

LAST CHANCE

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EXT. BETTY'S - NIGHT

A faded, brick apartment complex. Carpark underneath. Affordable on a budget, short walk to shops, easy access to river. Leafy suburb.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE

Furnished by Ikea, everything was put together with an allen key. It's nice enough. Little flourishes, coloured vases, a shelf of paperbacks, a set of Russian Nesting Dolls.

A kitchen of convenience. Every space packed with cupboards, drawers, sink, stove. Shame about the faded pink walls.

INT. BEDROOM

BETTY (27) sits on the edge of the bed. She's lit by a bedside lamp.

She's plus-sized with generous breasts. But not fat. She's pretty, but doesn't quite know how to carry herself. She looks nervous.

She wears a skirt and a gas company shirt, unbuttoned at the top.

She holds a cordless phone in one hand. Bites her lip and starts dialing. She holds the phone to her ear.

She kicks her shoes off while she waits. Presses a button. Keeps listening.

BETTY

Um, hi.

She rubs the back of her neck.

BETTY (cont'd)

I'm Betty... um, sure. Just, one thing before you start. Can I call you Sam? Great.

She relaxes a little.

BETTY (cont'd)

Yes, I'm comfortable. I'm, uh... wearing my work clothes.

Her eyes go wider as she listens.

BETTY (cont'd)
I guess I could. Whatever you say...
Sam.

She giggles.

BETTY (cont'd)
Just a second.

Betty puts the phone on the pillow. She turns and slips under the covers. She reaches underneath and pulls off her skirt. She unbuttons her shirt and awkwardly takes it off.

She picks up the phone again.

BETTY (cont'd)
Okay, Sam. I'm ready.

She nods as she listens on the phone.

BETTY (cont'd)
Alright.

Betty puts her hand under the covers, reaching between her legs. She gives a little jump.

BETTY (cont'd)
Oh. Sorry. My hands are cold. Ha.

She breathes on her hand to try and warm it up.

BETTY (cont'd)
Okay. I'll try again.

She puts her hand under the covers. She closes her eyes.

BETTY (cont'd)
Mm hmm.

She nods. She keeps going.

BETTY (cont'd)
I've been trying this new diet. I was hoping you'd noticed.

She opens her eyes.

BETTY (cont'd)
What? You want to...

She frowns.

BETTY (cont'd)
I don't know. Sam wouldn't...

She clutches the blanket around her.

BETTY (cont'd)
No. No. I don't... No, sorry.

She holds the phone in front of her.

BETTY (cont'd)
Sorry.

She hangs up. She sighs.

She drops the phone on the floor. Lays down and pulls the blanket up to her chin.

CLICKS off the light.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Betty gets ready for work. She wears slacks and her company shirt. Sensible shoes. She applies blush. Tasteful eyeliner.

She moves timidly, as if afraid of breaking something. Looks down a lot.

INT. KITCHEN

She makes breakfast. A smoothie of berries, yoghurt and honey.

She walks past the fridge. A ladybird magnet holds a PHOTO in place.

It's a group shot at a bowling alley. SAM (25) is surrounded by people smiling. Betty stands to the side of the shot, gazing in at him.

Next to the photo is an INVITATION to an apartment block party.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING - MORNING

Betty carries a big leather handbag. She trots down the steps to her car. It's a modern zippy little thing. She climbs in.

INT. BETTY'S CAR - MORNING

Betty drives to work. There's a bit of traffic. The radio chatters softly.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

The young woman attended a night club
in the city Friday night and had to
be taken to hospital...

EXT. WORK - CARPARK - MORNING

A faceless corporate building. Drab, uninspiring. The gas company logo is displayed on a sign amongst others.

Betty pulls in to the carpark. Circles a few times. Doesn't get a good spot.

INT. WORK - MORNING

Betty steps out of the elevator onto a floor of cubicles. Thin grey carpet, pale blue dividers, fluro lighting. All expenses were spared.

Across the far side of the room, a large glass-walled office overlooks the floor. Inside is the boss, IAN (35). He's prematurely grey, but handsome.

Phones already bleat throughout the call centre. Betty weaves between cubicles through to the...

BREAK ROOM

She dumps her bag on the table and puts the kettle on. Drops a tea bag in a mug.

While it boils, she rummages through the open biscuit packet. All of the cream filling ones are gone. She settles for a couple of plain ones.

Behind her, two women, JASMINE (24) and ANGE (23) gossip. They're young, hot and know it. Their eyebrows are perfect, nails manicured and clothes fashionable.

They look at Betty between snickers.

Betty notices, but doesn't turn around. She pours hot water into her mug and takes it with her.

Jasmine and Ange watch her go.

INT. BETTY'S CUBICLE

Betty sits down and gets herself settled. Wakes up her computer. Dips a biscuit in her tea.

She looks over as someone drops into the cubicle opposite her. Her face lights up when she sees...

SAM. The guy from the photo. His blonde hair flicked casually across his brow. He moves with confidence. His shirt open at the collar.

He's wonderful. At least Betty thinks so.

SAM
Morning, neighbour. Fancy seeing you here.

BETTY
Morning, Sam.

She watches him arrange his things. Adjust his monitor. He notices her watching.

She quickly grabs her headset and puts it on. Brings up a spreadsheet. Reaches for the phone.

SAM
Hey, don't we have that talk this morning?

BETTY
Oh, yeah. What time does it start?

Sam checks his watch.

SAM
In like five minutes.

Betty takes off her headset.

SAM (CONT'D)
Time enough to grab a cuppa. Keep me company?

BETTY
Sure.

Sam stands and Betty follows.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Three rows of folding chairs sit in front of a screen. Staff are already seated.

A Stocky Woman (45) stands out front talking to Ian.

Sam steps in carrying a mug. Betty follows. Ian nods to them, indicates the seats.

Jasmine sits in the second row. She turns when they come in.

JASMINE

Sam, I saved you a spot.

She pats the seat next to her. Sam smiles. He turns to Betty. There's only one seat spare in that row.

SAM

Uh...

BETTY

It's fine. I'll sit back here.

SAM

Cool.

They take their seats.

IAN

Thank you all for coming. I'm sorry to take time out of your day, but this is important.

He clears his throat.

IAN (CONT'D)

As you know, we're about to overhaul the software we all use everyday.

A couple of people shuffle in their chairs. Betty sips her tea.

IAN (CONT'D)

It's vital that we're all prepared when the changeover happens. In order to make the transition as smooth as possible, I've invited Rachel from the programming department to talk us through all of the new features.

He motions to the Stocky Woman.

STOCKY WOMAN

Thanks Ian. I know most of you probably think this is a dull topic to have to sit through. But I'll endeavour to keep it as interesting and relevant to you as I can.

She pauses and looks around the group.

STOCKY WOMAN (CONT'D)

So, I want you to imagine a client calls in...

Rachel's voice fades to a monotonous drone.

Jasmine turns and whispers to Sam.

JASMINE

Did you hear about Michelle on level five?

Sam looks straight ahead, pretending to listen to the presenter. He shakes his head.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

She went out with the new guy and got date raped.

Ange leans in.

ANGE

Shut the fuck up.

JASMINE

It's true.

Sam turns a little.

SAM

What happened?

Betty leans forward. Listens in.

JASMINE

I heard she was leading him on, letting him buy her drinks and then turned him down.

SAM

Did she report him?

JASMINE
She hasn't said anything. She's too
ashamed. Doesn't want people to know.

ANGE
Serves her right.

BETTY
That's horrible.

Jasmine looks back at her.

JASMINE
Don't fret, Betty. No one would want
to do you, drugged or otherwise.

Sam elbows Jasmine.

She looks around. The stocky woman has stopped presenting.
Jasmine composes herself and pays attention.

STOCKY WOMAN
Do you mind if I go on?

Jasmine smiles.

JASMINE
Not at all.

A beat as they face off.

STOCKY WOMAN
As I was saying... after you hit F2,
you'll bring up your...

Sam turns to Betty. He shrugs and mouths, "Sorry".

Betty shakes her head slightly and waves it off. Sam turns
to face front again.

Betty watches Jasmine put a hand on Sam's arm. Gives it a
squeeze. Betty frowns.

INT. BETTY'S CUBICLE - LATER

Betty sits down at her desk. Sam flops into his chair.

SAM
That was gruelling.

BETTY
At least they're letting us know
before it happens.

SAM
I guess.

He puts on his headset.

SAM (CONT'D)
Back to the trenches.

Betty smiles. She puts on her headset and presses a button
on the phone.

BETTY
A-C-R Gas, this is Betty.

Sam echoes her statement.

SAM
A-C-R Gas, this is Sam.

BETTY'S CUBICLE - LATER

Betty is on a call.

BETTY
Okay... Yes. We'll have someone out
within 4 hours... Okay, thank you for
calling.

She hangs up. Types a few notes onto her spreadsheet.

She looks over at Sam. His head is slumped and he rolls his
eyes at her.

SAM
Yes. I understand that. What I'm
trying to...

He flops back in his chair. He looks at Betty and mimes
blowing his brains out.

SAM (CONT'D)
Okay, yes. Yes, exactly. That's what
I've been trying to explain to you.

He gives the finger to the phone.

SAM (CONT'D)

Alright. Okay, great. We'll send the paperwork to you within 3 working days. If you can fill it out and return it to us we can get things started.

He opens his eyes wide. Really wide. This is testing him.

SAM (CONT'D)

Alrighty then. Thank you for ca...

He takes off his headset.

SAM (CONT'D)

And same to you, buddy.

BETTY

Are you okay?

Sam spins around in his chair.

SAM

I'm fine. There's just no way to get through to some people. I don't know how many different ways I can say the same thing before I have to assume there's some kind of mental deficiency there.

BETTY

Well, hopefully they're in the minority.

SAM

If only they were. If only. I'll tell you this much, I won't miss talking to them.

Betty pauses. She frowns.

BETTY

What do you mean?

Sam looks around conspiratorially.

SAM

Can you keep a secret?

BETTY

Sure.

SAM
I'm getting out of here.

BETTY
What? Why?

SAM
I got a promotion. I'm moving states
to the head office. No more calls
from halfwits. I'm getting a raise, a
nice office. It's going to be
awesome.

The look on Betty's face does not look awesome.

BETTY
How long before you go?

SAM
This weekend! I haven't said anything
because we had to sort out paperwork
and what not. But it just came
through this morning.

Betty's face drops. Sam is oblivious, caught up in his
fantasy.

SAM (CONT'D)
Ian is going to announce it this
afternoon. Keep it under your hat
until then, okay?

BETTY
Sure.

Betty turns back to her screen. She stares straight ahead.
Her face scrunches as if she might cry. But she holds it in.

INT. WORK - LATER

Ian stands looking over the cubicles. He calls out...

IAN
Excuse me everyone, could I have your
attention, please.

People's heads appear over the top of the cubicles.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to announce that Sam is going to be leaving us in just a few short days. He's off to bigger and better things in our head office.

Sam steps up next to Ian.

IAN (CONT'D)

Please join me in congratulating him.

The office breaks into a stunted round of applause.

Betty stands at the back of the room. Arms folded. She doesn't clap.

SAM

Thanks, Ian. I just wanted to say that I'm going to miss all of you...

Betty turns and leaves.

INT. WORK - TOILETS

Betty stands at the mirror. She takes deep breaths. She yanks out a paper towel and dabs her eyes.

She scrunches it up and hurls it in the bin.

INT. BETTY'S CUBICLE

Betty looks more composed as she sits down.

A few people wander past, congratulating Sam. He smiles up at them. Goes back to his work.

Betty leans over.

BETTY

Well done, Sam. That's really great news. I'm so happy for you.

SAM

Thanks, Betty. I'm really excited. Ian said he'll throw a going away party on my last day.

BETTY

That's nice.

SAM

Not that nice. It's going to be here.

He looks around the lacklustre office.

Betty just stares at him. It's a bit awkward.

SAM (CONT'D)

Well, better get back to it. I've got a lot to get through before then.

BETTY

Right.

Betty slips her headset on. Takes a deep breath. Presses the button on the phone.

BETTY'S CUBICLE - LATER

Betty and Sam are still in their cubicles. Nearly everyone else has left.

Sam glances over.

SAM

What are you still doing here? Surely you have somewhere you'd rather be?

BETTY

Same as you, just catching up on some work.

She smiles at him.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Besides... this way I get to keep you company.

SAM

Well, I'm not complaining.

He goes back to his screen.

We see Betty's screen. She's playing solitaire.

A VACUUM clicks on. Betty looks up to see the cleaner.

SAM (CONT'D)

I think that's our cue.

BETTY

I'm all done here.

She closes down her game. Grabs her things. Scoops up her bag.

SAM
Just a sec.

He shuffles files around, straightens things up. Stretches.

SAM (CONT'D)
Shall we?

He motions towards the elevator. They walk out.

INT. WORK - LIFT

Sam presses the button. Betty stands a little too close. Their arms brush against each other. Sam doesn't notice.

Betty does.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK - AFTERNOON

Sam strides towards his car.

BETTY
(softly)
Hey, I was thinking...

SAM
See you tomorrow. Night, Betty.

BETTY
Goodnight.

Betty watches Sam drive away.

She climbs into her car and sits. Stares straight ahead. Processing.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING - NIGHT

Betty drives into her parking space.

INT. BETTY'S - NIGHT

Betty drops her bag on the couch next to a stuffed rabbit toy. She walks into the...

KITCHEN

Opens the freezer. It's stacked with Light n' Easy meals.

She takes one down and tosses it in the microwave. Puts it on with a BEEP.

She goes back to the lounge and flops down. She flicks on the TV, but she's not watching. It's just white noise.

She looks over at the rabbit.

BETTY
He's leaving me.

The rabbit offers quiet solace.

BETTY (CONT'D)
He'll be gone in a few days. I'll never see him again.

Still nothing from the rabbit.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I'm going to have to tell him. It's my last chance.

The microwave BEEPS.

INT. BETTY'S - MORNING

A SERIES OF SHORT SCENES:

Betty's dressed for work. She applies makeup. Opens a drawer. Unboxes fancy perfume. Sprays her neck and wrists. Checks her reflection. She looks determined.

INT. KITCHEN

She prepares her smoothie. Where previously she moved timidly, she now has a bit of flare. She breaks a banana in two and tosses it into the blender. Flicks it on.

EXT. BETTY'S - MORNING

Betty struts to her car. Her neighbour TODD (31), a skinny guy with freckles, leans from his balcony to wave.

TODD
Morning, Betty. How are you?

Betty waves back.

BETTY
Good, thank you.

TODD
Have a great day.

INT. BETTY'S CAR

Betty weaves through traffic easily. She gets green lights. She smiles.

A song comes on the radio. She turns it up. It's The Shangri La's - *Give Him a Great Big Kiss*. She bops along and taps the wheel.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER NEXT FEW SCENES.

Betty pulls into work. She can't believe it. Premium position. She gets out and double checks she's not parked in a disabled spot. All good.

INT. WORK

Betty walks in and presses the button for the elevator. DING! It was waiting for her. She smiles and waltzes in.

INT. WORK - OFFICE CUBICLES

Betty strolls in. Swagger in her step. Somehow the drab office doesn't seem so bad.

INT. WORK - BREAK ROOM

Betty puts the kettle on, drops a tea bag into her mug. She pulls out the biscuits. FUCK YEAH! There's a cream filled Monte Carlo with her name all over it.

Jasmine and Ange gossip in their usual corner. Betty hardly notices them. She walks out with her tea. On her way past she turns to Jasmine.

BETTY
Your tag's showing.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE

Betty settles in. Positions everything just right.

FADE OUT MUSIC.

Sam arrives. He looks tired.

BETTY

Morning neighbour. How are you this morning?

SAM

Not nearly as good as you by the looks of things. Someone's in a chipper mood.

Betty just smiles. She puts on her headset.

SAM (CONT'D)

I don't know what you put in your tea, but I want some.

She takes her first call.

BETTY

Good morning, A-C-R Gas, this is Betty.

Super happy.

SAME - LATER

Betty hangs up after a happy customer. She types notes into her computer.

Sam touches her arm. She secretly looks down at his hand touching her. Then smiles up at him.

SAM

I'm going for lunch. You coming?

BETTY

Is it that time already?

INT. WORK - BREAK ROOM

Sam sits at a table and unwraps a ham sandwich.

Betty goes to the microwave and puts in her Light n' Easy. Ange comes in and sees the timer on the microwave... eight minutes to go.

She groans and walks out.

SAM
Is that stuff any good?

BETTY
It's alright. But, I can't be too fussy. I need all the help I can get.

SAM
What are you talking about? You don't need to do Light n' Easy.

BETTY
Thanks, but I really do.

SAM
You're crazy. You look great.

Betty is a little uncomfortable at the topic, but smiles all the same.

SAM (CONT'D)
Seriously, who wants to date a skinny girl anyway. There's nothing to them. They'd snap when the wind blows.

Betty gives a short laugh.

Sam takes another bite of his sandwich. Betty watches her food turn slow circles in the microwave.

She looks at Sam and takes a deep breath. Tries to sound casual.

BETTY
Hey, I was thinking. I'd like to go outside for lunch tomorrow, get some fresh air.

SAM
Mm. Sounds nice.

BETTY
Why don't you join me? We'll make it fun. I can pack a picnic.

SAM
Okay, sure. I'm in.

BETTY
Great.

She smiles.

The microwave BEEPS.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE

They return from their lunch. Sam settles in his seat.

Betty smiles across at him. Everything is good.

INT. BETTY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Betty drives. She indicates and pulls in to the supermarket.

INT. SUPERMARKET - AISLES

Betty carries a basket over one arm. She has cheese, crackers, dip. She adds a bag of flour.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECKOUT

A disinterested ATTENDANT (17) scans her items.

BETTY
How's your night going?

ATTENDANT
Fine.

BETTY
Much longer before you finish?

ATTENDANT
A bit.

BETTY
Great.

He keeps going. He scans a bag of sugar.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I'm making cupcakes.

The attendant just raises his eyebrows. Bags up the last item.

ATTENDANT
That'll be thirty-four, eighty-five.

Betty smiles and hands over cash.

INT. BETTY'S - NIGHT

SWING MUSIC plays. Something Glen Miller-esque.

Betty stands in the kitchen with a cook book open. She looks over the recipe.

She cracks an egg into a bowl. Beats it into the batter with a mixer. She adds another.

She sways with the music. She spoons batter into cupcake cases.

She puts them in the oven. Twists the timer to twenty minutes.

She cuts a big wedge of cheese and wraps it in cling wrap. She slices fruit, strawberries, apple, pear. Tips them into a container. Squeezes lemon juice over them.

She's having a great time.

She turns the music up, picks up her stuffed rabbit and dances around the room with it.

INT. BETTY'S - MORNING

Betty's up early. She's already dressed and made breakfast. She drinks her smoothie.

She takes the different elements of the picnic out of the fridge. She carefully packs it all into a paper bag.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK

Betty pulls in. She climbs out of her car and goes around to the passenger side. She collects the bagged lunch, careful to keep it upright.

A HOMELESS MAN (52) in threadbare clothes goes through a bin. Betty skirts around him and goes inside.

INT. WORK - BREAK ROOM

Betty clears a spot in the fridge. She writes her name on the bag.

She makes a cuppa. She checks the biscuit situation. There's another cream one. YES! She takes it and leaves.

INT. WORK- BETTY'S CUBICLE

Betty sits down at her desk. Sam is already working.

BETTY

Morning.

He doesn't look up.

SAM

Hey, Betty.

BETTY

How are you?

SAM

Fine. Just got lots to do.

He looks up quickly and smiles. Goes back to his work.

Betty's a little put out by the cold shoulder, but shakes it off.

She looks up at the clock on the wall. 9:15am. Just a few hours til lunch.

SAME - LATER

Betty works diligently. She throws occasional glances at Sam and then up at the clock.

She keeps working. Takes another call.

Sam is focussed on what he's doing.

She looks up at the clock, 12:08. Close enough.

Betty leans back in her chair. She turns to Sam.

BETTY

I hope you're hungry.

SAM

Starved.

BETTY

Good. I've prepared a little feast for us.

SAM

Huh? Oh, right. Um, I'm really sorry, Betty. I'm gonna have to take a rain check. Afraid I'm dining al desko today.

He slaps his sandwich onto his desk.

BETTY

Oh. Okay.

She's crestfallen.

SAM

It's just that I've got so much to finish before I go. You understand.

BETTY

No, sure. Of course.

SAM

I hope you didn't go to too much trouble.

BETTY

It's fine. Forget about it.

SAM

But you should still go out. Get some fresh air. It'll do you good.

BETTY

Yeah...

Betty stands and wanders away.

Sam unwraps his sandwich and takes a bite. Keeps typing.

INT. BREAK ROOM

Betty takes her food out of the fridge. She looks into the bag.

She sits at a table in the corner. She pulls out a cupcake, iced in blue with a little yellow flower. She takes a big bite.

When she's done, she takes out the other one. Devours that.

She takes the rest and drops it in the bin.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK - AFTERNOON

Betty walks to her car. Forlorn.

Jasmine and Ange wander out behind her.

ANGE

...he totally wanted to take me to his loft or whatever and I'm like, 'I'll think about it'.

JASMINE

You had to check your busy schedule? You're such a tease...

They see Betty ahead of them. Ange raises her voice.

ANGE

You should have seen his ex. She put on all this weight, became this total slob. No wonder he started shopping around.

JASMINE

I don't know why anyone would go out with someone like that. I mean, how would they even get it up... it's so gross.

Betty ignores them. Keeps walking.

She climbs into her car, starts it up and drives away.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING - NIGHT

Betty drags her feet as she heads to her apartment. Todd is there again, almost like he was waiting for her.

TODD

Hey, Betty. How was your day?

BETTY

Fine.

Betty opens her door and slams it shut behind her.

INT. BETTY'S - NIGHT

Betty walks in and flops onto the couch. Flicks the TV on.

She doesn't move. Just stares.

Finally, she looks over at the stuffed rabbit.

BETTY
It didn't work.

The rabbit stares back at her. Ever the faithful listener.
She stares at the TV, not seeing it.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I put so much effort in and he didn't
even care.

She keeps staring.

Eventually she looks up. She has an idea. She sits up in her
seat. Turns to the rabbit.

BETTY (CONT'D)
He's still got one more day left.
There's still a chance.

INT. BETTY'S - KITCHEN - MORNING

Betty stares at the photo of Sam on the fridge. She drinks
her smoothie.

She puts the glass in the sink. Grabs her bag. Takes a
breath.

She looks at the stuffed rabbit.

BETTY
Wish me luck.

INT. WORK - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Betty gets her cup of tea. No cream biscuits this time.
Never mind. She leaves.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE

Betty sits down at her desk. Sam's already there.

BETTY
Morning.

SAM
Morning, Betty.

Neither of them mention yesterday.

Betty looks over at a group of random people seated outside Ian's office.

BETTY
What's going on?

SAM
They're looking for my replacement.

BETTY
Oh, right.

SAM
Nothing like waiting 'til the last minute.

Betty looks back at the group.

SAM (CONT'D)
Who do you like?

BETTY
Huh? Oh, I don't know.

SAM
You should put in a good word for whoever you think is the most handsome.

BETTY
What?

SAM
You know, you guys will work together every day, side by side... you never know.

He raises his eyebrows.

Betty looks at him, puzzled. Sam doesn't pick up on it.

SAM (CONT'D)
What about that guy with the grey streaks? Do you like an older man?

BETTY
What? No.

SAM
What about the young one then? The one with the red tie?

BETTY
I don't know.

SAM
You're a hard woman to please, Betty.

BETTY
(to herself)
Not really.

Ian comes out and invites another person in.

SAM
Ooh, don't hire him, Ian. He looks
like a bit of a crapplicant

Betty LAUGHS.

SAM (CONT'D)
Thank you. That's more than I deserve
for that woeful attempt at humour.

BETTY
No, that's funny.

SAM
You know, I'm going to miss working
with you. You always laugh at my
terrible jokes.

BETTY
I'm going to miss you too.

BETTY'S CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

Betty shuts her computer down. Gathers her things. She
watches Sam talk to Ange off to the side of the office.
They're engrossed in conversation.

Betty takes her bag and goes over to them. She stands by
awkwardly and tries to join in.

ANGE
What time will you get in?

Ange notices she's there, but doesn't include her. Sam
raises his eyebrows as a kind of greeting.

SAM
I should be in by five-ish. But I
won't start for a couple of days.

Betty nods. Trying to be included.

ANGE

That's good. At least you can get settled in.

Betty puts her hand on Sam's arm. Ange glares at her, angry at the interruption.

BETTY

I'll see you tonight.

SAM

Sure.

Betty leaves.

ANGE

What the fuck is her problem?

Sam shrugs.

INT. WORK - IAN'S OFFICE

Ian watches Betty leave, looking downcast.

After Sam finishes his conversation, Ian waves him over.

Sam steps into the office.

SAM

Hey, Ian. What's up?

IAN

I don't want to pry, but I wanted to ask a personal question, if that's okay?

SAM

Sure. Fire away.

IAN

Is there anything going on between you and Betty?

SAM

What? Betty? No. No, we're just friends.

IAN

You sure?

SAM

Yeah. No. We just get each other.

IAN
Alright. Just so long as you're sure
she knows that.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING - AFTERNOON

Betty drives into her spot.

She gets out with bags of shopping.

INT. BETTY'S - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Betty whips a bowl of blue icing. On the bench, two thin
cakes sit on a wire rack.

As she whips, she turns to the stuffed rabbit.

BETTY
You see, last time I went too small.
Cupcakes weren't enough... but a
whole cake? That's a different story.

She opens a cupboard and takes out a cake plate. She
positions the first cake on it. She spoons icing on top and
starts to smooth it out.

CUT TO:

SAME - LATER

Betty puts the finishing touches on the cake. It has piped
letters that read: FAREWELL SAM. It looks pretty good.

EXT. WORK - NIGHT

The building is mostly dark, except for Betty's floor.

Betty walks in. She carries her cake in both hands.

She wears a fancy blue dress that accentuates her breasts.

INT. WORK - NIGHT

Betty walks out of the lift with her cake.

People stand around drinking and chatting. Everyone wears
casual clothes. Betty's overdressed.

She carries her cake to the food table. There's already a farewell cake. Of course there is. Plus it's better than hers.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Betty takes her cake to the fridge. She shoves things out of the way and puts it in.

She goes back to the party.

INT. WORK - SHORT SCENES

Betty watches Sam talk with people. He's in demand. She hangs around, but people don't include her. Sam spots her and smiles, but doesn't engage.

Betty sits by herself off to one side. She eats some farewell cake. It's actually pretty tasty. God damn it.

Betty watches Jasmine and Ange drinking. She scowls.

Someone drops something in Jasmine's drink. Betty doesn't move for a second, considers not saying anything, but changes her mind.

She hurries over and grabs Jasmine's arm as she lifts her drink.

JASMINE

What the fuck, Betty?

BETTY

Someone put something in there.

JASMINE

Yeah, right.

BETTY

I saw them.

She takes the drink. Walks toward the break room.

Behind her Ange and Jasmine stare after her. They shake their heads.

JASMINE

Psycho.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Betty walks in to find Sam making out with a girl... a skinny girl.

She just stands and watches for a minute. She quietly seethes. Eventually Sam notices.

SAM

Betty. Hey. I was hoping I'd get to see you before I left.

BETTY

Really?

The skinny girl leaves. Sam is reluctant to let her go.

He nods to the drink.

SAM (CONT'D)

Um, is that for me?

He takes it from Betty. She goes to say something, but doesn't. She looks around and finds a plastic cup. She holds it up.

BETTY

Here's to you.

He drinks it down.

INT. WORK - LATER

Betty watches Sam stumble into the toilet. When he finally emerges, he looks terrible. He can barely stand.

She bites her lip. Goes over to help.

She lifts his arm over her shoulder. Tries to walk him to a chair. His hands fidget over her body, feeling her up.

This isn't quite what she had in mind. She sighs.

BETTY

Let's get you home.

She walks him over to the lift. It's an effort.

A few people notice them leave. Betty doesn't make eye contact.

She gets him into the lift.

INT. WORK - LIFT

Betty has to prop him up to stop him from collapsing. Sam is sloppy... worse than sloppy. He tries to kiss her. He grabs a handful of boob.

It's not sexual. It's awkward.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK

Betty stumbles out with him. She pulls out her keys and unlocks her car. She loads him into the passenger seat. Buckles him in.

INT. BETTY'S CAR

BETTY
Okay, where do you live?

Sam gives no response.

She gently slaps his cheeks. Still nothing.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Come on, Sam. What's your address?

His head lolls back on the seat.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Okay, fine.

INT. WORK

Jasmine looks around the room. She walks up to some co-workers.

JASMINE
You guys see where Sam went?

CO-WORKER
Yeah, Betty practically carried out a minute ago.

JASMINE
What?

CO-WORKER
Yeah, he looked pretty wasted.

Jasmine crosses to the window and cups her hand over her eyes. She looks down at the car park and watches a car leave.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

Betty pulls in to her spot.

She unloads Sam. He's still conscious, but not coherent. He slurs whatever he's trying to say.

She half-carries him in. A SENSOR LIGHT turns on.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE

She gets him through the door and flicks on the light. Her stuffed rabbit watches silently as she carries him through to the bedroom.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

She flops him onto the bed and goes to stand up, but he pulls her down. He pulls at her clothes.

She's conflicted.

BETTY

Sam. What are you doing? You're drunk.

SAM

No. I wanna dyo dis wif...

He tries to unbutton his shirt, but can't manage. He pulls it half over his head and gets stuck.

SAM (CONT'D)

Gnn...

She helps him take it the rest of the way off.

He lies back, exhausted from the effort. Despite the state he's in, he looks good. Betty gazes down at his body. He works out. And not too hairy.

She likes what she sees.

Sam unbuckles his belt.

She looks around. Who's going to know? She gives in.

She turns the lights off. She steps out of her shoes. Slips her dress off. She undoes her bra and slides her panties off.

She stands there in the dark. Nervous. Sam is struggling with his pants. She goes to him.

She slides his pants off. He's just in underwear now. She looks over his body again. He looks good. It's all or nothing.

She pulls his jocks off and drops them to the floor. She's excited. It's actually happening.

His hand comes up to touch her and she grabs it, pressing it into her breast.

She lets it go and it drops to the bed.

She leans down to kiss him. He doesn't kiss her back. He's out.

BETTY

No. No, wake up.

She shakes him gently. No sign of life. She lies on top of him. Rubs against him. His head flops from side to side.

She reaches between his legs. Rubs him. Something's not right. He doesn't respond.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Come on.

She pulls him more vigorously. Still nothing.

She goes down on him. Every now and then she looks up to see if he's aware. Nothing.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Shit.

She straddles his groin. Positions herself. Rubs herself back and forth on top of him.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Okay...

Now she's getting somewhere.

This isn't quite what she had in mind, but it'll do.

She MOANS softly.

She goes faster, getting more excited.

Finally she groans with pleasure as she comes.

She flops forward onto him, panting.

Sam doesn't respond. Just lies there.

Betty climbs off quickly. She wraps herself in a dressing gown.

Covers his naked body with the blanket.

She walks to the door. Sam doesn't make a sound.

Betty closes the door.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE

Betty sits on the lounge. She stares at her reflection in the blank TV. She looks down at herself. What has she done?

The stuffed rabbit stares, silently judging. She turns it away from her.

She curls up in the corner of the couch and chews the collar of the gown.

She stares straight ahead.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BETTY'S - KITCHEN - MORNING

Betty makes her usual smoothie, but she's subdued.

She also makes a cup of tea.

She writes a note: Thank you, B. xxx

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Sam is just where she left him. He's dead to the world. he doesn't even snore.

Betty puts the note on the bedside table. Puts the cup of tea on top of it.

BETTY
I've gotta go now. Just close the
door behind you.

She walks to the door.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Bye.

INT. BETTY'S CAR

Betty drives to work. She's in a daze.

She stops at a red light. A breeze blows gently on her face.
She closes her eyes for a moment.

A great song comes on the radio. Something in the vein of
Etta James. She turns it up.

She takes off. She starts to smile, just a little. Maybe it
wasn't so bad after all.

INT. WORK - BREAK ROOM

Betty gets a her usual cuppa. She doesn't need a biscuit
today.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE

She sits, staring into space.

She's startled by her phone ringing. She snaps out of it.
Puts her headset on. Into action.

INT. WORK - BREAK ROOM - AFTERNOON

Betty sits with her Light n' Easy lunch. She stares out the
window. She smiles to herself, reminiscing.

LUKE (22), a shaggy co-worker with an unruly beard drops
into the seat opposite. She's startled and jumps a little.

LUKE
Sorry.

BETTY
That's okay. I was miles away.

LUKE
Hey, I just wanted to see what
happened with Sam last night.

A beat.

BETTY
What do you mean?

LUKE
I saw you guys leave together last
night. Wanted to make sure he was
okay.

BETTY
Yeah. I just dropped him home.

LUKE
Okay, cool. That's good. Thanks,
Betty. He looked pretty out of it.

Betty forces a smile.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Still, I guess that's the idea at a
going away party.

He taps the table.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'll leave you to it.

He walks out.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE

Betty sits at her desk. She looks around the room.
Everything seems normal... except for one thing.
She looks over at the empty spot next to her.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK - AFTERNOON

Betty climbs into her car. She still has that glow about
her.

She's contemplative, bordering on happy.

INT. BETTY'S CAR

She drives home. She's on autopilot.

The traffic sounds fade away. She stares straight ahead as she drives. She smiles.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

Betty unlocks the door and wanders in. She drops her bag on the coffee table.

Her stuffed rabbit still faces away. She picks it up and sits it down properly. She smiles at it.

BETTY
(softly)
I did it.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Betty steps out of her shoes as she wanders in.

She stops when she sees Sam.

He's still in bed where she left him. He hasn't touched the tea. The note is still there.

BETTY
Sam?

She moves closer. He doesn't respond.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Sam. Don't you have to be at the airport?

She shakes him. He's stiff as a board.

Betty gasps. She puts her hand over her mouth. She looks down at him. Puts her hand under his nose. Nothing.

She shakes him harder now.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Sam? Sam! Wake up!

She slaps his cheek. It's cold.

She jumps back from the body. Starts to cry. She's hyperventilating.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Shit, shit, shit.

She steps forward, then back, uncertain.

BETTY (CONT'D)
No, no, shit. No, don't...

She reaches out slowly. Touches him one more time. Just to make sure she's not imagining it.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Please don't be...

He is.

She runs out and SLAMS the door.

INT. BETTY'S - HALLWAY

Betty leans against the door. She sobs now. Can't catch her breath. She's shaking.

She runs a hand over her sweaty forehead. She's falling apart.

She stops crying for a second. Something's wrong. She moves quickly.

INT. BETTY'S - BATHROOM

She lifts the lid and vomits into the toilet. Breathes between retches, when she can. Spits a couple of times. Flushes.

She stands at the mirror. Catches her breath.

She washes her mouth out. Splashes water onto her face.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE

She strides to the phone. Picks it up. Stares at it. Puts it back.

She picks it up again. Turns it on, listens to the dial tone. She starts to dial. Hangs up.

Tosses it across the room.

BETTY

What do I do?

She cries. Collapses to the floor. Rests her head on the coffee table.

She looks up to see her rabbit staring at her.

BETTY (CONT'D)

What do I do?

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Sam is where she left him. The door slowly opens and Betty steps in.

She stares at the body. It's half uncovered.

She steps forward and pulls the blanket up over it's head. She turns away.

She spots Sam's clothes on the floor. Gathers them up. Carries them out.

INT. BETTY'S - KITCHEN

She stands there, armful of clothes, uncertain.

She looks around. Opens the bin. Drops them in. The shoes don't fit.

She changes her mind. Takes them out again.

She opens a cupboard under the sink. Grabs a garbage bag. Shoves everything in the bag.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

She carries the bag in and pushes it under the bed. She walks out and shuts the door.

INT. BETTY'S - HALLWAY

Betty leans against the door. Takes deep breaths.

She slides down to the floor. Leans her head back. Closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BETTY'S - KITCHEN - MORNING

Betty's dressed for work. No makeup. Hair is a bit of a mess.

She puts together her smoothie, not really seeing what she's doing. She turns the blender on. It EXPLODES out the top. She jumps back.

Bits of berry are everywhere.

BETTY

Shit.

Betty grabs a cloth and wipes her uniform.

EXT. BETTY'S - MORNING

Betty locks her door. Makes sure it's secure.

She turns around and nearly walks straight into Todd. She gives a small yelp.

BETTY

Ah.

TODD

Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

BETTY

That's okay.

She steps past him and heads down the stairs.

TODD

Have a good day.

Betty rolls her eyes.

She strides down to her carpark. She catches her stocking on a garden stake. It tears with a RIP.

BETTY

Damn it.

She looks down. She scraped her leg. It's not bad, but it draws a little blood.

She gets in the car and slams the door.

INT. BETTY'S CAR

Betty drives erratically. She can't focus.

She's stopped at a red light. It turns green. She doesn't move. BEEEP!

She wakes up and takes off.

INT. WORK - BREAK ROOM

Betty has her mug with tea bag ready. The kettle boils. She pours the boiling water. Spills it on her hand.

BETTY

Ow. Fuck.

She drops the kettle and grabs her hand. Jasmine and Ange watch her walk out.

ANGE

Someone got up on the wrong side of bed.

JASMINE

On the fat side of bed, more like.

INT. WORK - TOILETS

Betty runs her hand under cold water. Takes deep breaths.

She inspects her torn stocking. Cleans up her leg.

She stands up and straightens out her clothing. Smooths her hair. Gets her shit together.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE

Betty settles herself in. Tries to move calmly.

She looks over at Sam's empty cubicle. Guilty.

Her phone rings. She picks it up.

BETTY

Hello, this is Betty.

She frowns.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Of course. I'll be right there.

INT. WORK - IAN'S OFFICE

Betty steps into the office. He motions for her to sit.

IAN
Morning, Betty. Sorry to spring this
on you. I was hoping you could pick
up a few things that Sam left behind.

He puts a small stack of papers on the desk in front of her.
Betty picks them up, not really seeing them.

IAN (CONT'D)
It's just until we can find someone
to replace him. Is that okay?

Betty keeps staring at the papers. Doesn't respond.

IAN (CONT'D)
Betty?

She looks up, surprised.

BETTY
Yes. Fine. No problem.

She stands and goes to leave.

IAN
Is everything okay?

BETTY
I'm fine. I'll get these done
straight away.

She leaves quickly.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE - LATER

Betty finishes up on a call. Types in some notes. She looks
exhausted, pale.

Another call comes in. She picks it up. We overhear the
other end of the call.

BETTY
Hello, A-C-R Gas, this is Betty.

TOM (V.O.)
Hello, this is Tom calling from
Location Real Estate. I was hoping to
get in touch with Sam Jacobs?

BETTY
(lowers her voice)
Um. I'm sorry. He doesn't work here
anymore.

TOM (V.O.)
Right. It's just he didn't take his
things from his townhouse and we're
having an inspection tomorrow. Also,
we need to get his key back. I've
tried his mobile, but I can't get
through.

Betty looks around to make sure no one's listening. She
thinks for a moment.

BETTY
Oh, right. I'm so glad you called.
Sam actually asked his sister to drop
by and do that for him, but she's a
bit ditsy.

She laughs. A bit too hard.

BETTY (CONT'D)
She probably lost the address. Could
you give it to me and I'll get her to
come by this afternoon and sort it
out?

Betty scribbles down the address on a note pad.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Okay. About Four-thirty? No problem.
Thank you.

She hangs up and breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Betty drives home too fast.

She weaves in and out of traffic.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

She pulls into her spot crooked.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Betty pulls out the garbage bag of clothes from under the bed and tips them on the floor.

She rummages through them and finds his keys. His phone tumbles out as well. She grabs it.

She whips off her work shirt and throws on a t-shirt.

She's back out the door.

INT. BETTY'S CAR

Betty drives through a new neighbourhood. She scans the numbers. Eventually finds Sam's place.

EXT. SAM'S - AFTERNOON

Betty pulls up to a small townhouse surrounded by trees. It's an old building that has been looked after.

The real estate agent, TOM (45) is waiting outside. Betty moves toward him.

TOM

Hello, I'm Tom. You must be Sam's sister.

BETTY

Yes. Uh, Emily.

They shake hands.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Thanks for getting in touch. I can't believe I lost the details.

TOM

You didn't think to call him?

A beat.

BETTY

He's in transit right now. Couldn't reach him.

INT. SAM'S - AFTERNOON

Tom lets her in and takes her to his room. The place is bare. No sign of who was there previously. It's a lovely building. It'd be a great place to live.

BETTY
This is a nice place.

TOM
You've never seen it before?

BETTY
Uh, no. Sam was always super busy.

TOM
Maybe you want to move in? If you're anything like your brother we'd be happy to have you.

Betty looks tempted.

A phone RINGS. Neither of them move to answer it.

TOM (cont'd)
Is that you?

Betty looks in her bag, surprised. She pulls out Sam's phone. The display reads: WORK (SYDNEY).

BETTY
Oh. Sorry.

She declines the call. Turns the phone off.

TOM
So where's Sam off to?

BETTY
He, uh, has a new job. In Sydney.

She picks up Sam's bag.

TOM
Won't he be needing that?

BETTY
Yeah. I'm going down to see him in a few days. I'm taking it down to him.

Tom walks her out.

At the door, she hands over the keys.

TOM
I just need you to sign here to say
you've dropped off the keys.

He holds out a clipboard. Betty scribbles a signature.

TOM (CONT'D)
Thanks, Emily. Here...

He holds out a stapled form.

TOM (CONT'D) (cont'd)
It's an application form in case you
want to move in.

Betty smiles. She hurries back to her car.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

Betty pulls into her spot again. She looks around to make
sure no one's there.

She takes the bag out and carries it inside.

INT. BETTY'S

She steps in and locks the door behind her.

INT. BEDROOM

Betty opens the door and pokes her head in. He's still
there. Just like before.

INT. LOUNGE

Betty puts Sam's bag on the coffee table and unzips it.

She reaches in. She's reverential as she takes out his
clothes. One piece at a time.

She pulls out a red and white jacket. Holds it against
herself. Puts it aside. She takes out work clothes, running
shoes.

She finds a toiletries bag. Takes out his cologne. Smells
it. Sprays some on herself.

She holds her wrist out to the rabbit.

BETTY
It's nice, right?

The rabbit offers no opinion.

She digs in the bag again. She finds a worn Michael Crichton PAPERBACK. She flicks through the pages. A bookmark is near the end. She puts the book aside.

Betty pulls Sam's phone from her bag. She turns it back on. There are missed calls and messages.

She goes through his pictures. There's a bunch of selfies. She smiles. Touches his face on the screen.

She keeps flicking through. She comes across photos of Sam with girls. Then one of Sam and Jasmine. She scowls. Tosses it aside.

INT. BETTY'S - NIGHT

Betty sits on the couch with her microwave meal. She wears Sam's red and blue jacket. It's too small, but she wears it anyway.

She puts her feet up and starts reading his book.

The phone RINGS. Betty jumps. The caller ID says MUM. She watches it ring. It eventually stops. She switches it off. Takes the SIM card out.

SAME - LATER

Betty yawns.

She folds the corner of the page down. She compares where she's at to Sam's bookmark. The tip pokes out the top. It's white cardboard with a shiny strip.

She curls up on the couch and falls asleep. She still wears his jacket.

INT. BETTY'S - MORNING

Betty wakes up on the couch. She stretches. It's hard to do in the small jacket.

She peels it off and drops it on the couch.

She stands and walks toward the bathroom.

INT. BETTY'S HALLWAY

Betty walks down the hall and pauses.

Her nose twitches. Something smells.

She looks around. It's coming from the bedroom.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Betty steps in. She flinches. The look on her face confirms that this is where the smell came from.

She steps up to the bed and uncovers Sam.

His skin is discoloured and his cheeks are sunken. He has the shadow of a beard. Doesn't look like the Sam in the photos.

She looks down at the sheets. His stomach has swollen and pushes out in a hump. He's soiled himself as well.

Betty strokes his cheek.

BETTY

I'm sorry. I don't know what to do. I just wanted you to like me.

She covers his face with the blanket.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

Betty stands by her car. She looks back up at her place.

She looks at the row of wheelie bins by the car park. They're all small ones - too small for a body.

INT. WORK - SHORT SCENES

Betty gets out of the lift.

She pours her tea in the break room.

Sits down at her cubicle.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE - LATER

Betty works, but she's distracted. Not focussed on what she's doing.

The internal line rings.

BETTY

Hello, this is Betty... I'll be right in.

INT. WORK - IAN'S OFFICE

Betty sits across the desk from Ian.

IAN

Have you heard from Sam at all? I just got off the phone with our office in Sydney. They haven't seen him yet.

BETTY

No. I'm sure he's just in transit. Probably a delay or something.

IAN

I thought so too, but I checked and his flight landed on time.

BETTY

Oh. Right.

IAN

He's not answering his phone either. You haven't talked to him at all since he left? I know you guys were close.

BETTY

No. I haven't, no.

IAN

Okay. No problem. Thanks, Betty.

BETTY

Do you think he's okay?

IAN

I'm sure he's fine, but I just want to make sure.

He opens the door for Betty. She steps out. Ian follows her. He calls out to the room.

IAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me everyone, has anyone heard from Sam Jacobs?

No one says anything.

IAN (CONT'D)
There's no need to panic, but the
Sydney office hasn't seen him yet.

Still nothing.

IAN (CONT'D)
If anyone hears from him, could you
please let me know? Thank you.

Ian goes back into his office. People go back to their work.

Jasmine watches Betty walk to the bathroom.

INT. WORK - BATHROOM

Betty takes deep breaths. She rinses her face.

She freezes when she sees the reflection. Jasmine stands
behind her.

JASMINE
What's going on?

BETTY
What do you mean?

JASMINE
Why isn't Sam in Sydney?

Betty turns to face her.

BETTY
I don't know.

JASMINE
What happened the night of the party?
You left with him. What did you do
with him?

BETTY
I dropped him home.

JASMINE
You don't even know where he lives.

BETTY
He gave me directions. It was the
little townhouse over in New Farm.

That stops Jasmine in her tracks for a second.

JASMINE
Did he invite you in?

BETTY
What? No. I just dropped him off and
then went home. Nothing happened.

Jasmine steps forward.

JASMINE
Well something must have happened...

Betty goes to leave. Jasmine gets in her way.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
What aren't you saying? Something's
not right.

Betty pushes past her.

INT. WORK

Betty looks shaken.

She walks slowly back to her cubicle. On the way she
overhears conversations.

CO-WORKER #1
Yeah, if you hear anything, let me
know.

CO-WORKER #2
I'm sure it's nothing, just want to
be safe, you know?

Betty sits down at her cubicle. She tries to go back to
work.

She looks around. It seems like everyone is watching her.
They're on their phones, talking in hushed voices. Throwing
glances her way.

Betty turns away and stares at her screen. Tries to block
everyone out.

INT. WORK - LATER

Betty types notes on her screen.

The lift DINGS in the background. A murmur starts and carries across the floor.

Betty looks up to see a pair of UNIFORMED POLICE walk in - DAVID HAYES (41) and CLAIRE TURNER (34).

All eyes are on the pair as they cross the floor, making a beeline for Ian's office.

Hayes is broad shouldered, has a trim moustache. Turner is a couple inches shorter with dark hair in a tight bun. They both walk with purpose. No nonsense.

Betty sinks down, but keeps watching.

Ian comes out to meet them. They all go into his office. As soon as the door closes, the floor erupts in gossip and what ifs and what's going on...

Betty watches Ian through the glass as he rearranges chairs in front of his desk. The police sit in two of them. Ian picks up the phone.

Betty looks over her shoulder as someone's phone rings. She listens to their end of the conversation...

LUKE (O.S.)

Yep. Sure. I'll be right in.

Betty watches Luke stand and walk to Ian's office.

He steps inside and shakes hands with the police. He sits opposite them. They take notes as he talks.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

A different co-worker goes in and talks to the police.

Now another. Someone else.

Betty sweats. Takes harsh, shallow breaths.

Someone comes out of the office. Betty moves to intercept them.

BETTY

What's going on, what did they ask you?

CO-WORKER

They didn't say much. They're interviewing anyone who was at the party. Which is pretty much everyone.

BETTY

Uh-huh.

CO-WORKER

They mentioned they want to talk to you especially 'cause you took him home.

Betty looks up at the office. Jasmine sits opposite the police and points straight at Betty. They all turn and look.

Betty flinches and moves back to her cubicle.

As soon as she gets there, her phone rings. She looks back at the office and locks eyes with Ian, on the other end of the line.

She takes a breath and picks it up.

BETTY

Hello, this is... Right now? Of course. I'll be right there.

She hangs up and smooths her clothes. Wipes her brow.

She stands up and walks to the office. It feels like all eyes are on her.

When she gets there, Jasmine is just leaving. She glares at Betty.

INT. WORK - IAN'S OFFICE

Ian leans against his desk. The police sit to one side. An empty chair faces them.

IAN

Come in Betty. Take a seat.

Betty slowly sits.

IAN (CONT'D)

This is detectives Claire Turner and David Hayes.

TURNER

Hi, Betty. How are you?

BETTY

Um, okay I guess.

HAYES

Can we get you anything before we start? Glass of water?

BETTY

No, thank you.

Betty takes a seat. Folds her hands in her lap.

TURNER

Betty, in your own words, could you go over what happened the night of Sam's going away party?

BETTY

(hesitant)

Sure. Well...

HAYES

If you could start from when you left work that afternoon.

BETTY

Okay. I left in the afternoon and went to the shops. Then I...

TURNER

What did you get from the shops?

BETTY

Ingredients. I wanted to bake Sam a farewell cake.

Turner scribbles a note on her pad.

TURNER

Okay. Go on.

BETTY

I got ingredients, went home, baked the cake.

HAYES

You live alone, is that correct?

BETTY

Yes.

HAYES

Thanks. What happened after you made the cake?

BETTY

I drove back to work with the cake,
but there was already one here, so I
put it in the fridge.

Betty pauses, expecting another question. No one says
anything. Ian nods for her to go on.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I tried talking to Sam, but he was
busy. I guess lots of people wanted
to talk to him.

TURNER

Do you remember who he was talking to
specifically?

BETTY

Nearly everyone. Well, anyone who
came to the party at least.

TURNER

No one he spent a lot of time with?

BETTY

I guess Jasmine and Ange hung around
a lot and there was another girl I
hadn't seen before. They were kissing
in the break room.

TURNER

You were watching them?

BETTY

No, I just, I went in. I didn't know.
I just saw them.

Turner scribbles more on her pad.

HAYES

So when did you offer to take Sam
home?

BETTY

Later in the evening. I think around
ten thirty.

Turner notes the time.

BETTY (CONT'D)

He looked like he might be drunk. I'm
not sure.

HAYES

What was his behaviour like?

BETTY

He was having trouble standing. He was slurring his words.

HAYES

So you offered to take him home?

BETTY

Yes.

HAYES

Why not call him a cab?

BETTY

He's my friend. I wanted to look after him.

Betty watches anxiously as Turner makes another note.

TURNER

So you offered to take him home?

BETTY

Yeah. I took him down in the lift and put him in my car. Then I drove him home.

HAYES

You knew where he lived?

BETTY

No, he told me the address.

HAYES

He was able to give you clear directions, even though he was intoxicated.

BETTY

Uh... I wouldn't say they were clear. He told me the address and I looked it up. I had to drive around the block a few times.

TURNER

Where did you take him?

BETTY

To his townhouse in New Farm.

Turner holds up a picture of the townhouse.

TURNER

Is this where you took Sam?

BETTY

Yes. That's his place.

HAYES

So, once you found it, you walked him inside?

BETTY

No. I... I dropped him off. I didn't get out of the car.

Betty starts to sweat. She clears her throat.

HAYES

I thought you said he was having trouble standing, but he could get out of the car?

BETTY

No... Yes. I mean, I guess he must have sobered up a bit by then.

TURNER

Did he say anything to you?

BETTY

No. Not specifically. Just that he had to go.

TURNER

So, he just left?

BETTY

Yeah. I watched him walk to the door. I waited until he got inside safe before I went home.

Betty looks out at the rest of the staff. They're working, but people look in at her.

HAYES

Just a couple more questions, okay Betty?

BETTY

Okay.

HAYES

Were you and Sam ever in a relationship?

BETTY

No.

HAYES

Did you ever want to be?

BETTY

I don't see what this has to do...

TURNER

We just want to know how you felt about Sam.

BETTY

He was my friend. I liked him a lot. I wouldn't have said no to some kind of relationship...

Betty takes a breath...

BETTY (CONT'D)

...but I don't think he ever thought of me like that.

TURNER

Did you ever go out?

BETTY

No.

Betty wipes her eyes.

TURNER

Did you ever ask?

BETTY

(short)

No. I could see he wasn't interested.

Betty shifts in her seat.

HAYES

Are you okay? You seem agitated.

BETTY

I'm just worried about my friend.

A tear spills down her cheek. She quickly wipes it away.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I want to know if he's okay.

INT. WORK - OUTSIDE IAN'S OFFICE

Ian walks her out.

He rests a hand on her shoulder.

IAN
Are you alright? Look, we're all
worried about Sam. I know it's hard
not knowing like this, but I'll let
you know if I find out anything,
okay?

Betty takes a deep breath.

BETTY
Okay.

IAN
Why don't you go home?

BETTY
I'm okay. I just...

IAN
Your shift's nearly done anyway. Just
take the rest of the day off.

Betty nods.

BETTY
Alright.

She moves towards her cubicle.

She stops when Ian calls after her.

IAN
Don't worry. We'll find him.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK

Betty walks to her car. She tries to walk slowly and stay
calm, but her face is queasy.

She stops and steps between two cars. She doubles over and
HURLS.

After a moment she straightens up and looks around. Doesn't seem like anyone saw.

She wipes her mouth and goes to her car.

INT. WORK - WINDOWS

Jasmine stands at the window looking down at Betty. She sees her straighten up and walk to her car.

INT. BETTY'S

Betty enters and closes the door. She quickly locks it behind her.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

The smell is worse.

Betty looks down at the outline of the body. What the hell is she going to do?

She opens the cupboard and pulls out a suitcase.

She unzips it. Grabs a measuring tape from a drawer. She checks the length of the suitcase, the depth. She measure's Sam's body.

She tosses the measuring tape. That'll never work.

She tucks in the sheets around him. She turns her face away at the smell. She reaches under and tries to pick him up.

He's heavy. She gets scared and puts him back.

She hurries out and closes the door.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE

She sees Sam's bag on the floor. She scoops everything up, the jacket, phone, perfume and shoves them into the bag.

A last look around for anything else. Looks like she got everything.

She carries it to the door.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

Betty carries the bag toward the bins.

Todd comes out of the car park.

Betty freezes. Tries to force a smile.

TODD
Hi, Betty.

BETTY
Hey, Todd.

Betty goes to keep walking.

TODD
Hey, are you coming to the party
tonight?

BETTY
What?

TODD
The apartment party.

BETTY
Oh, right. That's tonight.

TODD
Yeah, should be fun. Be nice to get
everyone out of the house, well,
apartment at least.

BETTY
(mumbles)
Um, yeah. I don't know. Maybe.

TODD
Okay. Well, hopefully see you
tonight.

BETTY
Sure. Gotta go.

Betty keeps walking. She gets to the bins and looks back.
Todd is still there. He stares at Betty.

Betty hesitates. Todd still watches. She thinks better of
the bins. Puts the bag in her car boot instead.

She climbs into the car.

INT. BETTY'S CAR

Betty drives out. In her rear-vision mirror, she can see Todd still watching her.

EXT. RIVER - AFTERNOON

Betty pulls up. Climbs out. A path runs along the edge of the river. Betty looks up and down.

Joggers, dog walkers and people exercising run the length of the river. There's no way to dispose of the bag here.

She gets back in her car. Drives along the river. She looks out as she drives. It's the same wherever she goes. Too many people.

She drives home.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

She opens the boot and covers the bag with a blanket. She checks no one's around and closes the boot.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE

Betty shuts the door and starts to pace.

She looks out the front window at the car. Goes back to pacing.

The stuffed rabbit watches her silently, offering no help.

She stops and looks toward her bedroom. She stares for a moment.

She turns, resolute.

INT. BETTY'S - KITCHEN

Betty digs in a drawer. She pulls out a roll of garbage bags. She opens another drawer to find gaffa tape.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Betty stands nervously by the open door. The outline of the body is visible under the sheets.

She takes deep breaths. Stares at the body. Psychs herself up.

She steps in and moves quickly and efficiently. She's emotionless, as if she were folding laundry or making a bed.

She holds her breath. Tucks the sheets around the body.

Wraps it in garbage bags.

Tapes them in place.

She starts to cry. Tears splat on the black plastic.

Eventually, the whole body is wrapped. Like a weird plastic mummy.

INT. BETTY'S - NIGHT

It's dark outside. Dark inside too.

Betty stands by the window looking out at the party.

Sounds of music and people talking drift in. The residents are spread along the driveway. Some spill onto the footpath.

There's no way she's getting him out now.

A KNOCK on the door. Betty jumps back from the window.

Todd's voice calls out. His words are slurred.

TODD (O.S.)

Betty?

Betty says nothing.

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

Are you coming down to the party?

Another KNOCK.

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

You should come down. It'll be fun.

Still no response.

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

I really like you, Betty.

A BUMP as he leans against the door.

TODD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fine. Suit yourself.

Betty waits a moment, then peaks out. Todd stumbles away.

INT. BETTY'S - KITCHEN - MORNING

Betty does her morning thing. Makeup. Berry smoothie. She stares straight ahead while she drinks it. Skulls the lot in one go. There's no pleasure in it. Just routine taking over.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

Betty walks to her car. Plastic cups and streamers litter the ground.

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

Betty tries the river again. There's still joggers and cyclists. Bloody early birds.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK

Betty grabs a park off to the side.

She stands at the back of her car. Watches people walk by.

Should she get the bag out? Can she leave it in the car all day? What if someone finds it?

She goes to open the boot, then stops herself. Too many people.

She goes inside.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE

Betty sits down with her cup of tea.

She looks around, subtly. Everyone goes about their work. No one seems to be looking at her.

Betty sits up and peers into Ian's office. He sits behind his desk. He's absorbed in his own thing.

Betty picks up her headset. Slips it on. Presses a button.

LATER

Betty is on a call.

BETTY
Yes. Uh-huh.

Betty turns and looks out the window.

She stares for a long moment.

She blinks rapidly as she comes back to the present.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, could you repeat that?

She taps away at her computer.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Right. Yes. Okay.

LATER

Betty hangs up after a call. She checks the clock. Ugh. Time is going so slow. It's barely 10:30am.

She sees Ian heading in her direction. She focusses on her work.

IAN
Hi, Betty. How you doing today?

BETTY
Um, I'm okay, I guess.

IAN
I'm glad to hear it.

Betty leans forward and lowers her voice slightly.

BETTY
Have they found out any more about Sam yet?

IAN
Nothing yet. But they're treating his disappearance as suspicious.

BETTY
Do they have any idea who might be involved?

IAN
No, they haven't told me anything about that.

(MORE)

IAN (cont'd)
All I know is that they're
investigating. But I don't want you
to worry, okay?

Betty nods.

BETTY
I'll try.

Ian puts a hand on her shoulder.

IAN
I'll let you know if anything turns
up.

He smiles a grim smile. He walks away.

LATER

Betty is typing an email. She checks the clock. God damn it.
When will this day be over? 11:45am.

She shakes her head slightly and goes back to work.

Movement nearby catches her eye. She looks up to see Ian
walking with another man, COLIN (24). He's handsome, with a
light stubble painted around a strong jaw. Well dressed.

Ian walks Colin to Sam's old desk.

Betty pretends not to watch, but listens in.

IAN (CONT'D)
So, this is your work station. Should
have everything you need.

Colin nods.

IAN (CONT'D)
Any snail mail goes in here. Check
your email, all your passwords should
be setup, but let me know if you have
any questions.

COLIN
Sure. Will do.

Ian looks over at Betty.

IAN
Betty?

She turns, eyes wide. Pretends she hasn't heard a word.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to introduce you to Colin.
He's our newest employee. Comes
highly recommended.

Colin holds out a hand. Betty shakes it. She fakes a smile.

IAN (CONT'D)

Betty's one of our best workers.
She'll be able to answer any
questions you might have about
workflow or procedure.

COLIN

Great. Nice to meet you, Betty.

BETTY

Likewise.

IAN

Well, I'll leave you to settle in.
Like I said, don't hesitate to ask if
you get stuck.

COLIN

Sure. Thank you.

Ian walks away. Colin settles in. Adjusts his seat.

LATER

Colin has taken to the role quickly. He's on a call,
handling it with ease.

Betty keeps glancing over, eyeing him up.

She glances at the time. Finally. Time for lunch.

She stands up. Straightens her dress. Colin gets off the
call.

BETTY

I'm going to grab some lunch. Would
you like to join me?

COLIN

I'd love to, but I want to get my
head around all this. I think I'll
just stay here.

He grabs a plastic container from his bag and opens it.

BETTY
Dining al desko?

She smiles.

Colin just looks at her, puzzled.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Because you're...

She points to the desk.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Never mind.

She walks away quickly.

LATER

It's the end of the day. People leave.

Betty watches them go. She stays where she is.

Colin picks up his things. Slings his bag over his shoulder.

COLIN
Well, see you tomorrow I guess.

BETTY
Sure.

Colin pauses.

COLIN
Look, Ian told me what's going on
with the guy who used to work here...

BETTY
Sam.

COLIN
Right, Sam. I know it's weird me
coming in here like this. I just want
to settle in and not make waves.

BETTY
Right.

COLIN
I'm sure they'll find him. Hopefully
it'll all be resolved before too
long.

Betty doesn't say anything.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Well, it was good to meet you, Betty.
I'll see you in the morning.

He leaves.

Betty watches him walk to the elevator.

She looks back over the office. Everyone has gone home.

She packs up her things.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK - NIGHT

It's nearly dark. Betty walks to her car.

The carpark is empty. It's not well lit.

Betty looks around. No one is visible.

She spots a dumpster over the fence in the adjacent car park.

She looks around again, just to be sure.

She opens the boot.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING - NIGHT

Betty drives into her parking spot.

She climbs out and wanders toward her place. She carries a thick book under her arm. A VOICE comes out of the dark behind her.

TODD (O.S.)
Betty?

Betty jumps. Drops the book. She turns to see Todd step out of the shadows.

The SENSOR LIGHT comes on.

BETTY
Jesus.

TODD
Sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.

She takes a moment to catch her breath.

BETTY
What are you doing out here? Were you
waiting for me?

Todd picks up the book. It's a street refidex. He hands it
to her.

TODD
No, no, I was just walking around,
thinking.

BETTY
Right. Well...

Betty motions toward her place.

She moves away, but Todd keeps up.

TODD
I'm sorry you didn't make it to the
party the other night.

BETTY
Yeah. I wasn't feeling well.

TODD
Oh. Are you okay?

BETTY
I'm fine.

TODD
I made some soup. If you like I can
bring some by for you later.

BETTY
No, that's okay.

TODD
Really, it's no trouble. I'd really
like to know if you like it.

BETTY
No. Really. I'll be fine. You don't
have to...

Todd puts a hand on her shoulder and stops her.

TODD
It's okay, Betty. This is what
friends do.

He leaves his hand there. Too long.

Eventually, he slides it casually down her arm. Pretends it was nothing.

BETTY
Okay. Well, see you later.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE

Betty shuts the door and leans against it. She sighs.

She flops onto the couch next to the stuffed rabbit.

She flips open the refidex on her lap. Flicks through a couple of pages. She tilts it so the rabbit can see.

BETTY
So, we're here...

She points to the map.

BETTY (CONT'D)
We can't go to the tip... they probably have cameras.

She leans over the map.

BETTY (CONT'D)
What we need is somewhere quiet...

She traces the river with her finger until she hits a big green section.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I think this will work.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Betty stands in the doorway looking in at the body.

INT. BETTY'S - KITCHEN

Betty stands in front of the drawers. She pulls one open and looks down. She stares at a plug-in electric bread knife.

She doesn't touch it... yet. Just keeps staring at it.

She reaches down and takes it out of the drawer. Holds it awkwardly.

She plugs it into the wall.

She cringes in anticipation. She squeezes the trigger. It jolts to life. RRNNNNN... It saws back and forth.

She drops the knife and it clatters to the bench.

DING DONG.

Betty looks frantically at the door.

She whips the plug out of the wall and tosses the lot back in the drawer. Kicks it shut.

Tears come, but she forces them down. She takes a breath. Runs her wrist under her nose with a SNIFF.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE

Betty opens the door a crack. It's Todd, holding a steaming bowl.

He leans forward.

TODD

Hi, Betty. I've got that soup for you.

BETTY

Uh, thanks.

She opens the door and reaches for the soup.

TODD

Oh. Um.

He hands her the soup.

BETTY

Thanks.

TODD

Uh, would it be okay if I came in for a second?

She looks over her shoulder.

BETTY

Uh, now's not a good time.

TODD
I won't stay long. I just wanted to
talk to you.

She looks over her shoulder again.

BETTY
I really have a lot to do right now.

TODD
Oh, okay. No, that's fine.

He just stands there.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Did you want something else?

TODD
Oh, right. I'm going on holiday for a
few days and I was hoping you could
feed my cat.

BETTY
I didn't know you had a cat. I didn't
think we were allowed.

TODD
Yes and yes.

A beat.

TODD (CONT'D)
That's why I came to you. I trust
you, Betty.

BETTY
Um, thanks.

TODD
No problem.

They stand there awkwardly.

BETTY
Where are you going on holiday?

TODD
To the coast. We're going to go
diving, probably do some fishing.

BETTY
When do you leave?

TODD

Early, early. Tonight. Well, tomorrow morning really. We're going out on the boat first thing, so I've got to be out before the sun's up.

BETTY

Like what time?

TODD

Planning to be gone by about two.

BETTY

Sounds great. Look, I don't want to be rude, but...

TODD

No, of course. Here...

Todd takes a spare key from his pocket.

TODD (CONT'D)

Just give him dry food in the morning and wet food at night. It's all laid out for you.

BETTY

Okay.

TODD

Oh, and keep him out of sight of course.

BETTY

Will do.

TODD

Thanks again, Betty.

Todd moves in for the hug. Betty realises when he's halfway there. She moves back, but can't get out. She stands there awkwardly holding the soup. Todd gives her a squeeze.

TODD (CONT'D)

I'll miss you while I'm gone.

That just hangs there.

She pulls out of the hug.

BETTY

Well, good night.

She closes the door on him. Shakes her head. That was weird. She peeks out the window. Watches Todd go back to his place. She sits on the couch. Picks up the refidex. Flicks back to her page.

She taps the green section she found earlier. She looks at her rabbit.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Tomorrow night.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Betty stands at the window in the dark. She watches Todd lock his door. He picks up his bag and walks to the carpark. She hears his car start. Watches him drive out.

EXT. BETTY'S - MORNING

Betty closes her door. She walks a few doors along and unlocks Todd's place.

INT. TODD'S - MORNING

Betty wanders in. Todd's place looks almost identical to hers. Just less Ikea.

A cat winds around Betty's legs and purrs.

BETTY
I guess someone wants some breakfast?

INT. TODD'S - KITCHEN - MORNING

Betty tips food into the cat bowl.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK

Betty drives in. Parks.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE

Betty sits down. Colin is already there.

BETTY

Morning.

COLIN

Morning.

They leave it at that.

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

Betty sits at a table. She eats her Lite n' Easy.

She looks over her shoulder at the sound of harried voices.

Jasmine and Ian enter and walk up to the window.

JASMINE

I'm sure it's his. I saw him wear it
so many times.

IAN

It's probably just a coincidence.

JASMINE

I've seen that guy before. He's
always in dirty clothes that are
falling apart. What, all of a sudden
he goes out and buys some new
threads?

IAN

I just don't want to jump to any
conclusions.

Betty watches them with growing dread.

JASMINE

Will you at least come down and talk
to him with me?

Ian hesitates.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Please, Ian. If only to say you were
right.

IAN

Okay. Let's go.

Betty watches them leave. Something's not right.

She walks to the window and looks down. Her mouth drops open.

She sees the Homeless Man in the carpark digging through a bin. He wears Sam's jacket.

Betty looks around. No one else knows what's happening.

She looks down again and sees Jasmine and Ian approach the homeless man. He hugs the jacket protectively.

Ian holds up his hands. He offers the man some money. The homeless guy points to the dumpster over the fence.

BETTY
(under her breath)
Fuck.

Jasmine and Ian walk over to it.

LATER

Betty still watches at the window. Luke wanders up.

LUKE
Whatcha looking at?

BETTY
What? Nothing. I mean, I don't know.

LUKE
Cops are here. Wonder what's going on?

BETTY
I don't know.

They both watch as the police talk to the homeless man. Then they follow Ian and Jasmine to the dumpster.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK - AFTERNOON

Betty walks out to her car.

A yellow police perimeter surrounds the dumpster. Police photograph and dust the area.

Sam's bag and its contents are spread out on a sheet of plastic.

Betty looks at the ground as she walks past.

INT. BETTY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Betty drives home.

She has a thought. She pulls into the shops.

INT. SHOPS

Betty stalks the aisles, looking for something. It's hard to find.

Finally she comes across what she's looking for.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

Betty climbs out of her car with a bulging bag.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Betty stands at the door. She covers her mouth and nose. It smells bad.

She steps into the room and empties the bag out.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

A police car pulls in.

Hayes and Turner climb out. They look up at the apartments.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Betty is on her knees. We can't see what she's doing, but we hear the CRINKLE of plastic.

Betty is startled by a KNOCK at the door.

INT. BETTY'S - AT THE DOOR

We move closer to the door. The KNOCK comes again.

No one opens it.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Still nothing.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Betty frantically sweeps things up with her hands. We hear more CRINKLING plastic.

Another KNOCK.

EXT. BETTY'S

Hayes lifts his hand to knock again. Betty finally opens the door.

HAYES

Hi, Betty. Detectives Turner and Hayes. Remember us?

BETTY

Of course. Please, come in.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE

The two detectives enter.

Betty sees the refidex sitting open on the floor. She flicks it shut and puts her stuffed rabbit on top of it.

All three of them sit down.

BETTY

Can I offer either of you something to drink? Tea? Coffee?

TURNER

No, thank you. We're fine.

BETTY

Have you found out any more about Sam?

HAYES

Well, that's what we wanted to talk to you about.

TURNER

You probably saw us at your work today?

BETTY

I did wonder what was going on.

HAYES

A homeless man found a bag of Sam's clothes in the dumpster next to your work. He was wearing one of Sam's jackets.

BETTY

What? What does that mean?

TURNER

Betty, do you have any idea how those clothes might have gotten there?

BETTY

I... I don't know.

TURNER

Have you see anyone unusual hanging around or maybe someone you know acting strangely?

BETTY

Um, I don't think so. I mean, everything's been a bit strange lately.

HAYES

Of course. I know this must be a stressful time.

He pauses for a moment.

HAYES (CONT'D)

To your knowledge, was Sam ever in a relationship with anyone at work?

BETTY

I don't know. Not that he told me about.

TURNER

What about Jasmine? She seemed pretty upset about you leaving with Sam. Do you think they might have had something going on?

BETTY

I don't know. She's never been nice to me.

Turner nods.

HAYES

Did Sam ever take any drugs or drink excessively?

BETTY

No. At least, not that I knew about. But then, I guess he probably wouldn't advertise that kind of thing.

TURNER

Did he ever... ow.

Turner puts a hand on her stomach.

BETTY

Are you okay?

She waves a hand, dismissing it.

TURNER

I'll be fine. Would it be okay if I used your bathroom?

BETTY

Of course. It's just down the hall. Last door on the right.

Turner smiles and walks down the hall.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Will she be okay?

HAYES

She's fine. She's just pregnant.

BETTY

Oh.

HAYES

Has to go pretty often. Doesn't get a lot of warning.

BETTY

Oh. Right. So, what does it mean about the clothes?

HAYES

It's pretty clear someone was trying to dispose of them. We're going over them for any DNA, but the garbage is making that difficult.

INT. BATHROOM

Turner washes her hands. Dries them on a towel. She steps into...

THE HALL

She walks quietly. She can hear Betty and Hayes in the next room.

She stops outside Betty's room. The door is closed.

Turner checks to make sure no one can see her. She gently opens the door.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

We see Turner poke her head into the room. She looks around.

TURNER'S POV. Everything looks as it should. The bed is made, everything is neat. No dead body.

Weird, she doesn't notice any smell.

Satisfied, she steps out and gently closes the door.

INT. BETTY'S - LOUNGE

Turner walks in. Hayes stands up.

TURNER

Well, I think we've taken up enough of your time.

HAYES

We'll be in touch if we need anything else.

Betty stands and opens the door for them.

They walk out. Betty closes the door.

She stands by the window and watches them leave.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Betty walks over to the bed. She reaches underneath and pulls out the garbage bag of Sam's clothes.

She throws the blanket back. There's no body there. Instead, there are dozens of AIR FRESHENERS.

EXT. BETTY'S - NIGHT

It's dark outside. Really dark.

Betty's door opens and she pokes her head out. She's dressed in black tracksuit pants and top. She can't see anyone.

She steps out. Locks her door behind her. She carries the garbage bag of clothes.

She walks slowly, looking for any sign of movement. No lights are on in anyone's windows.

She steps up to Todd's door and unlocks it.

INT. TODD'S - NIGHT

Betty clicks on a lamp. A soft light fills the room.

Todd's cat MEOWS and trots over. Betty squats and pats it. Scratches under its chin.

She stands and walks down the hall.

We stay in the lounge, watching the hall.

After a few moments, Betty comes out. Walking backwards. She hauls the plastic-wrapped body into the room.

She glances over her shoulder to see where she's going. She drags it to the door. Lays it down.

She clicks off the lamp.

She stands at the window. Checks the coast is clear.

EXT. TODD'S - NIGHT

Betty steps out. She pulls the body through the door. Pushes it shut with her hip.

She looks around and quickly drags the body towards the car park.

It's not easy work. The plastic bags make a TSHHHH sound as they drag.

Betty reaches the car park and the SENSOR LIGHT comes on. She's in full view with a body if anyone were watching.

She looks around, panicked. Mercifully, no one is there.

She unlocks her car and clumsily loads the body in.

INT. BETTY'S CAR - NIGHT

Betty drives with the refidex open on the passenger seat.

Every now and then she flicks on the overhead light and glances down to check her progress.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Betty drives in to a deserted park by the river.

She turns off her lights and sits in the car. She looks out into the darkness.

Across the river, houses are dark.

Betty gets out and looks around.

She walks a few metres in each direction to make sure she's alone. Her feet sink a little in the soft earth.

She goes back to the car. One more look around. Just to be sure.

She pulls the body out.

She drags it, TSHHHHH.. onto the grass, toward the river.

She's close to the water. It's muddy and her feet sink. She lifts a foot out of the mud with a SLURP.

She twists around and pulls the body into the water. She loses her balance and falls in.

BETTY

Shit.

She clumsily splashes to her feet. She's soaked up to her armpits.

She pulls the body the rest of the way in. Pushes it into the water.

It floats. Dammit.

She wades out of the water. Grabs a rock. She wades back in. Puts it on top of him. The body folds slightly and sinks.

Betty stands knee deep in the cold water. She watches Sam disappear. She cries silently.

After a moment, she awkwardly climbs out of the water. But her foot is stuck. She yanks and her foot comes loose, but her shoe stays beneath the water.

She reaches around blindly in the murky river. Tries to find it. It's gone.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

She climbs out and hurries back to the car.

She opens the boot and grabs the bag of clothes. She hobbles back to the river. She puts a couple of rocks in the bag. Tosses it in.

EXT. BETTY'S CAR - NIGHT

Betty stands by the boot. She strips off her filthy clothes and shoes. Stuffs them into a bag. Throws it in.

She clutches herself, shivering in the cold.

She takes fresh clothes out and quickly dresses.

She shuts the boot gently, gets in the car and drives away.

INT. BETTY'S CAR - NIGHT

Despite her clean clothes, Betty is a mess. Her hair clumps. Her hands are streaked with mud. She cries.

A police car with flashing lights drives past in the other direction. She flinches. Ducks down a little. It makes no move to follow her.

She watches it fade in the rear vision mirror. Coincidence.

She stops at a random house. Leaves the car running. She jumps out and grabs her bag of clothes from the boot.

She dumps them into a wheelie bin.

Climbs back into the car. Drives away.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM - MORNING

Betty stares at her bed. Now empty.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK

Betty gets out of her car and goes inside.

INT. WORK

Betty comes in and all seats are empty. Weird.

INT. WORK - BREAK ROOM

Betty wanders in to find everyone crowded around a TV.

She pushes through so she can see. They watch a news report. Betty's face speaks volumes.

The report cuts to a scene of the park... the same park Betty was in last night. How could they have found him so quickly?

NEWS REPORTER

...recapping our top story, the body of a man has been discovered in the Brisbane river. Council workers...

This can't be happening.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

...discovered the body, which was wrapped in garbage bags, around six o'clock this morning. Police have confirmed that the body is that of Sam Jacobs, reported missing two weeks ago.

The room gives a collective gasp. People look at each other, wanting confirmation of what they just heard.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

Police are treating the investigation as a homicide and are appealing to anyone who may have more information about the crime to come forward.

Betty looks around the group. She sees Jasmine near the front. Betty moves out of her line of vision.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

We now have one of the council workers who discovered the body...

A COUNCIL WORKER (26) in a wide brim hat and hi-vis vest appears on screen.

COUNCIL WORKER

I was down to mow the grass along the river like I do every couple weeks and I saw a shoe floating in the water. That's not that weird, people throw all sorts of stuff into the river, but it caught my eye. That's when I noticed the garbage bags. I went for a closer look...

Ian steps in front of the TV and turns the volume down. A couple of people protest, but most just look up at him.

IAN

I'm sorry to interrupt, but nothing good will come of dwelling on this all morning.

He looks around the group.

IAN (CONT'D)

This is tragic and I know it comes as a blow to a lot of you. It's very sad news and if anyone needs some time to process, please come and see me and we'll work something out.

He sighs.

IAN (CONT'D)

It pains me to say this and I don't want to come across as insensitive... but in the meantime, if anyone feels they are able to work, I would really appreciate if you could head to your stations. Thank you.

Ian leaves.

The group mills around, gossiping. People start to file out. Jasmine looks around and sees Betty leave.

EXT. WORK - CARPARK

Betty takes sobbing breaths as she walks to her car.

Jasmine comes out and hurries to catch up to her.

She comes up behind Betty and grabs her shoulder. Turns her around.

Betty stares back at her. Surprised.

JASMINE
What did you do to him?

BETTY
What?

She shoves Betty against a car.

JASMINE
What did you do?

BETTY
Nothing.

She shoves her again.

JASMINE
It's your fault.

Jasmine starts to cry.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
I cared about him.

She shoves her into the car again. The CAR ALARM goes off.

Betty tries to move away. Jasmine grabs her by the collar. Pulls her in close. Speaks right in her ear so she can hear over the alarm.

JASMINE
I'll tell them. I'll tell them it was
you.

Ange comes out of the building, sees what's happening. She hurries over.

Spit flies from Jasmine's mouth.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
I hate you, you fat piece of shit.
Why did you ever have to go near him?

Ange grabs Jasmine and pulls her back. But not before Jasmine lands a heavy slap across Betty's face.

Betty falls back against the car.

Ange pulls Jasmine away. Jasmine thrashes for a moment, but eventually calms down.

Betty watches the girls go inside. She looks up and sees her co-workers staring down at her.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

Betty pulls into her parking space. She sits in the car for a minute.

Eventually, she climbs out.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Betty strips the bed. Sheets, blanket, everything. Bundles them up in her arms.

INT. BETTY'S - LAUNDRY

It's a cramped space with washer and dryer on the floor. Betty loads the sheets into the machine.

Twists the dial. They start to spin.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

Betty walks in wearing rubber gloves. She carries a bucket, scrubbing brush, spray and rags.

She cleans the bed frame. Wipes every surface.

Now the side table, right down to the floor.

She systematically cleans the room. Anything Sam might have touched.

She remakes the bed with fresh sheets.

She vacuums.

EXT. BETTY'S - PARKING

Betty washes her car.

She's determined, driven. Focussed only on the task at hand.

She hoses the suds off. Shammys it dry.

She wipes the inside out. Windscreen, steering wheel, gear stick.

She vacuums the seats.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM

She's finally done, everything is clean.

Betty stumbles to the bed and collapses onto it.

She falls asleep almost immediately.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Betty types at her desk.

Colin sits opposite her. He's on a call.

We move back to take in most of the office. The mood is subdued.

No one says much. No one laughs or gossips. They just go through the motions.

INT. WORK - BREAK ROOM

Betty sits on her own. She eats her Lite n' Easy lunch. A few other staff are scattered around.

Ian walks in and clears his throat. Betty stops eating and looks up.

IAN

If I could just have your attention for a moment. Sam's funeral will be this Sunday. We're going to be closed for the day so anyone who would like to attend can do so.

He takes a deep breath.

IAN (CONT'D)

I've just emailed the details to everyone.

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

If anyone needs any additional time
off, please come and talk to me.
Thank you.

Betty looks around at the other staff. They all go back to
what they were doing.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM - MORNING

Betty gets dressed in black. She flattens out her dress.

She stares down at the bed where Sam used to lay.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

Betty walks alone toward the church. A few other people from
work walk in the same direction.

INT. CHURCH

People take their seats. Jasmine sits near the front. She
turns in her seat and spots Betty. Gives her a death stare.
Betty looks away.

A PRIEST (54) stands up behind a lectern. He's dressed in a
conservative suit. He's balding with a comb-over, but his
face is kind. The room goes quiet.

PRIEST

Thank you everyone for being here. We
come together today to celebrate the
life of Sam Jacobs.

He pauses to take in the room.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Whilst this is a sad day, you should
all take some joy in the amount of
people whose lives Sam has touched
and who have shown up here today to
remember him.

He smiles.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I'd now like to invite Sam's mother, Claire to tell us about Sam's life and how he got to this point, some of his achievements and most of all, what made Sam such a special person to each and every one of us.

The priest steps aside and CLAIRE (47) stands behind the lectern.

She's a slight woman, but not frail. She wears an elegant charcoal dress. Her eyes are puffy and dark, but she stands tall.

CLAIRE

Thank you, everyone. It means so much to me to see so many of you here today. It really warms my heart to know how many of you cared about Sam.

Betty starts to cry.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Sam was born one year after my husband and I were married. Almost to the day. We said he was the best anniversary present we could have asked for...

LATER

The congregation stands silently. SOULFUL BLUES MUSIC plays. Something in the vein of Sermons Vs The Gospel by Cold War Kids.

Jasmine wipes her eyes. People look at the ground.

LATER

PRIEST

Today's service will be followed by a gathering at the home of Sam's parents. Everyone is welcome to attend and share their memories of Sam.

EXT. SAM'S MUM'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty walks toward a low set, wooden house, roofed in corrugated iron.

From inside, we can hear the sound of people talking. The occasional laugh.

A couple of guys dressed in black suits sit on the front steps. They each nurse a beer. They shuffle aside to let Betty through.

INT. SAM'S MUM'S HOUSE - DAY

Most people from the funeral are here. There's food laid out on the table, sandwiches, cubes of cheese, salami, too much dip and crackers. Plus booze.

Betty pours herself some wine and wanders into the house.

She avoids people, instead gazing at photos of Sam. The pictures run chronologically along the wall. Betty walks past Sam at age 3, 7, 12. Each time in a new situation.

She stops at a more recent shot of Sam with his parents.

Claire comes up beside her.

CLAIRE
That was only last year. For my
birthday.

Betty turns and sees Claire.

BETTY
Oh, you must be Sam's mum.

CLAIRE
Claire.

BETTY
I'm so sorry... I...

CLAIRE
Thank you.

They look back at the pictures.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Did you know Sam well?

BETTY
A little. We worked together.

CLAIRE
Oh, are you Jasmine?

A beat. Betty looks at the ground.

BETTY

No. I'm Betty.

CLAIRE

Oh, I'm sorry.

BETTY

That's okay.

CLAIRE

Betty. Betty... Were you the one who took him home that night after the party?

BETTY

Um, yes.

Claire takes hold of Betty's arm.

CLAIRE

I know everyone has already asked you this, but I have to know. Did anything happen? Did he say anything unusual?

Betty stares into her eyes. She hesitates.

BETTY

I'm sorry. I really don't know. I just dropped him home. He'd had a bit to drink, but he seemed okay. I was just trying to be nice. To help.

CLAIRE

That's okay. I'm sorry to ask. I just can't believe anyone could do this to him.

BETTY

Me either.

Claire starts to cry. She takes a balled up tissue from her pocket and wipes her eyes.

CLAIRE

You know the weird thing? The real estate said Sam's sister picked up his stuff from his house.

Betty waits...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Sam doesn't have a sister. He's an
only child.

A beat while that sinks in...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
He was such a kind person. He was
always a good boy. How could
anyone...

Betty starts to cry as well.

Claire embraces Betty and they hold each other, crying
silently.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I just want them to find the person
that did this to my boy.

Claire pulls away. She wipes her eyes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You know, they say that getting back
at someone doesn't give you any
comfort.

She looks Betty right in the eye.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
But I tell you. If I could get my
hands on the person who did this, I'd
tear their heart out. Just like they
did to me.

Claire walks away. Betty just stares after her. Too afraid
to move.

INT. SAM'S MUM'S HOUSE - LATER

Betty sits by herself. She nurses her wine.

Jasmine and Ange stand with work people in a huddle. We
can't hear what they say, but their talk is angry. The
occasional glare is thrown at Betty.

Eventually, Jasmine comes over to her.

JASMINE
What makes you think you can be here?

Betty doesn't respond. She just looks up at her for a second. Puts her wine down. Stands up.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
 How can you not know what happened?
 Everyone knows you were obsessed with
 him.

Betty walks out. Jasmine follows.

The group of work people tag along to see what happens.

EXT. SAM'S MUM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Betty trots down the steps. Walks quickly into the yard. Jasmine's right on her tail.

JASMINE
 It's not a secret, Betty. Betty! What
 happened?

Betty keeps walking. Jasmine gets up beside her. Yelling at her.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
 The police told me he never even made
 it home. What are you hiding? What
 did you do to him?

She grabs Betty to stop her. Betty turns.

She PUNCHES Jasmine square in the nose with a CRACK.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
 Ah.

Jasmine clutches her face. Collapses to the ground.

People keep their distance, waiting to see how things play out.

Betty stands over her.

BETTY
 Fuck off.

Jasmine stares up at her, scared for the first time.

BETTY (CONT'D)
 You're not the only one grieving
 here. I cared about Sam as well. Just
 leave me the fuck alone.

Betty turns and stalks out of the yard. Jasmine stays on the ground, nursing her bloody nose.

Ange hurries over and inspects the damage.

INT. BETTY'S - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Betty throws herself on the bed. She cries into the pillow.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WORK - BETTY'S CUBICLE

Betty works opposite Colin. There's no camaraderie between them. Just two people doing their jobs.

People go about their business. It's still sombre, but people seem to have moved on.

Betty's phone rings.

BETTY
Hello, this is Betty.

She listens for a moment.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Sure. I'll be right in.

INT. WORK - IAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Betty steps into Ian's office. He motions for her to sit.

IAN
How are you doing, Betty?

BETTY
I'm okay, I guess.

Ian nods.

IAN
Look, I know you've been going through a lot. And I'm not blind to the fact that certain people are giving you a hard time.

BETTY
I'm alright.

IAN

I know. Just, people process things in different ways. It's not easy. I know I don't need to tell you. Anyway...

He shuffles papers on his desk. Clicks a pen. Puts it down again.

IAN (CONT'D)

Given what happened, I was holding off on this, but I feel like it's probably the right time. I'd like to offer you the same opportunity that Sam had.

BETTY

What?

IAN

His promotion to our head office. It still needs to be filled. You were always my next choice, but given the situation, I didn't want to put more pressure on you. Just wanted to wait until things calmed down.

BETTY

Oh. Right.

IAN

You don't have to decide right away, you can...

BETTY

I'll take it.

IAN

It's okay if you want to think it over.

BETTY

No. I'm sure.

IAN

You know you'll have to relocate to Sydney?

BETTY

That's fine. When do you need me to go?

IAN

In a couple of weeks would be fine.

He hands her a manilla folder filled with papers.

IAN (CONT'D)

Take a read through this. Your new contract is in there. When you're ready, sign it and bring it back to me so we can get it all sorted.

Betty takes the folder. She stands.

BETTY

Thank you.

IAN

You're welcome.

INT. WORK - BREAK ROOM

Betty sits at the table. Her empty lunch tray sits in front of her. The manilla folder sits next to it.

She reads the Michael Crichton book. She's nearly finished.

She glances at her watch. Folds down the corner of the page. She's nearly caught up to Sam's bookmark. She shuts the book.

She puts the book on top of the folder. Stands to leave.

She walks to the door. Jasmine comes in and knocks into her. Hard. Betty drops the book. Papers from the folder litter the floor.

JASMINE

Why don't you watch where you're going?

Betty just glares at her. Jasmine's nose is still bruised.

Betty squats to pick up her papers.

Jasmine watches her crawl around, collecting her things.

Something catches her eye. Jasmine reaches down and snatches up the Michael Crichton book.

Something pokes out of it. It's Sam's bookmark.

ON JASMINE'S FACE

As she pulls it from the book. She stares, shocked, at the piece of cardboard with a stripe along the back.

She slowly stands. Betty stands as well. They look at each other.

We finally see what Jasmine's holding:

Sam's PLANE TICKET.

CUT TO BLACK.