his paperwork, one page, then another, then another, before finally makes up his mind, looks up.

JUDGE  
-- I apologize, Mrs. Scott, having you seated in close proximity, the court microphone isn't working and I struggle to hear your soft voice.

GLYN  
I understand, Your Honour.

JUDGE

Yes, I'm sure you do - seems this case has taken quite some time to come to trial?

GLYN

Twenty three adjournments and a further two years, Your Honour.

He looks up at her, does not like the tone, but she remains nonplussed.

JUDGE

I see you've been counting, but not for much longer -- you will hear my verdict soon enough, Mrs. Scott.

(beat)

I appreciate everyone's patience, I have given this matter great consideration - three other women have come forward and made similar claims, but all were children when this occurred.

(beat)

None of you told your mothers, this I find difficult to comprehend even though you suggest that you made an attempt.

(beat)

However, I must make a judgement to the best of my ability - I rule not guilty.

SHOUTS of jubilation from the opposition, despair and misery for the vanquished.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Would you care to comment, Mrs Scott?

GLYN

... Three minutes.

JUDGE

Sorry?

GLYN

More than two years of toil, Your Honour, yet you take a mere three minutes to deliver a verdict that is devoid of all justice.

He doesn't say anything for awhile, but stares at Glyn before he responds, it's a hard look.

JUDGE

... Life doesn't always offer what  
you expect, Madam, good day!

Everyone vacates the courtroom until Glyn is on her own, she could be a statue sitting in her seat.

The door behind her opens, a young FEMALE LAWYER (28), walks in and stands beside her.

GLYN

Thank you for coming, but your  
condolences are not necessary.

FEMALE LAWYER

That's not why I'm here.

Glyn looks up to gather some information, the curiosity shows on her face.

FEMALE LAWYER (CONT'D)

Your third case, it's been granted,  
your former husband George Pycroft  
will need to appear.

Glyn sits there mouth open, her look more bewilderment rather than surprise, THEN, a hint of a small smile, with a gleam in her eye, the tide has turned.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

An old man on his knees prunes his garden, oblivious to his surroundings.

VOICE (O.S.)

Beautiful day.

The old man stops to look up, gruff, suspicious look on his face.

OLD MAN

... and if it is?

The young man (28) stands by the fence with a grin on his face, a PROCESS SERVER.

PROCESS SERVER

Mm, an attitude, you must be George  
Pycroft.

GEORGE

What if I am?

He hands George an envelope, the grin remains.

PROCESS SERVER  
Summons, a gift from your former  
wife, as I said, beautiful day.

GEORGE  
Fuck you!

PROCESS SERVER  
Actually, I think it's fuck you!

INT. LAWYER OFFICE - DAY

George is seated in front of a desk, a LAWYER #2 directly  
opposite, flanked by another.

LAWYER #2  
You have nothing to worry about.

GEORGE  
This is bullshit.

LAWYER #2  
They're fishing.

GEORGE  
Been fifty years, what does she  
expect to get?

LAWYER #2  
Nothing, you're safe, trust, you  
have nothing to worry about.

GEORGE  
Then why am I appearing in the  
Magistrates court?

EXT. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

The District court was a wonderful restored building from  
another era.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

George and two Lawyers were outside the courtroom, he was in  
a highly agitated mood.

GEORGE  
Nothing to worry about you said?



LAWYER #2  
Try and relax, Mr. Pycroft.

GEORGE  
Relax? RELAX? How did we go from  
Magistrates Court to the District  
Court?

EXT. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

George is outside with a cigarette, pacing, agitated, when  
his Legal Team come outside to join him.

GEORGE  
Well?

LAWYER #2  
They're persistent.

GEORGE  
That's not what I want to hear.

LAWYER #2  
Well, we managed to stop the trial  
pending a Court of Criminal Appeal  
decision.

GEORGE  
What does that mean?

LAWYER #2  
We don't come back for another six  
months.

GEORGE  
Good, the bitch could be dead by  
them!

LAWYER #2  
I hope so.

GEORGE  
Why?

The Lawyer #2 looks uncomfortable, eye contact was avoided.

LAWYER #2  
The appeal is being heard in the  
Supreme Court - before the Chief  
Justice and two other judges?

GEORGE  
... What? Supreme Court?

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Glyn was home, the lights dimmed, a fire burning, she walks into the lounge, pours two cups of tea, someone sits in the shadows.

GLYN  
It's been awhile.

VOICE  
Too long.

GLYN  
Everything alright with you?

VOICE  
I should be asking you that question, the court case must be taking a toll, it's been years?

GLYN  
It's okay, I get by.

He stands up and moves closer to her, into the light, places his hand on hers, it's her son Wesley.

WESLEY  
I feel ashamed, I haven't given you enough support - -I've been selfish and worried about my own needs.

GLYN  
It's fine son, you have a family of your own, attend to their needs.

WESLEY  
I'm sorry mum, when do you go to court again?

GLYN  
Tomorrow, we have the result of an appeal, I'm worried, Wes.

WESLEY  
How do you think it will go?

INT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

Glyn could not go into the courtroom and face the Judges, she waits patiently outside.

Her Legal Team eventually leave the courtroom when the final verdict has been handed down, both appear matter-of-fact.

GLYN

Good or bad?

LEGAL TEAM

Both.

GLYN

Is this a puzzle I'm meant to solve?

LEGAL TEAM

The appeal was not allowed to stop the trial, two of the three judges agreed the trial should proceed.

GLYN

That's wonderful, I presume that's the good?

The Legal Team look at each other, then back to Glyn.

LEGAL TEAM

They have lodged documents in the High Court appealing the Court of Criminal Appeal decision.

GLYN

You can't be serious?

LEGAL TEAM

We're very. The new appeal has been allowed and set for hearing on a date to be advised.

GLYN

When will it end?

LEGAL TEAM

Not for awhile, this case has taken national, indeed, now international significance.

GLYN

What do you mean?

LEGAL TEAM

Glyn, this will go all the way, the world is watching. This will make you famous.

Glyn contemplates what she has just heard, looks down, then back up.

GLYN  
... Not if I lose.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

George is sits in the lounge room, watches TV, his WIFE #2, an elderly lady, enters.

WIFE #2  
Would you like a cup of tea?

GEORGE  
Bring me a fuckin' beer, make sure  
it's cold.

She returns with his beer.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Yar standin' in front of the telly,  
get outta the way you stupid woman,  
geez, for Christ's sake.

She takes a seat in a single lounge chair.

WIFE #2  
What is that woman after in court?

GEORGE  
How the fuck would I know, probably  
hates me for dumping her.

WIFE #2  
Why did you dump her?

GEORGE  
To marry an idiot like you, do you  
mind, tryin' to watch somethin'.

WIFE #2  
Can she win?

GEORGE  
What?

WIFE #2  
Can she win?

GEORGE  
No fuckin' way, no slut is gonna  
beat me in court, won't happen, I'd  
be better off dead if she did.

INT. LUNCH SHOP - DAY

Glyn quietly has her lunch alone in a city shop busy serving customers.

SUDDENLY

The TV made an announcement, an attractive PRESENTER was all smiles.

PRESENTER

Breaking news, all Seven High Court Judges arrived in Adelaide to hear a case in the Federal Court - this famous case making headlines where a wife is suing her former husband for Rape in Marriage.

Two fat and unattractive WOMEN (50) on the next table began to laugh.

WOMAN #1

What a load of shit, that was fifty odd years ago, the silly woman got no chance.

WOMAN #2

Dunno what she complainin' about, could use a regular poke me self, some women are never satisfied.

The WAITRESS (28), stops by Glyn's table to pick up finished plate and glass, a warm smile for the customer.

WAITRESS

I know who you are, don't worry bout two silly women, I support what you're doing, want a cuppa on the house?

GLYN

Thank you, I need to be in court shortly, I've waited a long time for this moment.

WAITRESS

Good luck in there, you can be my Nana anytime.

EXT. FEDERAL COURT - DAY

Glyn makes her way to the courthouse, she's early - TV crews set up equipment from different media outlets juxtaposed with other multiple preparations that are underway.

She found her way up the steps, past SECURITY then inside, no one recognized she was the cause of all this commotion.

INT. FEDERAL COURT - DAY

Inside was worse, court STAFF frantically try to prepare the courtroom.

The legal Team are there, all smiles, their nerves obvious, this could be a history changing moment.

The JUNIOR LAWYER of her Legal Team was beaming, dressed up for the occasion.

JUNIOR LAWYER

I reserved a seat for you, Mrs.  
Scott, front row.

Glyn looks around, People overwhelmed every corner of the building, inside and out of the courtroom, Court Staff and Officials, Journalists and an array of media people.

GLYN

I'd rather be further back if you  
don't mind.

COURTROOM

They fight their way into the courtroom, ease themselves to their new seating arrangement, surrounded by an incredible environment of NOISE, BUZZ and CACKLE.

THEN

COURT CLERK

All rise.

Immediate silence, immediate rise to their feet, the energy, excitement mixed with tension palpable.

The SEVEN HIGH COURT justices, in their long black robes, in all their glory, enter and make an auspicious entrance, they find their appropriate chairs - we are ready to begin.

CORRIDOR

The large crowd waits patiently outside the courtroom - they are a mixture of court and media personnel, well behaved and quiet, UNTIL the courtroom doors open, people STREAM out.

Glyn with the Junior Lawyer flow outside with the torrent of people leaving, it was lunch-time.

JUNIOR LAWYER

Try and relax, we can grab a bit of lunch with some peace and quiet.

EXT. FEDERAL COURT - DAY

This time, it was different, suddenly, everyone knew Glyn Scott - she was SWAMPED by media with cameras and microphones thrust into her face, a near FRENZY of activity.

The Junior Lawyer guides Glyn into a nearby cafe, the media contingent remains outside.

INT. CAFE - DAY

People begin to stare, all try to discern who she was to create such media attention, Glyn finds a table.

GLYN

What was that all about?

JUNIOR LAWYER

Your fifteen minutes of fame, enjoy it while it lasts.

GLYN

All I want to enjoy is lunch.

They both walk to the counter, wait in a queue to be served, an old man in front of her turns - it was the Judge from her previous case.

Neither spoke, he appears uncomfortable, but Glyn could not resist.

GLYN (CONT'D)

... You were right, life doesn't always offer what you expect, it can offer surprises, good ones.

He blushes, turned silently, then walked away, the junior Lawyer expresses surprise.

JUNIOR LAWYER

You know the Magistrate?

GLYN

He offered me a pearl of wisdom  
once.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Both leave the cafe, instantly surrounded by a deluge of media and press asking questions simultaneously, pestered all the way back towards the courtroom

INT. FEDERAL COURT - DAY

The courtroom doors open, a sea of people make their way out, the Legal Team grab Glyn by the arm and lead her into a small private room, sighs all-round.

LEGAL TEAM

What a day, we somehow got through  
it.

The door suddenly opens, an imposing QC COS LESSES saunters in with the CROWN SOLICITOR, he immediately makes his way towards Glyn with a wide smile upon his face.

QC COS LESSES

You're the star of the day and no  
one knows it. It's lovely to meet  
you finally.

GLYN

Have we won?

QC COS LESSES

Not so fast, I know you've waited  
years, I commend your strength of  
character, the High Court has now  
adjourned before they deliver any  
findings.

Disappointment again appears on her face, but she forces a smile.

GLYN

Another delay... when?

INT. GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: "30th May 2012"



Glyn is ushered into a government building, quickly led into a meeting room where she takes a seat and waits - Junior Lawyer explains.

JUNIOR LAWYER

The High Court is handing down its verdict today, nine thirty A.M. in Canberra.

Glyn glances at the clock on the wall, three minutes remain, QC Cos walks in, his spirits high.

QC COS LESSES

How are we feeling today?

GLYN

Like the culmination of a lifetime has come to this point, tell me we can't fail.

QC COS LESSES

Never tempt the Gods.

GLYN

Where were the Gods all those years when I needed them?

QC COS LESSES

Right by your side giving you the courage to carry on - no one else could do this but you.

GLYN

I never asked for this task.

QC COS LESSES

Think about what you have achieved thus far, no one has come this far, you are the most unlikely warrior I have ever come across.

GLYN

I'm no warrior.

QC COS LESSES

You've fought battles and have the scars to prove it, fought the odds and triumphed, the resilience that only a chosen few can draw on - do not tell me you're no warrior, you are and more

The phone RINGS, an OFFICIAL answers, listens, says nothing, looks up towards QC Cos Lessees, hands him the phone.

QC Cos Lesse stays for an extended time on the phone, he wants to know exactly what is said, he retains a poker face.

QC KOS LESSES

You're quite certain? I need to be absolutely sure. I have the client with me now. I understand, I'll let her know immediately. Thank you.

Places the phone down slowly, looks up, all eyes are upon him, the poker face remains.

QC KOS LESSES (CONT'D)

Glyn. The verdict dismissed the appeal, you have your victory.

ELATION around the room, hugs and some kisses, an enormous amount of release and relief.

Everyone vacates the room, leave Glyn and QC Cos alone.

GLYN

I don't know what to say.

QC COS LESSES

Let me say it for you, you've made the world a better place for women all over the globe, it doesn't get much better than that.

GLYN

It isn't over yet, is it?

QC COS LESSES

... He goes to trial, he appears in court - he will be held accountable for his disgraceful conduct.

GLYN

Hahaha.

QC COS LESSES

You want to share?

GLYN

I want to say thank you for what you've done, I feel relief, but... we wait for another court date.

He smiles.

QC COS LESSES

Yes, but there are two constants...  
you will be there on that date, you  
will see it to the end.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

George sits in the lounge, the TV off, his mood dark as he awaits the High Court verdict.

The Wife #2 enters the room, sits in her single lounge chair, cup of tea in one hand, saucer in the other, composed, calm at all times.

WIFE #2

When will they call?

GEORGE

Get me a fuckin' beer.

Phone RINGS.

George is tentative, then finally picks up the receiver, his mood darkens further, drops the phone on the floor.

WIFE #2

Bad news?

GEORGE

Shut up!

WIFE #2

She beat you.

GEORGE

Said shut up!

WIFE #2

Now what?

GEORGE

Appeal, I'll finish that bitch,  
where's my fuckin' beer?

WIFE #2

You can't appeal the High Court.

He jumps to his feet, in a RAGE, threatening look towards his wife, she doesn't waver, his mood now dangerous.

GEORGE

No slut does this to me!

WIFE #2  
She beat you, George.

GEORGE  
SHUT UP, you stupid woman!

SUDDENLY

He freezes, grabs his heart, clenches his teeth, staggers forward, falls to his knees, then face down onto the wood floor, THUD.

His last GASP, a final BREATH, he's DEAD.

His wife puts her cup to her lips, has a sip, does not move from her chair.

WIFE #2  
... Get your own fuckin' beer!

INT. HOME - DAY

Glyn is home, comfortable, feet up, cuppa in her hand, when a car arrives.

The man alights, makes straight to the door, a KNOCK, she let's him in, Detective Scott.

GLYN  
Detective Scott.

DETECTIVE SCOTT  
I have news.

GLYN  
George?

DETECTIVE SCOTT  
Dead.

GLYN  
When?

DETECTIVE SCOTT  
Two days ago, I've checked with the coroner to make sure it's correct.

GLYN  
Dead, after all this time. Tell me, how do George and his kind get away with it for so long?

DETECTIVE SCOTT  
The Husband's Immunity.

GLYN  
Women are a man's possession.

DETECTIVE SCOTT  
Blame Sir Matthew Hale, in 1736 he wrote a husband could not be guilty of raping his wife because, by marriage, she gave her irrevocable consent to intercourse.

GLYN  
1736, ridiculous, that's over two hundred years?

DETECTIVE SCOTT  
How do you feel?

GLYN  
... Mixed feelings.

DETECTIVE SCOTT  
Listen, he went to his grave an accused and charged man, he can never be found not guilty, now.

GLYN  
I know you're trying to help and I can't thank you enough, it means a lot to me.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Glyn stands by the front door, watches Detective Scott start his car, both wave, he drives away quickly.

INT. HOME - DAY

She closes the door behind her, returns to her chair and cup of tea, in deep contemplation.

Her phone RINGS, she stares at it, let's it ring, could she bother? She answers.

INTERCUT:

GLYN  
Hello?

CHRISTINE

Mum, it's Christine, everyone knows what's happened, heard it on the news, we want to support you.

GLYN

We?

CHRISTINE

Phillip, Wesley, we all want to come over, bring the grandkids.

GLYN

Grandkids? That would be lovely, Christine, let me know when it's all convenient for everyone.

CHRISTINE

Mum, you don't understand, we're all coming over right now -- put the kettle on.

EXT. HOME - MORNING

The sky is a beautiful shade of blue, the small white cloud disappears to allow glorious rays of bright sunshine - this will be a good day, a fresh start to a new dawn.

Glyn looks pleased with herself - takes a good, deep breath and a smile returns to her face.

Papa is seated, looks very relaxed as he admires a verandah view of the beautiful scenery.

PAPA

Your day has come, Princess, how does it feel?

GLYN

That my life had a purpose, that I have been vindicated, nourished to know that somehow I've made a small difference.

PAPA

Didn't I tell you from the start.

GLYN

You know, Papa, you were right, you have always been with me, always in my heart.

Pause and a reflection.

PAPA  
You done good, girl.

GLYN  
Maybe.

PAPA  
Remember when your mum hid you in  
the cellar?

GLYN  
Can I forget?

PAPA  
Terrified the authorities would  
knock on your door and take you  
away.

GLYN  
She finally adopted me legally.

PAPA  
Then there was that quack eye  
doctor.

GLYN  
Said I would be blind by the time I  
was fourteen.

PAPA  
He knew bugger all, now all this  
court business... you done good,  
girl.

Glyn smiles, Papa rises.

PAPA (CONT'D)  
I love your garden, why don't we go  
explore and search for fairies.

GLYN  
Love, too.

He takes her hand, they walk together towards a beautiful  
garden filled with flowers.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Glyn lay on her bed, watches over her young son, Stephen - a smile on her face, mildly hums a lullaby, soothing, the only lighting a side lamp.

SUDDENLY

GEORGE (O.S.)

Get up here right now if you know  
what's good for ya.

Glyn looks up, covers the child, rises, her smile disappears, closes the door behind her, finds George stand in the lounge doorway grinning.

He grabs Glyn by the hair, drags her into the room, RIPS off her clothes, throws her onto the lounge, begins to RAPE her.

She tries to fight him off, eventually succeeds, pushes him onto the floor, tries to run, but he grabs her by the leg.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Fuckin' bitch, do what I want or  
I'll kill ya.

He gets up, grabs her hair again, BASHES her head against a door frame once, twice, three times in succession - Glyn begins to panic, SCREAMS.

He slams his fist into her face and bloody's her nose - she collapses, he goes for a beer.

Glyn crawls along the floor until she reaches the front door, rises using all her strength - runs onto the gravel driveway, stops at the footpath.

Exhausted, she leans against the wooden fence, her breathing HEAVY, completely naked, blood from her nose, mouth and a cut above the eye, close to passing out, the night very still.

SUDDENLY

George grabs her by the hair again, pulls Glyn to the ground, her long hair wrapped around his hand and wrist, he manages a CHUCKLE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

... Where you goin'?

Despair in her eyes, Glyn looks up, sees a young TEENAGE GIRL (15) with glasses across the street, the girl watches, frozen with fear.



Their eyes connect, for a moment time stands still, eyes now LOCKED, Glyn mimes...

GLYN

... Help me.

George drags Glyn by her hair across a gravel driveway, until they disappear inside, no words are spoken - an eerie silence hangs in the air, Young Teenager unable to recover.

She slowly begins to MORPH from Young Teenager into an OLDER LADY (60's), still wears her glasses, appears in the Supreme Court.

INT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

Young Teenager finds herself inside a packed courtroom seated in the witness box.

She looks her age and dowdy, unsmiling, she stares at QC Cos Lessees.

He meets her eyes, smiles faintly to offer reassurance, then looks away towards the Judge, head down buried as he peruses documents intently.

JUDGE

You assert carnal knowledge and rape March 22nd and 25th - then again on April 14th 1963 -- why these specific dates Mr. Lessees.

QC COS LESSEES

Mrs. Scott gave birth to her first son Stephen -- incredibly, we were able to obtain hospital records to corroborate her story.

JUDGE

Rather fortuitous.

QC COS LESSEES

We found notes from a psychiatrist taken during a counselling session, notes, Your Honour, that contain crucial disclosures.

JUDGE

Pity the Defense is deprived of an opportunity to cross examine this doctor of yours and his notes.

QC COS LESSES

Actually, we located the doctor living in Scotland, he's prepared to come back and testify about the unusual nature of Mr. Pycroft's libido and his behaviour towards his wife.

The Judge glances above his glasses towards QC Cos Lesses, a hint of skepticism.

JUDGE

It is alleged that Mrs. Scott was assaulted, bloodied and left naked on the driveway, shall I presume you have evidence to substantiate such a claim?

QC COS LESSES

... A witness came forward.

JUDGE

Very well, then, proceed with your witness.

Both the Judge and QC Cos Lesses turn to face the Older Lady.

She appears nervous, licks her dry lips, eyes fixed on QC Cos Lesses, then faces the Judge.

OLDER LADY

... I was there, I saw everything!

FADE OUT: