

(Name of Project)

(Genre)

by
(Name of Writer)

Name
Address
Phone Number

Agency Information

CHARACTER NAME

BRIEF DESCRIPTION

AGE

GENDER

FOR SOOKIE.

The set is black with a simple chair and side table. On the side table sits a crystal glass of whiskey. Ryan wears a black polo shirt and trousers as he has just finished a shift at a bar.

RYAN (26) paces with a phone in his hand. Infrequently he pauses and actions at the phone before once again pacing. A tabby cat runs across his view startling him. He pauses before taking a deep breath and dialling a number. Ryan stands frozen in fearful anticipation.

RYAN

Hello you... I...

RYAN struggles to get his words out.

RYAN

Fuck sake.

He hangs up the phone and takes a seat. He looks around his room, taking in the view as if he has never seen it before. He reaches for a glass of whiskey sat on his side table and takes a musing sip. With another deep breath, he rings again.

RYAN

Hi Dad, it's me. I know I've never really called you before but, well, I'm doing it now so better late than never! (*Dad: Why are you calling?*) I'm calling because (beat.) I saw this cat. It was a tabby and it looked *exactly* like Sookie, right down to that black spot on her nose. (pause.) It made me think of you so... I thought I could ring and let you know.

Ryan sinks into his chair slightly as he continues the conversation.

RYAN

Mum says hi... probably. You know what she's like, stiff upper lip, don't mention the war. She's only 52! (*Dad: That's your mother! Does she ever mention me?*) She thought she saw your double in DFS the other day. The bloke at the counter who served us... she said he looked exactly like you. Of course he didn't at all, he had glasses for a start but, well, the sentiment was there. (*Dad: I hope he was handsome*) Yes don't worry Dad... he was an absolute stunner just like you.

Ryan pauses.

RYAN

(*Dad: How's work then?*) Works good, going well. And no I haven't managed to lose this job yet! (he laughs). Boss seems to like me... quite a bit actually. Little side smiles and that sort of thing, I think she might fancy me! (*Dad: Poor girl must be blind*) She's not blind you cheeky sod she clearly has great taste in men! Oh yeah, you'll never guess who I'm working with! (*Dad: Who's that then?*) Mick, David's boy. The one who plays darts blindfolded. He's a right prick mind you. (*Dad: Nothing like his old man then*) No he's nothing like his Dad. He was a good man David... it was a shame when he... you know.

Ryan picks up his glass, this time opting to stare into the crystal without drinking.

RYAN

Do you remember the funeral? Jackie and June wearing the same outfit!? God Jackie was livid, but it was her own fault! We literally called her June the Prune so fancy turning up in brown. (He shares a laugh with his Dad). You know David's last words were I'll be back? You know like the Terminator?

Ryan pauses and muses over that thought.

RYAN

It's bizarre really. He was so sure he'd be back. He was only going to the shop for milk. He was there one moment and then... gone. (*Dad: Not really gone though*) No... I suppose you're right, he's not really gone. His pictures are still in frames in their house, he still has a Facebook page and, well, we're talking about him right now! (Pause.) He's not dead, not really. Dying is an end and he's just... not visible. His memory is like (beat.) A voiceover in a film or talking in the dark. I bet Mick and Jackie still know he's there really.

Ryan takes another swig of his whiskey as the conversation deepens.

RYAN

(Dad: Do you miss him?) I never really knew him so I suppose I don't miss him. I miss him for your sake though, you two were close. *(beat.)* Mick misses him all the time, he says his Mum still lays out a third plate at the dinner table. It's like they expect him to walk in any minute demanding his tea. *(pause.)* They know he won't but... well it's the hope that kills you isn't it.

Ryan pauses and takes a deep breath.

RYAN

It's been ages since I've seen you. Last time I saw you I saw Sookie, that's how long it's been. *(Dad: Shame about her. She was a good cat.)* Yeah she was a great cat. She only ever wanted food and sleep but, it was the company she gave. You could see behind those stern eyes that she loved you. Of course she did... she's a bit like you there.

*Ryan takes one final sip of his whiskey,
finishing the glass.*

RYAN

I miss you Dad. I don't want to ring you I want to see you again!

*He pauses and struggles to find the words.
He chokes up as he finally grasps his own
thoughts.*

RYAN

That's what you said... it's what you promised. "I'll see you tomorrow" you said. But you didn't. And I just went along with it like I didn't know... like I didn't bloody know that there wouldn't be tomorrow. And there's never been tomorrow. I would give up everything to have tomorrow. *(He cries).* I just really fucking miss you Dad!

*He wipes away tears as he tries to compose
himself.*

RYAN

I know that we never really talked and I'm so sorry... I wish I did. I wish I'd gone to the hospital. Mum told me to go but I was too scared and I'm sorry you didn't see me before... *(pause).* I just, I wanted the last memory to be good. *(pause.)* You're not dead really, I'm talking to you now so you can't be. Like David. I can see you in my shadow. I can hear you in my echo. I'm starting to look like you. I just really... really miss you.

The tabby cat appears back in his room, and sits by his feet. Ryan pauses and looks at her. As he reaches to stroke her, he hangs up the phone.

FADE TO BLACK.