

FEAR FOR LIFE

BLANK SCREEN.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

What are you afraid of?

FADE IN:

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE. DAY.

A small cramped hallway, the front door centre frame. A Venetian blind over the paned window door allows only thin streams of light to flow inside. Stepping into frame is ELIZABETH, silhouetted by the light.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

Spiders?

We PAN to the front of the figure to see her face, to reveal the fear, the strength that she having to muster up to take the next step. Slowly Elizabeth steps forward and peers through the blind.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

The dark?

Reaching for the handle Elizabeth slowly turns it opening the door. The light no longer trapped by the constraints of the blind comes flooding in as cautiously Elizabeth steps out.

EXT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE. DAY.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

Clowns?

Elizabeth now outside is hit by the sounds of life around her, cars driving along the busy main road, birds singing, a distant murmur of a chainsaw cutting into a tree.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

Noise?

Elizabeth looks around with high awareness, spying two people coming from around the corner. This is JAMES and JOE. Elizabeth turns back to her door and focuses on locking it.

James and Joe walk past.

JAMES AND JOE

Morning Elizabeth.

Elizabeth finishing locking her door gives a nervous, quiet reply without looking.

ELIZABETH

Hi.

James and Joe have carried on their way, continuing with their conversation. When they have gone Elizabeth turns away from her door.

TRACKING as Elizabeth walks away down the street.

Walking along the road there is a traffic queue. Elizabeth walks quickly past the cars not entirely sure where to look.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

Injections?

Elizabeth glances along the cars, eyes seem to jump out at her even when they aren't directing at her. Coming to the end of the road a car with a DRIVER and PASSENGER, they are laughing. Elizabeth spots this and immediately looks uneasy. Cautiously she touches her hair as if checking it is still in place.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

Snakes?

Elizabeth turns the corner out of view.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINSTATION. DAY.

Elizabeth is standing alone on a long platform. Others wait on the platform going about their business, on their phones, reading books, talking to others. Elizabeth focuses on the ground.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

Crowds?

As the train pulls into the station platform Elizabeth boards with the other passengers.

INT. TRAIN. DAY.

Elizabeth walks down the train looking into the different seating areas, stopping when she finds an empty one. Elizabeth sits putting her bag on the seat next to her. Sitting silently she watches as the other PASSENGERS continue to find their seats, before turning to look out the window as the train begins to move.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

Small spaces?

Elizabeth continues to look out of the window, the open scenery moving past as the train gathers speed, her reflection looking back at her.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

Your reflection?

Elizabeth is distracted by the added reflection of the TICKET COLLECTOR standing at the end of the seat. Turning around Elizabeth hands over her ticket, as the collector stamps it then hands it back.

Elizabeth takes it shyly, before turning to face the back of the seat in front of her.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

I'm not afraid of them. I don't have to climb to the roof of a twenty-storey building to feel my fear, or board a plane and watch the ground falling away beneath me to sense it.

The sound of the other passengers going on around her, a baby crying, children laughing, others talking.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

I don't have to jump into water to taste it. All I have to do is open the front door and it's staring back at me.

Elizabeth glances around the train. That of a BABY catches her eyes over their parents shoulder. The baby smiles, Elizabeth finds a small smile back.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

My fear is all around, it's in my everyday routine. It is probably one of the most annoying, frustrating fears I could have wished to have.

Elizabeth turns back to look out the window. An announcement over the train speaker tells the passengers the next stop.

On hearing this Elizabeth begins putting on her bag. As the train pulls to a stop Elizabeth looks at the people waiting to board.

Standing she goes to leave her seat, as she does she bumps into another PASSENGER. Elizabeth steps back instantly.

ELIZABETH

(APOLOGETIC)

Sorry.

PASSENGER

Sorry, that was my fault.

On hearing this Elizabeth is able to look up, as the person is letting her go in front.

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

Elizabeth makes her way to the doors.

EXT. TRAIN. DAY.

Elizabeth exits the train and continues on her way.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

My fear means that I have to fight it everyday. Everywhere I turn I am faced with it.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Elizabeth walks down a busy street.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

Because you can't avoid people.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP. DAY.

Elizabeth enters the shop. We watch through the window as she takes a breath and approaches the counter, the smiling ASSISTANT ready to serve.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

Well you can if you really want, but to avoid people the source of my fear.

Elizabeth is handed a bunch of flowers. We can't hear what they are saying but it is clear that she is thanking the assistant. Elizabeth turns and leaves the shop, continuing on her way.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

To shut myself away, and shy from my fear would be to miss out on the beauties beyond that.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUS STOP. DAY.

Elizabeth waits at a bus stop holding the bunch of flowers. PEOPLE bustle past whilst others join her at the stop.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

The joyment of laughing and having fun. The conversations with people I care about. The sense of achievement that new challenges bring.

A WOMAN waits with A CHILD in a buggy. The bus pulls into the stop. The woman gets on first, as she does the child drops their toy, the woman not noticing as she makes her way onto the bus. Elizabeth sees the toy, hesitates a beat before picking it up.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

To hide away from my fear would be to hide away from life itself. So facing that fear.

Elizabeth calls after the woman who turns around, holding out the toy the woman smiles and gratefully takes it from Elizabeth and hands it back to the child.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

So to take steps, even if they are small,
it is still a step.

Elizabeth waits to board the bus looking pleased with herself.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

And it's the only way to move forward.

Elizabeth disappears into the bus and it drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETRY. DAY.

Elizabeth is walking through the cemetery.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

And sometimes we have to leave our comfort zone, risk staring that fear directly in the eye in order to fulfil something that no fear can hold you from.

Elizabeth walks in a knowing direction still holding the bunch of flowers until coming to a stop. She looks down.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

You have to fight off the fear and the paranoia, the burning glare of staring eyes that aren't there, the laughing that is not aimed at you, the worry of saying the wrong thing, doing the wrong thing.

Elizabeth bends down smiling with sadness at the gravestone. She places the flowers down in front on the grave, removing an old wilted bunch.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

And I can't let any fear hold me back from doing the most important thing that brings up the strongest emotion and the hardest feeling. I won't let the fear stop me from coming to you.

We see the grave, engraved on it is 'Maya Tyrone, Loving Mum'. Elizabeth pauses, looking around the cemetery listening to the quiet, sombre atmosphere that resides there. Several other PEOPLE go about their business in the background.

Elizabeth takes in the breeze that is flowing through her hair, before looking back to the grave. She puts her hand on the stone.

ELIZABETH (V.O)

To come to you, I will fight every fear,
because I know you would too.

Elizabeth stands holding the wilted flowers.

ELIZABETH

Rest in peace.

With one more look Elizabeth turns from the grave and walks out of the cemetery, putting the old flowers in the bin on her way out. We watch as she makes her way down the isolated street.

FADE OUT:

END.