

Loss

Written By

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INT. HOUSE - DAY

We see the interior of a homely middle-class home, just in close-up snippets.

It is early morning; the light is still orange and shards of light pierce through the dust that is left disturbed in the house.

On the mantle by the front door there is a handwritten note with the initial "A" written on it, underlined.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

A MAN (30's) stands, leaning on the railing at the stern of a cross-channel ferry looking over the back at the churning waters below.

He stands alone, other patrons around him chatter amongst themselves and pay him no attention. It is not particularly busy on the ferry today.

The sun peaks through clouds, slowly burning through a fine mist in the air.

He is fiddling with his wedding ring, twisting it around and around on his finger.

After a few turns he removes it with some effort. There is a pale indent where it used to sit on his finger. He looks at the ring with an expression of forlornness.

He puts the ring down onto the railing. It stays there, alone.

The man has disappeared, the ring remains there on the railing.

We see the churning waters below, trailing behind the ferry.

FADE TO WHITE:

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The MAN opens his eyes, slowly. His eyes roll around in their sockets, looking at his surroundings. He turns his head and looks to see a nurse tucking the hospital bedsheet under the bed. She hasn't noticed that he is awake.

The MAN turns his head back and tries to swallow but his

mouth is dry.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

A WOMAN (mid-20's; dirty-blonde) comes into the hospital room. At the sight of the MAN she bursts into tears. In her state she doesn't speak; she is so happy.

The MAN looks at her, but there is no recognition on his face. His expression is cold and reproachful.

The WOMAN reaches out her hand to take his. She holds it, rubbing at his fingers with hers. We see the untanned ring mark, slightly faded now.

The MAN looks up at her. Her face is beaming, happy.

He only offers a half smile.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

The WOMAN is showing the MAN a photo of the two of them together. They are standing in front of Big Ben, both with wide smiles on their faces.

The MAN looks at the photo but there is no recognition on his face.

The WOMAN is sadder now. She looks at the MAN who doesn't seem to know who he is with worry on her face.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

The WOMAN is standing in the hospital corridor. She is having a heated discussion with a doctor.

The MAN in the hospital bed cannot hear what is being said. He continues to lie back, staring at the ceiling.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

The MAN is now sitting up, his legs dangling over the side of the bed. He is sitting facing the doorway to the room.

On the other side of the bed the WOMAN is sitting with her legs dangling over the side of the bed. She is facing the

other direction, looking out the window.

Neither says anything to each other.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

The MAN is putting clothes on. They are his clothes, they fit him perfectly and he feels comfortable wearing them.

He looks at the shirt, testing the texture with his fingers. It is familiar, but he does not recognise the items.

He picks up a wallet and opens it. He looks at a few of the cards, then puts them back. There is very little cash in the biggest compartment.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

The MAN and the WOMAN are walking down the hospital corridor that leads out into the waiting area, and beyond that, the entrance to the building.

The WOMAN has her arm around the MAN and she is leaning in, holding tight as they walk. The MAN's arm is laid across the WOMAN's shoulders limply.

They walk together towards the entrance to the hospital, passing other patients and their family members who are waiting in the waiting room.

The MAN sees a patient holding a baby; he watches them together, a look of longing on his face.

EXT. CAR - LATER

The WOMAN is driving her car. The MAN is sitting in the passenger seat. He looks out of the window at the passing scenery, not recognising anything.

They pass buildings, parks, street names, landmarks... But the MAN recognises none of it.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

They arrive at the front door to a house. The WOMAN unlocks the door and opens it.

The MAN enters first, carefully crossing the threshold. He looks around like he's never been here before. He notices the layout, the ornaments, the furniture... Nothing registers.

He looks behind him; the WOMAN is standing just in the doorway, waiting, an expectant look on her face.

The MAN turns and, with a little hesitation, walks further into the house. He passes a livingroom, briefly looks in, doesn't recognise anything.

He continues into the house.

The WOMAN is still standing in the doorway, watching him, hopeful, her eyes watery.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The MAN and WOMAN are sitting at opposite sides of the kitchen table, eating dinner.

There is an uncomfortable silence between them. The only noise that can be heard is the scraping of cutlery on crockery. The MAN is lost in thought.

He looks up and sees the WOMAN looking back at him. She smiles; he offers a half-smile back.

Then he continues with moving food around his plate.

The WOMAN finishes off a mouthful of food, a task which came naturally before but now feels like an effort. She hesitates for a moment, another effort to break the silence. She speaks without lifting her head.

WOMAN

I was gonna go see Paul and Julia
on Tuesday night.
I think it will be good. To... You
know.
Maybe something will... Come
back...

She looks up then. The MAN gives her another half-smile and a slight nod of his head.

The WOMAN feels silly, but her emotions are getting the better of her.

WOMAN

I just... I want to know if you
remember... Me...?

MAN

I don't know what to tell you.

WOMAN

I just-

MAN

Don't.

The WOMAN cries quietly.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The MAN is creeping about the house, feeling like a stranger. In the little light offered by the street lights cascading through windows he sees sharp edges and many dark areas. He walks about with his hands outstretched, touching the furniture, the walls, grappling for a memory.

He arrives at a door at the end of a corridor. Light can be seen coming from the edges of the door.

The closer the MAN gets to the door he can hear the shower on the other side.

He stands at the door, listening. He hears the water on the other side, hitting the porcelain tiles.

He makes an attempt to open the door, but then stops. He drops his hand.

He makes a decision, and retreats away from the door.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN has made a make-shift bed for himself on the couch with a few pillows and a thin blanket.

He lies there for a few moments with his eyes closed, not sleeping, when the WOMAN appears in front of him. She stands there, watching him.

Eventually he opens his eyes and sees her, standing naked in front of him, her hair still wet from the shower.

He makes an attempt to say something, but she shushes him.

She takes his hand and puts it on her thigh, slowly easing his hand upwards. His hand ends at her crotch and her lips part in a soft moan.

The MAN sits upright and the WOMAN straddles him.

She eases his boxers down and they have sex, quietly, and with little emotion.

She rides him, her hands on his chest, watching him in the dark. The MAN keeps his arms down by his sides, not touching her.

The WOMAN keeps the same tempo, slow and regular, her breathing shallow, controlled.

Their breathing becomes more intense as the WOMAN gradually quickens her strokes. The MAN raises his left hand up and hesitates a moment before grabbing the WOMAN's breast.

She moans.

The WOMAN's thrusts increase. The MAN grabs her back with both hands, kneading her flesh, guiding her rhythm.

Then he climaxes, his head thrust back, his breaths coming in hitches that slowly return back to normal.

They sit there for a moment; the woman watches him, her breathing returning to normal too.

Then she dismounts him, careful not to hurt him.

She leaves the room.

The MAN sits there, watching her exit.

Then he pulls his boxers back on.

INT. LIVINGROOM - MORNING

The MAN is lying on the couch with a thin blanket wrapped around him. He wakes up slowly, eyes closed.

He hears things banging around in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN walks into the kitchen, waiting in the doorway, watching the WOMAN. She is making breakfast for herself. She

is dressed in a suit.

When she notices him standing there she looks up and smiles at him, less sad this morning.

WOMAN

Morning. Did you want me to make you some toast?

MAN

And coffee, if you have some.

She points at a pot of coffee in the corner of the kitchen.

The MAN goes to the corner of the kitchen, pulls a mug off of a tree of mugs, then begins searching through nearby cupboards.

The WOMAN notices him searching. She watches him, unable to work out what he's looking for.

He notices her looking at him.

MAN

What?

WOMAN

What are you looking for?

MAN

The sugar.

The WOMAN looks at him strangely.

MAN

What?

WOMAN

Nothing.

She shakes her head subtly and looks down.

WOMAN

You don't take sugar, that's all.

There is a moment of silence as the MAN slowly closes the cupboard.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I have to go to work.

She looks at him, then. She closes the gap between them and kisses him on the lips.

She looks deep into his eyes, searching for his lost memory in his eyes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I love you.

The MAN attempts to say something but the WOMAN puts her finger to his lips and shushes him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Don't say anything.
Just... I love you.

She turns then and grabs her bag off the kitchen counter along with a slice of toast.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I'll see you tonight.

She leaves the room.

The MAN stands there for a moment.

INT. LIVINGROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN stands at the window, watching the woman walk out the gate and then disappear down the street.

He stands there for a few moments more, continuing to look out the window, wondering how many times he looked out of this same window before.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN drifts from one room to the other, looking at the layout of the house in the daylight.

He creeps down the corridor, the gloom enveloping him.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN opens a drawer, looks inside. Closes it.

He opens another, looks inside, moves some clothes aside. Closes it.

He opens two cupboard doors and looks in. There are clothes hung up on hangars and at the bottom of the cupboard, a

collection of shoes. The man brushes his hand along the hung up clothes, feeling the fabrics.

He looks disappointed. He attempts to close the cupboard but stops suddenly when he sees a collection of photo albums at the bottom by the shoes. He reaches in and picks one up.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN is standing by the window looking at the photo album.

There are pictures of the two of them together, individually, and many pictures of London and surrounding attractions.

They both look happy, enjoying the time that these photo's were taken.

The MAN looks at a picture of himself; He is standing in front of a building with a big grin on his face. In the picture he is pointing at the sign above the doors of the building. It is a Publishing House called Blah, blah.

He doesn't understand the significance of the picture.

The MAN lifts the photo off of the page and looks at the back; there is a pencil-written note on the back...

LONDON

The MAN begins leafing through the album, looking at all the pictures in quick succession.

Quickly he becomes bored, looking at moments he will never get back.

He looks around the room and notices that it is decorated minimally, and also that the decor is neutral.

INT. LIVINGROOM - LATER

The MAN enters the livingroom. He looks around the room, trying to work out what is his and what is hers.

There's a TV inside a cabinet on one side of the room. On the other is a couch, pot-plants, a table with a pretty little lamp on it, a tall standing lamp and a magazine rack. And in the middle of the room is a low table with a bowl of

potpourri on it, the TV remote and a coaster holder.

The MAN picks up the TV remote that sits on the table and turns on the TV.

It clicks on and after a moment an image comes into life. A man is being interviewed on the News about financial issues.

The MAN flicks over to another channel. Then another. Then another.

After a few flicks he turns off the TV. The image disappears into blackness.

Then the MAN notices a selection of books to the right of the TV. They seem out of place with all the other decor in the house. The books are novels, old, read many times, the pages yellowed by time.

The MAN pulls one out, Kafka. He thumbs the pages. They feel familiar.

Then he puts it back on the shelf next to a well-read copy of "Heart of Darkness".

His fingers feel along the spines of the books, and then he picks up "Crime & Punishment". It feels at home in his hands. This one has been read many times.

INT. LIVINGROOM - LATER

The MAN is sitting on the floor by the TV cabinet reading "Crime & Punishment". He devours the book, turning the pages hungrily.

Whilst he is reading his index finger and thumb rub at the corner of each page. Some of them are worn through to nothing more than slivers. He is almost halfway through the book.

His eyes dart along the text, excited, eager.

Then the phone rings, startling him out of the book.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN approaches the phone, then stands there, unsure of whether to answer or not.

After a few more rings he picks up the receiver and slowly

brings it up to his ear.

MAN

Hello?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello, it's only me.

The MAN relaxes a bit.

MAN

Hi.

WOMAN (O.S.)

I just wanted to know that
you're... You know... Okay.

MAN

I'm fine.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Good.

There is a moment of silence.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Okay. I gotta go. I just wanted to
make sure you were okay.

MAN

Thanks.

WOMAN (O.S.)

My work number is in the book next
to the phone if you need me. And if
you're going out today there is a
mobile phone by the front door. I
got a new sim card and my number's
in there if you need to get hold of
me.

MAN

Thank you.

There is another moment of silence.

WOMAN (O.S.)

I'll see you later for your
appointment.

MAN

Yeah.

WOMAN

Bye.

MAN

Bye.

The line goes dead with a click.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The MAN is sitting in a psychologist's office; it is a small room, minimally furnished save for a desk, two chairs and a bookshelf filled with books. The colour scheme is grey, the furniture is a deep red-brown. Across from him sits the doctor, dressed in a suit. His tie is unnecessarily bright. His demeanour is relaxed, almost bored.

They sit in silence for a moment, the DOCTOR awaiting a reply from the MAN.

MAN

It's like I'm not me. I feel alright in myself, I can function, but not remembering anything makes me distrust everything. Nothing feels real. Is that common?

DOCTOR

Common enough. Without the memories to back you up you're finding it difficult to associate emotions with things. That's all.

The MAN is quiet for a moment, expecting more, but the DOCTOR stops there.

The DOCTOR holds up his pen.

DOCTOR

What is this?

MAN

A pen?

DOCTOR

And what does it do?

MAN

It writes.

DOCTOR

Precisely. You know what this is and what it does because you've conditioned your brain over your life to recognise objects. That part of your brain is undamaged. But what if I told you that this is your pen?

The MAN looks at the pen, a frown on his face. Then he looks at the DOCTOR.

MAN

Is it?

DOCTOR

No, it's my pen. But not knowing if it is your pen or not made you distrust your own perception, and in turn distrust me.

MAN

But then I should just accept everything that's said to me?

DOCTOR

As a child isn't that exactly what you did? Without experience we accept everything at face value. Fact: this is a pen. It's only when we get older that we use that experience to determine outcomes and preempt consequences. If you give a child a pen, there's a primitive compulsion to keep it. And when you take it away, it cries. When a child learns to lie it's just a self-preservation mechanism; you learn to associate consequences to scenarios. I'm not saying you should accept everything as fact. But right now that's all you have. You can't rely on your own memories to determine the outcomes so you have to rely on those around you to guide you to the truth. This will be hard. But keep talking to me about these feelings you have.

MAN

Will my memories ever come back?

The DOCTOR is quiet for a few moments; the weight of that silence is heavy.

DOCTOR

That's not for me to say. One step at a time. You have the opportunity to live in the now, most people don't have that. The burden of the past can be overwhelming sometimes. The more you expose yourself to your surroundings the sooner you'll grow more attachments and you'll find your place.

The MAN nods slightly.

DOCTOR

Have you been out on your own?

The MAN shakes his head, a note of fear on his face.

MAN

I don't think that's a good idea.

DOCTOR

When you think you're ready. I think it will give you a sense of place, to be out in the world a bit more. It would be more detrimental to be kept prisoner in the house for an extended period.

The MAN is twisting his fingers around his ring finger. He notices, then stops doing it.

The DOCTOR takes note of this gesture.

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

The MAN is sitting on the couch, reading.

After a few moments he hears a noise, a soft banging coming from somewhere towards the back of the house.

He turns his head to listen for any more sounds...

Bang!

It's not very loud, but it comes every few seconds.

Bang!

He settles back, tries to ignore it, but it's a consistent bang separated by a few seconds at a time.

Each time he settles back into his book he is distracted again.

Bang!

INT. BACK DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN looks out the back door window. The weather is grey with an encroaching chill in the air and a slight breeze.

He looks out and sees the houses that surround the garden; the neighbour's windows look like eyes.

The garden is small but quaint. The surrounding foliage is bare and skeletal. At the far end of the garden is a shed. And then he sees what has been making the noise: the shed door is being blown by the wind and it swings to bang against the frame.

Bang!

He watches it bang a few times.

A shiver runs up his back.

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN steps out into the garden, wrapped up in a coat. He cautiously makes his way down the stone path.

When he reaches the shed he holds the door open with one hand, preventing it from closing again.

He notices the lock hanging on the latch, closed. Then he notices that the latch has rotted away from the door.

The MAN opens the door and looks inside the shed; it's dark and damp in there. Along one wall there are shelves with tools and garden utensils. On the floor he sees a lawnmower, a barbeque and a small tool chest.

The MAN turns to leave but something stops him: he sees what looks like blood that has dried onto the closest garden

stepping stone.

Quite a lot of blood.

He stares at the stain for a few moments, a slight look of apprehension on his face.

INT. DOORWAY - LATER

The MAN is dressed. He steps up to the door to leave, but as he reaches his hand up he hesitates. It hovers inches from the handle for a moment, shaking slightly.

The MAN breathes in and out, using his breathing to calm himself.

Then he opens the door.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN steps out onto the sidewalk. He breathes in the cold air, looking up at the overcast sky.

He then looks left, then right. The street is relatively empty, only a few people about.

He continues his breathing method.

Then he chooses right and begins walking.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - LATER

The MAN is down one of the aisles, looking through their selection of door latches.

He checks each one, comparing them.

He feels uncomfortable, every now and then looking around, paranoid.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - LATER

The MAN is at the till, paying. He is nervous, looking around.

He tries to avoid the CASHIER's eyes as he tries to "chat".

CASHIER

They're pretty good, these ones.
Anything that spends that much time
outdoors is bound to rust at some
point, but these last ages.

The MAN doesn't answer, only smiles.

CASHIER

You from around here? I don't
recall your face.

MAN

No, just visiting.

The MAN is visibly more nervous, becoming agitated.

CASHIER

Nice place to visit. You should
come in the Summer when it's
better. I know-

MAN

I have to go. How much is it?

CASHIER

Oh, sure. It's three-fifty.

The MAN hands over some money, grabs the latch and leaves
the store in a hurry.

CASHIER

Hey...! Do you want your change?

The CASHIER watches him leave, then looks at the next person
waiting in the queue.

EXT. PARK - LATER

The MAN has been running, trying to get away from the
claustrophobic feeling he had at the hardware store. He
comes to a stop next to a bench. He puts his hand out to
steady himself as he catches his breath.

He then moves around the bench and sits down, his breathing
coming back to a normal rate.

The park is quite devoid of people, only a few passersby now
and then.

The MAN watches as a woman jogs past with her dog.

The woman looks at him distrustfully.

He sits back, watching the trees as they blow in the slight breeze.

Then he notices a MOTHER and her young CHILD in a nearby play area. The MOTHER is putting on the CHILD's coat as they get ready to leave.

The MAN watches them with mixed emotions on his face. It makes him feel more alone.

EXT. GARDEN - LATER

The MAN is fixing the latch to the shed door, doing an okay job of it.

He screws the last screw in, then stands back to look at it. He's pleased, even though it's a little bit crooked.

Then he swings the shed door closed and tries to link the latch to the hook, but he's off by a quarter of an inch.

His grimaces in disbelief. Then his face contorts.

He punches the door in frustration!

It swings slowly back, then he punches it again, and again.

He angrily grabs the door and lifts it so that the latch meets the hook. It goes on, but barely.

He fishes the lock out of his pocket and puts it through the hook, then crunches it closed.

He looks at the door, the anger subsiding.

He looks down at his hands; there is dirt under his nails and dark splotches on his palms.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

The MAN is in the shower; steam fills the room. He lets the water hit his face for a while. He's deep in thought; the force on his face is comforting.

Then he drops his head and begins to breath, forcefully, in and out, in and out, over and over again.

His face contorts into a grimace, a mixture of rage and

helplessness.

There is a moment where he looks as though he might cry but the sorrow doesn't come, instead he lets out a strained cry of frustration.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The WOMAN is driving, the MAN is in the passenger seat looking out the window.

They are silent for a few moments, the only noise the hum of the engine and the tyres on the asphalt. Every now and then the car hits a bump in the road and there's an annoying rattling noise.

MAN

What do I do?

WOMAN

Do?

MAN

My job.

WOMAN

Oh, yes. Of course. You work in an office, for the local newspaper.

MAN

The island paper?

The WOMAN nods, her eyes not straying from the road ahead.

They're silent for a few moments.

MAN

Do they know?

WOMAN

Yes. Your boss knows about the...
how things are.

MAN

What if I can't do it anymore?

WOMAN

We'll face that when we come to it.
In a few days you'll go back and
hopefully things will go back to...
normal.

The MAN looks down at his hands, watching his fingers try and fit together as he interlaces them.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

The MAN and the WOMAN walk from the street to the front door of one of the houses.

When they reach the front door the WOMAN pushes the doorbell button. They stand side by side as they wait.

The WOMAN turns to look at the MAN, starting at his feet her eyes track upward, to his face.

He doesn't turn to look at her.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The MAN and WOMAN sit next to each other at the dining table, and on the other sides sit PAUL and JULIA.

There is a conversation going on that the MAN has been excluded from. He stares into his drink. He sees a hair up the inside of the glass.

The WOMAN turns to look at him and her happy smile quickly fades to a sympathetic smile.

The MAN tries to smile.

INT. JULIA'S KITCHEN - LATER

The MAN has plates in his hands. He approaches the kitchen. He stops short when he hears a conversation being held in there between the WOMAN and PAUL.

WOMAN

I don't know. It's just so hard.

PAUL

Does anyone have any idea when his memory might come back?

WOMAN

Nothing. It might come back, it might not. What do I do if it never does? I just don't know how to cope with it.

PAUL

Don't lose hope. If it doesn't come
back just make new ones.

The MAN stands at the door a moment more, then slowly
retreats, walking backwards.

EXT. HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

PAUL and the MAN are sitting on the patio that overlooks the
garden. PAUL is smoking a cigarette.

PAUL

Do you remember what the last thing
I said to you was?

The MAN shakes his head.

PAUL

It probably wasn't important. I
guess what I'm saying is that
memories are only important because
they let you know where you've
been, where you are, where you're
going. But you know we're here for
you, whatever happens. So you know
where you are. There's only forward
now. The past will creep its way
back in. You don't need to force
it.

Am I making sense?

MAN

Yeah. I guess so.

PAUL

You've got a good woman there. She
would do anything for you.

The MAN nods his head. Then looks up at PAUL. He watches
PAUL as he takes a drag of his cigarette.

MAN

Do I smoke?

PAUL

I don't know. You wanna try?

PAUL hands the MAN his cigarette.

The MAN takes a drag...

Then coughs out a burst of smoke.

PAUL pats him on the back.

PAUL
I guess not.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

The MAN is walking down the high street in the local town. He feels out of place, dodging people along the sidewalk, trying to take in all his surroundings.

He stands looking in a few shop windows at the displays, not really paying a lot of attention. He has his book in one hand, holding it like a totem.

Eventually he arrives at a secondhand bookshop. His eyes light up, excited to see something he can relate to. Through the window he sees the dimly lit interior; shelves and stacks and row-upon-row of used, yellowed, read and re-read books.

He goes inside.

INT. BOOKSHOP - THAT MOMENT

Once inside the MAN breathes in deep the musty dank smell of literature that stretch back into the distance. For the first time in a long while he feels at home, as if the aroma has triggered the endorphins in his brain.

His eyes are drawn to the spines as he makes his way deeper into the store, reading the titles with his head cocked to the side.

Then the STORE CLERK comes into the room holding a stack of books in his hands. He is early 20's, hair dyed jet-black, a couple of piercings.

CLERK
Hello again.

The MAN looks up surprised.

MAN
H-hello.

The STORE CLERK continues on his way and files the books back on one of the shelves.

The MAN stands there a moment more, then continues looking along the shelves.

CLERK
Can I help you find something today?

MAN
No, I'm okay. Just looking.

CLERK
Some of those books you brought in are still here if you want to buy them back today.

The MAN looks at the CLERK, confused.

CLERK
You know, in case today's the day hell freezes over. You're words, not mine.

The MAN looks at the CLERK for a moment, then smiles slightly.

INT. BOOKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The CLERK brings two books over to where the MAN is sitting.

CLERK
Here's some of them. I think there's another one around here somewhere...

The CLERK walks away briskly.

The MAN picks up the first book on the pile and looks at the cover a moment. Then he opens it to the first couple of pages; inside there is an inscription:

My love. For you. My world. "A" x x

The MAN reads the inscription, a note of confusion on his face. He turns the book over and reads the back cover. He is intrigued by the book, wondering what the significance is.

Then the CLERK returns with another book.

CLERK
There. I think that's all of them.

The MAN hesitates a moment.

MAN
Why did I bring these here?

The CLERK looks at him strangely.

MAN
I mean, were these mine?

CLERK
I don't really know what you're asking me.

MAN
I... don't remember.

CLERK
You don't remember? You been smoking crack, muchacho?! You come in here all the time.

The MAN hesitates for a moment, but something about the CLERK puts him at ease.

MAN
No, I... had an accident and... lost my memory.

The MAN feels silly saying it.

CLERK
Oh, wow. Like that movie where the guy can't make new memories?

MAN
No. I have no past memories, since before the accident, but I have no problem making new ones.

CLERK
Oh. Wow. That must be inconvenient.

MAN
It sure is.

CLERK
What kind of accident, if you don't mind me asking.

The MAN is quiet for a moment.

CLERK

No problem. I don't mean to pry.

MAN

It's okay. I mean, I don't really know what happened...

CLERK

Cause of the memory thing, I got'cha.
Well, if you ever need a hand, you know, this place is open every day and it's filled with memories. Or if you wanna surf the web, computer's always there.

MAN

Thanks.

The MAN looks down at the books in front of him.

MAN

How much for all of these?

CLERK

I guess today's the day hell has frozen over.

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

The MAN is sitting on the floor in the livingroom. He has two of the books he has just bought in front of him, and the other in his hands, "A Little Princess" by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

He's a little way through the book.

He turns a page and sees that one passage has been highlighted.

The highlighted line reads:

"...I know you by heart. You are inside my heart..."

He reads this line, feeling like it is important. It seems apt, but he doesn't know why.

The MAN holds the book and thumbs through the pages looking for more highlighted quotes.

He doesn't find any.

He closes the book, looks at the cover, turns it over, looks at the back.

The MAN puts it down and picks up the next book,

He thumbs through it, but doesn't find any highlighted areas.

He puts it down and picks up the last book, "The Great Gatsby" by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

He thumbs through it...

And finds another highlighted part:

"...you see I usually find myself
among strangers because I drift
here and there trying to forget the
sad things that happened to me..."

He turns to the front of the book and reads the dedication again:

For you. My world. My love. "A" x x

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The MAN is getting ready for his first day at work. He puts his shirt on and begins to button it.

WOMAN (V.O.)

You'll be fine.

He begins to tie his tie, attempts it a few times but can't get the knot right.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I'm only a phone call away.

The WOMAN's hands appear over the MAN's shoulders. She pushes his hands away and takes the tie from him. She checks the length, then begins to tie it.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I love you.

Once the tie is tied he turns to look at her. He takes her hands in his.

They look into each other's eyes for a long moment.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

We see the MAN sitting in his BOSS's office, listening to him talk.

The MAN puts on a brave face, twisting his fingers around his ring finger, nodding along.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

The MAN is sitting at a desk in a small office.

He looks at his computer screen. On the corner is a picture of him and the woman, one of those mini photo-booth photos. They look happy.

The MAN opens a few drawers and looks around at all of his "things". In the middle drawer he finds a book, Home by Marilynne Robinson. He looks at it for a moment, turns it over and reads the back. There is a bookmark towards the end.

He opens the book to the bookmarked page. The bookmark is a silver personalised strip of metal.

On it he reads the inscription:

My love. My world. "A"

He puts the bookmark back in the book, returns it to the drawer, then closes it.

He opens the bottom drawer and sees a number of organised receipts. He sees a pile of receipts for ferry rides to the mainland.

EXT. OFFICE - LATER

The MAN is sitting on a bench outside his office eating lunch.

Some people walk past him who don't acknowledge him.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The DOCTOR is sitting across from the MAN.

The MAN is deep in thought. After a few moments he looks up.

MAN

I just don't understand what that means?

DOCTOR

Maybe nothing. But keep your mind open, accept that these are stepping stones to restoring normality, not restoring memory. You've experienced something we know very little about, so forgive me if I don't tell you exactly what you need to do. What she expects is a miracle. Maybe inviting her into one of our sessions will give her perspective.

MAN

Not now.

DOCTOR

I think it will help you connect better. With a third party to mediate your concerns. Will you consider it at least?

The MAN nods his head.

DOCTOR

That's fine. But she is a part of your life so my advice would be to let her help you. She is a link to your old life, a key to your locked memories. Talk to her, ask her about the two of you.

The MAN takes a deep breath, then slowly releases it.

DOCTOR

Do you have any other concerns? About anything else?

The MAN looks away from the doctor, hiding his eyes. He looks out the window for a brief moment.

MAN

No. Just frustrating a lot of the

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

time.

The DOCTOR nods, not wanting to force anything but knowing there is something else.

DOCTOR

Do you have any feelings about the accident?

The MAN turns his head sharply and looks at the doctor.

INT. HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

The MAN and WOMAN are eating dinner again. All is quiet for a few moments except the scraping of cutlery on crockery.

MAN

What do I like?

WOMAN

What do you mean?

MAN

What are my interests?

WOMAN

You love your books.

The MAN nods.

MAN

It's like reading them for the first time.

The WOMAN smiles at that.

MAN

Do I have any friends?

WOMAN

There's Paul. You don't talk about anyone at work...

She notices the sad look on his face.

WOMAN

What's the matter?

MAN

It's nothing.

WOMAN

No. There's something on your mind.
I'm here. Talk to me. I need you to
talk to me.

MAN

I don't know.
I guess that's it; I don't know.

WOMAN

I'm here.

The WOMAN gets up and stands next to the MAN.

She wraps her arms around his head and places it on her
belly.

The MAN begins to cry, which makes the WOMAN cry.

WOMAN

There, there. Poor baby. We'll get
through this.

They stay like that for a while, holding onto each other.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

They are having sex, but this time it's more passionate.
They look into each other's eyes, the MAN feeling more
connected.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The WOMAN is dozing in the man's arms. He's running his
fingers through her hair.

MAN

Tell me about when we met?

WOMAN

I was in the city that day, doing a
weekend course at the London
University. After the first day I
went to the Tube station but it was
closed for renovations, or
whatever. I forget. So I was lost
cause I only planned my journey on
the underground and I didn't know
which buses went where. When I

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

turned you were standing there. I jumped 'cause you were standing so close, so my heart was racing. You asked where I was going. I said I was going South of the river, and you said "So am I. Let's get a taxi".

So you flagged down the next one that came along. You were so commanding and sure of yourself. You held the door open for me. We must have spent an hour in that taxi 'cause the traffic was so heavy, but it was nice, we just talked all the way. I think I fell in love with you that night.

There is a few moments where neither of them speak.

MAN

Was I living in the city?

WOMAN

Something like that. You weren't very happy.

MAN

Why wasn't I happy?

WOMAN

Your life, your job. You said it was time for a change.

MAN

What happened?

WOMAN

I'm tired. Can we talk about this another time.

MAN

Sure.

They continue to lie there not speaking.

The WOMAN pretends to sleep, the MAN continues to look up at the ceiling.

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

The MAN is sitting in the livingroom, reading another one of his books, "Heart of Darkness". His fingers rub at the corner of the page, rubbing it thin.

The WOMAN looks around the corner from the hallway, quiet. She looks in at the MAN. She watches him for a few moments, just looking at him, a note of sadness on her face.

Eventually she tentatively knocks on the doorframe to get the MAN's attention.

WOMAN

Hey there, bookworm.

The MAN looks up, only slightly startled because he is so lost in the book. A small smile touches his lips.

MAN

Morning, sleepy head.

WOMAN

How long have you been up?

MAN

A while. Just before sunrise.

The WOMAN nods slightly.

WOMAN

Have you eaten yet?

MAN

Not yet.

WOMAN

I was gonna make some breakfast.
Did you want something?

MAN

Sounds nice. I'll be right there.

The MAN goes back to reading his book.

The WOMAN watches him a moment longer, then turns to leave.

The MAN looks up briefly to watch her go.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The MAN is getting dressed. As he's tying his shoelaces the WOMAN enters the room, standing in the doorway.

WOMAN

Are we okay?

MAN

I don't know.

WOMAN

Can you just tell me things will be okay. I just feel like there's still this insurmountable wall between us.

MAN

I don't know what to tell you.

The WOMAN huffs, resignedly.

WOMAN

I just don't know how to get through to you.

The MAN stands up and closes the space between them. He stands in front of her. He reaches out and takes her hand.

MAN

We'll get through this. I just need your help and your patience.

The WOMAN sniffs back some tears, then reaches her arms out and holds him around his waist.

He puts his arms around her slowly, enveloping her. He closes his eyes and breathes in her scent.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The MAN is sitting at his desk, working away. He's more comfortable in his job now, more relaxed.

He's on the phone with an insurance company.

MAN

...but if there's any way we could arrange it for that date... Then we'll have to speak to his agent... And there's no one in your department who can authorise?... Uh-huh... Come on, John. We need to work together if this has to be resolved... Uh-huh...

The MAN opens his browser. Along the top he opens his bookmarked websites.

MAN
Uh-huh... Okay... Which one?

The MAN sees the list of bookmarked pages and scrolls through them.

MAN
Okay, found it...

Then he notices one favourite in particular, it's saved as "Blah, blah".

He scrolls past it and opens a page called "Permission Template".

MAN
Okay, got it... Yeah, I'll send it when I've got it ready... An hour, tops... Bye.

The MAN puts the phone down. He opens the bookmarks again and opens "Blah, blah" in a new window.

The page opens onto the careers page, and the highlighted job is for a proofreader.

The MAN looks at the job spec, a glint of excitement on his face. He focuses on one particular part of the spec:

"...No experience necessary, but must love books!..."

He looks around the office quickly, no one is around. He turns back to his computer.

The MAN clicks the application link, which opens up an online form.

The MAN sits back for a moment, looking at the screen.

INT. CAR - EVENING

The WOMAN is driving, the man is sitting in the passenger seat.

MAN

I have some good news. I found an opening for a job I think I'd love.

WOMAN

Are you not happy at the paper?

MAN

It's not that. I feel like there's more to me than just fact-checking and filing paperwork.

WOMAN

Well, that's okay. You have to do what will make you happy. What's the job?

MAN

It's a company on the mainland-

WOMAN

The mainland?!

The MAN is taken aback by her tone.

MAN

It's only a ferry ride across.

WOMAN

I don't understand. Are you leaving me?

MAN

No, no. Nothing like that.

They arrive at the house. The WOMAN pulls into the driveway and brakes hard.

WOMAN

What aren't you telling me?

MAN

Nothing.

She looks at him, her eyes wide and angry and scared.

Then she looks ahead.

WOMAN

You can't.

They sit there a moment, the MAN unable to find the words to respond to such a final comment.

The WOMAN's knuckles turn white as she grips the steering wheel.

MAN

I don't understand? What's wrong?

WOMAN

Is it something I did?

MAN

No. What?! No, nothing like that.

WOMAN

You just can't. I won't allow it. I can't bear you leaving me again. You've just come back. This isn't easy for me to say, but you owe me this. When you went... I... I couldn't...

MAN

But why not? It's not like I'll be gone all the time, I can work from home-

WOMAN

This conversation is over.

The WOMAN cuts the engine and gets out the car.

The MAN sits in the car a while longer. He's been twisting his ring finger.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The MAN enters the bedroom.

The WOMAN is lying on the bed, facing away from him, crying.

The MAN watches her for a few moments.

Then he removes his tie and goes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN stands in front of the mirror. He looks at himself, noting all his features; the lines, the pores, looking into his tired eyes.

He reaches his hand up slowly and presses it against the

mirror, palm flat. He looks at the back of his hand, the veins as they pump blood under the skin, the hairs, the scars.

Then he lifts his palm off the mirror, his fingers still touching the glass. Between the glass and his reflection he sees his fingerprints.

He removes his hand from the mirror and looks at his fingerprints. He rubs his thumb against his index and middle fingers.

Then he looks at the mirror and sees his fingerprints left there, like ghost images in a half-circle.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN enters the bedroom. Slowly he walks to the bed.

MAN

Okay.

The WOMAN doesn't stir.

MAN

I won't go.

She still doesn't turn around.

WOMAN

I just can't lose you, not again.
You're only just coming back to me
now. You don't know how painful
that was.

MAN

I know.

She turns around then, her eyes red and pleading.

WOMAN

I don't want you to hate me.

MAN

I don't hate you.

WOMAN

But you don't love me either.

The MAN is silent. He looks away.

MAN

I just... don't know.

The WOMAN turns away from him again.

WOMAN

The first time you said you loved me, we were on the island, at a Christmas market. I put on a Santa hat, and you tucked my ears in and moved my hair out of my face. You're touch was so delicate. You said you loved how my face looked in that hat. Then you said you loved me. You said you'd leave the city to be with me. You said you're journey was over and that you'd never leave me.

They are silent for a few moments.

MAN

It's just a job.

WOMAN

It's more than that. That's your old life... you're old life without me. I can't expect you to believe me, but you were unhappy for a long time. When you met me you're whole attitude changed, I could feel you letting go. You wanted to move here. And it was the best decision you ever made.

They are silent for a few moments.

MAN

I won't go. I need you.

The WOMAN turns around and looks at his face, studying his expression.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The MAN is walking to work, lost in thought.

Up ahead he sees dark clouds getting bigger on the horizon. They fit his mood, so he lowers his head and walks toward it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The MAN arrives at his desk.

He turns on his computer, and while it's starting up he removes his coat and pulls some papers out of his case.

A FEMALE COLLEAGUE walks past him on her way to her desk.

COLLEAGUE

Morning.

MAN

Morning.

COLLEAGUE

There's a storm coming.

MAN

Looks like it.

COLLEAGUE

Marcel will be calling you later about that story he's writing up. Poor boy always seems to do them overnight.

There are a few beeps coming from the man's computer once it's started up.

MAN

Poor boy indeed.

The MAN sees that he's got new messages in his inbox. He opens the folder and sees one from Blah, blah.

He looks at it ominously.

His finger lingers over the clicker on his mouse for a few moments...

But then he moves the cursor to select the message instead. Then he hits the delete button. The message disappears and sits in his trash folder.

The MAN sits there a moment, savouring the weight of his decision.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The MAN is in a meeting, sitting down a line of people.
He is not paying any attention to the person speaking.

EXT. OFFICE - LATER

The MAN is sitting on the bench outside his office; he is completely lost in thought, his head lowered.

Then the heavens open and the rain finally starts. It comes down heavy, drenching the man and everything around him.

He looks up suddenly, determination on his face. He stands up and walks briskly back to his office.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN takes off his dripping coat and slings it over the back of his seat. He sits down and opens his emails. He selects his trash folder, opens it, clicks on the message from Blah, blah.

His breathing is sharp and nervous. His eyes glow with excitement, the forbidden fruit.

The message opens. His eyes scan the text.

He doesn't let on his emotion, but rereads what's written.

He leans back in his seat. He wipes at the rain that has streaked down his face.

INT. DOORWAY - MORNING

The MAN steps up to the door to leave, but as he reaches his hand up he hesitates. It hovers inches from the handle for a moment, shaking slightly.

MAN (V.O.)

I need to be in the office early
tomorrow.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The WOMAN is working at a countertop, cutting vegetables, her back to the MAN.

The MAN watches her from the entrance of the kitchen. His eyes are sad.

MAN (V.O.)
There's a deadline and I got stuck
with it.

The WOMAN turns to see the MAN standing there. He smiles.
The WOMAN returns his smile.

She turns back around.

MAN (V.O.)
I'll be back in the evening.

The MAN's arms encircle the WOMAN's waist. She stops chopping and places her hand on his arm. He grips her tight. She leans her head back onto his shoulder.

They sway like that for a moment.

MAN (V.O.)
I love you.

She turns around and looks into the MAN's eyes. He looks back into hers.

They kiss. All that can be heard are each of them breathing through their noses.

INT. DOORWAY - MORNING

The MAN breathes in and out, controlling his breathing to calm himself.

Then he opens the door.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

The MAN is standing at the stern of a ferry. He looks at the churning waters below, a look of guilt on his face.

Then he looks up to watch as the island becomes smaller in the distance.

He's twisting his fingers around his ring finger.

INT. TRAIN - LATER

The MAN is on the train, staring out the window.

The scenery opens up and eventually London comes into view. His face lights up, soaking up the view.

He sees the Needle in the distance.

EXT. LONDON - MONTAGE

The MAN walks through Waterloo station. We see the architecture, the signs, the people, commuters, tourists.

He gets on a tube train; he looks from one commuter to another. A woman, a man, one reading whilst keeping balanced, one grooving to the music playing in their ears.

A busker in the labyrinth of tube tunnel walkways. They smile as they sing, the man smiles back and throws in a coin.

He exits the tube and steps out into a busy London street. The excitement is overwhelming and he can't help but grin widely. A man greets everyone as they exit, trying to sell his magazines. They have a brief exchange.

The MAN sees Piccadilly Circus's Shaftesbury Memorial, surrounded by tourists.

Lost in a sea of people the MAN walks along the street looking up at the buildings. They loom all around him, dizzying, breathtaking.

The MAN crosses the street, skipping to avoid being run over by a black taxi.

The MAN passes a homeless person, stops, retrieves coins from his pocket and pours the change into the homeless man's cup.

The MAN passes a recessed doorway, missing it, so he takes a few steps back and looks at the sign. He has found the building he's been looking for, the one from the photo.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The lobby is relatively small; a single desk to the right where the DESK-CLERK is sitting, a couch on the other side of the room with some big framed posters above it.

The DESK-CLERK interrupts him.

DESK-CLERK

Yes?

MAN

Good morning. I have an appointment
with blah blah publishing.

DESK-CLERK

Elevator is there, go up to the
15th floor.

MAN

Thank you.

The MAN walks in that direction.

Then the DESK-CLERK turns around, a hint of recognition on
his face.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING 15TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN exits the elevator.

He walks confidently through a large office with cubicles on
either side of a direct walkway through the main part of the
office.

He catches the eye of a woman walking towards him. She stops
dead in her tracks, then steps out of his way, a look of
shock on her face.

MAN

Good morning.

The woman doesn't say anything but stares at the MAN as he
passes her.

He continues through the office, and then begins to notice
that a lot of the people have stopped what they were doing
and are looking at him.

He quickens his pace, uncomfortable.

INT. OUTSIDE BOSS'S OFFICE - LATER

The MAN is sitting outside the BOSS's office, waiting, his
leg jittering up and down.

A woman walks past and stares at him. He tries to smile but
she doesn't reciprocate and walks away quickly.

The MAN tries to remain calm.

The secretary watches him through a gap between her computer screens. Her face is stone.

We see the name on the door as MR. RENNY.

INT. RENNY'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Mr RENNY begins to rise, awkwardly, a stunned look on his face.

The MAN sticks his hand out to shake and Mr RENNY, unable to say anything, reluctantly reciprocates.

MAN

Thank you for this opportunity.

The MAN sits down.

RENNY

It's, uh...

There is a moment of silence between them.

The MAN, feeling uncomfortable, begins talking.

MAN

Well, I saw your ad and I'm really glad you agreed to see me. I don't have any formal education in this field, but I believe that I am more than capable for the job. If you look at my CV...

The MAN pulls out some paperwork and attempts to hand it to Mr RENNY.

RENNY

Let me just stop you there.

The MAN stops talking. He retracts his CV and sits there, expectantly.

RENNY

Is this a joke?

MAN

I'm sorry?

RENNY

Is this... Do you think this is
(MORE)

RENNY (CONT'D)

funny?!

MAN

I don't understand.

RENNY

Get out.

MAN

Please. This isn't a joke.

RENNY

Get out!

The MAN is taken aback.

MAN

I know I don't have the right qualifications but if you just hear me out-

RENNY

I can't believe you.

MAN

I'm sorry?

RENNY

I can't believe you would do this. After everything. This is sick. You're sick.

MAN

I don't understand. Wh... What did I do wrong?

RENNY

Six months!

MAN

Six months what? I don't understand what you're telling me.

RENNY

I will not be a part of this. Get out!

MAN

A part of what?

RENNY

Whatever it is you're doing.

MAN
This isn't making any sense. What
did I do?

RENNY
What did you do?!
You're dead!

The MAN is shocked, his mouth moves but the words don't come out.

RENNY
Leave. Before I call the police.

The MAN sits there for a moment, unable to talk.
He stands, then slowly makes his way to the door.

RENNY
How could you do this to her?

MAN
Who, Sir?

Mr RENNY stands up, walks around his desk and approaches the MAN.

The MAN cringes away from him, but Mr RENNY swings with his right fist before he can get his hands up and hits the MAN in the face.

He goes down, falling against the door.

RENNY
Don't you fucking "Sir" me.

Mr RENNY, hate in his eyes, turns around and goes to stand at the window.

RENNY
Don't you ever show your face
around here again, or I'll do more
than just hit you.

The MAN gets up holding the side of his face where a bruise is beginning to form.

He opens the door behind him and leaves.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING 15TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The MAN walks briskly through the office, his head held low.

Some people look up to watch him leave.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

The MAN is sitting in a seat next to the window. He is lost in thought, completely confused. The bruise on his face is swollen and red now.

He absentmindedly puts three sachets of sugar in his coffee.

Then a STRANGER sits down opposite the man. He's dressed in a suit.

STRANGER

I thought that was you. What are you doing here?
What happened to your eye?

MAN

Excuse me, who are you?

STRANGER

It's me, Dude. Gregg. It's not been that long.

GREGG leans forward, speaking quieter.

GREGG

What are you doing back in the city?

MAN

I'm sorry, I'm not really in the mood for this right now, Sir.

The MAN attempts to stand up but GREGG grabs his arm and speaks to him with an aggressive tone.

GREGG

It's nice to see you again -- really -- but what the fuck... are you doing... in the city? What if someone sees you?

MAN

What are you talking about?

GREGG

This is prison time you're playing with and you wouldn't do well in prison. What the fuck's wrong with

(MORE)

GREGG (CONT'D)

you, Man?

MAN

Forgive me, I had an accident and lost my memory. Do we know each other?

GREGG

What... just now?

GREGG points at the bruise.

MAN

No. I lost my memory months ago. I can't remember anything before last year.

GREGG

Seriously?! No way. That's Twilight Zone shit. Irregardless, you shouldn't be here.

MAN

Why not?

GREGG

Because... You're dead.

MAN

You're the second person to say that today. What does it mean?

GREGG

Second person? Who's the first?

MAN

I had a job interview at blah blah-

GREGG

Oh, shit, you didn't...!
Oh, man. That's fucked up.
You need to leave. Did they call the police?

MAN

No. They didn't, even though he really wanted to. I'm not leaving until you tell me why.

GREGG

Fuck sake. You lost your memory?

The MAN nods.

GREGG

That could be a blessing in disguise. Leave it there. Get on with your life.

MAN

But there's this hole, not just in my memory but in my life, and I need to know what it is.

GREGG

You told me not to contact you, which means you intended to be gone forever. Don't be stupid.

The MAN remembers suddenly and opens his wallet, searches in one of the pockets, finds the picture. He shows it to GREGG.

MAN

Who is this?

GREGG looks at the picture.

GREGG

I told you not to get mixed up with the boss's daughter. Don't go there. You put this behind you for a reason.

MAN

Boss's daughter? Tell me about my old life. I need to know.

GREGG begins to stand up.

GREGG

It's been nice seeing you, but I don't want this kind of trouble. Just forget it, for your sake as well as her's.

GREGG leaves the coffeeshop.

The MAN looks down at the picture. We see that it's a passport photo of a woman in her 20's, long dark hair, green eyes, pretty, homely.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

The sky is darkening with a beautiful sunset display; pinks, blues and oranges.

The MAN enters the house. The WOMAN is in the kitchen, fixing dinner.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hello?! Is that you?

MAN
Yeah.

WOMAN (O.S.)
I missed you today. I'm just making some fajitas.
How was your day?

MAN
It was okay.

WOMAN (O.S.)
It doesn't sound like it was okay.

The MAN enters the kitchen. The WOMAN turns to see his face, the purpling bruise around his left eye.

WOMAN
Oh my god! What happened?

MAN
Oh, it was nothing.

WOMAN
That's not nothing.

MAN
I dropped something and when I bent down to get it I hit my face on the side of the desk.

The WOMAN hesitates.

WOMAN
Is that really what happened?

The MAN looks at her a moment, analysing her face.

MAN
Yes. I'm just on a deadline and I was distracted. It was silly, really. But there you go. No harm.

The WOMAN studies his face, looking into his eyes.

WOMAN

Is there something you're not
telling me?

MAN

No.

Satisfied, she relents her stare and puts her hands on
either side of his face.

WOMAN

Clumsy seems to be your middle
name. Did you want some ice to put
on it?

The MAN winces when she puts pressure on it.

MAN

Yeah, that would be nice.

The WOMAN turns to get the ice.

The MAN is relieved, but he watches her carefully as she
goes to the freezer.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

The WOMAN is having a shower.

INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

The MAN steps into the bedroom quietly. He sees the WOMAN's
clothes on the bed, and next to them, her phone.

He creeps over to the bed and picks up the phone. He checks
to make sure the WOMAN can't see him, then promptly opens
her phone and begins searching.

He doesn't know what he's looking for so he opens her
messages to see what the most recent ones are.

The last conversation she had was with Paul.

The last message was sent from the WOMAN:

"I don't know. He's been acting
strangely. I don't like lying to
him, and he'll find out eventually.
I just don't want it to happen all

(MORE)

at once."

The man scrolls up to read the rest of the conversation:

"Has he mentioned her or him yet?
Once he gets back on Facebook he'll
probably find out."

Then the shower stops!

The MAN quickly, fumbly, tries to close her messages.

He hears the shower door open!

He clicks the phone screen off and places it on the bed,
precariously close to the edge.

The MAN hears the WOMAN climb out the shower and grab a
towel.

The MAN exits the room just as the woman enters the bedroom.

She walks over to the bed as she wraps a towel around her
head.

As she sits down on the bed her phone is rocked and it falls
onto the floor.

She looks down at it.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

The MAN is in the bedroom, dressed, sitting on the end of
the bed.

MAN

I'm sorry. Hopefully it's just a
one day thing... I'll let you know
by this evening if I'll be in
tomorrow... Thanks.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

The MAN enters the bookshop. He's flustered.

He finds the CLERK behind the counter.

MAN

I need a favour.

INT. BOOKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The two men are sitting in front of a computer. He opens his Facebook account.

CLERK

Okay. Here's Facebook. What was the name?

MAN

Walter Renny.

The CLERK types in the name. The page for Walter Renny comes up, we see that it's the boss the man had an interview with.

MAN

Gregg said that the woman in this picture is the boss's daughter.

CLERK

The guy who seemed to know you?

The MAN nods.

They scroll down and check Walter Renny's family members...

And there it is, the daughter of Walter Renny is Annabelle Renny.

MAN

That's her.

The CLERK opens her page and her profile loads. The first thing they see on her page is a cover picture of a candle that's been blown out.

The CLERK scrolls down. We see her pictures.

The MAN notices a picture of Annabelle and a man in the collection of pictures. A wedding picture, very intimate, the two of them looking at each other, beautifully shot.

MAN

Wait.

The CLERK scrolls back up a bit. They look at the picture, then look at each other, their eyes wide.

CLERK

Jesus H.

The CLERK hesitates a moment before opening the picture.

It loads up.

They see that it's the MAN, younger, but definitely him.

We see the name that's been tagged in the picture...

CAMERON MARTINS.

MAN (CAMERON)

Click on it.

CLERK

Are you sure?

The MAN nods.

The CLERK clicks on the man's page...

It opens, both men excited. The MAN is twisting his fingers around his ring finger.

The profile picture is of the MAN, Cameron Martins. It's like looking at a ghost.

The cover picture is of a candle that's been blown out, a wisp of smoke.

The CLERK scrolls down a bit.

The top post is a commemoration to Cameron Martins. The picture is the same one that the MAN found in the photo album: him standing in front of the Blah, blah building.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

We see ANNABELLE exiting an apartment building. She's a bit older and her hair is cut short, but it's her.

She steps out into the sunshine, a vision in an otherwise bland world. The light dances with her, making it seem like she's floating.

CAMERON is standing across the street, watching her, mesmerised.

She walks to the end of the street, then disappears around the corner.

CAMERON follows her.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERON comes around the corner, sees ANNABELLE in the distance as she crosses the street.

He continues to follow her, keeping to this side of the street, keeping her in his sight.

She stops suddenly.

CAMERON stops.

She appears to be looking for something in her purse.

CAMERON moves towards a lamp post and stands close to it, trying to "conceal" himself if she were to turn around.

Then she finds what she's looking for and continues walking.

CAMERON continues following her.

EXT. STREET - LATER

ANNABELLE enters a church community centre.

CAMERON slows down as he approaches the building.

He stops outside the building a few yards away from the door, waiting. He checks his watch, 12:25.

He stands there for a few moments, watching.

He notices a notice board in the doorway.

He decides to get closer and creeps slowly towards it, wary that ANNABELLE might see him.

On the notice board there are posters for many church activities. One in particular stands out to CAMERON.

It's a poster for grief counselling, 12:30, Wednesdays.

INT. TRAIN - AFTERNOON

CAMERON is on his way back. He is sitting by the window, watching the world go by. His demeanour is sombre.

EXT. FERRY - EARLY EVENING

CAMERON stands at the back of the ferry, watching the mainland get smaller.

His phone buzzes.

He retrieves it from his pocket and looks at it.

It's a message from the WOMAN.

I'm gonna be a little late tonight.
x Miss you. x x

CAMERON looks at the message in disgust.

He puts the phone away, takes a deep breath, then regurgitates over the side of the ferry.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The WOMAN enters the house. CAMERON is sitting at the table, twisting his ring finger.

She enters the room and sees the look on his face. Immediately she registers the tension.

WOMAN
What's wrong?

CAMERON
Sit down.

The WOMAN hesitates, then she sits down across from CAMERON.

WOMAN
You're scaring me.

CAMERON
Who are you?

WOMAN
What? It's me. You know me.

CAMERON
Do I?

WOMAN
What's going on?

CAMERON
I went into the city today.

The WOMAN's expression descends. She sits back rigid, her lips become thin.

WOMAN

And?

CAMERON

And I want you to tell me who I am?

WOMAN

I told you not to go. How could you do this to me. This is what happens-

CAMERON

Who am I?

WOMAN

This isn't like you. If you just-

CAMERON

How do you know?! You don't even know me!

WOMAN

I've known you long enough to know this isn't you.

CAMERON

What is this? What am I doing here?

The WOMAN stares at CAMERON for a long while, her face stern.

CAMERON

I want to know everything. I need to know what I'm doing here.

WOMAN

But you don't need to know. Don't you see?! Everything that happened before... it's not relevant. It's painful, for you and for me. If you can let this go then we can move forward from here.

CAMERON

I can't let this go. This is my life. Don't I have a right?!

There is a moment of silence. The WOMAN looks away, her eyes tearing up.

She looks back at CAMERON.

WOMAN
Did you see her?

CAMERON
I saw... someone. Who is she?

WOMAN
You know who she is.

CAMERON
I want you to tell me.

The WOMAN looks away, her face contorting into agony.

WOMAN
She's your wife.

CAMERON
My wife.

CAMERON looks down at his hands. He twists his fingers around his ring finger.

WOMAN
A year ago you left her... For me.
For this new life. It was so
perfect.

CAMERON
Then who are you?

WOMAN
You were going through a difficult
time. I was there for you when you
couldn't speak to her anymore.

CAMERON
What happened?

WOMAN
You had a son.

CAMERON
I had a son?!

CAMERON reels from the news, his heart is racing, he's broken out in a sweat.

CAMERON
Had...?

The WOMAN nods slightly.

WOMAN

When he died... you became depressed. You blamed her for it.

CAMERON

I had a son and you didn't think that was important for me to know?!

WOMAN

It took ages for you to get over it and I didn't want you to go through it all again. In your condition it wasn't something I wanted you to live through, not again. I didn't want to live through it again. It eats me up inside everyday.

(angry)

And then you fell off the fucking shed! There was blood everywhere. I didn't know what to do.

I thought our perfect life was shattered in an instant.

She is silent for a moment, thinking back to that day.

She shudders.

Then looks up at CAMERON, smiling.

WOMAN

I saw this as a harsh blessing in disguise. This was going to be your new life, with me, here, away from all that pain.

CAMERON

But this isn't my life. You've been lying to me this whole time. I don't know who you are.

WOMAN

(angry)

Don't say that. You came to me when there was no one else. I opened up my heart to you, and you did too. I know you don't remember but I do. You can't take that away from me.

There is a moment of silence.

WOMAN

(quietly)

You said you loved me. You came to that point on your own, not once but twice. So don't make me feel guilty for your decisions. And you can't take your love away from me, no matter what happened.

The WOMAN rises from her seat and comes to sit on the floor next to CAMERON.

He doesn't look at her.

WOMAN

We can still do this. I can forgive you as long as you tell me we will get past this.

CAMERON

How did he die?

WOMAN

No. I will not relive this with you.

CAMERON

How did he die?!

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

CAMERON steps up to the concrete and stone breaker. He looks out over the water, seeing the vastness.

He's been crying, his eyes red and swollen. His lip trembles.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Alexander's Disease...

CAMERON jumps over the breaker, onto the sand. He stumbles, sprawling onto his front.

He cries out.

WOMAN (V.O.)

It's a genetic disease...

CAMERON limps towards the water.

When he arrives at the wash he falls to his knees. The water

hits him, splashing upward.

He cries out again, a choked, guttural noise from the pit of his stomach.

He lowers his head into the water, washing his face in the salt.

WOMAN (V.O.)

He was two.

CAMERON lifts his head and looks up.

CAMERON

Fuuuuuuuuu...!

He takes a deep breath...

CAMERON

You fuuuuck!

You fuck.

You fuck.

He stands up, his breaths hitching in his chest.

He looks at the expanse of water in front of him, feeble, lost, insignificant.

He wades into the water. The icy water clutches him.

He stops when the water comes up to his torso.

He submerges himself.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The waves crash onto the shore, beautiful, hypnotic.

The sound of sand rubbing together makes a calming "shush" sound.

We see empty rock pools being replenished by the waves coming in.

Clouds roll in the sky.

The sun is high, majestic.

The beach reaches far into the distance. Not a soul can be

seen.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

There is a knock at the door.

After a few moments ANNABELLE approaches the door. She turns the latch and opens the door to find CAMERON standing on her porch.

There is a few moments of silence; they just stare at each other.

ANNABELLE begins to hyperventilate. The feeling is overwhelming her. She tries to hold onto the door to keep her balance but her legs give out underneath her. She falls heavily into a sitting position in the doorway, her body shaking.

CAMERON attempts to catch her, but he's too far away and he feels like it would be inappropriate.

She puts her hands up to her face, trying to hold back the tears. She tries to get her breathing under control.

CAMERON hesitates, deciding whether to approach her, knowing what he did to her prevents him.

After a few sobs ANNABELLE tries to speak.

ANNABELLE

Wha... What... I don't...

CAMERON slowly steps into the doorway, crossing the threshold into his old life. He stands there for a moment.

ANNABELLE

You're... Dead.

He crouches down, putting his hands behind him as he lowers himself into a sitting position across from her.

ANNABELLE continues to cry, her emotions ranging from happy to angry, to sad, then back around again.

She is unable to keep his gaze, her eyes finding his, then darting away, lost in the hurtful memories, then finding his gaze again, her mouth finding it difficult to get any words out.

They look at each other for a long time, not saying anything.

The camera pulls back to reveal more of the apartment; it is the same one from the beginning, the light cascading through the open door, playing with the dust in the air.

FADE OUT

THE END