

"RECOVERY"

by Daniel Purse

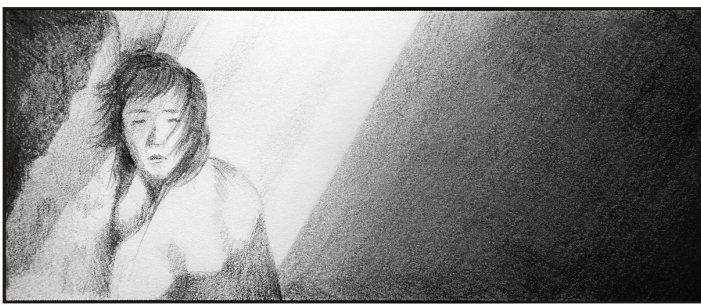
1. EXT. STREET - DAWN

An old RED PHONE BOX stands at the roadside, sunken into shrubbery. We see its details closer, the paintwork faded and crumbling, the 'TELEPHONE' sign barely legible after years of exposure. As we look through the glass panelling, we see the handset, and unexpectedly, the phone begins to ring.

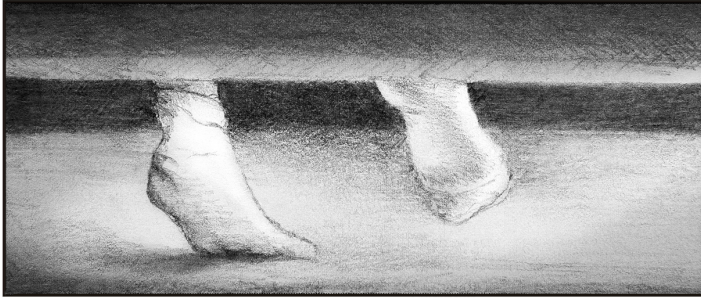
SMASH CUT TO:

2.INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A GIRL reluctantly awakens to the RINGING of her alarm.



Her feet clumsily meet the floor and she walks off to begin the morning's preparation.



She adjusts her shirt and LONG HAIR as we hear the brushing of her teeth.

CUT TO:



3.EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

A MAN splutters remaining vomit from his mouth onto the road, leaning from the driver's door of his CAR. He finishes and with exhaustion hauls his legs back into the car and slams the door.

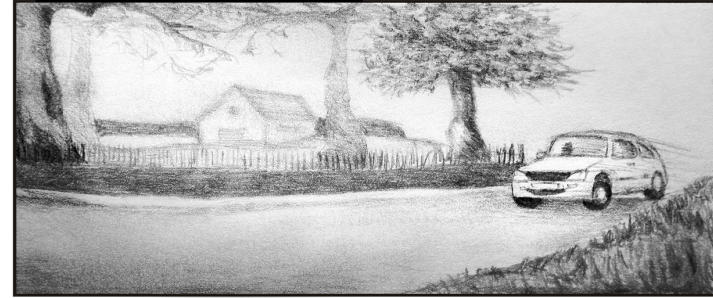
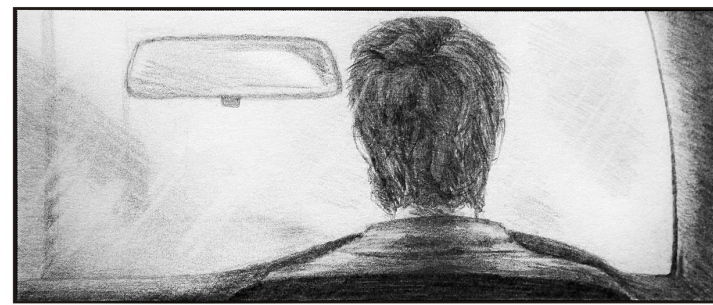


Potently hung-over, he takes a handful of tablets with a swig of BEER from what was once a passenger seat. He presses his palms against his eyes, attempting to restore a form of consciousness. With apprehension he pulls back his coat sleeve to check the time - what he sees neither surprises nor pleases him. With a huff he reaches for the ignition and starts the car, squinting as he sloppily manoeuvres along the road.

CUT TO:

4.EXT. VILLAGE - MORNING

In the background - A MOTHER takes her CHILD's hand as they cross the road together and continue their walk to school along the pavement. Quiet morning ambiances are gradually polluted as we hear, then see the man's car spin round the corner and speed towards us, disgusting the mother as he goes.



...As his vehicle leaves our sight, our pan ends with another RED PHONE BOX in the centre of frame, on the opposite pavement. It begins to ring.

CUT TO:



5.EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

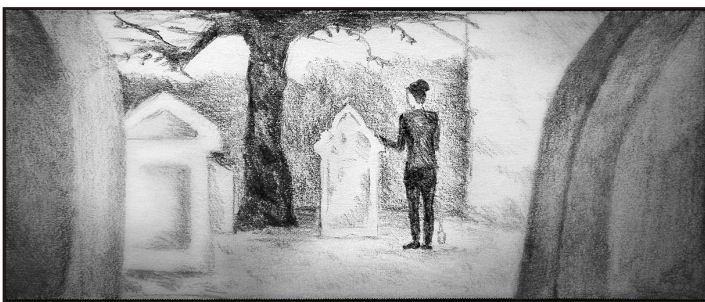
A WOMAN stands at a grave with her back to us.



We do not see her face.

She is smart and composed, her TIED BACK HAIR, BLACK SUIT, GLOVES and SHOES - the appropriate attire for a funeral. But there is no ceremony, just undisturbed quiet.

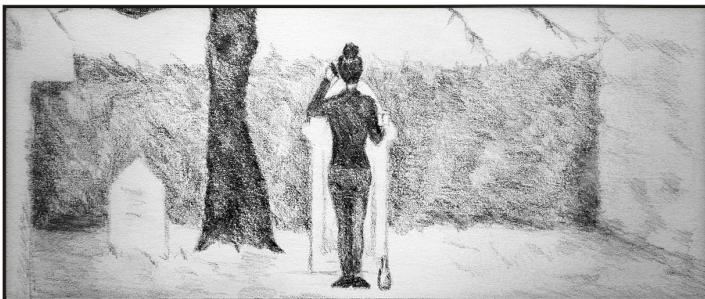
A single bottle of BEER stands by her feet, half full.



She holds a MOBILE PHONE in her left hand and a RED LEATHER NOTEBOOK in her right.



She dials a number from the notebook and raises the phone to her ear.



CUT TO:

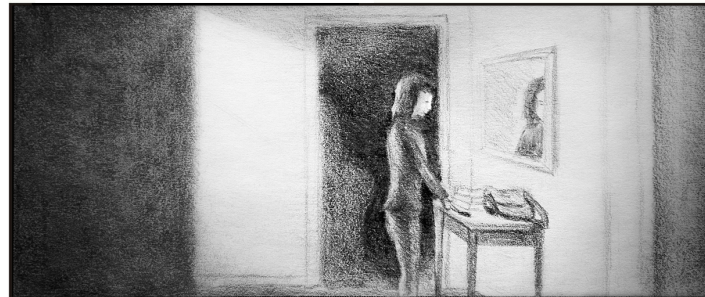
6.EXT. - THREE CONSECUTIVE MATCH CUTS

A RED PHONE BOX, (centred in each shot) rings in a CITY CENTRE, RURAL VILLAGE, and SUBURBAN STREET.

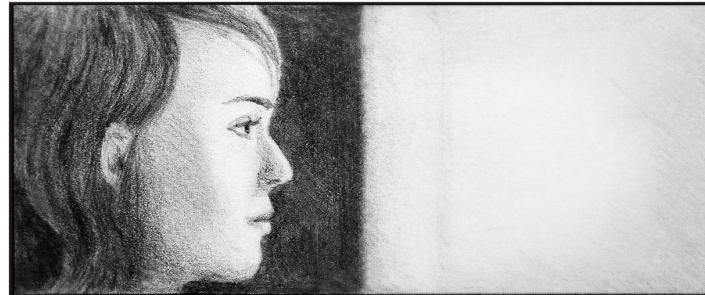
CUT TO:



7.INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING



Now wearing her coat, the girl arranges her EARPHONES neatly behind her hair and hits 'play' on her IPOD before putting it in her pocket.



The song's run time counts down on the iPod screen.



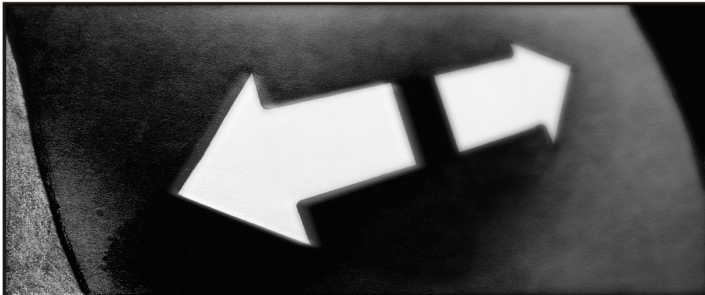
She picks up her SCHOOL BOOKS and BAG up from the table and walks out the front door, enjoying her upbeat music.

CUT TO:



8.INT. CAR - MORNING

The man waits restlessly at a junction, his LEFT indicator ticking.

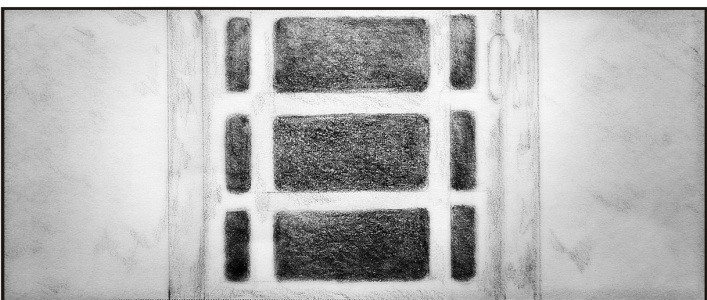


He swills some beer quickly and pulls off as the drivers behind him grow impatient.



As the car leaves the frame, the familiar red form of a phone box becomes visible, followed by its ringing.

CUT TO:



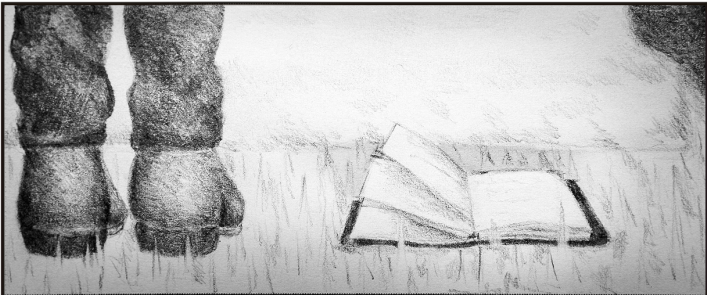
9.EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Holding her phone to her ear; the woman waits a while and when no answer comes she ends her call.



She places her notebook down by her feet and picking up the bottle, we hear her drink, whilst our view remains on the notebook.

CUT TO:



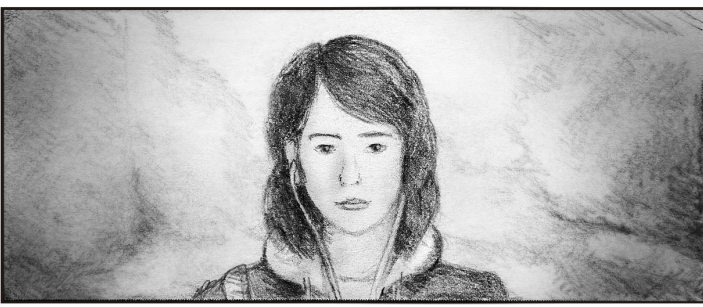
10.EXT. STREET - MORNING



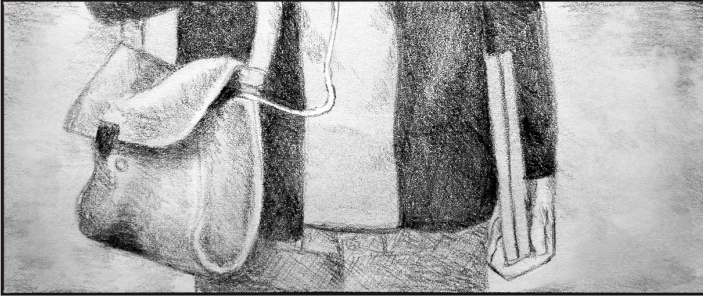
Empty lined box for notes.

Empty lined box for notes.

Her music drowning out most of the environment, the girl contently walks along the pavement -

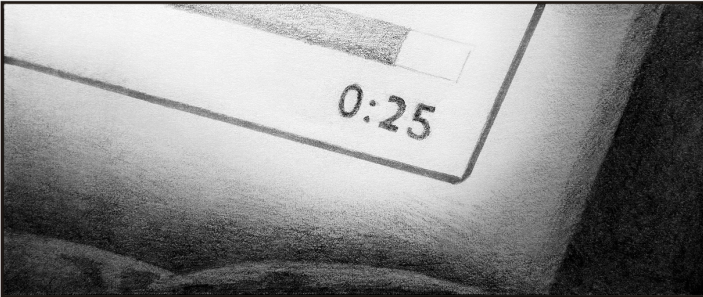


- holding her bag on her shoulder.



The song on her iPod has only a few moments remaining.

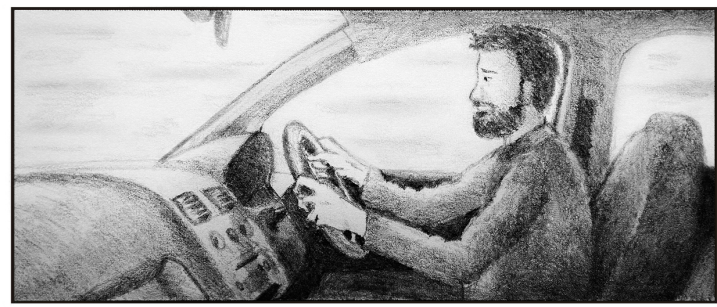
CUT TO:



INT. CAR - MORNING - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Sprawled against the wheel, the man continues his journey.

CUT TO:



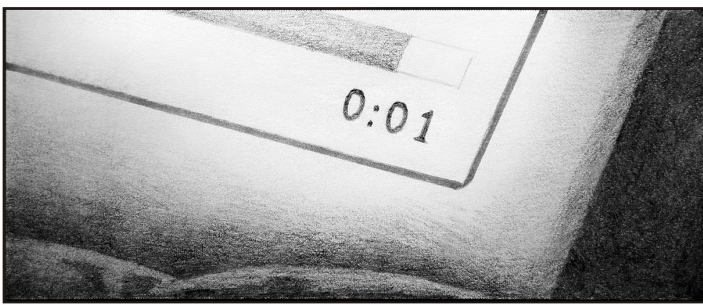
EXT. STREET - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The drunk's car pulls out. It advances up the road.



Five horizontal lines for notes.

Five horizontal lines for notes.



Distance between the girl and the car diminishes.



Absorbed in the concluding beats of the song, the girl steps into the road.

CUT TO:



EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

In a swift action the woman's phone is raised to her ear.

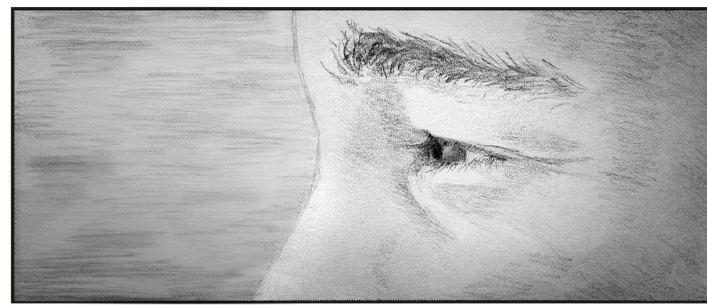
CUT TO:



INT. CAR - STREET - MORNING
- MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The man's eyes attempt to roll back from the light, squinting and watering.

CUT TO:



EXT. STREET - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

An accustomed ringing startles and halts the girl -



The car violently streaks past - clipping her arm.



...Standing amidst her strewn belongings on the pavement, the girl watches the car as it continues up the road away from her, and scuttles around a corner.



She becomes aware of the ringing. The ringing that successfully distracted her from crossing the road...

Blank lined area for notes.

Blank lined area for notes.

Behind her stands a
RED PHONE BOX.

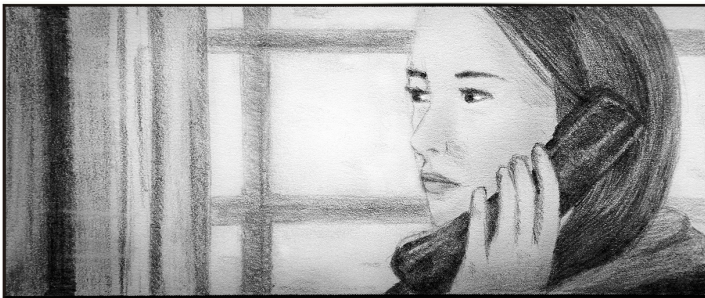
Removing her earphones, she
approaches the booth.



Upon entering, she picks up
the phone.

Silence.

CUT TO:



EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

The woman hears the girl's
voice but remains silent.

CUT TO:



INT. RED PHONE BOX -
MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The girl awaits a response.

CUT TO:



EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

She hangs up.

CUT TO:



EXT. STREET - MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

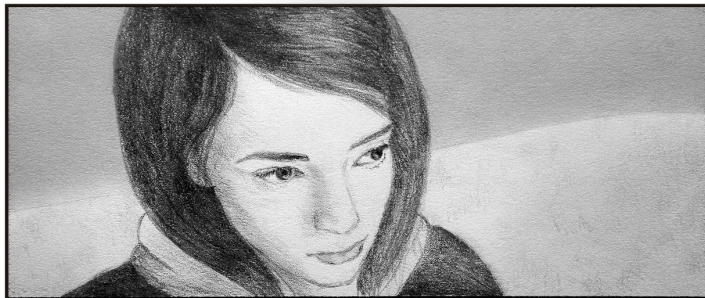
The girl looks at the
handset, puzzled. The phone
is placed back on its
holder and she exits the
booth, wondering
whether to consider the
situation strange or
coincidental.

She reaches for her bag and
begins gathering her
things.



We follow her hand as it
gradually collects all of
the books, finally reaching
the last item

- a RED LEATHER NOTEBOOK.



She slings her bag over her shoulder and crosses the road, reaching back into her pocket for her iPod.

CUT TO:



11.EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The woman puts her phone back into her suit, then slides the red leather notepad into her inside pocket -



- We follow this motion; it brings us up past her shoulders for the first time - to her face.

Her face is not unfamiliar.

It is the GIRL.

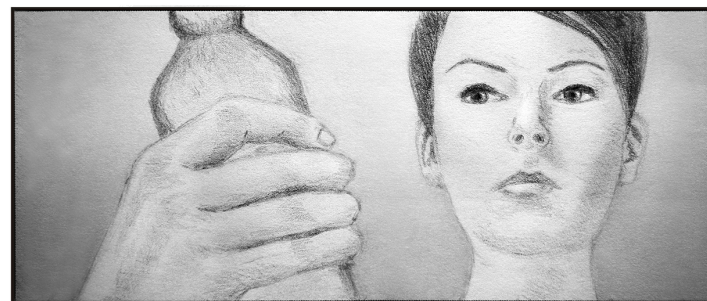


She gives an empty look to the headstone and reaches for the bottle.



She drinks the last of it, wincing slightly, and looks down at the bottle.

Her expression is an indistinct mix of satisfaction and spite.



Her grasp on the glass is unfavourable, gradually tightening.

MATCH CUT TO:



INT. CAR - MORNING - MOVING

Bottles spin on the seat of the car as it swerves.



The man's condition has worsened, shuddering and sweating after the near collision.

CUT TO:



EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

Her grasp on the bottle
loosens and it begins to
roll off her hand...

CUT TO:



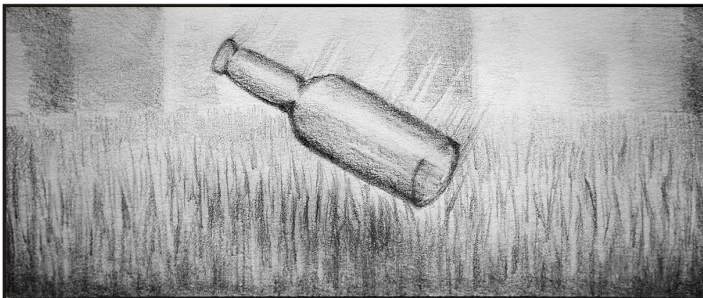
INT. CAR - MORNING -
MOVING - CONTINUOUS

His senses overwhelmed,
the man loses control of
the car -

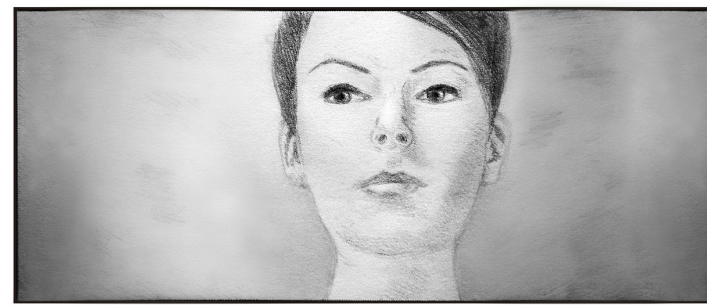


EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

The bottle hits the ground.



The girl looks down on it.

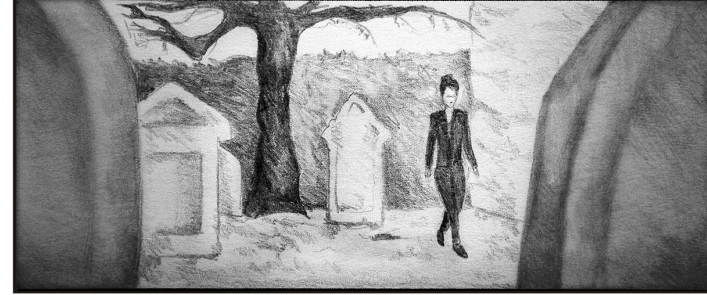


Having fulfilled her
purpose, she turns and
walks slowly away from the
grave.

We track with her motion,
behind a headstone - the
scene is obscured.

When the scene emerges to
us again, she, and the
grave have gone.

CUT TO BLACK.



THE END

