

Early Days - Sample

By

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INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

BEN (25), a slim, soft faced, dark haired fireman, sits topless on the edge of a large bed, the soft sunlight of a sunset bathing the room. The RATTLING of the heating and the SPLASH of water in the pipes of his room are extremely muffled.

He sits, motionless for a while before jerking, as though coming out of a day dream. His attention turns to the leaflet in his hand, a cruel joke from his Doctor, Ben grimaces at it. On the bed next to him sits a few more discarded leaflets and a bag from a local bookstore containing new books. He opens a drawer next to him and shoves the leaflets and the bag inside, briefly showing the title of the book to be "Reading Braille" before the draw shuts.

Ben picks up his wife's make up mirror and stares into his eyes, searching. He places it back down and begins to test the edges of his peripheral vision with his finger tips. His eyebrows crease and he plonks his hand onto his face, fingertips tracing the scabs on his temple.

He sighs and gets up, leaving the room.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ben washes his face in the sink, keeping his eyes shut, listening to the DRIP of water that falls from his nose.

ALANA  
(softly)  
Ben...

Alana calls from the bathtub on the far side of the outdated bathroom. Ben turns and sinks beside it, back to his wife. She softly strokes his hair and turns him toward her. He kisses the palm of her hand and then focuses on the box of grapes on the floor.

He chooses a few and begins to peel them, passing them to his wife. On the third grape his knife slips and he slices his thumb. Ben swears under his breath. He sucks his thumb and Alana grasps his shoulder. He looks to her and she takes his hand and washes the blood off him in the water.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Ben sits on the edge of his bed, his wife slumbering behind him, stomach even larger. Dawn creeps in through the window of the cramped room. He rubs his eyes hard and wanders across to their mirror. He peers into his eyes, as though searching for something.

He turns and opens the wardrobe next to him and takes out a navy blue t shirt and his fireman's trousers.

EXT. FIRE STATION - MORNING

Ben sits in his small car, gripping the steering wheel. He glances at the leaflets from the doctors, still in the car next to him. Taking a deep breath, he climbs out, determined.