

TALK TO ME

Written by

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INT. THEATRE (CORRIDOR AT THE BACK OF THE GOD'S) - NIGHT

The theatre is in darkness, apart from a few dim open faced light bulbs suspended on a nearby wall. Tony, an unhappy looking man, starts to cut a length of wood with a large hand saw. The well used work bench he is leaning on is lit by two powerful industrial flood lights.

Sweating heavily, he slides the wooden joints together to find the last join does not fit. In frustration he tips the wooden construction off the bench and backs off onto the wall, leaning his shoulder onto the rotting plaster.

TONY  
(to himself)  
What am I doing?

He sighs, turning back around with disappointment at the broken construction lying on the floor and then looks up in to the air in desperation.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Why don't you help me?

Tony closes his eyes. He is on the verge of crying when he is distracted by a sudden pounding from the back of the theatre. He looks concerned.

INT. THEATRE (FIRE EXIT DOORS) - NIGHT

Stepping cautiously down the flight of stairs, Tony arrives at the back fire exit doors that are being slammed and kicked violently.

TONY  
Hey!

He pushes the doors open to confront the suspected vandal, only to be pushed to the floor by a young girl as she rushes in. She pulls the doors closed behind her, pushing her body hard against both doors.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Sarah?

SARAH  
Shhh!

The sound of a car pumping with bass music, slows to a stop out side. The music stops and the car door opens. Tony, lying on the wet floor, remains silent, realising she is in trouble with who ever is out there. Tony jumps as the theatre doors are shaken violently from outside. Sarah however, remains oddly calm.

The shaking stops and after a while the car eventually screeches away. Sarah crouches down to pick something up and starts walking up the darkened stairway.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Got any tea?

Tony struggles to his feet, wiping the dirt off his now damp overalls.

TONY

Is this going to be a habit?

Sarah ignores him and disappears around the bend.

INT. THEATRE (OFFICE) - NIGHT

The office is small but well lit. On either side lie two uncomplimentary second hand sofa's and against the far wall, an array of kitchen units that hold office paper and drink facilities. Covering the walls are an array of blue prints of the building from different elevations. Tony starts pouring a coffee. A hand whips away the mug before Tony even has a chance to stop pouring.

SARAH

Thanks.

He pauses with annoyance and then continues to pour the other mug, finally sitting down on the arm of one of the sofa's. Tony watches Sarah as she wanders around the room examining everything.

TONY

Still having trouble then.

SARAH

No.

TONY

Well who was that in the car?

SARAH

I dunno, pig from Hell?

She fixes the postcard that she has been looking at, back onto the board and turns to face Tony.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Why don't you show me around.

TONY

I told you, it's not for sale.

Sarah smiles a little as they exchange a challenging glance. Sarah then places her mug onto the table and walks out, leaving Tony in disbelief.

INT. THEATRE (FRONT OF STAGE) - NIGHT

Several loud electrical thuds echo around the building, as the whole theatre is slowly illuminated. Rotted plaster hangs by a thread, from the frail wooden support beams. Either side of the circle, Victorian archways cast haunting shadows across the rows of rotted seating. On the balcony face, battered cherubs hang tentatively from rusty nails, their golden paint half peeled away. And looming high above, hangs the elegant dome, weathered but complete, displaying it's multitude of intricate patterns.

Sarah stands in the middle, completely taken back. Tony appears behind her.

SARAH  
This is amazing.

He studies her face for a moment with intrigue, and then up at the theatre, wondering what she is thinking. Sarah lies down on the floor.

TONY  
What are you doing?

SARAH  
Getting comfortable.

Tony looks at her thinking she is mad, as Sarah pats the ground next to her. Sig |hing, he reluctantly joins her.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
So what happens here in the day?

TONY  
I don't know. I only work nights.

Sarah has caught part of a clue to his mysterious depression and carefully pry's.

SARAH  
Why?

TONY  
(feeling pressured)  
I prefer it.

They look back up at the dome, Sarah feeling confident bides her time.

SARAH  
How high is that do you think?

TONY  
Fifty foot, maybe more.

SARAH  
Is it safe?

TONY

Doubt it.

SARAH

What would you do if it suddenly  
fell towards us?

TONY

Breath a sigh of relief probably.

She smiles a little.

SARAH

What else is there?

INT. THEATRE - (BASEMENT ENTRANCE) - NIGHT

Sarah pauses at the door, noticing the faint writing on the front, that is hidden under all the dust and dirt. It reads 'Strictly Private, Closed'.

SARAH

That's you that is.

Tony shrugs off the remark. Sarah pushes the door open to see a long narrow corridor with steep steps leading down into a basement that looks more like a dungeon. An array of rusty piping runs along the sides of its bare brick walls, leading into several small rooms. Curious, Sarah wanders off to investigate, while Tony waits for her at the bottom of the steps.

TONY

Sarah?

SARAH

Yeah.

TONY

Who was that in the car?

SARAH

(choosing not to hear him)  
What?

TONY

I only want to help, you know.

There is no response.

TONY (CONT'D)

Sarah?

Tony sighs as Sarah appears unexpectedly from nearby doorway.

SARAH

What.

She gives him a cheeky grin and walks back down the corridor, waving his wallet around in the air. Surprised, Tony checks his trouser pockets looking back up to see Sarah

TONY  
Did you steal that?

SARAH  
No, I found it - Anthony Marcus Reid.

Tony follows her anxiously

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Ooo you've got Visa.

TONY  
Where was it?

She pulls out a donor card.

SARAH  
That's interesting. Oh my God...

She stops at the bottom of another stairway and shows Tony an I.D., card with an old photo of him on it.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
...a smile.

Tony tries to get closer, but Sarah backs off up the stairway and into a narrow corridor.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Who's this little stunner then?  
You're girlfriend?

Tony tries to snatch the photo from her hand.

TONY  
Give me that!

SARAH  
Hold on.

Tony is starting to look upset.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Is this the one that left you?

TONY  
Can I have my wallet back please.

SARAH  
In a minute. This is getting  
interesting.

Tony lunges for the photo.

TONY  
Give it back.

SARAH  
I will, just get off will you!

Their struggle gets a little violent.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Let go of me and I'll... Tony  
you're hurting me.

Tony in his desperate struggle, accidentally elbows her in  
the jaw.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Owe!

The wallet falls to the floor, as Sarah releases her grip of  
the photo and stumbles backwards in shock.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
What is wrong with you!

She holds her jaw, disheartened. Her trust in him shattered  
as Tony, can only look back at her helplessly.

She storms off down the corridor, into the darkness.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(echoing)  
I'm not surprised she left you.

In the distance, the fire doors slam closed, as Tony, highly  
emotional, falls back onto the wall, slumping down into  
tears.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. THEATRE (OFFICE) - NIGHT

Tony is slouched on the sofa, playing restlessly with his  
photo. He looks over at a hook on the wall, that has a home  
made target board stuck around it. He grabs an elastic band  
off the table, pulls it between his fingers and without  
thought, fires. It lands on the hook. Tony surprised, looks  
down at the pile of previous misses below.

A heavy curtain drapes over the doorway to the office, and through a small gap, unbeknown to him, Sarah has appeared and is watching. He is looking confused by his streak of luck and as thoughts come together, he looks back up into the air.

TONY

Are you trying to talk to me?

Tony sighs.

TONY (CONT'D)

I do miss you Emily. I'm scared. I think I like her. What do I do?

Sarah, looking stunned, backs off a little, brushing her shoulder on the wall. Tony whips around with surprise, seeing her half lit behind the curtain. He stands, picking up his mug and starts to make another drink, too embarrassed to look at her or say anything. He opens the coffee jar to find it empty. Sarah takes a steps into the room.

SARAH

I'm sorry.

He reluctantly turns around, now noticing her bruised face.

TONY

What happened to you?

Sarah says nothing.

TONY (CONT'D)

Was that me?

He moves towards her with clearer concern. He takes her hands, pulling her closer to the light. She reacts to the pain from her wrist.

TONY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Is it broken?

SARAH

(shaking her head)

Just badly sprained.

Tony looks at her injuries and then at her.

TONY

It was that guy in the car, wasn't it.

Sarah looks away, brushing her finger across the dusty table.

SARAH

(softly)

Yes.



INT. THEATRE (FRONT CIRCLE) - NIGHT

Tony and Sarah sit together in the front circle, on the bottom step of the gangway. The industrial lights below, reflect off the rusty red and orange walls giving a feeling of warmth. While Sarah holds a wad of cotton wool to her bruised head, Tony gently dabs the cuts and bruises from the rest of her face with a damp handkerchief.

TONY

That's better. You can take that off now

Sarah pulls off the cotton wool from her head.

SARAH

Thanks Doctor

Tony unrolls a bandage from it's wrapper.

TONY

Give us your hand.

She holds out her wrist.

SARAH

You did this, you know.

Tony half smiles with embarrassment, as he starts to bandage her wrist.

TONY

Yeah, I suppose I did. Sorry.

SARAH

Well it sent that pig back to hell didn't it.

Tony looks confused

SARAH (CONT'D)

I hit him. Should have done it ages ago.

Tony pauses, before pinning the bandage. He looks at her with surprise and then clips the safety pin on.

TONY

There.

Sarah looks down at her bandaged wrist.

SARAH

Thank you.

Tony packs up the bandages and things, as Sarah looks at him with hesitation, trying to get the right words out.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I heard what you said, you know.

Tony stops packing and starts nervously rolling a bandage slowly around in his hands.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What did she say?

TONY

I don't know.

He looks up towards the dome.

TONY (CONT'D)

I don't think she said anything.

Sarah rests her head on his shoulder, as they ponder their futures. We are led up the side of the theatre, to finally rest on the huge dome above.

THE END