

*Hit Replay*

Episode Nine: Shatter

**Content Warnings:**

Graphic description of death and injury resulting from being hit by a car, graphic description of murder and its aftermath, grief, trauma, swearing.

**SFX:** Loud noises, crashing and screeching sound effects, writing sound effects throughout.

**KIT:** Content Warning: This episode contains loud bangs and glass shattering during a car crash. These occur between :59 and 1:00 into the episode, and again at 5:59 and 6:02. We advise you do not listen while driving, and check the content warnings for more detail

**(SFX: Tape sound)**

**HANNAH:** (Under a vocal filter)

Hit Replay

**(SFX: Tape Sound)**

**SFX:** Theme music plays, a piano haunting and sharp, growing and cutting off abruptly with a tape sound effect.

**HANNAH:** Episode Nine - [Two loud thuds] Shatter

**SFX:** A button clicks off

**SFX:** Ambient noise, sheets of paper being turned over, tapping

**RILEY:** I hope you understand now why I had to leave. (SFX: Pen scratching) I tried everything, H. Everything. I tried meeting you earlier, changing locations, getting up early, getting up late, convincing you to stay in, walking to work with you, walking you home from work, telling you everything, telling you nothing at all. And none of it made the *slightest* bit of difference.

It's always the same at the end, at least.

**(SFX: Screeching tyres, bang, sounds of someone falling)** Screeching tyres, a bang, you crumpling and- even after seeing it so many times it's obvious the human body shouldn't move like that. Sometimes I catch you, sometimes I don't. And then that fucking coward, opens his door **(SFX: A car door opening)** and looks at you, at us, and he runs. Sometimes he gets back in the car and reverses **(SFX: A car door being slammed, engine being started)**, quick and desperate, and other times I hear his footsteps slapping the pavement **(SFX: Faint footsteps running)**. The first few times he was a blur, some shapeless figure in the background, while you were bright and broken and bleeding-

But then I started paying attention. He was tall, maybe 6'1, white, wore a white shirt, black trousers, brown shoes. I tried pleading with him a few times, asking him to call an ambulance, help me stop the bleeding, *(laughs sadly)* hell give me his car keys so I could- *(sighs)* what? Save you? Stupid, I know. You're not supposed to move someone when they're hurt like that.

I promise you I called an ambulance almost every time, Haiden. When my fingers were slick with your blood, and shaking so bad I couldn't put my pin in- and sometimes I remembered you didn't need the pin, (SFX: Ambulance siren) that you can just dial 999, and I felt stupid for all the times I forgot. The advice differed when I called though. Sometimes they wanted me to focus on the bleeding, sometimes the cold, sometimes- *(breaking)* sometimes they talked me through CPR, even when we both knew it wouldn't work.

I'm glad you don't remember it. As frustrating as it was sometimes trying to explain. You shouldn't have to remember pain like that.

I even found the guy who did it. Well, does it, every time. It took a few goes but I found out where he worked, tried to get the keys off him so he couldn't (*pauses*) but it didn't work. (*Small*) I think I made things worse that time.

And then one time. The last time. I....did something drastic. And terrible. I know that it was terrible, I promise I'm not that far gone yet. I- (*long pause*) I killed him. I found where he worked, and I waited till he left for lunch, and I grabbed him and dragged him behind an alley. I just kept hitting him and scratching him and covering his mouth with my hand, so he couldn't scream, and then- then I smashed his head into the concrete four times. Until he went limp. And another two for good measure.

Then I threw up. And I was covered in blood, but I was used to that by now, some sick part of my mind saying '*at least it isn't Haiden's*', this time (*pauses*) and then I threw up again. I ditched the jumper, managed to get into a shop to try and clean the blood out of my nails. I didn't have to do that before, it always resets after I know you're dead, so I never have to worry about getting clean. And I stood in that bathroom, and I looked in that mirror, and I knew I'd killed someone, knew it had been messy, knew my DNA was probably all over him and realised how foolish I'd been. The loops had made me sloppy. I hadn't actually thought about what I'd do after. And now the bastard was dead, and I was probably going to prison, and you might never forgive me for killing some random stranger who probably had a partner and a mum and a dad and-

I had a bit of a breakdown, then.

But I thought I'd find you. Have one last coffee date or walk home before the police showed up and everything sunk in. So, I took you for lunch. And two hours went by with no flashing lights or policemen, and I thought maybe, maybe I've got more time-

**SFX: Rushing noise, as a car approaches**

And then as we walked home he rammed his car into you again.

**SFX: Squealing brakes, crashing sound**

I did something unforgivable, after that.

And I woke up the next day, and I cried. And I thought long and hard about how to stop this, because if him being dead didn't then what *would?*

You've got to find the common denominator, I think. That's what always happens on TV, there's *something* causing the loop and if you can find it and fix it, everything will go back to normal. Take the cog out of the machine so it can't turn. I'm pretty sure that's me. So I packed my bags and I booked a cabin and I left. And I saw you, before I got the bus. And you looked concerned, that little twitch of your eyebrow, the one that's always followed by you asking so softly '*you alright?*'. And I couldn't face that, so I ran and hid behind a shop for twenty minutes.

I'm not expecting forgiveness. But, for the love of everything in this universe, know that this was truly the last option I had.

Wait- I- do I need to warn you? About the man? If everything's gone as it should then you won't need to-

(SFX: Pen scratching stops)

Riley: But you deserve something more from me than a cryptic voicemail. I'll...This is too much. I need to start this letter over, make it make sense, stress the important bits.

(Riley *SIGHS*)

(SFX: Paper crumpling)

Riley: Dear Haiden...

(SFX: Scratching sound effects)

## **OUTRO**

**KIT:** (Under a vocal filter and tape hiss) Written by L M Clohessy

Directed by Morgan Greensmith

Script Editing by Natasha Johnston

Audio Editing by Natasha Johnston and L M Clohessy (**NB: In the audio recording L's name is not mentioned**)

Logo by Eilidh Lang

Social Media by Kit Lovick

This episode featured:

**HANNAH:** Hannah Lapworth as Riley Jenkins

**KIT:** To learn more, visit us on Twitter @Hit\_Replay\_AD.

**SFX: Two thuds, then the sound of a recorder being turned off**

This episode was transcribed by Kit Lovick