



OBSERVATION

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INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. NORTH CAROLINA. DAY

A middle-aged woman is sitting in the centre of a row of chairs. She is alone, dressed in a conservative though inexpensive black dress, and is wearing a pair of rosary beads. Her hands are clasped in prayer, her head bowed.

WOMAN (V.O)

Love and hate are such powerful complex emotions,
but I don't know if I have the strength to look at
you...

CUT TO INT. CHURCH. DAY

A MAN enters through door of a church, where a wedding is currently occurring. Only the back of his head and torso are visible. Camera zooms onto a dropped invitation, cordially welcoming guests to AMY HERT and PETER GLIN's Valentine Wedding.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY

WOMAN (V.O CONT.)

...and feel anything but cool disregard. When I
first held you in my arms, I swore I would protect
you from everything ... I wish I had known how to
protect you from yourself.

CUT TO INT. CHURCH. DAY

Pan out to reveal MAN is staring at what appears to be a photo in his left hand - though we cannot see the image - which he crumples and throws to the floor. In his right hand he holds a machine gun (AK47 or similar).

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY

WOMAN (V.O CONT.)

How is it the sweet, innocent, naïve little boy I
raised - the one that couldn't hurt a fly - became
you. They say a mother's love never dies, but what
you did...

INT. CHURCH. DAY.

The church door thuds closed. GUESTS, GROOM and BRIDE turn at the noise to see MAN. Recognition dawns, as chaos ensues when guests see MAN's gun. MAN raises gun to point at BRIDE, as GROOM tries to shield her. A shot echoes. After a moment of silence, the WOMAN's voiceover drifts in as the massacre unfolds.

WOMAN (V.O CONT.)

... It makes me sick, yet you have not shown even an ounce of remorse.

Screams echo throughout the church, as MAN smiles as he continues shooting; unaffected by whether his victims are old or young; women or men. So long as they are in pain, he is happy.

WOMAN (V.O CONT.)

I cannot bear to look into the crazed, cold eyes of a serial killer ...

Camera zooms into the eerily calm eyes of MAN.

WOMAN (V.O CONT.)

I cannot bear to hear that chilling laugh I have grown all too familiar with ...

Camera zooms onto the crucifix hanging in front of the altar, where blood from MAN's victims is splattered. Amidst the screams, tearful goodbyes and the cries of the dying, MAN laughs sinisterly.

WOMAN (V.O CONT.)

Nor can I bear to see the manic smirk you wear every time I ask you why you did it...

Camera zooms onto BRIDE. Though beautiful in death, her white dress is stained crimson with blood. MAN walks slowly to the altar. Though he has been relatively calm to this point, upon seeing BRIDE he falls to his knees weeping and places a soft kiss upon her cold lips, before leaving the church. As he opens the door, the wind blows the photo he dropped on his entrance into the church onto the camera lens. It is a smiling photo of MAN clearly taken around a decade ago with his arms around the BRIDE, kissing her. It is evident from their beaming faces they are a couple blissfully in love.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY

WOMAN (V.O CONT.)

Because as I look at the man you have become, I see the evidence, the evidence that I failed you as a mother.

The camera pans round to reveal that in front of the WOMAN is a pane of glass, through which we can see into another room. Inside the room is a MAN, the man who was in the church, chained to a chair. Three very official looking men stand by a table with an array of injections. This is an execution... The very thing the WOMAN has been observing this entire time is her son's execution.