

PLAY

by Brett Stanning

SHOOTING SCRIPT
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EXT. SIDE STREET - MORNING

Anne, (34) classically beautiful and well dressed for a day at the office, walks down the leafy side street a few meters behind her son AUGIE (9), escorting him to school.

Even though Augie's just a small kid with gentle features he appears to believe that he is, in fact, an action hero. Lost in his imagination, he shoots, sword-fights and karate-chops all manner of non-existent minions.

Anne's eyes betray the exhaustion of a working mum and the impatience of a woman buried by responsibility.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - CUBICLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Anne works at dull looking office desk. She's fraying at the edges, fly away hair, lemon yellow blouse a bit wrinkled.

Her desk is home to the usual assortment of items: a beige monitor bordered with an excessive collection of Post-Its, keyboard, a small herd of framed photos and a few other uninspiring knickknacks.

She taps away on her keyboard, refers to a small pile of paperwork as she goes.

Laughter turns her attention to...

...the next cubicle. A pair of guys (30s) in business attire at another cubicle which is adorned with collectible action figures. One of the guys is plays a game on his computer. The other guy watches and offers advice. Having a ball.

Anne swallows down a small serving of resentment and notices...

...a modern large format digital clock on the game-player's desk which reads 5:25PM.

Anne quickly swivels in her chair.

Her eyes dart to the time at the bottom corner of her monitor. Yep, it's well past five.

Angry at herself Anne hurriedly tidies the mess of papers on her desk and shuts down her computer.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:PLAY

SOUND FX: BING

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - LIFT - LATE AFTERNOON

Anne steps into a semi-crowded lift and stands with her back to the other PASSENGERS (suit wearing office gimps). The doors close. The moment the lift begins its descent everyone, bar Anne, jumps into the air hoping to ride the fall.

They land and the lift jolts slightly with the weight. Anne flinches. The others burst into giggles at the fun of the jump. Anne breathes a small sigh of relief but self consciously folds her arms and stares up at the floor numbers display.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - FOYER - LATE AFTERNOON

SOUND FX: BING

The lift doors open. Anne strides purposefully from the lift trying to put some space between herself and the lift mob who also exit in a swarm of giggles.

Anne doesn't get far. Her progress is blocked by a small group of office workers playing down-ball in the foyer. She stops and watches the ball bouncing across her path, between the wall and the people playing.

With a measure of trepidation Anne attempts to time her crossing of their game, hoping to avoid being hit by the ball. She miss-times it but manages to catch the ball instead of being hit. She holds the ball like a teacher contemplating confiscation.

Annoyed, drops the ball and heads for...

...the revolving doors across the foyer. Almost there, a suited COWORKER run past. He tags her and shouts with glee...

COWORKER

You're it.

Anne stops, staring dead ahead at the revolving doors. She turns to see...

The COWORKER who tagged her and the rest of the mob all ready to run for it.

The coworker who tagged her, looking over his shoulder ready to run, a huge smile on his face, wags his bum at her, hoping to taunt her into action. His smile fades when...

Anne walks into the revolving doors and is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Anne stares at the pattern on one of the train seats, lost in her thoughts. She looks up to see the other commuters around her. One kneels on a window seat, leaning right up to the glass, amazed by the passing scenery. Others play pattycake.

Anne looks out the train window but her attention locks onto nothing in particular.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEVEL CROSSING - LATE AFTERNOON

The train rattles past to reveal Anne at the level crossing, stuck amongst a small crowd of commuters. She waits to cross the tracks. One of the commuters whistles a childish melody that fits in with clang of the crossing bells.

After a single bar the whole crowd joins in whistling the tune, except Anne... and another WOMAN (30s).

Ann and the woman exchange knowing expressions. The woman turns away and Anne sees what she must look like... a grump amongst a world of people who are genuinely happy.

Anne has a moment of deep self-reflection. She puts her lips together and whistles with the others.

A train barrels through the level crossing going the opposite way to the other train.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Anne walks along a quiet side street, still whistling. She enters a picket gate and opens the letter box, a handful of bills. Anne keeps stop whistling.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Anne dumps her bag on the kitchen bench then flicks through the stack of bills. The distant sound of a child's laughter pulls her attention away from the mail.

Anne heads off down the hallway.

INT. AUGIE'S ROOM - EVENING

Ann steps into Augie's doorway, watches him playing on the floor with cars and action figures, having a great time. He mood softens.

She sneaks up behind him. He senses her and looks up. She taps him on the shoulder.

ANNE

You're it!

Anne runs from his room. Augie barrels after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME - BACK YARD - EVENING

Credits roll over...

Anne and Augie play tiggy on the back lawn in the fading light. Caught up in a game and laughing as they play.

THE END