

Boxes Fresh Draft (after notes)

INT. LOFT - DAY

A dark, windowless dusty loft, filled with boxes of old memories and forgotten purchases.

A hatch opens in the floor, allowing a shaft of light in, as well as the top of a ladder.

A hand with a torch enters pokes through the hatch, followed by STAN (75), shaky, haggard, struggling to breathe.

Reaching the top, he straightens, his legs only allowing him to do so creakily, and begins precariously piling up boxes in order to clear a path to the indoor aerial on the far side of the loft.

As Stan struggles to place a box onto the top of his Jenga like tower, it slips from his hand, sending dust flying.

As the box falls to the floor, a voice emanates from it.

VOICE FROM BOX

Stanley.

Stan picks up his torch to train it on the box. He taps on the box top, RAP RAP RAP.

VOICE FROM BOX

Come in, it's open.

Stan staggers backwards, nearly falling down the hatch.

VOICE FROM BOX

What have I told you about
watching where you're going?

The box opens and KATE (35), dressed in WWII era clothes emerges like a siren from the sea.

KATE

Darling.

STAN

Mum?

Kate nods, eyes welling up with tears of joy. She pulls out a hanky to dry them. Stan looks close to tears too.

STAN

But..?

KATE

Remember the tizzy you got in
when I left for five minutes to
pop to the butchers.

Eyes dried, Kate climbs out the box.

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KATE

We couldn't have a repeat of that now, could we? Spit.

Kate holds out the hanky, for Stan to spit on. He does. She starts to wipe the dirt from his face. He squirms and pushes her hand away.

STAN

I'm not a little boy anymore. But you...You did leave me, Mum.

Stan begins to cry like a child, a mixture of anger and sadness.

STAN

For the butchers. For errands. For everything.

Kate snakes her arm around Stan and pulls him close to hug, cradle and soothe him.

KATE

Hush, Baby, Hush. I know, I know but I'm here now.

She leans over and kisses him in a motherly fashion on the forehead. His sobs slow to sniffles then to silence.

Kate goes to wipe his nose but stops herself and instead hands him the hanky. Stan blows into it.

KATE

Time to go.

Kate holds out her hand to Stan, which he takes.

A bright white light shines up through the hatch, until the screen is completely white. When the light fades neither Stan or Kate are stood there, just the forgotten purchases and boxes of memories.

CLOSE UP

Stan's dead body, lying on the floor, a bloody gash on his head.

CLOSE UP

The fallen box, one corner bloodied, its photographic contents split across the floor.

CLOSE UP

An old black and white photo of Kate, dressed as before stood on a hillside, with a small boy, age 5 in WWII era clothing, holding her hand, beaming from ear to ear.