

# **JAX**

An Original Screenplay  
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1. EXT. LAFAYETTE / LOUISIANA / USA. NIGHT.

1.

**BLACK. Head-up:** Christmas.

In a quaint, old American style bathroom, a woman (MOTHER) grabs hold of a huge towel and scoops a young teenage girl out of a bathtub, simultaneously wrapping it around her. She cuddles her tightly.

The bathroom is steamy, blood splattered over the white tiles behind them.

On the floor the twisted corpse a man, his skull cracked open, bleeding.

MOTHER

Come here Jax, baby.

Jax's bare feet are skidding and sliding around on the wet floor tiles.

We focus on her dainty feet; toes curling, shiny with water.

She is crying, shaking with fear. Her mother's arms are still gripping her.

MOTHER (Cont'd)

You're okay, I'm here now. It's okay.

Jax clutches hold of her mother like there is no tomorrow. Her face, eyes wide.

MOTHER (Cont'd/OS)

He won't touch you no more baby. But I had to see for myself Jax. Just what he was.

2. THEN: THE CLICKS OF A CAMERA SHUTTER.

2.

CLICK: That image dissolves into a crime scene, a cordoned off Police Line, around the quaint old Louisiana house.

CLICK: A newspaper headline: "**Mother convicted. Second-degree murder**".

CLICK: A teenage girl receiving a High School Prize, a silver plated statuette of a swimmer. The arc of a diver. Significant.

CLICK: THE NEW YORK TIMES, Theatre Review. Off Broadway. A photograph of JACQUELINE DONOVITCH - JAX. Caption: "Charlotte actress excels in three different roles in Broadway show. An Italian spoof."  
*'La Reincarnazione del Dotter Grimaldi.'*

*'Astonishing!' 'Convincing!' 'Donovitch is tremendous.'*

CLICK: From still to motion; we move along a high-diving board and see:

**3. INT. LONDON AQUATICS CENTRE / SWIMMING POOL / DAY**

3.

**HEAD-UP:** London, current time.

Naked adult feet and ankles pad along the diving board; shiny red toenails. They come to the edge of board; it bends slightly with the weight.

We see Jax, her face. Now in her forties; slim build, athletic figure. She's dark-haired; attractive and nervous.

WE HEAR her heart pound; her breaths rise and fall. The creak of the springs as she stretches in preparation to dive. This is gutsy.

We can feel her tension and anticipation. Almost taste her fear.

We stare down to the pool below. It looks like a paperback, shimmering blue and dangerously far below her.

SHE SPRINGS off the board, a perfect dive, through the air and ... then ...

**4. INT. UNDERWATER / SWIMMING POOL / LONDON DAY**

4.

She perforates the surface of the water. Jax swims confidently up to the surface, a strong front crawl. She gasps for air.

Then she powers through the water, her face in a snarl of ANGUISH. We FEEL she is fighting the demons that haunt her.

Jax, her face says it all. It always does; her expression, her eyes.

Jagged images of the night in Lafayette, the old iron bath tub, her mother's arms. Blood. Fear.

She fights the images, we can feel it. THEN: she thrashes over to the edge and she's out of the water in one fluid movement.

She's panting, hands on her knees. Finally, she looks up, her eyes shine.

And we know exactly what she is thinking.

**5. INT. FLOWER RESIDENCE / KITCHEN / DAY**

5.

Jax looks around a very modern, well- equipped kitchen. She's the same age as in the pool dive. Her phone rings and her husband is straight in.

ANDREW (OS)

I can't make dinner tonight, Jax. Sorry.

Her face, close. It radiates disappointment.

**6. INT. ANDREW FLOWER'S OFFICE, NORWICH / DAY**

6.

ANDREW FLOWER, her husband is in his late forties; slicked back, dark hair. Blunt-edged moustache; etched features and chunky black glasses. He's at his desk in his office; wearing white factory overalls.

His accent is clipped, upper class English; distinctive - well-bred - and well educated. And he isn't sorry.

In front of him on the desk: an attaché case, full of cash: Euros, Dollars, Sterling. A passport and various travel tickets.

JAX (OS)

Oh ... (a beat) ... how so?

ANDREW

I've things to attend to here.

JAX (OS)

Shame.

ANDREW

Yes, I know. (a beat) But I've got to test run some machines for compliance.

**7. INT. FLOWER RESIDENCE/ NORFOLK / KITCHEN / DAY.**

7.

She looks across at her friend, LUCIA PALUZZI. Vaguely Loren, fifty, a fiery brunette from Sicily. Lucia tries not to listen or react.

Jax tries persuasion.

JAX

Cannelloni? Oh, and I found a very old bottle of Chateau Latour from that guy in Norwich. Tell me you're not tempted?

He tries to sound sincere.

ANDREW (OS)

Tempted, yes of course I am darling, but committed too. I'll be just as quick as I can. You understand ... don't you? I, I have a deadline.

JAX

Sure ... I'm just, uh. Call me when your done ... okay? I'll come and get you.

Jax hangs up, wipes her eye, walks back to Lucia.

JAX (Cont'd)  
You got that I'm sure?

LUCIA  
Oh ... that's too bad. He must work. On your  
wedding anniversary. I'd be mad as hell.

Jax sits back down on the stool, slugs some wine.

Lucia looks at her; grabs her car keys, looks at the door.

LUCIA (Cont'd)  
I must go. Andrew is so damn selfish, Jax.  
(a beat). But I know what I'd do.

**8. EXT. NORWICH CITY CENTRE / NIGHT.**

**8.**

Friday night street sounds, car horns, lights, traffic, people.

An Audi Estate cruising through town. Jax is at the wheel.

On the passenger seat is an insulated food box and beside that - the precious  
bottle of Chateau Latour.

At the traffic lights, suddenly a group of drunk youths slap the roof and  
bonnet, making obscene remarks.

She hits the central locking and floors it, ignoring the red light.

**9. EXT. THE FLOWER GROUP LIMITED / MEAT PROCESSING PLANT/ CAR PARK / NIGHT.**

**9**

The Audi stops. Jax, struggles with her picnic and hurries to the main  
entrance. The door is open ...

**CONTINUOUS:**

**10. INT. AUTOMATED PRODUCTION AREA / NIGHT**

**10.**

We see a wall-mounted, state-of-the-art, digital, control box.

CURRENT ALARM STATUS: DISARMED          CURRENT CCTV STATUS: OFF

The noise is tremendous, pulsating, heavy duty factory machinery for producing  
pet foods. It's freezing in here.

She hurries through the production area, huge slabs of meat swing around on  
hooks connected to a steel conveyor belt.

She runs bouncing into the cold meat, colliding into carcass after carcass. We can see she is repulsed by the smell of blood.

She sees a narrow steel staircase to a gantry above a moving conveyor belt.

She waits, catches her breath. Climbs the stairs.

**CONTINUOUS**

**11. INT. GANTRY / NIGHT**

**11.**

She makes her way towards her husband's office, not glancing over the rail.

**CONTINUOUS**

**12. INT. ANDREW FLOWER'S OFFICE / NIGHT**

**12.**

The office is unoccupied, but Andrew's desk is littered with papers, travel documents and his passport. And the casino chip.

The closed attaché case perches on the edge of the desk. THE LOCK CLASPS OPEN.

Jax pushes the food box and wine onto the desk, making a space.

She sees: the desk and the case. His computer is on: LUFTHANSA home page.

She's curious: airline tickets, hotel vouchers.

She picks them up, flicks through. Stena Line ferry tickets to Holland ... and a lot more.

She sniggers, imitates Andrew's voice; the sound is uncanny.

JAX

Anniversary card. Chocolates. Jewellery.

What's all this?

The office door opens, and Andrew comes in cautiously. He looks surprised and uncomfortable but trying hard not to show it.

Jax is startled.

JAX (Cont'd)

Shit! Andrew! (a beat) You startled me.

She is still holding the bundle of travel documents; confused. He sees them, and we see alarm flash across his face.

ANDREW

*Are you alright?* I - I thought I heard ... uh

JAX

Just a bunch of thugs at the lights ...  
scared the shit out of me (a beat) ... plus  
the smell out there makes me wanna puke.

ANDREW

You get used to it Jax. You have to.

JAX

I guess. Anyway, I've brought you a present.

HIS EYES FLICK BRIEFLY TO THE FOOD BOX.

ANDREW

A present?

A beat. Then with the other hand, she opens the food box and exposes a plate wrapped in tin foil. She touches it.

JAX

Lucia's idea. And it's hot ...whoa!

He tries to force a smile, but it just won't work. He's too distracted.

ANDREW

That's great ...

She closes the food box and picks up the dusty old bottle.

JAX

Well, got a corkscrew?

He moves into the room, his eyes quickly darting from her face down to her hand.

ANDREW

Somewhere, yes.

She's looking at the tickets now; half interested.

JAX

Yeah ... 1982... very expensive;  
but hey, ten years is ten years.

ANDREW

You shouldn't have gone to so much trouble.

She's more interested now.

JAX  
It's ok ... and maybe some glasses?  
Decent ones too.

ANDREW  
Yes (a beat) what are you doing with those?

JAX  
Do you know, I've never been to Miami . . .  
or Amsterdam for that matter ... (a beat) ...  
but I thought Amsterdam was business?

She opens one of the airline tickets and immediately sees:

FRANKFURT TO MIAMI, FIRST CLASS. Name of Passenger: Elisabeth DeLuc.

Jax looks up at him innocently puzzled.

JAX (Cont'd)  
Who the hell is Elisabeth DeLuc?

ANDREW (voice raised)  
Please give them to me ... Jax.

JAX  
*What?*

Jax doesn't quite know how to take him, puzzlement melts to FEAR.

ANDREW  
I said give-them-to-me.

He's serious now, moves in closer.

JAX  
Andrew. Who is Elisabeth DeLuc?

ANDREW  
Give them to me.

He holds his hand out now, jabbing his open palm at her, moving closer

ANDREW (Cont'd)  
Now!

JAX  
Andrew, stop this. You're frightening me.  
Jax glances down to consult the ticket.

In that split-second, he flips and makes a sudden grab for them.

ANDREW



You want me to spell it out?

JAX

Yes.

ANDREW

Why do you think? I've met somebody.

JAX

Since when?

ANDREW

A year. Now give me those tickets.

She's incredulous.

JAX

*You've been seeing someone a year?*

She starts to move back, both incredulous and annoyed.

JAX(Cont'd)

So, when were you planning to tell me?

ANDREW

Tonight. Now give them to me. Or I'll take them from you.

JAX

*Tonight?*

She evades, dances quickly around the edge of the desk, feeling her way blindly behind her with her empty hand.

He is onto her now, she is not going to get away. FEAR is in her eyes.

The closed attaché case is still perched on the edge of the desk.

As she sidles around, she knocks into it. It falls.

A beat

Stack loads of cash spill out from it: Euros, Dollars, Pounds. She stares down at the money with confusion and growing terror.

As she looks back at him - *SNAP!* - his hand catches her sharply on the chin. Dazed, she drops everything.

She's shocked and touches her bloody mouth.

ANDREW

Damn fucking Lucia.

His eyes catch the wine bottle; and hers. A possible weapon.

Jax tears out of the office, running along the corridor for all she's worth.

BEHIND HER NOW, he is running towards the gantry.

**CONTINUOUS**

**13. INT. GANTRY / NIGHT**

**13.**

They are on the gantry now ABOVE the killing area. Where the stunned animals are hoisted onto a line called 'the blood track.' There are rows of hooks.

BELOW we see a sign CONTAMINATED WASTE and a moving conveyor belt.

The machinery is noisy. Andrew shouts:

ANDREW  
Let's try and talk.

She looks over the low railing, wiping her bloody lip.

JAX  
Really?

She looks over her shoulder, he is ten feet behind her now and on to her.

She grips the rail, TERRIFIED. Sure, he will kill her; she tries to stall:

He slows to a walking pace directly at her.

JAX (Cont'd)  
How can you do that, you bastard.

ANDREW (dismissive.)  
Ha. People change.

JAX  
Yeah, I guess they do. And to think I bought you a fucking car.

ANDREW  
Oh yes? With what, exactly?

JAX  
Money, what do you think?

ANDREW  
But whose money?