

You Don't Know Me

by

Olivia Nolan

**EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE-DAY**

The sun rises quickly in a time-lapse over the mountain, changing its colouring from purple to pink.

**EXT.CORNFIELD- DAY**

Clouds fly past in a time-lapse as the corn sways rapidly to and fro.

**EXT. PONDSIDE- DAY**

A cow stands still at the edge of a pond. It is drinking and creating ripples in the stagnant water. The cow looks up, water dripping from its lips, turns its head to the side and swats away a fly with its ears.

**EXT. PATIO- DAY**

Morning light fills the patio of CAROLINE'S (54, greying blonde hair, lonesome) farmhouse. Warm breezes creep up against the walls of the house.

**INT. FARMHOUSE LOUNGE- DAY**

Large creaky noises echo throughout the farmhouse. A window facing the fields is open in the entrance lounge. White doily curtains flutter outside of the window.

Caroline sits at a round wooden table by the window sipping on a steaming cup of tea. She wears an old pair of jeans and flannel green shirt. After staring out of the window for a while, her eyes sparkle with delight. The postman has finally come. She puts her cup down fervently and jumps up smiling to open the front door.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE- DAY**

Caroline walks hurriedly down her long driveway, passing from shade to shade of poplar trees planted in a row. JET (24, blonde, fit young man, postman, apathetic) is returning to his bicycle as Caroline gets within shouting range.

CAROLINE

Hey Jet! Anything from Joey?

Jet is the same age as Caroline's son Joey. He looks back at her and quickly jumps on his bike.

CAROLINE

Wait! How are things goi-?

Jet cycles off leaving a puff of grey-brown dust to sit in the air. Caroline jogs in an effort to chase after him but stops by her mailbox. She lets out a sigh and, opening the box, sticks her hand inside. There are two items within; an electricity bill and a coupon for a restaurant in town. Caroline looks disappointedly at the confines of the box and slumps down to pick up the newspaper which lies beside on the ground.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE PATIO- DAY**

Caroline sits in a rocking chair in dappled sunlight from shade of a neighbouring tree. She rocks back and forth with a book in her lap and cigarette between her fingers. She has her left thumb holding her place in the book. She is reading "The Catcher in the Rye". She takes a long slow drag from her cigarette and squints towards the mountain. A cow moos in the distance and Caroline looks towards the sound.

**INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT**

A radio breaks the sound of a gentle orchestra of crickets around the farmhouse. A RADIO ANNOUNCER'S (male) voice crackles through the airwaves.

ANNOUNCER

Well folks, hope you're buckled down for the weather tonight. It's going to be a chilly one to say the least.

The Announcer chuckles.

ANNOUNCER

Well, here's Ray Charles with "You Don't Know Me".

Caroline sways back and forth as she peels potatoes on her kitchen counter. Soft orange light mixed with the steam of pots cooking broth on the stove makes the kitchen feel humid.

Caroline puts the peeler down to pick up a glass of red wine from next to a half empty bottle. She knocks back a large swig. The radio's song plays into the darkness past the light from the kitchen windows in the backyard.

**INT. LOUNGE- NIGHT**

Caroline is tipsy and sits swaying ever so slightly with red cheeks and tired eyes at the round wooden table. She places her glass of wine on the table and drags a piece of paper and pen towards herself. With pen in hand and looking down nervously at the page, Caroline's hand shakes. She blinks at the paper and forces her hand down. She writes:

"Dear Joey

June 6th 1956

I have not heard from you in a while, I hope everything is working out and that you are doing good. I love you Joey.  
Please write back.

Momma

xxx"

She closes her eyes and fights back tears but one escapes and falls down onto the page spoiling a few letters of the word "Momma". Caroline picks up the page to inspect the damage. Frustrated, she slumps back into her chair.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

It is very early morning. The sun has not begun to rise. Caroline walks through the door tying her blonde-grey hair into a bun on her head. She passes by a wall clock which reads the time as being 4:30.

Bennie, a small brown dog, pitter patters on the kitchen tiles. he stands by a dog bowl on the floor awaiting breakfast.

CAROLINE

Yeah, there you go honey.

Caroline leans under a counter to fetch a cup which she plunges into a bag of dog food. The clitter clatter of the dog pellets hitting the metal bowl is short lived as Bennie immediately begins feasting.

**INT. BARN- DAY**

Caroline sits on a small stool milking one of three cows. The sun is still not risen. Each squirt of the udder's teets into the pale below is meticulous and in regular time intervals. Caroline briefly stops to move a lock of hair out of her eyes and behind her ear. The cow is chewing on a tuft of hay and looks back at her expectantly.

CAROLINE


Yeah, yeah, don't worry girl. We're not done yet.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY**

The sun is beginning to rise. The sky is a dark blue with a haze of light blue around the east horizon. Caroline is walking up the farm driveway to the west in Wellington boots and raincoat carrying two milk bottle carriers. They are a little heavy for her and she struggles a bit with the 12 bottles of fresh milk. She walks past her mailbox and turns right. On the outskirts of her property, facing the dirt road that leads into town, she has a sign saying "Statefree Farmhouse B&B- 550m".

She walks past the sign and turns right onto the dirt road towards the town. Caroline is tiny compared to the mountains in the distance which seem so close. She has a long way to walk.

**EXT. BY THE MAILBOX- DAY**

The newspaper sits next to the mailbox on the ground. Jet has just pulled up on his bicycle and is rummaging in his postman bag to find Caroline's mail. He withdraws two envelopes from his bag, places them firmly in the mailbox, closes the box and cycles off again with a puff of dirt and dust lingering in the air. Moments pass as a warm wind blows past and ruffles the long and tall grass around the mailbox. The wind dies down for a moment. And the sound of a woman yelling rattles on the wind 

CAROLINE

Hey Jet! Any news?... Oh, Ok.

Another moment of silence passes and the air around the mailbox is as still as the dead.

A crunch on the dirt gravel of the road resonates from a little distance offscreen. The crunch of footsteps gets closer and Caroline's black boots stop in front of her mailbox. She opens it in a hurry and reaches in to pull out the confines. Seeing that there are only two items; a newsletter from the town council and a coupon, she becomes limp with disappointment. She shoves the papers into her raincoat pocket and picks up the newspaper which she carries under her arm as well as the milk carriers. She makes her way down her driveway to the farmhouse with angry steps.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Caroline is leaning with her back turned against her kitchen counter. She is focusing on drinking her red wine while the radio plays Frank Sinatra's "Killing Me Softly". She has carrots and potatoes on the chopping board which she has not begun chopping yet.

She sways to the music being careful not to spill her wine. Bennie yips along to the tune and pitter patters his little paws.

#### **INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT**

Caroline is lying face down on her still-made bed. The room's furniture is old-fashioned. She still holds the wine bottle on the floor beside her bed. The sound of her snoring is coupled with that of Bennie's and the rain on the window pane.

#### **EXT. BY THE MAILBOX- DAY**

The usual crunch of Caroline's boots crunch their way up to the mailbox after her normal milk delivery to town. The newspaper is on the ground and Caroline opens the mailbox but this time with less hurry. Again she pulls out a newsletter from the town's church community, a coupon and sighs.

Defeated, she turns towards her farmhouse carrying the empty milk carriers. She trudges a couple of feet into her driveway all the while staring at her boots until, looking up, she stops as though bouncing off an invisible wall.

Beside the farmhouse, a red Ford is parked. She has never seen this car before and has not received a visitor in five years. She thinks for a moment and sets off on her stride again. Walking in the shade of the poplar trees, she is like a mouse walking through the shade of fencing poles.

#### **EXT. FARMHOUSE PATIO- DAY**

The morning sun makes shadows on the patio from the banister and tree. The rocking chair rocks gently back and forth with a timeous squeak and a warm breeze floats on the wind. Bennie's shrill yipping too fills the air. The little creature is poised to defend and frantically barks at SETH (26, young, confident, blonde-haired, tall). Seth continues to rock back and forth in the dappled light, ignoring Bennie.

Caroline's crunching boots join in on the sounds.

CAROLINE

Bennie! Stop it! Look at you, you ain't going to hurt nobody.



Bennie runs down the patio stairs towards Caroline standing in the front yard with carriers in hand, looking worn-out. He sits down by her feet.

CAROLINE

Don't mind him. He's just a bunch of noise.

Seth lets out a chuckle from the rocking chair.

SETH

It's no bother, I haven't  been waiting long. The town is far away and must  be the only place you've come from along that road.

Caroline looks behind her at the road and mountain.

CAROLINE

Indeed, that is true. Are you looking for a place to bed, sir?

Seth gets up from the chair and out of the shade. Walking into the light, his blonde hair shines, and he has to squint his blue eyes. He makes his way down the stairs, wearing jeans and a jean jacket. Extending his hand towards Caroline, he introduces himself.

SETH

My name's Seth. Pleasure to meet you ma'am.



Seth shakes Caroline's hand lightly and looks her in the eye. Caroline is slightly intimidated by his gaze and after staring back for a second, looks to the ground.

CAROLINE

Caroline. It's a pleasure to meet you sir.



Seth frowns.

SETH

No, no, call me Seth. I'll be needing a room just for the night. Lucky that I saw your sign there because otherwise I may  have had an accident had I kept going. So  exhausted I was... and am.

He chuckles again at this joke he makes of himself. And at this point Caroline notices the dark eye bags beneath his eyes. She is still holding the milk carriers.

CAROLINE

Well,  let's not wait a moment. Do you have any bags?  Let's get you into a room so you can rest.

SETH

Ah, thank you Miss Caroline. You're too kind.

He smiles a tired smile in her direction. She makes her way around him and Bennie follows trotting behind. Seth too turns around and follows Caroline up the stairs to get his bag. Both enter the farmhouse with Bennie left on the other side of the closed front door. He lies down and whimpers.

**INT. LOUNGE- DAY**

Caroline walks through the room and into the kitchen where Seth can hear her placing the milk carriers on the counter. Seth stands in the middle of the lounge, red duffle bag in hand and scouts his eyes around the room. He sees the round table, two green couches, a wall mirror and a small television. The room is tied together with a large circular carpet. Seth turns around to the sound of Bennie whining at the front door.

CAROLINE  
Bennie!

Caroline's voice comes shrill from the kitchen. Seth chuckles. She enters through the kitchen door into the lounge again. She stands in front of him. He looks at her with a smile and tired eyes. She puts her hands on her hips, still wearing her raincoat.

CAROLINE  
He'll make a bit of noise. Sorry about that...  
He's senile.

Seth's eyes widen.

SETH  
Oh no, it's not a bother. I used to have dogs  
of my own. I know what they can be like.

CAROLINE  
Yeah, well he'll settle down now. Come this way.

She turns around and heads out of the room. Seth looks around one last time and follows her.

**INT. DINING ROOM- DAY**

The morning sunlight beams through the windows onto an old, shiny oak dining table. Caroline walks through the room, unenthused by the furniture and décor. Seth, however, takes a moment to appreciate the cabinet of silverware and porcelain statues within. Small oil paintings of scenery on the farm hang on the walls.

CAROLINE  
Are you coming? It's just down here. It's one  
of three choices. I can also put you-

SETH  
I'm sure the first one will be fine.

Seth continues walking towards the sound of Caroline's voice.

**INT. GUEST ROOM- DAY**

Caroline enters the room, readjusts the bedding and neatens the pillows.

CAROLINE

I hope this is alright.

Seth enters too and places his bag at the bottom of the bed.

SETH

Oh yes, thank you. This is perfect. I'm just going to get some shut-eye.

Caroline starts backing out of the room.

CAROLINE

Yes, of course. We'll deal with the admin later. Sleep well.

Caroline closes the door behind her and Seth waits until he cannot hear her footsteps anymore. He looks down at his bag. Kneeling down next to it, he removes a pink bunny toy and caresses it tenderly against his face and chest.

**INT. LOUNGE- NIGHT**

Caroline sits on one of the couches. Bennie lies on a cushion next to her, sleeping soundly. In her hand Caroline has a glass of red wine and in the other a cigarette. She looks at her wristwatch and the clock face displays 6:30. A shuffle by the door leading to the dining room makes Caroline raise her head. It is Seth. He wears the same clothes but looks more refreshed.

CAROLINE

Hello there, how was your rest?

SETH

Oh exactly what I needed. Thank you.

Caroline smiles and swirls her wine and takes another drag from her cigarette. There is a silence between the two and Seth shuffles on his feet again.

SETH

Well I... guess I'll...

CAROLINE

Oh no, hang on! Would you like a glass of wine?

Seth turns to her and the light glints in his eye as his uncomfortable expression becomes more relaxed.

SETH

Why yes, yes thank you, that would be lovely.

Caroline extinguishes her cigarette in the ashtray beside the couch and raises herself with wine glass in hand.



CAROLINE

But of course.

She wobbles a little but makes her way to the kitchen. Bennie is awoken by the movement and lifts his head to follow Caroline. Once Caroline is out of the room, Bennie growls at Seth.

Seth makes his way to the other couch and sits in the middle with his hands clasped in his lap looking around. He looks at the television which displays two ballerinas dancing together. The static sound is turned down low on the volume. Seth's eyes focus on the ballerinas on the small black and white screen. His eyes become unfocused. Bennie growls one last growl then gets up and trots out of the lounge.

Seth still stares beyond the tv, lost in his own thoughts, when he hears a muffled voice inquiring of him.

CAROLINE

**muffle muffle muffle** you want? Hey Seth?

Seth blinks

SETH

Huh?

CAROLINE

Here's your wine. Is there anything else you want?

Seth looks up and sees that Caroline is standing above him holding out a glass of red wine. He blinks again

SETH

Oh yes. Thank you.

He takes the glass with a smile and looks Caroline in the eye. She meets his gaze and looks down at their hands exchanging. She notices that he is grazed on the top of his hands and his fingers are cut. Caroline gasps.

CAROLINE

My word young man! What have you done to yourself?

Seth looks down embarrassed, pulling his sleeve over his injuries.

SETH

I used to work as a cobbler... but i'm moving away from that. Wasn't very good as you can see...

He chuckles again at his own self depreciating humour.

Caroline frowns with concern in her face.

CAROLINE

Well that's no good, is it?

SETH

Oh no! Please don't worry! This is quite normal, I've been working with my hands since I was very young.

Caroline returns to sit in her spot on the other couch and picks up her cigarette to reignite it again.

CAROLINE

You remind me of my Joey. He's about your age and he also didn't seem to care much for his body, except that he got things done. Meant that he was always very fit though. Always wanted to keep active, fixing things. I guess that's what he's still doing. I'm not too sure, he doesn't really manage to keep up with me as much as he used to. We haven't had the chance to catch up but that's what he used to do.

Seth takes a sip from his glass of wine. He looks into the glass and back up. She reignites her cigarette and looks Seth in the face.

CAROLINE

Would you like one?

Seth thinks for a moment.

SETH

Ah no, thank you.

CAROLINE

Would you like any food? I haven't made any yet. Haven't really been in the mood to cook recently but I can put some chicken in the oven or make you a sandwich?

SETH

Oh, thank you, I'll let you know in a little bit. If I don't become too tipsy to tell...

Again, he chuckles at his own joke.

Caroline smiles weakly and takes a drag from her cigarette. There is a silence that fills the space between them. Seth's thumb traces the rim of the glass he's holding. He stares at the wine.

SETH

I used to be physically active like your son too. My dad used to hunt with me on his farm. And if the bullet didn't kill the animal from afar... Sometimes you had to get your hands dirty. Even just playing hunter in that place would cut somebody up pretty bad. I got scars from it and everything.

Caroline slowly swirls her wine.

CAROLINE

Yeah, I'm used to getting my hands dirty too. Running this farm by myself for the past five years hasn't been easy. Had to teach myself from scratch... love my cows though and they love me.

SETH

Why just you on the farm? Why five years?

Caroline sighs.

CAROLINE

Oh, that's just when Joey decided that he was destined for bigger things than this boring old place and... his boring old mom, I guess... I try to keep good with sending him letters. I'm sure he gets them, he just hasn't had the time to get back to me... he's probably busy...

SETH

How long has it been since you received a reply?

CAROLINE

... 1 year and 3 months.

She looks up from under her brows upon saying this with a guilty expression.

SETH

That's a long time. Why hasn't he responded to you in such a long time? That's inexcusable! He is your son right?

Seth frowns at his wine and shakes his head.

SETH

If I knew where my mom was, I wouldn't let a month go by where I wouldn't see her. A year and three months is unacceptable. Are you still writing letters to him?

Caroline sinks deeper into her seat. She too starts tracing the rim of her wine glass and staring at her finger.


CAROLINE

Yes, I am.

Her voice has become soft. Saddened by the realization of how long it has been that her son has left her in the dark. Feeling forgotten, she continues to stare down.

SETH

My mum left me alone about twelve years ago at a picnic spot on the side of the road... She drove away... Then young Seth had to help himself and make his own money. It's been twelves years so, I'm doing ok now... going on the road, seeing what the world has to offer...

It does get hard though, seeing other kids with their moms and other families... Well, just the cards I've been dealt... The thing is you never expect horrible things to happen to you, they always happen to other people and never in a small town where I was raised... Anyhow, I'm glad I bumped into this place. This has been a very nice visit so far. You are a wonderful host. 

Seth looks towards Caroline, smiles a flirty smile and raises his glass, his jersey covering his wounds.


SETH

Cheers to you Miss Caroline for the wonderful bed, delicious wine and irreplaceable company.

He chuckles and takes the last sip of wine from his glass.

Caroline blushes, giggles and lifts her own wine glass in Seth's direction. She blinks and takes a sip.

CAROLINE

I cannot believe what a childhood you must have had. Do you know where she is? For a child not to know his mother... I am so sorry... But, This is really nice you know, relieving... the company... it's been a while since I've had a customer... not a lot of people come down this way, I barely get by selling the milk I get from my cows... what are you doing down this way anyway? Business? Or just a pretty road trip? 

Seth sighs and tosses his head back on the couch with a smile, the wine has gone to his head.

SETH

I don't know where she is. Don't even know if she's alive or dead... and as for what I'm doing, well I try to make my business something I enjoy so I guess pleasure and business are the same to me...

His eyes close and he lets the sentence drift off.

Caroline remains fixed on him and slowly lets the last bit of her wine trickle down the back of her throat.

CAROLINE

Have you not tried to look for her?

SETH

Have you tried to look for Joey? 

Caroline is taken aback by this question because of course the answer is no. All she has done is send letters out into the void without any answer.

SETH  
I apologise, that was out of line.

CAROLINE  
Oh it's alright, you have a point...  
Seth? What is it that you do?

Seth takes a sharp inhale.

SETH  
Oh, I'm just taking a break from cobb[img alt="yellow speech bubble icon" data-bbox="688 201 718 224"]g and  
allowing myself to explore my inner artist. I'm  
traveling around and doing some photography...

CAROLINE  
I'd love to see the photos sometime...

After admitting this, his head lolls back onto the couch again as  
his eyes close slowly and he drifts off into a light dose.

Caroline realizes that this whole time she has been holding a  
cigarette that has now burnt out. She barely had any of it.

CAROLINE  
Seth? Are you sure you don't want any food?

SETH  
Huh? Uh... Nu-uh. Thanks.

He lets out a tiny snore.

Caroline smiles.

CAROLINE  
Ok young man, it's time to get to bed again.

Caroline stands up holding her empty wine glass and shakes Seth  
awake. Seth opens his eyes [img alt="yellow speech bubble icon" data-bbox="423 611 453 634"] too stands up in a sleep-drift.  
Both exit the lounge through [img alt="yellow speech bubble icon" data-bbox="423 621 453 644"] The television blares on at the two  
couches.

#### **INT. GUESTROOM- NIGHT**

Caroline stumbles her way into the doorway of the guest room and  
gestures towards the bed to Seth.

CAROLINE  
Sir, I believe this is what you are looking  
for.

She giggles and Seth chuckles. With his glass still in hand, he  
hands it to Caroline and gives her one last smile. In this moment,  
Caroline gasps.

CAROLINE  
Bennie! No!

Bennie is lying down in the corner of the room chewing on the pink  
bunny rabbit from Seth's duffle bag.

CAROLINE

Drop it! Drop it now!

She rushes over to the dog and pulls the toy from its jaws. It is not torn up. Bennie lets out a small growl and scurries out of the room.

CAROLINE

I am so sorry!

Seth chuckles.

SETH


Oh no please, it's alright. Like I said, I've had dogs before.

She hands him the toy.

CAROLINE

Is that a gift for someone?

SETH

Oh, I suppose it's more of a nostalgic em which I like to keep with me.

Caroline smiles.

SETH

Well... Goodnight Miss Caroline. It's been a wonderful night chatting with you and... thanks for the wine.

Caroline holds both wine glasses against her chest.

CAROLINE

It's been my pleasure. Sweet dreams.

She exits and closes the door behind her.

Seth sits down on the edge of the mattress, holding the rabbit and kicks his red duffle bag further under the bed.

#### **INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT**

Caroline enters through the bedroom door and stumbles into the room. Bennie is right behind her. Caroline sits on her bed and takes off her shoes.

CAROLINE

What a nice young man, Bennie. Reminds me of my Joey. And he's right. Joey should keep in contact. I'm his mother. It's estrangement at this point Bennie!... What a nice young man.

She smiles and, closing her eyes, lies down, on top of the covers and turns off her side light. Bennie walks over to his dog bed, curls himself into a little ball to fall asleep. Both begin to snore.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE PATIO- DAY**

Seth stands with his duffle bag next to him. Caroline too stands on the patio facing him. The sun has not yet begun to rise. Bennie sits on the grass.

CAROLINE

Well Seth, Sir... it's been a pleasure hosting you. You were by far by the most interesting and friendly customer.

SETH

Thank you for making my stay so pleasant Miss Caroline. I do hope that Joey writes you back.

CAROLINE

Oh Seth, I need to stand up for myself more. You're right. He should be writing me!

Seth chuckles.

SETH

Anyway Miss Caroline, it's been a pleasure. Perhaps, we'll, bump into each other in the future.

Caroline looks down, nods and extends her hand for a handshake. Seth does not grasp her hand for a shake but rather tenderly clutches it and bends down to give her a kiss on the top part of her hand. Caroline blushes and Bennie lets out a small whimper.

SETH

Well...

He picks up his red duffle bag.

SETH

... I'll be off. Goodbye Miss Caroline. And goodbye Bennie.

Seth waves downwards at Bennie but receives a growl in return. Seth pays this no attention and walks quickly to his red Ford.

CAROLINE

Oh Bennie hush!

Caroline waves at Seth as he slams the door shut and turns on the engine. Putting the car in gear, he reverses down her driveway. She waves the whole time and Bennie barks consistently. Caroline lowers her arm.

CAROLINE

What a nice man...

**INT. GUESTROOM- DAY**

Caroline enters the room to clean the bed. She takes a step back upon seeing the bed is fully made.

CAROLINE

Huh... how polite.

She takes another step back and then takes a look around the room. She takes a step to the left and goes around to the bedside table. Bending down to turn on the lamp switch, she notices a piece of pink material underneath the pillow. Caroline frowns.

She pulls the material to reveal that it is a handmade woolen pink sweater.

CAROLINE

Oh my!

She smiles at the texture of the sweater. It is soft.

CAROLINE

Why he must have forgotten this. I should try and get it to him.

Caroline stood and thought.

CAROLINE

There's no telling where he is going. He never told me...

Caroline rubs the wool between her fingers.

CAROLINE

Well... I guess it would be a waste to let moths eat this up...

She throws on the sweater.

CAROLINE

Oh wow...

She touches the wool on her arms.

CAROLINE

It will be a while until I see him again... if ever...

Caroline smiles.

CAROLINE

And he's nice... He wouldn't mind...

#### **EXT. ROADSIDE- DAY**

Caroline crunches in her boots along the dirt road. She holds her two milk carriers like usual. The sun is now in the sky and the road is lit. Caroline is approaching the town. Small country houses selling various items are lined up next to each other on the road. The road is covered in more asphalt here. Caroline sees several people out and about, sweeping their store shops and buying their morning supplies. Caroline is walking towards the supermarket where she can sell her milk.



She looks over at an old man sweeping the entrance to his repairs store. She nods and smiles. He looks back at her with a smile but then his face turns cold and he stops sweeping. He retreats back into his store, not moving his eyes from Caroline.

Caroline looks down and keeps walking.

A young woman and her child walk by and their waves stop abruptly and turn to terrified fists. The two walk hurriedly past her, whispering and walking faster and faster away. Caroline becomes more tense. Nobody seems to be embracing her this morning. She finally gets to the front of the supermarket. There are another two people outside the shop with scared expressions. One holds the newspaper but still stares at her.

CAROLINE

What is... going...

Entering the store, these two men move quickly out of her way and scurry out into the street.

Caroline watches them from over her shoulder.

She makes her way to the store counter to speak with the cashier.

CAROLINE

Morning Sue. It's going to be a nice day looks like doesn't it?

SUE (35, mousy brunette, uptight) stares at the pink sweater Caroline is wearing.

SUE

Uhuh... oh yeah.

Sue looks behind Caroline with wide eyes at a POLICE OFFICER who has entered the store.

OFFICER

Excuse me ma'am.

A confident voice booms from behind Caroline.

She turns her head to see the officer staring at her with a serious expression.

OFFICER

I'd like to ask you a few questions.

Caroline has become rigid with anxiety and fear.

CAROLINE

I don't... is everything ok...

OFFICER

I think you know the answer to that...

Caroline can only stare at the officer's stern expression. He brings out handcuffs to arrest her and she turns to ask Sue for help.

CAROLINE

Sue! What... What's going on?!

Caroline turns to see the newspaper beside the cashier's register. The front page displays an article of a young local white girl being brutally murdered with pieces of her body found all over field. The image on the front page is of the young girl in a school picture wearing the same pink sweater.

CAROLINE

Oh my god.

**INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY**

Caroline sits in a black chair behind a metal desk. Her head is slumped, lying on her chest. A DETECTIVE sits opposite her.



DETECTIVE

We can ~~here~~ as long as you like Miss Fall.

Caroline raises her head.

CAROLINE

I just don't think I can explain myself again.

DETECTIVE

Yes, you bedded a young man by the name of Seth from whom you claim you got the sweater which belonged to the now deceased Miss Ginger Spencer.

CAROLINE

... Yes

The Detective sighs.

DETECTIVE

Well, you can't seem to provide any evidence of this man having been at your farmhouse at all. No guest sign in. No record of payment. There hasn't been any indication or evidence that the man you are describing has even been in this town.

A confused expression crawls over Caroline's face.

CAROLINE

What?... Well there must be a mistake because such a man did come visit me and he was indeed a wonderful young man who I refuse to believe could have done anything to that little girl!

DETECTIVE

Then how do you have her sweater?

Caroline mouths as if wanting to say something but cannot find an answer.

DETECTIVE

Miss Fall, this is becoming very sticky because

not only do you have Miss Spencer's sweater but after a search of your farmhouse we found your dog chewing up her favourite stuffed animal.


CAROLINE

That belongs to Seth! He said it had sentimental value to him!

DETECTIVE

Perhaps he did say that... if he was even there...

CAROLINE

He was! It was the first time I have had company from such  nice young man in years!... Not since my own son decided to abandon me...

Silence fills the grey room for half a minute.

DETECTIVE

Miss Fall... Your son Joey has been dead for almost a year and a half now...

Caroline looks up at him, shocked. Her lip begins to quiver and her eyes begin to well up with tears.

CAROLINE

... What?

Her voice is shaking.

DETECTIVE

Miss Fall... you were at his funeral.

Caroline does not blink and tears begin to well up to enormous size in her eyes.

CAROLINE

... No...

The Detective sighs.

DETECTIVE

Yes... The whole community was there for you. They all remember it, you wailing with grief at how unfair it is that he should go so soon. You grieved. He was killed in a mineshaft accident. Do you not remember any of this?!

CAROLINE

I... I don't know...

DETECTIVE

Ok... well let's talk more about Seth. What was he doing at your place?

Caroline's mouth hangs open and as she blinks, fat tears spill down her cheeks.

CAROLINE

I... he... he was a photographer... He needed a rest...

She stares down at her trembling hands.

DETECTIVE

He was a photographer?

CAROLINE

... Y-yes...

DETECTIVE

Did he show you any photos he may have taken?

CAROLINE

... No, there d-didn't s-s-seem to be t-time...

She sniffles and the detective sighs again.

DETECTIVE

Well I must say, you could've given him a run for his money

CAROLINE

What?... I d-don't take photos...

DETECTIVE

A search of your old musty farmhouse says differently... Tell me... Miss Fall... How many animals would you say you have on that farm?

Caroline looks dumbfounded at him, her eyes and face wet with tears.

CAROLINE

... I... I have a dog, Bennie,... a-and three cows...

The detective looks at her with eyebrow raised.

DETECTIVE

Mmmm... mmm indeed, well pictures we found in your bedroom tell another story.

He flicks three photographs onto the desk for Caroline to see. One is a picture of a cow in the barn. The other of a young white girl wearing a pink sweater chained to the barn wall wearing a blindfold and gagged. The final image is of Caroline, smiling into the camera with the bloody body of Ginger Spencer hanging lifeless on the wall. Caroline stutters and trembles.

CAROLINE

No... no! I... That's not me! I don't....

DETECTIVE

We counted one dog, one cow and bloody stain marks on your barn walls.

CAROLINE

There's... no... I...

DETECTIVE

I think you understand what's going to happen next.

Caroline looks at him with wide terrified eyes.

He raises himself from the table and adjusts his belt. He turns to exit the room.

DETECTIVE

Lock her up!

Caroline's breathing becomes panicked and she lets out a long shrill scream.

END