

**PORTFOLIO SAMPLE**

"Dr. Anne Tillman"

Written by

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***Context Summary:***

Seven years after a pandemic devastated civilization, DR. ANNE TILLMAN, a former surgeon turned survivor, searches for supplies while traveling along "The Northern Line" - a rumored passage to a settlement in the north.

The following scenes are designed to introduce and develop a key character with a medical background primarily through visceral action and minimal dialogue.

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - WOODS - FURTHER NORTH - DAY

A cracked two-lane road winds through thinning woods. Snow lingers in patches where sunlight can't reach, melting into high grass at the shoulders. Insects hum faintly in the underbrush, the spring thaw underway.

The road stands empty. Quiet. A garden of decay.

Then a FIGURE emerges down the road, walking alone.

DR. ANNE TILLMAN (30s) comes into focus: lean and pale, dark hair pulled into a ponytail. She wears layered gear. A heavy pack cinched close. A hunting knife at her hip. Her face is angular, intelligent - a deep wariness undereye.

She moves with purpose, her gaze sweeping the road ahead. Then she slows.

Ahead, a pair of ruined BOOTS dangles from frayed rope, tied to a leaning signpost.

Anne studies the boots briefly. She's seen these markers before. Then she continues on.

EXT. ROAD - CAMPSITE - DAY

Further down the road, Anne steps off the asphalt into an abandoned roadside campground.

She kneels by a blackened firepit. Touches the ash - still faintly warm. Looks at human tracks in the dirt. Three, maybe four sets.

She straightens, scans the treeline. Listens.

Nothing stirs.

She rises. Keeps moving.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Another stretch of lost road. High grass has eaten most of the asphalt here, the road barely visible beneath.

Along the roadside, a DYING MAN slumps against a tree in the shade, head lolled forward.

Anne approaches cautiously. Her shadow falls over the dying man as she comes to stand over him.

He looks up at her with glassy eyes, dimly perceiving.

He's unarmed. No pack. His skin albino-pale, as if the melanin is bleached away, his bald head pocked with scars. Side effects of the virus. One of the few who survived.

DYING MAN

...water?

Flies buzz where dried blood cakes his shirt. The smell of gangrene rises. A wide black hat lies at his side.

DYING MAN

Please.

Anne unslings her canteen, pours water into a small tin cup. Kneels. Offers it.

He drinks unsteadily - water dribbles down his scarred chin, cracked lips.

ANNE

You want me to look at it?

The man stares, lost in fever, bewildered. It takes him a moment to understand.

Finally, he shakes his head slowly.

She takes the cup from his loose grip. Stands.

She turns and walks on. Nothing left to be done.

EXT. ROAD - HOUSE - DAY

The road curves ahead, choked with weeds. Anne rounds the bend.

Ahead, half-hidden behind trees, a weathered HOUSE comes into view.

She slows, cautious.

EXT. ACROSS THE FIELD - HOUSE - DAY

From the treeline, she studies the house from across an overgrown field:

Paint long faded. Porch near collapse. A weed-choked drive. Rusting tools lean against a crumbling fence. A broken laundry line sways in the breeze. An oak towers above. The woods beyond.

She scans for signs of life. Waits.

Nothing.

She decides to move in - crosses the field.

EXT. HOUSE - SIDE WINDOW - DAY

Anne moves around the side of the abandoned house, finds a window cracked open. She peers in, can't see much beyond the dust and dirt on the glass. But it's quiet.

She tries the window, pushing - it doesn't budge.

She tries again, harder. This time it gives, slides open.

She hauls herself up, grunts, slides through.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She lands in an empty living room.

Dust motes drift in dim light. The interior sparse: overturned furniture, molded linens, a vine creeping through a cracked wall.

She pauses at a dusty FAMILY PHOTO hung on the wall. Stares a beat too long.

Then moves quickly, light-footed. Opens drawers, searches:

A flashlight in decent condition. A linen sheet. She packs them both. Keeps moving.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Anne moves into the kitchen. Then stops suddenly. Sniffs.

Ammonia. Faint but distinct. Odd...

Her gaze drops:

There's a jacket slung over a chair. A mug on the kitchen table.

She touches the jacket - no dust. Tilts the mug - damp coffee grounds within.

She looks up, scans.

She notices a doorway she missed. Ajar.

A UTILITY ROOM or BATHROOM, just visible beyond.

She moves toward it. Peers inside.

ANNE'S POV:

A small tiled room. A deep utility sink, stained dark. Ammonia bottles, cleaning supplies, lined up beneath.

And hanging from a ceiling hook:

A CARCASS. Stripped, gutted. Impossible to tell what it was. Animal? Human? The shape is wrong for certainty.

Blood has pooled and been scrubbed. Poorly. Streaks remain.

BACK ON ANNE:

Her face goes blank. *Time to go.*

She pivots immediately, makes for the front--

INT. ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

She steps quickly through the doorway, the front door ahead - when she spots the tripwire, knee-high.

Too late.

*CLICK.*

SNAP.

A barbed device swings from the doorframe - a jagged tangle of nails and wire - and SLAMS into her upper thigh.

She crumples. Gasps.

Looks down, in shock:

Blood gushes from her left thigh, nails buried deep. A plank hooked into flesh, wire trailing to a crude spring trap.

*And she walked right into it...*

ANNE

*Motherfuck-*

She drags herself into the corner, props her back against the wall, wriggling out from under her backpack.

Furious, she pulls a scarf and scissors from the pack.

Looks down. Assesses the wound. Then braces - and RIPS the barbed metal from her thigh in one brutal motion.

She lets out a ragged gasp as blood floods the torn wound.

But it's out. And she drops the twisted metal to the floor with a sickening THUD.

With the scissors, she slashes open her pant leg, exposes the damage:

Torn flesh - a deep jagged cut among smaller punctures.

Her hands move quickly, trembling, checking for shrapnel - finds none.

She cinches the scarf around the wound. Yanks it tight.

When - FROM OUTSIDE:

VOICES. Male. Not far.

Anne stiffens, dread spiking through the pain.

She tries to push to her feet - slips - catches herself on the wall. Can't quite do it.

The voices grow LOUDER.

ANNE (cont'd)

(whispered, ferocious)

Get up. GET. UP.

Painfully, furiously, she hauls herself upright, bracing against the wall.

She's up. Barely. Now how to get out?

She limps to a front window. Steals a glance outside:

Two MEN cross the yard. Twenty meters out. Another perched on a broken fence, smoking. Ragged HUNTERS. Armed. Feral.

Her heart pounds. She turns, stumbles for the back--

INT. HOUSE REAR - CONTINUOUS

Finds the rear door. Tests it.

It swings open.

Beyond: open ground. An exposed stretch of tall grass. Maybe a hundred meters to the tree line.

No choice.

She slips out, limping toward the woods...

EXT. FIELD - HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

She limps hard across the field, breathing hard. Hand pressed to her thigh. The makeshift bandage already soaking through.

The house recedes behind her.

But no one else in sight - yet.

Then she REACHES the treeline.

Disappears into the woods.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

It's nearly dusk as Anne limps out of the woods onto a lost stretch of road, a Smith & Wesson 9mm now clenched in one hand.

Ahead, she spots a half-collapsed gas station - long overgrown, vines spilling from broken windows. Fuel pumps rusted to skeletons. One corner blackened by fire.

*It'll have to do.*

She limps toward it, hand pressed to her bleeding thigh.

INT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM - DAY

The last light of the day filters through a jagged hole in the ceiling. Vines snake from rafters. Weeds push through cracked tile.

Anne enters.

Half of a mirror hangs above a dry sink. She steps to it.

Her reflection stares back: Pale, shaking, eyes bloodshot.

She wraps her hand in a thick rag.

*SMASH.*

She drives her fist into the mirror. Shards clatter into the sink and floor.

She kneels. Picks one - long, angled.

Takes it with her as she exits.

INT. GAS STATION - MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A cold, stripped-down interior. Empty racks. Dust-covered shelves.

Anne sits on a plastic bucket, stripped to underwear, her wounded leg stretched before her.

She lights a solar lantern and sets the mirror shard against the wall - a crude surgical aid.

From her pack she removes a small case wrapped in waterproof material.

Opens it to reveal a compact surgical kit: forceps, curved needles, sutures, scalpel, hemostats.

The tools of her former profession, well maintained. She sets it within reach.

Then she unwraps the makeshift bandage - starts cleaning the wound with disinfectant, talking under clenched breath as she goes:

ANNE  
(examining)  
Lateral muscle tissue compromised...  
Vascular damage minimal. Possible  
foreign bodies.

She probes the wound edges, wincing but focused.

ANNE (cont'd)  
No arterial involvement. Low risk of  
compartment syndrome.

She threads a needle through shaking hands. Dips it in alcohol.



ANNE (cont'd)  
Deep tissue closure first. 4-0  
absorbable suture.

She speaks the procedure aloud as she begins to sew, using the mirror to examine her work as she goes. A medical ritual like a mantra.

Slowly, stitch by stitch, hands shaking but persistent. *One stitch. Two. Three...*

ANNE (cont'd)  
Dermal layer next... Silk. Non-  
absorbable. Interrupted technique for  
drainage.

She ties the last suture off carefully, eyes glassing from pain - but she doesn't cry.

She applies antibiotic ointment from a near-empty tube.

Wraps the stitching in fresh bandage - neatly labeling it with a date - "Feb 11?"

She opens a small pill case. Studies its meager contents.

ANNE (cont'd)  
Two doxycycline remaining. One now.

She takes one pill with water.

ANNE (cont'd)  
High tetanus risk. No prophylaxis.

The entire procedure performed with tried skill. The clinical language a shield against pain and fear.