

THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

Written by

Lindsay N. Smith

Masterwork Final
Literary Techniques and Storytelling
August 27, 2016

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The bustling lobby of a national bank.

The lobby is nearly empty, but every teller has their head down looking busy.

JESSICA MILLER, 31, a woman with no real distinguishing features, stands behind the bulletproof glass with a robotic smile on her face. The tendons on her neck stand out with the strain of keeping her expression neutral.

On the other side of the glass is an OLD CUSTOMER is standing at the counter. Older Customer YELLS IN FRUSTRATION, waving a receipt in Jessica's face.

OLD CUSTOMER

I don't understand why this check
hasn't deposited yet. It was never
this hard.

Jessica tries to get control off the situation, but the glass between them might as well be lead.

JESSICA

I'm sorry that happened, sir--

OLD CUSTOMER

But I should be able to take the
funds out now! You know the money
is going to be there.

JESSICA

I'm sorry, but--

OLD CUSTOMER

No! Fuck this! I guess I'll have to
take time out of my very busy
schedule and come back tomorrow. I
won't be talking to you, though,
that's for sure.

Old Customer turn and storms away.

When he's far enough away, Jessica lets her face relax working the cramp out of her jaw.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Jessica sits in a booth, a hamburger and fries in front of her.

She lifts the bun on her burger and frowns.

She sees a WAITRESS walking towards her. She raises her hand, trying to make eye contact.

JESSICA

Excuse me, could I--

The Waitress walks by and doesn't acknowledge her. Confused, she looks around.

A WAITER walks towards her from the other direction. She leans out make sure he can't miss her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Can I get some mustard, please?

He walks right past.

Jessica looks like she's ready to make a fuss, but doesn't. She picks up her burger, without mustard, and takes a bite.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is cheap and disgusting, with a thin veneer of Ikea making it more "shabby chic" than "trashy."

She drops her purse on the floor and collapses onto the couch in the living room.

She pulls her phone out of her pocket and dials a number.

Jessica's MOM answers.

MOM (O.C.)

(on phone)

Jessica! How are you?

JESSICA

Hey, Mom.

MOM (O.C.)

Are you okay? You sound a little off.

JESSICA

I've just been having a weird time, lately. This city sucks. The people suck. I just want to go home where people treat me like a person.

MOM (O.C.)

Oh, I know how that feels. Just the other day, I went out to dinner with some friends. Do you remember Tina? Well, she just was going on and on.

JESSICA

I'm ready to head home. I think I'm going to quit my job.

MOM (O.C.)

The problem with Tina is that she is always saying terrible things about whoever is in the room. I mean, I completely shudder to think about what she says when I'm not there.

Jessica SIGHS and leans back on the couch.

JESSICA

Did you hear me? I said, I think I'm going to quit my job.

MOM (O.C.)

Oh, it'll be okay, honey. I don't know what I'm going to do about Tina, though. She is insane. I mean, I honestly think there might be something wrong with her...

Jessica's eyes widen in a sudden realization.

JESSICA

Hey, Mom...

MOM (O.C.)

..I really feel bad for her kids. I know that she loves them, but I can't really blame them for moving away either. She was always so controlling.

JESSICA

It's all clear to me now. Nobody ever sees me, it's like I'm not even there. I'm completely invisible...

MOM (O.C.)

You weren't here after Thanksgiving, she wouldn't shut up.

(MORE)

MOM (O.C.) (CONT'D)
She never shuts up, can you believe
it?

JESSICA
I'm going to rob the bank, Mom.

MOM (O.C.)
She's just so ridiculous.

Jessica HANGS UP the phone.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Jessica smiles as Old Customer turns his back on her,
watching him walk out the door.

She gives him a hearty middle finger and puts her NEXT TELLER
PLEASE sign up on the glass.

She picks up her large bag walks into the back room.

INT. BANK STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the bland storage room of the bank is nothing more a
counter with a coffee maker, and a free standing shelf filled
office and cleaning supplies. Next to the shelf is a large
iron door with a heavy lock and a worn key pad.

Jessica drops her bag onto the counter. She steps up to the
large door and punches in the code. The lock CLICKS and she
opens the door.

She pulls a large cart out into the storage room.

On the cart are neat stacks of cash.

Jessica stares at the money, mesmerized, and runs a loving
hand across the tops of the paper. She picks up a stack,
presses it up against her face, and takes a long, indulgent
SNIFF. She smiles.

She unzips her bag and stuffing the money inside.

She hefts the full bag up on her shoulder.

She reaches out and pulls the FIRE ALARM.

INT. BANK LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

In the lobby, everyone in the building files calmly out of the door.

Jessica inserts herself into the flow of people, the bag slung over her shoulder.

She tries to keep her cool, but the excitement is too much to handle. She smiles wildly, about to get away with this whole crazy thing and then--

TRIPS AND FACE PLANTS! The bag bursts open and Jessica goes down in a POOF of loose hundred dollar bills.

Everyone stops, ignoring the fire alarm, and stares at Jessica on the floor as the bills waft down around her.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The court room is empty. Jessica stands with her ATTORNEY, 50s, a sad balding man in a cheap, baggy suit who looks ready to fall asleep.

THE JUDGE, 62, glares at her over his glasses as he delivers a sentence.

THE JUDGE

You attempted to steal from your employer, expressing no remorse for your crimes...

Jessica looks up at him, resigned to her fate.

Next to her, her Attorney checks his phone.

The Judge leans forward in his seat.

THE JUDGE (CONT'D)

I am prepared to make an example of you. And so, it is an honor to sentence you, Jesse Mortimer--

Jessica looks confused. She looks at her Attorney, who is not paying attention at all.

The Judge leans across the bench, ecstatic in his judicial fervor. The

THE JUDGE (CONT'D)

--to the longest sentence that I can legally impose, nine years in prison. I must have it on the record that I believe this sentence is too lenient in relation to your crimes. Do you have anything to say for yourself?

JESSICA

Yeah. Who's Jesse Mortimer?

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

In a featureless court house meeting room, Jessica, still in her orange prison jumpsuit, sits across a table from her Attorney, who is slowly and carefully eating a sandwich.

JESSICA

What is happening?

ATTORNEY

We've looked through all of the paperwork, and it appears that the clerk put the wrong name on all the paperwork.

JESSICA

Jesse Mortimer?

ATTORNEY

Yup.

JESSICA

Why do I know that name?

ATTORNEY

The accused serial rapist.

JESSICA

Holy shit! They don't think... they're not going to prosecute me for that, are they?

ATTORNEY

Oh, no. No. There's no way they could mix the two of you up. He was an ugly bastard.

JESSICA

He's not going to get out, though?

ATTORNEY
No. He killed himself in jail.

JESSICA
Oh. Okay.

Her Attorney nods.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
So what now?

ATTORNEY
You go home.

JESSICA
Seriously?

ATTORNEY
Yeah. They aren't going to retry
you either. Double jeopardy
applies, somehow. I think they are
just embarrassed.

JESSICA
That's it?

ATTORNEY
Yup.

He reaches up onto the table and pulls out a lumpy paper bag.
He throws it on the table.

ATTORNEY (CONT'D)
I got your clothes for you.

Jessica pulls the bag to her, hugging it close.

JESSICA
This isn't supposed to be easy.

ATTORNEY
Must be your lucky day.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Jessica, in her street clothes, pushes open the doors to the
court and walks out a free woman.

The reporters raise their cameras and microphones, ready for
the interview on the courthouse steps.

Jessica walks right by. Her arms swing as she walks down the steps and takes in the blue sky and endless possibilities of freedom. She takes a deep breath, and--

--TRIPS and tumbles down the rest of the steps.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Same diner, different day.

SUPER: One week later

At her usual table, Jessica tries to get the Waitress's attention. The usual soda, burger and fries are in front of her.

Jessica lifts up the bun on her burger. No mustard.

She tries to flag down a passing WAITRESS.

JESSICA

Excuse me. Excuse me!

The waitress passes her by. As usual.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

God damn it...

Jessica stews for a moment, then looks at the table in front of her. She looks at the glass of soda. Is it true? Is she invisible again? How far does it go?

Jessica pushes her cup off the table. It SHATTERS.

The waitress immediately appears at her elbow.

WAITRESS

I saw that.

THE END