

CAST LIST

Main

THE VICTIM: TEENAGE GIRL 14/15 YEARS
SOCIAL WORKER: 30ISH, MALE
MOTHER: 30
FATHER: 30ISH

Supporting

DOG WALKER: 60ISH, PENSIONER, FEMALE
POLICEWOMAN: 30ISH
POLICEMAN: 30ISH
PARAMEDIC NO. 1 20ISH
PARAMEDIC NO. 2 (OS) 40ISH
TEENAGER: 13-15 YEARS

Minor roles and Offstage (voice only)

SOCIAL WORKER, ABUSER: 30ISH, MALE
SOCIAL WORKER COLLEAGUE: 50ISH, FEMALE
NEWS REPORTER: 30ISH (OS)
HEAD TEACHER: 40ISH, FEMALE (OS)
SOCIAL WORKER'S WIFE: 30ISH FEMALE
TWO SMALL CHILDREN: 5/6 AND 7/8 YEARS

ACT I. SCENE ONE.

EXT. AFTERNOON - THREATENING RAIN. DESERTED AND SPARSELY
WOODED AREA.

Teenage victim asleep on the ground.
Her top is ripped, she has dried blood
in her hair, on her face, on her top
and jeans. A bruise on her face, a few
minor scars on her arms and she's
clenching her fists so tightly that
her fingernails have torn through her
fabric gloves, even her palms are
bleeding. A local dog walker, is stood,
distancing herself from the victim, but
curious. Her mobile in one hand and
dog's lead in the other. The dog
occasionally sniffs at the victim. The
woman is constantly pulling the dog
away from her. The victim remains
still.

(Dog walker calls emergency.)

DOG WALKER

Hello, hello... I have an emergency to report.

Lights: Fade out and in, to lapse time. Dog walker shifts position each time, showing more and more impatience.

The victim rouses in a daze, stands to collect herself, then walks to a nearby log and sits on it and remains in a daze. The dog walker checks the time on his mobile phone, impatient and frustrated.

DOG WALKER

Don't bother her. #; I said. Behave yourself, be still... What's your name girl? Shouldn't you be in school? Can't you speak? What's wrong with you?

Sound: Wind increases and siren blaring in the distance.

DOG WALKER (CONT'D)

If you weren't out here alone, in the middle of nowhere, I'd be on my way. I need to be going. My programme is on the telly in 20 minutes, and I need a coffee. And I need to put out the rubbish, before it rains. I have loads to do... No one is going to be able help you, if you don't talk.

Sound: Police car engine, vehicle brakes quickly. Police siren stops. Doors open and slam shut. Engine stops.

Policeman and policewoman enter, rushing to the victim. The policewoman kneels down next to the victim. The victim draws away. The policeman is stood nearer the dog walker, she lets her dog loose, it runs to the victim sniffing her. Dog walker and policeman interrupt each other whilst speaking. The dog walker keeps calling her dog.

POLICEWOMAN

What's happened to you, miss? Have you been assaulted?

POLICEMAN

What's happened here?

DOG WALKER

How should I know. I was minding... Rufus come here! I told you to le...

POLICEMAN

Was there anyone else at the scene?

DOG WALKER

Rufus, come back here, at once!

POLICEMAN

Madam, please.

Sound: Van engine, vehicle brakes quickly. One van door opens, then slams shut. Engine stop. EMS siren stops. Paramedic No. 1 exits the van and rushes in, to the scene.

Everyone except the girl, reacts. The police officers stand side by side. The dog walker grabs the dog lead.

PARAMEDIC NO. 1

How are you feeling? What's happened to you, miss? Do you understand what I'm saying to you? Can you speak? If not, please just nod your head. Are you in any sort of pain?

Paramedic No. 1, kneels down beside her and begins to examine her; victim barely stands for it. Then paramedic shines a torch in her eyes, checks her heart rate and pulse. The victim doesn't respond. The paramedic tries to examine: her scars and bruise, then the exposed parts of her body for injury, the victim jerks away and becomes defensive, won't allow any sort of contact. Finally paramedic looks her hands and lightly touches the dried blood on her clothing. When the victim realises her clothing is being touched, she turns away, totally withdrawn. Paramedic No. 1 stands up and walks toward the dog walker and police.

(Paramedic No. 2 yells, from off stage.)

PARAMEDIC NO. 2

You've got this one, then mate.

(Paramedic No. 1, shouts back.)

PARAMEDIC NO. 1

Yeah! No worries. Sit this one out.

PARAMEDIC NO. 1

There's nothing wrong with her. Only minor scars and bruises. Don't think it's sexual assault. But to confirm she'd need to go to hospital or the police station, anyway. Otherwise, she is tuned off. Might be a sign of psychological problems... Emotional trauma.

Paramedic No. 1 turns to pack up his kit. Policewoman stands over the paramedic investigating.

Sound: Call from emergency services, for the paramedics to go to another emergency.

DOG WALKER

Probably a street walker. Homeless. Turning tricks on in the woods. I rarely follow this path. Had it not been for my dog pulling me along, I wouldn't have even ventured this way.

Paramedic closes his kit and picks it up, then stands.

POLICEWOMAN

You think - self-harm?

PARAMEDIC NO. 2

Possibly.

POLICEWOMAN

Or a runaway.

PARAMEDIC NO. 2

No idea, mate. That'll be your call, I believe.

POLICEMAN

I'll check with the station, to see if a missing person has been reported.

Policeman steps aside and dials.

(Paramedic No. 2, yells to Paramedic No. 1)

PARAMEDIC NO. 2

Hey! Come on! We've got a call! We need to go!

PARAMEDIC NO. 1

Sorry, but there isn't anything more we can do for her, really. I need to get going.

Paramedic No. 2 rushes off stage.

The policewoman squats next to the victim.

Sound: Weather conditions, worsening. A few and occasional drops of rain.

Policewoman moves closer to the victim. The policeman walks off a bit and talks on the radio enquiring about a missing teen or rape report. He gives her physical description and present location, then pauses, waits and paces. Police officers are frustrated that EMS didn't have good cause to take the victim.

DOG WALKER

Look, bloody hell! It's starting to rain. I have things to do and I've wasted too much time already. I've told you everything.

Dog walker picks up the dog. The policewoman stands up and walks to the dog walker.

POLICEWOMAN

No, we're done with you. We have your details. You're free to go.

DOG WALKER

What do you mean "free to go!" I was never chained up, in the first place. I stayed here, to help you - do nothing, it seems. "Free to go."

Dog walker, very agitated.

DOG WALKER

If it wasn't that she's still a child, I wouldn't have bothered. As it is, you can't trust any of them; you never know these days. She could have pulled a knife on me. And what took you so long, anyway. The two of you mucking about. Come on, Rufus! Let's go!

Dog walker exits. The police woman walks back to the victim. Policeman, still on the phone.

POLICEMAN

No reports! ...Nothing!

Policeman disconnects, then stands near the victim and the policewoman. Both officers bombard the victim with questions.

POLICEWOMAN

We need to get you to hospital. Tell us your name. We will abandon you if you don't help us. What is your name? Where do you live? Who did this to you? Did you do this to yourself? Were you alone?

The policeman bends at the waist, a bit.

POLICEMAN

Where's your mother? Father? Carer? What school do you go to? Were you involved in a crime or criminal activity? Were are the others? Who are they?

The policeman stands erect. The policewoman touches the victim's arm. The victim jerks her arm back and turns away from them and hunches herself over tightly, stares into space, and rocks back-and-forth, slowly.

POLICEWOMAN

Well, we can't very well arrest her? (pause) Hold on ...

The policewoman stands up, next to the policeman. The policewoman makes a call for a social worker.

POLICEMAN

What?

POLICEWOMAN

Wait! I've got an idea that will get us both off the hook, with this one.

The policewoman steps away.

POLICEWOMAN

This is Hayes ...We've got one for you, here... We are getting absolutely nowhere with this one, complete silence.

Policewoman looks up at the sky.

POLICEWOMAN

Tell them to hurry it up! A storm is about break.

Sound: Wind increases and an occasional drop of rain falls. Car engine fades in, then stops, car door opens and closes normally.

Lights: Fade out and in, to lapse time. Officers shift positions each time, showing more and more impatience.

EXT. LATER. SAME SPOT.

Police are stood waiting. Social worker enters, calmly. (Miming) They argue about the handling of the situation. The social worker blames them for not treating the victim kindly and they contend that they are doing their job, he protests.

Sound: 2-way police radio, police emergency call.

POLICEMAN

Sorry we have to leave!

POLICEWOMAN

I'm sure you can take it from here.

They both run off and exit scene.

SOCIAL WORKER

You can't just leave! Suppose she doesn't move. Suppose I get another call. Then what's going to happen to her.

The social worker walks to the victim. Kneels down next to her and offers the victim a bottle of water. She turns his way, but is still defensive.

SOCIAL WORKER

For you. Please ...Drink it.

She doesn't accept the water. He places it beside her. The victim begins to relax a bit. His voice is familiar to her.

She tries to recollect how she knows him. It begins to drizzle. He takes off his jacket and gently places it, on the victim. She looks at the jacket, but remains motionless.

A man, with the same built and look as the social worker appears on stage, wearing the same costume walking about, as if he's working in an office, and then exits.

Just then the victim remembers where she's heard his voice and where she's seen this jacket before; at the social services office, some time ago. She pulls the jacket tightly around her and becomes less defensive.

SOCIAL WORKER

Look, I'll do all I can to help you. But I'm not staying out here with you, in the rain. Besides the social services office is already closed. I need to sort out what I can do for you.

Social worker exits to his car. After a bit, the victim picks up the water and follows him.

ACT I. SCENE TWO.

INTERIOR. SOCIAL WORKER'S CAR. DRIVING TO HOSPITAL.

The victim sits in silence for the entire journey. Gripping the bottle of water, with both hands. It's after office hours; no time to process her case, the social worker decides to take her to Carlton Hospital A & E, hoping they'll admit her. He calls his manager about the case, but no answer.

SOCIAL WORKER

Bloody hell! When I don't need her she's up my arse. Now, when I do, no fucking answer.

Sound: Pouring rain.

They arrive at hospital. He parks the car, shuts off the engine, then goes to open his car door. The victim is motionless. He turns to her.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Well come on, then! Let's get you thoroughly checked out!

She refuses to get out of the car. He knows that the police will only make matters worse.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

No coppers! Not a one! I promise.

She's sits motionless, still clinching the bottle.

Sound: Rain and wind increase.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

What am I suppose to do with you now?. . . I can't let you out on the streets, like some others would.(a long pause)
Well, they'll probably be hell to pay; but I have no choice.

The social worker goes to start the car up.

ACT I. SCENE THREE.

INT. LATER. SOCIAL WORKER'S HOUSE - LOUNGE.

The social worker and victim enter the lounge, The victim has the water bottle clutched tightly in her hand. Social worker turns on the telly.

SOCIAL WORKER

Well, here we are. Have seat. I'll be right back, OK.

Sounds: telly on in the lounge. Cooker, washing machine & tumble dryer, telly on, kids playing, in the kitchen.

He turns the television on, exits the lounge to the kitchen. Then discusses with his wife the victim's circumstances, pleading with her to allow the victim to stay, if only till morning. The victim remains stood in lounge looking about, notices a photograph of him, along with someone she thinks she recognises. She walks slowly to the picture and stares at it.

She knows the other man and closes her eyes, in disbelief; they were colleagues, the social worker that sexually abused her for years and this one, that's looking after her now. The news comes on the television.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

She was found in the woods, all messed up, dirty. She won't speak. The police couldn't do anything with her. I took her to Carlton A & E, but she wouldn't get out of the car. She's maybe 15/16...

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

Top story this evening; the gruesome murder of a former Carlton area social

worker, Alan Robinson, found dead in his vehicle, late this afternoon. The victim had been bludgeoned with a hammer. The car was parked along an isolated road outside of Harrington, a village near Carlton. He had served the area for many years and promoted to inspector, after he had relocated to a nearby office. And was the subject of a recent, internal investigation of an undisclosed nature. Police state that, "No witnesses have come forward and no further evidence has been presented by officers tending to the case, at this time."

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

She listens to the bulletin and the conversation in the kitchen. The victim recounts her final killer blows, as she watched the social worker die. Then she looks at her punctured and bloody hands and sits down.

Sound: telly fades out. The wife fixes a plate of food.

The children are stood by the doorway, curious, staring at the victim.

THE WIFE (O.S.)

Here, give her this... and this, and that. (pause) And wait. She can HAVE these. She can wash, change and sleep on the sofa.