

Grey

by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. PARK - NIGHT**

ALONE in a WORLD of PERPETUAL GREY--

--FIONA HOBART (25) sits motionless on a bench.

**EXT. CITY STREET - PELICAN CROSSING - NIGHT**

The roads are dead. Fiona waits for the lights to change,  
than crosses over to a --

**HIGH STREET**

She passes an electrical shop and a row of TVs black-out as  
if performing a Mexican wave.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT**

Fiona pushes a trolley along a deserted aisle.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Buildings of various shapes and sizes. On one of them, a  
brass plaque reads:

*HOBART FUNERAL HOME - EST. 1918*

**INT. HOBART FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM - NIGHT**

White walls, metallic instruments, and in the center of the  
room, the corpse of VERA (70) on a large steel table.

Fiona rises behind the profile of Vera's face, fixes her  
gaze on Vera's fringe, leans in holding a pair of scissors.

SHORTLY AFTER --

-- Fiona walks over to the wash basin and rinses hair off  
the scissors.

A TAPPING sound emanates from behind Fiona --

-- a 360 degree reveal of the room shows she's alone --

-- she turns, sees Vera's finger move, then her hand. The  
movement is jerky and surreal; like an etching by Rembrandt  
that springs to life.

Vera sits, turns, drapes her legs over the side and lowers  
herself to the floor. Her bare feet clench the tiles.

Unfazed, Fiona continues washing the scissors.

Vera glides over to Fiona and gestures for her to pass her comb.

Vera takes the comb and uses the reflection from a steel bone-saw to comb her hair in her own preferred style.

#### **KITCHEN**

Fiona, inches from a television screen, repeatedly presses the power-on switch but the screen stays black.

She gives up and tries the radio. Again, no luck. Only static and crackle. She thumps the radio and stomps off.

#### **EMBALMING ROOM**

Fiona and Vera sit holding cards and watching one another's faces closely.

Fiona makes a move but fumbles and drops a card. As she reaches to pick it up, we see a reflection in a mirror showing Vera is actually lying down.

Fiona sits up, she sees Vera sneaking a look at her cards.

#### **EXT. CITY STREET - JUNCTION - NIGHT**

There isn't a car in sight. Fiona is lying in the middle of the junction staring up at the stars above.

Her eyes start to close when --

-- the sound of distant footfall forces her to sit up.

An amorphous blur of colour approaches.

She climbs to her feet and the blur takes the form of a group of runners.

Her eyes follow each of them as if she'd never seen such a thing before.

One of the runners in particular stands out--

-- trailing the pack and gasping for air, RAY (30) slows to a halt and faces Fiona.

They stare at each other until Ray breaks away to see his group disappearing in the distance.

Ray gestures for Fiona to look behind her --

-- a moment later, a CAR races past, HONKS its horn.

Startled, she turns back to see Ray wipe his brow with a *sweatband*. He smiles then rushes off to catch up with the other runners.

Fiona watches as he fades into the distance.

#### **CITY STREET**

Street lights, empty roads and colourful store fronts.

Fiona skips along performing the occasional pirouette.

#### **STORE FRONT**

Fiona stands frozen, her eyes fixed on a colourful dress. Around it the world appears alive from its warm, luminous glow.

She reaches out and rests her hand on the store window, looks down at her tattered dress, crumples it in her hand, sighs, turns, and leaves --

-- and once more she's ALONE in the SILENCE and the GREY.

#### **INT. HOBART FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM - NIGHT**

Vera applies make-up on Fiona's face, she stops, takes Fiona's hand and puts it on her chest. Shakes her head.

Vera puts their hands on Fiona's chest, makes a beating movement and points to a clock on the wall.

#### **INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT**

Fiona pushes a trolley along an aisle. She's smiling.

#### **SELF CHECK-OUT TILL**

She runs a *sweatband* through self check-out, pays by card.

#### **INT. HOBART FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM - NIGHT**

Fiona and Vera sit on the table, Fiona sips coffee and anxiously plays with the *sweatband*. Vera puffs away on a cigarette.

#### **EXT. CITY STREET - JUNCTION - NIGHT**

Fiona, dressed in the colourful dress from the store window, waits beside the traffic lights.

She looks at her watch, sighs, steps out into the road, scans left, then right.

Sees nothing but the flicker of distant street lights.

**INT. HOBART FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM - NIGHT**

Fiona wipes down the table where Vera used to be.

**VIEWING ROOM**

She arranges wreaths by Vera's coffin.

**RECEIVING STATION**

She wheels a trolley carrying a bagged-up body from a van.

**EMBALMING ROOM**

Fiona shaves the face of the corpse of a MAN (30s).

She stops, looks at his face, puts her hands on his chest, looks at the clock, rushes out --

**EXT. CITY STREET - JUNCTION - NIGHT**

-- Fiona slows to a stop, panting for air. Her eyes desperate. Spins around, searching.

**EXT. PARK - DAWN**

Fiona sits on her usual bench. Shoulders slumped.

She rises to her feet but freezes on hearing a deep exhalation of breath coming from nearby.

She sees Ray stretching on the grass, he's dressed in a brightly coloured tracksuit that stands out from the surrounding grey.

She buries a hand into her pocket and rushes over.

He looks up at her then jumps to his feet.

Fiona pulls the *sweatband* from her pocket and holds it out.

He takes it and smiles --

-- and everything that looked grey, turns to colour.

FADE OUT.