

SAFE

By

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A buzz of activity and self importance. The hum of unnecessary photocopying. Glass walls, and sharp corners. And in the centre of it all --

AMANDA FLEMING, (20's), petite, loyal, a quiet observer.

Amanda mouse clicks a few items on her desktop. She glances over the top of the monitor, some one approaches.

She quickly replaces "Solitaire" with a spreadsheet.

GERALD MOCKNEY, (40's), unease showing through his Hugo Boss suit, drops a pile of documents on Amanda's desk.

GERALD

For the safe.

Amanda nods as Gerald returns to his glass office.

People pass Amanda's desk, ignore her. She's a nobody, an office rat.

Amanda types. Ticks items off a list. She copies files, doodles while she waits. She browses Internet shops, buys nothing. Copies more files. Sends a text, reads a glossy rag.

Her day is mundane.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

Amanda pulls her phone from a wall charger, hurries out.

EXT. BUSY STREET - EVENING

Amanda's high heels are of no help as she sprints between people on the footpath. She passes cafes and bars, it's a trendy part of town. And she's clearly late.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Amanda sits beside ADRIAN, early thirties, handsome in an unkempt artist kind of way. She smiles at him, leans on him, as they chat to the COUPLE with them at the table.

They're happy, obviously in love.

INT. HIP BAR - NIGHT

Amanda, Adrian and the couple from the restaurant stand at the counter, sipping a variety of drinks.

Amanda's handbag is behind her on the counter. Unseen by the others, Adrian slips her phone from the bag, plays with it for a moment while smiling politely. He checks out a hot girls ass as she passes them.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The inevitable late night dancing. Messy, uncoordinated. Bad. But the foursome is having fun.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Amanda and Adrian stumble out of the club, giggling, holding each other up.

Adrian tries unsuccessfully to hail a taxi. They both laugh at his ineptitude.

They walk off, arms around each other, heading home.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Amanda, the walking hangover, stops on the threshold of the office, stares into --

Chaos. As if every natural disaster and it's mother threw a party.

Amanda gingerly steps in. Gerald catches sight of her.

GERALD

AMANDA!

She jumps. All eyes turn on her. Now they know who she is.

Amanda tiptoes toward Gerald. He starts talking before she reaches him.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Those files for the safe, where did you put them. They're not in it.

She glances towards...

AMANDA

My desk.

Amanda rubs her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

GERALD
And where's your phone? I've been
calling. Do you keep it on at all?

AMANDA
It's dead, the battery.

GERALD
Yeah. Right.

He rummages through her desk. Comes up empty handed.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Where?

AMANDA
They should be there. What
happened?

GERALD
They're not. And clearly the place
has been turned over. Robbed. And
ironically, cleaned.

AMANDA
Are the--

GERALD
Yes, the Guards are on the way.
The files, Amanda, where?

She goes to her desk, lifts the scattered pages. The
documents are no longer there.

AMANDA
I left them there.

GERALD
Jesus, they're gone.

AMANDA
I always leave them.

GERALD
Overnight? What, you've done this
before?

Amanda slowly looks up, sheepishly --

AMANDA
Yes.

Gerald gestures at the whole room --

GERALD
Somebody did all this...

He points at the empty spot on her desk --

(CONTINUED)

GERALD (CONT'D)
 ...to cover up that. Go home. The last thing anybody needs here is a hangover.

Amanda takes a step back.

AMANDA
 Do you have copies?

GERALD
 Luckily.

AMANDA
 Am I fired?

Gerald stops lifting the papers, glances at her, looks away.

GERALD
 Some one will call you.

INT. FLAT - DAY

A cosy couch, worn coffee table, and an abundance of history fill the living room.

Amanda drops her bag on the floor, sits on the couch, holds her head in her hands.

INT. FLAT - EVENING

Amanda sits in the same position, now wrapped in a pink dressing gown.

Adrian let's himself in the front door, sees that Amanda is out of sorts.

ADRIAN
 You okay? What happened?

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

An empty wine bottle is on the coffee table. Amanda takes a big gulp from a glass. She's tipsy, over-enthusiastic.

AMANDA
 But no one's called yet. I don't get it. I mean, they have back ups, copies, Gerald said so. It was just a little messy. I would have helped tidy if they'd asked.

ADRIAN
 They have copies so? What's the problem?

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

That's what I mean! No problem.

(beat)

Why haven't they called?

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amanda lies on her back in bed, stares at the ceiling. She's alone. Drunk or not, she can't sleep.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - MORNING

A six thirty alarm BARKS from the bedside locker. Amanda reaches out, silences it, lies still.

INT. FLAT, BATHROOM - MORNING

Amanda scrubs her teeth in the mirror. She picks an eyelash from her eye with her other hand.

Her phone rings. She spits into the sink, steps into the --

BEDROOM

And answers the phone.

AMANDA

Hello.

Her face drops.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Amanda at the threshold again, but this time looks into a chaos of a different kind.

COPS swarm the office space, examine every cubicle in detail. Everything that had been tidied is now being carefully trashed.

A UNIFORMED COP sees her, steps over.

UNIFORM

Miss Fleming?

Amanda doesn't hear him.

UNIFORM (CONT'D)

Miss Fleming?

She can see in to Gerald's office, can see the MEDICAL TECHNICIANS taking notes over the half covered body.

(CONTINUED)

And she can see the Bic biro jutting out of a patch of red in Gerald's chest.

Amanda goes weak.

INT. GLASS OFFICE - DAY

Amanda is slumped into a couch in an adjoining office, cradles a cup of tea. Through the glass wall behind her, the medical team process the body. She can't see them.

The uniform cop enters with another man, well dressed, weathered --

INSPECTOR O'DOWD (50's) leans against the desk opposite Amanda, takes a long look at her.

UNIFORM

Thanks for waiting, Miss Fleming.
This is Inspector O'Dowd.

O'Dowd get's straight to the point.

O'DOWD

Had Mr. Mockney been threatened at all lately? Phone calls, letters?

Amanda looks up, shakes her head.

O'DOWD (CONT'D)

Anybody turning up to a meeting that didn't exist? A weirdos?

Amanda shakes her head again.

AMANDA

He was boring.

O'Dowd raises an eyebrow.

O'DOWD

Boring people don't tend to be murdered.

Amanda stares at O'Dowd.

O'DOWD (CONT'D)

And only you and Mr. Mockney had the combination for the safe?

AMANDA

Yeah.

O'DOWD

Did you keep a note of it? Twenty digits is a long number.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

On my phone. It's with me all the time.

O'DOWD

Okay. These missing files -- are they important?

AMANDA

Seem to be to whoever took them. I don't know what they were. Old cases for review sometimes, I never look at them.

O'DOWD

But you were supposed to put them in the safe?

AMANDA

I never do. Not right away, anyway. I leave them until the next morning, then put them in. Easier, more people around. I don't like the basement. Gerald always gives them to me at the end of the day. Gave.

O'Dowd consults his notebook, keeps it open.

O'DOWD

But you mentioned to my colleague that these documents were put on your desk, before lunchtime, eleven forty, or thereabouts.

AMANDA

So?

O'DOWD

So it wasn't late. People were around. Yet you still left them out.

Amanda shrinks back.

AMANDA

Are you saying--

O'DOWD

--I'm saying nothing, I'm just asking. Did someone request that you leave them out, to forget the safe..?

Amanda stands, grabs her bag, holds the cup out to O'Dowd.

AMANDA

Are we done?

(CONTINUED)

O'Dowd nods.

O'DOWD
Stay home. Office will be closed.

EXT. LUAS STOP - EVENING

Amanda waits for the tram, wipes her face with a tissue. She watches people pass, meet, chat. Buttons are pressed, tickets are bought.

Amanda shakes, can't hold it in any longer. She sobs quietly into the damp tissue. A few people notice her, turn away.

She stops. But can't for long. She sobs even quieter.

A tram arrives with the clang of a bell.

INT. LUAS TRAM - EVENING

Amanda holds on to an upright pole, sways gently with the motion of the tram. The carriage is too packed to sit. She glances around, but nobody is looking at her red eyes, no one cares.

Except --

One FIGURE, dressed in black, large hat covering his face, stands at the back of the carriage, faces directly at Amanda.

She spots him, quickly looks away.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

The door opens. Adrian steps in, starts to take off his coat and sees --

Amanda, waiting for him, tear streaks down her face. Her bottom lip quivers, trembles. They embrace.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amanda lies awake, another silent conversation with the ceiling. This time, Adrian is in the bed, asleep.

Her mobile phone vibrates on the locker, Amanda jumps.

Adrian rolls over as Amanda answers.

AMANDA
Hello?

Adrian mumbles beside her --

(CONTINUED)

ADRIAN
 ...emm. Hi.

AMANDA
 (covering phone)
 Shush!
 (into phone)
 Hello.

The response is silence.

Amanda ends the call, carefully places the phone back on the locker. She keeps an eye on it as she lies back down.

ADRIAN
 (still half asleep)
 Wrong number?

AMANDA
 Uh huh.

She rolls onto her side as --

The phone vibrates again. She answers quickly this time.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 Hello? Who's this?

Nothing. Silence again. Amanda hangs up, defiant. She's about to put it down when -- It vibrates again.

The phone hits two walls before settling, silent, on the carpet.

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda hides under a duvet on the couch. She shoots the remote at the TV regularly.

INT. FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY

Amanda watches the kettle boil.

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda paces the living room, phone to ear.

AMANDA
 No mum, I'm okay. Really. No,
 don't come up, it's a long drive.
 No, mum, don't--

She holds the phone out, looks at it like a foreign object.

INT. FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY

Amanda pours water into a cup.

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda on the phone --

AMANDA

Seriously, Dad, it's grand. I've no idea. They'll let me know. I wasn't fired!

(holding the phone away)

Don't you dare drive up!

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda peels back the curtain, looks out the window to the street below. She watches people get on with their lives, drinks her tea.

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the phone again --

AMANDA

Dave, do at least one thing right for me. Because you're my brother.

(beat)

If I even smell Mum and Dad nearby, I'll blame you.

(beat)

Permanently.

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda lying on the couch. Tea half drunk on the table. Her phone rings. She answers without checking the number.

AMANDA

Yeah?

Silence again. But this time -- something else.

Breathing.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Hello?

(beat)

Hey! What do you want?

The line goes dead.

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda paces the small floor, bites her nails.

The doorbell BUZZES. She stops, looks at the door chime hanging innocently on the wall. It buzzes again. Guilty.

Amanda tiptoes to the window, peers out.

A figure, black hat covering his head, waits patiently at the door to the flats. Amanda ducks away from the glass as the figure turns and looks up.

She waits a few seconds, slowly looks out again. The figure is gone.

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Amanda is back on the couch, in control of the television. She flicks on to a 24 hour news channel --

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
 --licitors for Blue Forest Energy
 have described the decision, which
 was unanimous witho--

She changes the station. Then goes back.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D) (O.S.)
 --rom witnesses who were due to
 submit depositions to the court;
 depositions that are now considered
 lost. Earlier today--

Amanda leans closer to the TV, listening, intent.

AMANDA
 Blue forest...

Her eyes widen --

INT. OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The pile of documents, the top-most blurred, comes into focus, a logo, simple, memorable. Blue.

And across it, three words -- Blue Forest Energy.

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda get's off the couch, sits on the floor in front of the television. She jots down some notes in a small journal as the news cast continues.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The Uniform Cop is searching Gerald's office. O'Dowd is visible through the glass sifting through some boxes. The Uniform backs up against a painting, knock it off its hook. He manages to turn, catch it before it hits the floor.

O'Dowd looks over at the noise. The Uniform smiles sheepishly, lifts the picture up against the wall, stops.

Behind the frame -- a wall SAFE.

UNIFORM

Sir!

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adrian arrives in the flat, Amanda runs to him, hugs him before he even closes the door. She points at the TV, the notes she made, gesticulating excitedly.

Adrian steps back, watches her.

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda and Adrian on the couch. She's still excited.

AMANDA

The documents, these depositions, aren't gone, the police can get them to the proper--

ADRIAN

--Slow down, slow down. The police are busy enough, you don't need to go--

AMANDA

--Of course I need to go tell them! This is a criminal case, it's huge! Ger had another safe!

She looks at him smug. He looks away.

ADRIAN

I know.

AMANDA

What? Know what?

ADRIAN

He had another safe.

AMANDA

How?

(CONTINUED)

She shifts her position on the couch, no longer close to him.

ADRIAN
He wouldn't give me the
combination.

He glances up at her.

AMANDA
What?

She can't speak. Disbelief now in control of her body.

ADRIAN
If you'd actually just done what
you were supposed to, put the damn
files in the basement safe like a
good little secretary, Ger would
still be fighting the good fight.
Just no star witnesses.
(beat)
And my job would have been so much
easier.

AMANDA
You killed him.

She's against the wall now. Adrian baring down on her.

ADRIAN
You gave me so much, but in the
end, so little.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

Amanda feels along the wall for something, anything.

AMANDA
For killing Ger?

ADRIAN
No.

And Adrian darts at her, slams her against the wall, pins her there. He spreads her legs so she can't kick.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Darkness. The sound of an angle grinder firing up, cutting metal.

A square of light as --

The safe is opened. The Uniform and O'Dowd peer in.

Documents are dropped on the desk. The top most is the Blue Forest Energy report.

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adrian's arm is pressed into Amanda's throat. Strangely intimate. Slow. The moment before that first kiss.

Amanda manages to wriggle an arm free, swings it into Adrians gut.

He flinches, but continues to strangle her.

Again she swings, and again. The third one counts. Amanda twists her hand, screwing it into Adrians stomach.

Adrian grunts, pulls back, releases the pressure on Amandas neck. She coughs life back into her lungs as Adrian falls to the ground.

Amanda looks down at him. He clutches at his stomach, coughs, a rasping sound from his mouth as he breathes.

Sticking out of his stomach -- a blue biro. Blood spreads around it.

Amanda slides down the door frame to the carpet, watches Adrian breathe his last few breaths.

FADE TO:

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda is being tended to by an EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN. A team of EMT's work on Adrian. A COP takes a statement.

FADE TO:

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CORONER STAFF take photo's of Adrians body, the pen still sticking out of his torso, pointing at the sky.

Amanda is lead out by the cop.

FADE TO:

INT. FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adrians body lies still in the room, a sheet covering his face. Nothing but silence.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - MORNING

Amanda sits on the side of a bed, rubs her bruised neck. A NURSE smiles, leaves her alone with O'Dowd and a notebook.

AMANDA

I guess he picked me up. A bar near work.

(beat)

He used me.

O'Dowd nods sagely.

O'DOWD

You'll be okay.

It's Amanda's turn to nod. The Uniform cop knocks, enters.

UNIFORM

Sir?

O'Dowd holds a hand up to him.

AMANDA

Those calls, they were you guys right?

O'DOWD

Yes, that was us. Sorry, we thought spooking you would worry those responsible, get them to make a mistake. Sorry.

AMANDA

S'okay.

O'DOWD

We'll be in touch if we need you.

INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE RECOVERY ROOM

O'Dowd closes the door, peers in through the window at Amanda. The Uniform clears his throat.

UNIFORM

Those calls, we haven't been able to trace them. Nothing. No idea who was calling her.

O'DOWD

(watching Amanda)

The man in black.

(beat)

We keep an eye on her. Nothing else we can do, til we find these people. She doesn't need to worry.

(CONTINUED)

O'Dowd steps away from the door, waves at the Uniform and walks down the corridor.

The Uniform watches him go, glances in at Amanda, and turns, back against the door, at attention.

At the far end of the corridor, around a corner, steps a figure...

Dressed in black...

Wearing a large hat that covers his face.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END