

"Title"

by

Your Name

1234 Your Street
City, State Zip
Phone
e-mail

FADE IN:

INT. THE LAMP ROOM OF EL FARO LIGHTHOUSE, MALAGA SPAIN.

John Graham, 40, stands nervously in his white linen suit, toying with the zipper on a small hold-all bag. The green edge of a 500euro note is visible poking out of the bag. He stares fixedly at the entrance steps to his right. Waiting.

JOHN (V/O)

My name is John... I'm not a very nice person...I haven't always been this way though... but life doesn't make it easy for you...

He pulls out a small revolver from inside his jacket pocket and taps it against his thigh, still watching the steps.

JOHN (V/O)

...does it?

A thick-set Arabic looking man appears at the top of the steps. He wears dark Aviator sunglasses, his face expressionless.

MAN

You have it?

JOHN

Yep. I have it.

MAN

All of it?

JOHN

I told you.

The man looks down at his shoes and taps his ear.

MAN

Yusef...

John looks confused.

Tight shot of Man's ear. An earpiece microphone is visible.

CUT TO

Wide shot of both men either side of the large mirrored Lighthouse bulb. The sound of breaking glass. John turns round to see a small bullet shaped hole in the external window pane.

CUT TO

Close up of neat bullet hole in the glass.

CUT TO

John looks at his gun then down at his white jacket to see a dark red stain forming ever larger just below his left lapel. He looks up at the man questioningly, then slumps forward against the large mirrored bulb.

CUT TO

The Man prizes the hold-all bag from John's dying hands and exits down the steps.

JOHN (V/O)
No sir-ee! Life doesn't make it
easy at all.

CUT TO

Tight shot through the giant bulb. John's face is reflected hundreds of times in the highly polished mirrored slats. He becomes aware of his replicated face and smiles with resignation.

JOHN (V/O)
But it all could've been so
different. I could've been so many
different people. Done so many
different things... I could've been
someone good.

One by one, each of the mirrored reflections of his face become like little television screens showing him doing disparate tasks.

JOHN (V/O)
To let in death, we must first let
go of life. In our last cherished
seconds of breath, we play out all
those possibilities of what
could've been. What should've been,
looking on like a cinema audience
on our own film, coming to terms
with the choices we
made...accepting...letting go...

The camera zooms in to one of the little mirrored screens.

EXT. HIGHWAY 1 BIG SUR CALIFORNIA.

Arial shot of a red convertible car hurtling along the narrow winding roads. John is in the driving seat, now with a full beard.

He swigs from a red wine bottle and between gulps rants into his mobile phone.

CUT TO

A large silver truck is driving in the opposite direction.

CUT TO

John tilts his head full back to drain the remnants of the wine, causing his car to veer into the other lane.

CUT TO

The truck plows into John's car. Brutal. Final.

CUT TO

John lies in the mangled wreck of the car. His mobile lies open in his hand.

CUT TO

Tight shot of his hand holding the mobile. We hear a woman's voice on the phone asking for a response. On the video screen of the phone we see John jogging down a country road. The camera continues to zoom in to the image.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. SUNNY. DAWN. AUTUMN.

Slow motion John is jogging, his feet crunch on golden leaves.

CUT TO

John's POV, he looks to his right and watches the trees move past. He looks to his left and sees a beautiful woman jogging next to him. She smiles a loving smile, her pony tail bobbing on the nape of her neck.

JOHN (V/O)

I could've been a husband.

He looks down at his trainers. The slow thump, thump, of his shoes echoes on the dry leaves, slowly abstracted and changing to sound like a knock at a door.

Tight shot of John's face as he jogs. He closes his eyes.

CUT TO

John's POV his hand reaches out to open a brass door knob.

CUT TO

Wide shot of the door opening. A small boy stands in the doorway, his eyes light up as he stretches out his arms.

BOY

Daddy!

Wide shot of John picking up the child and spinning him round, hugging him tightly as if he hasn't seen him for years.

JOHN (V/O)

My son!

(BEAT)

I could've been a father.

Tight shot of John's face as he spins the child faster and faster. A pronounced tear rolls slowly down his cheek.

The camera follows the tear as it falls off his face and drops down towards black rocks and crashing waves a long way off below.

JOHN (V/O)

Like little self-important puddles
and rivers we all end up finding
our way into the sea, losing our
identity and dissolving into the
all erasing ocean.

The tear continues it's descent, splashing in slow motion against the black rock.

CUT TO

Camera pans up from the rock to the lighthouse. The light turns on. John is silhouetted collapsed against the window, the light strobing against him every couple of seconds.

CUT TO

The still sea. As the light sweeps over the water, John's shadow is cast on the sea, until after three strobos, melting into the black water.

JOHN (V/O)

But hey, I guess we all make choices.

FADE OUT.