



# WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY?



Whose Responsibility?

by Amelia Barker

Based on a true story

by Davrine Gondwe

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## TITLE SEQUENCE

A line traces across the screen. This line gradually morphs into the outline of buildings in a town. The town gradually comes into focus as the buildings speed past... a car is on the move.

By and by the car starts to pass more rural places - mountains and fields. It passes people walking along the road.

It is an expensive car - a Range Rover.

The weather is sunny and bright.

The title appears: Whose responsibility? Based on a true story.

EXT. ROAD. EVENING.

The car continues to drive through different landscapes until we are at the edge of Lake Malawi.

The car passes a variety of travellers: groups of walkers, some carrying goods, motorbikes and older, more decrepit vehicles.

Inside the car we see VINCENT, 30s, who is not paying much attention to the road - he is talking on his telephone. He does not wear a seat-belt.

VINCENT

Yes, well tell him that he has to wait...

Vincent's Range Rover speeds past a bicycle, which is stacked high with chopped wood. The CYCLIST cannot see Vincent's speedy approach and as Vincent passes he wobbles and a piece of wood falls off the back of the bike. The cyclist watches as the range rover speeds away, flabbergasted.

Vincent is looking for something under the dashboard. Suddenly, a goat appears in the road. Vincent notices, but too late - the goat is just ahead of his bonnet. Vincent drops his phone and swerves sharply, causing the car to run straight into a baobab tree. The smash is over in an instant, but the [PERSISTENT BEEP] of the car's horn continues to sound unsettlingly.

EXT. ROAD. EVENING.

Vincent lies against his steering wheel, blood dripping down his forehead as the man on the bicycle approaches, drops his bike and runs to see what has happened.

Vincent lies still. The sound of the horn continues.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

The sound of the horn fades and morphs into the sounds of a hospital. Darkness slowly turns to light as Vincent opens his eyes. Before him is a beautiful woman, LOVENESS, 30s. It becomes clear that Loveness is standing over a hospital bed. The woman smiles as he wakes up and kisses him tenderly.

A mechanical ventilator puffs up and down, up and down.

A drip containing blood is connected to Vincent. A heart rate monitor beeps insistently, tracing a line across a screen.

EXT. HOME. DAY.

A car pulls up to a large and well-presented house, flanked by trees. The automatic gates open as the car pulls in. Loveness gets out, walks round to the passenger seat and feigns servitude as she opens the door for Vincent.

VINCENT (SMILING)

Thank you.

Loveness opens the front door and a DOG bounds out energetically, licking Vincent and making him unsteady on his feet.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Vincent lies in bed as Loveness brings him a hot bowl of beans, vegetables and nsima. Sunlight pours through the window. They smile at each other.

VINCENT

Thank you. I could get used to this!

LOVENESS

You're very welcome, my poor darling!

Loveness leans across to kiss Vincent, who looks down at her stomach and touches it gently.

Loveness lays her hands on top of his.

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