

POSTER BOY

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(second draft)

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FADE IN:

INT. CRAPPY BEDSIT - DAY

AVA stands, in coat and scarf, staring at her front door.

She turns her back to it - looks at her wall. It is covered in handwritten notes-to-self: "for God's sake, GO OUT!" "You won't die" Amongst them, photographs and drawings of ordinary things she misses: flowers, buses, post boxes, shops, bicycles and people.

She moves to the window. Opens it. Sticks her head right out, takes a massive breath of fresh air.

OUTSIDE there is a bus stop - COMMUTERS gathering.

AVA steps back from the window. Resolute suddenly.

She grabs her notepad, pencil and her mobile, earphones dangling.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

AVA sits, detached from the others, earphones in. Her music pounds, a rhythm of racing heartbeat - it's all we can hear.

She scribbles furiously on her notepad. Her hand shaking as she etches out "Breathe" "You can leave soon" amidst a doodle depiction of a hanging girl at a busy bus stop.

A few feet away, the COMMUTERS are captivated as an EARNEST YOUNG MAN gets down on one knee before his SHELL-SHOCKED GIRL.

As the girl accepts, the couple embrace. The commuters erupt into cheers and applause.

An OVER-ZEALOUS WOMAN flings her arms around Ava, catching the cords of her earphones - both pop out of her ears.

The noise of the celebration overwhelms Ava.

The woman squeezes - Ava winces - the close contact clearly unbearable.

Ava stands, pulls away from the woman, forcing her notepad and pencil to slip to the ground.

Her drawing floats adrift --

Her pencil rolls across the concrete - is picked up by male hand.

Ava doesn't notice. Her eyes suddenly fixed on the "happy couple". Resistance bleeds into sadness.

As the couple move in for a kiss, discomfort returns to Ava. She turns away, plugs her earphones back in. Her soundtrack resumes. Ava punches her hands into her coat pockets.

This is when she notices JEROME inspecting her drawing.

He unceremoniously rips the paper in two.

A few careful folds, deftly done --

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

Ava is mesmerized. It is genius. Beautiful. Ironic.

Her hand slowly lifts out of her pocket.

She brings out the phone. She stares at it.

Jerome steps forward, impatient.

Ava hops back to counter-balance. They make eye contact for just a moment. She breaks it by raising her phone, snaps a photograph of him. Her face reads "I'm sorry" as she legs it back into her building.

INT. CRAPPY BEDSIT - DAY

Ava, still in coat and scarf, stares at her wall of notes.

-- She rips down the collage with abandon.

INT. CRAPPY BEDSIT - DAY

Ava smooths down a new poster she blu-tacks in place.

Her wall now displays a mosaic of A4 sheets showing an oversized photograph of Jerome offering the origami flower.

-- She fidgets around the room, getting used to him being there.

-- She looks him straight in the eye, moves in closer.

She takes a deep breath. Her hands brush over the image to rest on his face - then, docks a soft KISS on his lips.

She skims her hand over his shoulder to the flower. She looks closer. Really close.

A telephone number is written on one of the petals.

-- She stands at the open window, enveloped in the breeze.

She looks down at the phone in her hand. Punches in the first number.

THE END