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2 ED'S BETTER THAN 1 . LTD

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Original Concept

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**EXT. FOREST - NIGHTFALL**

OPENING TITLE. We fly over endless tree tops.

A montage of eerie landscapes leading to...

MILLIE PARKER, 19, stumbles out of a forest, into a wheat field. Her head drops as she struggles to maintain consciousness. Her clothes are torn, withered and dirty. Flashing blue lights illuminate a ghostly face.

A police officer walks towards her, holding a blanket.

**CUT TO**

**EXT. FIELD - NIGHTFALL - CONTINUOUS**

Millie is motionless in the back of the officers car, a figure in the distance rushes towards her.

SARAH PARKER, 42, flings open the door, embracing her daughter. Tears stream down her face as she holds Millie.

**CUT TO**

**INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Millie is sat staring at herself in the mirror. Sarah stands behind, brushing her hair. Her eyes watch Millie.

Putting the hairbrush down, she goes to speak.

Beat.

Instead, she grabs the wet flannel and washes the last bit of muck off her face.

Reaching for Millie's hand, Sarah notices the cuts and bruises along her arm.

**CUT TO**

**INT. GP SURGERY / OFFICE - DAY**

A doctor shines a pen torch directly at the lens.

A close up of Millie's eye darting from side to side.

WIDE SHOT. The GP begins to reassure her that she can go home.

*The dialogue is drowned out by white noise.*

**CUT TO**

**INT. ROOM - LATER**

Millie is sat at a table. Two police officers conduct their investigation.

Millie shakes her head.

The police take notes.

**CUT TO**

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Millie and Sarah are sat holding hands in the back of the car.

Flashing camera lights bounce off the tinted windows. The silhouette of Millie stares out.

**CUT TO**

**INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sarah stands over a pan, constantly glancing over at Millie, who is sat at the table.

Sarah places a plate in front of Millie.

**SARAH**

Your favourite

Millie looks down at the food. Sarah sits.

**MILLIE**

Thanks

Sarah watches intently as Millie pushes the food around with her fork.

Beat.

Sarah rolls her necklace between her fingers as the silence carries on.

**SARAH**

Have you noticed the curtains?

The curtains are an ugly purple. Millie looks over to her mother.

**SARAH**

Do you like them? I got them in your favourite colour. Bought them

**SARAH**

at a sale. Was nearly trampled by  
this crazy woman for them

Millie stares at her food. Sarah abruptly stops speaking,  
reaching for her necklace.

**SARAH**

I got a new film for us to watch  
tonight -

**MILLIE**

It's good to be home mum  
(interrupts)

Millie lets out a small smile. Sarah smiles back, letting go  
of the necklace.

WIDE SHOT. Both sit in content silence eating.

**CUT TO**

**INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - DUSK**

A montage of shots in Millie's room depicting her childhood.

Millie stares out into the distance. She cradles a tattered  
copy of '*Jane Eyre*'.

The laptop on her desk 'dings'.

She slowly looks over and opens it up. The screen lights up  
her face. Her eyes scan. She leans in intently. The  
notifications continue to 'ding'.

SCREEN: Friend requests 1683 - notifications 761

Clicking on her profile, Millie reads the endless stream of  
supporting messages.

Millie quickly closes the laptop lid.

Beat.

Millie re-opens the laptop, leaning in and begins to smile.

MID-SHOT. The camera tracks out from behind her. She begins  
to type.

**CUT TO**

**INT. SUPERMARKET - MORNING**

Sarah walks down the aisle, grabbing a bottle of wine and placing it in the trolley.

Passing shoppers begin to whisper and gossip.

**SHOPPER O/S**

Isn't that Millie Parker's mum?

Sarah begins to look uncomfortable as the gossip continues.

**CUT TO**

**EXT. PARKER HOUSE - LATER**

Sarah parks up.

**CUT TO**

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Sarah places the shopping on the counter.

**SARAH**

Millie

Silence.

Sarah walks into the lounge.

**SARAH**

Millie?

\*Quick cuts of Sarah searching each room, calling out her name. She becomes increasingly upset\*

Sarah finally notices Millie sat outside.

**CUT TO**

**EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS**

Sarah rushes towards Millie. She stops momentarily to regain composure.

**SARAH**

Millie, what are you doing out here? You had me scared.

Sarah stands in front of Millie, wrapping her cardigan tighter.

**MILLIE**

It helps me think.

Sarah sits next to her.

**SARAH**

Talk to me about it?

Beat.

**MILLIE**

What is there to talk about? I  
don't remember anything. What about  
you?

Sarah chuckles to herself.

**SARAH**

What about me?

**MILLIE**

You've started drinking again.

Sarah's face drops. She turns away.

**SARAH**

Who said that?

**MILLIE**

Everyone.

**SARAH**

Its... Its not like that.

Sarah shivers, hugging herself.

**MILLIE**

Mum, you're freezing. Go back  
inside.

Sarah goes to speak but then stands up.

**SARAH**

I've got you that new phone you  
wanted.

Sarah walks back into the house.

**CUT TO**

**INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - LATER**

Millie sits down at her desk, putting her brand new phone on charge.

She opens her laptop to the flood of messages.

A knock at the door. Sarah peeks her head round.

**SARAH**

Hey Millie. You busy? Got that film we never watched?

Sarah holds up the DVD.

**MILLIE**

I've seen it on Netflix already

**SARAH**

Oh. Sorry. A different film then?

Millie turns to face her.

**MILLIE**

Maybe later.

**SARAH**

Sure.

Sarah stands for a moment before leaving the room. Millie turns back to typing. The pace quickens.

*"the pain was like nothing else"*

CLOSE UP. Typing.

*"I just thought of home"*

CLOSE UP. Typing.

*"I can't thank you all enough for the support."*

The cursor blinks.

*"M.Parker"*

Millie clicks 'post'.

**CUT TO**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah sits alone watching a film in the dark. The TV is the only source of light. She swirls a glass of wine in her hand, staring blankly at the screen.

Her phone buzzes on the side. She picks it up. The text reads:

*Jenny: "Just read Millie's blog. She's so brave! So emotional right now. Xx"*

We see her quickly get up - grab the iPad - sit back down - placing her wine to one side.

She attempts to get in, getting frustrated after miss typing the password.

She googles 'Millie Parker' to find numerous news articles on the story. She retypes 'Millie Parker blog'. It appears at the top of the page.

She hesitates before pressing. We watch the loading bar edge it's way to completion.

Sarah's eyes dart across the screen as her face drops. She raises a shaking hand just by her mouth, turning the iPad away for a moment.

Beat.

She looks again. We see the screen.

*'Millie Parker: My survival story'*

**CUT TO**

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Sarah leans against the kitchen counter, head in one hand, a crumpled tissue in the other. She stares at the iPad in front her. We see it is off. A conflicted face stares back.

The sound of Millie coming down the stairs kicks her into gear as she throws away the tissue and pushes her hair back.

Millie walks into the kitchen.

Millie walks past. Sarah hesitates.

**SARAH**

Police called this morning  
(rushed)



Millie stops, turns around.

**MILLIE**

What for?

She steps closer. Sarah looks down, taking a moment to think.

**SARAH**

Why didn't you tell me?

**MILLIE**

Tell you what?

Millie is now at the opposite side of the counter.

**SARAH**

Your 'survival story'.

Millie leans on the counter, looking down. Sarah looks at Millie.

**SARAH**

I'm your mum. Its always been just me and you. You can talk to me, about anything.

**MILLIE**

What do the police want?

**SARAH**

I didn't even know half the stuff...

Sarah holds back tears.

**MILLIE**

I thought you wouldn't understand.

**SARAH**

Then help me.

Beat.

\*Knock at the door\*

**CUT TO**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

The officer places down an audio recorder.

**OFFICER \*1**

This is DCI Richardson on the 26/04/18. Interviewing Millie Parker, at her home. Sarah Parker is also present.

Firstly Millie, I wished you'd called us before putting this sensitive material on the internet-

Millie's phone vibrates against a glass coffee table. The officer looks over at the phone. Millie quickly declines the call.

**MILLIE**

Sorry.

**OFFICER \*1**

More importantly, what you wrote in that blog was a lot more than you gave us. Any information can really aid our investigation.

Millie nods.

I have some more questions I'd like to ask if you feel ready.

The officer gets out his notepad.

**OFFICER \*1**

Can you describe what this man looked like?

Millie takes a moment.

**MILLIE**

Like I wrote in my blog, it was dark.

**OFFICER \*1**

So you didn't see him at all?

**MILLIE**

Not his face.

**OFFICER \*1**

I don't follow.

**MILLIE**

He made me face away.

The room goes silent. The phone's harsh buzz rings again. Sarah stares in shock at her daughter.

Millie declines the call once more, turning to face the officer.

**OFFICER \*1**

I'm afraid I need you to confirm-

**MILLIE**

I was embarrassed. I didn't know how to...

Millie pulls out a positive pregnancy test and lays it down on the table.

**CUT TO**

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

Sarah sits on the edge of her bed, hands tangled in her hair. She struggles to keep her breath. The bedside radio plays an upbeat song. We see a photo album and the pregnancy test on the bed next to her.

The radio channel switches to a news report detailing Millie's appearance at her press conference tomorrow. Sarah lets out an exhausted cry. Tearing off her necklace in anger, she grabs the radio and smashes it against the floor.

**CUT TO**

**INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - MORNING**

Millie stands in front of her mirror, holding up a red dress...now a purple dress.

**CUT TO**

**INT. TOILET - CONTINUOUS**

Sarah kneels in front of the toilet, retching. We hear Millie call out from the hallway.

**MILLIE O/S**

Mum we're gonna be late!

Sarah leans back taking a breath. She flushes. As she begins to get up she notices something at the bottom of the bin.

She empties the bin onto the floor. Three pregnancy tests fall out. They're all negative.

Sarah clutches the tests in her hand, her eyes search for answers.

**CUT TO**

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Both drive in a LONG silence.

Sarah looks over to find Millie flicking through instagram.

**SARAH**

Are you scared?

**MILLIE**

I would have been before all this.  
But now, it just seems silly.

**SARAH**

I mean the baby. It takes  
everything you have to raise a  
child.

Beat.

**MILLIE**

I'm not keeping it.

**CUT TO**

**INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Millie paces from side to side.

**MILLIE**

How did that sound?

She stops pacing and faces her mum. Sarah is looking at the floor. She looks up.

**SARAH**

Great.

**MILLIE**

I know this is difficult. But I  
need to do this.

**SARAH**

Millie... the baby-

**MILLIE**

Not right now. It's not important

**SARAH**

Why? I don't get all that.  
(strained)

Sarah gestures towards the conference room.

**SARAH**

This is important.

Sarah points to the floor between them.

**MILLIE**

People want to hear my story. They  
listen, they care.

Beat.

**SARAH**

They don't.

Millie begin pacing again, this time faster.

**SARAH**

Twenty-nine days you were gone. And  
twenty-nine days I searched and  
prayed you would come back.

**MILLIE**

Why are you doing this?

**SARAH**

Doing what?

**MILLIE**

Pretending like somethings changed.  
We were broken before all this. You  
had your chance and the baby won't  
change that.

Beat.

A press coordinator walks over.

**PRESS COORDINATOR**

Cameras are live in thirty. If you  
could follow me to the door

She gestures. Millie begins to follow.

**SARAH**

Millie. Is this really what you want?

Millie turns around.

**PRESS COORDINATOR**

They're ready for you now?

Millie gives one last look at her mother before walking through the door, leaving her behind.

**CUT TO**

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Millie walks out onto the conference platform. Her footsteps and the '*clicks*' of cameras echo in the room. All eyes watch her intently. She sits in the chair behind the microphone.

CLOSE UP. Millie takes a deep breath.

A hand raises from the crowd.

**JOURNALIST**

Many people have read your blogs. They've inspired and captured the country, me included. But what I'd like to know is, who is Millie Parker?

Millie takes a moment before leaning in close to the microphone.

**CUT TO**

**INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Sarah watches her daughter from a distance. A press coordinator gives her a smile and closes the door.

**CUT TO**

**CREDITS.**

**END.**