

POSTER BOY

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BUS SHELTER - EVENING

AVA sits, earphones in, locked into her own world.

She writes furiously on a pad balanced on her knees.

Her pencil does overtime.

Scrawny handwriting etches out "Feel something. ANYTHING GOOD" amidst doodle depictions of The Scream and hangman.

Beside her a cluster of COMMUTERS are captivated as a EARNEST YOUNG MAN gets down on one knee before his SHELL-SHOCKED GIRL.

Ava refuses to notice. Her blunt pencil carves blackened gullies out of the white blameless paper.

As the SHELL-SHOCKED GIRL accepts, the couple embrace.

COMMUTERS erupt into abounding joy, swept up in the strangers' precious moment.

An OVER-ZEALOUS WOMAN flings her arms around Ava.

She's squeezed. Just about bears it. Her body unresponsive, praying for release. It doesn't come.

The woman, still clinging on, jumps up and down on the spot, shaking Ava into happiness by submission.

Enough. Ava stands, ejects herself from the suffocating woman.

Her notepad slides to the ground. Her sheet of doodling floats adrift.

She catches a glimpse of the "happy couple" as they move in for a tender kiss.

AVA punches her hands into her coat pockets.

Out the corner of her eye she notices a man, JEROME. He has her doodles in front of him. He unceremoniously rips the paper in two.

A few careful folds, deftly done --

-- Like magic, he presents a flower to her.

It is genius. Beautiful. Ironic.

Can she summon the strength to lift her hand to take it?

Her hand rises slowly out of her pocket --

She brings out her phone. Stares at it, like it's giving her an unexpected message.

Jerome moves forward, impatient.

Ava hops back to counter-balance.

In a knee-jerk reaction, she lifts her phone, snaps a photograph of him and legs it.

INT. CRAPPY BEDSIT - NIGHT

Ava smoothes down a poster she has blue-tacked to her wall.

She stands back, admires her work.

She is serene for the first time.

The wall displays a mosaic of A4 sheets showing an oversized photograph of Jerome offering her an origami flower.

She glides close towards the photograph --

Her hand brushes over the flower as if now safe to take it.

She looks close at the flower. Really close.

A telephone number is written on one of the petals.

Her hands skim over the image, to finally cup his face between them.

She tentatively docks a soft KISS on the lips of her poster boy.

FADE OUT