

W.O.S.

Written by
John Jencks

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Unit 1, 63-67 Rosoman Street,
London,
EC1R 0HY

INTRO - MONATGE

Intercut:

A young woman puts on lipstick.

With:

B&W Stills: Famous people being caught by the Paparazzi in the street.

With:

B&W Stills: Street photographs; some well know, some not.

INT. BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

A large well-appointed bathroom.

A beautiful young woman, ROSEMARY (19), applies eyeliner. She is wearing a designer white linen dress. She looks light, fresh, happy.

Rosemary's phone pings:

TEXT
CAN'T WAIT 2C YOU LATER 2 LOOONG!

Rosemary smiles as she reads it and another one comes through.

TEXT (CONT'D)
DONT BE LATE!

Rosemary types back:

ROSEMARY
STRAIGHT THERE AFTER SCREENING,
CAN'T WAIT TO HAVE SOME FUN :-)))

Rosemary puts down the phone and finishes off her make up.

She steps back from the mirror to gain an overview of how she looks. She looks very beautiful.

Rosemary smiles at herself and leaves the room.

INT. CORRIDOR AT TOP OF STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

ROSEMARY exits the bathroom and pauses next to the void over the stairs and slightly vertiginously leans over the void. Severe classical piano music rises up from the floor below. Rosemary's mood falls.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Music continues.

Close on calendar, see information: "Friday Evening - screening".

A hand appears and writes in: "Saturday Morning: B.M.T. Photo shoot."

MRS SPEERS (44) puts down her mobile phone and stands erect at the kitchen table surveying a selection of photos torn from magazines. She is drinking a glass of champagne.

As Mrs Speers arrange the photos, we hear the sound of Rosemary descending a staircase.

ROSEMARY

Taxi is going to be here in a minute to pick me up and um... and I'm meeting some friends afterwards, so I'm not sure what time I'll be coming back.

MRS SPEERS

No... you've got a shoot with BMT tomorrow. It's been arranged.

ROSEMARY

But mum, I've already told my friends, that I'd be seeing them. They're expecting me.

MRS SPEERS

Well you'll have to un-arrange it.

ROSEMARY

But you said that once the film was over...

MRS Speers takes Rosemary's hands in hers.

MRS SPEERS

And the photo shoot is the last bit of it. You understand that don't you?

ROSEMARY

(quiet)
Yes.

MRS SPEERS

Yes, so you need to go.
(pause)
Now tonight, what do you need to say to the director?

ROSEMARY

That I really enjoyed working with him.

MRS SPEERS

More specific.

ROSEMARY

(like lines rehearsed)
That it was wonderful working with
a director who actually directed
me, rather than just...

MRS SPEERS

Forget the last bit, end it with
"Who actually directed me". Ok, now
producer?

ROSEMARY

Thank you so much for choosing me
for this project... and then get as
much information out of him about
the next film.

MRS SPEERS

Excellent.

Mrs Speers takes a step back and looks at her daughter. She
then steps forward and touches some of the detailing on the
neck lining of her dress.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)

Now, as much as I love this
dress...
(pause)
I put the red dress out for you.

Rosemary's face falls.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)

Come on, are you excited about
tonight?
(jump cut)
Put on the red dress.
(jump cut)
Are you excited?
(jump cut)
So, screening tonight, tomorrow
photo shoot, then you'll be free.
(jump cut)
You look gorgeous.
(jump cut)
Ok? Now go and get changed.

Rosemary starts to walk off.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)

Give me a kiss.

Mrs. Speers leans up and kisses Rosemary's cheek from behind.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)

And I'm having a lie in and then a
beauty session with Michele, so I
won't see you in the morning.

INT. CORRIDOR AT TOP OF STAIRS - MINUTES LATER

Steady cam: a closed bathroom door. Rosemary exits wearing new clothes (a tight red leather dress, high heels etc), she looks **HOT**, although not 100% happy. Camera leads Rosemary down two flights of stairs to the front door, She braces herself before she opens the door.

EXT. WEST LONDON STREET - EVENING

High burst rate of still photos (as if shot by a paparazzi). Rosemary exits her front door. She looks one way along the street and then another. An orange sun is setting over the roofs of the white stone houses.

Rosemary steps out onto the street. The wind blows in her hair as she clears frame and as we are left with an empty street the TITLE appears:

Walk Of Shame

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Rosemary is asleep in a bed, she seems peaceful, relaxed, happy even.

Bright sunlight streams through a window above the bed.

In the bed next to her is a naked young man, about the same age.

Rosemary slowly starts to wake, she blocks the light with her hand and moves out of its way. Then moves her hand to her temple in pain.

She is not sure where she is, her surroundings are unfamiliar. She looks over to the radio clock by the side of the bed, it says 10:43.

ROSEMARY
(whisper)
FUCK!

Rosemary sits up in bed and settles herself, her head is swimming. She looks over and sees a pint glass of water on a shelf next to some stained wine glasses.

She moves herself over to the edge of the bed and drinks the water. After a few sips she feels a bit better and notices a t-shirt on the floor. She pulls it on over her head.

After this herculean effort, she pauses takes a deep breath. She takes a brief look at the man again, then around the room.

She sees her bra, the red dress, her purse and her shoes. Then further in the room, she sees a door that leads to a bathroom, and some stairs.

She looks over at the man sleeping next to her. She closes her eyes and smiles. She turns to him and lightly brushes his cheek with her hands, he doesn't respond.

She tickles his shoulder with the tops of her finger nails, he doesn't respond.

Rosemary's eyes widen, the man is still.

She shakes him, harder and harder still.

She falls/pushes herself backwards out of bed. In the process of doing so, she accidentally knocks the stained wine glasses off the shelf, they smash of the floor with a great crash. He doesn't respond.

Rosemary runs to the bathroom grabbing her purse on the way.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary searches through her purse and finds her phone, the battery is at 1%. She dials her mother.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs Speers is having her nails done by a beautician in a white faux-medical uniform. Her phone rings, she lets it ring for a moment before picking it up.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ROSEMARY AND MRS. SPEERS

ROSEMARY

Mum, my phone's running out of batteries, but I need your help.

MRS SPEERS

Where are you, what is going on?

ROSEMARY

Last night I went home with a guy... and when I woke up this morning... he wasn't breathing.

Mrs. Speers shushes away the beautician.

MRS SPEERS

Did you do anything?

ROSEMARY

No, I think he's dead!

MRS SPEERS

How do you know, have you checked?

ROSEMARY

He's not moving.

MRS SPEERS

Ok, ok, I'll be there right away.

Rosemary's phone makes that tumbling noise like it is about to run out of batteries.

ROSEMARY

My phone phones going to die.

MRS SPEERS

Where are you?

ROSEMARY

I don't know. I'll send you my location.

MRS SPEERS

Ok, but Rosemary, listen to me, don't touch anything and don't call anyone, not even the police. I don't want you messing things up.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROSEMARY

Ok.

Rosemary hangs up, looks up where she is on the map on her phone and sends a pin by text to her mum, just as the location pin is being sent, the phone runs out of batteries.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Oh no!

Rosemary holds her face in her hands, she looks over to the bed. She looks at the phone again, her breath has formed condensation on the screen. She wipes off the condensation on the T-shirt she is wearing.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary exits the bathroom and walks over to the bed slowly. She takes her phone and places it in front of his nose and mouth for a moment. No condensation forms.

Rosemary goes back to the bathroom, on the way she picks up the red dress and closes the bathroom door.

INT. BEDROOM / STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER.

Steady cam: A closed bathroom door. Rosemary exits wearing the red dress, with the same look of determination she had the previous evening on leaving her mother's house.

Halfway down the stairs Rosemary stops and looks in a room, it is a home office.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL / STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary gets to the front door and tries the handle, the door is double locked.

She looks around there are no keys to be seen. The windows are barred. She opens a side door into a utility room, the windows here too are barred.

She opens a drawer in the table and finds a set of keys. She tries them in the lock, but they don't work.

INT. BEDROOM / STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary walks upstairs.

She drags herself back up the stairs to the bedroom, but when she gets to the top, she falters and sits at the entrance to his room.

She can see his jeans in a pile on the floor. Out of the pocket poke a set of keys.

STILL PHOTOS (FACEBOOK STYLE) FROM A NIGHT OUT IN LONDON:

Rosemary sits in a cinema.

Rosemary leaves a cinema via a fire exit.

Rosemary hails a taxi.

Rosemary meets friends at a club.

Rosemary dances with friends.

Rosemary drinks shots.

Rosemary meets guy.

Rosemary leaves bar with guy.

Over the top of these images we hear:

MRS SPEERS

Listen to me. Wear the right clothes. Say the right things. Be seen in the right places, with the right people. I'll make the plans, it'll be a lot of work, but we can do it. I'll turn you into a success.

INT. BEDROOM / STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary is still sitting outside the man's room. She looks depressed. She looks over to the guy in dead in bed.

ROSEMARY

I liked you.

Rosemary looks down at the phone in her hand, the dead battery symbol shows. She stands up and leaves.

INT. HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary enters the home office, she sees a phone, she walks over to it and pauses. She picks it up and dials "999".

MRS SPEERS (O.S.)
 (calling out)
 Rosemary!
 (pause)
 Rosemary!

Rosemary puts down the phone and runs over to the three large windows on the other side of the room.

Rosemary opens one and looks out. She is on the first floor over looking an alleyway. Her mother is below, mobile phone in hand.

ROSEMARY
 Mum, Mum!

MRS SPEERS
 Come on.

ROSEMARY
 I can't get out, the front door is locked.

Mrs Speers looks nervously around to see if anyone is coming. Rosemary throws her purse out of the window, Mrs Speers catches it. Rosemary starts to climb out of the window.

MRS SPEERS
 What are you doing?

Rosemary climbs down out of the window, Mrs. Speers helps her.

Rosemary gets to the ground safely.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)
 Come on, let's go.

ROSEMARY
 I have to call the police.

MRS SPEERS
 Are you sure he's dead?

ROSEMARY
 Yes.

MRS SPEERS
 Well then it's an awful situation, but there's nothing you can do.

ROSEMARY
 My phone died, I need to call them.

MRS SPEERS
Don't be so ridiculous, I need to
get you out of here.

ROSEMARY
Someone needs to know...

MRS SPEERS
They'll know, but you don't need to
be here.

Rosemary is shocked.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)
I have it all worked out, you we're
here, and were, you know "here".

Mrs. Speers waves up to the room.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)
But you left at two o'clock in the
morning and came home.

Rosemary tries to take the mobile phone out of her mother's
hand.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)
Get off.

ROSEMARY
I need to call them now.

MRS SPEERS
Don't be a stupid little girl. I'll
get you home quietly and then I'll
work it all out.

Pause.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)
If only you'd done what I told you
to.

Rosemary starts to unzip her dress.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Rosemary takes off the dress.

MRS SPEERS (CONT'D)
Rosemary!

Rosemary stands in her underwear.

ROSEMARY
No more screenings, no more photo
shoots and no more dresses.

Rosemary throws the red dress at her mother, she grabs the
phone out of her hand and quickly dials.

MRS SPEERS

You can't...

(jump cut)

What are you doing?

(jump cut)

This is career suicide.

The call goes through. Rosemary presents the phone to her mother.

OPERATOR (O.C.)

Emergency, which service do you require?

ROSEMARY

Do you want to speak to them?

OPERATOR (O.C.)

Can you hear me? Which service do you require?

Mrs. Speers shakes her head.

ROSEMARY

Right.

Rosemary puts the phone to her ear.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Hello, I don't know who I need to speak to, but... someone's died.

FADE OUT.