

# Script Sample – Perspective

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**JAMIE:** What's going on?

**NICOLE:** I'm not sure. But I need to talk it through with someone.

**JAMIE:** Ok? Can it wait?

**NICOLE:** I don't think so. It's about Mike. His... the way he died.

**JAMIE:** Yeah? What about it?

**NICOLE:** It just... something doesn't sit right. For him to have... Right in the middle of an investigation.

**JAMIE:** So? What, you think someone killed him?

**NICOLE:** Of course. There's no other way he could've-

**JAMIE:** Look, Nic, can this wait, we're... we're in the middle of a funeral, yeah? Save it for the office.

**NICOLE:** Just listen to me alright, he was strangled-

**JAMIE:** In an accident, Nic, in an accident. His seatbelt got caught...

**NICOLE:** Jamie have you ever heard of someone being strangled by a seatbelt?

**JAMIE:** Maybe! You never know-

**NICOLE:** Besides, seatbelts don't cause rope burn.

**JAMIE:** Who says it was rope?

**NICOLE:** The coroner. You've read the report.

**JAMIE:** Come on Nic...

**NICOLE:** We were this close, this close to finding that gang, we were finally getting somewhere with this investigation, when all of sudden Michael turns up dead at the side of the road. Does that sound like a coincidence to you?

*Beat.*

**JAMIE:** You think one of them did it?

**NICOLE:** Stake my badge on it.

*JAMIE does his best not to look relieved.*

**JAMIE:** Right. So... Why're you bringing this up now?

**NICOLE:** Because, if they were responsible, there might be-

**JAMIE:** Evidence? Nic, he died in his car, why would there be anything here?

**NICOLE:** I don't know, maybe... maybe they took him there after-

**JAMIE:** No, Nic, listen, listen to yourself. You're grieving. For Mike. You're not thinking straight.

**NICOLE:** Jamie-

**JAMIE:** No, listen, I know it's hard, ok? We all wanna blame someone, something, but the fact is it was an accident. There's no-one to blame/

**NICOLE:** Rope burns Jamie, someone/

**JAMIE:** And I know it's, yeah, from the seatbelt, he got caught by the seatbelt-

**NICOLE:** /strangled him with something, a rope or, come on you know that's not-

**JAMIE:** Wait, hang on, shh!

*Pause. The two of them start to hear a commotion in the dining room.*

**LAURA:** No, no, how dare/ you, how dare you come into my house and tell me, tell me, I don't fucking count-

**SANDRA:** /Look, I'm sorry alright, I didn't mean too, look just calm down, there's no need to, we're all grieving, we're in-

*JAMIE, hearing the commotion, reenters. NICOLE heads to the kitchen.*

**JAMIE:** What's going on-?

**LAURA:** I'm leaving, I have to leave. I need some air!

**MARK:** Nice work Sandra.

**SANDRA:** I'm sorry, I didn't think she'd take it so personally!

**JAMIE:** What's going on?

**MARK:** You don't think that was a bit far, maybe?

**SANDRA:** Look, I'm sorry, but if she's going to get upset over a harmless comment-

**MARK:** Don't know about harmless...

**JAMIE** heads up to the bedroom. As he passes the cabinet in the hallway, he casually drops a set of car keys down on top of some papers. He continues upstairs, pausing outside the door for a second. He knocks lightly.

**JAMIE:** Laura? You ok?

*Beat.*

Can I come in?

*Pause. JAMIE opens the door slowly, before stepping in and closing it behind him.*

Hey.

**LAURA:** What're you doing here?

**JAMIE:** I just...

**LAURA:** You shouldn't be here.

**JAMIE:** I know, but it's alright...

**LAURA:** No, you need to leave. Now.

*Pause.*

**JAMIE:** Alright. Sorry.

*JAMIE goes to leave.*

**LAURA:** Jamie- Listen, I know you're... I know it's shitty. This... situation I've put you in.

**JAMIE:** It's alright, it's not... you haven't.

**LAURA:** I have. I have. It's just... Christ. We were going to... you know, and now...

*LAURA looks up, trying to stop herself crying.*

God, I'm so sick of crying.

**JAMIE:** Hey, hey...

*JAMIE goes to put his arm around LAURA, but she leans away...*

**LAURA:** What are you doing?

**JAMIE:** I-

**LAURA:** What the fuck are you doing? Don't touch me! We can't... What if someone sees us?

**JAMIE:** I just wanted to... The doors closed.

**LAURA:** And if someone opens it? You shouldn't even be in here. What'll people think?

**JAMIE:** I know, but I just wanted to make sure you were-

**LAURA:** I'm fine. And you need to go.

*Pause*

Look, It was all bad enough already. But now? What would people think?

**JAMIE:** What do you mean?

**LAURA:** We can't... I mean we have to wait! Maybe months.

*Pause.*

**JAMIE:** What?

**LAURA:** I can't... he's just died, Jamie.

**JAMIE:** I know. I know that. But... months?

**LAURA:** They'll think we... you... They'll think we did it.

**JAMIE:** What? No, no they won't, that's crazy.

**LAURA:** They will. They will Jamie, they already... they'll... they'll think-

**JAMIE:** No they won't, it was an accident, Laura, an accident-

**LAURA:** They will, he was strangled-

**JAMIE:** He wasn't, it was... Jesus, Laura, we can... I mean we don't have to wait that long?

**LAURA:** I'm sorry Jamie.

*Pause. JAMIE doesn't know what to say.*

I'm sorry.

**JAMIE:** It's me, isn't it?

**LAURA:** What? No...

**JAMIE:** You don't want me, do you?

**LAURA:** Jamie, listen...

**JAMIE:** You never did.

**LAURA:** Of course I do! But my fiance just died you asshole, my fiance!

**JAMIE:** The fiance you were cheating on?

**LAURA:** Fuck you.

*Pause.*

**JAMIE:** Laura, I...

**LAURA:** We have to wait.

*Pause.*

**JAMIE:** We've been waiting. Months.

**LAURA:** I know.

**JAMIE:** Months, Laura. I'm tired.

**LAURA:** What?

**JAMIE:** I'm tired of pretending. I would do anything for you. I'd...

*Beat.*

I love you.

**LAURA:** Shh! Be quiet!

*Beat.*

I love you too.

*Pause.*

**JAMIE:** Do you?

**LAURA:** Oh, fuck off Jamie!

**JAMIE:** Just think about how I feel...

**LAURA:** Think about how I feel you fucking asshole! I don't care? Micheal's just died and you're telling me I don't care? Think about me.

**JAMIE:** I only think about you-

**LAURA:** God you're full of shit.

**JAMIE:** Laura-

**LAURA:** Get out. Fuck off. Leave me alone.

**JAMIE:** I'm sorry.

**LAURA:** Get out.

*Pause.*

**JAMIE:** Fine. I'm going.

***JAMIE** heads for the door, but pauses with his hand on the doorknob.*

If you loved him so much, why were you in my bed when he died?

**LAURA:** Fuck off!

**JAMIE:** I'm going.