

COERCED

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - DAY

A nice one-story in a large neighborhood. The house is quiet.

A car pulls in. HANNAH MARTIN (25), the epitome of innocence both in appearance and actions, a real doormat, leaves the vehicle. She is seven months pregnant.

Looking around her with signs of paranoia, she hurries to the...

PORCH

Her hands tremble as she tries to put her key into the lock. She opens the door.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hannah enters, stuffs her key into her purse as she sets it on the floor. She heads to her bedroom, as fast as a pregnant woman her size can.

HANNAH'S BEDROOM

A framed picture of Andrew, a nice-looking man in a marine dress uniform, Hannah by his side, stands on a nightstand.

Hannah grabs a suitcase from her closet and throws some of her clothing into it. Once full, she pulls a second suitcase from the closet and fills it.

A suitcase in each hand, she rushes to the doorway. ANDREW MARTIN (28), strong appearance, evil masked by a handsome face, suddenly appears in front of Hannah, startling her.

ANDREW

Going somewhere?

Andrew slowly approaches Hannah. Fear in her eyes, Hannah backs up to match his steps.

HANNAH

I thought I'd go visit my mom.

Hannah bumps into the bed. Andrew stares down into her face. Intimidating.

ANDREW

Do you think I'm stupid?

Hannah nervously shakes her head.

HANNAH

No...

Andrew grabs Hannah's arms. The suitcases drop to the floor.

ANDREW

You were trying to leave me.

HANNAH

No... I just wanted to see my mom
for a few days. She's not well.

Andrew slams Hannah into the nearest wall. She barely remains standing. Holds her stomach protectively.

ANDREW

Don't lie to me!

HANNAH

Andrew, please.

ANDREW

You're not leaving me, ever.

Fearing for her life, Hannah makes a mad dash for the doorway. Andrew catches her. She struggles but she's no match for Andrew's strength. He punches Hannah square in the stomach.

The blow knocks the wind out of Hannah and causes her great agony. Andrew clasps a hand round her throat and squeezes with an unbridled rage. Hannah struggles but quickly runs out of air.

She collapses to the floor, out cold.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - BOAT - STILL - DAY

A small cabin cruiser with a sleeping compartment down below. It jostles about in the ocean waves. No land or other vessels anywhere in sight.

Hannah lies on the deck, her stomach somewhat flatter. Her lower clothing bloody. She moans as she comes around. Her eyes snap open. She sits up in a hurry and looks down at her tummy, as well as the blood. The sight panics her.

ANDREW (O.S.)

You were never gonna win this one,
Hannah.

Hannah whirls around to find Andrew standing off to the side. He holds one hand behind his back, out of sight. The look on his face is calm, but pure evil at the same time.

HANNAH
Where's my baby?!

ANDREW
OUR baby, and she was stillborn.
Just as well. I wanted a son.

Hannah breathes heavily as tears start to flow. She scans around her, then out to the ocean.

HANNAH
What did you do with her?!

ANDREW
A burial at sea seemed fitting.

Hannah cries hysterically.

ANDREW
So you thought you were going to
divorce me and take half of
everything, did you?

Andrew steps closer.

ANDREW
Guess again.

Hannah scrambles to her feet and heads away from Andrew. In her weakened condition, Andrew is able to catch her with ease. He holds a powerful arm around her neck, allowing her just enough air so she doesn't pass out. He presses the barrel of a handgun to her head.

ANDREW
I always win, Hannah. It's my
creed.

Andrew lays his head against Hannah's, lovingly.

ANDREW
I wish it didn't have to end this
way. If you had just been a good
little wife, doing as you were
told, it wouldn't have come to
this.

HANNAH
(choked)
Murderer.

ANDREW

Is a fetus even considered a life?
I guess it depends on the state. As
for you, you lost our baby and just
couldn't handle it so you jumped
off the Golden Gate bridge to your
untimely death.

Hannah struggles to pry Andrew's arm from her throat.

ANDREW

Makes complete sense, and I'm
pretty good at lying.

Andrew drags Hannah to the rail. Filled with desperation,
Hannah somehow manages to break free from his grasp. Her main
concern is keeping the gun pointed away from her. She battles
with every ounce of strength she has, a battle to the death.

Bang! Andrew topples over the rail and plops into the water.

Gun in one hand, holding her throat with the other, Hannah
breathes hard. Once the oxygen returns to her lungs, she
becomes aware of what just happened. She drops the gun to the
deck.

Hands gripping the rail, she leans over for a look at the
water. No sign of Andrew. Hannah collapses to the deck, back
against the rail, and sobs.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With the TV on in the dark room, Hannah startles awake from
her slumber on the couch. She's fully dressed and wears a
fancy watch, a few decades old. She looks lost at first.

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER

After a moment to compose herself, Hannah gets up and turns
off the TV. She schlepps down the hall to the...

BEDROOM

An open window allows a gentle breeze to blow the curtains
about.

Hannah removes her watch as she enters and lays it on her
nightstand. Notices the open window. She slowly approaches
it, takes a look around her with a slight amount of worry.

No apparent danger present, Hannah closes and locks the
window. She pulls the curtains completely closed.

STANLEY, a gorgeous cat, jumps on the bed out of nowhere. He wears a blue collar. Hannah startles. She catches her breath and sits down, takes Stanley into her arms and strokes his fur.

HANNAH

Do you really want to be orphaned?

Hannah sets Stanley aside and starts to undress.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Pushing a cart half full of bagged groceries, Hannah exits. She heads to her car. Something ahead catches her attention. She slows to a stop.

JAKE MARTIN (35), sophisticated with a strong resemblance to Andrew, loads groceries into his car just down from Hannah's.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Jake?

Jake turns to find Hannah pushing her cart up to him. He's a little unsettled over seeing her but tries to force a grin.

JAKE

Hannah.

They stand in silence for a long moment, hardly able to make eye contact. Then...

HANNAH

I know how awkward this must be for you.

JAKE

Do you? You killed my brother. We didn't even have a body for a funeral.

HANNAH

He was about to kill me.

JAKE

Maybe there was something else you could have done.

HANNAH

You weren't there.

Hannah releases a deep sigh.

HANNAH

Forget it. You'll never understand.