

FIRST DRAFT

JUNE 2023

QUIS UT DEUS?

a screenplay by

Jack Milne

'I usually solve problems by letting them devour me.'

- Franz Kafka.

1. INT. CAR - NIGHT.

1

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT

It's dark. We are in the backseat of a car at nighttime. It's moving fast enough; like someone running late, yet not wanting to court unnecessary attention.

There is rain streaking across the windshield. Sparkling intermittently as it refracts the light of the occasional vehicle's oncoming headlights.

The film credits, in a white serif font, appear in short intervals of about 10-seconds in the middle of the frame.

The driver grips the steering wheel with his right hand and rests his left hand on the gear stick. He's wearing winter gloves.

The driver is the only person in the vehicle. We do not know where he is headed, but we watch as he deftly overtakes cars as, and when, he comes across them.

He appears measured, focused, and intent on arriving very soon to wherever he is going.

As the driver continues his journey, large buildings become increasingly visible through the windshield. We soon realise that he is approaching the middle of a small city.

The car eventually begins to slow, and moments later the driver comes to a stop on the left-hand side of a commercial, inner-city side-street.

We can see the off-white glow of streetlights spread across the car's windshield.

The driver shifts the gears down into neutral and turns the ignition off.

The driver reaches to the passenger seat and clutches a black duffel bag, it looks light, so we presume it is empty. He also picks up a gun.

We hear the metallic click of the door opening as he quickly gets out of the vehicle and moves hastily right and off screen.

The alarm that signals an open door resounds and becomes louder; it is the only sound we can hear.

This sound continues to build as we now hear faint shouting noises coming, presumably, from whatever the driver is doing off screen.

We hold for a few moments; the open-door alarm continues to ring and whine all the while.

The driver suddenly re-enters the frame from the right, the open-door signal cuts as he slams his door closed.

His breathing is quick and sharp, like it is coming only from the very top of his lungs.

The duffel bag makes a dull thud as he throws it, and the gun, back onto the passenger seat; it is audibly heavier. We know that something is now in it.

The driver hurriedly punches the key into the ignition, wiggles the gear stick, and engages first gear.

The car chortles and the driver does a U-turn onto the opposite lane of the road. We faintly hear the squeal of the rear tyres as he speeds away into the night.

He grips the gear stick hard, and his eyes now dart back and forward between the rear-view mirror and the right-hand side-mirror.

As we see the buildings become sparser through the windshield, the driver appears to relax and stops checking his mirrors as frequently.

He crosses a bridge, and we continue for a few more minutes.

The driver finally exits onto the motorway and continues for a few hundred metres.

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW TO:

2. EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT.

2

WIDE SHOT

We see the rear of the driver's car, it is a white 1998 Mitsubishi Lancer EVO V. It is the only vehicle driving in the wide road.

The car grows continually smaller as it speeds away from where we remain fixed on the road. We hear the car's engine whine and spit.

The driver brakes and we see the brake lights glow bright red.

FREEZE FRAME

We hold this shot of the bright red brake lights.

We have just accompanied somebody to commit a crime, someone who has never committed a crime before and someone who is not really a criminal.

FADE IN:

3. TITLE CARD.

3

Neon colours - RED, GREEN, BLUE - build from the still frame of the brake lights and flash in a repeated, psychedelic sequence and then settle on black.

FADE IN:

The title card 'QUIS UT DEUS', in a white serif font, flickers to opacity in the middle of the frame and holds for a few moments before fading out.

This is followed by text stating:

'This film, presented in two parts, is based on true events.'

This text fades out and is replaced by the following text:

'Part 1:

How the decisions that one makes in earnest can, and usually do, entail affliction that is so vastly opposite to the rapture that is otherwise wanted and, perhaps most unwisely, expected.'

FADE TO: BLACK

4. EXT. CITY - DAY/NIGHT.

4

FADE IN:

HIGH ANGLE EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF A SMALL CITY

In the distance we see a small city with little urban sprawl, a large, multi-channeled river runs horizontally from left to right in the bottom third of the frame.

It is all surrounded by farmland, patches of forested woodland, and a row of green hills just off to the right. The image switches to nighttime halfway through and we see the glow of city lights. The surrounding landscape disappears into the dark.

CUT TO:

5. EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT/DAY.

5

WIDE SHOT OF MAIN STREET

We see the quiet main street of this small city, there are few good shops, even fewer cars, and somehow fewer pedestrians. The image switches to daytime halfway through and we see the same few good shops, yet more cars and more than a few pedestrians going about their day. It's an honest and comely main street.

CUT TO:

6. EXT. RIVER MOUTH - DAY/NIGHT.

6

WIDE SHOT OF RIVER MOUTH

We now see the mouth of the large river, the water flows with such purpose it looks alive. Despite the conveyer-belt quality to its surface there are a few birds floating atop it.

We see the hungry few birds dive beneath the surface for fish and other food. The image switches to night halfway

through; the birds have long since gone and the surface of the water sparkles under the moonlight.

CUT TO:

7. EXT. Paddock - NIGHT/DAY.

7

WIDE SHOT OF Paddock

We can just make out a surprisingly verdant and well-kept grass paddock. The image switches to daytime halfway through. There now stands a solitary ewe grazing, she looks considerably pregnant. Behind the ewe, in the far distance, there appears to be an old church and what looks like a cemetery attached to it.

CUT TO:

8. INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

8

WIDE SHOT

TRACY SPENCER, a neatly dressed and bushy tailed personal assistant in early 30's and whose face conveys little thought or emotion, walks down a long and unremarkable hallway towards us. As she's about to walk right into us she turns suddenly left.

TRACKING WIDE SHOT OF TRACY FROM BEHIND

We follow TRACY down another long and unremarkable hallway, she walks all the way to the end. She opens the door and walks into what appears to be a mid-sized meeting room. Before we can follow her in, the door closes on us.

CLOSE UP OF NAME BADGE ON DOOR

We see a large name badge attached to the door, it reads 'TEAM PRINCIPAL', the name is in white serif lettering on a rectangular black background, the door it's affixed to is a stark white.

CUT TO:

9. INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY.

9

CLOSE UP OF OMAR ANDERSEN'S SHIRT

We are now looking at the name 'OMAR ANDERSEN' it is in a white curly font embroidered on the right-hand side breast of a black and well-ironed coach jacket.

JUMP CUT TO:

SLOW PANNING MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF WALLS

We slowly look across the neatly decorated walls of OMAR ANDERSEN's office, we see photos of various racing drivers with their cars and OMAR shaking hands with men in all manner of business attire. At the very end we finally see a few photos of OMAR's family; sipping milkshakes at a local cafe.

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF TABLE

We see OMAR ANDERSEN, an unusually tall and portly man in his mid 50's. He has little hair on the top of his head, and he's wearing small circular glasses and several rings on his fingers.

He's sitting at a table opposite MICHAEL COLE, a slim and rather ordinary man in his mid 20's. His hair is slightly messy, and he looks as though his mother dressed him. To their left we see TRACY.

OMAR is chewing on the end of a fancy pen and watching MICHAEL. On the desk sits two contracts placed square in front of MICHAEL, who is analysing their cover pages and contents. After a moment MICHAEL looks up at OMAR who takes the pen out of his mouth and raises his eyebrows.

OMAR ANDERSEN

So, it all makes sense?

MICHAEL

Ah - I think so - yeah, well,
mostly.

(he looks to the
ASSISTANT scribbling
away with her pen)

OMAR ANDERSEN

Oh, ignore her! She's just -
minutes you know, but for the sake
of this conversation, you ought
to...

(he mimes his hands at
MICHAEL)

Consider her spectral.

MICHAEL

Okay - ah right. There is - ah,
there is one thing - what does it
mean here, exactly -

(he picks up the
contract on the left and
points to a certain
paragraph)

When it says that 'if the
conditions of the second contract
are not met within the agreed upon
time-frame, then it is wholly
within the power of the first, and
only the first, signatory to
overrule and therefore nullify the
otherwise agreed upon conditions
of the first and, for all-intents-
and-purposes, primary contract
without consultation with the
second signatory, unless otherwise
prearranged by a court
specialising in the areas of, and
only of, small-claims and contract
law, if that prearrangement cannot
be met at the time that this
contract is agreed to and
ratified, then the second
signatory forfeits their right to
take such a matter to the court in
the event they strongly feel that
the termination of the first
contract was done under
circumstances that they deem, with
sufficient evidence, to be unfair
or to have affected the second
signatory in such a way that
caused either emotional distress,
a claim that when brought to a

court can be ignored by a judge on the grounds of insufficient or circumstantial evidence, or physical distress, which the first signatory understands, in good faith, to mean a malady so severe that the complainant would, in all likelihood, be unable to appear in court to provide testimony, it is because of the apparently inevitable outcome of any legal recourse, that such a power is therefore given to the first signatory.'?

OMAR ANDERSEN

(smiles)

Ah MICHAEL - you know that one's really quite simple.

(he picks up both contracts)

If you fail to do what you've agreed to do in this contract

(he holds up the right one)

Then, whatever it says in this contract.

(he hold up the left one)

Becomes - well it sort of becomes nonsense - it's like it never even existed. Does that make sense?

MICHAEL

Okay. Right. Yeah, no that's - that's clear. So -

OMAR ANDERSEN

So, if, as this contract states

(he holds up the right one)

You, as a privateer, fail to provide the financial compensation for the new chassis, which I might add, is a decision totally out of our control,

(he looks to the ASSISTANT who nods)

That's on race management for changing the regulations, yet again, then it becomes our job to find a replacement for your race seat, the conditions of which you are agreeing to here.

(he holds up the left contract)

OMAR carefully places both contracts back in front of MICHAEL and smiles. His rings clang against the desk.

MICHAEL

(squints slightly and sighs)

Right, so I have to arrange the money to pay for the car -

OMAR ANDERSEN

Within the timeframe that we agree!

MICHAEL

Yes - within the timeframe. And if I do that, then my seat is definitely secure?

OMAR ANDERSEN

Yes, exactly! That is the very essence - look, this should be exciting for the both of us MICHAEL - you on the brink of being with a new team, well a team for the first time - and our team getting to have your steady and - and well, modest, set of hands driving for us. I don't want this moment to be overshadowed by all of this legal hoo-ha.

(him and his ASSISTANT both laugh)

Yet, I'm also glad you asked me that, boy, because it tells me that you - pay - attention,

(he winks at MICHAEL)

And there's nothing worse, nothing more inconstant and liable than a distracted driver.

MICHAEL smiles somewhat meekly.

OMAR ANDERSEN

I mean, ultimately, when it comes
down to it, that's why we're
sitting here together now,
MICHAEL, is it not? The young soul
who was in that seat

(points at MICHAEL's
chair)

last year did not have his, oh I
don't know, his focus on the right
things, shall we say. Look I
really don't mean to speak ill of
those who are no longer with us.

(he shrugs and his
ASSISTANT nods)

MICHAEL leans back in his chair, looking rather taken aback
and he remains silent. OMAR notices his worried expression.

OMAR ANDERSEN

MICHAEL, I know you know I didn't
mean to sound all thoughtless and
callous. It was just one of those
well, tragic, accidents, and I
suppose that's that.

(he pauses)

As I always say, and I'm not one
for such phrase: this is an
amateur series, yet it requires
professionalism - and that,
MICHAEL, is why I think you ought
to take this,

(he hands MICHAEL the
chewed pen)

And scribble your first name and
last name there and more
importantly, there.

(he deliberately points
to a line at the bottom
of each page and smiles
at MICHAEL)

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF OMAR ANDERSEN

OMAR ANDERSEN

And if you do what I think you ought to do, then, the pens yours. Think of it, MICHAEL, as a symbol of your commitment to our -
 (purses his lips)
 fortuitous union.
 (he smiles once more)

CUT TO:

10. EXT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT.

10

MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT OF A CHILD'S SHADOW

It's just before sunset. We see the shadow of a small child skipping down an ordinary suburban footpath, they're wearing a backpack and they're humming along to the melody of some children's song.

They continue skipping all the way to their front gate, we hear them open it and they continue to skip, left and off screen.

SLOW SWIVEL RIGHT TO:

LOW ANGLE WIDE SHOT OF MS. MARY COLE AND THOMAS' HOUSE

We now see a rather ordinary yet well-kept residential home directly in the middle of the frame.

There's a sensible green hatchback parked on the road in front of the house, and a clean white sedan parked on the sloped driveway, running vertically from the road to a small garage to the left of the house. To the right of the house is a small strip of garden, filled with green shrubs and long-dead tulips.

In the large front picture window is the unfocused and pretty face of a woman gazing out at the street. It belongs to ELIZABETH GILMORE; her large green eyes and clear skin seem to absorb the last light of the day. She's presumably been watching the child skip up the road; we momentarily hear faint and undisturbed bird song.

DISSOLVE TO:

11. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

11

CLOSE UP OF A MUTED TELEVISION

We're now looking at a muted television set playing an episode of 'Jeopardy'. The contestants all seem to be doing quite well tonight. The show is nearly over.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

PANNING MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF WALLS

We leave the television behind and we're now looking at the many photos that adorn the dining room walls.

They document the achievements and milestones of a younger MICHAEL. Including photos of MICHAEL motor racing; large prom photos of MICHAEL and ELIZABETH; smaller photos of MICHAEL's mother, MS. MARY COLE, and her estranged husband holding baby MICHAEL; MS. MARY COLE and her new partner THOMAS GILES; and several of THOMAS holding large fish.

We understand MICHAEL to be an only child, that he and ELIZABETH seem to be high-school sweethearts, and that THOMAS seems incredibly proud of his angling.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF TABLE

ELIZABETH (who's face we glimpsed before), an always neatly dressed, plain, yet pleasantly attractive woman in her mid 20's, is sitting at a dining room table. Her half-eaten dinner sits on a small plate in front of her.

Opposite her are sitting MS. MARY COLE, an on-call nurse in her mid 50's, slightly dumpy yet with a most trusting face. She wears her glasses at the end of her nose and her hair in a messy bun.

And, THOMAS GILES, a deep-sea fisherman in his late 40's, ruggedly built with rather out-of-date facial hair, clothes, and opinions. MICHAEL and ELIZABETH live with MS. MARY COLE and THOMAS.

ELIZABETH is sitting in the right third of the frame and MS. MARY COLE and THOMAS are sitting in the left and directly across from her, there is an empty seat and plate beside her.

For a moment all we hear is the chewing of food and the scraping of cutlery on ceramic as the trio continue to eat their dinner and gaze absent-mindedly at the muted television.

ALTERNATING LOW MEDIUM CLOSE UPS OF THE SPEAKING CHARACTERS
- TO THE LEFT/RIGHT OF THE FRAME CORRESPONDING TO THEIR
SEATING POSITION

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, how lovely. They really do seem to know a lot these days, don't they?

ELIZABETH

They surprise me every day - really.

(she smiles)

On Thursday, just before lunchtime, I was doing reading comprehension with the kids - this is a cow, this is a dog, this is a truck; that sort of thing - you know. And there's this new girl, aw she's so small and cute - her family only just moved here like two weeks ago.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, how sweet, where are they originally from?

ELIZABETH

I'm not too sure, I haven't met her parents yet - but, when we were doing the reading comprehension, out of everything, she was having a lot of trouble understanding the name of a 'cat'. So, I held her hand, and pointed her little finger to the 'cat' and tried to get her to say the word

'cat' but she just couldn't say it, but - but it sounded like she was wanting to try and say something else.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh how - how strange. Did the little tot get to it eventually?

ELIZABETH

Well, not exactly.

(she laughs)

But because it sounded like she was trying to say something else, I asked her if she knew any other words for, and I pointed her wee finger back at the picture, any other words for the cute animal with whiskers and little pointy ears, and she said - oh god it was so cute - it was in this quiet little voice, she looked up at me with her big eyes and whispered 'pussy'.

MS. MARY COLE and THOMAS recoil back into their chairs with laughter. MS. MARY COLE clutches THOMAS' arm with her left hand and puts her right hand over her stomach as if it's at risk of immediate detachment.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh my, that is - oh that is - good God, that is so pure. So, so, adorable, EL. But by God these kids - these tykes really do know a lot more than we ever did, don't they?

ELIZABETH

(through tears of laughter)

They do! Oh, it's so -

WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

The door to the dining room suddenly opens and MICHAEL hurriedly walks into view, his step excited and hungry.

He gently squeezes ELIZABETH's shoulder as he walks behind her to take the empty seat to her right. He fits himself into the seat and begins to heap fish, boiled green vegetable, and bread onto his plate.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, hello there dear!

MICHAEL

Hi Mum.

MS. MARY COLE

Nice of you to finally join us.

(she chuckles)

How did it all go?

MICHAEL

Good, yeah - well, great, actually.

(he smiles and looks up
at everyone)

I don't know, I'm honestly still pretty surprised with the offer - MR. ANDERSEN said we should be there - right in there for podiums at every race, and I don't know, I don't want to sound pre-emptive or anything, but maybe even wins - depending, you know, on how the field settles and things like that.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh goodness! Podiums! Wow. And at every race...

(she exhales)

Now how 'bout that, well hun, when you get the big call from those too-fast Italians do tell them, from me...

(she puts her hands on
her chest)

Just how cute they all look sitting up there on the television in their red shirts and their matching pants and their -

THOMAS interrupts her with a hearty bellow of a laugh, through a mouthful of broccoli; florets fly from his mouth. We cannot really tell whether he is laughing at the absurdity of her statement or if he rather finds it funny.

MICHAEL smiles and affectionately grabs MS. MARY COLE's arm.

THOMAS

So, how 'bout them sponsors eh?
Will the new team finally attract
some interest?

(he distractedly butters
another piece of bread)

MICHAEL

Um, well - you know. I mean I
don't really see why they'd change
their philosophy now.

(he laughs)

But that's to be expected I
suppose...

(he shovels fish into
his mouth)

I'm not really all that bothered.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh well. That's a good attitude
dear, that's not stopped you
before - and you do know we're
still happy to help.

(she grins wide)

That reminds me, did you know we
were talking to Tim and Michelle,
we saw them last weekend -

MICHAEL

Yeah, I remember.

MS. MARY COLE

It's a lovely new place they have.
And well they - they said their
daughter had been selling those
cookies, you know the little ones
in the red buckets - she was
selling them before Christmas.
Apparently, she made thousands
last year...

MICHAEL

God Mum. You can't be doing that.
(said through the
mouthful of fish)

MS. MARY COLE

Oh no, of course not. I was
thinking we could ask Michelle if
her daughter could perhaps give
them your name -

MICHAEL

Jesus. No. Are you serious? C'mon
I can't do that.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh - too good for that are we? Is
the sale of baked goods prohibited
in the code of small city bankers?

MICHAEL

I wouldn't know - but there are
pretty strict rules in the
handbook for banking
administrators, so even if my head
were too big, I regret to say that
I'm not really allowed to, deepest
apologies.

(he shrugs his shoulders
in jest)

MS. MARY COLE

Even banking administrators are
barred? Now how 'bout that, this
world is really losing its charm
when earnest young men are
prohibited from selling Christmas
cookies. What are they to do if
all the schoolchildren
disappeared? I suppose we'd have
to all just go without. Now they
didn't think through did they. How
silly of them.

MICHAEL and ELIZABETH both laugh heartily, but THOMAS rolls
his eyes at the television.

THOMAS

Wouldn't hurt you to sell some of those cookies, boy, every little bit helps doesn't it, and I've been thinking about this sort of, oh what's it called, this quid pro quo type deal you've got with your mother... I think maybe it's 'bout time we discuss personal accountability -

MS. MARY COLE

THOMAS, hun, could we save this for another night, perhaps? This is rather exciting news, okay? Why don't you just let MICHAEL enjoy his enjoyment.

(she squeezes THOMAS' leg)

Mmm, I'll go get dessert!

MS. MARY COLE stands and walks out of the room and off screen. The trio at the table go quiet and the sounds of MICHAEL's chewing and cutlery is all that we can now hear. There is a tension at the table, so thick that it seems to blanket the entire room.

THOMAS and ELIZABETH both gaze at the still muted television whilst MICHAEL hurriedly finishes his dinner; in a manner so eager and rushed that we want to believe that he mustn't have eaten for weeks.

CUT TO:

12. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

12

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF TABLE

The quartet are now eating microwaved sticky date puddings with custard dolloped on top. Nobody is speaking, they are all far too consumed by their desserts.

Everyone is, however, craning their heads to passively watch the now unmuted television at the end of the table and that we see in the middle of the frame.

We see that a show in which an old investigative journalist pursues consumer rights complaints is now playing. We hear the clanging sound of their spoons knock against their bowls over and above the dulcet voice of the journalist on the television.

CUT TO:

13. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

13

VIGNETTE MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF A BED

MICHAEL and ELIZABETH are wearing their bedclothes and sitting up in bed reading. MICHAEL's on the left-hand side of the bed and ELIZABETH is on the right. It is evidently some hours since their dessert.

MICHAEL's about half-way through the Jim Thompson novel 'The Getaway', and ELIZABETH's just started reading the classical work 'The Complete Poems of Sappho'.

There is an old piece of cross-stitch artwork on the wall behind them; it hangs directly between them and just over their heads. It is a cross-stitch of an old cottage that has text saying, 'HOME IS WHERE THE (the heart that was there has come unstitched) IS', woven in large lettering below the cottage.

MICHAEL

It's not wrong, is it?

ELIZABETH

What?

MICHAEL

Mum still helping.

ELIZABETH

No, I don't think so, not if she wants to help, I guess.

(she turns a page)

MICHAEL

Yeah.

(he scratches his chin
with the book)

I don't know. THOMAS kind of -

ELIZABETH

I mean, if it really bothers you,
then stop taking her money or,
maybe, I don't know, reconsider,
or re-assess the, ah, reason why
you still need it.

MICHAEL

Well.

(he turns a page)

You really don't know where these
things can go.

ELIZABETH

Yeah? Where do you think, this is
going to go?

(she lifts her eyebrows)

MICHAEL

Well good results are good results
EL - they sort of speak for
themselves.

Beat.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, I suppose.

MICHAEL

You don't think that's true?

ELIZABETH

I wouldn't know.

We stay here and watch the two continuing to read for a few moments. ELIZABETH's terseness suggests that this is a conversation they've had many times; one that she seems to find rather vexing.

MICHAEL closes his book and puts it down on his bedside table. ELIZABETH follows. Whether MICHAEL was really reading, we do not know. On ELIZABETH's bedside table is a photo of them from high school; and on MICHAEL's is a photo of himself standing on a podium after a race.

We hear switches clicking on their reading lamps and the scene suddenly darkens. We hear them shuffle under the duvet and between the sheets.

CUT TO:

14. INT. MICHAEL'S CUBICLE - DAY.

14

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL'S COMPUTER SCREEN

We see MICHAEL's screensaver, it is so close that it bounces off the edges of the black frame.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

We now see MICHAEL sitting behind his desk at work. His back is towards us and in front of him we can see his screensaver continue to bounce off the edges of his computer monitor.

His desk is messy and includes few personal trinkets. There's a single photo of himself and ELIZABETH and we can see the pen that OMAR gifted him standing out from the company-issued pens in his penholder. We also see a telephone.

In the distance we can see the street front. It is about as busy as such a city gets on a weekday morning. MICHAEL's work telephone starts ringing and MICHAEL picks it up. We hear his voice as if he's speaking to us.

MICHAEL

Hello, you're speaking to MICHAEL
from NCBS, how can I help you this
morning?

We hear muffled and exasperated questioning and explaining coming from the person at the other end of the phone.

MICHAEL

Okay. Yeah. Sure thing. No,
that's... that should be fine.

We now hear the rapid tapping of a computer keyboard as MICHAEL starts tapping away at it to wake up his monitor screen. The screensaver disappears and an intranet page appears.

MICHAEL

Can you repeat your account number
and surname for me please?

As he receives it, MICHAEL taps the information into the keyboard using both hands. He's resting his head on his right shoulder, the phone jammed in the gap. He continues to swivel slowly from left to right in his chair, pendulum like.

MICHAEL

Perfect. That's great.

(rubs his eye)

Well good news, it looks like
you're eligible for a few cards.
Um. The ultra-silver credit card
is probably your best option...
25% yeah. No of course... Okay...
Not a problem. Yup - if you come
in sometime early next week, we
can, yeah - we can complete the
processes that we've got to
complete at our end and get this
ah - this new card sorted for you.
Okay. Perfect. No worries. Yup.
You too. Okay. Ba-bye.

MICHAEL puts the phone down and leans all the way back in his chair, looking past his monitor to the street. On the other side of the road, we can a HOMELESS PERSON, a tired man in his mid 50's wearing a dark blue jacket and white beanie, limping out of an adjacent alleyway.

He slowly walks all the way down the street to the right and eventually off screen. MICHAEL stares at where the HOMELESS PERSON was before he suddenly stands up and walks out from his cubicle.

JUMP CUT TO:

15. INT. OFFICE KITCHENETTE - DAY.

15

LOW TRACKING CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL'S FACE

MICHAEL does that polite smirk and nod of the head to the off-screen co-workers that he passes on his way to the workplace kitchenette.

Reaching the kitchenette, we hear the scooping of ground coffee and the swirling of hot liquid as he makes a cup of instant coffee. We see its steam rise past MICHAEL's face. A face with glazed eyes and a mind evidently elsewhere.

We watch and listen as MICHAEL takes small and regular slurping sips of his too-hot coffee.

LOW MEDIUM WIDE SHOT

MICHAEL's glass-eyed stare is broken as LYALL, a co-worker of MICHAEL's, a man in his early 30's and built like a bipedal worm, enters the kitchenette. His work clothes seem to hang limp on his rounded body and his large Ed Kemper style glasses give us the impression of a man who cares little about the thoughts of others.

LYALL

Hello my good friend.
(said sarcastically)

MICHAEL

(smiles)
How's your morning been?

LYALL

Hmm - yeah not that bad actually.
It's all just more of the same
really. Mortgage after mortgage
after mortgage, with some kids'
savings accounts sprinkled on top.
(he makes himself a
coffee)

MICHAEL

Yeah well, we do work in a bank.

LYALL

Oh wow -
(he looks around)
Hadn't noticed.
(smiles at MICHAEL)

I'd been meaning to ask, are you still doing the ah...

(he makes a steering wheel motion with his hands)

Driving thing?

MICHAEL

Yeah. I am. Thanks for asking. Um.

(he smiles)

I'm gonna be with a team this season.

LYALL

Yeah? A team. That's cool. That's really cool.

(he stares)

Really cool.

(said slowly)

Hey, I suppose that virtuous patience pays off, doesn't it?

MICHAEL

(shakes his head)

What is that meant to mean?

LYALL

Oh, I mean, you know like, how people say that good things take time, or like how absence makes the heart grow fonder, or - or if you really love something, set it free; and all that. I'm not downplaying, no, it's - it's -

MICHAEL

(furrows his brow)

But don't they all mean different things?

LYALL

Huh - yeah, I suppose they do.

(shakes his head)

Hadn't noticed.

Beat. They both sip coffee.

LYALL

(looks around)
 Look, I was talking to JULIE -
 lady on the cameras, you know, we
 thought she had a thing for old
 guys, but it turns out she likes
 them young and paunchy -
 (he rubs his belly)
 Well, she had some ah, insider
 info about why JONNY hasn't been
 seen at work, you -

MICHAEL
 JONNY? JONNY who -

Before LYALL can tell MICHAEL what he found out about
 JONNY, IRA ROBERTS - the branch manager, a man in his early
 40's, wearing immaculately pressed clothes and hair slicked
 back with enough gel to affix him to the roof - enters the
 kitchen and casually makes himself a coffee.

He takes his time doing this, adding four sugars to a
 single scoop of ground coffee, and humming all the while.
 MICHAEL and LYALL remain silent behind their coffee sips.
 LYALL rolls his eyes at IRA's back as we continue to listen
 to him brewing his drink.

He finally turns around; leans against the bench with legs
 outstretched; takes a short sip then dabs his scorned lip
 with a solitary finger; before looking up questioningly at
 MICHAEL and LYALL.

IRA ROBERTS
 Oh, it's great to be back.
 (he takes a sip of
 coffee)
 So, I happened to see you men in
 here, and I just wanted to touch
 base, I just wanted to get some
 feedback straight from the horses'
 mouths, so to speak -
 (he takes a sip of
 coffee)
 How are we finding the new
 operating systems? Is everything
 in its right place and where it
 should be?

MICHAEL

Um. Yeah, it's alright. I'm not really finding it all that different from the previous one, I guess.

IRA ROBERTS furrows his brow.

IRA ROBERTS

Not as different? Are you sure? I was told there were significant changes. Changes to things like - like latency and ah - memory, and all those technical things.

MICHAEL

Actually, you know what.

(laughs)

Ah - on second thought, I 'spose it's, yeah no it's much better. I'd even go as far to say that it's probably the best system I've used. It's, it's - yeah that latency is really smooth, you know?

IRA ROBERTS smiles and looks to LYALL.

LYALL

Hmm yeah. Well, you know what, I suppose the thing is, and this is quite personal, but I'm not really much of a computer guy, you know. I'm not really much of a numbers guy if we're, ah, being totally honest with each other - I am sharing this all-in confidence, right?

(he smiles)

Like don't get me wrong I - I bet it's got great memory in the right hands, like dear MICHAEL's, but with my - oh what's the word... Cumberland fingers I might as well be tapping away at that calculator that they used to get those guys up to the moon.

(laughs to himself)

Beat.

IRA ROBERTS

You've now done multiple workshops
on this LYALL - at our expense, I
might add.

(said with a
condescending glare)

The hell is wrong with you.

LYALL

That's what those were? You know I
could've sworn they were for
personal development.

(he exhales)

MICHAEL smiles at LYALL self-deprecating response, nods
politely to IRA, and pours the rest of his now lukewarm
coffee into the sink. Leaving LYALL to face further
questioning from the newly returned IRA.

LOW MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT OF MICHAEL FROM BEHIND

We follow MICHAEL as he walks back through the office to
his desk. He sits down and a half a second later his phone
rings again.

CUT TO:

16. INT/EXT. BANK - LATER.

16

CLOSE UP

We're looking at the back of MICHAEL's head.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

TRACKING MEDIUM SHOT FROM BEHIND

MICHAEL is walking towards the front doors of the bank. We
can hear the clack of his shoes on the linoleum floor. A
clock on the wall to his right reads 5:05pm.

As MICHAEL walks out of the front doors, he is passed by
another bank employee. TREVOR, a gangly man in his late

40's, groomed clean like a show dog, and carrying a large oval shaped metallic object, a money canister.

MICHAEL appears to smile at him with a slightly inclined head; like that of a puppy when they hear an unusual noise. TREVOR return the smile but says nothing. MICHAEL continues to walk out of the doors and turns left once on the street.

WIDE SHOT

We see MICHAEL silently walk away from us and down the somewhat busy road. He turns left once more and disappears down a side-street and off screen.

CUT TO:

17. EXT. CAR - NIGHT.

17

LOW EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF CAR

We are in the hills above the small city, and we see the same Mitsubishi Lancer EVO V from the opening sequence now parked in a rest bay. The city lights glimmer in the distance.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

WIDE SHOT

We move slowly closer to the parked car; we can see the faint silhouettes of people in the backseat.

CUT TO:

18. INT. CAR - NIGHT.

18

ALTERNATING FACE CLOSE UPS AND EXTREME HAND CLOSE UPS

We are right up in MICHAEL and ELIZABETH's faces as they fuck in the backseat of the car. ELIZABETH is on top, and they both seem to be clothed above the waist.

MICHAEL is still in the same clothes we saw him in at work. We hear the panting and seemingly forced sounds of them fucking; it appears animalistic rather than romantic.

We can see from ELIZABETH's closed eyes and MICHAEL's unfocused eyes that neither of them is finding it particularly pleasurable, and neither seem terribly happy.

PROFLE MEDIUM CLOSE UP TRACKING SHOT

ELIZABETH, her eyes closed, pretends to finish and comes to a stop. She gets off MICHAEL, kissing him reassuringly on the forehead as she does so. We can hear her as she blindly fumbles around on the floor trying to hastily find her underwear and pants.

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL

We watch as MICHAEL now starts to masturbate, he's looking down at his penis. ELIZABETH makes no remark; leading us to assume that this has happened at least once before; perhaps it's even a regular occurrence. We hear the car door open and close as ELIZABETH gets out of the car off screen and walks around to rest against the bonnet.

MICHAEL's masturbation now becomes aggressive; it's a masculine response to a situation that he seems to find otherwise emasculating. After a short moment he slaps his penis and continues to masturbate.

After a few more moments we understand, by the now relaxed expression on his face, that he came. He takes the condom off and hastily stashes it in the little compartment on the inside of the door. He takes a deep breath and momentarily looks up; he then starts to fumble around at his feet trying to find his underwear and chino pants.

JUMP CUT TO:

19. INT. CAR - NIGHT.

19

WIDE SHOT FROM CAR BACKSEAT

MICHAEL is now clothed and leaning against the bonnet of the car, we see him on the left and to his right stands

ELIZABETH. They seem to be looking out over the city.
 MICHAEL then reaches into the pocket of his pants and pulls out a packet of cigarettes and a lighter.

He slides a cigarette out from half-empty packet and puts it between his lips. We see the small orange flame of the lighter glow as he lights it, inhaling deeply and holding it out to ELIZABETH. She takes it and they smoke together for a few moments in silence.

CUT TO:

20. EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT.

20

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT FROM WINDSHIELD

We're now closer to MICHAEL and ELIZABETH; their backs are still to us, and we can see their view of the small city in the distance. They're smoking another cigarette.

ALTERNATING LOW MEDIUM CLOSE UPS

MICHAEL

Do you ever think about other people?

ELIZABETH

Um - what do you mean?

MICHAEL

I mean like, when you close your eyes -

ELIZABETH

Oh, do I?

MICHAEL

Yeah, you do.

ELIZABETH

Oh - ah right, I didn't - um - no.
 I don't think about other people.
 Do you?

MICHAEL

(scans her face)

Yeah, sometimes.

ELIZABETH

Sometimes? Oh really? Well - I don't know, I mean I might sometimes think about other people too.

MICHAEL

Who?

ELIZABETH

Why does it matter? Who do you think about?

MICHAEL

I don't know.
(he shakes his head)

ELIZABETH

Anyone you know?

MICHAEL

No. I don't know. I really don't know who I think about.

ELIZABETH

You don't know? But you know that you think of someone else?

MICHAEL

Yeah, honestly, I don't really know how to explain it.

ELIZABETH

You can tell me.

MICHAEL

I'm being honest, I mean I've said I think about other people, why would I not tell you if I knew?

ELIZABETH

I don't know, if it was someone, we both know, or who I know maybe.

MICHAEL

It isn't - is it someone I know?

ELIZABETH

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

The person you think about, do I know them?

ELIZABETH

Um - I don't know, no - I guess, but it's not like that.

MICHAEL

What do you mean, it's not like that?

ELIZABETH

Well, it's not another guy.

MICHAEL

Oh, would I know them?

ELIZABETH

No. I just said you wouldn't, but I don't know, to me it doesn't feel like it's the same.

MICHAEL

Why? Cause it's not another guy?

ELIZABETH

Yeah - I mean does that really count?

MICHAEL

I mean, yeah, I think it obviously counts. Why would it not count?

ELIZABETH

I don't know, because it seems kind of different. Well, it's, it's like an unknown thing, I guess.

MICHAEL

But it's still somebody else, you know.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, I guess, but it doesn't seem as bad than like thinking of another time with someone else.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but I guess that's something completely different.

ELIZABETH

I mean, yeah, it's like fantasising verses reminiscing, which seem like different things right?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I guess, but you're still thinking about someone else either way, you know?

ELIZABETH

Yeah, that's true. I don't know, to me it seems different.

MICHAEL

So, if I said I was thinking about another time with someone else you'd be more hurt than if I was thinking of someone random?

ELIZABETH

Well, what do you mean by random?

MICHAEL

I don't know, like someone from a movie or someone from work.

ELIZABETH

But those things seem different, if it's someone you don't personally know then that's not as bad, I don't think.

MICHAEL

I suppose, but you said it is someone you know.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, but's that's different cause neither of us even know about it. So, it's not really the same as you thinking about another girl, even if it's a fantasy instead of a memory.

MICHAEL

That - I feel like you're trying to make an excuse.

ELIZABETH

Well, I don't know how you apparently don't know who it is you think of.

MICHAEL

Look, I just don't - really, it's, if I did, I'd tell you, but it's like a - I don't even know how to explain it.

ELIZABETH

Right.

Beat.

MICHAEL

Is it someone at work?

ELIZABETH

But why does that matter? I mean I already said that you don't know who they are.

MICHAEL

I just wanna know. Like do you see them a lot or is it someone you barely see. That's a distinction that feels different to me.

ELIZABETH

I don't think that matters, though. I think we're doing different things, and if you can't tell me who you think of then I don't see why I need to say anything more about it.

Beat. MICHAEL and ELIZABETH continue to smoke.

MICHAEL
Is it healthy?

ELIZABETH
What?

MICHAEL
That you - we, think about other
people?

ELIZABETH
I don't know.
(she sighs)
I think - I think it's fine, I
mean you know I'm not with you
just because of that, and I don't
think you're with me because of
it.

MICHAEL
Yeah, no I'm - I'm not.
(he pauses)
I just don't know why, you know -

ELIZABETH
It's okay. MICHAEL, really, I
think - I mean I'm pretty used to
it by now.
(she laughs)
You don't need to keep bringing it
up.

MICHAEL
(nods and shrugs his
shoulders)
Yeah, I suppose not.

Beat.

CUT TO:

21. EXT. CAR HEADLIGHTS - NIGHT.

21

CLOSE UP

We see several large moths swirling around the car's headlights, their wings are making a faint whirring sound and they make little thuds as they collide with the plastic outer of the lights, their flight pattern is almost kaleidoscopic.

We hear the car engine grumble to life and idle over the flying moths. The headlight grows smaller as the car reverses, and we lose the moths in the sudden darkness. We hear the crunch of gravel under the car's tyres.

We stay here for a few moments and listen to the car drive away and descend away down the hill. The sound of the car abruptly disappears and we're now staring silently into the night.

CUT TO:

22. INT. CAR - NIGHT.

22

CLOSE UP

We're staring into ELIZABETH's deep green eyes and they're staring at us.

ALTERNATING PROFILE MEDIUM CLOSE UPS

We're now looking at MICHAEL's profile, he's looking ahead, and the driver's window is behind him. ELIZABETH's profile replaces his, she's looking at us and the passenger window is behind her.

We slowly go back and forth between MICHAEL and ELIZABETH's profiles as MICHAEL snakes his car down off the hill. Sometimes they're looking forward, sometimes at us, and sometimes out of the window. The moonlight illuminates different patches of their faces.

ELIZABETH looks like she wants to say something, and MICHAEL seems to be thinking about something. We can only assume it is to do with the conversation they just had. The atmosphere is therefore tense, despite the apparent transparency of the conversation they just had.

They are clearly preoccupied by different problems. As to what these problems are, we can presume that MICHAEL is

thinking about his intimacy issues, and that ELIZABETH is thinking about the fact that MICHAEL seemed okay with the knowledge that she fantasises about someone she knows during sex.

CLOSE UP

We're staring into MICHAEL's brown and slightly reddened eyes, but they seem to be looking past us.

FADE TO: BLACK

23. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

23

FADE IN:

TELEVISION POV

MICHAEL and ELIZABETH are sitting on the left side of the dining table, it is centred, and THOMAS is sitting on the right side, across from them. He's smoking a cigarette and scratching his exposed stomach with his right hand.

There is a stack of bowls, spoons, and an ice-cream tub in the middle of the table. They are all looking at us, as we're in the position of the television sitting in the living room. We can hear that a crime reality show is playing loudly from it.

THOMAS

Ha! Those bloody police - I swear.
The day people realise that arming
yourself against these threats is
the biggest deterrent, will be the
same day, the very same day, those
dolts in blue hang their useless
batons up and file, one by one,
down to social services. Look!

(he points at the
television)

No effect whatsoever, so why do
they even bother? You two know
that's where our money goes don't
you? Just cause you're in a
uniform it doesn't bloody mean you

know the law any better than the rest of us.

ELIZABETH

That makes no sense.

(pause)

Why would people owning guns deter people from say, I don't know, drink-driving?

THOMAS

Yeah, well I'm obviously not talking about guns helping with things like that EM, but you never do know - No but really, in those situations I think it comes down to a case-by-case thing, you know. Some people can have ten drinks and drive better than they can sober you know? Others can have one drink and be all over the road. It's a little something called personal responsibility, eh?

(he jabs at the TV with his cigarette)

Look, they're all over the place, like bloody headless chooks.

ELIZABETH

Right...

(pause)

So, you're saying the Police should just ignore that sort of thing?

THOMAS

Yeah, I reckon.

(takes a drag of his cigarette)

What are they gonna do anyway? If you want to do something you're probably gonna do it, a slap on the wrist from some jumped up idiot with a taser isn't gonna stop you. What it comes down to, and it's simple, is to protect yourself and take responsibility

for what you do - I don't know why that's so hard for people to comprehend. Don't you two reckon life would be that much simpler if everyone could just do that?

MICHAEL

I dunno. Why does it matter?

THOMAS

Well, a 'course is matters, that's our bloody money being -

MS. MARY COLE enters the room from the kitchen door, pushing it open with her knee as she's holding a large dish of peach cobbler in her hands, covered by floral oven mitts.

MS. MARY COLE

Okay! Here we go...

(she enters the room

holding a peach cobbler)

Don't touch the dish it's still hot!

MS. MARY COLE places the peach cobbler in the middle of the table and takes her seat, looking very much pleased with herself. THOMAS puts his cigarette out on the table leg and puts the butt in his shirt pocket.

He points the television remote at us and everything suddenly goes dark. We hear, over black, as he takes a bowl from the stack in the middle of the table and puts one in front of everyone, he does the same with the spoons and takes the lid off the ice-cream.

JUMP CUT TO:

24. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

24

SLOW COUNTER-CLOCKWISE REVOLVING MEDIUM WIDE SHOT

We see the dining room again as we slowly orbit the table.

MICHAEL

Thanks, Mum.

(he serves himself a
bowl and nobody else)

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, it's quite alright hun! I know
how you love a peach cobbler.

(she scrunches her nose,
and serves everyone
else)

THOMAS

Right-o what's the occasion?

MS. MARY COLE

Oh nothing -

(she swats THOMAS arm)

MICHAEL has said to me that he had
something he wanted to ask of us.

MICHAEL

Ah, right.

(he looks around
somewhat nervously)

So, um - you know how I've been
offered to drive with Andersen
Auto for the summer championship.

MS. MARY COLE

How could we forget dear? It's
been front of mind and at the tip
of the tongue, much to everyone's
chagrin.

(she laughs)

MICHAEL

Right, yeah. Well, as part of me
signing with the team -

MS. MARY COLE

Yes, dear we know. The fees will
be somewhat steeper, but we've
already spoken about how we'll
manage with that, haven't we dear?

(she grabs THOMAS hand,
but he's eating)

MICHAEL

Oh no, I know. And I appreciate that, of course I do. But part of the - the deal, I suppose, was that in signing the race seat contract I also had to sign the contract that means I have to cover the cost of buying the new chassis for the season.

MS. MARY COLE

New chassis? Why would they make you all buy a new chassis?

MICHAEL

Well, there have been some changes, some regulation changes after the accident at the, I don't know, second to last race, I think.

THOMAS

Oh, I remember seeing that on the news. Nasty. I swore black and blue that I could see some spinal fluid in the pictures they showed, but your mother said it was probably just those floaters that some people get in their eyes.

MICHAEL

Right. Yeah, well they've changed things, Mr. ANDERSEN said it had to do with the strength of the spot weld joints or something. I don't know, it's technical.

THOMAS

Bloody hell it seems like an overreaction in my opinion.

(he looks at ELIZABETH)

Personal responsibility, eh?

MS. MARY COLE

THOMAS hun, let MICHAEL talk.

THOMAS grunts, picks up his bowl, and pushes himself back in his seat, balancing precariously on its back legs.

MICHAEL

So, what that means is that I need to pay for the new chassis within the period that me and MR. ANDERSEN agreed.

MS. MARY COLE

How long is that dear?

MICHAEL

Well, Friday week.

THOMAS makes a loud gagging noise as he chokes on some of his cobbler. ELIZABETH turns to look at MICHAEL with a face of surprise.

MS. MARY COLE

Friday - week. Right. You didn't think to raise this earlier hun?

MICHAEL

Well, I - I don't know, I was sort of dreading it, and I couldn't seem to find the right time with THOMAS and all. So tonight, seemed right, I guess.

MS. MARY COLE

Well, okay. No, I suppose I understand that - that is quite considerate dear. How much is this new chassis?

MICHAEL

It's about 150.

MS. MARY COLE

Thousand?

MICHAEL

Ah yeah.

MS. MARY COLE

Right. Right. How much of that have you got so far? You know from what we've provided.

MICHAEL

Well, none. That went towards entry fees and that sort of thing, you know.

MS. MARY COLE

Entry fees. Right. Right. So, dear, you haven't paid any of it and it's needed by next Friday?

MICHAEL

I mean you don't have to phrase it so directly. But yeah, I suppose that's - that's right.

Beat. ELIZABETH and THOMAS both turn to stare at the switched off television as they eat their cobbler with imperious focus.

MS. MARY COLE

So, 150 dear, right, well, now that is obviously quite a lot.
(she laughs)

MICHAEL

I mean, yeah, I suppose it is, but I mean, I sort of signed up under the assumption that you'd be able to provide -

MS. MARY COLE

Under the assumption, right dear. That assumption being that we had enough financial provisions to cover such a sudden and rather large cost?

MICHAEL

I mean when you put it like that, it makes me sound stupid, but I mean MR. ANDERSEN was insistent that they wanted me for the seat, and I don't know, in the moment it - and you know what those kinds of things can be like. I mean, it is - it is the step up I've been sort of waiting for.

MS. MARY COLE

'Under the assumption' - 'in the moment' - 'the step up'. Right. Okay. Well, hun, I understand the significance of those words, I do, but we obviously can't afford that.

(she smiles)

What, on the wage of an on-call nurse whose phone barely rings anymore, and combined with the amount THOMAS provides from his charter trips - he does have his own expenses too you know - it's simply a fee too large dear. Surely - surely you have something saved.

MICHAEL

Well, not exactly. I mean not with my car and all. And as you know, my salary is barely that, which is why, you know we live here and all.

MS. MARY COLE

Course it is hun -

MICHAEL

Anyway, I sort of thought that you might say that, so I was thinking, is there perhaps another financial route that could maybe, ah, be pursued or even just, I don't know, looked at?

MS. MARY COLE

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

Well, obviously I've got nothing to borrow against, and my credit score is somewhat insufficient.

(he laughs)

So, you know, a personal loan of the necessary size is out of the question - for me.

MS. MARY COLE

Your point being hun? That I take out a personal loan, get THOMAS to, or do something tricky with the mortgage?

MICHAEL

Well, kind of, yeah. Again, when you put it so directly it makes me sound like an idiot but - but is that something we could do?

MS. MARY COLE

Oh hun, I don't - I don't know how you thought we were paying for this up until now. But - oh dear, my loans have loans hun, and the same is true of the mortgage. These routes, as you put it, have been well and truly pursued for years dear; I don't know how you thought we were keeping up otherwise.

MICHAEL

Oh - I mean I suppose I thought it was just from what you made, I don't know, I don't really question it, why would I?

MS. MARY COLE

And I suppose that's fair enough, dear -

THOMAS

Well, if I may chime in. Maybe, you're in a little too deep, a little over your head, so to speak, with this whole new team deal.

(he waves his hands)

And maybe, just maybe, you ought to give your poor old mum a break and shoulder some independence, eh?

MS. MARY COLE

THOMAS, no, really. You don't need to say anything, dear.

MICHAEL

The hell is that supposed to mean.

THOMAS

Oh, I think you know what I mean boy, you know quite well, I believe we both understand that there comes a time when that force, that inspiration, runs right into something immovable and unexpected. When the sweat of one's brow is no longer sufficient. Oh, it happens to everyone. Whether that's with being a father, or being, I don't know, a carpenter, or being, in your case, a racing driver. All these things have a sort of, oh what's that bloody phrase, these things have a sort of ah - half-life, as they say, and maybe your half-life as someone who races cars has finally manifested. That's what I mean boy, now is that clear enough?

MS. MARY COLE

THOMAS, no, no, no. That's totally uncalled for, I really don't appreciate you speaking like that at all. Okay? I don't think poor MICHAEL or ELIZABETH do either. You're misconstruing it.

THOMAS

Poor MICHAEL, well, that's the problem there isn't it, isn't it MICHAEL? And I bet EL would agree with me on this. Misconstruing? Good lord, you're too reliant on your mother boy, to suckle the way that you do, and at your age, it's unbecoming. There comes a time where the responsibility for your decisions ought to be yours, and that time has well passed in my honest and, yes, admittedly, frank opinion. And that time passed long

ago, and we all know it, well me
and EL -

ELIZABETH

No, that's not - not true, I don't
think that at all, MICHAEL, I
really don't.

MICHAEL looks between her and THOMAS. His head swiveling
like a fairground laughing clown.

MICHAEL

What do you mean that's not, not
true? Are you saying it is true?

ELIZABETH

No, MICHAEL, I - I mean THOMAS has
a point, I don't necessarily agree
with it, well I don't agree with
it - but surely you two can see
where he's coming from.

MICHAEL looks at her with his mouth wide open, looking
still like a laughing clown.

ELIZABETH

Oh, c'mon, really? I don't agree
with him, per se, but - MS. MARY
COLE?

MS. MARY COLE

MICHAEL hun, I think what EL is
trying to say is that THOMAS
rightly has a point, I don't agree
with him or EL's assessment of
what he had to say, but opinions
have been long permitted at this
table, no matter how rude and
unforgiving.

ELIZABETH squirms and looks somewhat uncomfortable with MS.
MARY COLE's response. She too seems surprised at MICHAEL's
expectation that MS. MARY COLE ought to financially cover
his payment contract.

MICHAEL

Right. Well, I feel like none of you are really taking this as seriously as you should be.

MS. MARY COLE

I understand the severity hun, I really do, you did really well with that whole contract thing.

(she imitate MICHAEL)

If this one is not met, then this one is torn up, rah, rah, rah.

(she smiles)

But hun, I don't really know what more I can say, don't get me wrong, I'd love to say that we can cover the cost of the car, and all the other things, we would if we had the money sitting there, we really would, and you know that dear, but we don't, I'm - I'm sorry.

THOMAS

If what I said didn't get through, your mother can't put it more plainly than that boy.

MICHAEL

Oh, can you shut up, I'm sick of hearing what you have to say, it's irrelevant, you clearly don't take it seriously, and that's - that's fine, just keep whatever shitty thing you have to say in there.

(he points at THOMAS ' chest)

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, MICHAEL hun, there's no need to talk to THOMAS like that, don't forget, although he is speaking rather rashly, he has nonetheless helped you with these costs in the past -

MICHAEL

Well, I never asked him to -

THOMAS

Yeah, well you asked her to,
 (he points at MS. MARY
 COLE)
 And she had to come to me, didn't
 she?

Beat.

THOMAS

(speaking to MS. MARY
 COLE)

Look, dear, it doesn't matter, let
 the boy say all that, if it helps
 him to understand that he isn't
 getting what he wants - that's one
 lesson taught only by experience -
 then it's just water off the old
 duck's back now, isn't it.
 (he laughs)

MICHAEL stands up fast, gripping his butter knife in his
 right hand.

THOMAS

(laughs heartily)

What are you gonna do boy? Gut me
 like a gurnard? Should I get up on
 the table to make it easier for
 you? Look, EL, will you help move
 the bowls -

ELIZABETH

(looks at THOMAS
 awkwardly)

Look, is it fine if I - if I - ah
 - excuse myself?

MICHAEL sheepishly sits back down as ELIZABETH rests her
 hands on the table.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh ELIZABETH, I do hope I haven't
 said anything wrong -

ELIZABETH

No, no, no, I'm just, I'm just
 getting tired.

MS. MARY COLE

Okay, well, if you're sure, then
of course, that's fine dear.

ELIZABETH

I'll see you in bed.
(said to MICHAEL)

ELIZABETH stands up to leave, squeezing MICHAEL's shoulder as she does so. She picks up her bowl and walks out of the room, thanking MS. MARY COLE for the cobbler as she pushes through the kitchen door, disappearing off screen.

MICHAEL

Why are you trying to get her to
turn against me?

THOMAS

Turn her against you? Boy this
isn't some sort of kiddy
popularity contest.

(he laughs)

I'm just saying it how it is;
nobody is turning anyone against
anyone, I'm just telling it how I
see, that's all, and I can't help
it if EL seems to agree -

MICHAEL

I really don't think she does, I
think she's - she's just afraid of
what you'd say if she told you
what she thought.

THOMAS

You think so, do you? What sort of
thoughts could she have that would
surprise me? What sort of nonsense
is this. How did we get here? It's
obvious that you desperately need
a reality check boy, and I bloody
hope your mother not forking out -

MS. MARY COLE

THOMAS please, MICHAEL could've
had this conversation with me
alone if he wanted, but he
obviously thought it important to

include you in it, so please stop talking to him like that.

THOMAS

Oh - well, how childish of me. Well, thank you MICHAEL for including old THOMAS in this - this riveting display of - ah - selfishness. But I think I've done my dash, one should always know one's limits, and if it's alright with you MICHAEL, I'm going to get up from this table and leave. I'm saying this once, and once only: I'm not having this sort of conversation again, but I do appreciate your thoughtfulness MICHAEL, really. Almost saintly, isn't it?

(he smiles)

MICHAEL stands up again and clutches his knife once more. THOMAS laughs and stands to face him, picking up his bowl of cobbler.

He stares at MICHAEL for a moment before shoveling a full spoon into his mouth, shaking his head as he shuffles behind MS. MARY COLE, before pushing his way through the kitchen door and disappearing off screen.

MICHAEL sits down.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, MICHAEL dear, you know how he pontificates, I bet - no, I know he didn't mean much of that. Look, I - I'm sorry dear, I really truly am, but you'll have to go back to that Mr. ANDERSEN and tell him that it just isn't going to work out this time, it breaks my heart even - even saying this, it does MICHAEL, but you've got to see some sense dear, I don't mean that harshly, I mean it with all sincerity, I'll still support you as best I can dear, I will, just know that, okay? Your dear old mum

will try, but this time perhaps it just wasn't meant to be. But that doesn't mean - you know, as the papers say, maybe the stars have other plans for you.

(she smiles and squeezes his cheek)

Okay? Na night dear, have as much cobbler as you want, okay? And mum's the word.

MS. MARY COLE stands, slowly, looking into MICHAEL's eyes as she does so. She purses her lips and picks up her bowl from the table. Pausing, we can see that MS. MARY COLE has an expression of genuine disappointment; in herself.

We see that the conversation was evidently difficult for MS. MARY COLE. Being a supportive (to no end) mother has enabled such expectation, but this is something that she has always considered to be positive. The dependence it has obviously precipitated is something overlooked; perhaps knowingly.

She walks slowly into the kitchen and off screen.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE UP

MICHAEL's head lulls over his bowl of barely eaten cobbler. He's visibly disappointed. Whether this disappointment is with his mother's fiscal inability or with ELIZABETH's reaction to what THOMAS had to say; we aren't sure.

It seems he's thinking about the car and the capital that he now needs to somehow accrue. He starts to break down and cry, weeping silently, his chest inflating and deflating rapidly. Tears roll down his cheeks and fall into his bowl. He rubs at his eyes with the backs of his hands.

It is a pathetic sight, but we can't help but feel pity for him: nature vs. nurture.

MICHAEL continues to cry for a few moments, before lifting his head back, taking a deep breath, and shaking his head as if he were a small animal: physically wounded and helpless.

CUT TO:

25. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

25

VIGNETTE MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF A BED

MICHAEL and ELIZABETH are in their bedclothes, sitting up in bed and reading. In the same position as the last time, we saw them here. ELIZABETH is a few chapters away from finishing 'The Complete Poems of Sappho' whereas MICHAEL is still at the same point in the Jim Thompson novel where he was the last, we saw him.

Neither MICHAEL nor ELIZABETH's eyes are moving across their pages; they're rather glazed over with a stare of introspection. We hear the crinkle of paper as ELIZABETH turns a page; MICHAEL copies her. This happens twice more. We continue to watch them for a few moments.

ELIZABETH puts her book down and switches off her bedside lamp. MICHAEL copies her. The frame goes black, and we hear them shuffle underneath the sheets. We stare into the darkness of the room for a few moments.

WASHOUT TO:

26. INT. MICHAEL'S HEAD - DAY

26

FADE IN:

EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF A BOAT AT SEA

We see a small black and white fishing boat in the middle of the ocean, bobbing up and down on its calm swells. The back of the boat looks crowded.

MEDIUM WIDE BIRDS-EYE-VIEW SHOT

We see THOMAS lying on his back on a table fixed to the back of the boat. All around him stand men of the church in their robes and rosaries, their hands held behind their backs.

THOMAS is wiggling his legs up and down and his head is dangling off the end. A cigarette hangs from his mouth. He appears to be laughing between cigarette drags but we cannot hear anything.

LOW CLOSE UP

We now see MICHAEL's face as he rushes out from the cabin of the boat. He brings his arms above his head, and we see that he's holding a large knife, clutching its handle with two hands.

WIDE SHOT OF TABLE

MICHAEL pushes past the churchmen and expectantly swings the knife down into THOMAS' exposed stomach. Yet nothing happens. The knife appears to just bounce right off.

MICHAEL opens his mouth to scream, and he tries to stab THOMAS in the stomach again and again and again. Screaming silently as he does so. But still nothing happens.

The churchmen watch him, and THOMAS continues to smoke, laugh, and wiggle his legs all the while.

TRACKING CLOSE UP

Overwhelmed with rage MICHAEL hurls the knife from the boat. It splashes silently into the ocean.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP

MICHAEL's hands are beating on and clawing at THOMAS' stomach.

WIDE SHOT

This abuse seems to have no effect as THOMAS continues to smoke, laugh, and wiggle his legs. MICHAEL turns to the churchmen and tries to grab their rosaries, but they appear glued to each man's chest; themselves affixed to the boat.

CLOSE UP OF THOMAS

We see THOMAS' upside-down head; his mouth is wide and he's laughing so heartily that his face is contorted with such glee that it rather looks as if he's in considerable pain.

CUT TO:

27. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

27

BIRDS-EYE-VIEW WIDE SHOT

MICHAEL is in bed, lying on his side and facing his bedside table. His body is heaving up and down. He turns his head slightly to listen to whether ELIZABETH is awake.

We see her lying flat on her back with her eyes wide open, her face a mix of shock and confusion at what she's heard.

FADE TO: BLACK.

28. INT. BANK - DAY.

28

FADE IN:

HIGH ANGLE WIDE SHOT

We see MICHAEL sitting behind his desk tapping away at his keyboard, he seems to be retrieving customer information. We see OMAR's gifted pen still in his pen holder.

Across from him, in a small black chair, sits ROBYN - a woman in her early 60s, her salt and pepper hair pulled back, she looks like a wisened tortoise, helped, no less, by her overlarge tortoiseshell glasses.

She called some days prior asking if she was eligible for a new credit card and she's now impatiently fiddling with her purse which is propped up on her lap.

ALTERNATING MEDIUM CLOSE UPS

MICHAEL

Okay, that all looks fine, if I
could just get your proof of ID.

ROBYN

I know it's in here somewhere -
(she continues to fiddle
in her purse)

Oh, I won't be a moment.
(she looks up with a big
smile)

MICHAEL

Yeah, that's okay. There's no
rush.

(he pauses and looks
back to his monitor)

I know it's not really my
business, but did you lose your
old one?

ROBYN

Oh, are you like this with all
your customers?

(she smiles)

But no, I don't think so - more of
an issue of misplacing it, I
think. Although my husband swears,
he didn't see it on the bench, I
remember telling him to put it
back in my purse before we went
out, but he claims I never said
this, and we couldn't find it in
either -

(she pulls her passport
out of her purse)

Here you go!

CLOSE UP

We see a close-up image of her passport. She's smiling wide
and looks significantly younger in her passport photo.

ALTERNATING MEDIUM CLOSE UPS

MICHAEL

Well, these sorts of things
happen. Thank you. Won't be a sec

-

(he turns back to his
monitor and taps away on
the keyboard)
Reckon you'll eventually find it?

ROBYN

Oh, you're nosy! I'm in two minds
about you.

(she smirks)

But, oh I guess we should do -

(shrugs shoulders)

You know, I half suspect that he
pocketed it and is just pretending
to be ignorant. We have separate
accounts you know, and he's always
had this envy - I try to reassure
him that he's no less masculine
than CHARLES - our neighbour, just
because he makes less money. But
men don't listen to these things.
I'll check his jackets - oh it's
probably in the plaid, yes that
would - oh, look, now you've got
me orating in here, that's awfully
cheeky.

MICHAEL

I assure you that wasn't my
intention. Well, best of luck with
the plaid jacket.

(he turns the monitor
screen around)

So, the terms of your new card are
outlined here...

Their voices suddenly wash out and we cannot hear what
MICHAEL or ROBYN are saying although we can see that
they're still conversing.

SHAKY MEDIUM WIDE SHOT

The cubicle appears to lag and blur in a psychedelic manner
but devoid of the usual trippy colours such imagery evokes.
It's seems to be some kind of burgeoning corporate
psychosis within MICHAEL's subconscious.

DISSOLVE TO:

29. EXT. ALLEY - DAY.

29

EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF ALLEYWAY

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

WIDE SHOT OF ALLEYWAY

MICHAEL and LYALL are standing in an alley just down the road from the main entrance to the bank. They are smoking cigarettes, so we presume that it is their lunch break.

MICHAEL is sitting on a wooden crate and moving what appears to be items of clothing with his foot; visibly disconnected, like he's disassociating with his own body. LYALL is leaning his back against a concrete wall.

ALTERNATING MEDIUM PROFILE CLOSE UPS

LYALL

Jesus Christ that man is such a tool, I didn't know people like that even existed, you know.

MICHAEL

(staring into space, is roused by the question)
Yeah, I suppose he is. I don't know, but at least he's earnest, I guess.

LYALL

Earnest? At least he's earnest, what the hell is that meant to mean.

(he laughs)

You know, if he were transformed by some, I don't know, some batty old pensioner into a big fat ice-cream, I think the man would end up licking himself to death.

MICHAEL

(laughs)
The hell is that supposed to mean.

LYALL

I don't know.

(he laughs and takes a
drag of his cigarette)

But do you reckon he'd be mint
choc chip? No wait, actually, no
I've got a better one, he'd be a
fucking sorbet. You know - it
seems like the healthy option but
it's still full of shit and rots
your teeth just as bad as, say, I
don't know, caramel. Yeah - a
green apple sorbet - the sour
cunt.

Beat.

MICHAEL

I was wondering - you know with
what we do and all, well it's
beside the point, but I was
wondering if you owned a house.

LYALL

Woah, woah, slow down cowboy - you
know full well that dinner comes
first -

(he mimes putting a
phone to his ear)

Hello, yes Francesco's, a table
for two? Oh, what's that, you're
full? Ah now that's too bad.

(he pretends to snap a
phone closed)

MICHAEL and LYALL laugh together.

LYALL

But yeah, the wife and I are on a
house and land package. It's this
small little place just down the
valley.

(takes another drag)

It's real cold this time o' year,
but it's - it's cool, yeah, a real
neat place.

MICHAEL

Huh - so, like hypothetically,
what kinda equity do you get in a
place like that?

LYALL

Well, I mean none.

(looks confusedly at
MICHAEL)

Cause we're still paying it off,
aren't we? Well, she is mostly -
anaesthetist, you know, gets a ton
of money for making people go to
sleep. I try to tell her that we
do the same thing here, so we
should really get paid the same,
but she doesn't believe me.

(laughs)

MICHAEL

(laughs)

Oh, right, that's - good for you.

LYALL

Yeah, thanks. Why do you ask? I
could've sworn that we've talked
about this before. Have you
finally put your big boy pants?
Are you - are you getting one of
your own?

MICHAEL

No, not exactly - well, I don't
know, maybe.

LYALL furrows his brow and looks at MICHAEL with a curious
expression. The burned-out filter of his cigarette held
tight between his frowning lips.

LYALL

By the way, I'd be meaning to ask
you something. Have you gone to
see JONNY?

MICHAEL

What? - No... gone to see him
where?

LYALL

Oh, you still don't know?
(raises his eyebrows and
takes out another
cigarette)

Well, the poor guys got a
collapsed lung which is why he
hasn't been around. He was hit by
some kid the other day trying to
take one of the ah, new canisters,
and what's funny - well I
shouldn't say that, but, ah, you
know what I mean - what's ironic
(he winks)

Is that they took one of the empty
ones.

(he laughs)

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ.
(takes drag of
cigarette)

That's - how did he try to take
it?

LYALL

Well, he was a pretty brazen
bastard, to be honest, JULIE's
watched it 'bout a hundred times,
she hasn't let me see it yet but
it's all on one of the cameras. It
was - yeah it was Thursday night,
they switch 'em Tuesdays and
Thurs-

MICHAEL

Yeah, I know, I saw TREVOR coming
back in on Friday morning.

MICHAEL POV

LYALL

Yeah, the other empty. Well, I
think it was about, one - no, was
it? Two, yeah bout two, he just
come outta nowhere, ran up behind
him and slogged him straight in
the ribs -

(motions with his arms
like he's swinging a
baseball bat)

FREEZE FRAME

We freeze on the image of LYALL miming the swing for a few moments.

JUMP CUT TO:

ALTERNATING MEDIUM PROFILE CLOSE UPS

LYALL

(tuts)

Real bad luck.

MICHAEL

Yeah, sounds it. That's - so, it's
just TREVOR?

LYALL

Yeah, I believe so, well just for
now, I 'spose.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

LYALL

Well, you'd think that they'll
probably replace him -

(laughs)

But then again, Mr. Sorbet might,
you know, blame poor old JONNY for
not having more, I don't know,
robust lungs, or something.

MICHAEL

(laughs)

Yeah, right.

LYALL

You should definitely go and see
him. You seem interested enough.

(he laughs)

MICHAEL

Yeah, no, I - I will -
 (pauses)
 Did you take him anything?

LYALL

Nah, I thought about it, but I - I
 thought that would be a bit much.
 I mean it's - it's a collapsed
 lung, it's not lung cancer, you
 know -

(laughs)

I mean it's still serious, don't
 get me wrong -

(he raises his hands)

But I'm not taking the guy some
 fucking flowers for something like
 that.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

WIDE SHOT FROM WITHIN ALLEY

MICHAEL smiles at LYALL, drops his cigarette to the ground
 and squashes it with the toe of his right shoe. LYALL does
 the same thing. We see MICHAEL ease himself up to his feet.
 LYALL pushes himself off the wall, and together they walk
 to the end of the alley. Turning right at the end of it and
 walking off screen.

We remain in the alley, and we see the outline of the
 HOMELESS PERSON sleeping under a large green blanket behind
 an overfilled dumpster.

CUT TO:

30. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

30

LOW CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL'S FACE

MICHAEL's face is bathed in the fluorescent glow of a
 television. He's watching the film 'Taxi Driver', we can
 see this as it's reflected somewhat in his eyes.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

MICHAEL is sitting in a large sofa chair, alone, in the living room. He's half-way through watching the film 'Taxi Driver'. We can hear the echo of the voices of the characters; furthermore, that is all we can hear.

MICHAEL is absent mindedly chewing on the pen that OMAR gifted him. He seems to realise what he's doing as he takes it out of his mouth. His head is propped up by his left hand, which is resting against the arm of the sofa chair.

We watch MICHAEL for a few moments; his face responds subtly to whatever scene it is that he's watching.

CUT TO:

31. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

31

WIDE BIRDS-EYE-VIEW SHOT OF BED

We're looking at ELIZABETH sleeping alone in bed, she is lying on her back, and she looks to be in a very deep sleep; wrapped peacefully in dream. The sheets on MICHAEL's side of the bed are all twisted and turned. We watch ELIZABETH for a few moments.

CUT TO:

32. INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT.

32

WIDE BIRDS-EYE-VIEW SHOT OF BED

We're now looking at MS. MARY COLE and THOMAS sleeping in bed, the sheets on THOMAS' side are all twisted, and he's lying on his side facing the bedside table. MS. MARY COLE is on her side and facing her bedside table. We can see the faint outline of a handgun on the top of THOMAS' bedside table. We watch the couple for a few moments.

CUT TO:

33. INT. CAR - NIGHT.

33

EXTREME CLOSE UP

Road markings whir by us from the top of the frame, their reflective white surface speeds by in bright flashes.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

WIDE SHOT FROM BACKSEAT

We realise that we're in a moving car, perched high in the back seat and we can see MICHAEL sitting behind the wheel. He's speeding down a wide and empty motorway. The time on his car radio reads 01:50am.

MICHAEL changes gears as his speed climbs, his hands are uncovered, and the passenger seat appears to be empty. We accompany him on this familiar journey for several moments.

The light in the car is incredibly hazy, which gives a dreamlike quality to the atmosphere; reflective perhaps of the out-of-body experience this sort of thing is for MICHAEL.

MICHAEL eventually stops his car once we're in the middle of the small city. It appears we're one hundred or so metres down from the bank. In the distance the green glow from the bank logo stretches across the footpath and somewhat onto the road.

MOVE TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE UP PROFILE SHOT

We're looking at the side of MICHAEL's face as he stares, with great focus, at the ATM and bank facade in the distance. MICHAEL sits quietly and simply watches the outside of the bank.

We can see a few people walking about, street folk and the like, and MICHAEL shuffles lower into his seat to avoid their suspicion. We see someone appear to cross the road to MICHAEL's side in the distance.

MICHAEL sits here for some time, just watching and nibbling at the nails on his left hand. We hear the engine note of a large vehicle and a van suddenly pulls up outside the bank.

A recognisable man, TREVOR, opens the door and hops down from the driver's seat.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

WIDE SHOT

TREVOR walks up to the ATM, fiddles with some keys on his belt, finds the right one and opens a door at the bottom of the ATM machine. He removes two canisters from the ATM. He walks to the back of the truck and out of view, he presumably unlocks the back of the truck and places the empty canisters in there.

He walks back into view holding two full canisters and walks over to the ATM. He places them in the space left by the empty canisters. He closes the small door on the ATM, locks it, checks it, and then walks back to the driver's side of the van, steps in, slams his door shut, and pulls away from the curb. Driving past us and into the night.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE UP PROFILE SHOT

MICHAEL is seated even lower in his seat, and we watch as he continues to sit there for a few moments. Eyes seemingly glazed as he's lost deep in thought. We hear a knock on the passenger window, MICHAEL startles and turns suddenly to look past us, to the source of the noise.

SWIVEL TO:

MICHAEL POV

The HOMELESS PERSON, still wearing the same clothing that we saw him in last time, is standing there, bent over with his hands cupping either side of his eyes. He's peering into MICHAEL's car and right at us.

HOMELESS PERSON
Can I help you, boy?

HIGH ANGLE MEDIUM WIDE SHOT FROM PASSENGER DASH

MICHAEL looks at the HOMELESS PERSON intensely for a few moments but doesn't say anything.

MICHAEL POV

HOMELESS PERSON

Is that a no?

SWITCH TO:

EXTREME WIDE TRACKING SHOT OF HOMELESS PERSON

We hear MICHAEL start his car, wiggle the gear stick, shift into first, and do a U-turn into the opposite lane. All the time we remain fixed on the HOMELESS PERSON. We're now looking out of the back window of the car, and we watch as the HOMELESS PERSON shakes his head, crosses the road, and appears to walk in the direction of the alley.

FADE TO: BLACK

34. INT. BATHROOM - MORNING.

34

FADE IN:

WIDE BIRD'S-EYE-VIEW SHOT OF ELIZABETH IN BATH

We see ELIZABETH lying in the bath, she is covered entirely by bubbles, other than her head which is resting on the white ceramic lip of the bath. She is horizontal across the frame. Her eyes are closed shut and her lips are slightly parted.

She seems to be washing herself under the bubbles as we can see the surface of the water moving somewhat. We hear it slosh and lap at the sides of the bath. Her head rolls slowly from one side to the other and she extends her head back as the surface of the water ripples with more force.

SLOW ZOOM TO:

CLOSE UP

ELIZABETH's face is really all we can see, her forehead and top lip gleam with slight perspiration. Her eyelids twitch as she blinks, and she presses them shut even tighter.

ROTATE TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF ELIZABETH'S MOUTH

We close, vertically, on ELIZABETH's slightly open mouth, there are beads of sweat above her top lip. She gently bites her bottom lip, and we hear the water slosh with greater force.

HOLD

ELIZABETH's lips are all we can see. The beads of sweat are covering her top lip now and her breathing sounds far more rapid. We hear the sloshing of the bath water intensify and her breathing speeds up some more. She is moments away from climax.

SMASH CUT TO:

35. INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

35

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL'S MOUTH

We're now looking at MICHAEL's mouth, he has a thick five o'clock shadow and there are small beads of sweat crowning his top lip.

SLOW ZOOM OUT AND 90 DEGREE SWIVEL TO:

MEDIUM SHOT

We see that MICHAEL and ELIZABETH are sitting across from each other at a tiny table pushed against the front window of a noisy Italian restaurant; the only one in town.

There are photos and paraphernalia from the homeland on the walls. Yellow lamplight floods the table, which is draped in a white tablecloth with decorative frills.

MICHAEL and ELIZABETH are both dressed in sensible clothes. It appears to be a sort of date. There is a small wooden tray in the middle of the table with olive oil, and salt and pepper shakers. Beside that stand the drinks menu and a small tea-light candle.

ELIZABETH is leaning her elbows on the table and resting her chin on the backs of her clasped hands. MICHAEL is leaning slightly back in his chair with his arms resting on the table. He's rubbing his left thumbnail with his right thumb and forefinger.

We can hear the murmur of warm conversation in the background, yet we cannot see anybody else, only their reflections in the glass of the window.

A waitress walks up to the table, she stands between MICHAEL and ELIZABETH. She seems to ask them what they want to eat, they seem to place their orders and thank her, and she takes the menu's from in front of them and walks back the way she came. We do not hear any of this.

MICHAEL and ELIZABETH start talking; we drop in on the next line.

ELIZABETH

What about somewhere with a beach?

MICHAEL

(inhales and looks up)

I think it'd get a bit too hot there.

(exhales and pouts)

Maybe Europe would be nicer.

ELIZABETH

I mean, they have beaches there - the riviera, the Italian coast, you know -

MICHAEL

Hmm, I don't know, I feel like it would still get too warm. I don't know, the salt - ugh. I think I prefer rivers anyway.

ELIZABETH

Rivers? Okay. Um. Well, I suppose we could do a river cruise then? You know, on the Danube or something.

MICHAEL

Yeah, we could. Although I'd probably prefer doing something on the Seine. But I don't really know how I'd feel about sleeping on a boat for that long. It'd be a bit like sleeping on a waterbed, wouldn't it?

ELIZABETH

Ah no, I don't - I mean, I don't think so. Rivers don't really move up and down like that, there's no waves on them, they sort of just flow, don't they?

MICHAEL

Yeah, well I know there's no waves, but still - they move up and down with the tides, don't they? I don't know, I - there's just, something about that up and down movement that would feel weird.

ELIZABETH

Okay, well if you're scared of sleeping on a boat, um - we could do the trains then? I don't know, from Budapest to Paris or something?

MICHAEL

Well, that's unfair, I'm not scared, the idea of it just, ah, unsettles me a bit. And yeah... that's true, we could. But what kind of trains do they have over there though?

ELIZABETH

Unsettles you, right. Okay - and what kind of trains - ah, like passenger trains, I'd imagine.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well I know that, but I mean like would they be comfortable for that kind of distance. Is there like a bed, or are we just sleeping in the seats, like upright all night, you know?

ELIZABETH

I mean, I don't obviously know for certain, I've never been. But I imagine - no I'm pretty sure that some trains will have beds
MICHAEL, especially those specially made long-distance ones.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I suppose that makes sense. But they'd probably be bunk beds, wouldn't they? You know, so that they can get as many on as possible, and I don't know, I wouldn't really want to sleep for that long on a bunk.

ELIZABETH

Look MICHAEL, I'm sure they're not all bunks beds. Yeah?

MICHAEL

Yeah... I just don't know. I don't really know how I'd feel about that. But I suppose we've got time to sort this.

ELIZABETH

Do we?

(she laughs)

I mean you don't seem interested in this at all.

MICHAEL

What does 'do we' mean?

(laughs)

That sound ominous.

ELIZABETH

I don't know, I - do you really think it's a good idea?

MICHAEL

What? Talking about a holiday?

ELIZABETH

No.

(she pauses)

The whole team and the car situation.

MICHAEL

Oh, what the hell. Ah right - where did that come from?

(he pours himself a glass of water)

ELIZABETH

(furrows her brow)

I mean, I'm just a bit confused, I guess, it seems as though you think it's happening, but you can't afford it? How are you -

MICHAEL

Look, it's -

(he sighs deeply)

As I tried to say, there's a timeframe with it, you know, it's not necessarily like needed all at once.

ELIZABETH

What do you mean? That makes it sound like you've already paid some.

MICHAEL

No, well - I mean, I haven't yet. But there's a timeframe during which I have to pay for it.

ELIZABETH

Yes, as you keep saying, I know,
it's Friday week.

MICHAEL

Right, so what's there to be
confused about? You seem to
understand the situation.

(he laughs)

ELIZABETH

MICHAEL, are - you've got two
weeks? Okay. And you've paid none
of it? How can you sit here
sounding so certain when your Mum
has said that she can't afford it.
Where the hell do you think you're
gonna get it?

MICHAEL

Well, no, I mean, sure she said
that, but look I'm considering
some other options, okay? And I -
I obviously will have it before
the payment timeframe ends, won't
I?

ELIZABETH

Right, what's with the tone? I
don't know what - so, tell me, how
are getting this money?

(she leans forward)

And if you do get it, by some acts
of fucking god, why are you
spending it on some car?

MICHAEL breaks eye contact and fixes his eyes to the bottom
of ELIZABETH's chin, before looking back at her eyes.

MICHAEL

Well, c'mon EL. You know that I
have to.

ELIZABETH

But why do you have to?

MICHAEL

Cause of the contract situation,
I've explained all this, you

seemed to understand it all when I first mentioned it.

(said with exasperation)

ELIZABETH

I'm not talking about the fucking contract, MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

So, what's the problem then?

ELIZABETH

Why would you spend that money, which you - which we, don't have, on this car? Say you can get it, 150k, and it goes towards that - Really?

MICHAEL

Look, you said yourself that you don't really understand this whole thing - and as I said, you never know, good results do really speak for themselves.

ELIZABETH

God, that's the only reasoning you have and it's so fucking vague. And no, I do understand this whole thing -

(she mimes her hands)

But what I don't understand is your delusion, MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

My delusion? The hell does that mean. Delusion over what? How I'm getting this money within the timeframe?

ELIZABETH

No, well yes, I suppose. Can you please stop saying 'timeframe'.

(she laughs)

But your delusion over what this team situation would actually even bring you. Look, if you still want to be an amateur driver that's

fine, but just be realistic about it.

MICHAEL

Okay - um, how am I not being realistic, spell it out.

ELIZABETH

MICHAEL, where do you think, honestly, that being with this Mr. ANDERSEN is going to go?

MICHAEL

God, look. I don't know - that's the thing. It's dependent on so many unknowns, but once those are more known, then it could really go anywhere, you know? It could be a step up that leads to another step up, and that itself could lead to a step up, and so on and so forth, you know?

ELIZABETH

Right. Again, that's all so fucking vague. Are you doing that on purpose? I mean, do you not know how that sounds MICHAEL?

(she lifts her eyebrows)

MICHAEL

EL, that's, c'mon, that's unnecessary. I'm not being vague, I'm just trying to explain to you what the situation entails, okay? I'd actually appreciate it if you were being somewhat supportive. Did you think about that? Last season was my best finish, you know that; this year being with a team, and all -

ELIZABETH

MICHAEL, I support you, but my support can only go so far. You know, I don't agree with him, but THOMAS -

MICHAEL sighs loudly and glares at ELIZABETH, looking directly into her eyes.

MICHAEL

C'mon, you don't need to bring that up.

ELIZABETH

Right. Okay then. Is this denial?
(she purses her lips)

MICHAEL

Denial? What? Look EL, I don't know what the fuck you want me to say? You know, I've already committed to paying for this car, do you want me to say that I want this fucking seat? I think's obvious, okay? I can't just say no - Jesus Christ.

ELIZABETH

God, I understand about your commitment to this fucking car, I do, you've explained it to circularity.

(she laughs)

But you're just missing my point.

MICHAEL

(laughs)

God, which is?

ELIZABETH

The money, MICHAEL. Looks say, you somehow, and God knows how, get the sum that you need for your that MR. ANDERSEN. Why should that amount of money, a sum neither of us have seen, go towards a fucking car just for you? And not perhaps say, a house? Or maybe a holiday? You know, things that people of a certain age usually invest in.

MICHAEL

(laughs)

You're missing the point EL, most people our age aren't racing drivers.

ELIZABETH

Oh, for fucks sake MICHAEL, can you please stop talking about being a racing driver, it is an amateur series, everyone seems to know this but you.

MICHAEL

Oh, c'mon, that's - look technically it is, but that really means little in the grand scheme. But anyway, isn't this the problem?

Beat.

ELIZABETH

I suppose it's been a long-time coming, but I really don't want to live with your mother anymore. I feel we've - we've overstayed our welcome.

MICHAEL

Overstayed our welcome? Well, c'mon now EL, that's - this is now something completely different.

ELIZABETH

How?

(she laughs)

How is that something completely different?

MICHAEL

Well, I mean it has nothing to do with what we've been talking about. With what you were supposedly confused about - it has nothing to do with that money.

ELIZABETH

But it does MICHAEL, it's because of it that we still live with her.

You know this. Seven years, it's seven years since we've lived there together. Seven years in which you say 'only one more year' but it's never only one more year.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well,

(sighs)

That's, it's just different, and look, I know that. Right? I suppose it is a financial thing to an extent, but I mean it's nice living there, I think you'd agree. It's comfortable you know. And I don't think we'd be having desserts every night if we lived alone.

(he laughs)

ELIZABETH

Oh, for god's sake MICHAEL, we could buy our own microwave.

(she laughs)

And we wouldn't be alone... We'd be living together. Like real people, you know. Don't you think she would want that for us?

MICHAEL

Ah - well, I think that's a bit presumptuous. And no, actually - I don't think she would at all. If I'm honest, as you're clearly being, that's probably, well actually why we continue to live there, you know. Mainly, it's for her. You know what THOMAS can be like, she wouldn't - she wouldn't like it if we left.

ELIZABETH

Wouldn't like it? MICHAEL, you have a problem with THOMAS, your Mum doesn't. How - how does it all work up there.

(she points to his head)

What the hell is wrong with you?

(she laughs)

MICHAEL

Wrong with me? EL, need I remind you, that you're the one who brought up going on holiday, which is what started this whole conversation. Hmm? It wasn't my idea to talk about the fucking Danube, so don't get mad at me that we can't pay for it -

Beat. ELIZABETH's eyes fill with tears. MICHAEL doesn't seem to notice this.

ELIZABETH

Why are your eyes so dark?

MICHAEL

What? -

(he looks at himself in the window)

What's wrong with my eyes?

ELIZABETH

Yeah, like here, underneath them.

(she points to his face)

They're so - so black. I don't think they normally look like that.

MICHAEL

Um - I don't know. Maybe it's just to do with, I don't know, iron or something.

(he furrows his brow)

ELIZABETH

Iron?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I don't know, like a deficiency.

(he laughs)

Look I don't fucking know. It's completely irrelevant. You're just changing the subject because you know I'm right.

Beat. ELIZABETH purses her lips and shifts her gaze to fix on MICHAEL's mouth.

ELIZABETH
Okay. I'll be back.
(she smiles)

TRACKING SHOT

ELIZABETH stands up from the table and walks through the small restaurant to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

36. INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

36

WIDE SHOT WITHIN BATHROOM

We see the door to the bathroom open and ELIZABETH walks in, locking the door tight behind her.

She leans against the basin and stares teary-eyed into the mirror. She turns the tap on so that cold water starts to run into the basin. We hear her lap at it with her hands and wipe the cool water across her face. All the time she's unblinking; her expression impenetrable.

SLOW ZOOM IN ON:

CLOSE UP OF MIRROR

We're now looking at ELIZABETH's face reflected in the mirror. Droplets of water hang from her skin. We watch as she looks at herself for a few moments. We hear the noise of the running water splashing against the basin. ELIZABETH looks down and we can hear her fumble around with her handbag.

She takes out her lipstick and slowly puts it on her lips. Once done, she looks at her mouth for a few moments in the mirror and then washes the lipstick off.

CLOSE UP OF BASIN

ELIZABETH twists the lipstick all the way to the end and then snaps it in half. Dropping the two halves in the sink. We watch as the water makes the lipstick bleed. ELIZABETH turns off the tap and we hear her unlock the door and leave the bathroom, all whilst we look at the broken lipstick.

CUT TO:

37. INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER.

37

EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF TABLE

MICHAEL is sitting at the table alone. He's eating his meal, chicken Alfredo, and staring into space. ELIZABETH walks up to the table and re-takes her seat.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

WIDE SHOT OF TABLE

In front of ELIZABETH sits a plate of spaghetti puttanesca with extra olives. She re-takes her seat and pours herself a glass of water. She smiles at MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

Ah - what was that about?

ELIZABETH

What? I can't go to the bathroom without asking?

MICHAEL

Well, obviously - I mean you can, but - in the middle of -

(he sighs deeply)

Right. Okay then. Don't worry.

ELIZABETH smiles at him again but her grin conveys no contentment; it's the sort of smile one gives when someone says an offensive joke, but one is too meek to speak up.

We watch as they eat their food, both unspeaking and staring at their plates. The surrounding noise of the restaurant - conversation and eating - begins to swell and swell to a point at which it's almost unbearable.

CUT TO:

38. INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

38

VIGNETTE MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF BED

We see that MICHAEL's bedside light is switched off and he is already between the sheets. His back is towards ELIZABETH who is sitting up with her bedside light on and reading the final few pages of 'The Complete Poems of Sappho'.

We watch her finish the book, close it, lean down to open one of the drawers on her bedside table, place the book in the open drawer, and retrieve a new one which she places up on the bedside table. She switches off her light, pauses, and then shuffles down between the sheets.

We stare into the darkness of the room for a few moments.

FADE IN:

39. TITLE CARD

39

The following text appears in the middle of the black screen:

'Part 2:

How those decisions that one has committed one's heart to resolve the mind to greet the, now determined, afflictions that they entail, no matter how loud the protestations of one's conscience may otherwise be.'

FADE TO: BLACK.

40. INT. CLASSROOM - DAY.

40

FADE IN:

WIDE SHOT

We stare at black for a few moments before the outline of a door appears in the middle of the frame. It swings slowly

open, and we see ELIZABETH silhouetted against the bright outside light.

She reaches her right arm across the wall, and we hear the dull click of a light switch being switched on. The warm glow of cheap LEDs illuminates what we see to be an empty new-entrant classroom.

SWITCH TO:

WIDE TRACKING SHOT OF ELIZABETH

We watch as ELIZABETH walks around the classroom, rearranging chairs, picking up books, and wiping yesterday's writing off the whiteboard.

After a moment the classroom door opens again, and someone comes through it. It's a female teacher, CHARLOTTE, a quite pretty woman in her early 30's, her brown hair, brown eyes, and olive skin are a stark contrast to ELIZABETH's fair visage.

She walks over to ELIZABETH.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF ELIZABETH AND CHARLOTTE

The two women appear to talk and joke about something, their mouths and bodies animated. Yet, we cannot hear anything. They then begin to dance their face full of glee, and their heads rolling with laughter.

We watch them dance few moments until we hear the morning bell ring; they come to a stop.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

WIDE TRACKING SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE lingers with ELIZABETH before walking back to the classroom door.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF DOOR

CHARLOTTE pushes open the door. We expect to see children rush past her and flood into the classroom, but this does not happen. We seemingly leave CHARLOTTE behind as we find ourselves now in a bathroom.

41. INT. BATHROOM - DAY.

41

180 DEGREE SWIVEL TO:

LOW MEDIUM SHOT OF MICHAEL

MICHAEL is standing shirtless and looking into the bathroom mirror. All we see is his bare torso and the bathroom wall behind him.

OVER THE SHOULDER MEDIUM SHOT

We see in the mirror that MICHAEL's applying shaving cream to his face. He slowly rubs it across his cheeks and neck. He turns the tap on to wash his hands and notices a spider sitting on the basin beside the tap.

MICHAEL POV

MICHAEL looks at the spider momentarily and then washes his hands. He picks up his razor and looks into the mirror. He starts to slowly and methodically shave his face. Washing the razor thoroughly after every stroke.

The spider appears to stay very still as MICHAEL continues to shave. He shaves until his face looks pre-pubescent.

OVER THE SHOULDER MEDIUM SHOT

MICHAEL washes the razor, opens the mirror cabinet, and puts it back on an otherwise empty shelf.

MEDIUM WIDE BIRDS-EYE-VIEW SHOT

MICHAEL turns the tap to cold and splashes his face with cold water, some of the water hits the spider and it tries

to scurry away, yet it is splashed again, and it slips into the sink.

MICHAEL turns the tap off and watches the spider as it tries to climb out of the sink, slipping every time it gets close to the top rim.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

CLOSE UP OF SPIDER

We watch as MICHAEL turns the tap back on and lets the water run. The spider tries to flee from the torrent of water, but it continues to slip as it climbs higher up the sink.

Eventually the spider tires and becomes overwhelmed by the water and it falls into the small pool in the bottom of the sink. We watch as it slowly drowns.

Initially its legs twitch desperately as it clings to life but after a few moments it appears to stop moving, and a moment later it floats in the bottom of the sink: dead.

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL

MICHAEL's face is unbothered, there's a flash of curiosity in his eyes as he stares down at the dead spider.

CUT TO:

42. INT. ELIZABETH'S HEAD - DAY.

42

PROFILE MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF ELIZABETH

We see ELIZABETH sitting alone in the sand on a busy beach, she's far up the beach, near the sloped dunes. The light is warm, and the sky is turning orange; it's almost sunset.

She's slowly licking a double scooped ice-cream and staring out at the ocean. She's in summer beach clothes. We watch as the wind whips her hair around as she's licking her ice-cream. We can hear the levity of people running around, playing in the sand and ocean off screen.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF ELIZABETH

We're now looking directly at ELIZABETH, and she looks right past us. She continues to slowly eat her ice-cream and stare out, past us, and over the ocean. She keeps brushing her windswept hair off her face.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF ELIZABETH FROM BEHIND

We're looking at ELIZABETH's back as she continues to eat her ice-cream. Her hair is being blown around by the warm breeze.

We can see the source of the noise, as there are twenty or so children running around on the beach in front of her. Their movement appears to lag as they run and leap around. ELIZABETH's gaze seems still fixed on the horizon.

CUT TO:

PROFILE MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF ELIZABETH

We watch as ELIZABETH finishes her ice cream. She sits motionless in the sand for a few moments, still looking out over the ocean. She suddenly stands and we're now looking at her knees.

CUT TO:

EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF ELIZABETH FROM BEHIND

We see ELIZABETH start to walk slowly down to the water's edge. The jubilant children seem to part for her as she walks down the sand, but they don't acknowledge her.

The sun is dipping below the horizon, and it appears as if she's walking right into it. We continue to watch as she walks further down the sand, until she reaches the water's edge.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

WIDE SHOT

ELIZABETH pauses momentarily and then resumes walking. The water reaches her knees, her waist, her shoulders... until she disappears; submerged under the waves.

HOLD

We stare out at the calm ocean, its surface undisturbed and glimmering as it reflects the scattered light of the setting sun.

180 DEGREE SWIVEL TO:

EXTREME WIDE SHOT

The children we previously saw running about are now scattered up and down the sand but standing very still, looking towards us. They evidently watched as ELIZABETH walked beneath the waves.

In their silence all we hear is the sound of the waves lapping at the sand behind us. We watch them for a few moments, and they watch us.

CUT TO:

43. INT. BEDROOM - DAY.

43

CLOSE UP ON MICHAEL'S FACE

MICHAEL appears to be sleeping on his back, we hear some movement off screen; we cannot make out who or what is moving around. MICHAEL opens his eyes and looks directly at the us momentarily before looking around to find the source of the noise.

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF BED

MICHAEL props himself up onto his elbows, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes with his fists. MICHAEL is alone in bed, yet ELIZABETH's side does look slept in. MICHAEL turns to look to where ELIZABETH ought to be and notices a bag of her things on the ground.

WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

We see ELIZABETH enter the room, she appears to have already showered and gotten ready, she smiles at MICHAEL and throws an item of clothing into the open bag.

MICHAEL

What's this about?
(motions to bag)

ELIZABETH

I'm packing.
(she paces around
retrieving more of her
things)

MICHAEL

Yeah, well I can see that.
(he sighs)
Ah - do you want to tell me why?

ELIZABETH

I just need a night or two away,
that's all.

MICHAEL

Um. Okay - away where?

ELIZABETH

Just - just to a friend's.

MICHAEL

A friend's? What friend's?
(he screws up his face)
Why do you need to go to a
friend's?

ELIZABETH

Well, it's just for a night or
two, MICHAEL, it's nothing,
really. So, you don't need to
react like that.

MICHAEL

No, I - I - I'm just - I don't
know, um, a I'm just a little bit
confused, I guess.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, well, I guess that's understandable. I just, I suppose I thought I just needed some - some space, you know?

MICHAEL

Some space? Space for - for what?

ELIZABETH

Well, space to - to think, just to have a think about some things, I guess?

(she smiles at MICHAEL)

MICHAEL

That doesn't sound - okay, ah what friend's place is it?

ELIZABETH

Ah well, I - I don't really see why that matters.

MICHAEL

Um - well, I mean I wake up and I see you're halfway out the door with a bag. I think it, perhaps, sort of matters. I think you'd ask the same thing if you woke up and saw me walking out.

ELIZABETH

(laughs)

I - c'mon, I'm not walking out. I'm just going to stay with a friend; there's a difference between the two, you know.

MICHAEL

I mean it seems like you are.

(he laughs)

Which is why, you know, why that matters.

Beat.

ELIZABETH

It's just a friend from work,
okay? I don't see why that needs
to be such a big deal.

MICHAEL

What? I'm not saying it's a big
deal, I'm just asking where you're
going to, it's out of concern you
know.

(he laughs)

Look, I'm here, why don't we just
talk about whatever is that you
think you need space to think
about?

ELIZABETH

(laughs)

Okay. Um - I mean I appreciate the
effort, but you're sort of missing
the point MICHAEL. I need my own
space, not another one-sided
debrief, okay?

MICHAEL

What the hell is that supposed to
mean?

(he laughs)

Another debrief? God, is this
another thing about money? Or is
it about living here? I mean if it
is, then I feel like you're just
fucking with me. Is it about those
things?

ELIZABETH

Look, I'm not in the mood to talk
about it right now. But not
really, I suppose it was about
both of those things, but I've
given up trying to ask about the
money - I just - and I - I know
that living here isn't going to
change - so, I've - I've accepted
that for what it is. I - I guess
I'm sort of just feeling a bit
conflicted about -

MICHAEL

What? Conflicted? About what? Why are you all of a sudden feeling conflicted?

ELIZABETH

There's just been some, I don't know, changes, I suppose. I - I find it difficult to - ah I don't how to phrase without sounding like an asshole - which is why I needed space.

(she looks at MICHAEL

who just stares at her)

Yes, it's about the whole racing thing, I just - I don't know if I can support you, to the extent that you need, you know. Like I've always supported you with it, but this new team or whatever it is, I understand it but it's - this thing you've signed up to, it's - it seems so drastic and sort of impulsive. And I know, those other nights - I don't know where you went. But I know you went somewhere and if you aren't going to tell me about it, then I don't see why I should have to tell you where I'm going. Okay? I don't know how I, ah, feel about things, it's - I don't know how to reconcile the one with the other, you know? And I think what I need is just, space to - to think about it all.

Beat.

MICHAEL

EL, I didn't - I didn't go anywhere. I don't what you're talking about. How is that conflicting you? What is different about this?

(he laughs)

ELIZABETH

This is exactly why I said I didn't want to talk about it. Look, I don't know if you're laughing at me, I don't care if you are MICHAEL. But do you really think it's funny that I feel like this?

MICHAEL

Oh no, yeah, of course. It's all hilarious, cause that's what I'm laughing at. The way you feel. Not this whole situation, which you've just sprung on me, this - this obvious overreaction to what's probably a small change in our lives.

ELIZABETH

Overreaction? Fuck you. MICHAEL, you're - you're, I don't know how else to put it, but you're deluded over this whole thing. I don't know what has come over you, but whatever it is - I just - I hope you can sort it out, really. But it feels like - I don't know.

MICHAEL

Oh, fuck off, I don't need to hear that condescending bullshit. If you wanted to support me, you would. This whole reconciling one with the other thing just sounds like an excuse.

ELIZABETH

Condescending bullshit? MICHAEL, I'm being sincere. Okay - I try to be supportive even though I can't bring myself to care about any of this fucking racing stuff. I don't - you see why I need space MICHAEL? I can't - you don't take any of this seriously.

MICHAEL

Seriously? How? How am I not taking this seriously? That's - you're just making shit up at this point.

ELIZABETH

I'm not - MICHAEL. I love you but I don't feel like I can support you with the things that you clearly need support with. I - I know how this sounds, but it just feels forced - I don't care about the racing stuff, but I still care about you. But it feels like I can't have one and not the other. It's either both or neither. That's the impression I get from you MICHAEL, and - and I suppose it's what's best for you.

MICHAEL

(laughs)

Right. So, it's not only a couple of nights then? I can see all the shit that you're taking.

ELIZABETH

What? That's what you - right. Okay.

(she sighs)

But, well, if I'm honest, I don't know how long I'll be -

MICHAEL

Wait, it's not - is this actually - are you.

(he furrows his brow)

This isn't - you aren't actually leaving for good?

ELIZABETH

(starts to cry)

I don't know MICHAEL - I don't think so, as I said, I just - ah - I just need space.

MICHAEL

Yeah, you keep saying that, and I mean that sounds pretty fucking non-committal.

(he laughs)

Space. What does that even mean? You have space here, don't you?

ELIZABETH

Non-committal? You want to talk about non-committal.

(she laughs through her tears)

And it means space! It means being away from - being away from you.

MICHAEL

Being away from me? But why?

(he screws up his face)

EL, put yourself in my position yeah? I have a lot of things that I'm fucking trying to figure out, look - I don't expect you to support me in like all of it, you know - but some support would be nice. Especially if it's also cause of - you know. But no, instead of giving what you can, you just - you decide to walk on out, right.

ELIZABETH

(continues to cry)

I understand, MICHAEL. I do. I know it's; this is why I didn't want to talk about it - that's why I'm trying to say, I can't - I can't support you, honestly, I don't - I just can't bring myself to care about it. But I still love you, I - which is why it's hard. I feel guilty, I do - I feel like I should care but I - I don't. But that's - it doesn't feel like that's my fault.

MICHAEL

You feel guilty but you don't think it's your fault? How does

that make any sense. If you wanted to care then you would, wouldn't you? I mean If you really still loved me then this wouldn't be a problem. Just be honest EL, you don't need to wrap it up in all this - all this padding, you know. I mean we were just out for dinner the other day -

ELIZABETH

(laughs through her tears)

Oh, MICHAEL, you didn't think that conversation went well, did you? And that's unfair to say, I do still love you which is why it's hard! I feel like I should care but I don't. They aren't mutually exclusive, at least not in my head. And this - this has nothing to do with sex.

(she cries)

How dare you reduce it to that - can - can you even say that you still love me?

(she turns away)

MICHAEL reaches across to his bedside table, fumbles down the handles, and opens the bottommost drawer. He pulls the handgun that we saw on THOMAS' beside table from it and starts slowly turning the weapon over in his hands.

MICHAEL

Still love you? Of course.

(he laughs)

And I don't know - they sound pretty fucking similar to me. So, I think this - this whole thing is about fucking sex, but you just don't want to say it - you want to seem like the bigger person, the more mature one, the one who isn't motivated by that sort of thing. But you're a fucking liar.

ELIZABETH

A fucking liar? How dare you -

(she turns, having been stuffing clothing into her bag, and screams)
What the fuck MICHAEL - what the fuck do you think you're doing?

MICHAEL
Oh, you sound like my mother.
(he laughs)
Am I wrong, though? This is all about pleasure, isn't it? It's not about caring, or wanting to care, or wanting to want to care.
(shakes his head)
It's about whatever little fantasy you have going on up there.
(he points the gun at her head)

ELIZABETH
(shaking and crying)
MICHAEL what the fuck are you saying? None of that is true, and you know, surely you understand what I'm trying to say. It's - I promise, it's not about that. It isn't - if it was, I'd just - I would've just said it. Okay?
(she backs towards the door)

MICHAEL
(lowers the gun)
C'mon EL, I don't think about other people. No, I don't. I really don't. But I know you do, and I know that's where you're going, and I know that that is what this is all about.

ELIZABETH
(crying harder)
MICHAEL, it's not, I promise, I promise you it's not, please - I - do you really think it would be? Wouldn't I have already left if it was?

MICHAEL

Oh right. So, you are leaving for good.

(his eyes water)

I knew you were, just be honest EL, you don't always need to try and seem considered. You're transparent, you are.

ELIZABETH

(still crying)

I'm not trying to seem like anything MICHAEL. Really. Please. I don't want to - can you please just put it down. I mean we're talking about this all like you asked. Just please -

MICHAEL

Well, yeah, I guess we are in a way. Just say it EL and I'll put it down. Just be honest and it goes back in the drawer. That's easy, isn't it? You could do that.

ELIZABETH

What are you - where did you even get it?

MICHAEL

THOMAS, I went to ask him if I could borrow it, but he was already gone, so I sort of took his absence as a yes.

ELIZABETH

Why - why - why would you need to borrow it?

(her crying intensifies)

MICHAEL slowly cocks the gun; it looks like he's going to point it at ELIZABETH, but he puts the gun to his head.

ELIZABETH

No MICHAEL - stop - stop that. That's - please don't. That isn't fair.

(she backs up further
with her hands out)

MICHAEL lowers the gun; he fondles it and resumes turning it over in his hands.

MICHAEL

(laughs)

That isn't fair? That's a bit selfish EL, that's really the first thing you think of.

ELIZABETH

(she continue to cry)

MICHAEL what the hell is wrong with you? Why don't you believe anything I say? I'm being honest - I - I don't know what else I can say to make you see that.

MICHAEL

What do you mean? God, it was just a joke. And I - I don't believe you - I know, I just fucking know, you aren't being honest with me. This bullshit about being conflicted.

(he laughs)

But if you aren't going to say it then just - just fucking leave.

MICHAEL leans down off the bed and puts the gun back into the open drawer and shuts it closed, hard.

ELIZABETH

Okay. No MICHAEL I - I'm fucking done with this.

(she waves her hands and
rushes to pick up the
nearly-packed bag)

This is, I'm sorry, I - I hope I never fucking see you again. What the hell is wrong with you.

ELIZABETH picks up her car keys from the old wooden dresser and scoops up her almost-packed bag - cradling it like a baby - and rushes to the door. She kicks it open with her foot and kicks it closed behind her.

MICHAEL laughs and then yells after her.

MICHAEL

Fuck you.
Fuck off.
(he mutters)

MICHAEL stares at the door, bows his head like an aggrieved dog, and then shuffles back under the sheets. He turns to lay on his side, facing the bedside table and us.

He pulls the duvet up over his head, so that his bare feet and ankles are exposed. We watch for a few moments as he lays quite still under the duvet.

CUT TO:

44. EXT. BACK GARDEN - NIGHT.

44

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL'S FACE

We're looking at MICHAEL's contorted face. He appears to be silently crying, it's dark behind him and he seems to be outside.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF GARDEN

The scene is muted. We see that MICHAEL is sitting on a small iron bench in his mother's back garden, it's filled with flowers and fruit trees.

Yet, their silhouettes are all we see. MICHAEL's sobbing uncontrollably; like when a child trips over their own feet and desperately wants to glean the sympathy of their parents. Evidently fruitful as MS. MARY COLE is sitting beside MICHAEL, on his right-hand side. She has her arm around his shoulders, pulling him tight, and is rubbing his arm in a comforting and reassuring way.

We watch MICHAEL sob and receive MS. MARY COLE's sympathy for a few moments. The sounds of nocturnal insects swell gently.

90 DEGREE VERTICAL TILT TO:

EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF SKY

We're now staring at the dark night sky; the stars aren't visible as they're blocked by low-hanging cloud.

45. INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY.

45

CLOSE UP ON MICHAEL'S MOBILE PHONE

Black is all we continue to see. MICHAEL's mobile phone begins to ring and ring and the black image is punctured by the small blue screen on the top of MICHAEL's phone, it reads 'OA'.

Off screen MICHAEL rolls over and turns his bedside lamp on. We can now see the top of his bedside table.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL

MICHAEL picks up the phone and opens it. He rests his weight on his right elbow and puts the phone to his ear with his left hand.

MICHAEL

Hello? - Oh hi. Ah no - yeah, it's fine.

MICHAEL lays back down and stares at the ceiling.

MICHAEL

Yeah, yeah, I know. No, it's - I'm still working on it, but - no don't I, it's okay - yeah no, that's what I mean, it's just sorting it out yeah. No - it's - it's fine, it's just ah - no - not quite all of it. No, it's - not like that, it's all good. Really.

(talking from other end)

Oh, uh huh - um. Yup 30 minutes. Okay - right, ah, see you then.

MICHAEL shuts the phone, screams aloud, snaps his phone in half, and throws it across to the far corner of room. It makes a loud thud as it hits the wall and falls to the floor. The gnawing feeling of his responsibility to arrange the money momentarily overwhelmed MICHAEL.

We watch him stare up at the dark ceiling. His chest is heaving up and down with anger, and his breathing becomes short and rapid; it's evocatively animalistic.

MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT OF MICHAEL FROM BEHIND

MICHAEL then gets up from his bed, paces to the dresser to fetch some clean clothes from the top two drawers, and then pushes through the already ajar door.

We follow him as he walks hurriedly down the hallway to the bathroom. Reaching its door, he opens it, and we move into the bathroom with him.

HIGH ANGLE WIDE SHOT FROM CORNER

MICHAEL drops his clean clothes to the ground, runs a shower, undresses, taps the running shower water a few times to check its temperature, and then steps carefully into the shower.

SLOW ZOOM IN ON:

CLOSE UP OF SPIDER

We see that a small jumping spider is intermittently hopping in the grout of the tiles towards the bathroom sink, it moves lazily from the right to the left of the frame. We follow its short odyssey before it disappears to our left and off screen.

CUT TO:

46. INT. CAFE - DAY.

46

CLOSE UP OF SPIDER

We see another small jumping spider intermittently hopping across what seems to be a wooden table.

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF TABLE

We see OMAR ANDERSEN sitting at the table, beside him sits TRACY and across from them sits MICHAEL. OMAR raises his hand to strike the small spider but TRACY, sitting to his left, reaches across to grab his forearm before he swings it down. OMAR turns to look at her with mild surprise.

TRACKING CLOSE UP OF SPIDER

We watch the spider continue to jump lazily across the table, it reaches the very edge and jumps right off, abseiling down to the ground with its silken web.

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF TABLE

TRACY release her grip and lets OMAR's arm go. He chuckles and looks across to MICHAEL who is silently sitting and watching them.

OMAR ANDERSEN

Environmentalist.

(he tilts his head at
TRACY)

Anyway, it's good to see you, boy.
You're looking - well I don't want
this relationship to be one of bad
faith, so - ah - let's just say
I've seen prettier corpses.

(he laughs)

And after a few too many, but only
a few too many, they might've had
me for the night - if it weren't
for my concrete morals and all.
But anyway, I'm rambling now
aren't I - how are you anyway?

MICHAEL

(looks confusedly at
OMAR ANDERSEN)

Yeah, I'm - I'm fine, just tired,
is all. Why couldn't we have just
-

OMAR ANDERSEN

Just done this on the phone? Yeah,
now that we're sitting here and
I'm looking at your face, I'm sort
of wishing we would've.

(he laughs)

I'm joking, of course, no I
thought it would be, you know, a
nice outing for the both of us. I
like to ah - know my drivers, I
don't think of them as paying
employees, I like to consider them
more like comped friends.

(he smiles to TRACY)

MICHAEL

Oh right, so, is this a sort of
business meeting?

(he looks at TRACY)

OMAR ANDERSEN

(noticing his gaze)

No, no, no, of course not. She's
here just to do her job.

(he smiles)

Does she intimidate you MICHAEL?

MICHAEL

What? No - I, it just seems kind
of formal for, ah - friends, you
know.

OMAR ANDERSEN

Well, we aren't there yet! So,
she's still along for the ride,
isn't she?

(takes a big sip of his
vanilla milkshake)

Anyway, what I wanted to talk
about was obviously how you're
coming along with the ah -
provisions.

MICHAEL

Well, I mean, I'm getting there, I 'spose. It's a lot of money to arrange in such a short space of time, you know.

OMAR ANDERSEN

Quite right! It is - but you signed that contract, with what I believe to have been clear mental faculty and importantly under no coercion whatsoever - as Trace is my witness.

(he winks to TRACY who laughs)

MICHAEL

No, I understand. It's - I don't know, it's been sort of less easy than I anticipated. But that's not to say that I don't have it - I'm just having to -

OMAR ANDERSEN

(his tone becomes serious)

Well, I'm sorry to hear that this has been hard for you MICHAEL - it's also been rather hard for me, you understand?

MICHAEL

(laughs)

How - how's it been hard for you?

OMAR ANDERSEN

Well, I'm having to now think about trying find another driver, aren't I? What with you seemingly having trouble getting this money, which wasn't an issue when we saw each other the other day, now was it?

MICHAEL

No, but as I said, there have been a few unexpected things to - ah, navigate, I guess. But it's fine - I'll still have it in time.

OMAR ANDERSEN

(tuts)

But can I trust you MICHAEL? It would be a real shame to have to slip your contract into the paper shredder - he has been looking awfully hungry as of late though, hasn't he?

(he looks to TRACY who nods)

And I would hate to have to take re-possession of that lovely biro that I believe I gave you. Both such wanton recriminations.

(he comically frowns and shakes his head.)

MICHAEL

Yes - it's, I'll have it, okay. That's a - it's a promise.

OMAR ANDERSEN

A promise! Oh, how good. You've already made one of those, MICHAEL, but I do appreciate this sort of compound addition on top - very well. I can see in your eyes - although rather blank - that you do seem sure of your words, and that's all I wanted to know. I don't like to be kept in the dark MICHAEL - keep me in the loop boy, and we can have milkshakes whenever you please, okay? Not too many though.

(he laughs)

Gotta make sure you keep that figure nimble, yeah? Every kg is worth time, and that time is why I'm me.

(he points to himself and smiles.)

Are we on the same page, MICHAEL? You're looking at me funny with those blank eyes.

MICHAEL

(blinks)

Yeah, we're on the same page, I
get it.

LOW WIDE SHOT OF TABLE

OMAR suddenly stands up straight, TRACY copies him and stands up beside him. OMAR outstretches his hand for MICHAEL to shake. MICHAEL reaches up to shake it.

OMAR ANDERSEN

Stand up, boy.

MICHAEL awkwardly stands and they shake hands; looking each other in the eye.

OMAR ANDERSEN

There we go! Great.

(he takes another long
sip of his milkshake and
wipes his mouth)

See you when I see you, MICHAEL,
cash in account - or in hand - I'm
not a picky man when it comes to
credit.

OMAR throws far too much money on the table and then shuffles out of the booth, TRACY follows close behind, leaving MICHAEL standing there alone. He stares at the money.

HGH WIDE SHOT OF RESTAURANT

We watch OMAR and TRACY walk through the cafe. OMAR's shoes echo on the hard cafe floor and we can hear him humming the tune of some song. TRACY opens the door for him, they both walk outside.

OMAR stops to look both ways up and down the street, and then strides straight across the road, TRACY jogs to keep up.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT OF MICHAEL FROM BEHIND

MICHAEL's watched them leave the cafe too. He now slips out of the booth and walks across to the cafe doors himself. His head is down and he's fumbling his car keys in his pocket. Once outside, MICHAEL pauses before turning left.

HOLD

However, we remain fixed on the street outside the cafe.

47. EXT. CAFE AND ROADS - DAY/NIGHT.

47

SINGLE TAKE HYPER-LAPSE MEDIUM WIDE DOLLY SHOT

We now turn right and continue down the road in the opposite way to MICHAEL, all the way to the end. We then turn left onto another street, we follow this street and then we suddenly turn right, in front of us is a long road.

We pass numerous people on this journey, including an unknown police officer sitting in his patrol car just down the road from the cafe. We take a left at the end of the long road and continue down this new road.

The light is fading, and the sky is darkening. The streetlights eventually come on. We keep twisting and turning down more roads, winding our way through sparse suburbia and farmland all the way to the motorway.

It's now totally dark, yet just up ahead, we can see the outline of two bright red brake lights. We continue to move closer until we collide with the freeze frame that we saw at the end of the opening sequence.

SHAKY ZOOM IN TO:

WIDE SHOT

We are back again in the backseat of this car, and we now understand that it was MICHAEL who we previously accompanied on the robbery. The Aphex Twin song 'Tha' has resumed. We continue to watch MICHAEL drive for a few moments.

CUT TO:

48. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

48

LOW CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL'S FACE

MICHAEL's face is obscured by a black balaclava - it seems to be a beanie with eyeholes cut into it - and we watch his eyes strain as we can hear him trying to pry open the stolen money canister. His eyes relax as he finally strong-arms it.

WIDE SHOT OF BEDROOM

We see MICHAEL kneeling beside his bed, the duffel bag and the open canister sitting both on top of it. We see a neat pile of money - of various denomination - stacked tight in the canister.

MICHAEL takes the balaclava off. His face is contorted by adrenaline; his visage presents a striking look of greed.

WIDE BIRDS-EYE-VIEW SHOT

MICHAEL pours the money onto his bed and begins to count it by arranging it into piles based on denomination. We watch as he meticulously counts the money, placing it carefully into piles of the same denomination, handling it with a sort of reverence.

CUT TO:

WIDE BIRDS-EYE-VIEW SHOT

We see that MICHAEL has finished counting the money.

MICHAEL

80 - fuck.

WIDE SHOT OF BED

MICHAEL's face seems to be an amalgam of disappointment and realisation. The realisation that he's to do it again. He shuts the empty canister and drops it down on the floor beside his bed.

He gathers the money and stuffs it all into the duffel bag, he throws the duffel bag over to the far side of the room. He gets up and stashes the gun back into the bottom drawer of his bedside table.

We watch as he rolls the canister under his bed with his foot, we faintly hear what sounds like metal striking metal. MICHAEL crawls onto his bed and lies on his back, still clothed and wearing shoes, he turns his head to the ceiling.

MEDIUM BIRDS-EYE-VIEW SHOT

MICHAEL's arms are resting on his chest, and he's staring wide-eyed just past us and at the ceiling.

His left hand reaches off screen and it returns holding OMAR's pen. He brings it to his lips and rubs it against them but this time he doesn't chew it.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL

MICHAEL shuts his eyes.

CUT TO:

49. EXT. BRIDGE - DAY.

49

EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF BRIDGE

We're looking at a rather old bridge, it divides the frame in two horizontally. The sun is low in the sky, appearing just above the line of the bridge.

There are few cars driving across it. MICHAEL's car suddenly drives past us, and we watch as MICHAEL throws something flailing from his car window.

EXTREME TRACKING CLOSE UP OF BOOK

We follow the flying something which we realise to be ELIZABETH's book of Sappho's collected poems.

We watch it make a light splash as it hits the water underneath the bridge. Small ocean birds that were sat atop the water screech and fly away.

SLOW ZOOM TO:

MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT OF BIRDS

We follow the birds as they fly higher and higher into the clear blue sky. Screeching all the while.

DISSOLVE TO:

50. EXT/INT. BANK - DAY.

50

LOW WIDE SHOT OF BANK ENTRANCE

We can hear voices over the image of the bank entrance, yet what they're saying is somewhat obscured, their tone sounds panicked and rather rushed.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT OF MICHAEL

We follow MICHAEL as he walks through the lobby of the bank, we continue to hear the panicked chatter over this image. Yet we still cannot discern what is being said. The voices swell to an unbearable pitch.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF MICHAEL'S DESK

We no longer hear the voices. We now see MICHAEL sitting at his desk, he swivels a few times in his chair before reaching over to pick up his phone.

He dials OMAR ANDERSEN's number and puts the phone to his ear. We hear OMAR pick up at the other end.

OMAR ANDERSEN

Hullo? Who may that be?

MICHAEL pauses and then puts the phone down without saying a word. He sits there momentarily and then picks up the phone again before slamming it back down onto his holder.

Perhaps roused by the noise, LYALL's head appears above us and to the right. He peers over into MICHAEL's cubicle.

ALTERNATING CLOSE UPS

LYALL

Hey, I wouldn't be interrupting anything ah -

(raises his eyebrows)

Lewd, now, would I?

MICHAEL

Lewd? - No, don't worry. Ah - what do you want?

LYALL

I don't like your tone, sir -

(he tuts and pauses)

I feel like I ought to courtesy or something - Mr. I'm Back At Work Today Like A Grown Up. What's the special occasion?

(he raises his eyebrows)

But you can't really curtsy to a king who doesn't look one bit kingly.

(he whispers, then

smiles and puts a

cigarette in his mouth)

LYALL tilts his head and motions eagerly in the direction of the bank's entrance.

MICHAEL

No. No - not now, sorry.

LYALL

Well then, your majesty, I suppose nobility comes with new ways - suit yourself, squire of the grave!

(he puts the cigarette behind his ear)

But, on a serious note, what I really wanted to ask was, did you hear about last night?

MICHAEL

No - hear what? Is this still about JONNY?

LYALL

JONNY? Nah I wouldn't know; I only visited him the once - after I left that smelly ward, I sort of realised that hospitals aren't really my thing. No, but -

(he lowers his voice)

In all seriousness, we were - we were robbed again! How 'bout that?

MICHAEL

Again? - What - last night?

LYALL

Yeah, that's what I said. JULIE the minx told me when I get here, said the guy had a gun this time.

(raises his eyebrows)

But she said not to say anything to anyone, but since you already knew about JONNY, I thought why the hell not -

(smiles again)

It's spreading anyway so I tried to ask around, without letting on too much, just to, you know test the waters to see if anyone knew anything more. I even went and talked to those stiffs in Securities but, you wouldn't believe this, they ah, they kept changing the subject to bonds.

(he snorts and laughs at himself)

MICHAEL looks at LYALL with a blank stare.

LYALL

C'mon? Okay - well I don't know; I mean it seems to be becoming a

sort of thing. If that old hand job wasn't running things, then I'd bet you anything that they would've already changed it.

MICHAEL

Changed what?

LYALL

The times - man, you get slower by the week, I mean, it's obvious, even to me, it makes sense to -

HIGH WIDE SHOT

We see IRA ROBERTS, walking with far too much haste, approach MICHAEL's cubicle from the opposite side to LYALL.

IRA ROBERTS

LYALL, what the hell is that behind your ear?

LYALL

Shit -

(he mutters)

No, it's - it's ah nothing.

LYALL grabs the cigarette from behind his ear and stuffs it into the pocket of his pants.

IRA ROBERTS

Can we save this sort of thing for lunch?

(he waves at MICHAEL's cubicle)

MICHAEL looks past IRA ROBERTS.

IRA ROBERTS

(clicks his fingers and points at MICHAEL)

I need to see you in my office.

(looks at his watch)

Ideally now. Thank you.

MICHAEL looks back to LYALL and LYALL mimes licking an ice-cream cone.

LYALL

Oh demotion? No, I mean, of
course, promotion.
(he smiles)

MICHAEL, again, looks at LYALL with a blank stare.

SLOW ZOOM IN ON:

CLOSE UP

MICHAEL's blank stare is now focused on us.

51. INT. IRA ROBERTS' OFFICE - DAY.

51

CLOSE UP

MICHAEL's still staring at us with the same vacant
expression.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT

We see MICHAEL sitting in a black office chair, his arms
crossed in his lap, in what appears to be an office within
the bank.

90 DEGREE SWIVEL TO:

WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

We see IRA ROBERTS sitting behind his desk and to our left.
He's leaning his elbows on the desk, his hands linked, and
he's tapping his thumbs together. He's looking somewhat
disconcertingly at MICHAEL.

An 'IRA ROBERTS' name holder is front and centre on his
desk - it's a very tidy desk, with few personal items other
than awards for work related endeavours; he's a wholly
corporate man. MICHAEL is looking, still quite
expressionless, back at IRA.

IRA ROBERTS

So, MICHAEL, off the bat I don't enjoy this sort of thing, so let's make it easy. I'm giving you the chance to explain.

MICHAEL's expression changes to one of concern, he rubs his thighs anxiously.

MICHAEL

Ah - explain, what, exactly?

IRA ROBERTS

(scoffs)

Right. Your recent, well, your recent actions.

MICHAEL

My recent actions? Um, okay - well, what do you mean by my recent actions?

IRA ROBERTS

What do I mean? Well, to jog that memory of yours, I 'spose inactions would be a better term now, wouldn't it?

MICHAEL slowly shakes his head with miscomprehension. IRA leans back in his chair looking smugly at his wristwatch.

MICHAEL

I'm - um, I don't know what you mean?

IRA ROBERTS

C'mon MICHAEL, where the hell have you been?

IRA looks back at MICHAEL, staring him in the eyes.

MICHAEL

Oh - yeah, right, okay. Ah - I've been feeling a bit sick, you know, one of those seasonal things.

IRA ROBERTS

Oh Right. Right. No, no that's fine. Huh - but you didn't think

about maybe calling in to, to let me know, did you?

MICHAEL

Oh well, ah you see, my phone, my phone sort-of broke and I -

IRA ROBERTS

Your phone sort-of broke. Right. Yeah, no that, ah, that explains it all. 'Spose, you don't have a home phone?

MICHAEL

Well, I was - I was pretty sick, like bed-ridden sick, so I couldn't really get to it.

IRA ROBERTS

Oh my, you were that sick, huh? Well then, I 'spose it's a divine bloody miracle that you're sat in front of me, then, isn't it?

(he raises his eyebrows)

Pretty robust immune system then?

MICHAEL

Ah - what? Ah - yeah, I, I 'spose. Well, not robust enough to not get sick, but you know, good enough to recover, I guess - so, yeah, robust.

IRA ROBERTS

Oh, that's great MICHAEL...

(he leans forward)

Look, I really don't care about your immune system, or about whether or not you were bed-ridden, what I do care about is people showing up to do the job that they agreed to do. So, if you keep messing me around and treating this vocation like it's a fucking vacation, I apologise for my language, then we're going to have to...

(he pauses, thinking of
the right phrase)
We're going to have to strongly
reconsider your employment status.

MICHAEL
My employment status?

IRA ROBERTS
Yeah, after insignificant
deliberation MICHAEL, you'll be -
(he pauses to think)
terminated; made redundant; gone,
okay?
(he smiles)

MICHAEL
But I -

IRA ROBERTS
Look, as I said, I really don't
like these conversations, and not
with you of all people MICHAEL.
You do a good job, you do. But I
really don't want to hear whatever
excuse you're ready to volley, I
don't believe it, and moreover I
can tell that you don't believe
it, okay? So just iron out those
crinkles MICHAEL, and be here when
you need to be here, all square
and ready, okay?
(he smiles)
Now, I think I see what I strongly
believe to be a retiree with an
overdraft sitting out there, so
get back to it.
(he does a playful shoo
motion towards the door)

MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT OF MICHAEL

MICHEAL stands up, his mouth hangs slack; yet his eyes look unfocused, as if affixed to something non-tangible. He turns and walks out of IRA's office and back over to his small cubicle. He sits down at his desk and stares at the screensaver bouncing off the edges of his computer.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

CLOSE UP

We're looking again directly in to MICHAEL's eyes and he's looking back at us. He blinks a few slow blinks before he shuts his eyes.

WASHOUT TO:

52. INT. MICHAEL'S HEAD - DAY

52

FADE IN:

EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF A BEACH

We cannot hear anything, yet we see what appears to be ELIZABETH, naked and floating above a deserted beach at sunrise.

The sand beneath her is white but the ocean behind her is rough and unsettled; waves thrash at the sand.

ELIZABETH appears to be intertwined with another naked female figure (MICHAEL's imagined version of CHARLOTTE). We see MICHAEL standing just below them and staring up at the two women. He reaches up to grab ELIZABETH's leg and pull her down, screaming and screaming as he does so but he cannot reach her.

The women seem to rotate and thrash about in the air. MICHAEL pulls THOMAS' handgun from his pocket and points it at the two women, threatening each of them and waving the gun around to scare them. They seem to ignore him. He tries to shoot the gun, but rather than bullets it just pelts the two lovers with water.

This only intensifies the scene as they water flicks from their hair and limbs. They seem to laugh at MICHAEL, we see their heads lolling at their mouths wide open.

The colours of the environment are extremely desaturated, such that it seems almost to be a black and white scene. MICHAEL continues to point the gun at the two women, although with much less energy.

Suddenly, ELIZABETH and the unknown female appear to metamorphose into creatures resembling Furies; or is it angels?

MICHAEL stops flailing the gun and drops it to the sand. He stands staring up at the women open-mouthed and with his hands at his side. With a final burst of desperation, MICHAEL tries to jump to reach them, but every time he jumps, they seem to float higher into the sky.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

WIDE TRACKING SHOT

We watch as ELIZABETH and the unknown female seem to spin in the air, still intertwined with a passion unbeknownst to many. They slowly float higher and higher, until they move in front of the sun, and they become naked silhouettes against the bright white sky.

CUT TO: BLACK.

53. INT. BEDROOM - DAY.

53

FADE IN:

EXTREME CLOSE UP

We see the left half of MICHAEL's face, his eyes are closed, and he seems asleep, someone appears to be dabbing his forehead with a cold flannel.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

BIRDS-EYE-VIEW WIDE SHOT

We see MICHAEL lying motionless in bed. MS. MARY COLE is leaning over him and dabbing his forehead with a damp flannel.

MS. MARY COLE
MICHAEL honey - are you okay?

She leans back to dip the flannel into a small dish of cold water that's sitting on MICHAEL's bedside table, beside it sits a plate of toast.

We hear the water drip as she rings the excess water from the flannel. She leans across to touch MICHAEL's forehead with her finger.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, you're still boiling dear.

MICHEAL stirs somewhat. MS. MARY COLE sits back, quite still, and MICHAEL stirs again, this time rather sudden. He opens his eyes and sits up quickly in bed. MS. MARY COLE leans back in her chair somewhat.

MICHAEL looks around anxiously and sees MS. MARY COLE sitting at his bedside. MICHAEL's face looks sweaty and tacky. He stares at MS. MARY COLE for a few moments.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, how wonderful. You're finally awake! You must've needed a big, long sleep. I've got some toast here, if you're hungry - butter and jam, but a bit cold now. It's perfectly okay if you don't feel like it. I just thought I better check, nonetheless.

(she smiles)

MICHAEL slowly blinks a few times.

WIDE SYMMETRICAL SHOT

MICHAEL clears his throat; he is to the right and MS. MARY COLE is to the left of the frame.

MICHAEL

Thanks, thank you, just - just put it there.

(he points to a spot on the bed beside him)

MS. MARY COLE

Okay hun.

MS. MARY COLE picks up the toast from the bedside table and puts it down where MICHAEL pointed to.

MS. MARY COLE

I do hope you're feeling okay.
This is so unlike you to be so -
so poorly. Is it all those
robberies hun?

MICHAEL's face goes even whiter, now almost translucent, and he stares, with incredulity and indignation, at MS. MARY COLE.

MICHAEL

Robberies? What do you mean?

MS. MARY COLE

The ones at your work, I saw them talking about it on the news the other day. Awful things. The robberies I mean - that poor man having his lung collapsed like that. It's dreadful.

(she tuts)

And that - that kid, the one they saw on the camera. I don't where that boy's parents are, but I do hope they know that it's their -

MICHAEL

Yeah, I don't know - they haven't really told us much. But I'm not worried by those, they're not happening when we're there, so -

MS. MARY COLE

Of course, of course they wouldn't of... And that is very sensible. But are you sure they aren't getting to you dear? All this restlessness, and you know, all that trouble you've had with ELIZABETH, is - is it stemming from your work?

MICHAEL

Ah - no, mum I - no, I'm okay, I am - I just -

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, how silly of me! It's the whole ordeal with MR. ANDERSEN, having to tell him no, isn't it? Well, don't worry about it so much, dear, if you need me to come with you, I am more than happy to explain to him our situation and how you're so very sorry to have to turn his very generous offer down.

(she pinches his cheek)

MICHAEL cowers somewhat at MS. MARY COLE's affection and leans back against the bed head.

MS. MARY COLE

(smiles sadly)

Why don't you - why don't you perhaps take some more time off work hun? Give yourself time to rest up and get your - your energy back. How 'bout that?

Beat.

MICHAEL

Is - is THOMAS -

MS. MARY COLE

Is THOMAS here? Honey he's still away at sea - he was away all weekend, actually. They must've found a whole shoal or something out there. You know how he's here and there.

MICHAEL

Yeah, right. I - I know - what - what do you mean all weekend?

MS. MARY COLE

Well, it's Tuesday morning hun.

MICHAEL sits up straight in his bed.

MICHAEL

Tuesday?

MS. MARY COLE

Yup!

(looks at her watch)

Well, exactly 9.36 in the AM dear,
to be exact.

MICHAEL shakes his head as if he's just been swimming and
got water stuck in his ears.

MICHAEL

I need -

MS. MARY COLE

No, no - don't you worry! It's all
okay dear, I've already phoned in.

MICHAEL

What?

MS. MARY COLE

Well people kept ringing the house
over the weekend, well really it
was just MR. ANDERSEN -

MICHAEL

What? You've called MR. ROBERTS?

MS. MARY COLE

MR. ROBERTS? Oh, IRA, he's your
manager dear not your principal.
Yes, yes, I've called him,
probably about an hour ago.

(she scrunches her nose)

He said to relay this to you in
the following order. Okay, first
he said not to worry; second, he
said that everything was quite
okay; and third, that you needn't
worry about coming back in.

MICHAEL

You - are you - is that serious?
Those were his words?

MS. MARY COLE

The very same and none the
different. I told him I'd remember
their timber - he - I was

surprised, he sounded awfully relaxed about the whole thing.

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ - what is - what is wrong with you?

MS. MARY COLE

Wrong with me?

(she laughs)

Dear, please take a moment, you have the day off! Maybe - maybe you ought to lie back down.

(she leans toward
MICHAEL)

MICHAEL

I'm - I'm fine - okay, just fuck, can you just - just stop?

MS. MARY COLE

(looks slightly taken
aback)

Hmm how about some of that toast?

(she picks the plate up)

I think this is probably just your tummy talking on your behalf. The jam will help get those -

MICHAEL aggressively takes the plate from her hand.

CLOSE UP TRACKING SHOT OF PLATE

MICHAEL throws the plate of toast across the room. The plate breaks into several pieces, and the toast falls to the carpet - jam side down. We hear MS. MARY COLE suddenly scream off screen.

WIDE SYMMETRICAL SHOT

MICHAEL

I'm - I - I'm sorry - I didn't - I didn't mean - I'll pick it up.

(he moves to get out of
bed)

MS. MARY COLE

No, don't worry dear. I didn't mean to let that out. Surprised I suppose - no I, silly bringing you toast when you couldn't even choose what to put on it!

MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT OF MS. MARY COLE

We watch MS. MARY COLE, her face ashen and appearing somewhat crestfallen, get up from her seat beside the bed and walk over to where the toast and the broken plate are lying.

CLOSE UP ON MICHAEL

We see MICHAEL watching her, his face a shade above translucent, and he realises that the broken plate and toast have fallen on the floor next to the duffel bag; perhaps wondering also whether MS. MARY COLE noticed what was inside it whilst he was unconscious.

WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

MS. MARY COLE bends down and carefully picks up the shards of plate and the pieces of toast. She stands up and turns to walk out of the room, as she reaches the doorway she turns back smiling.

MS. MARY COLE

Well, at least the birds will enjoy it!

180 DEGREE SWIVEL TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF BED

MICHAEL shuffles back between the sheets. He rolls over to face us and he pulls his covers up to his shoulders. His head is the only part of him that remains exposed.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

CLOSE UP

We're now staring into MICHAEL's eyes. MICHAEL's blinking becomes slower and slower. A few moments later he seems to be asleep again.

WASHOUT TO:

54. INT. MICHAEL'S HEAD - DAY.

54

PAN UP TO:

WIDE SHOT

We hear total silence, and we're looking at the front of MS. MARY COLE's house. Yet, it isn't in suburbia, rather it seems to be sitting alone in an empty grass paddock.

The house is baked in warm yellow light, so it must be dusk. The front door suddenly swings wide open and MICHAEL walks out onto the porch and skips down the front steps.

He starts to walk across the grass, seemingly in a line directly towards us. His gaze seems focused on something behind us and far away in the distance.

CUT TO:

MS. MARY COLE's house now appears to be totally consumed by thick, towering, raging orange flames. MICHAEL immediately stops walking towards us and turns around to look at the blaze. He holds his arms up to shield his face from the heat of the flames.

CUT TO:

The house now appears normal again, baked still in the warm glow of dusk, but there is no sign of fire anymore. Nor does it look as if it was ablaze only moments ago. MICHAEL drops his hands from his face and starts to quickly walk back over towards the house.

CUT TO:

Once more, the thick orange flames have engulfed MS. MARY COLE's house. However, now we can hear screams. Female screams: the screams of someone who knows they're trapped. Some of the outer structure of the house begins to buckle

under the flames. MICHAEL shields his face again and runs closer to the house.

CUT TO:

Yet now the house is back to normal and showing no sign of any fire damage. The sun is ever so slightly lower now and the yellow light streaming on the house is becoming more orange. We see MICHAEL continuing to shield his face even though the flames have abated. He seems to peer over his arms, and cautiously continues closer.

CUT TO:

The thick orange flames are back again, they've consumed the MS. MARY COLE's house almost entirely. There is no way to enter the house; the screams from inside are at their loudest and most desperate. We watch MICHAEL, as the fabric on his arms melts, run to the source of the scream: MS. MARY COLE's bedroom window.

MICHAEL POV

We can see what MICHAEL sees as he looks through the bedroom window. And what we see is the immolation of MS. MARY COLE.

She's lying upside down on her bed with her head and her arms hanging off the end of the bed, her arms are outstretched horizontally. Yet, she looks undamaged by the flames. It rather looks as if she's been crucified and to us, she resembles strongly the image of the crucified Saint Peter.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

We see the entire house again, the inferno has disappeared, and it looks unremarkable and unburned. MICHAEL is still peering into MS. MARY COLE's bedroom window. He brings his arms down, the sleeves still burned away, in what seems to be an act of resignation.

We watch as MICHAEL pauses before turning his back to the house and slumping against the outside wall. He rests his

head against the weatherboard and looks up at the sky;
breathing deep as we see his chest heaving up and down.

CUT TO:

LOW MEDIUM WIDE PROFILE SHOT OF MICHAEL

We're looking at MICHAEL's face consumed by fire. His skin and hair look unburnt, and the heat doesn't seem to be having any effect on him. MICHAEL seems to be staring off at nothing into the distance, his eyes unfixed and heavy.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

We see that the house behind MICHAEL is fully ablaze again. The sky around us is darkening now and the house seems to resemble an overlarge torch. MICHAEL is now very much in the flames. We can see the rest of his clothes start to burn off and wisp away in the breeze, but his skin, hair, and body remain all untouched by the surrounding fire.

SHAKY MICHAEL POV

MICHAEL is looking in the direction of where we were just watching the house fire from.

Our view is obscured somewhat by the fire but standing where it seems we were likely looking at the house from is the HOMELESS PERSON; hands in pockets and standing quite still, seemingly watching MICHAEL in the fire. The light of the inferno is reflected in his unconcerned face. We watch him watch us for a few moments.

FADE TO: BLACK

55. INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT.

55

FADE IN:

BIRDS-EYE-VIEW WIDE SHOT MICHAEL IN BATH

We're looking at MICHAEL, seemingly asleep, and lying naked in an unfilled bathtub.

He has stripped his clothes off and they sit in a messy pile beside the bathtub. His body looks atrophied and sunken; he is drenched completely in his own sweat.

By the way that's lying, in a horizontally contrapposto position, he seems to resemble some kind of Grecian marble statue. He's totally still, other than his chest, which is heaving up and down very rapidly.

There is a chair and a bucket beside the bath, although they look to have been long since abandoned.

CUT TO:

56. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

56

HIGH WIDE SHOT FROM CORNER OF ROOM

We see MICHAEL lying in bed again, the sheets pulled up just past his waist, his torso is uncovered. An empty chair stands beside his bed, just next to his bedside table.

We see the door open, and MS. MARY COLE enters the room with DR. JULIA DRAPER, a tall and avian looking woman in her mid 40s, the things she's holding in her arms suggest to us that she's a medical doctor.

We cannot hear what is being said but MS. MARY COLE appears to be explaining MICHAEL's behaviour to DR. JULIA DRAPER who is listening intently.

DR. JULIA DRAPER takes a seat in the chair beside the bed and starts to prod and poke at MICHAEL, taking his temperature, feeling for his pulse, and jotting down notes on her clipboard.

MS. MARY COLE stands close to her, looking at MICHAEL with concern. MS. MARY COLE and DR. JULIA DRAPER continue to talk for a few moments.

DR. JULIA DRAPER then gets up and walks out of the room, MS. MARY COLE trails her. Leaving MICHAEL in bed; he remains very still.

CUT TO:

57. INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY.

57

WIDE SHOT

We see MS. MARY COLE sitting opposite DR. JULIA DRAPER at DR. JULIA DRAPER's desk. They're sitting in DR. JULIA DRAPER's office; a few house plants are placed around the office.

MS. MARY COLE is clutching her handbag, very tight, on her lap. DR. JULIA DRAPER has a coffee mug and a prescription form in front of her. DR. JULIA DRAPER has placed a pill bottle in the centre of table. It sits beside doctor knick-knacks. She's explaining some things to MS. MARY COLE.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

SYMMETRICAL MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF BOTH WOMEN

DR. JULIA DRAPER

Look, I don't think there's anything seriously wrong with the boy, he doesn't need hospitalisation, he seems to have just suffered from some sort of psychosomatic fit.

MS. MARY COLE

A psycho - what's a rather, a psychosymonic fit? Well, I don't know, that sounds - that sounds rather serious to me.

DR. JULIA DRAPER

Somatic - and look, these things can sometimes happen, for various reasons - with some people they're brought upon by stress, in others by anxiety, and others by substance abuse - obviously MICHAEL's is a rather...

(she pauses)

Ah - extreme instance, but he should be -

MS. MARY COLE

Extreme? I don't mean to question you doctor, but if it's extreme shouldn't I take him somewhere?

DR. JULIA DRAPER

No, what I mean is, extreme compared to usual, but these things aren't usually of any ah - mortal concern, he doesn't appear to be at risk of anything like that. But based on what you've told me, him having woken only the once and as you described 'not being himself' during that brief period, his situation is, indeed extreme, but he is unlikely to get much worse. Of course, he'll need some nursing and attention, which I believe you're happy to provide.

MS. MARY COLE

Yes, of course.

Beat.

MS. MARY COLE

So, what are they for then?

MS. MARY COLE points, with a limp finger, to the pill bottle in the middle of the table.

DR. JULIA DRAPER

That's something to wake the boy. Look, I don't think it's absolutely necessary, as he should come around with time - albeit under careful watch of course...

(she motions to MS. MARY COLE)

But, if you're concerned with the length of time that he's been dozing, then this is a suitable remedy. Having seen MICHAEL, I believe he would be responsive to such medication.

MS. MARY COLE

Okay. Right - ah, what does it do?

DR. JULIA DRAPER

As I said, it simply wakes the boy. You put one tablet under his tongue - you'll have to get your fingers in there, I have plenty spare sets of gloves if you'd like them -

MS. MARY COLE

I'm to do it?

DR. JULIA DRAPER

Well, yes, it's a patient-doctor protocol thing. You know, he isn't able to give consent to be roused, so if it's his mother...

(she motions again to
MS. MARY COLE)

Who is to do it, then there cannot really be much repercussion for our practice.

MS. MARY COLE

Why would you be concerned with repercussion?

(she laughs nervously)

DR. JULIA DRAPER

I'm sorry, I shouldn't present it in such a way as to worry you MS. COLE, it's just a - a legal guideline, the same is true of any medication given to a patient who is unconscious but otherwise able. Unless, of course, there's some sort of prearranged informed consent, then it's no issue.

(she smiles)

Does that make sense?

MS. MARY COLE

No, I understand. That's - that's alright - but what exactly is in the tablet?

DR. JULIA DRAPER

It's called Flictium - it's essentially just an amalgam of Ritalin and Provigil - think of it like, say how you'd use a set of jumper cables attached to a charged battery to recharge a dead battery. Well, I suppose, this is the jumper cables and the charged battery all sort of wrapped neatly into one.

MS. MARY COLE

Right. Okay -

(she sounds hesitant)

And how fast does it work?

DR. JULIA DRAPER

Oh, likely within hours, it dissolves with the saliva and as soon as he swallows it it's on its journey to the brain, and once it gets up there in all those folds and creases it then activates the CNS -

(snaps fingers)

And once that's kicked into gear, he'll be up - groggy and weak, but verifiably up.

MS. MARY COLE

Right. Okay -

(she smiles meekly)

Oh, well - he has - look, I don't know. I - can I - can I have a moment?

DR. JULIA DRAPER

Of course. I'll leave you to your thoughts.

DR. JULIA DRAPER rummages around in the filing drawer on her desk, before pulling out what looks to be another prescription form.

DR. JULIA DRAPER

Look, I'll just go and fill this,
and when I'm back tell me what you
think, okay?

(she looks around on her
desk for a pen but can't
find one)

You don't happen to -

MS. MARY COLE pulls out MICHAEL's pen from her handbag and
hands it to DR. JULIA DRAPER.

DR. JULIA DRAPER

Oh, thank you.

DR. JULIA DRAPER scribbles on the form, hands the pen back
to MS. MARY COLE with a smile, and then pauses before
getting up from her desk and walking out of the room.

DR. JULIA DRAPER

I won't be a moment - do help
yourself to gloves, they're just
on the wall to your left.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

CLOSE UP

MS. MARY COLE smiles meekly before carefully slipping the
pen back into her handbag.

CUT TO:

58. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

58

BIRDS-EYE-VIEW WIDE SHOT OF BED

We see MICHAEL lying in bed, torso exposed and sheet still
just up past his waist.

MS. MARY COLE is sitting in the chair beside the bed
holding her hands to her chest, they're covered by
disposable latex gloves. Her body language appears anxious
and worried.

We see MICHAEL suddenly open his eyes, slowly roll over, and then sit up, blinking his eyes hard, his head lolling somewhat.

MS. MARY COLE throws her hands up as if she's celebrating a great triumph.

ALTERNATES BETWEEN MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF MS. MARY COLE WHEN SPEAKING AND WIDE SHOT WHEN MICHAEL'S SPEAKING

MS. MARY COLE

MICHAEL dear, how are you feeling?
I gave you a little something from
DR. JULIA DRAPER -

MICHAEL, propped up on his elbows, squeezes his eyes shut and opens them wide, looking around the room with some confusion.

MICHAEL

Wha - what - is - is it day or
night?
(he lulls his head)

MS. MARY COLE

It's only Thursday dear. If you're
asking about work - oh you're so
dogged, but it's nighttime dear,
so you needn't worry yourself
about all that, okay?

MICHAEL

Is - is - is it late or early?
(said groggily)

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, it's about - I think it's just
gone midnight. So, late for
Thursday but early for Friday, I
suppose. Look I know you'll
probably be hungry, but I thought
I ought not to presume again, so
there's some dinner for you in the
kitchen if you'd like it, no
pressure though. And don't eat too
quickly or you'll bloat your
tummy.

MICHAEL doesn't answer, his face looks extremely pained. He looks down to realise that he's naked and panics to pull his sheets up to his chin.

MS. MARY COLE

It's okay dear.

(she laughs)

Oh, I feel terrible for asking but if you promise me that you're okay I would rather like to go off and get some sleep. I've been up for two days looking over you - it's ah - no I'm not complaining, no not at all - I'm just, well I'm just rather drowsy dear.

MICHAEL looks at her with a confused expression, like he's heard but not listened to anything that she just said.

MICHAEL

(shakes his head

faintly)

Yeah, that's - that's fine.

MS. MARY COLE

Okay dear - well, I'm happy to see you're up, I would've - no, I don't want you thinking that I was panicking, but I guess now it - now it seems, silly, being so late, I suppose I should've let you sleep - but you looked so ah - oh you looked lifeless, it just worried me dear.

MICHAEL

Well - I'm - alive.

(he shrugs)

MS. MARY COLE

That's good to know hun - well I'll see you in the morning. Now do eat and do sleep.

MS. MARY COLE leans to kiss MICHAEL on the forehead but he backs away, it's hopeless to suppose whether this is voluntary or involuntary.

MS. MARY COLE smiles before standing up, taking the chair and bucket, and walking, with rounded shoulders, out of the room.

59. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

59

WIDE SHOT IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM

SWITCH TO:

MOTION TRACKING MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF THE BACK OF MICHAEL'S HEAD AS HE MOVES AROUND THE ROOM

As soon as the door closes behind MS. MARY COLE, MICHAEL leaps up from his bed.

He's so physically weak that he immediately falls over, he lays on the ground panting for a few moments before pushing himself up and staggering over to the dresser. He rifles through it, picking out a pair of pants, a shirt, a sweater, and a jacket.

He looks around for a pair of shoes and finds a pair of sneakers sitting near the door, he staggers to grab them. MICHAEL hastily dresses, although this really takes some time as he is so physically ailed by his time spent in bed.

MICHAEL drops to the floor, unintentionally, and reaches around under his bed for the balaclava and his gloves, he finds them and stuffs them into his jacket pocket.

He rushes to the door, but trips and he again falls over. Getting up he remembers that he hasn't retrieved THOMAS' gun, he turns around and goes back to his bedside drawer and opens the bottom drawer with a shaking hand.

He's hoping it's where he left it. It is. He picks up the gun and puts it in the inside pocket of his jacket.

He pauses for a moment and looks around the room - he looks in our direction and we see his sunken eyes and matted hair; he resembles a shrunken head. He wipes his eyes and his face with his hands and stumbles over to the door.

CUT TO:

60. INT. CAR - NIGHT.

60

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT FROM PASSENGER SEAT DOOR

MICHAEL is in his car. He's driving fast and more reckless than we've seen him drive before. We see the rapid flash of streetlights as MICHAEL speeds along the road. By this point we suppose with some certainty, where he is heading.

WIDE SHOT FROM BACKSEAT

We watch as MICHAEL weaves recklessly past any traffic that he comes across. There isn't much as it's so late; the clock on his radio reads 01:50am. His driving is noticeably sloppy; he misses shifts and seems to ride the clutch.

He is bent close over the steering wheel, driving the car as if he's a shortsighted grandmother without her glasses. It furthermore looks to be supporting his weight.

FRONT CLOSE UP

We're looking at MICHAEL's balaclava covered face, his eyes are fixed and unblinking. We see the reflection of streetlights and headlights in MICHAEL's eyes. Amidst the silence of the night, the car engine sounds incredibly loud and conspicuous.

WIDE SHOT FROM BACKSEAT

We see the shadows of large buildings, and MICHAEL makes a few familiar turns. MICHAEL turns down the side-street and the car slows as MICHAEL eventually reaches his destination.

He parks exactly where he did the previous time, we were with him. We notice that the side street is even less busy than it ordinarily is. MICHAEL turns the car off.

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT FROM PASSENGER SEAT DOOR

MICHAEL looks to the passenger seat, but there's nothing there. He doesn't have a duffel bag sitting there this time as he has stashed the money in it.

He pauses, looking straight ahead, before opening the door. We hear the open-door alarm resound, and MICHAEL cautiously steps out onto the footpath.

61. EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT.

61

LOW WIDE SHOT OF MICHAEL'S SILHOUETTE FROM BEHIND

We see MICHAEL standing on the road, he looks to be drowning in his jacket. He momentarily remains very still. We hear the open-door alarm echo as the driver's door is still open.

MICHAEL reaches into his jacket to get his gun, he slowly pulls it out, looks down at it, and tucks it into the back of his waistband.

He pauses, gently closes the car door, then walks quickly off to the right, up the road, and almost off screen.

SHAKY ZOOM IN TO:

MOTION TRACKING MEDIUM SHOT OF MICHAEL FROM BEHIND

We catch up to MICHAEL as he rounds a right corner and continues walking with haste, now down the main road and towards the ATM and the bank.

We see the same truck parked outside the bank, and we see the same bank employee, TREVOR, attending to the job. The door to the van is open and TREVOR is kneeling in front of the ATM. He's bathed in the green glow coming from the light of the bank and ATM logos.

MICHAEL quickens his step and puts a hand behind his back to grip the handle of the gun.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF TREVOR

We watch as TREVOR, humming the melody of some song, attaches one of the full money canisters into the empty slot in the ATM, the second one sits beside him on the concrete.

We can hear footsteps coming from behind us and towards TREVOR. TREVOR looks up toward the direction of the us and stops humming, his eyes focusing wide on something above us.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF GUN BARELL

MICHAEL is holding THOMAS's gun to TREVOR's head, and pointing it directly at us, we can just see MICHAEL's face behind the gun and his eyes appear wide; manic and frenetic, his eyes almost black with how large his pupils have become.

MICHAEL

C'mon. Now.

(he motions with the
gun)

Give it. Give it.

(said anxiously)

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT FROM ROAD

We see MICHAEL standing over TREVOR; arms outstretched, and finger wrapped around the trigger.

And we watch as TREVOR, without saying a word, slowly picks up the full canister from the ground beside him and holds it up, with shaking arms to MICHAEL.

MICHAEL lets go of the gun with one hand and takes the canister from TREVOR's outstretched hands. MICHAEL clutches it to his side, seemingly judging its weight in his hand.

He's watching TREVOR all the while, who remains bent on two knees; his hands clutched to his chest, and his head dropped slightly.

TREVOR's kneeling position evokes a certain image of idolatry; one of divine worship.

MICHAEL keeps the gun pointed at TREVOR's head as he squeezes the canister tight under his arm. MICHAEL takes a few slow steps backwards before quickly turning on his

heels and sprinting back down the road and towards the side-street.

CUT TO:

LOW MEDIUM SHOT FROM BEHIND MICHAEL

As MICHAEL sprints down the road the green glow from the bank's facade seems to chase him, the image seems to pulse with this green light each time MICHAEL takes another step. We can see the alley way up ahead, and we watch as MICHAEL runs ever closer to it. We hear the door of the truck slam and the engine start behind us and off screen.

SNAP ZOOM TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OVER MICHAEL'S SHOULDER

The green light continues to pulse with MICHAEL's steps, we can see that he is almost level with the alleyway. And yet, we can see the silhouette of someone apparently standing in front of it.

MICHAEL slows his pace and as he moves under a streetlight, we see that now standing on the footpath in front of the alley and in front of MICHAEL is the HOMELESS PERSON.

He looks somewhat bemused, but yet entirely aware of what he's stepped out into. MICHAEL yells and holds the gun straight out in front of him with a horribly shaky arm.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT

MICHAEL

Go away!

(sobs)

Move! - no, no - please!

HOMELESS PERSON

(smiles, raises his
arms, and walks towards
MICHAEL)

Are you going to kill me, boy?

CUT TO:

SYMMETRICAL WIDE SHOT

In an unthinking moment of desperation and nihilistic acceptance MICHAEL squeezes his eyes closed and pulls the trigger on the gun.

We hear an ear-splitting bang, and we see the HOMELESS PERSON fall to his knees and his head lull forward; he holds this pose for a fraction of a second before slumping backwards onto the footpath: dead.

CUT TO:

VERTICAL BIRDS-EYE-VIEW WIDE SHOT

We see the HOMELESS PERSON lying dead on his back from above. His bright red blood streaming from a wound just under his right pectoral muscle, his arms are outstretched, and his legs are slightly bent.

His dead contorted body, bleeding from the chest, resembles, strongly, the crucified image of Jesus.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL'S FACE

MICHAEL's eyes are looking down at something past us, and presumably at the HOMELESS PERSON's lifeless, bleeding body. MICHAEL's eyes are wide and watery.

We watch MICHAEL watch the HOMELESS PERSON's lifeblood continue to spill and run onto the footpath, staining it a dark, crimson red.

CUT TO:

62. INT. CAR - NIGHT.

62

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL'S FACE

MICHAEL now appears to be back in his car, his balaclava still covers his face. We're looking into his eyes. Eyes which tell us exactly what we've already seen.

SLOW ZOOM OUT AND SWIVEL 90 DEGREES TO:

PROFILE MEDIUM CLOSE UP

We see that MICHAEL is driving again, he is gripping the steering wheel tight, his body lent forward like it's still very much supporting his weight.

It is totally quiet. MICHAEL's eyes constantly dart between his mirrors, his head twitching nervously as he does so. He seems to subconsciously dip his head, in a reflexive and reactive way, as oncoming cars drive past him.

We watch MICHAEL continue to anxiously drive for a few moments.

CUT TO:

63. EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT.

63

TRACKING WIDE SHOT FROM BEHIND CAR

We see that MICHAEL is approaching the bridge we've seen him drive over before.

As he's about halfway over the bridge, we see MICHAEL's arm appear from the driver's side window as he throws THOMAS' gun out of the car window. We see it disappear into the darkness and we hear the splash it makes as it hits the water below.

Suddenly, we see the red glow of the car's brake lights and hear the squeal of its tyres as MICHAEL immediately stops the car.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL

We watch as MICHAEL hastily gets out of the car and rushes over to the side of the bridge.

WIDE PROFILE SHOT OF MICHAEL

MICHAEL leans over the railing, pulls the balaclava off his face - dropping it into the water - and he starts dry heaving; evidently trying vomit.

We hear the guttural noise that this makes. MICHAEL's stomach is so empty that little comes up but blood and bile, his heaves are so violent that it seems to us as if his body is trying to physically purge the things his mind has compelled it to do.

MICHAEL drops to the ground in a heap. He crawls to the railing and slumps his back against it. His breathing is rapid, and his face is devoid of any shade of colour.

CLOSE UP OF HEADLIGHTS

We see several large moths swirling around the car's headlights, they make little thuds as they collide with the plastic outer of the lights. We start to hear emergency sirens over this image; they sound distant.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

LOW PROFILE CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL

We're now looking at MICHAEL's harrowed face. We continue to hear the distant emergency sirens, whether medical or police, we do not immediately know.

MICHAEL turns his head to look in their direction, and he looks directly at us.

FREEZE FRAME

DISSOLVE TO:

TRACKING MEDIUM WIDE SHOT

MICHAEL gingerly gets to his feet and takes a few laboured steps back to the open car door. He falls on to the driver's seat and slams the door.

64. INT. CAR - NIGHT.

64

LOW ANGLED MEDIUM SHOT FROM PASSENGER SIDE FOOTWELL

We watch MICHAEL put the car into first and drive off. He is panting and his face is covered in sweat, his eyes are darting constantly between the rear-view mirror and the side mirror.

We hear the distant sirens grow louder and louder as they move closer to us.

As MICHAEL reaches the far side of the bridge he turns right, off the main road and down onto a gravel road that leads down to the riverbank. We hear gravel crunching under his tyres and ricocheting off the car's floor.

CUT TO:

65. EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT.

65

EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF THE BRIDGE

We're looking at the bridge, it's exactly in the middle of the frame. Running all the way from left to right across the frame.

We see MICHAEL's car parked under the bridge, as far from the water as possible. The light of MICHAEL's car suddenly goes out as he presumably turns the vehicle off.

All the while we hear the sirens grow ever louder. They're so loud that their source must be nearby.

We see a police car, lights and sirens on, streak across the bridge, driving fast. This is followed moments later by a second one, and then, after another few moments, a third police car.

They all appear from the right side of the bridge and disappear off the left of the bridge.

WASHOUT TO:

66. INT. MICHAEL'S HEAD - DAY.

66

We hear a faint tapping sound, it sounds like someone knocking on glass, over this white image.

FADE IN:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF MICHAEL'S CAR UNDER THE BRIDGE

We see MICHAEL apparently asleep in his car and we see the HOMELESS PERSON, seemingly naked and bleeding from an open wound below his chest, standing beside MICHAEL's car and again tapping at the passenger side window.

MICHAEL stirs and turns his head to look at the noise, seeing the HOMELESS PERSON, MICHAEL's eyes widen, and his mouth drops open.

LOW ANGLE MICHAEL POV

We see that HOMELESS PERSON is indeed naked, he has an open wound in the place where MICHAEL shot him. It isn't bleeding anymore but it is still very much gaping.

The following dialogue is all muted.

HOMELESS PERSON
Can I help you, boy?

HIGH ANGLE MEDIUM SHOT FROM PASSENGER DASH

MICHAEL's sobbing silently and he cowers in his seat. Tears are streaming down his face and snot runs from his nose.

We watch as he tries to push himself as far back into his seat as he can, pulling his knees to his chest and shaking his head. He lets the tears and snot congeal on his face.

LOW ANGLE MICHAEL POV

HOMELESS PERSON
Is that a no?

HIGH ANGLE MEDIUM SHOT FROM PASSENGER DASH

MICHAEL continues to sob, he doesn't answer the HOMELESS PERSON, but he cannot turn his eyes away from him, MICHAEL pulls his knees further in to his chest, seemingly trying to make himself as small as possible.

We watch him cry and stare at the HOMELESS PERSON for a few long moments.

CUT TO: BLACK.

67. EXT. CAR - DAY.

67

We hear a faint tapping sound, it sounds like someone knocking on glass, over this black image.

FADE IN:

HIGH ANGLE WIDE SHOT OF MICHAEL'S CAR UNDER THE BRIDGE

We see a FATHER, a friendly substitute teaching looking man in his late 30's, bundled in a large jacket, and his young SON, a boy of 5 dressed in an overlarge jacket and bouncing on his toes, standing by the passenger side door of MICHAEL's car.

The FATHER is cupping his hands on his eyes and peering into the window, with a look of confusion and concern. He seems to be somewhat shielding his son behind his left leg.

CUT TO:

68. INT. CAR - DAY.

68

LOW ANGLE MICHAEL POV

We watch the FATHER continue to tap the window, he's looking at us; his face showing more and more concern with each tap.

FATHER

Hey.

(taps)

Hey - are you alright?

MICHAEL doesn't say anything. We hear the FATHER tap louder, now rapping his knuckles hard on the glass.

FATHER
Hey, can you hear me?

CUT TO:

69. EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY.

69

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF FATHER AND SON

The young SON stands on his tip toes, grabs the FATHER's arm, and looks up at him.

SON
What's wrong with him Daddy?

The FATHER acknowledges his SON's arm grab with a reassuring hand squeeze but keeps his eyes fixed on the so-far unresponsive MICHAEL.

FATHER
I'm not sure. He kind of looks -
but his chest is - you know, I
think he might be asleep.

The young SON drops on his heels and screws up his face.

SON
But it's not nighttime? So - so he
can't be sleeping now. And why
would he sleep in a car - can -
can you see a bed in there?

The FATHER laughs at the innocence of his young SON's question and turns to smile at him.

FATHER
No, of course, you're right.

He squats down so that he's eye level with his SON and he starts to rifle through the stones on the riverbank. He seems to pick up only the flattest and smoothest stones.

FATHER
I suppose he's just having a nap
then - hey why don't you take
these?

The FATHER gently hands his young SON half a dozen flat rocks. The young SON takes them all but struggles to hold them in his small hands.

FATHER
 And see where the ground gets
 really flat?
 (he points to a spot
 some 10 metres away)

The young SON looks at the spot and then back to his FATHER, nodding earnestly.

FATHER
 How about you take the stones down
 there and see how many skips you
 can make them do on the water?

The young SON continues nodding and smiles wide.

FATHER
 Good boy. But don't go too close
 to the water, okay? Can I trust
 you to do that?

The young SON swiftly nods his head up and down.

FATHER
 Okay, hey, I bet you can't get
 more than three skips!

The young SON opens his mouth wide as if this is the most shocking thing that he could've heard his FATHER say. He scoffs then turns and runs off over to the point where his FATHER pointed.

We track him as his FATHER watches him reach the agreed upon stone-skimming spot. We track back as the FATHER stands back up and turns back to MICHAEL's car.

FATHER
 Hey. Hey. Son. Can you hear me?
 (tapping all the while)

CUT TO:

70. INT. CAR - DAY.

70

HUGH ANGLED MEDIUM WIDE SHOT FROM PASSENGER DASH

We see MICHAEL gradually stir from his unconscious state. He's sitting with his knees pulled up to his chest and he's resting his head against the door.

He's still wearing his large jacket and gloves which makes him appear diminutive and like a squatter in his own vehicle.

MICHAEL'S LOW ANGLE POV

FATHER

Oh, thank God -

(he exhales)

I'm to - I just, just didn't know whether or not you were, you know

- anyway -

(he wipes his face with his hands)

Are you alright, son? You look knackered.

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT FROM CAR BACKSEAT

We see that the stolen canister is sitting on the backseat directly behind the passenger seat. MICHAEL, remaining mute, gazes toward the direction of the FATHER, he lifts his head from its resting place on the door, and slowly stretches his legs back down and underneath the steering wheel.

FATHER

Well, you sure don't like fine, son. I don't mean to - I - look, what's got you sleeping out here for?

CUT TO:

71. EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY.

71

WIDE SHOT OF FATHER AND SON

The young SON runs back up to his FATHER and pulls at his arm. We see MICHAEL remain very still throughout the following exchange.

SON

Daddy! Daddy! I got four Daddy!
You said I can only do three, but
I did four! Did you see?

FATHER

Oh well then, what do I know!
Four? Wow! That's brilliant. Look,
Daddy's just - just talking to the
boy in the car.

SON

Oh, he's not napping anymore?

FATHER

(grins)

No, he's - he's finished his nap,
he's - he's up - he's all fresh
now.

SON

Okay Daddy. But - do you have more
rocks?

FATHER

Ah - I think we might've run out
of flat rocks, you know, just -
just stay here, for now.

The FATHER gently pulls his SON a little closer.

SON

No but I can see -

FATHER

We skip more later, okay?
(his SON pulls on his
left arm)
Soon, yeah?

The young SON looks up perturbed at his FATHER, but he wraps himself around his FATHER's left leg.

CUT TO:

72. INT. CAR - DAY.

72

MICHAEL'S LOW ANGLE POV

The FATHER looks back toward us and MICHAEL with a large smile, his expression still betraying a noticeable sense of uncertainty but it's nonetheless a warm grin.

FATHER

Sorry, I - look, I don't want to
ah - I don't want to be a bother,
but is there - is there perhaps
anything we can do? - Do you have
a phone? - Is there - is there
someone we could maybe call to
come and get you? I mean you're in
no state to drive - I - look, what
can we do?

HIGH ANGLE MEDIUM WIDE SHOT FROM PASSENGER DASH

We see that MICHAEL's holding his knees back up to his chest again. His eyes are watery and red, and his bottom lip is quivering slightly, he looks like he's only moments away from an unrelenting stream of tears.

He looks silently at the FATHER for a few moments, we see him swallow a few times, trying perhaps to conceal his emotion or to ready his throat so that he can talk.

CUT TO:

73. INT. FATHER'S CAR - DAY.

73

MICHAEL'S POV

We are now looking out the rear left-hand side passenger window of a moving car. Trees and houses and the occasional person flash past the window.

The soft light and few people suggest to us that it's morning. We see light rain hit the window. We can hear the patter of the rain and, very faintly, a radio channel playing children's music.

FATHER (O.S.)
Just keep tellin' me where to
turn, okay?

SON'S POV

We're now peering into the backseat through the gap between the headrest and the seat, we can see MICHAEL, looking exhausted and unwashed, staring out of the window. His gaze seems to remain fixed on nothing but thought.

MICHAEL'S POV

We move our gaze from out of the window to the young SON peering back at us from the front seat.

We see him staring at us and MICHAEL with his big blue eyes, still through the gap between the headrest and the seat.

We see his little hands, slightly dirty from the rocks, gripping the top of the seat, his knuckles white from the pressure of his grip.

HIGH ANGLE MEDIUM SHOT FROM DRIVER'S DASH

The FATHER looks to his left as he's taking a left turn down a wide and empty road. As he's turning, he notices his young SON sitting up on his knees, facing backwards, and starting into the backseat at MICHAEL.

FATHER
Hey, hey, don't do that. C'mon,
sit down. I don't want to have to
ask again. Okay?
(making a down motion
with an outstretched
hand)

SON
(whispers)
But, but I'm just looking.

FATHER
Yes, I know you are, but it's -
it's not ah, it's not polite.

Think about how you'd like it if
some little blue-eyed tyke kept
staring at you!

(he tickles him with his
outstretched hand)

SON

Hey! But that's not polite.

(he playfully bats at
his FATHER's arm)

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL'S FACE

MICHAEL's eyes are still red, although the tears seem to
have disappeared from them. He's looking just to the right
of us.

FATHER (O.S.)

Okay, son, just let me know when
to stop.

MICHAEL's eyes move left towards the sound of the FATHER's
voice, they appear longing, almost coveting. We watch him
gaze at the off-screen FATHER for a few moments.

CUT TO:

74. EXT. FAMILY HOME - DAY.

74

WIDE SHOT OF MS. MARY COLE'S HOUSE

We see MS. MARY COLE's house - number 32 - right in the
middle of the road. Parked in the sloped driveway is a
single police car, in front of that is parked the clean
white sedan.

CUT TO:

75. INT. DINING ROOM - DAY.

75

MEDIUM SHOT FROM MS. MARY COLE'S FRONT WINDOW

We see the FATHER's car enter the frame from the left, he slows and stops in the middle of the frame. We hear a chair scrape and the dull sound of metal striking wood (O.S.).

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON MS. MARY COLE'S HANDS

We see MS. MARY COLE's hands, they're holding a candle and a white lighter, we watch her try to light the candle wick a few times before it finally catches. She places the candle down onto the table.

CUT TO:

76. EXT. FAMILY HOME - DAY.

76

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF FOOTPATH

We see a daddy long leg spider walking slowly across the footpath. Behind it, the bottom of the back-left door of the FATHER's car opens, and we see the lower half of MICHAEL's legs as he steps out of the car and on to the footpath. The spider stumbles somewhat, steadies itself, and walks around MICHAEL's feet.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF MS. MARY COLE'S HOUSE

We see MICHAEL is standing in front of us, his back to us. In front of him we see the front door of MS. MARY COLE's house open and MS. MARY COLE steps out onto the front porch, she's wearing a dressing gown and her face looks ghostly pale.

We hear her shout across the street to MICHAEL.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh MICHAEL. Oh, good heavens.
Where on earth - oh my - come
dear, come on, come inside.

MICHAEL stays still and doesn't say anything. He waits a moment before pointing a shaking gloved finger at the police car.

Realising that he's still wearing the gloves he quickly takes them off and stuffs them in the pockets of his jacket.

MS. MARY COLE

Oh, well, I didn't know where you were - and I - but - no, don't worry, they're both very, very nice. It's okay dear. Come on, come inside.

MICHAEL pauses before tentatively walking across the road, up the driveway, and up onto the front porch. We see MS. MARY COLE open her arms and hug him tight in the doorway, he doesn't hug her back; yet is there some sort of understanding between them?

CUT TO:

77. INT. DINING ROOM - DAY.

77

LOW CLOSE UP ON POLICE OFFICER'S FACE

We see the clean-shaven broad face of a police officer, CONSTABLE SULLIVAN, a green eyed and black-haired man in his late 30s. He's wearing a blue and white police hat and looking up and to the left of us.

We hear a door open off screen and his eyes shift to the right, he smiles, showing straight teeth, and politely shakes his head. Off screen we hear a mug being placed on the table, a chair scraping out, and somebody shuffling into it.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN's eyes shift back to the original object of their focus. We hear the ticking of the clock on the wall resound.

SLOW CLOCKWISE REVOLVING MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

We see two POLICE OFFICERS sitting at dining table. One at the head and one on the right-hand side of the dining table.

At the head is a female police officer in her early 30's, CONSTABLE NEILSON, her long hair tied into a plait

underneath her police hat; she seems soft eyed and straight backed.

On the right of the table is CONSTABLE SULLIVAN, we can now see that he's a broad-shouldered man; he leans back slightly in his chair. Sitting on the left-hand side of the table are MS. MARY COLE and to her right, MICHAEL.

MEDIUM SHOT OF MICHAEL AND CONSTABLE NEILSON

We watch as CONSTABLE NEILSON picks up the mug from the table and cups it tight in her hands. She turns to look with a curious expression at MICHAEL.

CONSTABLE NEILSON
 As your mother is already aware
 MICHAEL, I'm CONSTABLE NEILSON,
 and to my left here -
 (sh she motions with her
 hand)
 Is CONSTABLE SULLIVAN.
 (sh she pauses)
 He's friendlier than he looks.

SLOW CLOCKWISE REVOLVING MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN inclines his head to acknowledge MICHAEL. MICHAEL doesn't look at him, his eyes are fixed to the table and his body sits quite still.

MEDIUM SHOT OF MICHAEL AND CONSTABLE NEILSON

CONSTABLE NEILSON
 Now, MICHAEL, I don't want to tire
 you any more than we need to. I
 can see you've had a late night.
 (sh she smiles at MS. MARY
 COLE)
 But do you think you could help
 us, just for the sake of clarity,
 figure out where you've been and
 why you decided to give your poor
 mother such a shock?
 (sh she smiles)

MICHAEL's eyes turn to fix on the coffee mug in CONSTABLE NEILSON's hands, he's looking at the mug, but his gaze seems distant, like his mind and body are entirely separate things.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

MICHAEL, I should've made it totally clear from the start - you're not in any trouble. None whatsoever. We would just like to know where you've been. I know it's rather confronting to see a constable -

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN exhales sharply through his nose and nods off screen.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

But you must understand that your mother sounded very, very concerned on the phone. So, we thought it would best to just stop by and make sure she was okay. When we arrived MICHAEL, we saw that she wasn't too happy, she was quite upset to tell it to you straight, so we thought it best to stay here and keep her company just until you returned home.

MICHAEL remains completely silent. CONSTABLE NEILSON's eyes flick anxiously to MS. MARY COLE and then back to MICHAEL.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

Would you happen to know why she was so concerned and upset MICHAEL?

Beat.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

Might it perhaps have something to do with your recent health? Could you maybe explain that to us MICHAEL? Your mother did a good job - explaining how you recently suffered a large disappointment regarding a, ah - a certain

passion of yours. And we also understand that you and your partner of several years -

(she looks to the photos on the wall behind

MICHAEL)

Recently went your separate ways after some sort of disagreement. Would that be that fair to say
MICHAEL?

MICHAEL shifts his attention from CONSTABLE NEILSON's coffee mug to momentarily look over at CONSTABLE SULLIVAN, before settling on the flickering flame of the candle sat in the middle of the table.

SLOW CLOCKWISE REVOLVING MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN gradually leans forward and rests his elbows on the table, clasping his hands in front of his face.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

Is that where you were MICHAEL?
Did you go to see her last night to - to try and patch things up?

MS. MARY COLE quickly narrows her eyes and furrows her brow. Seemingly, CONSTABLE SULLIVAN's question troubled her.

MS. MARY COLE

Well, she upped and walked out on MICHAEL, so, I don't think that's very likely now, is it?

MS. MARY COLE turns to face MICHAEL and puts her right hand on his right forearm.

MS. MARY COLE

You don't have to listen to their questions dear if they're bothering you - are they bothering you?

CONSTABLE NEILSON gently puts her coffee mug down onto the table, we hear the soft thud of ceramic against wood. She looks to MS. MARY COLE.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

You're quite right MS. COLE, it's fully within MICHAEL's rights, under the revisions to article 3 of the Search and Questioning Act to stand up and walk out of the room if he doesn't wish to hear our questions. But I think he would've already removed himself from the room if that were true.

MS. MARY COLE's eyes dart to look somewhat worriedly at CONSTABLE NEILSON and CONSTABLE SULLIVAN; she holds tighter to MICHAEL's arm and seems to inch ever closer to him.

MEDIUM SHOT OF MICHAEL AND CONSTABLE NEILSON

CONSTABLE NEILSON is looking back at MICHAEL's face, with a palpable intensity that we haven't yet seen. It seems as if she's trying to access his thoughts from his so far unaffected expression.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

MICHAEL, I must stress, you aren't in any trouble, I just need you to help us fill in the blanks, so to speak. As I'm sure you've realised by now, your mother has told us some things about you, nothing bad - just about some recent behaviour, which is why I'm asking you these questions. Now, I want to ask you plainly MICHAEL, as I'm sure your explanation is similarly plain. Is there anything that you can tell us that will help us fill in the blanks and realise the bigger picture?

MICHAEL remains totally mute. His head is slightly bowed, and his eyes are now looking fixedly at MS. MARY COLE's hand that still grips his right forearm.

CONSTABLE NEILSON looks off-screen to CONSTABLE SULLIVAN. Her expression is subtly strained but she seems nonetheless still very amicable.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

As we just heard, your mother seems very sure that you weren't visiting ELIZABETH last night, because and these are her words 'she upped and left'. Is she right about this MICHAEL? Or is your mother unaware of the circumstances and did you indeed go to see her MICHAEL? Look, CONSTABLE SULLIVAN and myself, we both - we both understand. That sort of thing, particularly when it's seemingly so sudden, is hard to move past and shake off.

We hear CONSTABLE SULLIVAN grunt off screen to seemingly affirm CONSTABLE NEILSON's suggestion.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

Especially given just how long you were together for -

MS. MARY COLE (O.S.)

Look, I don't -

CONSTABLE NEILSON

MS. COLE, please, we think it best if you stop speaking on MICHAEL's behalf and perhaps let MICHAEL answer any questions he feels comfortable answering for himself.

MS. MARY COLE (O.S.)

(huffs)

That's clearly not -

CONSTABLE NEILSON

MS. COLE, as I said before, if MICHAEL wanted to be elsewhere, he would be, okay?

(she smiles)

We hear MS. MARY COLE shuffle in her seat off screen, but she doesn't speak in response to CONSTABLE NEILSON's statement.

CONSTABLE NEILSON
MICHAEL, we really don't want to take up more of your time than we have to. We can see that you're obviously tired and in need of some rest, we simply want to figure out why that is, okay?

Beat.

CONSTABLE NEILSON
Consider this MICHAEL. Don't you think, that at the very least, you maybe owe your mother an explanation as to why you disappeared and failed to respond to her calls?

Beat.

CONSTABLE NEILSON
Given what we know, MICHAEL, that seems like a rather erratic and, I don't mean to sound judgmental here, but a rather selfish and perhaps even inconsiderate thing to do. Would you - would agree with that?

We see MICHAEL's bottom lip quiver slightly and his nostrils momentarily flare. CONSTABLE NEILSON seems to recognise his emotion immediately.

CONSTABLE NEILSON
Look, I - I apologise MICHAEL, I overstepped in saying that. I shouldn't be casting aspersions on you MICHAEL. I'm - I'm sorry, for who am I to judge.

(she looks off screen to
MS. MARY COLE)

We also understand that you're a pretty handy driver MICHAEL. Is that right? And not just on the

track, but you have - oh I can't
tell you how envious I was when
your mother told us this - but you
have your own Evo V?

(she exhales enviously)

Wow.

MICHAEL looks up at her briefly, apparently surprised,
before fixing his eyes back to MS. MARY COLE's white-
knuckled hand.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

That's a very pretty car MICHAEL;
I assure you that I won't ask for
a ride in it, but may I perhaps
ask you where it may currently be?
Because you certainly didn't
arrive home in that car MICHAEL. I
believe we saw you arrive home in
somebody else's car.

(she pauses)

I do hope it's not just sitting
somewhere in this rain. A car like
that would -

(she snaps her fingers
and looks out the front
window)

Beat.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

Was that perhaps ELIZABETH who
dropped you home MICHAEL?

MICHAEL remains silent, his head is down, and his eyes are
seemingly now shut.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

No. I didn't think so. It looked
like a male sitting in the
driver's seat.

(she pauses)

Am I correct in saying that it
indeed was a male who dropped you
home MICHAEL?

SLOW CLOCKWISE REVOLVING MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

We see CONSTABLE SULLIVAN gradually get to his feet. He stretches and then slowly walks behind CONSTABLE NEILSON's chair, before squatting down on the balls of his feet beside MICHAEL's chair.

He takes his police hat off and places it softly on the table, directly in front of MICHAEL's eyes.

MICHAEL'S POV

We are looking at a totally black image.

PAN UP FROM BLACK TO:

We are now looking at CONSTABLE SULLIVAN'S hat on the table in front of us and MICHAEL. We gaze at it for a few moments.

MEDIUM SHOT OF MICHAEL AND CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN
MICHAEL, or can I call you Mike -
(he looks O.S. to MS.
MARY COLE)
No, okay, MICHAEL it is then.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN bounces up and down ever so slightly on the balls of his feet, his arms are resting on his knees and his hands are crossed between them.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN
Look MICHAEL, we understand, and we get it, we do. Once your mother had settled, she became very accommodating and warm to us, and with her permission we had a brief look around the house before you arrived home, just to - just to see if there was anything - any information that might suggest to us where you had headed off to so late at night and in the torpid state that we understand you to have been in.

MICHAEL continues to stare at CONSTABLE SULLIVAN's hat sitting on the table in front of him.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

(looks to MS. MARY COLE
O.S.)

I must say you and THOMAS keep an
extraordinarily clean and tidy
place MS. COLE.

(looks back to MICHAEL)

Your room however -
(he smiles)

MICHAEL, a well-made bed and
folded up clothes can go a long
way in your favour. I was rather
surprised at all the things that
you have scattered around on the
floor. It must be tough just to
find a path through it all.

(he tuts and purses his
lips)

Beat.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN turns his focus and his eyes away from
MICHAEL to look off screen at CONSTABLE NEILSON behind him.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

Did - did you say that you saw jam
on the carpet CONSTABLE?

(CONSTABLE NEILSON nods
O.S. and CONSTABLE
SULLIVAN chuckles)

Jam, MICHAEL, jam. Why on earth
would there be jam on your bedroom
floor?

(he smiles)

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN looks from MICHAEL's chin to his eyes
and squints, almost indiscernibly.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

But, as Occam would have us
believe, there's likely a
reasonable and ultimately simple
explanation for this jam MICHAEL,
and we would obviously like to
hear it from you - look, I know
that I'm certainly guilty of
dropping toast on occasion.

(he laughs)

But it's rather crystal by now
that you don't very much want to
speak to CONSTABLE NEILSON or
myself.

SLOW CLOCKWISE REVOLVING MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN eases himself up to his feet and walks
behind MICHAEL and MS. MARY COLE's chairs. Leaving his hat
on the table.

He's holding his hands behind his back, and he's bent
forward slightly, slowly perusing the family photos that
line the dining room wall. MS. MARY COLE turns around in
her seat to watch him.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

MICHAEL, we also understand that
THOMAS is back out at sea and has
been for almost a week now.

(he pauses)

Wow, look at the size of that!

(he looks at a picture
of THOMAS holding a
large fish)

I'd love to hear how - how he does
it. You know, the biggest thing
I've ever caught at sea was a
snapper. It was only about, this
long -

(he mimes with his
hands)

As soon as I'd reeled it in, the
guys who I was ah, fishing with
said that I should just throw it
back as it was probably only, 3 or
4, and had only just matured.
Throw it back and let it grow,
then we can come back and catch
it, and that way we could all eat
it; at least that's what they told
me I should do. And this might
sound silly MICHAEL, but - but I
didn't want to throw the fish
back. Nor, did I want to eat it. I
wanted to - to - to keep it, and I
certainly didn't want to kill it.

I - it's hard to explain but there - there was just something, something different about it - look, I know that fish aren't self-aware creatures, but I could swear that this one was. You know if I'd put a little mirror up to his eye, I - I felt sure that he - that he would recognise that it was his terrified eye that he was looking back into. He - he seemed to know what was happening, and compared to the other fish that we caught that day he seemed to - to comprehend what was going on around him and perhaps even what his place was within it all. You know - well that might be a stretch. But, nonetheless, it - it was bizarre, I found myself standing there, rather rigid, and just staring into the eye of this fish, a fish that I - that I felt - some measure of empathy towards.

(he turns around)

And I know this sounds absurd MICHAEL, but he didn't just seem to be a knowing fish, but he seemed to be a thinking fish too. I was - I was sure that he thought no less than anyone else on that boat. And because of this, and out of a genuine compassion for the little guy, I - I couldn't - I just couldn't bring myself to strike him on the head. You see, we had this hammer, and all day the guys had been reeling fish in and clobbering them on the head with this - this small hammer. They said that it was a humane to kill the fish as their suffering was shorter this way. But I don't know, it seems oxymoronic to me to have the words 'humane' and 'kill' in the same sentence.

(he laughs)

Cause of this, I - I couldn't pick up the hammer, and the thought didn't even occur to me. It didn't. But, MICHAEL, by the time I had sort of come to out of my state of - of revelry and stopped staring with glazed eyes at this curious little fish - this little Cartesian fish, as I thought of him, well, to my guilty surprise he had - he had suffocated, his gills had dried, and he was lying there dead, quite dead, on the bottom of the boat.

(he sighs)

And the funny thing is, if - if I'd just thrown him back as everyone had suggested, he'd probably still be swimming around out there today, but instead I - I suppose I was too concerned with the apparent awareness of this little fish, this creature that seemed - well frankly more than a fish. As stupid as that sounds to say aloud. And in doing so - I - I suppose I neglected his inherent desires for salt-water - and neglected such a desire for what? For thought.

(he sighs)

If the little guy was indeed a smart fish, then all I seemed to do was make his suffering that much worse. For he would know that he was choking, and he would know that this was unusual, and that this - that this perhaps even meant death. And, ultimately, I - I still killed the little guy, even though I felt better - felt more - more, I don't know, ethically just than the other guys on that boat because I thought that I recognised something in that fish that they failed to see and cause I couldn't pick up the

hammer as they could. But I don't know, did my compassion only mean that the little guy's final moments were that much more painful than they - than they ought to have been? If - if so, then I - I guess that it doesn't matter how - how guileless our intentions sometimes are, if our actions are incongruent with them.

(he chuckles)

You know, I haven't been out fishing since MICHAEL.

We watch for a few moments as MS. MARY COLE stares at CONSTABLE SULLIVAN in complete bewilderment, and yet MICHAEL's attention remains fixed to the hat on the table.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

Do you - do you find it difficult at all when THOMAS goes away on these shoal hunts MICHAEL?

MICHAEL remains totally mute, although we see that he's now blinking somewhat more rapidly, and his bottom lips seems to have become unsteady once more.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

No. No, I didn't think so - I know how stepfather's can sometimes be a hard nut to crack. They - they seem to - to struggle somewhat with finding the balance between affection and affectation.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN swivels around, with surprising grace, on his heels to look back at MICHAEL. He notices that MICHAEL's eyes are still focused on his hat.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

Huh, do you want to give it a prod MICHAEL? Look, go ahead - see the blue stripe there?

(he points to the stripe circling the base of the hat)

That is real deal blue velvet. Now I bet you didn't know that - but

keep that between us, if the
taxpayer knew we had velvet on our
hats they'd raze the station.
(he chuckles)

MICHAEL's expression shifts to one of confusion as his brow
furrows and his eyes wrinkle. He seems to be considerably
taken aback by CONSTABLE SULLIVAN's proposal.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN
Go on MICHAEL. I promise it won't
bite. Give it a prod. Have you
touched an officer's hat before?

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL

MICHAEL's eyes are looking just below us, his eyelids seem
to be twitching and his blinking is rapid and hard. He
seems to be on the verge of a decision.

SLOW CLOCKWISE REVOLVING MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

We watch as MICHAEL slowly lifts his arm from under the
table and reaches out his left hand to touch CONSTABLE
SULLIVAN's hat. His hand tremors as, following instruction,
he touches a pale finger to the blue velvet stripe.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Well, you have now. How 'bout that
MICHAEL? Could you feel the
velvet?

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN smiles and walks out from behind MS.
MARY COLE's chair and back around the table to his seat on
the right-hand side of the table. He pulls the chair out
and slowly eases himself down into it.

CONSTABLE NEILSON takes a long sip of her coffee. And
MICHAEL continues to stare, with an unreadable expression,
at the hat.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN
That wasn't too hard, now was it.
Very well-done MICHAEL, I see you
like the tangible. I have a lot of
respect for those sorts of people.

MS. MARY COLE turns her head to look with a confused expression over at CONSTABLE SULLIVAN. Her eyes appear covered in a thick layer of tears.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

Would you - would you perhaps like to put it on? Now, I would understand if that's a step too far. But taking one's curiosity to its logical end can be fruitful
MICHAEL.

MS. MARY COLE

What - what is this - what are you doing to him?

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

It's quite alright MS. COLE, I'm just asking if MICHAEL would like to try the hat on, as his eyes and his attention seem both rather fixed to it. Nothin' more.

MS. MARY COLE

But - why on earth would you -

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN

MS. COLE, please, it's - it's quite alright. MICHAEL seems interested, that's all.

(he puts up a hand)

Although, it might be a little bit roomy as I think my head is considerably bigger than MICHAEL's.

(he chuckles and looks to CONSTABLE NEILSON who smiles)

MICHAEL's eyes appear to fill with tears. Neither CONSTABLE SULLIVAN nor CONSTABLE NEILSON remark on this although we see that they notice it as they exchange a brief glance. MS. MARY COLE sees this, capitulates to her emotion and begins to sob.

CONSTABLE NEILSON

Go ahead MICHAEL. CONSTABLE SULLIVAN has said that you can

pick it up and put it on if you'd like to. You have his permission, and you have mine too.

(she smiles)

Do you see the white lining under the brim? Have a good look at that, and tell me, after you've considered it, what you think that perhaps reminds you of.

(she looks to CONSTABLE SULLIVAN)

No clues.

CONSTABLE SULLIVAN looks over to CONSTABLE NEILSON, smiles, and slowly mimes zipping his mouth closed.

SLOW CLOCKWISE REVOLVING MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

From here on out everything but MS. MARY COLE's sobs are muted. MICHAEL's tear-filled eyes flash between CONSTABLE NEILSON and CONSTABLE SULLIVAN and back, fixedly, to the hat.

With his left hand - MS. MARY COLE is still tightly holding his right arm - he shakily grips the brim of the hat and, as instructed, turns it over to look at the white lining inside.

MICHAEL'S POV

We see that the police hat is lined with some sort of white fleece. We hear MS. MARY COLE sobs grow louder off screen.

LOW MEDIUM WIDE SHOT

MICHAEL is now sitting directly in front of us. We can see CONSTABLE NEILSON and CONSTABLE SULLIVAN both sitting straight in their chairs and staring at MICHAEL, their expressions intense and expectant.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

LOW ANGLE MEDIUM SHOT

MICHAEL turns the hat back over and begins to lift it with his left hand, the hat shakes as his hand continues to tremor.

We hear MS. MARY COLE's sobbing become louder and she seems to start muttering nonsense under her breath.

MICHAEL now begins to silently cry, tears stream down his face, leaving glistening saline trails over his sallow cheeks. All the while he continues to lift the hat.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

LOW ANGLE MEDIUM CLOSE UP ON MICHAEL

MICHAEL lifts the hat to his head and places it over his head. It slips somewhat and drops over his forehead, he pushes it back to reveal his face and we watch as he slowly lifts his aggrieved face, tears still streaming down his cheeks, and looks with pained eyes past us and off screen to CONSTABLE SULLIVAN.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

LOW ANGLE EXTREME CLOSE UP

We zoom right in to MICHAEL's left eye, it's looking over us, still fixed on CONSTABLE SULLIVAN off screen. His eye is red and swollen from his tears; tears that continue to fall as look right into his eye.

FREEZE FRAME

For a moment we hold the image of a tear, having just fallen over the waterline of MICHAEL's left eye and sitting on the top of his cheek, just under the corner of his eye.

CUT TO:

78. INT. POLICE CAR - DAY.

78

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL

All is quiet and we're looking at MICHAEL, from outside the car, sitting alone in the backseat of a police car. He no longer has the hat on his head or his large jacket on. He's staring vacantly out of the window, simultaneously at nothing and at everything in the distance.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

The police car eventually comes fully into view. It is driving alone on a wide, semi-rural road. All remains quiet. We watch the police car drive down the empty road for what seems like a few long moments.

CUT TO:

79. EXT. UNDERNEATH BRIDGE - DAY.

79

WIDE SHOT OF MICHAEL'S CAR UNDERNEATH THE BRIDGE

Everything remains quiet, yet we see MICHAEL's car, in the left of the frame, and exactly where he left it.

We also see three police officers walking around it and up and down the riverbank.

A fourth officer is looking into the backseat and seemingly spots the stolen canister. He yells and motions to the other officers to come over and look. They peer into the backseat from both sides and seem to confirm that it is the stolen canister.

We see one of the officer's hurriedly talk into the radio attached to the top of his tactical vest. Another officer runs off screen and up the gravel path that leads back up to the bridge. The remaining two seem to be conversing.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT

We're closer to the car, it's still to our left, and we suddenly hear the rushing sound of the river as it flows

fast under the bridge, and past the scene of MICHAEL's car and the attending police officers.

CUT TO:

80. EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT.

80

BIRDS-EYE-VIEW WIDE SHOT OF THE MAIN STREET

Everything is quiet again and we're now looking at the main street from above. It's nighttime, yet we see the dead body of the HOMELESS PERSON lying on the footpath and to our right.

We also see another four police officers attending to the body of the HOMELESS PERSON. They are rushing and agitated. They seem panicked and quite unsure of what to do.

One officer runs over to a patrol car parked some metres up the road and retrieves a black tarpaulin from the back of it. She rushes back to the HOMELESS PERSON's body.

BIRDS-EYE-VIEW MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF THE HOMELESS PERSON

We're closer to the HOMELESS PERSON, his body is still to our right and we see and hear a rushing torrent of water in the street gutter to his left.

We watch as the officer who we saw retrieve the tarpaulin affixes it underneath the HOMELESS PERSON's feet and slowly pulls it up over his body.

Just off screen the other officers are dispersing themselves around her and making themselves busy, setting up a police cordon and talking hurriedly into their radios.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

CLOSE UP OF THE STREET GUTTER

The footpath and the now covered body of the HOMELESS PERSON moves past us as we zoom in closer to the rushing torrent of water in the street gutter. We hear the rushing and trickle of the water as it flows ever faster.

It seems to sparkle and refract the light coming from the streetlights and any other surrounding light. We continue to watch the flowing stream of glimmering water for a few long moments.

MATCH CUT TO:

81. EXT. DOWNSTREAM RIVER - DAY.

81

CLOSE UP OF THE RUSHING RIVER

It's much lighter now and we're still looking at a flowing stream of water, yet we see that it's the fast-flowing deep blue water of the river. Its surface is moving incredibly fast and producing such a powerful and wholly visceral noise.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

We can see the FATHER and his young SON walking along the riverbank, the young SON squats down to seemingly look at something.

CLOSE UP OF BALACLAVA

We see MICHAEL's balaclava snagged on a rock, the water is trying to push it downstream, but it remains caught.

We see the young SON's hand enter the frame and he prods the balaclava with a small finger before picking it up. It's sopping and we hear the water drip from it and onto the rocks.

HIGH ANGLE WIDE SHOT OF FATHER AND YOUNG SON

It's quite once more and we see the young SON stand back up and run over to his FATHER, holding the balaclava up, seemingly asking him what the item is. His FATHER shakes his head, points a straight finger and evidently tells him to put it back where he found it. His body language is tense, and he continues walking along the riverbank.

The young SON runs back to where he picked up the balaclava and throws it in to the river before running to catch up to his FATHER.

We watch as the balaclava disappears downstream and off screen to our left and the FATHER and SON disappear up stream and off screen to our right.

CUT TO:

82. INT. DINING ROOM - DAY.

82

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

All remains quiet and we MS. MARY COLE is sitting quite alone at the dining table.

We see that she is sitting in the chair that we previously saw MICHAEL sitting in during the police questioning process. Her head is bowed somewhat but she appears to still be sobbing.

The television that sits in the living room just to the right and off screen is on and the light of its picture glows on the right-hand side of MS. MARY COLE's face.

HIGH ANGLE CLOSE UP OF MS. MARY COLE'S EYES

We see MS. MARY COLE's face, from an awkwardly high vantage, and her sobbing is now very much audible.

She wipes her eyes with a white handkerchief as she sits there. The living room television still appears to be on as we can it's light dancing on the right side of her face.

We can now hear the voices of the people on the television.

ROTATE 90 DEGREES AND SLOW ZOOM IN TO:

CLOSE UP

We're now looking directly at the television, and we see that an episode of the quiz show 'Jeopardy' is on; the contestants are well on their way to guessing all the answers to the various categories.

83. INT. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

83

CLOSE UP

All goes quiet once more, but we continue to watch the episode of 'Jeopardy' and yet now the television looks somewhat different, its picture is slightly clearer, and its bezels aren't quite as wide.

SLOW ZOOM OUT AND ROTATE 180 DEGREES TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM

We're evidently in a bedroom as we see a bed in the middle of the frame.

We see ELIZABETH sitting, her legs under the sheets, on the right-hand side of the bed, she's in her bedclothes and she's reading a book. We can just make out the cover and title, it's 'The Complete Plays of Sophocles'.

Sitting to her left is CHARLOTTE, the woman whom we saw in the classroom, she's also in her bedclothes, with her legs under the sheets, and she's watching 'Jeopardy' on the television.

The room is small but homely. The wall behind them is bare save from what seems to be an abstract painting of a red heart which hangs above and directly between the two women.

ELIZABETH turns a page of her book and continues reading. A grin splits CHARLOTTE's face as she appears to laugh at something on the television and ELIZABETH looks up at her, she smiles and then looks back down at her book.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF ELIZABETH

We watch as ELIZABETH turns another page and continues reading. The room's slightly darker as the television is no longer on. Off screen, CHARLOTTE turns her bedside lamp off and the room grows even darker.

ELIZABETH turns her head to seemingly say something to CHARLOTTE. Yet we cannot hear whatever it is she said as the scene remains muted.

MEDIUM SHOT OF ELIZABETH

We watch ELIZABETH continue to read for a few moments before she marks her page with a bookmark, shuts the book and gently places it on her bedside.

She shuffles down under the sheets. We see her reach an arm out to turn her bedside lamp off. We hear the click of the bedside lamp and we're suddenly looking into black.

We then hear the rustle of sheets as ELIZABETH seems to roll over to face CHARLOTTE.

FADE TO:

84. EXT. CHURCH - DAY.

84

CLOSE UP OF AN EWE

We're in a verdant paddock, the sky all around us has a pinkish hue suggesting to us that it is morning, and we're looking at an ewe carelessly grazing; the very ewe we saw at the beginning.

She munches and chomps at the grass, we watch as she lifts her head and stares straight ahead after each mouthful of the long dewy grass.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT

We see that the solitary ewe is no longer solitary, she's accompanied by her five new lambs.

They are minute compared to their mother and they seem to playing as young animals do, as we watch them bounce back and forth across the patch of grass in which their mother is grazing.

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

LOW WIDE SHOT OF A RURAL CHURCH

We see that the ewe and her lambs are in a paddock which is just behind and to the left of a small, rural, and rather untended, church which appears to our right. Beside it we see a small cemetery that looks better looked after than the house of God it is attached to.

These are the only man-made structures that we can see, in the background, and all around us, under the pink and orange sky that too surrounds us, is grassland and sparse patches of woodland.

We hear faint birdsong alongside the sounds of the grazing ewe munching on the soft grass of dawn. It is nature unbothered.

HOLD SHOT

We continue to watch this peaceful scene, and suddenly away in the distance, and in the middle of the frame, a single bolt of lightning strikes the earth. It flashes four times and each time it glows stark white with bits of purple and blue fizzing around its edges.

The ewe and her lambs seem undisturbed by the far-off lightning as it makes no sound at all. It then disappears from the sky as quickly as it appeared, and nature is unbothered once more.

FADE TO: BLACK.

85. END CARD.

85

FADE IN:

Text in the same white serif font as the title card appears in the middle of the screen. It reads:

'The End.'

FADE TO: BLACK.

