

VERY BAD THINGS

written by

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INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. EARLY EVENING.

Evening falls on a rental-magnolia bedroom.

ALYS (lates 20s) an optimist who's been dragged backwards through the hedge of life a few too many times, is preening herself in a mirror.

A slick of lipgloss. A smudge of eye shadow. A cloud of hairspray.

She's ready to go.

ALYS  
(to herself)  
Lights off.

She glances at the plugs to the side of her bed.

ALYS (CONT'D)  
Plugs off.

She looks to the very obviously off tv.

ALYS (CONT'D)  
Tv off.

She makes a tentative step out the doorway, then turns back. Staring at the same spots.

ALYS (CONT'D)  
Lights off. Plugs off. Tv off.

She makes a face of frustration. Starting the loop again.

ALYS (CONT'D)  
Light off. Plugs off. Tv off.

She turns around to leave. She can't. She's stuck.

ALYS (CONT'D)  
Lights off. Plugs off. Tv off.  
(beat)  
Please.

The frustration is clear on her face. But she can't stop. She takes a deep breath.

ALYS (CONT'D)  
It's fine. I'm fine.

We hear the deep, warm welsh tones of an omnipresent male narrator.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
Alys Williams was not fine.

**TITLES: VERY BAD THINGS.**

Alys takes a deep breath.

ALYS  
Lights off. Plugs off. Tv off.

She waits. Tensed. As if a bomb may go off at any moment.

But this time it doesn't.

She runs out of the room.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. LATER.

Alys sits alone in a train carriage. The world blurring past the windows. Her hands anxiously tap the side of her phone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Deep down, Alys knows something is not right.

She looks to the side where a teenage girl is watching her. Alys looks away. Still tapping, but less obviously now.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
What's wrong is that her brain tells her she has to do things in a very particular way, otherwise one of three very bad things will happen.

CUT TO:

A glowing Las Vegas style slot machine spins in her mind's eye. The reels fly around in a flash of colours. The first reel slows to reveal the first bad thing...

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)  
Very bad thing one. A panic attack.

INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. FLASHBACK.

Alys is bent double, grasping at shreds of breath. Her eyes stream as she's caught in the throes of an intense panic attack.

NARRATOR (V.O)

The most persuasive of the three,  
for its ability to make her believe  
she's about to die anytime,  
anywhere.

CUT TO:

The two remaining slot machine reels spin. The second slows  
down, landing on...

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)

Very bad thing two. Something  
terrible happening to a loved one.

INT. ALYS' FAMILY HOME. FLASHBACK.

Alys stands in the hallway, saying goodbye to various family  
members.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Now this was usually something  
along the lines of 'touch that wall  
twenty three times or Nan's going  
to die'.

Alys smiles, distracted, as her sweet old Nan chatters away.  
The wall beckoning behind her.

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)

Or 'look at that tile on the floor  
for an even number of times or your  
sister will die in a 35 car pile up  
on the M4'.

Alys watches in fear, over her Nan's shoulder, as her sister  
grabs her car keys.

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)

Not the most logical, maybe. But  
when you have a faulty amygdala, it  
packs quite a punch.

CUT TO:

The last reel spinning on the slot machine. It slowly creeps  
to a stand still. Landing on...

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)

Or... very bad thing number three.  
Miscellaneous catastrophe.

EXT. GARDEN. FLASHBACK.

The stiff body of a dead cat lies on the green lawn. A fly lands on its eyeball.

NARRATOR (V.O)

This was something less specific. A thick sense of impending doom...

A rambling neighbour talks at the side of the crime scene.

CHATTY NEIGHBOUR

No idea what happened. Must have just dropped dead. Makes no sense.

Alys nods, distracted.

NARRATOR (V.O)

...and the knowledge that if something awful did happen to happen, it would be all her fault.

She stares at the cat. Trying to hide a look of guilt.

ALYS

I'm sorry.

She walks quickly away. The neighbour looks confused.

INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. FLASHBACK.

Alys is on the bed in her pyjamas. Legs crossed, typing into a search engine on her laptop. The search engine brings up a page of fresh results.

NARRATOR (V.O)

This condition is otherwise known as...

The keen-eyed amongst us will notice the results read 'obsessive compulsive disorder' just before she slams the laptop shut with a bang and throws it to the side.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. LATER.

Alys is still counting on the carriage. Eyes darting slightly. Mouth moving subtly.

NARRATOR (V.O)

But she isn't ready to hear that yet...

Alys looks down the carriage where a young couple are wrapped up in each other. She watches them for a short time.

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)  
About a week ago Alys read an  
article about hugs.

INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. FLASHBACK.

Alys is alone in her bedroom, reading an online article.  
She scrolls, engrossed.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
She read that a hug can produce  
soothing chemicals that create  
feelings of safety in humans.

Alys tentatively reaches her arms around herself, hugging her sides.

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)  
Alys hasn't been hugged in four  
months.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. CONTINUOUS.

Alys is still watching the couple. Maybe with a hint of envy.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
So when a friend of a work friend  
said...

INT. PUB. EVENING. FLASHBACK.

A drunk man sways across Alys, speaking in an intoxicated melody.

DRUNK MAN  
I know... this guy.... I could...

NARRATOR (V.O)  
She said...

ALYS  
Yes!

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. CONTINUOUS.

The train pulls into the stop and Alys stands up ready to depart.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
Maybe they would hug.

INT. RESTAURANT. LATER.

Alys sits alone behind an empty drink. There's an explosion of chaos as a man hurries in, almost flooring a hen do. This is DAN (30s). A baby-faced man with eyes carrying a week's worth of bags. He scans around the bar. Alys sees him and waves.

DAN  
Alys?

She smiles. Relieved.

ALYS  
Dan!

Dan takes a seat opposite her and dabs his damp brow with a napkin.

DAN  
I'm so sorry. I was out the door  
and then this man just started  
hemorrhaging.

ALYS  
Oh!

DAN  
Everywhere.

ALYS  
God.

DAN  
Don't worry. He's fine. But my  
trainers were new and... don't  
look.

Alys tries not to peek beneath the table.

INT. RESTAURANT. LATER.

Alys is carrying a drink back from the bar. She weaves a careful path back to Dan in the corner.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Alys didn't know what was going on with her brain, or what Dan's last name was. But she did know the rules of dating with an undiagnosed mental illness.

She takes a tray of drinks back to the table with a smile.

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)

Rule number one. Be fun. Men want a girl that eats hot wings and sky dives. Not someone with unhealed past trauma.

Alys sets out two shots in front of them.

ALYS

Tequila?

Dan looks surprised.

DAN

Oh. God. I hate that stuff.

NARRATOR (V.O)

And laugh.

Alys bursts into near maniacal laughter.

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)

Fun girls always laugh.

Dan side eyes Alys with concern as she continues to cackle. She nudges the shot towards him and they each throw one back. Alys tries hard not to screw up her face, Dan coughs and splutters dramatically.

DAN

Oh. Fuck. That's... fuck.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Rule number two. Play it cool. You don't need anyone. Show no signs of weakness.

DAN

(through splutters)  
So do you do a lot of these blind dates?



ALYS

Not really. I really value my independence, you know? I'm very good at being alone.

DAN

Oh. That's cool.

ALYS

What about you?

DAN

Me? No. First one! But I'm terrible at being alone. It's just so quiet.  
(beat)  
And alone.

They both take a long sip of their drinks.

NARRATOR (V.O)

And rule number three. Never, ever tell the truth.

DAN

So, how was your week?

CUT TO:

INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. FLASHBACK.

Alys is crying in bed. Huge racking sobs shaking her body. She's deleting photos on her phone. Her with a group of girls.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT. CONTINUOUS.

ALYS

Great. Really good thanks.

Dan is noticeably disappointed with her answers.

DAN

Oh. Amazing.

NARRATOR (V.O)

The rules never failed.

INT. RESTAURANT. LATER.

Alys and Dan are eating in silence. Dan's gaze climbs the walls as Alys eats with a smile plastered on her face. After a second or two they catch eyes and Dan nervously laughs. Anything to fill the silence.

DAN

So... Liam said you work with him  
in finance.

ALYS

Yeah.

(beat)

We just did a huge audit.

DAN

No way.

ALYS

It was really big.

DAN

Cool.

They both take a long sip of their drinks. There's a horribly long awkward pause.

NARRATOR (V.O)

It was safe to say that the night  
wasn't going quite how Alys had  
imagined.

CUT TO:

A daydream. Alys is holding her arms outstretched as Dan is moving closer. He's about to hug her. This is it! The light warms. The colours sharpen. His skin is nearly on hers.

CUT BACK TO:

The thick, suffocating silence. A thought crosses her mind.

ALYS

I read an article the other day.

(beat)

About hugs.

DAN

Yeah?

ALYS

Apparently 12 hugs a day is the  
optimum amount of hugs for a human.

(MORE)

ALYS (CONT'D)  
 For your mental health.  
 (beat)  
 ...and health health.

DAN  
 12?

ALYS  
 Yeah.

DAN  
 Do people really get that many  
 hugs?

ALYS  
 I guess so.

DAN  
 Sounds nice.

Dan ponders on this a moment. Looking a little sad.

DAN (CONT'D)  
 Have you ever had any of that...  
 mental health stuff?

This question catches Alys completely off guard. Dan sees this.

DAN (CONT'D)  
 Sorry. You don't have to answer  
 that.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
 Rule three. Always remember rule  
 three.

ALYS  
 No. Never.

DAN  
 Oh.

ALYS  
 Always been lucky. None of that  
 stuff.  
 (beat)  
 I feel awful for those people that  
 do though. Must be... hard.

Dan looks down into his lap. Fidgeting.

DAN  
 Yeah.

ALYS  
...have you?

DAN  
I don't know. Everyone has hard  
times.

ALYS  
Yes.  
(beat)  
I imagine so.

DAN  
Like, sometimes I feel like I'm not  
even really here... if you know  
what I mean.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
She did.

ALYS  
No. Sorry.

DAN  
No... it's fine. I should stop  
talking.

Dan starts peeling pieces off of his beer mat. Alys opens her  
mouth to speak then stops herself.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
Alys had a sudden urge to touch the  
door in the bathroom.

She looks to the bathroom. Then back at Dan. Then back at the  
door.

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)  
Touch it.

ALYS  
(to Dan)  
Excuse me.

INT. BATHROOM. RESTAURANT. CONTINUOUS.

Alys stands just inside the bathroom tapping the door  
frantically.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
9 x 3 that's 27 which together  
makes 9. But then that's 4 9s. So  
maybe twice more...

The bathroom door opens and two girls walk through. They take their place in front of the mirror. Alys is frozen.

ALYS

Sorry.

They carry on, not hearing her.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Three more times, then twice more,  
then it will be okay. Then things  
will be good.

Alys continues her tapping. Watching the girls as they laugh and joke in front of the mirrors before they slip out the door. Completely oblivious to her.

Through the open door she can see Dan getting up to leave. She hurries out behind the girls.

INT. RESTAURANT. CONTINUOUS.

Alys approaches their seats as Dan is paying the bill. He notices her approaching. He's moving quite frantically.

DAN

(twitchy)

Hey, sorry... I'm not feeling too  
great. I think I better go home.

Alys notices Dan's hands.

ALYS

Are you okay? You're shaking.

DAN

Yeah. Fine. It just happens  
sometimes. You stay. Have a good  
time.

ALYS

Oh. Okay.

Alys tries to smile.

DAN

Sorry.

ALYS

It's fine.

Dan can tell it's not.

He reaches out as if to hug her. Alys braces herself.  
 Time slows. The lights brighten. The sound fades away.  
 As he touches **her arm**.

Not quite what she expected. But it's **human contact**.

DAN  
 I'll message you.

Then it's over. He moves his hand away.

ALYS  
 (smiling again)  
 Okay.

He hurries out the restaurant. She touches the space where his hand had rested.

EXT. STREET. LATER.

Alys walks home under pools of streetlight. Still smiling. We follow her for a few moments.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
 Alys had always wanted to...

Alys cuts him off abruptly.

ALYS  
 Shh.

Her steps carry on in quiet. She touches her arm where Dan had touched it.

INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. LATER.

Alys is in her pyjamas, getting ready for bed. Completing the final checks of the day. The TV buzzes in the background.

ALYS  
 Lights off.

She turns the main light off leaving on the lamp.

ALYS (CONT'D)  
 Plugs off.

The plugs are off.

ALYS (CONT'D)

TV off.

NARRATOR (V.O)

That night, with the memory of a good thing in her mind, Alys wondered about the bad things.

She switches the TV off. She repeats the checks again.

ALYS

Lights off. Plugs off. TV off.

NARRATOR (V.O)

What if, for once, something bad didn't have to happen?

ALYS

Lights off. Plugs off.

She stares at the very much off tv in silence.

NARRATOR (V.O)

What if things could be good?

She picks up her phone to message Dan.

'Hope you're feeling better. Thanks for a lovely evening. Speak soon!'

She puts her phone to the side.

She stares at the tv in the corner of the room.

WE CUT TO:

The slot machine of very bad things. Spinning through the options.

BACK TO:

INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Alys looks at the tv with a face of defiance.

ALYS

Nothing bad is going to happen.

She turns off the lamp.

INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. NEXT DAY.

Alys wakes up and looks around the room with suspicion. Everything is as it was. Everything is normal.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
And it didn't. For a little while  
at least.

SUPER: DAY ONE.

She checks her phone on the side. No message from Dan. She places it back and springs out of bed. Maybe she's even humming. She throws open her curtains letting light fill the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER.

Alys is on the phone, practicing yoga as she talks on speaker. She bends over in downward facing dog.

ALYS  
Everything's great Mum.

ALYS' MUM (O.S)  
Really?

ALYS  
Work's going well. People are nice.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
She sometimes said hello to the  
receptionist.

ALYS  
And my housemate is cooking dinner  
tonight. We're having a few people  
over.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
Her housemate had been at her  
boyfriend's for the last three  
weeks.

ALYS' MUM (O.S)  
That's great love. I'm glad  
everything is going better.

Alys transitions into a harder-to-hold warrior pose.

ALYS' MUM (CONT'D)  
I saw Elise went to Lisbon for her  
hen do.



NARRATOR (V.O)

What?

Alys' leg begins to wobble slightly.

ALYS

Yeah?

ALYS' MUM (O.S)

You didn't go?

ALYS

I've been really busy.

ALYS' MUM (O.S)

I thought you two were close?

ALYS

Mum, I have to go. I went on a date with a nice man and he's going to call me.

ALYS' MUM (O.S)

Oh. Okay! Well remember it's Nan's...

Alys hangs up the phone. She checks her messages. Still nothing.

SUPER: DAY TWO.

INT. ALYS' BATHROOM. NEXT MORNING.

Alys is brushing her teeth with vigour as she scrolls through photos from Elise's hen do on her phone.

A healthy and happy woman smiles and laughs in different photos with friends.

Her phone buzzes and she lights up.

The message reads '2 FOR 1 PIZZA DEAL TONIGHT ONLY'.

Alys spits down the drain.

INT. OFFICE. LATER.

Alys is sat in a grey office. She looks around to make sure no one is looking, then checks her phone. Still no message. She begins to absent mindedly tap the table.

INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. NEXT DAY.

SUPER: DAY THREE.

A breathy American voice reads affirmations from her phone speaker. Alys repeats them as she looks into the mirror.

FEMALE VOICE

I am safe and under no threats from  
the world.

ALYS

I am safe and under no threats from  
the world.

FEMALE VOICE

My past experiences can't stop me  
from succeeding in my future.

ALYS

My past experiences can't stop me  
from succeeding in my future.

FEMALE VOICE

Good things happen every day in my  
life.

Alys checks her phone. Still nothing.

ALYS

Good things happen every day in my  
life.

She frowns.

EXT. PARK. LATER.

Alys sits alone on a bench eating a sandwich. She checks her phone one more time. Still nothing.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Maybe that was it. Maybe he was  
never going to call. Maybe she  
really was just a pathetic...

Suddenly her phone starts to ring.

Alys panics. She has a mouthful of tuna sandwich.

She chews it quickly and swallows it down, catching the call just in time.

ALYS

Hello!

An authoritative female voice answers her.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Alys Williams?

Alys immediately hangs up. Confused.

The phone begins to ring again. She stares at it panicked, then slowly answers.

ALYS

...hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Did you just hang up on me?

ALYS

...no.

WOMAN'S VOICE

It's very rude to hang up on people.

ALYS

Sorry I... who is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Miss Williams my name is Detective Jane Waters.

Alys listens. Mouth agape.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Are you able to come into the station? We need to have a chat.

Alys looks terrified.

INT. POLICE STATION. LATER.

Alys sits alone in a brightly lit interrogation room. Her hands fidget endlessly in her lap.

Two police officers enter. DETECTIVE SHARMA (30s) a gentle giant of a man and DETECTIVE WATERS (40s) a sharp featured and shrewd-eyed woman.

DETECTIVE WATERS

Alys Williams, I'm detective Waters, this is Detective Sharma.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE WATERS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Before we begin I just need to let you know that do not have to say anything. But, it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

(beat)

You didn't want a lawyer?

ALYS

I don't have one.

(beat)

Am I under arrest?

DETECTIVE SHARMA

This is a voluntary interview. You can technically leave at any time.

DETECTIVE WATERS

Miss Williams, how long have you known Daniel Evans?

ALYS

Dan? This is about Dan?

(beat)

Is he okay?

DETECTIVE WATERS

If you could just answer the question.

ALYS

About... three hours?

DETECTIVE WATERS

Daniel's family reported him missing yesterday. He hasn't been seen since Saturday night.

ALYS

Oh. God. I'm sorry.

DETECTIVE WATERS

Why?

ALYS

(sweating)

I just meant... that's awful.

DETECTIVE WATERS

We understand you were with him on the night of the 14th. Is that right?

Alys' eyes widen.

ALYS

Yes.

DETECTIVE WATERS

What were you doing on the night of the disappearance?

ALYS

We just had dinner. A few drinks.

DETECTIVE WATERS

Alcohol?

ALYS

...yes.

Detective Waters writes something down in her notes. Alys tenses further.

DETECTIVE WATERS

Miss Williams, do you know of any reason why Daniel might have not returned home on the evening of the 14th?

ALYS

Um...

CUT TO:

INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. FLASHBACK.

Alys looks at the tv with a face of defiance.

ALYS

Nothing bad is going to happen.

She turns off the lamp.

BACK TO:

Alys looks into her lap. Her breathing becomes heavier.

DETECTIVE WATERS  
Any reason he may be in trouble?

CUT TO:

The very bad things spin around and around. This time all three reels land on one outcome.

Miscellaneous catastrophe.

DING DING DING.

Jackpot!!!

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION. CONTINUOUS.

Alys is sweating. Shaking. Panting.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
If only she had followed the rules.

ALYS  
Can I use the bathroom?

DETECTIVE SHARMA  
(looking to Detective Waters)  
Can she?

Detective Waters nods.

Detective Sharma leads her out. Alys stumbles up and out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Alys crashes through the door and locks it behind her. Swallowing thick mouthfuls of air.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
It was all Alys' fault.

ALYS  
No...

She sits on the toilet seat. Head in her hands.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
She had broken the rules. The rules we have in place to keep her safe.

ALYS  
 (sobbing)  
 I'm sorry.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
 She was the reason bad things  
 happened.

Alys' breathing picks up speed. Quicker and quicker. She grasps at her throat. She's choking. Clawing at the neck of her t-shirt. The walls of the small toilet block begin to move closer and closer in.

ALYS  
 Please. Stop.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
 Don't tell me what to do.

Alys sinks to the floor gasping for air. The space closing in around her.

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 I am in charge. Remember that.

Alys curls up into a ball on the floor. Crushed by the constricting room.

The sound of the bathroom door opening pierces the anxiety.

DETECTIVE SHARMA  
 Miss Williams? Are you okay?

ALYS  
 (trying to compose  
 herself)  
 I'll be out in a minute.

The door closes again.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
 You're the reason he's gone.

Alys hugs her arms around herself. Trying to breathe deeply. She finds herself touching the place Dan once had.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT. FLASHBACK.

Dan's hand in slow-motion. Moving forward towards her arm. The gentle pressure as it rests there.

INT. POLICE STATION. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

She strokes the soft hairs on her lower arm. She takes more deep breaths. She focuses on the feeling. We linger here for a few moments as she tries to calm herself. Shaking on the bathroom floor.

ALYS

What if I can find him?

NARRATOR (V.O)

You can't. You can't do anything.

ALYS

If I could find him. Then nothing bad happened.

The door opens again.

DETECTIVE SHARMA

Miss Williams you really need to come out now.

NARRATOR (V.O)

It's too late.

ALYS

(quieter)

I can make it okay.

Alys stumbles to a stand and leaves the cubicle.

INT. POLICE STATION. CONTINUOUS.

Alys follows Detective Sharma back into the room. Detective Waters is waiting. Alys retakes her seat.

ALYS

Can I ask a question?

Detective Sharma looks to Detective Waters, caught off guard. Detective Waters nods.

ALYS (CONT'D)

Do you think he's okay?

Detective Water's veneer cracks slightly.

DETECTIVE WATERS

Most missing people turn up within a few days.

(beat)

(MORE)



DETECTIVE WATERS (CONT'D)  
 But the longer he's missing, the  
 lower our chances get.

ALYS  
 But he could still be fine?

DETECTIVE WATERS  
 Miss Williams.

ALYS  
 Please.

DETECTIVE WATERS  
 Statistically yes. There's a chance  
 he could be okay.  
 (beat)  
 Now are you ready to continue?

Alys nods. Detective Sharma presses start on the recorder.

EXT. POLICE STATION. LATER.

Alice emerges from the police station. She looks up at the  
 sky as the breeze hits her face.

Then she immediately throws up on the pavement.

ELISE  
 Alys?

Alys looks over to see ELISE (late 20s) - a perfectly put  
 together swan-like woman walking a tiny dog - watching her  
 with concern. Alys quickly stands up and fixes her hair.

ALYS  
 Elise. Hi.

ELISE  
 Are you okay?

ALYS  
 Why wouldn't I be okay?

ELISE  
 You just... threw up.

ALYS  
 Right.

Alys looks around for an escape.

ELISE

What were you doing inside the  
police station?

Alys turns and begins to walk away.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Alys wait. I'm really sorry about  
everything that happened.

ALYS

It's fine.

ELISE

Tasha said you haven't seen anyone  
for months.

ALYS

I've been really busy.

ELISE

People are worried about you.

ALYS

Look, I have to get back...  
(thinking)  
...my boyfriend Dan is waiting for  
me. We're going to the cinema. It's  
his birthday.

ELISE

(clearly surprised)  
Oh. Okay.  
(beat)  
Are you sure you're alright?

Alys stares at her. Eyes wide. Hair tangled. Maybe some sick  
on her jumper.

ALYS

I am completely fine.

She turns around and leaves. Elise watches her go.

INT. ALYS' BEDROOM. LATER.

Alys is sat on her bed, scrolling through Dan's social media  
pictures. We linger here for a few moments of silence.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Alys Williams was not fine.  
(beat)  
But she had been. Once.

Dan with a group of friends on a stag do.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
Before the very bad thing happened  
to her.

Dan on holiday with an ex girlfriend.

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)  
Which started the very bad things  
inside her head.

Dan asleep in his scrubs.

NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)  
But fine or not, she knew she  
wasn't bad. And she wouldn't let  
something bad happen to someone  
else.

She looks at the message from Dan. Still nothing. She puts  
her phone on the side.

She clicks through to another photo. Dan smiling out at the  
camera. She makes notes in a notepad already full of  
research.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
She was going to find him.  
(beat)  
Whatever it may take.

From its place on the side table, her last message lies open.

Suddenly three dots appear. Dan is typing.

They hover that way for a second.

Then just as quickly, they're gone.

END.