

P.M.A

Written by Jacob Hughes

BRISTOL DOCKS. EXT- EARLY MORNING

INSERT CU: Two feet tapping. In the background, a figure edges into the frame slowly running past.

FADE OUT.

FADE INTO CAMERA TRACKING a different pair of feet running. The image is OUT OF FOCUS.

A BLURRY FACE appears on screen. The green of the trees and shine from the early morning sun bounces off a distorted and warped image.

FOCUS PULL to REVEAL our character PETER not enjoying his early morning run.

Reaching into his pocket, PETER attaches his earphones to his phone, with the vain hope of trying to divert his attention away from actually running.

SLOW MOTION SERIES:

He listens to a mindfulness App.

Music is overly inspirational/moving- think Coldplay!

THE APP(V.O- very calmly and re-assuringly)
Breathe... just breathe... feel that sensation. Trust that you're in control of your mind and body. *Enjoy* the movement, one foot at a time. Do not become discouraged when your mind drifts away... this is completely natural. Instead of becoming frustrated, just acknowledge this thought and hone back in on your breathing...
your posture and your strides.

CAMERA LINGERS on PETER who tries desperately to embrace this positive message, yet can't help but despair.

INSERT: MULTIPLE EXL ESTABLISHING SHOT of PETER in the vast open landscape, along with a shot of the two mysterious feet tapping.

THE APP(V.O- cont.)
You *will* relax and you *will* be in *control*, as your body is YOURS. Whenever (getting passionate) venturing into a new environment, I've found it's totally okay to feel nervous before a big event... This is just misplaced excitement. Remember, life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass, it's *about* learning to dance in the rain.

PETER takes out his earphones cynically.

SLOW MOTION and MUSIC IS EXITED.

ZOOM INTO PETER looking isolated, lost and alone.

He now hears the SOUND OF BUSY TRAFFIC.

INSERT: LOUD PUNK MUSIC.

CUT TO:

TITLE: P.M.A

CUT TO:

SIDE STAGE. INT- NIGHT

LOUD PUNK MUSIC CONTINUES into this scene.

INSERT: FAST CUT shots of PETER THRASHING AROUND as a PUNK on stage.

PETER comes off stage after performing to a lukewarm crowd. He is pissed off and unhappy.

As part of ONE STATIC - CONTINUOUS SHOT, MAY appears from over his shoulder, moving from darkness into light. The pair meet for the first time.

MAY

That was... (long pause) Interesting.

PETER

It was shit.

MAY contemplates.

The couple stand in silence. PETER is especially uncomfortable with the silence. MAY, who still remains over PETER's shoulder, however is at ease with the big lingering pause- She enjoys it!

She giggles, trying her *absolute best* to make the laughing inaudible.

PETER FINALLY breaks the silence, giving in, he has an idea.

He turns around to finally face her.

PETER

We should go for a drink?

CUT BACK TO:

BRISTOL DOCKS. EXT- THAT SAME MORNING

IMAGE OUT OF FOCUS AGAIN.

PETER is RUNNING.

He gets a STITCH . He HOLDS HIS RIBS in agony.

In the midst of a blurry image, he see's a red spot. It slightly resembles a human, however the lack of focus makes it extremely hard to tell.

As PETER gets closer to the red spot, he see's it move away in amongst a couple of trees.

PETER becomes distracted by the re-introduction of the App and the accompanying music.

THE APP(V.0-Cont.)

Welcome back to your journey. Let's just take a moment to check back in with ourselves, re-establishing us with our points of contact, acknowledging any aches or pains that we may have-

A voice intercuts.

MAY(V.O.)

-What does your t-shirt say?

CUT TO:

A BAR. INT-NIGHT

MAY and PETER STOOD by the side of a bar together. They sip bottles of Lager.

MAY has no filter and PETER is awkward but is ultimately trying to make a good impression.

PETER

P.M.A... it's the Bad Brains.. They're a band.

CAMERA LINGERS on PETER'S shirt, revealing his P.M.A BAD BRAINS T SHIRT.

QUICK PAN to MAY.

MAY

Never heard of them.

PETER(forgiving her)

That's cool.

MAY

Well what does it stand for?

PETER POINTS to each letter of his T SHIRT, explaining the punk acronym to MAY.

PETER

Positive.. mental.. attitude.

MAY LAUGHS.

PETER

It's not meant to be funny.

MAY

No, no, it's not that.

PETER(playing on but suspicious)

Well what is it then?

MAY

Just that doesn't seem you.

PETER(jokingly back)

Well I'm trying...

PETER clocks onto the ridiculousness of Mary's last response.

PETER

...and you don't even know me.

MAY is quick to change the subject.

MAY

Running around, half naked screaming down a mic, that's your outlet then?

PETER

Kinda.

Whats left of the moderate laughter has now worn off- awkward pause- they sip their drinks.

INSERT ECU: MARY SIPPING her drink.

INSERT ECU: MARY'S EYES looking down at her bottle whilst she drinks it.

MAY

Some people try exercise.

PETER

Yeah I do.

MAY(surprised)

Really?

PETER

I go running.

MAY

Interesting...

Another pause in conversation.

MAY clocks PETER playing with a stress ball in his pocket.

MAY

Stress ball?

PETER(embarrassed)
Yep.

MAY(gesturing to herself)
Sorry...

Another pause.

MAY
Got a manager?

PETER
Um, no.

MAY
I mean, I could help you with...-

PETER
With... what?

MAY
Well ya know... You(gesturing to PETER)

PETER(taken back)
What you trying to say love?

MAY takes a beat, she calms herself, regaining an upright posture. She speaks matter of factly in a assertive but measured tone.

MAY
That's your problem.

PETER
What?-

MAY
Thats start with your 'set'... shall we? It was convoluted... muddled.. it lacked brevity.

PETER
Sorry, I don't speak French... and I'm not writing a FUCKING book.

MAY
Better. I mean clichéd and predictable, but at least that had a bit of zest behind it. You see, your performance, you basically apologised at the beginning... PETER, the body language said that you didn't want to be there...

PETER is taken back with the directness of the MAY'S feedback.

INSERT FLASHBACK: Frenetic shots of PETER trashing around as a punk, in sheer desperation.

MAY
Love.

CUT TO:

BRISTOL DOCKS. INT- MORNING

PETER running again.

He steps in dog shit.

PETER SCREAMS.

CUT BACK TO:

A BAR. INT- NIGHT

PETER and MAY's conversation is resumed.

MAY picks up her bottle.

MAY

You have to show the audience that you are in command. For instance, whenever you get the chance to have a drink between songs-

MAY takes a big sip from her bottle, completely finishing the drink before putting it down in a very measured and sophisticated manner.

MAY(cont.)

...you should really take your time.

MAY wipes her lips.

MAY

It gives off the impression that you're in control.

PETER can't believe MAY has just downed that bottle. He is in awe.

MAY

Look, really, it's simple. Tonight you seemed as if you were in a hurry.

PETER

Well yeah...we were only doing 20 minutes-

MAY

Stop with your excuses... Like on your runs.

The mood changes.

PETER

Wait, what?

MAY

You start off well, but then you slow down. Get a stitch. Fuck around with your phone... Whatever... And then, ultimately let your mind get the better of you...

PETER is in amazement.

PETER

How... do you..?

MAY(serious)

You're odd. (takes a beat) But I am too. You need someone to help,
watch over, protect you.

INSERT: The pair of tapping feet again. The CAMERA TRACKS the body
attached to the feet. It is MAY watching PETER on his run from
afar.

MAY

It wouldn't be conventional.

PAN DOWN - MAY looks to see PETER is wearing the same running
shoes.

MAY

I will be needing you to change shoes.

SLOW MOTION AND FRANTIC PUNK MUSIC RESUMED.

PETER in a dizzy state, becomes totally rudderless.

OTS frantically following PETER running out of the bar to get
outside.

His world is spinning.

His vision becomes distorted, becoming paralysed by fear.

CAMERA CIRCLES PETER.

INSERT: Flashbacks of PETER'S RUN but all from MAY'S POV- she
sees him step in shit, fiddle with his earphones, stopping and
looking totally unhappy.

He however thinks back to meeting MAY. He remembers HER EYES,
SLIGHTLY SINISTER SMILE, they way SHE SIPPED HER DRINK.

INSERT MS: of the door back into the bar.

The door shuts.