

-31

by

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White fills the screen. Wisps of cloud move in and out of the way. We are moving down, towards the ground. A vast white plain, snow and ice as far as the eye can see. Down below lies a girl, flat on her back. An alien in this landscape. We are getting closer.

We now see her clothes. Her extreme cold-weather gear is caked in a layer of snow, one of her boots is missing.

Closer.

We see that she's no older than twenty-five. Her eyes are shut, her face is gaunt and burnt, red raw. Her mouth hangs open, chapped and torn lips stretched back, showing her teeth. It gives her face a skull-like appearance.

We stop. Her face fills the screen.

One of her eyebrows has been replaced by a deep gash. Ice clings to her eyelashes, and any other miniscule hair.

A breeze rustles the fur on her hood, and any hair that isn't frozen. She doesn't move.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: - 31

Glow-in-the-dark stars are stuck all over the ceiling.

The room is dark. Light unable to penetrate the thick curtains that are drawn tight.

Elliot, the girl from the previous scene is lying flat on her back in bed, in the exact same position we last saw her. However this time, her open mouth emits snores, and she has none of the injuries.

Elsewhere in the house, hurried footsteps. We hear the front door opening and slamming.

Elliot stirs.

Through an open window we can hear the faint sounds of the morning hustle and bustle. Kids screaming and shouting, cars pulling off - a dog barking incessantly.

Elliot stirs again. She stumbles out of bed, and out of frame, barely opening her eyes. We hear the sound of a window being slammed shut.

She gets back into bed, pulling the duvet completely over herself.

We listen to her breathing as it relaxes, and settles back into a slow, sleepy rythm.

An overweight cat pokes his head round the door. Spots the big breathing lump of duvet.

He treads silently over the carpet towards the bed. When he gets to it, he stops and crouches, his head low to the floor, his back end swaying as he readies himself. And then - he pounces!

Elliot groans under the weight of him. He tries to dig under the duvet, whilst simultaneously managing to trap her underneath.

He scratches, jumps and claws, as Elliot emerges, struggling to push him off.

ELLIOT
MOVE you fat shit!!

She manages to escape and jumps out of bed. The cat sits in the centre, looking up at her like butter wouldn't melt. He emits one small, very sweet 'miow'.

She inspects her arms for scratches, whilst stumbling out of the room.

The Fat Cat follows her.

3 EXT.BAR.NIGHT

3

Elliot stands outside a bar, looking in through the windows whilst she smokes. Inside, a party is going on. She watches the people.

As she finishes her cigarette, she fixes her hair in the reflection. Takes a deep breath. Then heads in. We follow behind her.

4 INT.BAR.NIGHT

4

As she walks, people turn and greet her. She hugs various people, exchanges 'How are you's?!' and 'Alright's?'

JOHNNY
Hiiii superstar!!

Johnny, 20, comes towards her with arms wide. He hugs her.

Two girls nearby spot her and nudge each other, as another girl shouts over people.

GINA
Elliot! Elliot! Hey, it's me Gina!

Elliot smiles and nods politely.

Johnny still has hold of one of her arms. He shouts to someone standing at the bar.

JOHNNY

Hey Charlie, your sister's here!

Charlie, 21 today, turns. He nods, smiles, and turns his attention back to trying to get a drink.

JOHNNY

(still holding onto her
arm)

You get him anything nice?

ELLIOT

It's a surprise!

A couple barge past them, and Johnny lets go of her arm. Elliot looks about, spots a couple more faces staring at her.

Gina has found her way over, and stands with them. The area is becoming cramped, and Elliot squeezes out of the way, towards the edge of the throng of people. The two twenty year olds follow her.

She manages to find an empty leaning table. Gina and Johnny catch her up.

They grin at her, and she smiles politely back. There would be an awkward silence if it wasn't so loud in here.

After a minute or two, Johnny leans in.

JOHNNY

(to Elliot)

So, what are you working on at the
minute?!

At this, Gina also leans in, eagerly.

ELLIOT

(can't hear over the
music)

What?

JOHNNY

(louder)

Are you filming anything?

Elliot smirks.

JOHNNY

Do you have stuff lined up?

Elliot taps the side of her nose with her finger. She looks about, not looking for anyone in particular.

Gina just stares at her, whilst trying to think of something else to say.

JOHNNY

You should tell your agent to get you a film or something! An American film!

ELLIOT

(thanks for the advice..)

Yeah..

Gina is looking behind her at the two whispering girls, mouthing something. She beckons them over.

GINA

Elliot? Can you say hi to my sister? She thinks your show's really cool.

The two girls approach the table. They definitely look too young to be in a bar.

ELLIOT

Hi.

GIRL 1

Can we have a picture?

ELLIOT

Yeah, course.

Girl 1 gets her phone out. Elliot positions herself in-between them, as the girl tries to take the picture selfie-style.

GINA

I'll do it!

Gina takes the phone. The light flashes.

GIRL 2

And on my phone!!

Gina gives Girl 1 her phone back, and now holds up Girl 2's phone. They pose. The light flashes.

GIRL 1/GIRL 2

Thanks!

ELLIOT

That's ok.

Johnny shakes his head, laughing as the two girls scuttle off, heads down, reviewing the pictures on their phones.

JOHNNY

Bet that gets annoying?

ELLIOT

Oh, I'm used to it.

We notice Johnny has his phone in his hand. He opens his mouth to speak, but before he can-

GINA

Can I get one?

- 5 INT.BAR.NIGHT 5
Over at the bar, Charlie is still trying to get served.
- 6 INT.BUS.NIGHT/LATER 6
Elliot and Charlie sit side by side, swaying in motion with the bus's movement. Silent.
- 7 INT.HOME.CONT 7
They enter through the front door. The house is dark. Charlie walks through the hall and straight out into the garden, while Elliot takes off her coat.
- 8 EXT.GARDEN.NIGHT 8
Charlie sits in an old sand pit that's been dug into the ground. He looks up as a light comes on upstairs. Elliot's room.
He lights his cigarette.
- 9 INT.BEDROOM/HOME.NIGHT 9
Elliot kicks off her shoes, and pushes her duvet aside to get into bed. The fat cat is stretched out in the middle of the mattress. She shoves him onto the floor, and curls up, pulling the duvet over her completely.
- 10 INT.KITCHEN/HOME.NIGHT 10
Charlie pulls the garden doors shut behind him, and locks them.
- 11 INT.STAIRS/HOME.CONT 11
He walks towards us up the stairs, wearily.
- 12 INT.CORRIDOR/HOME.CONT 12
He passes Elliot's door, which is ajar, on the way to his room. Without stopping, he reaches in and turns off her light.
Fat Cat has is scratching at a closed door at the other end of the landing. Charlie shoos him away, and goes into his own room.
- 13 INT.BEDROOM/HOME.CONT 13
The stars on Elliot's ceiling adjust to the dark, and start to glow.

- 14 EXT.HOME.MORNING 14
Charlie is coming out of the front door. He swings a rucksack over his shoulder, holding a slice of toast(the crust) in his mouth.
- 15 INT.BEDROOM/HOME.MORNING 15
Elliot lies in bed on her side, awake. She extends a hand out towards a slim beam of sunlight coming in through a crack in the curtains, just out of reach.
- 16 EXT.HOME.MORNING 16
Charlie shuts the door behind him, and leaves through the front gate.
We watch him as he walks away down the street, joining the morning rush.
- 17 INT.KITCHEN/HOME.MORNING 17
Fat cat eats out of an over-filled bowl by the garden door.
Elliot sits at the table, and pours nearly an entire bottle of milk over the Weetabix in her bowl. She mashes the contents until it's all turned to liquid, before eating.
- 18 INT.JOB CENTRE.DAY 18
Elliot sits on a grey chair, in a line of others up against a grey speckled wall. Someone is coughing and snorting phlegm up their throat. A baby nearby is making a half-hearted attempt at crying.
Phones are ringing and not being answered. Time seems to have slowed down here.
Elliot waits, fiddling with a booklet on her lap.
Her name is shouted from elsewhere in the room. We follow her as she gets up, and walks through the space, past various desks that are half concealed behind corners of glass.
She reaches a desk near the back of the room.
There are no windows in here, only thin slits of glass high up, where the walls reach the ceiling. Impossible to open or see out of.
Elliot stops in front of a desk, behind which a stern looking woman sits. She doesn't look up from her computer as Elliot takes a seat in front of her.
With one hand still on the keyboard and eyes still looking at the screen, she holds out her other hand in Elliot's general direction. Elliot hands over her JSA booklet, and waits while the woman (Michelle,30's) leafs through it.

MICHELLE
Only two entries...?

She looks at Elliot, one eyebrow raised. Elliot says nothing.

Her eyes return to the booklet.

MICHELLE
(reading)
Twenty-seventh - searched the internet for jobs... Twenty-ninth - searched for 'Local Jobs' on Google. Nothing else?

ELLIOT
Well nothing came up really.

MICHELLE
Nothing?

ELLIOT
Not really.

MICHELLE
Not really? What is 'not really'?

ELLIOT
Well...nothing suitable.

There goes that eyebrow again. Michelle sighs. Then starts typing.

MICHELLE
(r.e. the computer)
Ok, here are three job listings in the local area. Bag packers needed at Waitrose on Upper street, a cleaning job for a solicitors office, and a trolley collector for Tesco's.

ELLIOT
Oh? They must be new..

The printer starts whirring, and Michelle rips out the piece of paper as it comes through. She hands it to Elliot.

MICHELLE
Here. I expect you to have applied for all three of these jobs by your appointment next week. Make sure to write it in your book. Last chance.

ELLIOT
Yeah, definitely. Thanks.

MICHELLE
(shouting)
Clive Thompson!

It's Elliot's cue to leave.

She walks back out through the grey office.

19 EXT.STREET.DAY

19

As Elliot exits the Job Center building, she sees her bus approaching on the other side of the road. She jogs across to the bus stop as it pulls up, and jumps on through the open EXIT doors.

CUT TO:

20 INT.BUS.CONT

20

She sits on a seat close to the back doors.

Various people on the bus. A man in a suit, on his way back into work. Two girlfriends engaged in conversation. A woman on the phone, arranging what she and her partner are going to have for dinner.

Elliot looks around at them, taking them in. Closes her eyes for a beat, before turning her head to gaze out of the window.

21 INT.BEDROOM/HOME.DAY

21

The sound of the front door opening and closing. Footsteps running upstairs.

The door opens and Elliot comes in. She flops down onto her bed, face up. She looks at the piece of paper with the details for the three job listings. Drops both the paper and her JSA booklet on the floor.

The house is quiet. The street outside is quiet.

Elliot grabs a corner of the duvet, and submerges herself in it.

22 INT.BEDROOM/HOME.LATER

22

The room is dark. The sound of claws scratching on the door down the landing stir a sleeping Elliot.

The sounds of muffled music and voices drift up from downstairs.

She sniffs the air, opening her eyes. Listens.

Slowly, she gets out of bed, and treads lightly over to the door. Opens it, so she can hear and smell better. Shoos the cat, to stop him from scratching.

She hesitates, biting a fingernail.

CUT TO:

23 INT.KITCHEN/HOME.NIGHT

23

The windows are covered in condensation. Smoke from cooking still hangs in the air, turning the harsh beam from the bare light bulb into something more romantic.

Nostalgic garage music plays from a digital radio on a shelf, the D.J. unnecessarily cutting in and adding his own lyrics here and there.

Charlie sits at the table eating a big bowl of pasta with an attractive girl. They laugh and chat with ease. She is louder than he, and takes up most of the conversation.

Behind them, Elliot approaches from the dark hallway. She pauses at the door, as the two at the table continue to laugh and converse.

She coughs lightly. They don't notice.

She steps into the light of the kitchen, one hand still holding onto the door frame.

Charlie stops what he was saying as he sees her. Following his eye line, his friend turns her head.

ANNA

Alright Elliot?

Elliot smiles. Charlie says nothing. Carries on eating. After a moment, Anna does too.

Elliot looks around the kitchen. Sees the pan on the cooker, still with pasta left in it. She notices Charlie watching her, and walks over to the cupboards. Opens them, pretending to look for something.

She opens the fridge. Scans it's contents.

Behind her, Charlie and Anna munch in silence.

Elliot is still staring into the empty fridge.

ANNA

Do you want some pasta mate?
There's still some left in the pan.

ELLIOT

No, that's ok.

ANNA

Nah go on!

ELLIOT

Only if there's enough?

ANNA

Yeah!

ELLIOT

Erm..(still pretending to check the fridge) yeah. Thanks.

She 'spoons' pasta into a bowl with a fork, then sits at the table. Charlie and Anna on either side of her. She holds the bowl with one hand, and eats.

ANNA

Cheese?

Anna hands her a block of cheese and a grater from her side of the table.

ELLIOT

Mmm.

Elliot grates cheese into her bowl. Charlie watches as some of it lands on the table.

Anna sings along to the song that's playing. Charlie smiles at her.

Elliot tries not to chew too loudly.

Anna smiles at Charlie. She reaches out for his hand, and they twirl their fingers around each other's. They stare into each other's eyes.

Elliot eats faster. She gulps down the last few mouthful's, and stands. She puts her bowl and fork in the sink, and edges around Charlie's chair towards the door.

ELLIOT

Thanks!

She gets no reply, so she leaves.

Her dirty bowl sits in the sink.

24 EXT.HOME.MORNING

24

Voices approaching - three 20 somethings(including Johnny) approach the front door. They push a present along with them, that's shaped very much like a bicycle.

They ring the door bell, and chatter. Elliot's head appears out of an upstairs window, looking down at who's at the door.

The front door opens, and Charlie steps out.

JOHNNY/FRIEND 2/FRIEND 3

HEEEY!!!!/Happy belated birthday!/We finally got your present sorted!!

Charlie laughs, and rips off the wrapping - low and behold - a bicycle!

CHARLIE

Sick! How long you been working on this for?!

JOHNNY

A little while... The frame's my dad's old one - Terry got the wheels from his brother's mate, was just a case of fixing the new stuff onto the old..

Johnny mumbles something we can't hear, as the conversation gets a bit more technical.

Charlie pulls the front door shut, and the four of them set off back down the street, the new bike in tow.

Elliot watches them go.

CUT TO:

25 INT.BATHROOM.CONT 25

Elliot is standing on the lid of the toilet to see out. She pulls her head back in, and shuts the window.

On the toilet are endless empty rolls of toilet paper.

One severely squeezed toothpaste on the sink.

CUT TO:

26 INT.HALLWAY.CONT 26

She opens the bathroom door, and starts to head towards her bedroom.

She passes Charlie's bedroom door. It's half open. She stops, has a look. Slowly pushes it open. Then steps inside.

27 INT.CHARLIE'S BEDROOM.CONT 27

The bed isn't made, but other than that, the room is neat and organised.

Elliot treads lightly over the carpet. A shelf filled with books draws her eye. She looks at the titles - 'What is Fine Art?' 'Fine art in the 21st Century' 'A History of Screenprinting in Asia' and more.

Another shelf is filled with small sculptures made out of wax, all of the human body. Incense sticks are placed here and there, the ash collected beneath them in small piles.

Spray cans are lined up along the skirting board on the floor, each one a different colour.

She walks over to his wardrobe on the left, and opens the doors. Looks at his clothes hanging inside. Shuts them back in.

Beside the wardrobe is a collection of records. She looks through a couple of them. Michael Jackson 'Bad', Red Hot Chilli Peppers 'By the Way' N.W.A 'Straight Outta Compton'.

She goes over to the window. Next to it is an ashtray and a packet of cigarettes. She checks the packet but it's empty. She checks the ashtray. A half smoked cigarette sits in it. Elliot picks it up. She scans the shelves. Walks to the bedside table, but there's nothing on it. She opens a drawer, moves its contents around, nosy. She looks about - then gets on her hands and knees to look under the bed.

She can't see properly. She lies on her stomach to get a better look. She crawls under, until just her legs are poking out.

On top of the bed, something stirs. The corner of the duvet twitches, and we see a pair of eyes open. Anna's head and torso, her modesty covered, emerge as she rolls onto her side. She blinks, listening to rustling noises coming from under the bed. She leans over to look at the floor, and sees Elliot's legs.

She studies them, frowning slightly. Too short to be Charlie's...

ANNA

Elliot??

Elliot jumps and smacks her head on the beams underneath.

ELLIOT

Ow, fuck!

She reverses out, Anna staring at her. She gets to her feet.

ELLIOT

I-erm....I didn't know you were in here.

Anna just looks at her.

ELLIOT

I just needed a lighter.

ANNA

Where's Charlie?

ELLIOT

He went out.

ANNA

Out? Out where?

ELLIOT

I dunno..

ANNA

Oh.

Anna looks a little put out. She peers back up at Elliot, uncomfortable.

ELLIOT

I'll leave you to it!

She shuffles out of the room.

28 INT.KITCHEN/HOME.MORNING

28

Elliot stands at the sink, filling a glass with water. She takes a long sip.

Her bowl from the night before is still sitting in the sink.

As she sips, we hear Charlie coming back into the house. The soft thud of the bike being put down, then his footsteps going up the stairs.

Elliot tries to ignore the murmur of heated voices now coming from just above her.

Anna can be heard coming down the stairs.

ANNA

(O/S)

..she's fucking weird mate!!

The front door slams.

Elliot's cheeks are flushed with red as Charlie enters the kitchen. He pauses when he sees her, then walks over to switch the kettle on. His eyes flicker to her dirty bowl in the sink.

She sips more water. He notices the half smoked cigarette in her fingers.

He fumbles in his pockets, and pulls out a lighter. He holds it out, offering it.

Elliot glances at it, at him, then takes it.

She heads out into the garden.

Charlie watches her back, as she lights the cigarette outside. Then the kettle clicks, and he turns away.

29 INT.BEDROOM.NIGHT

29

Elliot is in bed. Some sort of altercation is going on somewhere down the street.

ANGRY MAN

(O/S)

FUCK OFF! YOU BITCH! FUCKING CUNT
YOU ARE!

Elliot listens, lying in the darkness. There's a scuffle. An angry woman shouts, we can't quite make out what she is saying, or screaming.

ANGRY MAN

AGH FUCKING CUUUUNT!!

A dog is barking.

Elliot jumps at a sudden loud noise, coming from the direction of the voices.

Her face is half concealed beneath the duvet, as the argument continues outside.

30 INT.KITCHEN.MORNING 30

A bottle of milk is emptied over a bowl of Weetabix. Elliot picks up her spoon, and mashes the contents of the bowl up until it's just a grey slush, and eats.

31 INT.KITCHEN.DAY 31

Elliot sits at the table, engrossed in The Guide - the free TV listings book that comes with the newspaper.

Fat Cat scratches at the cupboard under the sink, mewing.

Elliot turns a page.

32 EXT.STREET.DAY 32

It's one of those rare English heat waves - the sun beams down onto the concrete, people are outside enjoying it.

CUT TO:

33 INT.BEDROOM.DAY 33

The curtains are drawn.

Elliot, her head resting on her hand, is scrolling slowly through the Facebook feed on her computer.

34 INT.BEDROOM.NIGHT 34

Lying across her bed and wrapped in the duvet, Elliot is watching TV.

A news reporter is speaking to camera.

REPORTER

..has been missing since an expedition on the Ice Sheet went wrong over a week ago. While both of his colleagues were found and rescued, (images of snowy mountains and huge icy plains) they are currently in intensive care, unable to help the search team locate his possible whereabouts. Although, due to the length of time he's been missing, and the conditions on the ground, this has now become a search for his body, rather than a rescue mission. Even in the summer months, the temperature on the ice sheet can drop to -31 degrees. Our thoughts are with his family at this tragic time.

Elliot changes the channel with the remote. An advert for 'glass repair' plays, with it's catchy jingle.

JINGLE SINGER

Auto-glass repair - Auto-glass
REPLACE!!

She sings along.

35 INT.BATHROOM.NEW DAY/MORNING 35

Elliot is sitting on the toilet. She reaches round to get some loo roll. But all the rolls are finished. A couple fall onto the floor as she reaches for them, toppling over each other.

36 INT.KITCHEN.MORNING 36

A post-it note on the fridge reads 'Your turn to do the shop'

Elliot ignores it, and opens a cupboard to get out the packet of Weetabix. She rolls her eyes - it's empty.

CUT TO:

37 INT.SUPERMARKET.DAY 37

Elliot stands, holding an empty basket, staring at something.

A huge display of Weetabix is spread over the cereal aisle. The garish colours illuminated under the strip light bulbs. But there's a problem. Every packet is now 'EXTRA CRUNCHY'. Elliot frowns, peering at the smaller lettering - 'New recipe - won't go soggy in the milk!'

Elliot bites her lip, and continues to stare at her dilemma.

A young supermarket worker is pushing a trolley up the aisle.

ELLIOT

'scuse me?

He stops.

ELLIOT

Do you have any regular ones of these?

WORKER

Regular?

ELLIOT

Yeah, like...have you got any normal ones? Like, not extra crunchy?

WORKER

(shaking his head)

Nah..Got some weed though.

Elliot just looks at him.

WORKER

I'll give you two for fifteen?

Beat.

She shrugs, and follows him down the aisle.

38 INT.BEDROOM.DAY

38

The lamp is on, even though a crack in the curtains tells us it's still light outside.

A baggie full of weed sits on the desk. Elliot is rooting around in a rucksack. She chucks it. Checks her desk drawers. Nothing. She looks at the baggie. Picks it up and smells it, her eyes closed - yum.

The front door slams. She jumps, opening her eyes. She fiddles with the bag, guilty.

We can hear Charlie talking to someone on the phone. Her eyes flicker over to an ornamental china reindeer on her windowsill. Wrapping paper still attached.

She thinks, and lifts the reindeer, sending dust into the air around it. She pulls the tattered paper off it, and puts the ugly thing back.

Using some of the old sellotape that's still attached, she wraps the baggie up to look like a present.

Her computer dings. Fiddling with the mouse, the screen comes to life, still on her Facebook page.

She has a message.

'Are you coming tonight? We are desperate to see you!! :) x'

Elliot reads it, pleased, if more than a bit surprised.

She clicks through to the event page - LAWRENCE'S ANNUAL
SUMMER BBQ - BRING CHICKEN OR BEER

She checks the date and time - it's tonight!

39 INT.BEDROOM.EVE

39

The baggie/present sits on the desk.

She's checking her hair and clothes in the mirror by the door. Satisfied, she switches off the light, and hurries out the door.

A couple of beats.

She rushes back in, and grabs the baggie.

40 EXT.GARDEN PARTY.EVE

40

People stand around in groups, drinking beer, eating, etc. A smokey barbeque is tended by a 'cook'.

Elliot steps slowly out of the open french doors, trying to spot a familiar face.

She sees the host - Lawrence(25-30), and heads over.

He's in the middle of a story when she reaches him, arms wide, his audience falling about laughing.

She hesitates, and then lightly taps him on the shoulder. He turns.

At first, he doesn't seem to recognize her at all. Then,

LAWRENCE

Elliot?!

ELLIOT

Hi Lawrence! I made it!

LAWRENCE

Wow!...erm..I haven't seen you for ages..

ELLIOT

Well yeah, busy busy busy! Ha!

LAWRENCE

Yeah..

He smiles.

Scratches his head.

ELLIOT
Well, it's nice to see you!

His friends are calling him, urging him to finish his story.

ELLIOT
And, I got your message so..

LAWRENCE
What?

ELLIOT
Your message? 'Desperate to see
you!'...

LAWRENCE
(turning back to group)
You mean the group message?

Elliot opens her mouth to respond, but then it dawns on her.
It wasn't a personal message - he'd sent it to everyone!

He's already continuing his story - his back to her. She
steps back, feeling a little foolish.

41 EXT.GARDEN PARTY.EVE

41

Elliot stands holding a paper plate with one hand, and
trying to eat a burger with the other. A slice of tomato
slips out and falls on the floor as she attempts to take a
bite.

CUT TO:

42 EXT.GARDEN PARTY.EVE

42

She stands by a group, smiling and laughing when
appropriate.

She lights a cigarette so as to have something to do with
her hands.

CUT TO:

43 EXT.GARDEN PARTY.EVE

43

People all around, Elliot stands alone looking up at the
sky. It's dark now, any stars up there are of course
cancelled out by London's light pollution. And yet..

As she looks away, stars begin to twinkle and come to life
above her.

CUT TO:

44 EXT.GARDEN PARTY.EVE

44

She stands alone in a corner, holding a can. She spots Lawrence through the window into the kitchen. He's talking to someone.

As Elliot watches, the person he's talking to turns and seems to look directly at her, laughing. She turns to avoid his gaze, and takes a long gulp of beer.

Lawrence is now approaching her.

LAWRENCE

Hey.

She turns back around. He's holding two cans of beer - offers her one. She drinks the last dregs of her own, and takes it.

ELLIOT

Thanks.

LAWRENCE

So. How've you been?

ELLIOT

Good, good. Busy. I mean, if I'm not working I've just got meetings all the time, and I've got so much to read..

LAWRENCE

Yeah? What you been working on?

ELLIOT

(doesn't miss a beat)
All sorts. Course nothing's come out yet, everything's in the post production phase..Don't worry, you'll see soon enough!

LAWRENCE

Yeah, sure.

Beat. They both sip their beer.

ELLIOT

So what about you?

LAWRENCE

Well, not as busy as you by the sounds of it! But yeah, pretty good. Been doing way more as a focus puller which is cool..I actually had to pass up on an amazing runner job the other day as I'm working..

He eyes her, thinking.

LAWRENCE

It's for a nature program, for the BBC?

ELLIOT

Oh yeah? I love those.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, out in Greenland. Small crew..It would be an amazing experience - for anyone! And to be honest, running's pretty easy!

She looks at him.

LAWRENCE

I mean I know you said..but you wouldn't, would you? Be interested?

ELLIOT

(laughing)

What?!

LAWRENCE

I mean, it's just - it's a once in a lifetime kind of opportunity! I'd do it if I could, but I've already signed my contract for the other job.

Elliot stares at him. She's mortified, but quickly covers it up.

ELLIOT

Er yeah...I'm kinda more used to being in front of the camera Lawrence! Haha!

LAWRENCE

I know, I know.. Just thought I should check..

ELLIOT

(still forcing laughter)

Think I'll stick to the day job thanks!

LAWRENCE

Yeah - no. Of course!

They sip their beer.

45 EXT.GARDEN PARTY.NIGHT

45

Fairy lights are on, hanging over the walls. Someone is ordering everyone into a circle with their chairs.

Elliot finds one, and pulls it over, closing a gap. A loud girl is explaining the game she wants them all to play.

LOUD GIRL

So, basically you aren't allowed to show your teeth - you have to cover them the whole time with your lips, like this,

She demonstrates.

LOUD GIRL

So I have to say my own name twice, then pick someone else's that's in the circle, and say theirs. Then they have to say mine, their own, and someone new - so the list of names gets longer - all without showing your teeth! Haha!

Elliot grimaces.

LOUD GIRL

So I'll start, ok?! Grace, Grace...Louis, Louis.

She pronounces it 'Oowie', with her teeth covered. 'Louis' continues the game.

46 EXT.GARDEN PARTY.NIGHT LATER

46

The game continues. Elliot slightly slumped in her chair - her name hasn't been called.

It's Lawrence's turn. He starts the list of names but breaks halfway through.

LAWRENCE

You know what this game is missing?
We need something to smoke!

Elliot looks up, remembering. She puts her hand into her left pocket.

She pulls out the baggie, pulling off the wrapping paper. Looks around the circle.

ELLIOT

(holding the bag up)
I brought some!

Some people seem to notice her for the first time.

LAWRENCE

Yes!

He leans forward, holding out his hand. She gets up, heads over, only hesitating for a fraction of a second before handing him the bag.

She sits back down.

The game now abandoned, people start chatting. Those on either side of Elliot are now both facing away from her, engaged in conversation.

Elliot sips from her can, but it's empty. She watches as Lawrence takes almost half(!) the bag's contents out and crumbles it into a long Rizla paper.

He lights it, and takes more than a few tokes before handing it to the person on his right.

HE POCKETS THE BAGGIE.

Elliot waits patiently for the spliff to slowly make it's way round the circle.

Finally, it's handed to her. She's barely taken her first drag when the girl next to her holds out her hand for it. Annoyed, Elliot takes another quick pull before handing it over.

She gets up and walks over to the cooler. There's one beer left. As she reaches for it, someone else grabs it, and pushes past her, almost as if she's invisible.

She wonders back over to her chair. Notices a guy finishing the spliff off, taking long drags, and holding it between grubby fingers, while he tells some pretentious story.

Her eyes fall back onto Lawrence, who appears to be preparing another spliff already.

He pulls the bag out. Elliot leans forward, tries to get his attention.

ELLIOT

Lawrence?

He's talking to someone else, and doesn't hear her. She watches his fingers dig into the bag - she can see he means to empty it completely.

ELLIOT

Hey? Lawrence?

Nothing.

ELLIOT

Wait a minute..

But he's not listening to her. Elliot jumps to her feet and over to him. She snatches the bag out of his hand.

ELLIOT

(louder than she
intended)

DON'T!!

The circle goes quiet. Lawrence stares up at her, then looks down at his hand. She's left a long, red scratch on it.

She regrets her actions instantly, and her cheeks flush a deep red. She has the bag grasped in her hand.

Everyone's staring up at her.

As she turns to leave, someone starts sniggering. She hurries towards the front door.

47 INT.BEDROOM/HOME.NIGHT 47

Elliot peeps out through the curtains into the next door's garden. Great. Another party going on.

She gets into bed, wrapping the duvet over her ears.

CUT TO:

48 INT.BEDROOM/HOME.NIGHT 48

Elliot is asleep. Cheesy music is thumping through from next door's party.

The lyrics to Puff Daddy's 'I'll be missing you' can just be heard.

A single star can be seen shining in the sky through the crack in the curtains.

49 INT.BEDROOM/HOME.MORN 49

A soft chomping sound. A crinkle of plastic.

Fat cat is gobbling something up off the floor.

Elliot's sleepy head emerges from under the duvet - it takes her a moment to focus. Then,

ELLIOT

Oi!

She jumps out of bed, and Fat Cat scrambles out of the room. Elliot bends and picks up the plastic baggie - it's now empty.

On her face - oh shit.

50 INT.KITCHEN.MORN 50

Sunlight hits Elliot's just-awake face, her eyes still pink, as she stares out into the garden.

51 EXT.GARDEN.CONT 51

Fat Cat is stumbling over the sandpit. He looks as if he's forgotten how his legs work.

52 INT.KITCHEN.CONT

52

Elliot watches him, curious.

The front door snaps shut.

Charlie enters the kitchen behind her. He's carrying shopping bags. He puts them on the table, and pointedly starts to unpack food, putting it away in the fridge and cupboards.

When he's finished, he looks at Elliot. She stands with her back to him, staring out into the garden.

He looks over at the sink, and sees her bowl still sitting in it. The remnants of food are becoming one with the china.

He starts to leave, but stops in the doorway.

CHARLIE

The gas and electric need topping
up.

Elliot's eyes narrow.

CUT TO:

53 EXT.GARDEN.CONT

53

Fat Cat is trying to catch something that's either invisible to the naked eye, or doesn't exist.

54 INT.KITCHEN.CONT

54

Elliot's eyes follow his every move.

Charlie speaks to her back.

CHARLIE

Elliot!

ELLIOT

(distracted)

What?

CHARLIE

Can you top up the gas and
electric?

ELLIOT

(sighs)

I don't have any..can't you do it?
You're going out anyway aren't ya?

CHARLIE

No. I can't.

ELLIOT

But-

CHARLIE

-I've got to go to Uni, then work-I
just did the shopping and it was
your turn-

ELLIOT

Ok, ok!

CHARLIE

Elliot?

She turns her head, finally looking at him.

CHARLIE

Please.

ELLIOT

Ok.

She tries a smile. Charlie nods, and leaves.

Elliot turns her attention back to Fat Cat.

CUT TO:

55 EXT.GARDEN.CONT 55

He's trying to eat his own tail.

56 INT.CUPBOARD/KITCHEN.CONT 56

The cupboard door swings open and light falls onto a gas and
electricity meter. The key is plugged in the side.

Elliot looks at the digital numbers displayed on the front.
At present, they read \$01.10. She shuts the door.

57 INT.BEDROOM.DAY 57

Elliot feeds bits of toast to Fat Cat, who's now laying on
his back on the carpet.

ELLIOT

There you go mate.

She spots the piece of paper with the three job listings,
lying face down nearby.

She sighs, and picks it up. Scans it.

CUT TO:

58 EXT.HIGH STREET.DAY 58

Outside a supermarket. A 'Vacancies Inside' sign, is swapped
with a 'Vacancies Filled' sign on the other side of a pane
of glass.

Elliot, who's just approached the window, smiles awkwardly as she catches the eye of the sign-changer. Steps back.

CUT TO:

59 EXT.MAIN ROAD.DAY

59

Elliot is ringing the bell on a solicitor company's door. No answer. She tries to look through a window. It seems deserted. She rings again, then tries knocking.

She looks for a letterbox - there doesn't seem to be one. She slides a piece of paper under the door, and walks away, checking behind her at the dark windows.

CUT TO:

60 EXT.SUPERMARKET CARPARK.DAY

60

A man, over 50, is pushing a line of trolleys through the carpark, wearing a high-vis jacket and a woolly hat, despite the warm weather.

CUT TO:

61 INT.SUPERMARKET.DAY

61

The automatic doors slide open, and Elliot walks in through them. Stops, and looks about. She approaches one of the tills, and speaks to the woman sitting on it. She is scanning through a customer's items.

ELLIOT

'scuse me?

She doesn't look up.

ELLIOT

Do you know where to hand in your CV?

Nothing.

ELLIOT

Or get a job application?

The woman shakes her head, still not looking up.

ELLIOT

How can you not know?

But she's not going to get an answer. She spots someone who looks like a manager, and heads towards him.

ELLIOT

'scuse me?

MANAGER
(turning)

Yes?

ELLIOT
Hi, can I give you my CV?

MANAGER
Oh, erm..that's not really my
area..

ELLIOT
Oh. Well, can you give it to
someone?

MANAGER
(hesitantly)
I guess so..

Elliot hands him her CV. He looks at it, like it's a foreign
object.

ELLIOT
Thanks!

He nods, and she walks towards the doors. The manager looks
around for somewhere to dump it.

62 INT.HALLWAY/HOME.NIGHT 62

Fat Cat is scratching at the closed door at the end of the
hallway. It remains closed, and he eventually gives up,
curling into a ball on the carpet.

63 INT.CUPBOARD.MORNING 63

The gas and electricity meter. On the small screen on the
front, the numbers now read \$00.10. As we watch, the digital
display switches to red letters, spelling EMERGENCY CREDIT.

64 INT.BEDROOM.MORNING. 64

The camera travels over stiff white peaks. Mountains, hills
and valleys of duvet.

CUT TO:

65 EXT.STREET.CONT 65

The P.O.V from outside Elliot's house to the end of the
road. A bus approaching it's stop at the end of the street.
Slowing, and stopping, to allow passengers to board.

A dishevelled Elliot busts out of the front door. She skids
to a halt seeing the bus now pulling off.

ELLIOT
Shit!

She watches it leave, clasping her head in her hands.

Something inside the house catches her eye.

Charlie's bike resting in the hallway.

She looks back at the bus, now disappearing round the corner. Back at the bike.

66 EXT.STREET/JOB CENTRE.DAY

66

Elliot comes round a bend riding Charlie's bike. She pulls over next to the railings outside, and clambers off.

A bike lock is hanging over the handlebars. She removes it, and locks the bike's wheels to the railings, before running inside the building.

CUT TO:

67 INT.JOB CENTRE.CONT

67

Elliot arrives in the grey office, trying to stifle her panting. She walks through past the desks, smoothing her hair down with a sweaty palm.

Michelle is sitting at her desk, typing. Elliot reaches her desk, and stands in front of her.

MICHELLE

(eyes still on her
computer screen)

You're late.

ELLIOT

I know, I'm sorr-

MICHELLE

That's your third strike. Your job
seeker's allowance has been frozen,
you will not receive any payments
until further notice-

ELLIOT

No, please-

MICHELLE

-if at all. If you refer to the JSA
agreement that you were given prior
to your first appointment -

ELLIOT

(fumbling in her pockets
for her booklet)

-wait, I have my booklet - I filled
it in - I tried-I applied for those
jobs-(she thrusts the booklet at
Michelle)look! Please look, I

(MORE)

ELLIOT (cont'd)
filled it out, I did - there's
three things in there - three!

Michelle doesn't take the booklet.

MICHELLE
You'll receive a letter by post.

ELLIOT
No, you don't understand, I need
that money - you can't!

Michelle's next client has arrived, and is sitting down in front of her. They ignore Elliot, and begin their meeting.

68 EXT.STREET/JOB CENTRE.DAY

68

Elliot slopes out of the doors.

She stops dead, staring at the place she left the bike.

The railings are empty, save for the bike lock, that's now
sawn in half.

On her reaction.

69 INT.KITCHEN/HOME.AFTERNOON

69

Charlie stands still in the middle of the kitchen. He is
staring at something that we do not see.

The sound of the front door opening, and closing. Slow
footsteps.

Elliot stops in the doorway when she sees Charlie in there,
his back to her.

ELLIOT
Hey..

He doesn't respond.

ELLIOT
Look, Charlie..something happened,
and - it wasn't my fault, ok? God,
I've had the shittiest day.

Beat.

ELLIOT
I erm..well, I missed my alarm this
morning, and I was running late for
my appointment. I missed the bus
too...so I kinda borrowed your bike
- I didn't have a choice really -
but..it...I locked it up, I swear,
but when I came outside they'd sawn
(MORE)

ELLIOT (cont'd)
 through the lock somehow, and
 nicked it. It wasn't my fault, I
 swear!

Charlie keeps staring.

CHARLIE
 Gas and electric?

Elliot grimaces.

ELLIOT
 Erm...no..

Silence.

ELLIOT
 It's not my fault, you should have
 -

CHARLIE
 -were you just going to leave it
 there?

ELLIOT
 What?

CHARLIE
 Were you just going to leave it?

ELLIOT
 Leave what?!

She follows his gaze. Sitting in the sink - her dirty bowl.
 The pasta sauce now black.

ELLIOT
 The bowl?

He doesn't answer.

ELLIOT
 What? You want me to clean the
 bowl?! It's really not that big a
 deal -

She takes a closer look.

ELLIOT
 Is it even mine?

Charlie grabs it out of the sink and swings round, hurling
 the bowl at Elliot. It smashes against the wall beside her
 head.

CHARLIE
 (screaming)
 FUCK OFF!!

70 INT.BEDROOM.EVE

70

Elliot sits still on the edge of her bed, her head bowed.

Shots of her bedroom. We notice what a mess it is. The old posters still stuck all over the walls. Piles of dirty washing on the floor. Glasses, cups and bowls collecting dust. Her old duvet emblazoned with some sort of kid's cartoon characters.

We can hear Charlie's music being played at full blast from elsewhere in the house.

And then - the room is plunged into darkness as all the lights go out - the music stops, the standby lights on her computer and T.V disappear.

Guess the emergency credit finally ran out.

CUT TO:

71 INT.HOUSE.EVE

71

Dark. The sound of heavy rain hitting the ground outside. A door opens, and we see out into the street.

A soaking wet Elliot is standing on the doorstep.

72 EXT.GREENLAND CLIFFS/SEA.DAY

72

Icy cliffs loom above us. A choppy sea smacks against the bottom.

The cliffs seem to groan. They creak. A huge chunk of ice near the top moves, breaking away, and becoming separate.

It slips, and starts to fall down the face of the cliff, pulling more ice with it.

With an almighty crash, it smashes into the sea beneath it, sending giant waves into the air, before falling back down again around the new iceberg.

73 EXT.GREENLAND.DAY

73

A plane sweeps silently over the white mountains and plains of ice. It moves in and out of wisps of cloud.

It's shadow glides over the snow.

74 INT.HOTEL MEETING ROOM/GREENLAND.EVE

74

Close up on a map of Greenland's ice sheet. Pins stuck on various locations. All settlements - towns etc, are along the coast. Nothing but ice in the middle.

Photographs of arctic foxes are pinned to the board beside the map.

A small group of men, (30's to 40's) stand together talking. We get the sense that they've worked together before.

A door opens, and Elliot's head peeks in. After deciding this must be the right place, she shuffles through the door. Her hood is up, over a hat. She's wearing every piece of extreme weather gear you can imagine. All at the same time. It makes it slightly hard to walk.

The crew members don't look up. Elliot stands awkwardly to one side.

The door opens again. Theo (40's, weather worn, producer) enters. The chatter stops immediately. The crew members stare at him.

Another man (Aluki, 30's) comes in behind him. The momentary tension is broken.

ALUKI

Good evening everyone!

The crew respond, Elliot mumbles a 'good evening'.

ALUKI

Welcome to Greenland! My name's Aluki, and I'm here to go over Health and Safety..

CUT TO:

- | | | |
|----|--|----|
| 75 | EXT.GREENLAND ICE SHEET.DAY | 75 |
| | Over-head shots. Below, sleds pulled by huskies, glide over the ice. We can spot the crew members, some steering, some sat on front, including Elliot. | |
| | They speed along, deeper and deeper into the frozen desert. | |
| 76 | EXT.GREENLAND ICE SHEET.CONT | 76 |
| | The sleds pass by a deep ravine, with crystal clear water running through it back in the direction they came. | |
| | Elliot watches the water flow. | |
| 77 | EXT.ICE SHEET.CONT | 77 |
| | Ice capped mountains loom in the distance. The sky is blue, not a cloud in sight. | |
| | The sleds speed away from camera, leaving us behind in a residue of snow. | |
| 78 | EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY | 78 |
| | The sleds and huskies are to one side. A camera has been set up. | |

The sound technician has a boom, resting on the ground, the camera man stands with a focus puller behind the camera, etc.

Theo stands to one side, keeping out of people's way.

Elliot has the task of unloading other equipment from the sleds. She gets as close as she dares to the huskies panting nearby, but scuttles back as soon as possible to a safer distance, with each item.

79 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

79

The crew is silent. They stand together as a group, separate from Theo and Elliot.

Elliot looks over to Theo, trying to make some sort of contact. She smiles when he looks her way. He looks at her briefly, and turns away again.

One of the huskies yawns. Elliot jumps, and shuffles further away from them.

80 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

80

Some sit, some pace. Still waiting.

Elliot is leaning against a mound of snow, looking at a call sheet - the risk assessment page.

Suddenly, a breeze whips the paper, and she almost loses it. A smaller piece of equipment goes whizzing across the ice, and everyone looks up.

The breeze disappears as quickly as it arrived, and everyone goes back to whatever they were doing.

81 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

81

Theo sits awkwardly on the ice. He's trying to get a walkie-talkie to work. Random noises and fuzzy sounds come in and out. He thumps it, and turns the dial on top.

He looks over at the crew.

THEO

Michael?

Michael (the D.O.P of the crew) is midway through a conversation. He pauses, on hearing his name, and turns his head slowly to look at Theo.

THEO

You couldn't help me with this thing, could you?

Michael approaches, and stands over Theo.

He holds out a hand. Theo hands him the radio.

Michael presses a button. The fuzzy noises stop. He speaks into it;

MICHAEL
Radio check..

ALUKI
(through radio)
Good check.

He hands the radio back to an embarrassed Theo.

MICHAEL
Glad to be back in your capable hands.

He walks off.

82 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

82

Another camera has been set up further away. The second cameraman stands behind it, bored.

Theo stands, peering through a pair of binoculars.

Elliot approaches him.

ELLIOT
Erm, Theo?

He doesn't lower the binoculars.

ELLIOT
Where do we go if we need to...you know?

THEO
Ten-one?

ELLIOT
Er..(whispering) pee!

He lowers them, and gives her a withering look. He nods in the direction of a crew member, who has his back to them, legs apart, pissing onto the ground.

ELLIOT
Oh.

Elliot looks about - not much privacy.

Behind her, one of the huskies ears prick up - he sits up, alert, sniffing. Another husky stands, his nose pointing into the air, ears up.

83 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

83

The crew are about fifty meters behind Elliot, as she looks about. She spots a mound of ice, and ducks down behind it.

We see her head bobbing as she struggles to get her trousers down, wincing at the cold. She's mid flow when she hears barking.

Suddenly, it sounds as if every husky has joined in. Then she hears shouts.

Elliot peers over the mound at the crew. Michael seems to be arguing with Theo, who is also talking into the radio. The huskies are all on their feet now, barking in the same direction.

She turns away again, the crew out of sight. When she's done, she stands, pulling her trousers back up. She struggles to secure them with her thick gloves still on.

A sled comes whizzing up from behind, the sound technician driving, and goes straight past her, back in the direction they arrived from.

ELLIOT

What the fuck?

She turns to look back. The second camera man is running back to the rest of the crew. They're all setting up their sleds!

All except Theo. Elliot heads back, quickly. As she watches, the second camera man slips, and falls hard.

The cracking can be heard from where Elliot is, and she winces at the sound, steadying her own pace.

The camera man yells out in pain, clutching at his leg. Michael and another crew member, go over to help him.

They're lifting him onto one of their sleds when Elliot finally arrives.

The huskies are still barking. Theo is half yelling, half pleading with them.

THEO

We cannot leave it all behind! We
have to pack it up!

A voice can be heard through the radio, clutched in his hand.

ALUKI

(through radio)

Please confirm your current status,
OVER.

Theo ignores him.

THEO
 (to Michael)
 We're not even sure if it will pass
 in this direction!

MICHAEL
 I'm not going to take that risk! I
 will not put my crew in danger!

THEO
 It's MY crew, Michael!

ELLIOT
 What's going on?

Michael helps secure the second camera man onto the front of his sled. The rest of the crew are ready to leave.

ALUKI
 (through radio)
 Please confirm your current status.
 Storm will pass over location
 co-ordinates. Repeat. WILL pass
 over current co-ordinates.OVER.

ELLIOT
 Storm?!

Michael grabs the radio.

MICHAEL
 (into radio)
 Crew are en route to base.

He chucks it back at Theo, who nearly drops it.

The sleds leave. There's two left, and a whole lot of equipment too.

ELLIOT
 Storm?!

Theo is hurriedly trying to pack up the equipment onto the sleds.

THEO
 Go and get that camera.

Elliot looks over at the second camera. It seems an age away.

ELLIOT
 Really?!

THEO
 (shouting)
 GO AND GET IT!

Elliot looks at the camera, and the huskies still barking, and back at the camera.

She heads off to get it, quickly as she dares on the ice.

84 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

84

Elliot walks slowly, holding the camera, it's legs still attached. It's heavy, and she struggles to walk.

She finally reaches Theo, and the sleds.

The huskies are barking and whining, pulling at their straps.

Theo begins to dismantle the camera. Elliot looks up at the clear sky.

ELLIOT

So, when he said storm...

Theo looks at her, then turns away again.

THEO

Snow storm.

ELLIOT

Ah.

Theo quickens his pace.

Elliot looks about, as the huskies barking becomes more manic. They're jumping over each other, desperate to leave.

Finally, Theo is finished.

THEO

Right - you're going to have to take this sled.

She stares at him in disbelief.

ELLIOT

What?!

THEO

Two people - two sleds.

ELLIOT

Are you joking?!

THEO

Of course not. There's no time for jokes! Come on, quickly!

He begins to manhandle her over to the second sled.

ELLIOT

But - but I can't! I CAN'T!!

THEO
 (half convincing himself)
 It's fine, it'll be fine. I'll be
 leading, the dogs know what they're
 doing. All you need to do is hold
 on.

He pushes her so she's standing on the sled.

ELLIOT
 No! Can't I come on yours? Can't we
 leave this one here?!

THEO
 (shouting suddenly)
 NO!

It's one of those deep, scary man shouts that makes your
 insides jump and squeeze. Elliot freezes.

Theo takes each of her hands and folds them around the bars
 so she's holding on. Then takes the reigns attached to the
 huskies, and tightens them. The dogs all get into formation,
 ready to go.

ELLIOT
 Please? Please don't make me do
 this! I can't do it, I can't!

He wraps the reigns around the bar, then without looking
 back up at her, hurries over to the other sled. He hauls the
 reigns up, and his huskies stand, waiting to go. He whips up
 the reigns, and they leap into action.

ELLIOT
 Fuck.

Elliot's huskies follow suit, jolting her so she has to
 cling on. They're off.

85 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

85

The sleds whizz over the ice. Theo's eyes are narrowed,
 concentrating. Behind him, Elliot is swaying with each
 movement of the sled, bobbing away in the background.

He turns to look back at her. Double takes.

Elliot is using all her effort to just stay on the sled. She
 doesn't notice that a wall of snow, a hundred meters wide
 and high has suddenly appeared behind her, blanking out the
 sun.

Theo snaps his head back around. Shit.

The storm is starting to lick at Elliot's heels, as her sled
 sways and slides, following Theo's as though tied together
 with string.

We watch as the snow silently swallows the two of them whole.

86 EXT.IN THE STORM.CONT

86

The roar of the snow and wind combined is deafening.

Elliot's eyes are screwed up, she blinks furiously, trying to see through the storm. She opens her mouth to yell and it fills with snow, she chokes and coughs.

The tops of the huskies heads can just be seen, rising and dropping as they run.

A dark shape up ahead tells us Theo is still in front.

The sled hits something and jerks, the left side coming up and slamming back down. Elliot loses grip with her left hand and almost loses balance. She manages to grab a hold again. A noise - sounded like a shout - comes from Theo's direction.

Elliot tries to yell back, but the wind and snow steal her voice away.

Another shout, urgent.

Elliot's sled begins to shudder, making her teeth clatter. They're hurtling over rough ground, and she's only just managing to cling on.

And then, on her left, a figure in the storm. A silhouette, standing still.

Elliot's mouth opens, her head turns as she keep her eyes on it, and the sled hits something on the ground.

It all happens in under a second. The sled jolts up off the ground, Elliot's hands slip and grab at thin air. She turns to see, in slow motion, the dogs leaping into the grey matter, pulling the sled without her on it, plunging further into the storm away from her. She is hurtling in the opposite direction, legs going over her head as she summersault's backwards.

WHITEOUT.

87 EXT.SOMEWHERE ON THE ICE SHEET.DAY

87

A hole in the ice leads to the water beneath. Sitting on the surface beside it is a baby seal, still covered in it's early white fur. It's looking into the hole, waiting. It looks up and around. Alone.

88 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

88

The storm has passed.

Elliot sits up, suddenly into frame. She's dazed, just coming around. She touches the back of her head tenderly, wincing.

She looks about. There's nothing. Nothing to see except an endless white ground, and an empty blue sky.

ELLIOT

Theo?

She gets to her feet.

ELLIOT

HELLO?! THEO?! SOMEONE??

Nothing.

ELLIOT

Oh my God...Oh my God..Fuck!!

She turns and paces.

ELLIOT

What the fuck?! Oh fuck!

She looks in every direction. They all look the same.

At a loss, she slowly sits, pulling her knees up to her chest for warmth.

She begins to wait.

89 EXT.ICE SHEET.LATER

89

Elliot still sits in the same spot, shivering. The sun is now on the other side of the sky. The horizon is turning pink. She gets to her feet.

ELLIOT

(as loud as she can)

HELLOOOOOO!!!!!!

Inevitable silence. She's too cold. Her shivering uncontrollable.

She begins to walk.

90 EXT.ICE SHEET.LATER

90

Walking. Elliot spots something ahead.

Something red, poking out of the ground. She rushes over, it's half buried beneath soft snow. She pulls it out - it's a rucksack. We recognize it as one of several, that were in the pile of stuff Elliot had been in charge of unloading from the sleds earlier on. She opens it, and pulls out a small tent. Pegs for securing in to the ground are also in there.

She checks the front pocket of the bag. Pulls out a small laminated piece of card. On it are a couple of phone numbers, and some co-ordinates. She stares at the numbers, then drops the bag, excited - of course! She rummages in her pocket. Her other pocket. Her excitement turning to dread, she pats herself all over, searching every pocket on every item of clothing. Nothing.

CUT TO:

91 INT.ELLIOT'S HOTEL ROOM.CONT 91

A hotel room. A bed, a wheelie case. A purse on a table, along with sweet wrappers and some receipts. Elliot's phone on the bedside table.

A huge crashing sound.. The camera does a 180, looking out through the windows. Cliffs outside, ice crumbling into the sea, the cause of the noise.

CUT TO:

92 EXT.ICE SHEET.CONT 92

Elliot shuts her eyes, groaning.

She bends and picks the bag back up, zipping it shut. She swings it onto her shoulders, and continues to walk.

93 EXT.ICE SHEET.NIGHT 93

Elliot sits, legs pulled up to her chest. It's dark - too dark to walk.

Above her, an incredible sky filled with every star, galaxy and milky way.

She stares at rucksack by her feet. Takes out the tent and the pegs.

94 EXT.ICE SHEET.MORN 94

The red tent flaps in a gentle breeze, alone on the ice. Silence.

95 INT.TENT.CONT 95

Elliot sleeps, curled up in the fetus position.

Suddenly, the sides of the tent collapse in on her. They ping back out, then batter to and fro. Elliot wakes with a start, the tent billowing around her, the floor coming up too. She struggles out of the material, and falls onto the ground outside.

The wind blows her hood up, and pulls at the tent. It's coming loose from the pegs that are just keeping it attached to the ground. Elliot fights to pull her hood down, just in time to see the tent being lifted into the air, only

attached to one peg now. She leaps towards it but as she does, it becomes completely unattached, and flies up and out of reach. Elliot can do nothing but watch as it gets higher and higher, until it's no more than a fleck of red in the sky.

ELLIOT

Shit.

She watches it disappear.

96 EXT.ICE SHEET.MORN

96

Elliot walks over the serene landscape. No hint of the bad weather from the day before.

The snow sparkles in the sunlight.

Her blue coat stands out in the sea of white.

We see her breath hitting the cold air.

97 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

97

Soft thuds as Elliot's boots hit the ground, one after the other. Her cheeks are flushed pink, warm with walking. She fidgets, uncomfortable, then stops. She checks all around her, but sees nothing. She's standing in the middle of a flat plain - nowhere to hide. Fuck it.

She unzips her trousers and pulls them around her knees. She squats.

As the steady stream of piss hits the floor, Elliot can't help but grin, baring her whole arse to the world.

She wiggles, stands, and pulls her trousers back up. Inspects the snow. She thinks, then scrapes the snow up with a foot to cover her mess.

Something in the distance catches her eye. She squints - it's glistening. She starts to head towards it.

98 EXT.ICE SHEET.CONT

98

It's a pool of water. Smaller than a lake, bigger than a pond. It's surface is dark and still.

Elliot kneels down beside it, removing a glove(puts it in her pocket). She scoops water into her mouth. She hadn't realised how thirsty she was - she scoops more in, wincing at how cold it is.

Top shot. The pool from above. The surface ripples slightly. Movement, way below. A shape, getting bigger, clearer. It's white. It's swimming up towards us.

A giant polar bear busts out of the water with huge momentum, sending water in all directions, it's mouth open

wide.

Elliot's legs buckle beneath her. She struggles desperately to get to her feet, her face drained of colour.

Finally she stands and begins to run. Her feet slap the ground, as she sprints for her life. She doesn't dare look back. She keeps on running, running but up ahead - something is wrong.

Something is coming up over the mountains in the not-so-distant distance.

It's another snow storm, a hundred times the size of the one the previous day. It's enveloping the mountain like a giant duvet, and is now descending the face of it, towards the ground. It's coming right at us.

Elliot freezes on the spot. She looks back over her shoulder in the direction of the pool, and the polar bear, then back at the storm hurtling towards her. Tries to think. Can't. She spins around, looking for something - anything! She spots a mound of ice sticking out of the ground over to the left. It's the only thing close to shelter - she starts to run towards it. The storm is rushing over the ground, picking up more snow to add to it's already enormous bulk. The sky is turning grey, the storm engulfing that too.

Elliot runs, the storm getting closer and closer. She's just meters away from the mound - now feet, but the storm is coming up on her right hand side.

She's a foot away when it hits. It launches her into the air, before slamming her back down to the ground. Barely a second to breath before she's being dragged over the ice. She tries to grab a hold of something, but there's nothing - she's being pulled around like a rag doll, and there's nothing she can do.

The storm is battering her from every side. She can't breath. She can't see. She gasps-trying desperately to fill her lungs.

CUT TO:

99 INT.HOTEL ROOM.DAY

99

Silence.

Theo sits in an armchair in his room. A battle raging inside his head.

CUT TO:

100 EXT.ICE SHEET.CONT

100

Elliot battles with the storm around her.

CUT TO:

- 101 INT.HOTEL ROOM.CONT 101
Theo thinks, his eyes darting around the room.
Stays put.
- CUT TO:
- 102 EXT.ICE SHEET.CONT 102
Elliot being buffeted this way and that, the storm only getting worse.
We smash into -
- 103 INT.HOME/BEDROOM.FLASHBACK 103
Golden light pours in through the windows above a double bed.
It catches on something gold - a necklace, lying on a woman's chest. A chubby little hand plays with it - the hand belongs to us. The chest rises and falls, gently.
A distinctive blanket lies on the bed.
From our angle we can just see the corner of a wardrobe, a satin dressing gown hung over it, out of focus.
- 104 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 104
The storm has passed. Everything is still.
- 105 INT.ICE SHEET.CONT 105
It's dark. EC/U of Elliot's face. Eyes darting around, confused, maybe even concussed. Her left eyebrow is cut open, bleeding. Snow is stuck all over her face.
Stuck. Cannot move her head.
- 106 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 106
The ground looks untouched.
You'd never know there was a girl trapped underneath.
- 107 INT.UNDER THE ICE.CONT 107
The realisation of where she is. She starts to panic, unable to move, pinned down by the snow packed in tight around her.
She tries to move her legs - nothing. Her arms - nothing.
She can't breath.
She can barely move a finger. The veins in her face are protruding, as she pushes with all her strength. She struggles, her face turning purple with the effort.

Suddenly, her foot gets a break, she kicks out, finally getting a little space.

She tries to ration her breathing. There's no air left.

Now her other leg - she wriggles, a break in the snow causes light to fall in, and she goes for it. She thrashes, and the snow around her starts to give. More snow falls in around her, but it's softer, easier to move.

108 EXT.ICE SHEET.CONT

108

Cracks appear in the ground, growing and spreading.

Finally Elliot bursts out, gasping for breath. She falls over onto her front, and the panic attack that she had just managed to hold back consumes her. She grasps at her chest, and it sounds as if she is breathing through a straw. We can hear the blood pumping in her ears.

Her whole body trembles.

She pulls her coat open and away from her chest, and slumps down.

109 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

109

Slowly, her breathing starts to return to normal. In through her nose, and out through her mouth. She repeats this, until she feels better.

She struggles to her feet, scanning her surroundings. Nothing to be seen. Safe - for now.

She fingers the cut over her eyebrow. Sticks her glove back on. Then she notices - her left boot is missing.

It must have come off during the storm. She digs under where she was trapped - but it's not there. She looks up at the endless miles of snow around her. Digs. Further. Digs.

POV: Something, or someone, watches Elliot search the snow.

Elliot sits up suddenly, sensing something. She looks around.

There's still nothing to be seen. She goes back to searching.

POV: Still watching Elliot. She's digging on her hands and knees. She stops again, looking for whatever it is causing the hairs on the back of her neck to stand up.

Slowly, she gets to her feet, peering desperately around her. Her breath shallowing, and the search for her boot seeming impossible, she starts to slowly back away from the area. She turns, and gets the hell out of there.

- 110 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 110
- Elliot limps, trying to put as little weight on the foot with the missing boot as possible.
- She follows a trail that eventually twists round a huge mound of ice.
- As we lose her behind it we;
- CUT TO:
- 111 INT.HOME/HALLWAY/KITCHEN.FLASHBACK 111
- Music playing from the radio. We walk round from the stairs, turning towards the kitchen. As we walk towards the door, we hear a women humming along to the song that plays.
- CUT TO:
- 112 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 112
- Elliot walks further round the mound. We follow her.
- CUT TO:
- 113 INT.HOME/HALLWAY/KITCHEN.FLASHBACK 113
- We're entering the kitchen. Our vantage point is low - we are the height of a child.
- Half hidden behind the fridge, we see a glimpse of the woman humming. She faces away from us, chopping up ingredients.
- Her voice is sweet, relaxed.
- We edge closer to her. She doesn't turn. All we see is her back.
- CUT TO:
- 114 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 114
- Elliot finally comes around the mound, and finds herself back out in the open. She stops. Looks around. Listens for any noise.
- She looks down at her foot with the missing boot. Looks behind her. Decides to keep going forward.
- 115 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 115
- She walks over a large plain. Keeps checking behind her.
- 116 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 116
- Her hood now pulled down, Elliot tries to go carefully on her exposed foot.

She checks behind her every now and again, but the threat seems to have disappeared.

117 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 117

Wincing, Elliot slows to a stop. Looks around. Maybe she was imagining things before.

She sits, and holds her foot in her hands, trying to warm it.

Lets out a long sigh.

118 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 118

Scraping the ground with her boot, Elliot carves out giant letters into the snow.

H E L P

She stands back to view her efforts. Not bad.

From a top shot, the word is invisible. White letters on a white ground.

Elliot sits beside the 'H', none the wiser.

119 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 119

She is rocking slightly, sat in the same place. She hums a tune to fill the silence. We recognize the 'Auto-glass Repair' jingle from the advert.

She peers up at the sky. No sign of anything yet.

120 EXT.ICE SHEET.LATER 120

Same spot. Elliot's rocking has gotten a little more vigorous.

ELLIOT
(singing out loud)
Auto-glass repair - auto-glass
replace!

121 EXT.ICE SHEET.LATER 121

ELLIOT
(singing)
AUTO-GLASS REPAIR-AUTO-GLASS
REPLACE!

She shakes her head, trying to get the words out of her brain.

122 EXT.ICE SHEET.LATER 122

Elliot has her hands over her ears.

ELLIOT
 (shouting)
 BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH!

She takes her hands down. Immediately falls back into mumbling the jingle.

Over and over.

ELLIOT
 Right, fuck this!

Unable to take it for a second longer, she leaps to her feet, and stomps off.

123 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

123

Elliot stomps along, over open ground.

She seems to have forgotten about her missing boot.

Her arms swing by her sides, her hands curled into fists, as she walks determinedly, not caring where she's going, just needing to go somewhere.

After a while, she blinks. Takes in her surroundings.

The ground is no longer smooth snow, but lumpy mounds. Almost like icy molehills.

She slows down, only now noticing the difference.

A mist hangs in the air, and before she knows it, Elliot has walked right into it.

124 EXT.ICE SHEET/MIST.DAY

124

The sun barely peeps through. Her legs jut out below as she walks, only just visible. She turns on the spot. She can't see where the mist begins or ends.

She tries to retrace her steps back out, but the mist hangs in every direction. It's disorienting.

She could kick herself. Why wasn't she paying attention to where she was going?!

She lifts her hands up in front of her, and follows them, gingerly taking each step.

Movement - she spins on the spot as something dashes through the mist behind her. There's nothing to see. She breathes, her heart starting to pump a little faster. She turns back around, and carries on walking.

This time, the movement comes on the left. Something running - a shadow, low to the ground. A flash, and it disappears

again. Elliot gasps, jumping out of her skin. She peers into the mist, but can't see a thing. She starts to speed up.

A flash on the right.

She breaks into a jog, running blindly.

We can hear panting, and not just Elliot's. Hear something running, soft thuds on the icy ground, getting quicker - the fog too thick to see through.

Faster and faster, Elliot runs. The flash of movement comes behind her, she can't see where she's going, and she trips.

She lands hard, face down. Scrunches herself into a ball, her hands over her head, waiting. Her eyes screwed shut, she steels herself, wanting whatever it is to get whatever it wants over and done with.

But nothing comes.

Slowly, she uncovers her head, and peeks out. The mist is still dense, but there seems to be nothing around. No sudden flashes of movement, no panting, no footsteps. Utter silence.

She uncurls, and looks up. Stares.

Someone is standing up ahead.

Her breath catches in her chest.

She lies there, staring. Not moving.

The figure is stock still. A dark silhouette, only yards away.

Elliot finds her feet.

She takes a tentative step forward.

ELLIOT

Hello?

The figure doesn't move.

The mist is becoming thinner.

Elliot's eyes are full of tears.

ELLIOT

(quieter)

Hello?

She sniffs hard. Gathers herself.

Then storms towards the figure.

She's getting closer and closer but then - she's out the mist. She stops dead. Turns. She's walked right out of it. It hangs in the air behind her. She stares into it, but can see nothing.

She stands alone, confused. Wipes her eyes.

ELLIOT
(wincing)
Agghh!!

A sudden pain in her left foot causes her to bend over and grab it. She stumbles around before sitting, holding it, trying to warm it in her gloved hands.

She tries swapping the boot from her right foot, but it doesn't work.

She notices the amount of snow on her coat, turning it from blue to white. Starts to brush it off.

She stands, taking her coat off. She flaps it hard, to get the excess off. Something comes flying out of one of the pockets, and lands a couple of meters away.

It's a breakfast bar. The shiny wrapper glints in the sunlight. Elliot stares at it. How did she miss that?!

She stumbles over to it, falls on it, tearing it open and stuffing it into her mouth. Her eyes shut as she chews, enjoying it. She goes to take another bite, but then stops herself. Thinks. She wraps the rest up and pockets it. Looks around her. Back at the mist, still hanging there. She turns away from it. Looks ahead. Spots a mountain, smaller hills around it, that's not too far away.

125 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

125

Elliot climbs up the hill towards us. It's tough work.

She grabs a hold here and there, pulling herself up. She slips, but keeps going, using both her hands and feet.

When she gets high enough she stops and gets her breath back.

She can see much further from this vantage point. She scans the horizon, her hand shielding her eyes from the sun.

She searches the landscape for any clue of where she is.

But it looks the same in every direction. Endless white snow, and nothing else. The mist has completely disappeared. Elliot frowns, utterly confused. Scans every inch. But there's nothing to see.

She shakes her head, and sighs. Her efforts pointless.

She starts to make her way back down the hill, the descent particularly ungraceful.

126 EXT.ICE SHEET.DUSK

126

The sky is turning pink. Elliot's face is half in shadow. She cups her mouth and yells.

ELLIOT
HELLO?!

Silence.

ELLIOT
(LOUDER)
HELLOOOOOOO??!!

This time, a loud howl answers her.

Her eyes widen, and she quickly hobbles away.

127 EXT.ICE SHEET.NIGHT

127

It's dark.

Elliot is on her hands and knees, digging. She's already made quite a hole. She lies down in it, testing it out for size. Not big enough.

She digs the hole deeper, leaning in. She scrapes the snow and ice away, chucking it behind her as she does. She's in a rhythm. If she can concentrate on this task, she can forget everything else, just for a moment.

Scrape, chuck, scrape, chuck, scrape, A FACE.

Elliot leaps backwards, landing on her back.

The moonlight bounces off a pair of human eyes, and into her own. The skin is dark against the snow, there is a hint of curly hair just peaking out from where he's buried. Elliot gasps for breath, stumbling backwards and away from him.

Mini stalactites hang from his beard, his mouth open, eyes frozen wide.

Elliot tries to tear her eyes away from him, but whichever way she turns, his eyes seem to follow her. On her hands and knees, she buries her face in her hands, shaking her head. She looks up. The night is pitch black. A wall of darkness surrounds her. There is nowhere to go.

She forces herself to look back over at him. She can't take it.

She hurries over, and covers the face back up with the snow. She pats it firmly into place, making sure he's completely covered. She is shaking uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

128 INT.HOTEL/HOTEL ROOM.NIGHT

128

Theo is pinned against the door of his hotel room, trying desperately to keep it shut. Someone is trying to force it open. Theo is no match for Michael, who bursts through, slamming it shut behind him.

Theo backs away from the advancing Michael, who stops when he gets to the middle of the room.

MICHAEL

I knew it. I fucking knew it.

His anger is palpable, hatred etched all over his face. He leans towards Theo, who is trying to hold his own.

MICHAEL

Well. Here we are again.

Theo can barely meet his eyes.

THEO

Look, not now Michael, OK?

MICHAEL

Have you told them?

Theo is silent.

MICHAEL

Jesus fuck!

Theo flinches.

THEO

There are other factors that -

MICHAEL

No! No, I don't give a fuck about your factors, they're yours! Ok? They're your problem. I knew it! I fucking told them! I was right, I knew I was right.

Theo grasps his head in his hands.

THEO

Agggghhh!! Fuck!!

MICHAEL

What are you going to do about it? What are you going to do?!

Theo, tears in his eyes, sinks into a chair. He shakes his head. His phone has been grasped in his hand the whole time.

It starts to ring. He ignores it. Michael stares down at him.

He leaves, slamming the door again.

Theo sits with his head in his hands, his phone ringing and ringing.

129 EXT.ICE SHEET.NIGHT

129

Elliot backs away from the hole. She limps, trips and runs. The stars above her swirl and become distorted.

She spins, getting lost and confused. Which direction was the hole?

The sky and the ground meet in the distance. Two stars, bright and furious seem to be at eye-level. They become eyes, and the speckles around them become the rest of the face. Elliot screams, covers her face and turns. She runs away.

130 EXT.ICE SHEET.NIGHT

130

Elliot stumbles around, her arms wrapped round herself.

She stops, looks around at the impenetrable darkness. She looks down. Sees the hole.

She's back where she was.

She slumps down, pulling her knees up to her chest.

Closes her eyes, and tries to calm herself down. Breathes in through her nose, out through her mouth.

She looks up, at the sky filled with millions of stars.

CUT TO:

131 INT.ELLIOT'S BEDROOM.FLASHBACK

131

Elliot, seven or eight years old, is using her bed as a trampoline. Fat Cat is clinging onto the sheets for dear life.

She clutches an empty plastic packet in her hand.

MUM O/S

Ready?

Elliot jumps and lands on her back, nods. The bedroom light is switched off. Elliot's face lights up. We see what she's looking at.

On the ceiling, the glow in the dark stars are lit up, brighter than we've ever seen them. There's so many more - hundreds of them, barely any ceiling space left.

YOUNG ELLIOT

WOW!!

She grins at her mum, who chuckles, O/S.

YOUNG ELLIOT

Thank you mummy!

MUM O/S

You're welcome sweetheart.

CUT TO:

132 EXT.ICE SHEET.NIGHT

132

Elliot, staring up at the sky above her. Trying not to cry.

She tucks her head into her chest, and squeezes her eyes shut.

One by one, the stars above her go out, until it's pitch-black.

We stay in the darkness for a moment. Or two.

133 EXT.ICE SHEET.MORN

133

Elliot sits in the same spot, rubbing her left foot. She hasn't slept. Her eyes are red. The cut on her eyebrow has congealed. Her lips are chapped, and look sore. Her skin is sunburnt.

She's staring at the hole.

She gets up and walks over to it. Bends. Scrapes away the snow to uncover the face. Sits back on her legs, taking a deep breath.

He's less scary in the daylight. She studies his face.

She uncovers the rest of him. He looks like he's in his mid-thirties. Was.

He's wearing professional cold weather gear. She looks in his pockets. Nothing in the first. In the second, a pair of sunglasses. She snaps them open, and slides them onto his face, covering up his eyes.

In the third, his wallet. She pulls out various cards, a U.K driving licence. His name and address on the back. London postcode. From the back section, she pulls out a small folded piece of paper.

Opens it up. It's a baby scan. A grainy black and white image of a fetus.

Elliot sits, studying it. Taking it in, her back to him. The date on it tells us it was only taken several months before.

Breathing. Coming from behind her. Elliot jumps to her feet and spins around.

Standing just a few yards away, is a husky. It has a harness on, with a lead attached and dragging along the floor. It must have come loose off one of the sleds during the first storm.

Elliot is rooted to the spot. The dog's eyes are firmly on her, it's fangs protruding from it's mouth. The frozen man lies between them.

Elliot can't move, her eyes wide with fear. The husky takes a step towards her. It's limping slightly. Another step. It's level with the frozen man. Ever so slowly, it takes it's eyes off her, and studies him instead. Sniffs. Gets closer to his head, sniffing all the time.

It bends it's head so that it's almost touching his face. Then, it's tongue is out - a flash of teeth.

Elliot can't bear it, she jumps forward.

ELLIOT

No!

The husky, startled, jumps back and growls at her. She freezes once again. It goes back to the man's face. Opens it's mouth-

Elliot remembers - she digs in her pocket and pulls out the rest of the breakfast bar.

ELLIOT

Here!

It's attention back on her, she lobs the bar as far as she can. It works - the husky limps after it, away from the two of them. Elliot hurries over, her mind racing. She slips the scan into her pocket, and grabs one of the man's legs. It's heavy, but she begins to heave him with her.

134 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

134

Elliot pulls the man over the ground, walking backwards. It's hurting her back, and she's already knackered. She stops, placing his leg back down. She thinks.

Unties his scarf, stiff with ice. She flaps it, until it's softer. She ties the end of it around his ankle. Then turns, holding the other end over her shoulder.

Before she walks, she looks back at the husky, who is following them at a distance. She turns back to face the front. Keeps going.

135 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

135

Elliot walking, pulling the frozen man along.

Behind her, the husky stalks them. It's keeping it's distance - for now.

136 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 136

Elliot spots some mounds and hills, not too far. She looks back at the husky, before speeding up. She heads for the mounds.

137 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 137

At the mounds. Elliot walks past the first, still pulling the frozen man along with her. The husky is out of sight, blocked from view. She pulls the man, and leaves him on the other side of the next mound. Then she walks a bit further along.

She stops. Pulls down her trousers. Squats. She pisses against a smaller mound of snow. Only a little comes out. She hurriedly pulls her trousers back up and steps aside so she can get a look at where the husky is.

It's following their footsteps, coming towards the mounds.

She pulls her head back out of sight, and walks quickly, going round the outside of the mounds, until she reaches the frozen man. She crouches down next to him, waiting. Listening.

A moment later, she hears it. The husky sniffing the ground, and walking along just on the other side of their mound.

Elliot holds her breath. The husky's footsteps stop.

Elliot's eyes widen.

It carries on walking, further along. Elliot gets up, and peers out. She sees the husky heading in the direction where she left her scent.

She rushes back round again, grabs the scarf, and starts to half walk/half run, back in the opposite direction.

138 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 138

A wry grin is on Elliot's face. She's feeling rather proud of herself, out-witting an intelligent animal like that.

She's tired, but takes it in her stride. She manages to ignore her aches and pains. Her eyes are wide and bright for the first time in ages.

A coughing noise from behind her.

She turns. Does a double take.

The husky is following her, keeping the same distance that it did before, as if nothing had happened between now and then.

Elliot's face falls in disbelief. It seems to fill with tiredness again. Her eyes droop, and the bags beneath them darken.

She hangs her head, as she continues her walk.

139 EXT. ICE SHEET. DAY

139

The husky limps. Still keeping it's distance from Elliot.

She is in pain. She's weak. She stops. Looks over at the husky.

ELLIOT
(uncertainly)
STAY!! Stay over there!

Unbelievably, it does.

She sits. Pulls off her sock, wincing, to inspect her foot. She gasps.

Her foot is swollen, almost twice it's original size. Her toes and heel have turned black. The rest of her foot is a dark purple, and the colour is creeping up her ankle. Her toenails looks as if they might fall off any second, barely still attached to the skin. The sight takes her breath away. Her eyes fill with tears.

She just stares at it in disbelief.

The sight of the husky, suddenly closer, snaps her out of it. She fumbles, trying to pull her sock back on quickly. The husky stops. Sits.

She looks over at the man. At his boots.

Pulls his left boot off. Puts her foot inside it. It's much too big of course. But what other choice is there?

The husky limps forward. Elliot steps back, frightened.

Again, it approaches the man, still looking back to Elliot every now and then.

It slowly approaches him. Elliot too weak to do anything.

It bends it's head - the flash of teeth - and starts to lick him. It licks over his eyes, his cheeks. It's gentle. It whines when the man doesn't react, and nudges his head with it's own.

Elliot reacts, watching in awe. How wrong she was. She stares down at it.

She notices the cause of it's limp.

Somehow, the reign has pulled, and the harness is too tight under one of it's front legs. It's digging into the flesh,

and looks extremely painful.

The husky steps back, whimpering, holding it's injured leg off the ground. Elliot looks at him. Looks at the leg. Bites her lip.

She edges towards him, tentatively, still a little frightened. It lets her come closer.

When she's in front of it, she bends down.

She holds her breath as she reaches out towards it's leg. As her hand makes contact with it, it jumps back, growling protectively.

ELLIOT

Ok, ok..

She steadies herself. Breathes. Reaches, ever so slowly for it again. This time, it lets her touch the leg.

She tries to work out how to loosen the harness.

The husky whines.

She has to get closer. Gritting her teeth, she finds a clasp underneath, and manages to undo it. She pulls the whole thing off, over it's head.

She watches as it tries out it's newly freed leg. Still limping, but now not in constant pain. The husky returns to stand in front of her. It gazes into her eyes. She can't help but stare back. It lowers it's head.

Elliot reaches out slowly, and strokes it, just for a second.

She gets back to her feet, stuffing the leash into a pocket.

140 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 140

Elliot pulls the man over the ground using the scarf. The husky walks with her, though not too close.

An odd trio if ever there was one.

141 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 141

Elsewhere on the ice sheet. A polar bear family - a mother and two cubs, sniff out the air.

142 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 142

The footprints left behind by Elliot - one large and one small.

Each step is a massive effort. She struggles.

She falls to her knees.

She scoops up a handful of snow, and presses her hands together. Tries to drink the moisture out of her gloves.

143 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 143

Elliot squats, trying to piss. Barely a few drops hit the ground. She winces, the process painful.

144 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY 144

The husky's legs tremble as it walks. It's head hangs low, weak.

The man's head is dragged over the ground a centimeter at a time.

Elliot stops, squinting at something.

A small, red building is up ahead. It stands completely alone on the ice, as if someone left it there by accident.

145 EXT.CHURCH.DAY 145

It's made out of wooden planks, painted deep red. Almost shed like, but larger. A steeple with a large crucifix on the front of it sticks out of the roof.

Elliot climbs the front step, and pushes the door. It opens. She heads inside, the husky following her.

146 INT.CHURCH.CONT 146

Inside is as humble as the outside. Four or five rows of pews on either side. Elliot walks through the middle, towards the alter. Small windows line the walls.

The husky crawls under a pew and curls up, his head under his paws.

A large Virgin Mary, almost life size, stands before the alter. She is holding the baby Jesus. It's the only decoration in the room.

A shaft of sunlight falls onto her, coming in through a high window. Elliot stops in front of the statue. Gazes at her face. Her serene expression. At the marble teardrops on her cheek. At the baby, sitting in the crook of her arm.

She reaches up, and touches her face. Removes her glove, so she can feel it properly. Touches her eyes, her nose, her cheek. Feels the teardrops.

She looks at the baby. His tiny hand. She holds it, just for a moment. She drops her hand, and steps backwards.

Her eyelids are heavy. She can barely keep them open.

- 147 EXT.CHURCH.CONT 147
The frozen man lies on the ground outside.
- 148 INT.CHURCH.DAY 148
Elliot is trying to get comfortable on a pew. She lies down, wrapping her arms around herself. She pulls her hood up, using it as a pillow.
It doesn't take long for her to drift off.
- 149 INT.CHURCH.LATER/DAY 149
The husky lies asleep, curled up in a ball underneath a pew.
The beam of light has moved, and now falls directly onto Elliot's face.
She wakes up, her eyes opening slowly. She squints, the sunlight blinding her.
The Virgin Mary stares down from the alter.
- 150 INT.CHURCH.DAY 150
Elliot is up, and exploring the small church. All it's nooks and crannies.
She opens a cupboard by the back wall. Looks in it. Pulls out all the little drawers inside. Empty.
She looks over at the husky, still curled up.
- ELLIOT
Can't you sniff out some wafers or
somefin'?
- She heads over to the alter. On it, a sheet of embroidered material. She lifts it, and spots that there are drawers down the back of it.
They're locked shut. She looks around her for a key. Tries to wrench them open.
There's a small window behind her. The scenery behind it looks like a picture.
But the picture's moving.
In the distance, a man wrapped in furs, is bent by a hole in the ice. Out of it he pulls a fishing line, fish wriggling on the end of it. He stands, lifting the fish with him, and attaches his catch to a snowmobile nearby. He goes back to the hole, and pulls out a second line. More fish at the end of it. He takes them over to his snowmobile, and attaches them to the other side. Now he gets on.
We hear the engine starting.

Elliot, hands still clasped around the handle of the drawer, snaps her head up at the sound. She spins around searching for the source of the noise. Spots him through the window.

CUT TO:

151 EXT.CHURCH.CONT 151

Elliot comes hurtling out of the church. She runs round, in the direction of the fisherman.

CUT TO:

152 EXT.ICE SHEET.CONT 152

The snowmobile is on the move. It's engine is incredibly loud.

Elliot runs, her hunger and thirst forgotten. Even with her odd boots, she runs as fast as an athlete, adrenaline pumping round her whole body. This is life or death.

ELLIOT
(yelling after him)
HEEYYY!!!

She's running so fast - of course she'll catch him! It's only a matter of time..

ELLIOT
HEY!

But the engine is drowning out all other noise.

She's still going full throttle, her arms pumping up and down at her sides.

The gap between them is increasing. Elliot tries to get faster. But his engine is way more powerful than a pair of legs.

The gap between them gets even bigger. Too big.

She's running in vain - she'll never be able to catch him.

ELLIOT
WAIT!

He's a dot on the horizon. She slows as disappears, disbelief etched over her face. She stops. Stares after him, eyes wide.

Her disbelief turning into anger. Pure rage.

ELLIOT
(screaming after him)
FUCK YOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

She explodes.

ELLIOT
 FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK
 YOU!

She thrashes, jumps up and down, beats the ground with her feet.

ELLIOT
 FUCK YOU! FUCK THIS FUCKING SNOW
 THIS FUCKING SHIT WHAT IS THE POINT
 IN ALL THIS FUCKING SNOW SHIT! FUCK
 YOU YOU CUNT FUCKING CUNT WHAT'S
 THE FUCKING WHAT IS EVEN THE
 FUCKING POINT?!!

She drops to her knees, beating the ground with her fists.

ELLIOT
 AGGHHHHH!!!FUUUUUUUUUUCCCKKKK!!

She howls.

153 EXT.ICE SHEET.DUSK 153

The sky is turning pink. Elliot is hunched over in the same place on the ground. Her eyes shut, she's trying to control her breathing. Trying to be calm.

She stands. Looks out at where she saw the man disappear. Frowns. Turns. Shit. She can't tell which way he was heading.

154 EXT.CHURCH.EVE 154

The frozen man is lying on the ground. Elliot comes limping into view, pain with every step.

She just about makes it to the front step of the church. She sits down heavily. Tries to straighten her stiff legs.

Looks over at him. Stares at his lifeless body.

Well that's it then.

155 EXT.CHURCH.NIGHT 155

Dark. Elliot is passed out, slumped on the step.

The ice sheet is silent.

A green light flickers over Elliot's face. Just a little at first. Then more, brighter. It dances over her skin. Lights up all the bits of ice stuck to her.

It flashes over her eyelids. Elliot frowns - opens one eye. Opens the other. Blinks.

She struggles to her feet, and staggers forward, staring up all the while.

The whole sky appears to be dancing.

The Northern Lights.

The ghostly glow sways this way and that, getting lower and closer to the ground, undulating like a sheet in the wind.

Green lights swimming over the sky. It surrounds Elliot. She reaches an arm out, wanting to touch it. She spins slowly on the spot, taking it in. Her mouth edges into a smile, her eyes are lit up.

The sight is incredibly moving, and feels somehow spiritual.

As it spins and dances, it gets brighter, almost blinding us, and it carries us through to -

156 INT/EXT.VARIOUS.FLASHBACK

156

A big pregnant belly. The belly button sticking out. A dark brown line runs from the button down towards the pelvis.

A young mum, cradling her stomach.

FLASH

Inside the womb, the fetus hangs in suspension, it's heart pumping, attached to her by the umbilical cord.

FLASH

The young mum cannot contain her smile

FLASH

A flutter of the satin dressing gown from earlier flashback

FLASH

The young mum in labour.

Birth. Real, excruciating, and magical.

FLASH

The baby has entered the world. She's held in a pair of hands, as she opens her eyes for the first time

FLASH

The newborn is washed in a bath, held with one hand, cleaned with the other. Her eyes not yet adjusting

FLASH

On the bed from earlier flashback. The young mum breastfeeds her baby - the most wonderful feeling in the world.

The two are connected forever

FLASH

Their hands together, one so tiny in the other

FLASH

The two sleep side by side

FLASH

Young Elliot in the swings at the park, her mum pushing

FLASH

Fireworks explode in the night sky

FLASH

Young Elliot runs, is scooped up by her mum. She wraps her arms and legs around her, as they embrace

FLASH

Young Elliot wipes a tear from her mother's face

FLASH

Mum wipes the tears from a teenage Elliot's face

FLASH

They share the bed again, now both the same size

FLASH

The dressing gown sweeps across the frame

FLASH

Clean vinyl floors. The bottoms of trolleys. Feet walking - hospital shoes

FLASH

Bags of fluid hung up. A breathing machine expands and decompresses loudly. A heart monitor, green lines painted by the needle. Lights on machines blinking, brightening, distorting...

FLASH

CUT TO:

157 EXT.CHURCH.NIGHT

157

Elliot's eyes are full of tears, her head bent back gazing at the lights, which are above her again. As they fade, she collapses.

The stars beam down onto her. One of them is bigger, brighter than the rest.

She lies on her back, unable to move, her eyes fixed on it. It's almost as if it's pumping.

A tear trickles out of her eye. She focuses on the star for as long as she can.

Her eyes roll into the back of her head as she passes out.

CUT TO BLACK

158 EXT.ICE SHEET.MORN 158

An arctic wolf stands, surveying it's surroundings. An identical, but tiny head peeks out from between it's legs.

159 EXT.CHURCH.MORN 159

Elliot from scene one.

She doesn't move.

Eyes shut. Eyebrow replaced by a deep gash. One boot missing. Red and burnt skin. Chapped and bloody lips stretched back over her teeth, making her face appear skull-like.

The end of her nose is red raw. Her eyelashes and hood caked with ice. The wind blows around her.

Still, she doesn't move.

Back over by the church, the frozen man lies still. No movement from inside.

Silence.

And then.. A huge crash coming from somewhere in the distance. The sound reverberates and travels over the ground towards us. The ground trembles.

CUT TO:

160 EXT.GREENLAND CLIFFS/SEA.MORN 160

A hundred times louder close up. Huge chunks of ice fall away from the cliff face and down into the sea, causing the eruption of sound.

Over to the left, the edge of town can be seen.

CUT TO:

161 EXT.CHURCH.MORN 161

Another crash.

Elliot doesn't stir.

The ground shakes, the fine layer of snow that sits on the surface jumps and vibrates with the sound.

The crashes keep coming. It's as if the Earth is trying to wake her, but Elliot remains motionless.

BOOM. With each one, we start to intercut with:

162 INT.HOME/KITCHEN.DAY 162

Charlie sits alone at the kitchen table, his back to us. We inch towards him.

BACK TO:

163 EXT.CHURCH.MORN 163

BOOM. The sound blasts over Elliot.

CUT TO:

164 INT.HOME/KITCHEN.DAY 164

Closer. Charlie sits still in the silent room.

BACK TO:

165 EXT.CHURCH.MORN 165

BOOM. No response.

CUT TO:

166 INT.HOME/KITCHEN.DAY 166

As we reach Charlie, he turns slightly. Finally, we see his face.

BACK TO:

167 EXT.CHURCH.MORN 167

BOOM.

Elliot's eyes open.

She can't move. The crashes sound muffled in her ears. Everything swims in front of her eyes. She tries to focus.

BOOM.

The crashes are starting to fade. Elliot lies there, just trying to focus - to work out what she's hearing.

They're coming to an end. Elliot closes her eyes tight, trying to will her brain to start working.

Another crash. Elliot's eyes snap open. She turns her head towards the direction of the sound. She understands.

She tries to sit up. She has to roll onto her side. She pushes herself onto her knees, and struggles to her feet. She sways.

BOOM. The last one. Elliot takes a few wobbly steps towards the direction it came from.

She laughs, her voice hoarse. Nods.

Remembering, she swings round. She hobbles over to the church, stumbling and unsteady. Climbs the step and opens the door.

168 INT.CHURCH.CONT

168

She finds the husky lying under the pew.

ELLIOT
(hoarse, slurring)
Come on!

He doesn't move. His nose is tucked under his stomach, his paws cover the rest of his head.

ELLIOT
Hey! Wake up!

He is silent, unmoving. Elliot's face falls. She reaches under the pew, and nudges him gently.

He doesn't respond.

Elliot sits back onto her heels. Hangs her head.

After a moment, she bends back down, peering at him.

ELLIOT
Come on! We're going the right way!
Come on! Out!

She's just about to give up. And then - ever so slowly, he lifts his head, and peers out at her.

A huge smile spreads over her face.

ELLIOT
Hey!! There you are.

He gazes up at her, blinking slowly.

ELLIOT
Come on! We've gotta go. Come on!

He looks at her. She gestures with her hand, tries to pull him, but he's not budging. He whines, shuffling further back into the shadows.

She bends so their heads are at the same level.

ELLIOT
(soothing)
Hey, it's ok, it's ok. Come on,
it's alright. You can do it.

She holds out her hand. He sniffs it. She pulls it back an inch, and he follows it, a little at a time. This way, she gets him out.

ELLIOT
Yeah! Good boy!

She strokes his head, her fear dissolved now she's seen his. He gets to his feet, his legs trembling.

ELLIOT
Come on! Let's go!

She stands, and walks slowly out, making sure he follows her.

169 EXT.CHURCH.CONT

169

Elliot holds the door open for him, and they descend the steps together.

She looks down at the frozen man. Sighs. Looks out towards the distance. Back at him.

She bends, and grips the scarf still tied to his ankle. She heaves.

They're off.

170 EXT.ICE SHEET.MORN

170

Elliot pulls the frozen man with her, with new determination.

A faint crash can be heard coming from the distance. This gears her up more, pulling hard, her eyes fixed on her destination.

The husky limps, weak, but following her loyally.

171 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

171

Elliot pulls up the trouser on her left leg, and shoves the sock down.

The frostbite has spread. From what we can see, her whole foot is now black, and half her ankle. The colour creeps up her leg.

She drops her trouser, and shoves her foot back in the boot.

172 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

172

Elliot walks. Her face completely screwed up with the effort.

She struggles through softer snow, her feet sinking with every step. It slows her down. She has to pull each leg out from where it's partially buried before she can take each new step.

The frozen man is made twice as heavy.

But she's on a mission, and there's a different energy. Finally, it feels like we're getting somewhere.

The look on her face tell us she's not going to give up.

The husky barks. Elliot looks over at him. He's barking at something sticking out of the snow, over to the right.

Elliot peers at it. It looks like bit of wood. She drops the scarf, and plunges towards it.

The husky keeps barking excitedly, as Elliot digs the snow around it. Her eyes widening, she digs faster flinging the snow into the air behind her. She pulls, heaves it out.

It's a sled. Her sled. The husky approaches it, sniffing, barking at Elliot.

ELLIOT

Good boy!! Clever boy!

She grabs his furry face in her hands. She could kiss him.

173 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

173

Elliot has pulled the sled out of the soft snow, and over to where the ground is solid. The husky weak, she half carries him over to it. She places him on the ground next to it.

Breathes. Bends over, clutching her knees, faint.

When she gets her breath back, she pulls the frozen man over.

She gets behind him, and lifts with her arms under his armpits. She manages to drag him up, and half onto the sled. She walks round, and lifts his legs on too.

Next, she lifts the husky. She puts him gently onto the frozen man's torso. He curls up into a ball.

She pulls the lead and reigns out of her pocket, and clasps them over and around the frozen man so that he doesn't fall off.

She takes her place behind the handle. Starts to push. The sled moves off easily.

174 EXT.ICE SHEET.DAY

174

Elliot's eyes are fixed on one point. She pushes the sled steadily.

She's approaching a ravine in the ice. Crystal clear water running downhill.

She remembers it from the first day.

She follows it, walking alongside.

The water rushes downhill.

The sled starts to pull her a little. She looks at the ground, realising she's on a downhill gradient.

She sticks her foot in the snow, but the weight of the sled pulls her forward. She inches over the ground without taking a step. She shoves her heel into the snow harder, and comes to a stop. The sled strains and pulls, her arms outstretched. It's too heavy to hold.

She breathes, looking down at her two passengers. Looks up ahead.

She snakes her right foot forward. Places it onto the foot stand of the sled. Readies herself.

She lifts her heel out of the snow, and onto the foot stand. The sled begins to move instantly.

She tightens her grip. The sled is speeding up. Faster and faster, it gathers speed.

As the water rushes through the ravine, the sled rushes past.

Elliot holds on tight. The husky and frozen man are safely tucked up on front.

Faster.

Everything around them becoming blurry.

Faster.

Fear on Elliot's face. But there's something else twinkling in her eyes.

Faster.

They're heading straight in the right direction at break-neck speed.

It's terrifying.

It's fucking fantastic.

FADE TO BLACK

175 EXT.ICE SHEET EDGE/ROAD.DAY

175

A car travels along the deserted road.

It comes to a stop. A woman gets out the drivers side, frowning. She walks around the car, peering at something in the distance. Steps off the road, her boots crunching on the ice. Stops.

After a moment, she turns around, and heads back to her car. Opens the drivers door and gets in.

She gets back out, holding something in her hands. Goes back to the same spot. She lifts a pair of binoculars up to her eyes, and peers through them.

She lowers them suddenly, her mouth falling open.

She starts to run.

176 EXT.ICE SHEET EDGE.DAY

176

POV: Looking straight up to the sky from the ground. Vision blacking in and out.

The blades of a helicopter, spinning above us, the noise deafening.

Blackout

The frozen man is lifted onto a stretcher, and carried away by men in uniforms.

Blackout

Now we are being lifted. The sled lies on it's side nearby, the husky next to it. He watches as we are lifted away from him - we can hear Elliot trying to protest, her arms extend out to him. His bright blue eyes.

Blackout

Machines beep and blink. Bags of fluid are hanging nearby. Feet wearing hospital shoes walk over vinyl floors.

Blackout

We can see the foot of the bed in a dimly lit hospital room. Someone is standing there. It's blurry. We can't make out who it is. They don't move.

The room swims. Disorientating. It all goes dark, then light again. The figure is moving their hands - they're becoming clearer.

Now we see them - we see they're face, they're talking, but no noise escapes their mouth.

It's Theo. He talks to us - his mouth moves, but we're in silence. His expression is pained.

Our vision blacks out for a second, before the room swims back into view.

Theo stands still, not talking. Avoiding eye contact. A tear falls out of his eye and rolls onto his cheek.

Blackout

177 EXT.GREENLAND/SEA.DUSK 177

A pink sky is reflected in the water.

A whale's tale disappears underneath the surface, silently.

The sea is calm. The waves ripple gently in the breeze.

178 INT.HOME.EVE 178

The front door shuts. Light streams in through the glass panels, illuminating Elliot's silhouette. She leans on crutches.

Her left leg has been amputated from just below the knee.

179 INT.HOME.EVE 179

Close up on a TV screen. A news reporter talks straight to camera.

REPORTER

The body of a British man who went missing on an exploration of Greenland's Ice Sheet has been returned to his family, just two weeks after search missions to find him were finally called off. The discovery of Ralph Bennin's body was apparently a lucky mistake, by a camera crew who were filming on the ice sheet for a documentary for the BBC. We have the producer Theo Wallis, on the line with us..

The screen behind the reporter switches from the channel's logo to a video feed, and Theo's face pops up, a microphone attached to his jumper. The reporter swings around in her chair to speak with him.

REPORTER

Good evening Mr Wallis, and thank you for joining us.

A slight delay. Theo taps his ear, then looks up at the camera.

THEO

That's my pleasure Rachel!

REPORTER

Now, we understand this must have been quite a traumatic experience for you and your crew..How are you doing?

THEO

Oh, I'm fine Rachel, thanks for asking!

REPORTER

Could you tell us what happened out there on the Ice Sheet? How you came to discover the body of the late Mr Bennin?

180 EXT.HOME/GARDEN.NIGHT

180

Charlie sits in the sand pit. He puts a cigarette to his mouth, and lights it. Takes a few drags.

A light comes on in an upstairs window. Elliot's room.

181 INT.ELLIOT'S BEDROOM.NIGHT

181

Elliot is sitting on the edge of her bed, still holding her crutches.

One foot rests on the floor. The other trouser leg hangs, empty.

She puts her crutches to one side. Takes off her jumper and t-shirt. She leans back, lifting her tracksuit bottoms over her bum, then slides them down her legs and off. Picks up her crutches. She stands, and walks slowly over to her full length mirror in her bra and pants. Closes her eyes.

She opens them. Her reflection glares back at her. The gash over her eyebrow has been stitched up. The end of her nose is fine. Her lips are almost back to normal, just a few cuts.

She has plasters on the tips of some of her fingers. Bruises over her back. Bruises on her bum.

But all she can see is the leg that isn't there anymore. Her thigh hangs, unsupported. Her knee useless. Empty space below it.

She clenches her jaw, shuts her eyes tight, willing the tears away. Willing her reflection to be different, for it to just be a nightmare. She opens her eyes and checks.

Grabs her dressing gown from nearby, and hangs it over the mirror.

- 182 EXT.STREET.NEW DAY 182
- Elliot's street. The same as it ever was. Council houses on one side face old Victorian homes on the other.
- Concrete everywhere. Trees. Cars. Clouds in the sky.
- Kids play out, chasing each other. Neighbours chat over their gates.
- The sound of a big engine pulling up. The double decker bus comes into view at the end of the road, slowing at the bus stop.
- Nothing has changed. Everything has changed.
- 183 INT.KITCHEN.DAY 183
- A letter lies on the table. A large BBC symbol in the corner.
- We pick out words and phrases such as 'regrettable', 'court', and 'generous offer'.
- A figure at the bottom reads \$1570.30
- Elliot stands nearby. She opens a cupboard. One of her crutches slips, she bends to catch it, and knocks a jam jar off the side as she does. It smashes on the floor, it's contents spilling out. The crutch clangs to the floor. She sighs. Tries to bend down. Her leg trembles. She stretches her arm out, trying to reach the crutch that's slid out of reach. She grasps, and manages to reach it, her trouser leg falling in the jam.
- ELLIOT
- Fuck's sake..
- She stands, using the sides to help pull herself up.
- 184 INT.KITCHEN.DAY 184
- She eats a slice of toast at the table. Her chewing the only noise in the house.
- 185 INT.LIVING ROOM.DAY 185
- Elliot stands in front of the window in the living room, looking out onto the street. Kids are playing a game of football. They scream and shout, boisterous. Pushing each other, laughing, they curse each other's mums and various other family members. They run out of the way each time a car comes up the road, before returning to their game, panting and grinning.
- She stands in front of the mantelpiece. Various bits and bobs sit on top of it. She fingers a small plastic trophy. The engraving reads '3rd Place, Stroud Green School Fair Talent contest'. She looks at a school picture of Charlie

and herself, age five and ten respectively. They wear boy's and girl's versions of the same uniform. Charlie sits in front. They beam at the camera. The date on the cardboard frame reads 2000.

She balances on an armchair in the corner of the room, reaching for a high shelf. Grabs an old stripy tin, and climbs back down. She sits in the chair, and pulls the lid off. It's a cheap tin, and stuck with rust, but she manages to get it open. Looks inside. A handful of pink BonBons sit at the bottom. She tries to pick one, but the whole lot comes out as one, stuck together. She drops it back inside. Closes the tin.

186 INT.BEDROOM.DAY

186

Elliot sits at her desk, her hand on the mouse of her computer. She's scrolling through her Facebook feed. We read it;

Beth Franklin attended Emily Roger's Wedding

Luke Kirkland shared a link

Leonard Rodriguez is now 'In a Relationship'

Pictures of people doing ordinary things. People smiling, people with their arms around their mates. People celebrating, or just having a beer. Pictures of people's dinner. People's babies. People's cars.

187 EXT.HOME. NEW DAY

187

The sun beams onto the window of the house. We watch the clouds shift in the reflection.

The doorbell rings.

188 INT.CORRIDOR/LANDING. DAY

188

Elliot's bedroom door is shut. In fact, all of the bedroom doors are shut.

ELLIOT O/S

Charlie?!

The bell goes again.

ELLIOT O/S

Charlie!

The bell rings for a third time.

Elliot sticks her head out of her door, annoyed. There's no sign of Charlie.

With the doorbell now ringing for a fourth time, Elliot pulls her door open and walks awkwardly out, still not used to her crutches.

She gets to the top of the stairs and stops. She places the bottom of the crutches on the top step. Then slowly edges her foot off the ground and down onto it. The crutches squeak.

She lifts them, and continues down the stairs like this.

She's on the middle step. She lifts her crutches and puts them on the step below. Leans on them, and lifts her leg to join them, but the crutches slip, and jolt forward into thin air. Elliot loses her balance, and has nothing to grab hold of. She falls, and crashes down the stairs, legs going over her head, crutches falling back onto her. She lands hard at the bottom.

FLASH

189 EXT.ICE SHEET.FLASHBACK 189

Elliot falls, and lands on her back, having fallen off the sled. The storm swirls around her, she is left alone -

FLASH

190 INT.HOME/STAIRS.CONT 190

Elliot gasps with the shock. She shuts her eyes, panting, her face crumpled with terror.

She lies there in silence, and tries to breathe.

191 INT.HOME.DAY 191

Elliot shuts her bedroom door on us.

192 INT.BEDROOM.CONT 192

The curtains are drawn, shutting the light out.

The TV is switched on. Some terrible daytime programme like Jeremy Kyle.

Elliot sinks into bed, submerging herself under the duvet.

193 INT.HOME/LANDING.EVE 193

Charlie stands outside Elliot's door.

Her TV can be heard from inside.

He lifts a hand to knock, but hesitates. Lowers his hand. Walks away.

194 INT.HOME.MORNING 194

Charlie pulls on his rucksack at the bottom of the stairs. He looks up towards Elliot's room.

Then opens the front door and sets out.

- 195 INT.BEDROOM.CONT 195
- Elliot lies on her side in bed. She stares straight ahead at nothing, her eyes glazed.
- The curtains block any sunlight coming in.
- She hears the front door slam. Blinks.
- 196 INT.BATHROOM.DAY 196
- The taps run on full blast. They are loud, and steam is billowing up and away from the tub.
- 197 INT.BATHROOM.DAY 197
- Elliot lies in the bath. She stares straight ahead.
- Slowly, she sinks down, until her whole head is under the water. She holds her breath as long as she can, until a stream of bubbles spill out from her nose. But she doesn't come up for air.
- Her face screws up in pain, and still she stays under water.
- She shuts her eyes. She's ready.
- At the last second, she changes her mind. She opens her eyes and sits up, coughing and spluttering, water pouring out from her nose and ears. She rests her head back. Shuts her eyes tight. Then opens them, and forces herself to look down at her amputated leg.
- 198 INT.BEDROOM.NIGHT 198
- The stars stuck to the ceiling. Only half of them glow, and barely. One of them starts to fade and die.
- Elliot lies in bed under the duvet. She pulls something up to look at. It's a piece of paper. She unfolds it.
- It's the scan of the baby she found in the frozen man's pocket. She still has it.
- She stares at the image of the tiny fetus.
- 199 INT.BEDROOM.NEW DAY 199
- A scratching sound from the landing. It's like nails on a blackboard.
- Elliot's exasperated sigh comes from under the duvet, which is covering her entire body.
- Claws against wood.
- Movement from under the duvet. Elliot clamping her hands over her ears.

Scratch. Scratch.

The noise intensifies. It's too loud. It's inside our heads.

She can't take it anymore. Elliot throws the duvet off, and reaches for her crutches.

200 INT.CORRIDOR/LANDING.CONT

200

Fat cat is scratching at the closed door at the end of the landing.

Elliot steps over to him, angry. He turns and looks up at her, mewling. She stops. The anger falls away from her face. She looks at the door.

At the handle.

She looks around. She's definitely alone in the house. Back at the door. She lifts a hand to open it, but lets it fall.

Rubs her face. Shakes her head. Breathes.

Opens the door.

201 INT.MUM'S BEDROOM.CONT

201

The door opens slowly. As soon as there's enough space, Fat Cat rushes in. He waddles over to a desk, and sits in the small space beneath it, rubbing his cheeks on the material around him. Purrs.

The bed. It's exactly as it was in the flashbacks. The blanket lies over the bottom. Golden lights spill into the room from the windows on either side.

Elliot steps into frame at the foot of it. She's breathing deeply, taking it in.

Her crutches clatter to the floor.

She lets herself fall forward.

Fat Cat watches curiously, his head tilting.

She falls onto the bed, sinking into the pillows, the duvet, the blanket, pulling them up around her, breathing their scent deeply. She reaches and stretches her arms out, pulling everything in closer. She presses into the pillows. Rubs her face over them.

CUT TO:

202 INT.MUM'S BEDROOM.CONT

202

Elliot opens the wardrobe that stands to one side. Clothes, beautiful dresses, vintage coats, jeans and shirts hang. She stares at them, runs her hand along the various materials, all of them squeezed in together, not enough room for them

all. Something catches her eye at the end of the rail. The satin dressing gown - we can see the tiniest bit of it, just peeking out from behind all the other items. She pulls it out slowly. It's a beautiful silk embroidered gown. She puts it to her nose and breathes in. The smell is overwhelming.

CUT TO:

203 INT.MUM'S BEDROOM.CONT 203

Elliot is lying in the centre of the bed. All the clothes from the wardrobe lie over and around her, half burying her. The dressing gown is clutched in her hand, her face against it.

She doesn't fight it- she lets the tears come. They spill out of her eyes, pour over her cheeks and down her neck.

Fat cat is curled up on the floor beneath the desk.

204 INT.CORRIDOR.EVE 204

Charlie climbs the stairs. When he gets to the top, he notices the open door. He stops, and stares. He can see the foot of the bed. See that the bedclothes are scrunpled up. Elliot is just out of his line of vision, but you can see her shadow, the weight of her making a dent in the mattress.

He tears his eyes away. Walks to the end of the corridor, and into his own bedroom.

205 INT.MUM'S BEDROOM.NIGHT 205

Elliot lies under the clothes, fast asleep.

A yelping sound comes from somewhere in the house. It sounds like it could be either animal or human.

Elliot stirs. The sound comes again, and she wakes.

A soft wailing. Elliot listens. It keeps coming. She gets out of bed, crawling over to her crutches.

206 INT.CORRIDOR/CHARLIE'S ROOM.CONT 206

Elliot creeps up the corridor as quietly as her crutches allow. She stops when she gets to Charlie's door. The quiet wails seem to be coming from inside. She pushes the door open, and peeks in.

Elliot's POV; Charlie is in bed asleep. His whole body is twitching. Though his eyes are shut, his facial expression appears to be one of intense fear, even terror. His mouth ajar, emitting the quiet shrieks as he turns to and fro.

Elliot watches him lost in his nightmare.

A particularly panicky shriek causes her to, without thinking, move quickly over to his side. She can see the

sweat on his forehead, illuminated by the moonlight. She sits down on the edge of the bed, and places a hand on his shoulder. He stops shrieking, and his twitching calms.

She watches as he seems to settle.

She stands, and leaves the room.

207 INT.ELLIOT'S BEDROOM.DAWN 207

The sun is only just beginning to rise behind the curtains.

Elliot sits on the edge of her bed, looking down at the baby scan in her hand. She looks up, thinking, muttering to herself. Shuts her eyes, trying to will herself to remember.

208 INT.CHARLIE'S BEDROOM.MORN 208

Charlie is asleep in bed. The sound of the front door slamming wakes him.

He sits up, frowning.

209 INT/EXT.CAB.MORN 209

Elliot sits in the back of a mini cab. The rows and rows of houses are reflected in the window that she gazes out of.

They drive down a busy high street, filled with people. Elliot stares out at all the hustle and bustle, from the safety of the car. The market holders shouting out deals, customers haggling.

They turn into a quiet residential street. Elliot checks the street name on the sign.

CAB DRIVER

Which number love?

ELLIOT

You can just drop me here.

The car pulls over at the top of the street, and Elliot struggles out. The cab driver watches her.

ELLIOT

Thanks!

He waits for her to shut the door, before screeching off.

She looks at the first house. Walks up the path, and rings the bell.

210 EXT.RESIDENTIAL STREET.DAY 210

A door closes on Elliot, standing on the doorstep.

She comes out through the gate of the fifth house on the street. She turns, and walks into next door's front garden.

Rings the bell.

211 EXT.RESIDENTIAL STREET.DAY 211

Further down the street.

An old lady stands in the doorway of her house. She shakes her head at Elliot, who thanks her, before shutting the door.

Elliot rings the doorbell of the next house. There's no answer.

212 EXT.RESIDENTIAL STREET.DAY 212

Elliot is now halfway down the opposite side of the street. She stops for a moment and sighs, hanging her head. She looks up at the next house. Walks up the path, and rings the doorbell.

Footsteps can be heard, a shadow coming towards the door.

A woman, mid thirties, answers the door with one hand, holding a chubby baby on her hip with her free arm.

Elliot freezes. She stares at the woman, then at the baby.

WOMAN

Can I help you?

Elliot looks back at her. Can't think of what to say.

She remembers, and scrambles in her pocket. She pulls out the scan, and holds it up so the woman can see it.

The woman's mouth falls open. She takes the scan and looks over it. Looks at Elliot, confused.

213 INT.BENNIN HOUSE/KITCHEN.DAY 213

Elliot sits at a table in the middle of a bright and colourful kitchen. Her eyes wide, she sits not moving an inch. She's holding the baby the way someone might hold a bomb or a football. The woman places down a pot and two cups on a coaster.

JULIE

Milk?

ELLIOT

Yes please.

She gets the milk out the fridge. Then, smiling comes to Elliot's rescue. Elliot gratefully hands the baby over, and Julie plonks him into the highchair nearby. She sits opposite Elliot, and pours out the tea.

The scan sits on the table top between them.

JULIE

I'll let you do your milk!

ELLIOT

Thanks.

She pushes the carton over to her. Elliot pours the milk and watches it intertwine with the dark liquid.

She looks at Julie. Julie looks up at her. They smile, before looking away again, each unsure of what to say to the other.

Elliot takes a sip of tea. It's too hot, she winces silently.

Julie gets a flask for the baby, and he sips it happily. Elliot smiles at him. Finally thinks of something to say.

ELLIOT

What's his name?

JULIE

Luca.

ELLIOT

How old is he?

JULIE

Nine months!

ELLIOT

Oh! Wow...

Another slightly awkward silence.

ELLIOT

He looks like you.

JULIE

You think so? I think he looks like his dad.

Elliot looks down, awkward.

She looks back up at Julie, who is gazing adoringly at her baby. He sits in his high chair happily, taking sips of his juice in between babbling in his own baby language.

After a moment, Julie sits back, still not taking her eyes off him.

JULIE

It's a miracle you know. A proper miracle.

She looks straight at Elliot.

JULIE

To be able to grow a human being inside your own body? To make a whole person - brain, lungs, heart. A face that's completely unique. Legs, arms, hands. Eyes. Do you know how amazing and complex eyeballs are?! To make this whole person, that's half of you, and half of them..

She looks back at her baby.

JULIE

I'd kill anyone if they hurt him. I'd kill a whole army. I'd kill everyone. I'd kill the Earth for him. There's nothing like it. That connection - it's otherworldly...It's a miracle.

Elliot thinks.

ELLIOT

I think it's kinda..weird!

Julie looks at her.

JULIE

What?!

ELLIOT

(smiling)

It's kinda freaky. All that..all growing under your skin. It's freaky!

Julie stares at her. Then laughs.

JULIE

I suppose you're right. It is a bit 'freaky'. But it's still a miracle. A frickin' miracle!

Elliot laughs.

JULIE

Thank God I'm still funny.

Elliot looks at her. Though she is smiling, Julie's eyes are full of sadness.

ELLIOT

Can I see a picture of him?

Julie looks at her. She gets up and leaves the kitchen.

She talks to Elliot from the next room.

JULIE

I keep having this dream. It's the middle of the night, and I'm in bed with Luca. The doorbell keeps ringing. So I put all the cushions around Luca, so he doesn't roll out of bed, and go downstairs to answer it. And there he is. Standing on the doorstep, with his goofy smile. And I don't think it's weird he hasn't got his keys or that he's turning up in the middle of the night. Anyway, he comes in and we hug, tight. I can smell him. Feel his cold hands through my nightie. Then suddenly, he lets go of me, and is rushing past, running up the stairs. He's running so fast it's unnatural. And all of a sudden I get this awful sense of dread, like something really bad's going to happen. I call his name. He doesn't answer, so I start to run up the stairs, but my legs are so heavy, I can barely move. And this feeling in my gut is just getting worse and worse, and I know I have to get upstairs, but my legs are like concrete. I get upstairs finally, and manage to get into the bedroom. But he's not there. I go over to the bed, and all the cushions are still in the same place, but Luca's gone too. And I'm like-where the hell did I put my baby?! I'm sure I left him there! And I'm searching and searching, but the only place I can think to look is under the pillows. I lift them, looking, and keep lifting and looking, and keep doing it, lifting the pillows and looking, always in the same order.

She comes back into the room, holding a picture frame to her chest.

JULIE

And then I remember..I put him in the painting! And I turn, to look at the painting that's on the wall, and there he is, inside the painting. So I lift him out, and get into bed, holding him, all the dread and fear suddenly vanished. And I have the sense that I've forgotten something else, or someone else...but I can't remember. So I go back to sleep. And then I wake up.

She sits at the table.

JULIE
Isn't that awful?

ELLIOT
What?

JULIE
That I forget about him, so quickly. Just forget him, and go back to sleep.

Elliot doesn't know how to answer.

JULIE
My grievance counsellor says it's the cave woman part of my brain trying to take over. I only need to think about taking care of my child, and grieving someone who's not going to come back is a waste of energy that should be spent focusing on the child, and hunting for food and shelter or whatever. I don't agree. I think we grieved when we were cave people. Animals grieve their dead. Anyway, I think I have the dream because really, I'm terrified that one day I might forget him.

ELLIOT
Do you think you could?

Julie thinks.

JULIE
No.

She looks down at the picture in her hands. Hands it to Elliot.

It's him. The frozen man. But it's not. He has the same features. But his eyes are open, his mouth is smiling, showing his teeth. His hair is big and bouncy. There are creases in the corners of his eyes, an earring in his ear.

Elliot stares at him, a completely different man.

After a moment (or two);

ELLIOT
I had this dream once when I was about five or six..That my mum was a giant, evil eyeball coming to get me. An eyeball. It was terrifying. I tried to hide from her, but I
(MORE)

ELLIOT (cont'd)
 could hear her coming. She left my
 brother alone. She just wanted to
 get me.

She laughs.

ELLIOT
 I couldn't look at her the next
 morning. I was scared she was going
 to turn around, and be a giant
 eyeball! Scared she was going to
 turn around and not..not be my mum
 anymore.

She looks back up at Julie. Forces a smile, and hands the
 picture back to her. Julie looks down at the photo.

JULIE
 Life goes on. And people have to
 carry on living.

ELLIOT
 Why?

JULIE
 Well..what's the alternative?

214 EXT.BENNIN HOUSE.AFTERNOON 214

The front door opens, and Elliot comes out. Julie stands on
 the doorstep, holding Luca on her hip. Elliot turns to say
 goodbye.

Before she can say anything, Julie reaches forward, and
 holds Elliot's face in her hand. Elliot stares up at her.

She studies Elliot's face for a moment - all the fear and
 pain in her eyes. She stares into them, and smiles. Elliot
 can't help but smile back.

Julie nods, and without a word, steps back into the house.

Elliot turns to leave.

215 INT.KITCHEN.EVE 215

Elliot stands at the doors in the kitchen, looking out at
 Charlie through the glass.

He sits in the sandpit in the garden, his back to the house.

CUT TO:

216 EXT.GARDEN.FLASHBACK 216

Four year-old Elliot is playing in the sandpit with a spade,
 over looked by a babysitter. She looks up to see;

Her mum stepping down into the garden. She is holding what looks like a big bunch of blankets.

MUM

Elliot? There's someone who wants to meet you!

She steps over to where Elliot is sitting, and crouches. Peering out through the blankets is a tiny face, eyes barely open.

Elliot doesn't know what to think. She looks at her mum, cradling this new baby, and backs away. Her mum watches her retreat to the back of the sandpit.

Elliot folds her arms, and defiantly looks away. Mum and the babysitter exchange a glance.

Mum walks to Elliot's new seated position. Again, she crouches down. She gently pulls Elliot's arms out, and then places the newborn into them. Then, she stands and walks back towards the house.

MUM

Come on Lucy!

The babysitter, watched by an open-mouthed Elliot, follows her. Elliot is left alone.

She frowns, angry. She's trapped. She can't stand up - the blankets are so big she can barely see over them.

She tries to see where her mum went, but can't see into the kitchen.

She huffs and groans. Then, finally, looks down at the baby.

He's trying to open his eyes. His tiny hands reach out. Touch Elliot's face. She jumps a little.

He looks up at her. A smile spreads slowly across her face. He makes a garbling sound, and she giggles.

217 INT.KITCHEN.EVE

217

Elliot watches smoke spiral away from Charlie. She slides the door open, and steps out.

218 EXT.GARDEN.CONT

218

Charlie, on hearing the sound of the door and Elliot's crutches turns his head. Looks at her. Down at her leg. Then turns away again.

She stops a few feet away. Talks to his back.

ELLIOT

That's where I was sitting the first time I met you!

Silence.

ELLIOT

You probably don't remember..Lucy was babysitting. Remember Lucy? Wonder what she's up to now...?

No answer.

ELLIOT

(trying)

How's Anna?

CHARLIE

Fine.

ELLIOT

(cheeky)

Still together then..?

Charlie sucks on his cigarette.

CHARLIE

She comes with me. To the grave. She's been there. Loads of times.

This hits Elliot. She blushes a deep red, looks at the ground. She makes to turn around and head back inside, but changes her mind.

This has been a long time coming...

ELLIOT

(taking a deep breath)

I know I haven't visited. I know that. You think..you think it's out of laziness? That I can't be bothered? I know you think I'm lazy. No job. I don't get up. Go out. Don't clean up. I know you think I'm lazy-I'm not-it's not-I just...

She struggles to find the right words.

ELLIOT

I can't make sense of it. Of any of it. I don't understand. I look around at all these people going about their daily routines-going to work, seeing friends, getting lunch-just carrying on like everything's normal.(choking up) Like nothing's happened. It doesn't make sense..how the world can keep on turning..how we can still be here when she's not!

She is crying now.

ELLIOT

She's not-she's not here and people
are still getting lunch like it
even matters!

She clutches her face in one hand, controlling her sobs.
It's ugly crying - it's honest and it's naked.

There is no answer from Charlie. He doesn't turn around.
Elliot cries until the sobs peter out.

She sniffs, and wipes her face, embarrassed now at this open
show of emotion. She looks at the back of Charlie's head.
Waits for him to say something. He doesn't.

Not knowing what to say now, she turns around, and walks
back into the kitchen.

219 INT.KITCHEN.NIGHT 219

Elliot bends over awkwardly. She spoons out cat food from a
tin into Fat Cat's bowl.

He gobbles it up, grateful.

She stands back up, watching him eat.

220 INT.BEDROOM.NEW DAY 220

The house is quiet. Peaceful.

Elliot's curtains are pulled to the sides, and sunlight is
flooding into the room.

A bird sits on a branch of the tree outside, chirping.

221 INT.HOSPITAL CORRIDOR.DAY 221

Elliot sits on a blue plastic chair, in a line of others, up
against a blue speckled wall.

Someone is coughing loudly nearby. A toddler is whining,
trying to get his dad to play with him, but not getting much
luck.

Elliot waits, staring at the clock on the opposite wall.

Her name is called out from someone nearby.

She stands.

CUT TO:

222 INT.HOSPITAL GYM.DAY 222

The room is long, with mirrors all along one side of it.

There are mats, and specially designed gym equipment.

We are focused on the parallel bars that run along next to the mirrors.

Elliot stands at one end, holding onto them tightly.

She has been fitted with a temporary prosthetic leg. It looks like it should be part of a robot. Elliot stares down at the metal sticking out from under her trousers. It looks wrong.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

Ok Elliot, do you want to try your first step?

Elliot looks up. A nurse and doctor stand on either side of the bars, and the Physio stands at the other end. They're all smiling enthusiastically at her. She looks back down at the metal foot, nearly twice the size of her own. She closes her eyes. The nurse and doctor exchange a worried glance.

When she opens them, the nurse has come around so that she's level. She puts her hand on Elliot's back.

NURSE

It's ok. When you're ready.

Elliot takes a deep breath. She tries to lift her leg. It's harder than she expected. She stumbles, and tightens her grip on the bars so that her knuckles turn white.

NURSE

That's ok! Try again.

She manages to move it a little forward this time.

NURSE

That's great!

She brings her real leg forward. Then heaves her metal one.

She is moving centimeters - but she's moving. The nurse, doctor and physio all shout their support, as she screws up her face, ready to try another step.

We flicker out to;

223 INT.HOME/FRONT ROOM.FLASHBACK.

223

Elliot is about one and a half. Her mother is kneeling on the carpet in front of her, her arms outstretched.

Elliot takes her first steps. Her mum laughs, delighted.

MUM

Yes! That's it! Come to me!

Her chubby legs are unsteady, but she takes another step closer.

MUM

Come on!

Flicker back to;

224 INT.HOSPITAL GYM.DAY 224

Elliot pushes, and manges another step, her hands still gripping the bars on either side. The physio stands at the end, willing her to make it all the way to him.

Elliot stares ahead, sweating with the effort.

225 INT.HOME/FRONT ROOM.FLASHBACK. 225

Baby Elliot wobbles forward. Mum is almost in reach now.

Her arms are up in front of her, her mouth open. She takes yet another wobbly step - this is the furthest she's ever got without falling down, and there are tears in her mum's eyes.

MUM

Yes baby! Walk to me!

226 INT.HOSPITAL GYM.DAY 226

Elliot is halfway there. She pauses for a moment, as the team around her keep egging her on.

She's ready - she takes another step, and another. Something inside her keeps her going.

She gets closer to the end.

227 INT.HOME/FRONT ROOM.FLASHBACK. 227

MUM

Just a little further!

And baby Elliot is there! She reaches her mum's outstretched arms, and her mother grabs her. She pulls her in close, and Elliot squeals with delight.

MUM

You did it! You did it!

228 INT.HOSPITAL GYM.DAY 228

Elliot, exhausted, has somehow managed to reach the end of the bars. The team around her celebrate, cheering and clapping. Elliot smiles, sweat still running down her face.

229 INT.HOSPITAL GYM.DAY 229

A little later. The prosthetic is gone, and Elliot is resting on some mats, her back against the wall. The team are now a little away, discussing things.

- 230 EXT.PARK.FLASHBACK 230
- Baby Charlie. Holding hands with a five year old Elliot. Charlie is walking - it seems for the first time. Mum is ahead, watching the two of them, encouraging Charlie.
- Elliot proudly leads him towards her, and helps him to walk over the concrete ground. He stumbles a little - he needs her. She slows, making sure he's ok.
- He waddles along happily, and they are finally both scooped up by their mum, who cuddles them mercilessly, both of them screaming and laughing. They land in a heap, all tangled up with each other.
- 231 INT.HOSPITAL GYM.DAY 231
- Elliot sits in silence, her eyes slightly glazed. She's not here - she's..
- 232 INT.HOME/MUM'S BEDROOM.FLASHBACK 232
- Mum lies on the bed holding a book, in the middle of the young Charlie and Elliot. They lie on either side, their heads together, resting on her chest.
- She is reading them a story, her arms wrapped around them both, and they are listening intently.
- 233 INT.HOSPITAL GYM.DAY 233
- The lights are fluorescent yellow. They beat down onto Elliot's head as she stares at nothing.
- 234 INT.HOME/MUM'S BEDROOM.FLASHBACK 234
- Mum turns a page. Elliot and Charlie look at the pictures on it, lit up by only the bedside lamp.
- Their heads are touching.
- 235 INT.HOME/MUM'S BEDROOM.FLASHBACK 235
- Elliot and Charlie are asleep in their mum's bed, facing each other.
- She pulls the covers up, and tucks them in. Kisses each one on their heads, and switches off the lamp.
- They sleep, breathing in time.
- Mum sits on the end of the bed, watching over them.
- 236 INT.HOSPITAL GYM.DAY 236
- Elliot blinks. The room is silent. The team have left.
- A knock at the door rouses her. She looks up.

237 EXT.HOSPITAL.AFTERNOON

237

Elliot comes out through the automatic doors. She looks down at the steps which lead up to them. Rolls her eyes.

She's back on her crutches. She begins her descent, slowly making her way down. When she gets to the middle, she spots something that makes her stop.

Charlie is waiting on the other side of the road, leaning against a tree. And next to him - his bike.

238 EXT.HOSPITAL.AFTERNOON

238

Elliot finally reaches the bottom of the steps, only to spot an easy-access sloped entrance just over to one side.

She crosses the road, and slowly approaches Charlie. She stops in front of him.

ELLIOT

Hi.

CHARLIE

Hi.

They smile at each other, a little awkwardly.

Elliot nods at his bike.

ELLIOT

How come -

CHARLIE

Had an idea who might've nicked it.. I was right.

Elliot nods again.

CHARLIE

So erm..lift?

ELLIOT

Yeah! Thanks.

Charlie lifts the bike straight.

A beat as they both try to work out how to do this.

Elliot shuffles over to the seat. Turns. Turns again. Charlie lowers the bike to one side, so she can swing her leg over, and sit on the seat. He then gestures for her crutches. She hands them over, and he holds them across the front bar. Swings his leg over the middle bar.

It's all a bit complicated with one leg, alright?

CHARLIE

Ready?

She nods. He gently eases off the pavement, and stands on the peddles to cycle. Elliot holds on to the seat.

239 EXT.NORTH LONDON STREETS.CONT

239

Elliot's good leg dangles, as the wheels spin. Charlie bobs up and down with the peddles, as they sweep through the streets.

The wind rushes through her hair, whipping it up behind her.

They turn, and enter a large park.

240 EXT.CLISSOLD PARK.CONT

240

They pass families and couples. Deers behind fences. People catching the last of the summer sun.

The days are growing shorter, and already the sun is starting to set. It glints off the bike's frame. It warms Elliot's face.

After a while, she lets herself enjoy it. She tips her head back, and closes her eyes.

Charlie steers them round the park's pathways. Faster.

Past the playground. The paddling pool.

Elliot opens her eyes. She watches everything flashing past.

She lifts her arms up, holding them out like a bird.

Her empty trouser leg flaps around in the wind.

She nearly loses her balance, and grabs a hold of Charlie's jumper. Looks down at her hands. Slowly, she clasps them together around his waist, and holds on.

The sunlight is turning pink. It shines through the trees. Still they cycle.

On and on.

Their shadow grows longer over the ground.

A dog strains at the lead held by it's owner. It runs alongside them, barking manically at the wheels.

They laugh, and zoom away.

On and on.

We start to lift up and away from them. They get smaller and smaller beneath us. The park is small now, and we can't even spot them.

Higher and higher. We can see all of north London. People everywhere.

Higher. Lights starting to turn on. Streetlamps lighting up automatically. Cars. Houses.

All of London, now lit up. We turn to face the sky.

The first star of the night begins to glow.

Followed by millions more.

END