

WHERE WERE YOU?

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When a couple loses their daughter as a result of their negligence they become ridden with guilt and pain. This is a story of how they deal with the pain and forgive one another. Or did they?

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SORROWFUL MUSIC IN.

SUPERIMPOSE: No one is perfect, we are all just working towards perfection. We may or may never reach it.

- UNKNOWN

FADE IN:

INT. THE WILLIAMS'S RESIDENCE -NIGHT (2021) -LIVING ROOM -
CLOSE IN ON THE PICTURE OF A SMILING YOUNG GIRL HANGING ON
THE WALL

SUPERIMPOSE: Everyone will face that problem that will seem too difficult to handle, there is no two way about it. You are either prepared or you are not. But nothing prepares you for pain and anguish, absolutely nothing.

- UNKNOWN

EXT. THE WILLIAMS'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT (2021) - FRONT DOOR

ADEBOYE stands in front of the door, hands poised as if to knock but hesitates.

SUPERIMPOSE: Have you ever felt guilt, pain, anguish. That deep ache that you feel in your chest and how it feels like your heart is been ripped in half. Well, I have and it is not a good feeling.

-ADEBOYE

INT. THE WILLIAMS RESIDENCE -NIGHT(2021) - KITCHEN

Dirty dishes line up in the dish washer, oil stains is on the floor. The kitchen looks like it has not been cleaned in the past four weeks. The smell emanating from the kitchen is very unpleasant.

SUPERIMPOSE: I am tired and hurt, I don't know where to start. It hurts, everything hurts.

-ARAMIDE

2.

INT. THE WILLIAMS RESIDENCE -NIGHT (2021) - A LIVING ROOM

There are toys scattered on the floor, pictures of a young girl are scattered on the floor as well. A video of a young girl is playing on the television.

Clothes are strewn everywhere; clothes that looks to belong to a young girl. ARAMIDE (29) lies in the midst of these confusion; she is dressed in a short night gown which barely reaches her knee. Her hair looks unwashed. She lies on the floor, looking lifeless, she curls into a ball on the floor. She occasionally snuffles, looks at the television, shakes her head and goes back to sniffing. She holds some of the toys, caressing them then snuffles and curls back into a ball. She looks at the portrait of the young girl hanging on the wall and lets out a deep sorrowful cry, then curls back into a ball.

SUPERIMPOSE: AHHHH, AHHHHHH, AHHHHHH, AHHHHHHHH, AHHHHH. A VOICE KEEPS SHOUTING IN MY HEADS, I KEEP TELLING IT TO STOP, BUT IT WON'T STOP. AHHHHHHHH, IT SHOUTS ONCE AGAIN AS IF TO TAUNT ME.

-ARAMIDE

FRONT DOOR

Adeboye begins to pace, left to right; right to left and then again and then again.

CLOSE IN ON Adeboye's FACE

His eyes are swollen and he looks gaunt and tired. He occasionally hangs his head like the weight of the whole world had been placed on it. He brings out his phone.

CLOSE IN ON HIS SCREEN SAVER

The picture of a young girl seats as the screen saver of his phone, he looks at the picture, shakes his head and mutters

ADEBOYE
Fuck, Not my princess

He looks at the door, seems to summon courage to knock and approaches the door, only to stop few feet away, losing his courage.

ADEBOYE
FUCK!!!!

Suddenly mustering all his courage, knocks

LIVING ROOM

Aramide keeps lying down after hearing the knock, the knock sounds again and she rouses as if from sleep but remains on the floor, the knock persists, she stands up and walks gingerly towards the door, approaching the door very slowly like one who has no strength to walk.

SORROWFUL MUSIC IN

She gets to the door and rests on it, looking like the walk had drained all of her energy.

CLOSE IN ON HER FACE

Makeup is all over her face but not attractive in the least, her eyes are red and she has bags under them. she seems to have forgotten that someone is at the door, till the knock sounds again. Still resting on the door, she responds

ARAMIDE

Who is there?

Her voice is so husky, small and inaudible to the ears, she repeats herself

ARAMIDE

Who is there?

ADEBOYE (O.S.)

It is I

ARAMIDE

(silently)
Go away

ADEBOYE (O.S.)

Open the door

ARAMIDE

Please go away

ADEBOYE (O.S.)

Let me see you face

ARAMIDE

I don't want to see you

ADEBOYE (O.S.)

Please, don't do this

She stands up straight and glares at the closed door, retorting angrily.

ARAMIDE

Don't do what?, Oh, No you don't.
You don't get to come here and tell
me what I should or shouldn't do.
Who do you think you are?

ADEBOYE (O.S.)

Your husband

Aramide shakes her head wildly and replies vehemently

ARAMIDE

No, you don't. NO NO NO NO. NO NO
NO.

ADEBOYE

(silently)
Let me in

ARAMIDE

(shouting)
NO, NO, NO. Leave, leave my house

ADEBOYE

You mean our house

Aramide looks like she is having a panic attack

ARAMIDE

(screaming)
GO, GO, GO

ADEBOYE

Please, let me in. Let me see your
face. We need to talk

ARAMIDE

We have nothing to talk about, the
time for talking is over. It has
been long over. Now do me the favor
of leaving me alone.
(shouting)
LEAVE ME ALONE, LEAVE ME ALONE

Aramide picks up a shoe that happens to be beside her and
throws it, it hits the television where the video of the
young girl is still playing. the television screen shatters
and the video stops playing.

ADEBOYE

Babe, are you okay?

As if the little energy she used in shouting has been drained out of her, she crumbles to the floor and sits with her back to the door, her eyes looking sightlessly at the ceiling.

ARAMIDE
Leave, Please.