Washed By Tears  
  
Scenes aren’t in official order just writing them to correspond with catherines notes to make sure I don’t miss stuff out ☺

Scene One  
  
Ext – A small park in a family community. The sound of trees rustling in the wind, children laughing and chatting to each other, cars driving by, a dog barking and birds can be heard. All in Dawns head.

Dawn

(Voice over) What a beautiful day. I love days like this, the gentle summer breeze running through my hair, the smell of freshly cut grass and the laughter of children everywhere. One laugh stands out from the rest though, it always will. It belongs to *her*. (End voice over)

(Laughing) I know you’re a big girl now sweetie but you have to slow down, you don’t want to hurt yourself. (Pause) You’re so clever the only girl to make it over the monkey bars. Mamma is so proud of you. (pause) Mamma loves you.

(The sounds of the park end abruptly as a guard speaks)

Guard

Alright Dawn, your fifteen minutes outside is up. Let’s go.

Potential scene  
  
INT- Prison cell. The main character is sat alone in her small cell. The room is filled only with a bed, a toilet, a desk and chair. She is sat at the desk writing a letter. It isn’t made clear who she is writing to. Pen moving across paper can be clearly heard.

Dawn

‘There are no words…(Sigh). No words to describe what I have done. I do not write to you now with the same intentions I have had before. I do not ask for forgiveness. To even ask for forgiveness so that I may feel better about what I have done is a sin in itself. (Pause) I realise that now. (Pause) I have to suffer with the knowledge that no one will ever forgive me. That no one should…’

The sounds of a baby crying can be heard towards the end of her sentence and become the main source of sound as she finishes speaking. (Have some sounds here mixed with the baby’s voice of how the baby was killed that all come together get louder and louder and then cut off abruptly)

Scene Two

INT- Inside prison cell. Dawn is pacing. Sounds of her dragging her footsteps around can be heard

Dawn

(Aggressively) This isn’t right. I shouldn’t be here. I don’t belong here with these *people*. (Sound of her fist slamming down onto a table) (Pause) (Dawn takes in a deep breath) Mothers are supposed to love their babies. They care for them and nurture them. They *protect them*, no matter what. That’s what I did. (Shouts) I was being a mother. I was being a mother. I was being a mo- (she it cut off by a guard banging on her door)

Guard

Keep it down in there inmate!

A long pause ensues as Dawns feet can be heard moving slowly towards her bed. The sound of springs squeaks as she sinks onto the bed.

Dawn  
  
(Quietly) I will not feel guilty for that. (Pause) I refuse to.

Scene Four

INT- Dawns Prison Cell

Dawn

It’s simple in here. A simple schedule we are all on. We wake up, we write to people, we have our required exercise outside, on our own of course, solitary confinement never ends. Nothing spontaneous. I’ve even grown used to Crazy Amy’s screams in the middle of the night when she’s having night terrors. That girl shouldn’t be here, she belongs in the Looney bin.   
A lot of them try to find God. I haven’t got much time for that. He wasn’t with me before he sure as hell won’t be with me now. I can’t rely on him, I can’t rely on no one. Just myself.

Scene Five

INT- Dawns prison cell

Dawn

Mothers should be appreciated much more than they are. They carry this other human being around in their bodies for nine months. Their feet swell, they are constantly uncomfortable, have sickness to deal with and at the end of it all they have to tear their body apart to get that grown human out into the world.   
All this time and effort is put into creating a beautiful baby. Not a perfect baby, that doesn’t exist. Every parent just wants their baby to be healthy. Any other problems can be dealt with later on. (Pause)  
It doesn’t seem fair how something done everyday, by millions of women, can go so tragically wrong for a few. I did nothing wrong. I was perfect, did everything I was told from books and doctors. In the end it just didn’t matter. Bad genes apparently. Of course *he* blames me then. Guess he never knew no one blamed me more than myself. (Pause).   
It’s okay though, fixed it.

Scene Six

INT- Dawns prison cell

Dawn

The worst thing about being here is the loss of identity. Not to the other prisoners, we have names for each other (laughing) oh yeah, there are some names for me alright. But to the people that matter? The people that come and go from here everyday. We aren’t people to them anymore. We’re numbers. Every morning and every night all you can hear is numbers…  
  
(sounds of guards calling out for numbers and prisoners replying. The voices start to join together and get louder almost too loud until Dawns voice cuts off all the noise with her number)

Dawn

9358-214  
(Silence)

Scene Seven

INT- Prison

Sounds of the guard asking Dawn questions that all inmates are asked before their execution. Not sure how this scene will be yet, if it will be experimental. Dawns answers if she will give any:  
  
What colour do you want to die in: ‘Blue, it reminds me of her eyes.’ I need to know the other questions haha ☺

Scene Ideas:  
-Prison cell writing different letters  
-Flash backs of being sentenced/ the murders (Not a full on scene just the sounds of these things heard within other scenes  
-Going outside for the hour some prisoners are allowed and maybe interact with someone (Across a wired fence she would still be in solitary confinement when she was allowed outside) or thoughts turn from murder to where she is, what she sees, how she feels about the place