

# A NIGHT IN WOLLE RIVER

written by  
Michael Cotter

+359 88 20 80 904 (Bulgaria)  
michaelcotter\_ck@hotmail.com

[www.maselia.org](http://www.maselia.org)

OVER BLACK

**SUPERIMPOSE:**

*"...it is assumed that the perpetrator and sufferer think and feel the same, and the guilt of the one is therefore measured by the pain of the other."*

- Freidrich Nietzsche

FADE IN:

**EXT. WOODLAND, WOLLE RIVER - DAWN**

MIST whispers over the cold woodland ground. Everything is still.

LEAVES lie heavy on the ground; their decaying colours beautiful against the white of the morning mist.

Bare trees stand like silent sentinels in this autumnal serenity.

**MAN' VOICE (V.O.)**

I speak to my shadow - my own lonely reflection. In the quietude of night, considering the pain my actions have brought to others and the burden of life itself, it was impossible for me to find the right method to absolve my guilt before it overcame my very being.

Panning over more of the forest, the feet of a man HANGING from a tree is revealed.

**MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

For years I've fought. But no longer am I able. I present to all posterity, a knot, to bear the weight of all my sorrows and wrong doings.

(beat)

I am sorry more than you can know, and so much more than our system can punish.

(beat)

To my girls... I'm sorry the most.

The hanging legs turn slowly in the serene morning breeze.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

PRE-LAP: YOUNG GIRL SCREAMS

**FLASHBACK: EXT. PARK, WOLLE RIVER - NIGHT**

*POV ATTACKER: A young girl, terrified, is being held on the ground. She writhes and fights, throwing her arms up towards the attacker.*

*She screams - the attacker tries to cover her mouth and subdue her. END POV. SMASH TO BLACK.*

PRE-LAP: YOUNG GIRL SCREAMS

**PRESENT: INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

LIGHTS ON

**FRANCIS** aka "FRANCE" (42) and **JULIA** aka "JULES" awaken. Julia sits up sharply, alert. Listening.

YOUNG GIRL CONTINUES SCREAMING

Julia jumps out of bed -

**JULES**

Kate!

- and rushes from the bedroom.

Ashen, Francis sits up with a haunting look in his eye.

**INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Julia sits on the bed with **KATE** (11), holding her close and caressing her hair.

**JULES**

It's okay honey... just a bad dream.

Francis stands nervously in the doorway.

**FRANCE**

Everything okay?

Julia throws him a sour look.

**JULES**

She's okay. -- Bad dreams.

**FRANCE**

(to Kate)

Ohh... it's okay sweetie, everyone has them.

**KATE**

There was a man... in my room.

Kate clinches onto her mother tighter.

For some reason France feels like the guilty one.

**FRANCE**

There was no-one in your room sweetie.

France checks the window to make sure it is closed tight, opens her standing closet and finds it empty. No intruder.

**FRANCE (CONT'D)**

See?

**INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER**

France checks the front door to make sure it is locked.

Finding it locked, he leans his forehead against the door taking a few deep breaths.

**JULES (O.C.)**

What the hell's wrong with you?

France turns around sharply.

Jules holding a glass of water, stares daggers at him.

**FRANCE**

What? I'm checking the doors.

**JULES**

Why did you not get up to defend your daughter when you heard her screaming?!

**FRANCE**

I did. -- Look, Jules, everything's fine. It's just a bad dream, like you said.

**JULES**

Good to know you'll be there to rescue her.

Jules walks off shaking her head in disappointment.

**INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jules hands Kate the glass of water. Kate takes a sip, then goes back to hugging her mother.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Just outside the door France sits against the wall listening to Jules soothing Kate.

Troubled, France stares vacantly ahead.