

Amrozia

By

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Based on an idea by Pianki Assengai.

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FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE, CLASSROOM - DAY

AMROZIA, 17, Indian, wears a stylish short dress with knee high socks, sits at her desk and stares out the window.

MONTAGE

She stares transfixed upon the sun as it makes its way across the sky.

END MONTAGE

She looks down at her phone which snaps her out of her zombie state. It says three unread texts.

Her TEACHER's concentration breaks, turns to Amrozia and drops the open book to his side.

TEACHER

Will you turn that phone off!

All the STUDENTS gawk at her.

She opens her mouth ajar and before she can utter a word the BELL signals the end of the lesson.

TEACHER

Learned anything today Miss Begum?

Amrozia coyly smiles, irritated yet dismissive, as she grabs her folder, books, stationary, and shoves them all in one bunch into her bag.

She swings her bag over her shoulder, begins to leave, and returns back to her phone to see who's contacted her.

INT. COLLEGE, HALL

She leaves and turns left on autopilot to her locker.

KRIS, 18, white, dressed in casual jeans and shirt, creeps from behind and taps her on the shoulder.

She turns around startled, eyes widen, as Kris leans in to plant a kiss.

She pushes him off, adjusts her bag strap, then crosses her arms.

KRIS
Get my text?

AMROZIA
What are you doing here?

KRIS
To see you, why have you got other plans?

AMROZIA
I told you I was busy today with my dissertation. Remember?

Amrozia turns back to head to her locker as Kris follows.

KRIS
Yeah, but a girl got to have fun sometime.

AMROZIA
I haven't reached your text. What was it?

KRIS
I want to take you out tonight, go to a club or bar, something.

AMROZIA
Not today.

She brings out her phone and opens the second unread text from her brother JAMAL which reads:

TEXT: REMEMBER YOUR FAMILY'S HONOUR.

KRIS
Come on Amy, I haven't seen you in over a week.

Amrozia stops at her locker, puts her phone away, then opens her locker.

The halls have dispersed of any activity, only leaving sounds that reverberate through the halls as they fade.

She slowly shoves her bag into the locker and retrieves a notepad.

KRIS
What's wrong?

Amrozia closes the door and then turns towards Kris with her head hanging low.

AMROZIA

I'm sorry, I just don't think it's
working out between us.

Kris shakes his head a little in shock, then gestures with
an outstretched hand, as if conducting an orchestra one
handed.

KRIS

What? Whats brought this on?

AMROZIA

Please, let me finish. Our
relationship hasn't been good
lately and I feel it's time to move
on.

KRIS

This isn't you, this is your dad
talkin'.

AMROZIA

Stop. I'm sorry, it's over.

Amrozia walks past Kris.

AMROZIA

Goodbye Kris.

Her footsteps echo, which slowly fade away with each step
she takes.

After a moment Kris gathers his composure to catch up with
Amrozia.

EXT. COLLEGE, ENTRANCE

He stops suddenly as he sees Amrozia step into her FATHER's
car. Her brother Jamal sits in the front passenger seat
surveying the area.

INT. CAR

Amrozia sits behind her Father who uses the rear-view mirror
to keep one eye on her.

FATHER

Well?

Amrozia stares out the window towards the college.

AMROZIA
(Quietly)

Yes.

Her Father's eyebrows furrow.

FATHER
Speak up.

AMROZIA
It's done.

FATHER
Good.

He looks over to Jamal and nods with an understanding of a conversation that has gone before.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Amrozia's phone goes off. She quickly reaches into her bag to divert the call.

Jamal turns around and looks at her bag.

JAMAL
Who's that?

She puts an arm around her bag.

AMROZIA
It was no one.

FATHER
Amrozia, who just called you?

Jamal leans over and rips her bag out of her hands, pulls out her phone, looks at the caller before passing the phone to his Father.

FATHER
You defy me? Tell me lies? I thought you broke up with him?

AMROZIA
I have, please father you must believe me.

FATHER
Why's he calling then? Obviously you never made yourself very clear.

FATHER
 (Passes Jamal the phone.)
 Here, end it.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The Father speaks to Jamal, both standing center of the room. Amrozia sits on the couch with her wrists and ankles bound and gagged.

FATHER
 Did you text him?

JAMAL
 Yes, he'll be here in twenty minutes.

FATHER
 Good. You got the equipment ready?

JAMAL
 Out back in the shed.

FATHER
 Go and get it and set it down in the corner.

JAMAL
 Okay.

INT. CAR

Kris's phone vibrates viciously on the dashboard. He reaches over to read the received text while his car remains stationary at the traffic lights.

It reads:

AMROZIA (V.O.)
 Kris, I want to see you and have something to say. When will you get here?

Kris ponders too longer which agitates the parked cars behind him as they press their HORNS.

He starts to drive while he responds back:

TEXT: TWENTY MINUTES

ENT. HOUSE - LATER

Kris parks his car directly in front of Amrozia's home. He looks out his window and sees the only light emitting from the living room.

His eyes scan over to Amrozia's room which it appears to be empty. A curious Kris furrows his brow.

Leaves the car with his phone in hand.

He KNOCKS on the windowless door. Two wires hang next to the door, all that's left of the once functional doorbell.

INT./EXT. HOUSE, HALL

Jamal and his Father answer the door.

MARK
Where's Amrozia?

Jamal and his Father grab Kris and pull him in. Kris drops his phone which smashes on the ground.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

RASMIYA, Amrozia's mother wears a traditional dress, sits on a fold-out chair opposite her daughter's grave.

Flowers have been placed at the headstone in a vase which shimmers off the sun.

Rasmiya reads the frontpage of her local paper which covered her daughter's murder.

The headline states:

TEXT: Father & Son To Serve Thirty Years In Belmarsh.

She skims through the article which starts:

The manhunt for the father and son duo who murdered two innocent people, killing Amrozia and her boyfriend, has taken twenty days to bring these men to justice.

The pair forced Amrozia to swallow bleach while bound at the wrists and ankles, then burying her a hundred miles from her Walthamstow home in a suburb of Birmingham.

Her boyfriend, Kris, was found ten miles away in an empty carpark with a fake suicide note proclaiming his innocence...

...The pair were caught trying to leave the country through Dover...

The father Nazim, and son Jamal, pleaded innocent at the trial which they have maintained from the beginning. Nazim continually quoted various references from the Koran to support his actions...

RASMIYA

It has taken twenty painfully long days to catch your father and brother. I'm so so sorry I wasn't there. I, I...

...It took the jury no longer than a day to find the pair guilty, leaving Judge Kellaman to sentence both men to serve the maximum life term in prison.

RASMIYA

It didn't take long to find them guilty. They still maintained their innocence but I...we know their guilt.

A single tear rolls down her cheek and tentatively falls onto the newspaper, onto a smiling picture of Amrozia.

A red robin lands on the grave that catches Rasmiya's attention. It looks at her for a brief moment before flying away behind her.

Revealing Amrozia standing next to her.

FADE OUT.