

Emergency Service (extended draft)

By

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Jan 2010

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FADE IN

INT. MARTINA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A large television plays silently to itself in the cluttered room.

Sunlight streams through the Venetian blinds on the window.

MARTINA, a pretty brunette in her late thirties, sits in the armchair in her dressing gown. She toys with her hair whilst talking on a cordless phone to her sister, MARIE.

MARTINA

(laughs)

...you know me, I'll try anything once. Well, twice in fact! You can never be too sure if you only do things once, can you?

MARIE (O.S)

Well, as long as you're happy, Martina. That's all that matters at the end of the day isn't it?

MARTINA

Yes Marie, it is. Things are much better now. I think we just got into a rut, you know, same old routine day after day. It gets to you.

MARIE (O.S)

Yeah, I suppose. I knew deep down you wouldn't split up though. You were made for each other! You've been through way too much together.

MARTINA

Yeah, true. To be perfectly frank, Marie, our sex life has gone off the scale since Ollie started that job. I think I was just getting fed up of him being under my feet all the time. I actually look forward to him coming home now... I'm horny 24/7!

MARIE (O.S)

Way too much information thanks, Martina. Spare me the details, please!

MARTINA
(laughs)
Sorry! I thought you'd be pleased
for me.

The conversation is interrupted by a knock on the door.
Martina looks around at a clock on the wall.

MARTINA (cont'd)
Just hang on a sec, Marie. There's
someone at the door.

Martina heads to the window, prising the Venetian blind
apart with her fingers.

She cranes her neck to attempt to catch a glimpse of the
mystery visitor.

MARTINA (cont'd)
I can't quite see. I wonder who
that could be? I'm not even
dressed!

MARIE (O.S)
It'll probably just be
bible-bashers, they came to mine
last week. Just put the door chain
on, they won't see you're not
dressed.

A louder, more impatient knock at the door.

Martina approaches the door, still on the telephone.

INT. HALLWAY

A small, well lit room with a frosted glass panelled door.

Martina squints to make out the blurred silhouette of the
figure that stands at the door.

Another loud erratic knock.

MARTINA
(shouting)
Okay, okay. I'm coming. Hold your
horses!

MARIE (O.S)
Who is it?

MARTINA

God only knows. It was a vicar
yesterday!

She struggles with the key in the lock, opens the front door to the full extent of the chain then peeks through the gap.

She quickly slams the door then takes in a huge breath of air.

MARTINA (cont'd)

Oh, Marie, I'm gonna have to call
you back later.

She hangs up without waiting for a response, then places the phone down clumsily on the window sill.

She sighs as she fiddles with the door chain.

She forces a huge smile and graciously pulls open the door fully to greet the POLICEMAN, a tall, ruggedly handsome man in his early forties.

MARTINA (cont'd)

Hello, can I help you?

POLICEMAN

Hello, Mrs. Turner? I've got the
right house haven't I?

MARTINA

Yes, you have. I'm she.

POLICEMAN

Can I come inside for a moment Mrs
Turner? I've got some bad news.

(awkwardly)

It's... It's your husband.

Martina's face drops.

She stands to the side, making way for the policeman.

MARTINA

Oh my god, please come in. What's
happened? Has there been an
accident?

POLICEMAN

I'm afraid so ma'am. Maybe you
should sit yourself down.

Martina and the policeman head to the living room.

INT. MARTINA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Martina sits on the sofa. She pats the space beside her and the policeman sits cautiously down.

MARTINA

What's happened, is Ollie alright?

POLICEMAN

No, I'm afraid not Mrs. Turner.

She grasps his hand tightly.

POLICEMAN (cont'd)

He's been involved in an accident at his workplace, ma'am, and I'm afraid that it's not pleasant news.

Martina closes her eyes tight.

The colour drains from the policeman's hand as she increases her grip.

MARTINA

Oh fuck! Not my Ollie, Why him? Why me?

She leans forward and wraps her arms around the policeman. Her head rests on his shoulder. His face adopts an uncomfortable expression.

A single tear drips down his back.

POLICEMAN

I'm hate to have to tell you this, ma'am. The...

(coughs)

...the body needs to be identified.

Martina wails, roughly rubbing her hands up and down his back.

The policeman pats her gently. An anxious look grows steadily upon his face.

MARTINA

Jeez, I need a fucking drink!

She quickly jumps to her feet then heads towards the door.

She turns to face the policeman.

MARTINA (cont'd)
You want one?

POLICEMAN
No, ma'am, thank you, but not
whilst I'm on duty. You take your
time... Gather yourself. I'll be
waiting right here.

Martina leaves the room as the policeman sits in awkward
silence, looking at the floor.

INT. KITCHEN

A large, extremely tidy and seldom used kitchen.

Martina opens the door on the huge, half empty refrigerator,
removing a bottle of wine.

The wine is placed on the worktop as Martina rummages
through various drawers. She mutters to herself, until she
finds a corkscrew.

INT. MARTINA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The policeman stares at the floor, trancelike, rubbing his
crushed hand.

He snaps back into consciousness as he hears the loud POP of
a cork being pulled from the other room.

A look of concentration grows on his face as he strains to
hear the glugging of the glass being filled.

A moments silence- a stifled burp from the kitchen, and the
sound of the glass being filled yet again.

The policeman smirks to himself.

Hearing her nearing footsteps, he composes himself and
stares back at the floor.

Martina enters with a huge glass of wine.

She knocks half of it back in one gulp then sits back down
beside the policeman.

POLICEMAN
Are you okay, ma'am, is there
anything I can do?

MARTINA
Please, call me Martina.

A hint of sarcasm in his voice.

POLICEMAN
Okay, is there anything I can do,
Martina?

MARTINA
You could start by telling me why?

POLICEMAN
Why? Why what? I don't follow.

MARTINA
Why this had to happen to me. What
the hell I ever do to deserve all
this?

POLICEMAN
Forgive me ma'am, I understand you
must be hugely upset, but I think
your husband came out a little
worse off than you did.

She takes another sip of her wine, then wipes her eyes with
the sleeve of her dressing gown.

MARTINA
Oh, yes. I'm sorry. I didn't mean
it to come across like that. It's
just...

She hesitates.

POLICEMAN
Go on.

MARTINA
... It's just that things were
starting to go really well, you
know? I know we had our problems
and a few ups and downs, but that's
the nature of marriage, isn't it?

POLICEMAN
I suppose ma'am. I'm not really in
a position to talk about things
like that. Not in my job
description, I'm afraid.

MARTINA

So you just turn up to peoples homes, drop a life shattering bombshell and then piss off. Is that it?

The policeman looks a little startled at Martina's rant.

POLICEMAN

No, ma'am. And as I said earlier, I really sympathize with what you're going through, but I don't have any answers I'm afraid. I wish that I did at times. Can you imagine what it's like to have to break this sort of news to someone?

MARTINA

No, I'm sorry. I'm just a little confused. I feel so lost and alone.
(beat)
Hold me.

She wraps herself around the policeman once again.

He winces, looking even more ill at ease.

MARTINA (cont'd)

I've got so many things swimming around in my head. It feels like it's going to explode.

The policeman pats her back in a stifled attempt at calming her a little.

POLICEMAN

You're probably in shock, Martina. If I could help, I would. You know that.

MARTINA

I'm sure you would, sir. I'm sure you would.

A few moments of awkward silence.

The policeman continues patting Martina's back.

She pulls back away from him, wiping her nose on her sleeve. She looks him straight in the eyes.

MARTINA (cont'd)
There's... There's something about
a man in uniform, you know.

POLICEMAN
I'm sorry?

MARTINA
A man in uniform. Comes across as
all strong and dependable, don't
you think?

POLICEMAN
I can honestly say that thought has
never once crossed my mind.

MARTINA
Well it has mine. I mean, Ollie was
a lovely man, most of the time...
But by God, you're a positive
alpha-male compared to him. Look at
you- strong, forceful,
compassionate... hot.

POLICEMAN
I don't think this is the time or
the place for this sort of
conversation, ma'am.

MARTINA
So, you don't find me attractive
then?

(laughs)
Are you a faggot or something?

POLICEMAN
Whether I find you attractive is
unimportant as this point in time,
ma'am. Do I really need to remind
you that you've just lost your
husband? Beside which, I'm a
married man.

MARTINA
Ah, but you didn't say happily
married, did you? Are you happy
with your wife?

POLICEMAN
Yes, ma'am. I'm very happy indeed,
thanks for asking.

Martina begins to cry silently.

MARTINA

I'm so sorry. I don't know where
that came from.

POLICEMAN

It's okay, ma'am. Strange things
happen at times of grief.

The policeman offers out his arms. Martina quickly accepts
the invitation for a hug.

She begins to nuzzle the policeman's neck, he doesn't react.
Gently she starts to rub his chest with her hand.

POLICEMAN (cont'd)

I think you'd better stop, ma'am.
Just how much have you been
drinking?

MARTINA

Oh, one or two. Anyway, I thought
the police were supposed to help
people in their hour of need.

POLICEMAN

Not like this though, ma'am.

She moves her hand down from his chest, over his stomach,
then down onto his groin.

MARTINA

Hmmm. Tell me if I'm wrong, but
either someone's getting a little
excited... Or is that a truncheon
in your pocket?

She squeezes slowly and firmly.

POLICEMAN

(under his breath)

Oh God, what am I doing?

She locks her lips onto his. He stalls at first, then
relaxes into a long passionate kiss.

Martina stands up, takes the policeman by the hand and leads
him out the room and up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

A large, tidy, tastefully decorated bedroom.

A king-sized bed dominates the wall with bedside cabinets either side.

Martina flings open the bedroom door, leading him to the bed.

She sits down on the bed then leans over and drops a framed photograph face down on the bedside table.

MARTINA

Aren't you going to take down my
particulars?

She pats the bed seductively.

The policeman rips off his clothes then leaps on the bed.

He begins pulling on her dressing gown cord, then gently slides it off her shoulders, kissing the bare flesh.

Martina shudders with delight.

CLOSE UP:

The downturned framed photograph on the bedside table.

We hear kisses and groans of pleasure.

After a while, the items on the table start moving and shaking rhythmically as the noises get louder and more passionate.

FADE TO

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN

INT. MARTINA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The television is still muted, playing to itself.

The Venetian blinds are now closed, blocking the daylight.

Martina lies on the sofa, wearing her dressing gown.

Her hair is a mess and her face flushed. She has in her hand a glass of wine.

Calmly she picks up the phone and dials.

It rings.

MARIE (O.S)

Hello?

MARTINA

Hello Marie, It's me. Sorry it took so long to get back to you.

MARIE (O.S)

Oh, Martina, thanks for ringing me back, what happened?

Martina stands up, taking the half empty glass of wine with her and heads upstairs.

MARTINA

You really wouldn't believe me if I told you.

MARIE (O.S)

Try me!

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

She enters the bedroom, places the glass down on the bedside table and pressing the phone to her ear with her shoulder, begins making the bed.

MARTINA

Well, it was the police.

MARIE (O.S)

The police, why?

MARTINA

Ollie...

A tone of panic in Marie's response -

MARIE (O.S)

Ollie, my God, what's happened to him?

MARTINA

Nothing, Marie... It was *Ollie*.

MARIE (O.S)

I... I really don't understand.

Martina sits on the freshly made bed then reaches over for the glass of wine.

Noticing the picture is still face down, she stands it back up in its correct position.

CLOSE UP:

The framed photograph.

We see Martina and her husband on the beach in a traditional holiday pose.

Her husband is the policeman.

MARTINA

I told you, Marie, our sex lives have improved so much since Ollie got that job at the fancy dress shop.

(smiles)

You can't beat a bit of role play. This is one job where I'm happy that he brings his work home.

(laughs)

Yesterday he was a vicar, the day before a soldier. And I simply can't wait for the fireman to come round to tackle a bush fire! God, I love a man in uniform.

MARIE (O.S)

Way too much information, spare me the details, Martina!

FADE OUT