

BLINKS

BY

ALFIE ALEXANDER MORGAN

DRAFT THREE

BLINK = BRIEF CUT TO BLACK, PASSING OF TIME.

SET 1A+	SET 2A+	SET 3	SET 4A+	SET 5	SET 6A	SET 7A
SET 1B	SET 2B		SET 4B		SET 6B	SET 7B
SET 1C	/SET 2C		SET 4C			SET 7C
SET 1D	SET 2D		SET 4D			
SET 1E	SET 2E					
	/SET 2F*					
	SET 2G+					
	SET 2H					
	SET 2I					
	SET 2J					

EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

1 BROTHER's body is lined to the bench beneath the wall of 1
leaves at the back of the garden, dusted by what the wind
pulls down from the trees, his slumber, his head hangs.

EXT. GARDEN PATIO - SAME TIME

2 The sun shines down from the middle of the sky. 2

3 The air darkens... 3

4 And darker - as appears a spectre, a ghoul, a haunt, a 4
phantom, a boy of maybe sixteen. GHOST. A boy, now real, who
bends down - and picks up a hose, and turns his head to down
the garden.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

5 Dropping down into the verdant space, hose running, Ghost 5
walks over to the furthest side of the bench - and starts
watering the plants behind it. A few steps along, and the
water sprays Brother, who stirs as little as a waking
possibly could.

6 Ghost reaches the end of the plants, and drops the hose, and 6,
without so much as a glance from Brother, skirts back up
whence he came.

7 Brother leans forward, rubbing his face. 7

BLINK

8 Brother sits in the same place - his neck craned down at an 8
open brick of a book beside him. A cigarette burns in his
fingers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

9 The vague brightness of TV against the midday light flashes 9
back and away at Ghost's placid face.

TV MAN (O.S.)

(on the TV)

*...for, dimes. Dimes?! How's about
a clam? A copper? An octo-pie? Come
and get it, folks! Here tonight...
Money Banks. Say - I haven't been
to the launderette lately...*

10 Ghost leans forward, stretching to the TV- 10

TV MAN (CONT'D)

*The lady who works there, very
attractive face and arms, I asked
her her name - and she said
Launderette! Launderette at the
Launderette? Now if that ain't the
most darn-*

11 *SHCLICK* - turns the TV off, and leans back with a sigh. 11

12 And leans all the way back, onto the floor. 12

13 On the ceiling is a pattern around where the light hangs. 13

14 Ghost eyes it. Closer. 14

15 Closer. 15

16 Closer - a skull- 16

17 Ghost, tinted again by transparency, rolls onto his side. 17

BLINK

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

18 The room is bare - canvases of art layer on each side. 18
Brother reclines on the floor by the window, past which the
city sprawls away into white haze. Much the same - he's
looking down at the book in his lap, and holding the
cigarette about the open window. The sounds of the city can
just be heard...

19 The doorbell rings. Brother looks up. 19

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

20 *The door opens, light succeeds the dark-* 20

POSTMAN
Package for-r..?

21 He hoists the package up, scanning for the name. 21

BROTHER
Yep.

POSTMAN
(handing it over)
Al-right.

22 The door closes. Dark over all. 22

BLINK

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

23 Close on cardboard - a hand reaches forward, ripping across, 23
revealing - a painting. A tree, stark against the windswept
plains.

BLINK

24 Brother hangs the painting on a wall - admires it for a 24
moment, hands-on-hips, then steps away.

25 The painting. Another one of a young girl. An ornate 25
candlestick. A set of oriental prints. A dreary painting of a
classical landscape. An impressionistic model of Joseph and
the Virgin Mary. And betwixt it all sits - Ghost; an
unreadable expression on his face.

26 Brother stares down upon him - no contempt, no sadness, no 26
love, nothing.

BLINK

VOICE (O.S.)
(a cool, low tone)
*Oh how you would down upon me
Where you'd build fortresses
With moats of gold*

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

27 Ghost sits at a desk - he is leaning closely forward to the 27
piece of paper on which he's writing:

VOICE (CONT'D)

*Moats that didn't really work
Because one could just walk across*

*The villagers gathered
Not for your downfall
But with their pickaxes slung over
their shoulders
And soon, your moat was vanished
And the villagers, they were
richer, richer than ever*

*So, abandoning to tradition,
you filled your moats with water
But soon it came, that this moat
too was gone
And the villagers were no longer
thirsty*

LATER

28 Ghost sits, blank-faced, his image painted by the flickering TV... 28

TV

(continued)

*So time again it was to think of
the moat - and this time, you
filled it with nothing, nothing at
all
And it was after months of solitude
and quiet
That you then realised
You didn't really have any enemies
at all.*

BLINK

EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

29 Again. Brother's body is lined to the bench at the back wall of the garden, dusted by what the wind pulls down from the trees, his slumber, his head hangs. 29

30 Ghost walks over to the furthest side of the bench, and starts watering the plants behind it. The water sprays Brother, who stirs but a little. 30

31 Ghost reaches the end of the plants, drops the hose, and skirts back up whence he came. 31

32 Brother leans forward, and rubs his face. 32

BLINK

33 Brother sits in the same place - same thing, his book open 33
the bench beside him. The cigarette burns in his fingers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

34 The midday TV flashes back and away at Ghost's face. 34

35 It's silent. 35

36 And, again, Ghost leans back. 36

37 Out of view. 37

BLINK

INT. OTHER BEDROOM - DAY

38 Ghost gently motions a guitar into music - a sombre, off- 38
kilter tune; a whole duration. The light of the window is
flat and blank against his silhouette.

BLINK

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

39 Brother reclines on the floor by the window, in the same 39
position. Book in his lap, holding the cigarette about the
open window. The sounds of the city can just be heard.

40 The doorbell rings. Brother looks up. 40

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

41 Light. 41

POSTMAN 2
(looking for name)
Hiya! Here's a packaaage...

42 Brother takes it, and is about to close the door- 42

POSTMAN 2 (CONT'D)
Oh - um, sorry, you have to sign
it. I'll get the sheet. Sorry.

BROTHER
It's - fine.

43 Brother takes the pad, signing it. He passes it back. 43

POSTMAN 2
Al-right - have a nice day!

44 The postman turns to go- 44

BROTHER
Wait...

45 The postman does - a cautionary smile on his face. 45

POSTMAN 2
Hm?

BROTHER
You wouldn't like, wanna come in?

46 *Beat.* 46

47 *Beat.* 47

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

48 *Brother and Postman 2 sit watching TV. Postman 2's eyes flicker about. Brother's stay unerringly ahead.* 48

TV MAN (O.S.)
Say... what's all of this hu. Hu.
Hullaballoo about *E-mail*... hu-*what*
is gonna to *happen* to the *mail*
industry? Am I - gonna have to get
rid of my *letterbox*? I don't want
to get rid of my *letterbox*...
(sneeringly)
I like how it clacks.

49 Postman 2 turns around, then turns back... 49

POSTMAN 2
...Nice cat.

50 Brother takes the cigarette out his mouth. 50

BROTHER
Cat?

POSTMAN 2
Yeah, there's a cat - was right
there...

BROTHER
I - don't have a cat.

POSTMAN 2

Oh?

51 He checks behind him. Guess not? 51

POSTMAN 2/LEE

(extending a hand)

I'm Lee.

52 Brother takes it. 52

BROTHER

Hi, Lee.

TV MAN (O.S.)

*Less bears in the woods than ever
before...*

53 Brother leans forward and turns the TV off. 53

LEE

So what do you do?

54 Brother rocks back and forth a little... 54

BROTHER

Everythin'.

LEE

Yeah?

BROTHER

Yeah.

55 Lee looks off. You can see the thoughts cross his face,
again, and again. Brother turns to look at him - is that a
smile? 55

LEE

Listen - I should probably go not
get fired... but you wanna hang
out? Like, tomorrow night, maybe?

56 Brother... starts to nod. 56

LEE (CONT'D)

Yeah?

57 Brother tries to smile any less than ear to ear. 57

BROTHER

Ok.

58 Lee stands, and Brother does the same. They leave the room 58

59 Slowly, slowly... The ashtray... 59
 60 The burning cigarette... 60
 61 Is not getting shorter- 61
 62 *The cigarette is burning backwards.* 62
 63 **And, in the doorway, Ghost watches.** 63
 64 **Ghost turns around-** 64

BLINK

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

65 Brother sits upright, cupping a steaming cup, gently stroking 65
 it with his finger. That might, might, just maybe be a smile
 beginning on his face, looking off at nothing in particular.
 66 **Over down by the radiator is a bowl of pet-food. Above it is
 taped a piece of paper, on it scrawled HI KITTY in big, thin
 letters.**

BLINK

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

67 -to face Brother. 67
 68 Brother's looking in the mirror - no coat, different jumper 68
 different jumper, just t-shirt, new jumper, puffer coat,
 trench coat, puffer coat, sunglasses; he turns to look at
 Ghost - who gives a thumbs up, but Brother is already looking
 back. This is the one.

BLINK

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

69 The air is grey. Night squeezes the city buzz. 69
 70 Shuffling, plodding, anything but grace - along goes Brother 70
 The world whips around him, sometimes taking his head with
 it.
 71 Lights through the dark- 71

EXT. CITY STREET B - LATER

72 Against a wall, under a lamppost, lit fully, no doubt, no wonder - Lee. 72

73 Waiting. 73

74 It's dark in here. 74

75 Brother cups his mouth. Holding it all back. 75

76 Holding back. 76

BLINK

77 And nothing's changed. He sinks lower, and lower. 77

78 Lee... 78

79 Is still waiting. 79

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

80 *The skull in the ceiling-* 80

EXT. CITY STREET B - INTERCUT

81 Brother is sunk in shadow. 81

82 And he is still. 82

BLINK

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

83 The door opens. It's Brother. He makes it one foot in. 83

84 And leans against the wall. 84

85 He's shaking. Out trickles a low whine. 85

BLINK

EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

86 Brother's body is lined to the bench. Down drops Ghost, hose running. Over to the left side of the bench, he starts along, watering, the plants- 86

87 And drops his hose down. Steps around Brother. 87

MAUDE SATCHERLING (TV) (CONT'D)
*O-o-oh, how long must it go on for,
my love? Have I not lit enough
candles? A sign, a twitch,
anything!*

101 Beat. The two watch, unmoved, unmoving.

101

MAUDE SATCHERLING (TV) (CONT'D)
I cannot see you, I cannot hear you
- I just know you're there.

CUT TO BLACK.