

What Is and What Isn't

by
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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Kitchen is small and crammed. Not really space for much more than what's already in here. A cooker, a Refrigerator, a small dining table and a few storage cupboards.

The Cooker is old and rusty. Its seen its fair usage over the years. The timer on it RINGS.

SHUFFLING feet are heard from off screen. These feet come into view.

Then the occupant of the feet comes into full view - SANDRA HOLMES, elderly, looks to be around her sixties, her grey curly locks dangles against her cheeks, allowing her frail looking face to be seen.

An Apron covers the front of her old worn out clothes... a brown cardigan and a long flowing flowery skirt.

She grabs hold of a pair of OVEN GLOVES... and takes her time getting her hands into them... then she proceeds to walk to the oven.

She opens the doors and lifts a tray from within. Atop of the tray sits a nicely cooked ROAST. She smiles... SATISFIED.

SANDRA

Perfection.

With a WIDE smile still spread across her face, she kicks the oven doors shut with her right foot. HUMMING away, she walks across to the DINNING TABLE and sits the roast on a plater in the middle of the table.

She glances up at the clock mounted on the wall behind her. She stares at the clock for a few seconds -- it's just reaching half past 6.

She turns her attention back to the dining table. She walks to a cupboard and takes two plates and positions one at either end of the table. After this, she pulls open the cutlery drawer, taking two of everything. Two forks... two knives... and two spoons.

She positions a fork, knife and spoon next to each plate and then stands back admiring her WORK.

SANDRA

Perfection.

Sandra glances back up at the clock -- It's now half past 6. Sandra PROUDLY smiles, then turns and leaves the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everything in here is very OLD FASHIONED from the three piece suite to the Large Brown TV situated in the corner -- A NEWS PROGRAMME plays on the screen, but the PRESENTER can't be heard because the noise of a VACUUM is drowning him out.

Sandra pushes an old fashioned vacuum back and forth across the well worn out carpet -- the carpet and the vacuum look as though they've been around longer than Sandra herself.

As she hovers, she glances at the GRANDFATHER CLOCK standing in the far corner. The time is now quarter to 7.

SANDRA (V.O.)
Where is he? He's late.

Sandra continues to stare at the clock... with a puzzled look washing over her face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Grandfather clock now reads quarter past Seven.

Sandra now prances back and forth across the living room floor -- growing more AGITATED with each step she takes.

She waltzes into the kitchen--

KITCHEN

She looks long and hard at the nicely set dinner table. Her eyes zoom in on the roast sitting on the tray in the middle of the table.

She shakes her head with ANGER.

SANDRA
RUINED!

She MARCHES across to the table, and angrily picks up the roast.

SANDRA
Ruined! My blood, sweat and tears
wasted!

With the roast firmly between her hands, she proceeds to walk across to the bin with a FURY in her eyes. She uses the pedal on the bin to open the lid and then dumps the roast inside with a THUD.

She releases her foot on the pedal and then lid shuts with a CLANG, while Sandra attempts to refrain from losing her temper completely.

SANDRA (V.O.)
Pub. He'll be at the god damn
pub. A good old drink always was
more important than me!

Amongst the anger in her eyes creeps in a little SADNESS as she leaves the kitchen.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The wallpaper that dons the walls is old and STAINED and blends in nicely with the old worn out carpet.

An old phone sits on a dusty table, with a handwritten phone book sitting on the shelf under it.

Sandra steps out from the living room and walks across the lobby til she reaches the phone table. Slowly, she reaches down and takes hold of the phone book -- with a look of DETERMINATION on her face.

SANDRA (V.O.)
This is the last time he makes a
fool out of me. I'm gonna let him
have it this time.

Sandra flips through the pages of the phone book until she reaches a page which reads at the top "Joe's Mobile - 0778965457"

Sandra smiles and grins at the number... a clear look of INTENT on her face.

She punches each number into the phone with a STEELY determination. She then waits as the receiver connects to the other side.

Another phone then RINGS from within the house. She FROWNS with confusion.

SANDRA (V.O.)
He's here. I bet he's come home
drunk and sneaked in upstairs to
avoid me.
(Beat)
Well, he ain't getting off that
easy.

Sandra spins and walks to the wooden staircase and walks up it with a real look of PURPOSE on her face. Her feet hit down on each step with a THUMP... letting off a pile of dust each time.

INT. TOP LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Sandra enters the lobby and walks along to the end door. She pushes the bedroom door open without hesitation and enters.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ringing phone can still be heard, but even more so from in this bedroom.

SANDRA
JOE! Do you think you're--

She stops herself. Finally taking the time to look around. There is no sign of Joe or anybody else.

The bed is perfectly made. The sideboards are nice and clean -- free of clutter.

A huge towering wardrobe is the only other thing in her line of sight. The RINGING is coming from within the wardrobe.

SANDRA
Joe?

She walks to the wardrobe and places both hands on the door knobs, gripping them tightly before pulling them open.

She takes out a Dress Jacket which seems to be the source of the ringing phone. Sandra reaches into the right side pocket and pulls out a ringing MOBILE phone.

Annoyed... she clicks the call off... putting an end to the ringing. She places the phone back inside the jacket, hangs the jacket back up into the spot from which she took it.

She pushes the doors shut hard with anger and GRITS her teeth... thinking.

SANDRA
The Pub?

She turns and leaves the room... as though she had just found a new LEASE of life.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Sandra again stands by the phone table... the phone book in her hand. She stares at a number which is for the "Eagles Clan Bar"

She slowly punches each number into the phone and then places the phone to her ear... waiting for a reply.

INTERCUT:

INT. LOBBY/PUB - NIGHT

The Pub is overly CROWDED as some of the locals dance to the fast beating music, while others just sit and talk to each other.

Behind the bar next to the Cash Registrar sits the phone.

RING! RING!

A BARMAID, who is serving a drink hears it and no more. She signals to her customer with her hand that she'll be right back.

The Barmaid walks across to the phone, picks it up and SLINGS it to her ear.

Sandra taps her feet impatiently in the lobby until she hears the receiver connect.

BARMAID

Hello?

Sandra straightens up.

SANDRA

Hello. This is Sandra Holmes...

In the Pub, the Barmaid strains to hear Sandra on the other end. She places one finger in her ear to try and drown out some of the noise from the music and the locals.

BARMAID

(Loud)

HELLO?

(Beat)

HELLO? You're going to have to speak up. I can't hear you.

Sandra straightens up even more... she tries to project her VOICE as much as she possibly can.

SANDRA

I'm looking for my husband. Joe Holmes!

BARMAID

Who?

SANDRA

Joe Holmes.

The Barmaid releases the strain on her face and looks around the Pub, holding the phone up for OFFER.

BARMAID
Have I got a Joel Harrow her?
(Beat)
JOEL HARROW?

None of the locals are interested in taking the phone. The Barmaid shakes her head and brings the phone back to her ear.

BARMAID
Sorry. There's no Joel Harrow here.

SANDRA
No. Joe Holmes. I'm looking for JOE HOLMES!

The barmaid again STRAINING to hear shakes her head.

BARMAID
I'm sorry. I can't help you.

She places the phone back on the hook and returns to her customer.

END INTERCUT:

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Sandra shakes her head in FRUSTRATION as she places the phone back on the hook.

SANDRA
Thanks for nothing.

Sandra takes a deep breath and leans up against the wall... clearly in deep thought.

SANDRA (V.O.)
That's it!

Sandra straightens up... marches to the coat stand. She takes a woolly coat and puts it on, tightly fastening it. Next she places a matching woolly hat on her head and wraps a woolly scarf around her neck.

Her eyes PIERCE through the front door.

SANDRA (V.O.)
I'm bringing him home.

Sandra takes a DEEP BREATH before starting her walk to the door.

Once there, she pulls the door open and prepares to step outside, but she finds a man dressed in WHITE OVERALLS blocking her path -- RAYMOND.

He smiles CALMY at her. She doesn't return the smile -- instead her face fills with more anger.

RAYMOND

Sandra, where do you think you're going?

SANDRA

Get out of my way. I need to go.

RAYMOND

Go where, Sandra. You know you're not allowed out.

SANDRA

GET OUT OF MY WAY!

Raymond continues to remain calm as he places a hand upon her shoulder.

RAYMOND

Sandra, please...

Sandra attempts to push her way past him, but she doesn't even come close. She is far too weak to match the STRENGTH he possesses.

SANDRA

I have to bring Joe home. He's missed his dinner again.

Raymond SIGHS.

RAYMOND

Sandra, we've been through this all before, remember?

Sandra shakes her head, then again tries to push past him, but again to no AVAIL.

SANDRA

I have to bring him home. He'll be hungry.

This time, Raymond places a hand upon each of her shoulders and looks her in the eyes.

RAYMOND

Sandra... Joe's dead! He has been for a very long time. You know that.

Sandra's eyes fill with TEARS. She shakes her head repeatedly.

SANDRA

No. No, no, no. You lie. He's at the pub. I'm going to go bring him home.

RAYMOND

No, Sandra, you're not.

(Beat)

Now, please, try and get some sleep.

Sandra is now more angry than ever. She LASHES out at him... SCRATCHING him across the face with her NAILS. She then proceeds to repeatedly PUNCH him.

Raymond tries his best to RESTRAIN her as not to hurt her at the same time.

RAYMOND

(Shouts)

A little help here!

Within seconds, several more PEOPLE dressed in WHITE arrive and help restrain the VIOLENT Sandra.

Together they force her back into the lobby of the house and quickly get out the front door, shutting and LOCKING it behind them.

Sandra gets to her feet, marches back across to the door and repeatedly BANGS on it. Raymond and the rest of the white coats watch on from the outside.

SANDRA

Let me out. Joe needs me. I have to bring him home. He needs me!

Sandra continues to SHOUT and BAWL at them through the door window.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Raymond and the others watch as she angrily RAGES on from within the room.

WHITE COAT

Should we give her something?

RAYMOND

No. Let's wait until she's calmed down a bit.

(Sighs)

Poor woman.

Raymond and the others look at her for one another moment before turning and walking away.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandra still bangs on the door with tears flowing from her eyes.

She finally gives up and turns her back up against the door and slides down it... CRYING her eyes out.

SANDRA

Joe. My dear Joe.

Sandra looks around at her surroundings. She is no longer in a house.

There's no phone table, no living room, no kitchen, no lobby, no furniture -- in fact everything that once resembled a house is now GONE -- replaced with FOUR WHITE PADDED WALLS and a small window with BARS.

Sandra cries into her knees... rocking back and forth.

FADE OUT.