

GUY's shadow is cast tall onto a station wall. Imposing. It engulfs the space as he approaches the light source.

Stone walls border an area of grass where our lone-hero is setting up camp in the station's now roofless hub. Guy crouches in front of an angled torch, face hidden by the top of his trilby.

He roots through a backpack on the floor but comes up empty.

A loud rustling noise from the border.

His eyes scan the area.

On his other side a branch snaps, loud, close.

Eyes dart from left to right

FWAPP-WHOOSH! Behind him a pop-up tent POPS!

Guy falls onto his backside taking the weight on his hands.

Something rustles in the nearby bushes.

He grabs the torch and aims it. The beam flickers. Guy hits it, and it turns completely off.

He gently stands it up where it was and it flickers on. He slowly retreats from it.

Moving to the tent, he picks up a small bag and takes out a peg.

He guides it through a loophole and eases it into the earth -
- It hits a rock.

He pulls the peg out and tries to the left -- Rock!

To the right -- Halfway!

Guy reaches out, drags a guitar case to him and into the light. Trying to be quiet he unzips the side pocket. A bunch of papers fall out onto the floor. Guy reaches for them but--

More cracking surrounds him -

From inside the gig bag, a Guitar Capo. The stainless steel shines.

He wraps a guitar strap around his fist and using the Capo in knuckle duster fashion he begins punching.

EXTREME CLOSE UPS: Peg after peg being pummeled into the ground. Each one with more force than the last. The metal on metal turning into a drum like rhythm.

CHING! CHING!! CHING!!!

Each blow hurts more than the last but this is progress.

A creepy almost howling sound. He stops to look. The sound is close.

Guy continues knocking in the pegs increasing the tempo. He finally misses and punches knuckle to peg.

Shaking his hand does little to help, neither the swearing.

Standing over it, he eyes the offending peg, lifts his shoe high above the target and slams down hard.

The peg makes first contact with his ankle then up along his calf.

He drops, face and elbows down.

MUFFLED SCREAMS INTO THE EARTH!

Around him a world of creepy noises grow louder and move nearer. The torch flickers on and off.

Looking up Guy blinks as the light flashes into his glasses and eyes. The creepy sounds surround him.

FLICKER TO
BLACK.

THE CONCERT TURNS FROM DARK TO LIGHT - EARLY MORNING BIRD CALLS.

2

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - EARLY SUMMER'S MORNING

In the centre of the old platform, Guy lies on a bench strumming. We can now see he is mid 40's, wearing beaten-up khaki trousers, burgundy T-shirt, burgundy racer jacket and the brown trilby hat.

A cycle path runs where train-tracks once lay. Early morning cyclists pass by.

The sound of kids playing nearby disturbs this peaceful image, breaking his concentration.

Guy slams his guitar.

TIME CUT:

Now sitting on a nearby low wall, he tries again.

Continuing the bench melody, he is pushing to bring a tune to life. In the zone. A well-worn notebook and pen sit next to him on his left and a phone to his right.

More people surround him, passing by.

He takes a moment, centres himself, waits a beat and starts again.

Even more people approach, more bikes, more kids, more noise. His phone vibrates loudly next to him.

He flips it, takes a look. The message doesn't lighten his mood. The din around him builds.

He takes one more look at the screen, then throws it far and away from him.

The phone hits the top of the opposing wall shattering the screen. A full orchestrated version of Guy's tune kicks in with surf guitar stabs.

The phone continues up and on spinning through the air and smashes into a tree. Boom. Timpani, brass, chimes and strings join in to form a tune that wouldn't feel out of place in a Spaghetti western.

[THE MAN WITH NO PHONE DEMO LINK](#)

Note: Throughout the film the musical score is that which plays in our guy's head.

The phone crashes to the floor.

Guy stuffs his notepad into his inside jacket pocket. He zips up his guitar and swings it on his back.

TIME CUT:

Guy's hand reaches in to retrieve the battered phone.

SUPER TITLES

With the guitar securely strapped to his back, Guy strolls along the train platform in time to the music. He is creating the song in his head and enjoying it.

GUY'S SONG (O.S.)

*He's the man with no phone, he
wanders this land alone. He's
the man with no phone, and
nothing to guide him home. He's
the man with no phone, and he
cannot call his friends.
He's the man with the phone,
and now he can truly roam.*

He moves his arms in time with the brass refrains. He walks down the slanting train platform onto the bicycle path

GUY'S SONG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*He walks from land to land, a
guitar in his hand. He hasn't
got a band, this wasn't what he
planned.*

The camera rises into the sky leaving our hero on his journey.

Guy'S SONG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*He carries on alone, he's
traveled far from home. He
sings an epic song, the hero
with no phone. Here he comes.*

The camera floats high above the trees to reveal the common and a distant village.

SUPER TITLES: EX RENTAL

3

EXT. WOODS NEAR PATH - SAME TIME

Hidden away on a bank above Guy, among the trees, we meet HELEN CONWAY(28). Her face behind a camera she will not often be without.

MUSIC OUT

She starts to hum a bumbling idiot theme fit for the subject she's filming.

CAMERA POV: Guy moves through the foliage playing soldier like a kid.

Her eyes dart from the camera to the real event, bemused by what she is witnessing.

Guy continues with his game.

Helen narrates in film trailer fashion.

HELEN (O.S.)

He is a skilled and deadly
hunter, a master of stealth,
more chameleon than man.

Guy jumps down and forms an imaginary pistol and disappears
out of shot.

Action trailer music kicks in.

We follow behind Guy as he heads through the tall bracken and
trees. He becomes an alert soldier in enemy territory,
scanning the area for potential foes.

He takes his guitar off his back and points it forward like a
gun. Using the rifle guitar to lead him, he makes his way
through the ferns.

Helen's POV: Trees whoosh by as she runs across the ridge of
the common.

Guy continues through the ferns, his guitar pointed ahead.

From above, Helen runs at full speed keeping her camera
pointed towards the trees.

With guitar on back, Guy bounds up a trail with speed.

In full flight, Helen runs straight.

Guy reaches a corner in the woods, pauses and then heads
upwards.

Helen's camera POV - still moving very quickly. She pushes
toward an open area on the ridge.

As she reaches the edge GUY suddenly appears, crashing
directly into her.

He stumbles, falls hard but not before before directing his
guitar safely away onto the grass.

He lies on his belly, face down.

GUY

For fuck's sake.

He rolls onto his back and sits up.

Hurt and winded but quite pleased with himself he turns to
the woman with a smile.

He is alone...

He pulls himself up and walks back to the edge. Down the steep dirt embankment we find Helen laid out at the foot of a tree 15 feet down.

She stirs.

Above her, Guy, A silhouette blocking the sun.

He scrambles down miraculously staying on his feet.

Crouching down down he holds his empty hand out to her.

GUY (CONT'D)
Are you okay? I'm so sorry!

Helen looks him up and down.

She takes his hand.

4 INT. CAMPER VAN - DAY

The dark dingy and slightly mouldy interior of a camper van. Clothes are strewn about. Unwashed dishes in sink. A pristine guitar sits in a stand.

The tent lays just inside the doorway packed neatly in its bag.

Guy climbs in, grabs a bowl from under the sink and fills it with water and soap.

5 EXT. CAMPER VAN - DAY

Helen remains outside investigating it. Inside, the noise of Guy rooting around.

It's a small demountable camper dating from the mid 80's.

Guy exits the van with some kitchen roll towel, the small bowl of water and a glass.

He motions for Helen to sit on the Doorstep. She does, and he leans down in front of her like a proposal.

He delicately places it on the ELBOW wound.

Helen takes the sponge. Guy backs off. Helen removes the mud. She stops to look back and inspect the van.

Guy puts the bowl of water on the floor. Helen swigs from the glass and then puts it down.

HELEN

You're just passing through?

GUY

To be honest, I'm not sure.
Think I'll be here for a few
days. It's actually a bit of a
homecoming trip.

HELEN

Oh. You're a native.

GUY

(indicating the large common
they are on)
Yes, back from when this was
all still fields!

HELEN

Visiting family?

GUY

More like ghosts of the past.
You know go back to the start
to make sense of the middle
kind of thing.

HELEN

Crisis?

GUY

More like mid life reflection.

HELEN

Isn't that what a crisis is?

He opens the small fridge freezer and retrieves some ice.

GUY

Not if you're a writer. It's a
memoir.

The fridge door is covered with flyers, tickets, gig photos
and a few aged Ex-Rental video covers.

HELEN (excited)

Oh, wow you really are old.
Betamax! Do you have a player?

Guy hands her the ice wrapped in paper towel.

GUY

If you've got the covers, you don't need no player. Most of the time the cover's are --

HELEN

(Interrupting)
Ah yeah, okay

Awkward...

GUY

It was painful to let the tapes go.

(referring to the space)
Had to downsize.

Helen inspects her graze. It's still bleeding a little.

HELEN

Well it looks like it's stopped.

Helen gets up and hands Guy the blood covered sponge.

GUY

Thanks, Well...

HELEN

Yeah it was interesting. I guess I'll see you around.

No response.

Helen (CONT'D)

Okay...

Helen grabs her camera bag and leaves. Guy watches.

6

INT. CAMPER - DAY

A notepad is open and in it a shaking hand scribbles the title An Unsociable Man.

Sitting on the edge of the couch bed, guitar in hands, Pad on knee, he scribbles another line and then sings it.

[AN UNSOCIABLE MAN DEMO LINK](#)

GUY

(singing)
Not all silence is golden.
(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)
*Please try to understand,
 The words they...*

Guy stops and thinks for a second. Scribbles again. Then crosses it out.

He slams the pad closed, puts the guitar in its case, closes the camper door behind him and leaves with the guitar.

7 EXT. OLD COAL PIT - DAY

Guy arrives at the old coal-pit engine house. The tower has been preserved, tidied up, and made safe. Wild bushes create a large border.

Guy stares at the tower, transfixed. Nature sounds play around him. He ignores this beautiful concert and starts up a large mound of earth next to the tower.

GUY
 (singing)
*The words they...
 The words they just don't come
 to an unsociable man..*

At the top, he finds an area of ground, picks up a large flat stone, and with his hands digs at the earth.

AN ACOUSTIC RENDITION OF THE COMPLETED SONG CONTINUES ON THE SOUNDTRACK

GUY'S SONG (O.S.)
*Is he looking right through me
 Is he making plans
 It's just so hard to read...
 An unsociable man.*

He unearths a black bag. Dried mud falls from it as he lifts it out.

Crouching he opens the bag to find a blank hard-shell VHS case.

He cracks it open to reveal two still-shining PLECTRUMS.

At the bottom of the box is a folded envelope. He takes it out along with one of the Plectrums.

GUY'S SONG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*But if you could see inside my
 mind...
 You may be surprised by what
 you'd find.*

Breaking from his trance he pockets his find and re-buries the box.

8 INT. VILLAGE HALL LOFT

Helen sits at a small desk staring at her laptop.

She scrubs through footage of Guy walking and arrives at Guy's mission. She pauses it as Guy's jump scare appears.

GUY (O.S.)
*I hear your words, I read your
 signs.
 See, I've been listening for a
 long long time.*

Helen searches through the mess of DV tapes and drives on her desk and finds a red marker pen.

She leans over to a white board. On it is a list of ideas including the word Singer which she circles. On the board is a five bar gate countdown - six days remaining.

The image of Guy paused on the screen appears slightly dark and sinister.

GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*When we met I remember, The sun
 lit up your hair...
 You probably may recall a
 strange man standing there...*

9 EXT. CAMPER VAN - EVENING

GUY's silhouette rocks back and forth next to the window as he plays.

GUY
*But my silence disturbed you...
 As I simply stared...*

10 INT. CAMPER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Cross-legged Guy sits playing his guitar on the couch. Eyes closed. A portable lamp hangs down from the top of the camper.

The still unopened envelope is propped up in front of him.

GUY
*And then you turned away like
 there was nobody there...*

CLOSE UP: He is playing with one of the dug up picks.

INSERT: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL OUTSIDE APPROACHING...

GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*But if you could see inside my
 mind...
 You will be surprised by what
 you'd find*

Torchlight pierces through the window hitting Guy's face then moves away.

A STUMBLING NOISE

Guy's eyes twitch but he continues playing.

GUY (CONT'D)
*I need your words, I need your
 signs. See I've been listening
 for a long long time.*

The figure is on the other side of the door. The torchlight sneaking though the gaps.

TAP TAP

Eyes still closed.

GUY (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
 Fuck off!

TAP!

Guy puts down the guitar and jumps up opening the camper door in one smooth move. The Flashlight is blinding.

Helen lowers the torch, and Guy blinking, begins to see her.

GUY (CONT'D)
 Ohh, hey... Is that recording?

HELEN
 It's a torch.

Helen stands in front of Guy staring at this weird vampire. She holds a bag in one hand and holds out her right for a handshake.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Helen.

Bemused he accepts and shakes.

GUY

Guy.

Helen lifts the bag and hands it to him. Inside is an old Betamax ex-rental tape. He pulls the film out and examines it.

In the reflection in Guy's glasses, we see the cover. Horror vibes, a girl screaming, her intense frightened eyes are mirrored by Guy's.

A blade, scary redneck mutant faces and a camper van. Guy laughs and throws a knowing look to Helen.

GUY (CONT'D)

Thanks, I think.

HELEN

I thought you could do with a few more films you have no means of watching or space to display.

GUY

And I appreciate the thoughtful but ultimately empty gesture.

HELEN

Actually, they were part of my dad's collection. He had, well I have a lot. I'm slowly making my way through them but I don't have a Betamax so...

(beat)

He used to run the video shop here in the village.

Guy lights up again.

GUY

No, you're kidding! The amazingly titled "Video Shop"? That was like my 2nd home. Was your dad Bernie?

Yup.

GUY (CONT'D)

Wow.
(beat)
That pretty much makes us..
family.

HELEN

I always wanted a brother.

GUY

How many of his films do you
still have, exactly?

11 INT. VILLAGE HALL LOFT - NIGHT

Guy stands in front of a large rack of tapes, VHS and BETA. A kid in a sweet shop.

GUY

This is weird. It's like
walking into my warped
memories... That your dad is
partly responsible for by the
way.

Behind the rack and all around the storage space is a mix of Church hall items. Boxes of old bibles, ratty old small church furnishings, but mostly lots of Christmas Fair Paraphernalia. Green and red all over.

In the middle of this jumble is a makeshift cozy workspace. Helen's edit suite. Laptop, chairs, lamps, and a portable VHS/TV combo.

Guy picks up a tape. Action. Bold font. Soldier on front cover.

Helen hands him a kids' Juice Box carton drink with protruding straw. He exchanges it for a WTF look.

Guy turns back to focus on the macho video cover and takes a long slurp from the straw.

He slides it back and taps another case. And another... then Steps back.

Guy scans the rack, looks back to Helen, then the tapes, then back to Helen.

GUY (CONT'D)

These are the ones he chose to
hold onto.

Helen nods. Guy's gaze returns to the wall. It sinks in.

GUY (CONT'D)
Yeah, this is Bernie!

He picks another tape.

GUY (CONT'D)
I never saw you in the shop.

HELEN
I'm only 28.

Guy nearly drops the tape, and puts it back quickly.

GUY
I mean. Yeah. I was too young
for a lot of these.

Guy picks up a kid's film.

Helen takes a few steps back, turns to a camera set up on the side and presses the record button.

She holds up the video remote.

HELEN
Choose.

She sits on a beanbag away from Guy.

GUY
Oh, the pressure is on.

While talking he goes through his old routine of studying each box flipping from front cover to back, scanning the images and text. He cracks the case open and bends the spine back. Disappointed he closes it and on to the next.

HELEN
(ignoring the odd
action)
This actually gives me an idea.
As you probably guessed I make
films.

Guy takes a long juice box sip and turns back to the rack. He is much more interested in the task at hand.

As he's talking he pulls a tape out.

GUY

Back then you'd watch one ninja film and then you'd have to see all of them. You'd start with the classy one like American Ninja and then before you know it you're watching Ninja Terminator and are convinced it's just as brilliant. So, often there wasn't a lot of choice involved.

He puts the tape back. Looks at another.

GUY (CONT'D)

You'd go through the genres and then pick based on how many of your favourite things were on the cover art. But then there were the films that you would pick up over and over again but never quite trust enough to take home--

HELEN

(interrupting)

I have a confession by way of a proposition.

She motions to a flyer pinned on a wall near her desk. It advertises a film-making competition. The white board next to it has been rubbed clean.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I've signed up for that. A week to make a doc in time to screen it on Sunday....

Guy is struggling to catch up. He studies the poster.

GUY

This Sunday?

He turns to the opposite corner of the room and spots the red blinking camera light.

HELEN

I've been in search of a subject... I always need a deadline to get things ticking and completed.

GUY
(a little uneasy)
I get that. I have a few
unfinished things...

Guy's not sure what to make of this.

HELEN
So, how about we team up?
You're clearly looking for
inspiration so...

GUY
You have it!

He carefully slides a box out, and turns it.

The hand drawn video cover art shows a young lad, alone, small before an engulfing image of a carved pumpkin. The film is called "GUISE".

GUY (CONT'D)
Have you seen this?

Helen shakes her head no and does her best to hide her annoyance.

GUY (CONT'D)
This is the one. I mean this is
actually the tape that I
rented. Twice. Well, the first
time was Beta - then this one.

He opens the case and examines the tape. It hasn't been rewound.

GUY (CONT'D)
This is one of those films that
no one rented, saw, or talked
about. I never saw it in any
other shop, not advertised in
any magazine or on any tape.
And with that title it felt
like it was one just for me.

Helen jumps up, takes the tape and loads it into the player.

GUY (CONT'D)
I never finished it.

Guy studies the cover.

GUY (CONT'D)

I think, maybe I reached my genre limit.

She slumps back into the beanbag.

HELEN

You kept trying.

GUY

My mum always said that I'd always choose things that were too much for me. In general.

HELEN

I sense a pattern.

(beat)

So, wait, hear me out. We've got 6 days. I document your process of writing and performing a song. The subject of them all...

Helen looks up at Guy back in Videoland.

HELEN (CONT'D)

- old Video shops. In this area, the ones you grew up using. You had one quick look at these tapes and you went off on one.

GUY

Songs about videos?

Helen points to a chair for Guy, presses rewind on the VHS remote, and we hear the mechanisms get to work.

HELEN (spitballing)

Your favourite genre.. Which genre represents you!

GUY

(getting comfy)
Ohh that's interesting. Person as genre. Oh man, I don't know.

Guy grabs his case and takes out his guitar. His interest piqued.

HELEN

You're a bit of a mystery...
(Trailer voice)

A mysterious stranger with a dark past and sinister mission just arrived in town. And now a beautiful hungry young reporter must uncover his deadly secret.

Guy laughs.

GUY

So Romantic Thriller?

HELEN

Conspiracy meets slasher.

Guy likes it and starts strumming a continuous G chord while thinking. A flash of tapes, different genres.

The tape clunks as the rewind ends, stealing Guy's attention, and he lays the guitar down.

Helen hits play.

HELEN (CONT'D)

So what do you think? Two people desperate to complete a project team up to finally actually finish something?

Guy takes a final long slurp from the juice box. It finishes loudly.

Close up of the video counter ticking away as it plays. Helen stifles a yawn.

A film logo appears on screen. Guy sits attentively.

HELEN (CONT'D)

The trailers might be the best bit. So many of these tapes, they're all I've watched.

Epic music blasts out sounding slightly warped, not helped by the tinny TV speakers.

The picture is joined by trailer style VO. Both are fixed on the screen.

GUY

I'm actually a little nervous about this. What if it's bad, like not scary? What if--

HELEN

Isn't it better to know, either way.

GUY

I guess I'll let you know at the end.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP MONTAGE:

The video player counter running, tape reels turning, distorted jumping TV image, flickering lights in Guy's glasses, his eyes focused not wavering.

GUY (CONT'D)

This is where I stopped it... that eye is freaky.

No reply.

He turns to Helen.

She is asleep.

Guy leans forward and gently presses STOP on the VHS player. It stops with a loud CLUNK!

HELEN's eyes snap open...

12

INT. VILLAGE HALL LOFT - MORNING

Helen finds herself still on the beanbag in what looks to be a truly uncomfortable position. Daylight shines up through the ladder hatch.

A Guitar sounds from the hall.

She gets to her feet and moves to a door hatch ahead of her, unlocks it and swings it open.

HELEN'S POV: The hatch overlooks the hall. At the opposite end is a Stage.

Guy sits on its edge with his guitar.

Again he starts to strum..

HELEN

(calling out)
No, wait! Let me set up my camera.

GUY
 (shouting)
 You're up!

CAMERA POV: It turns on and moves to find Guy on the stage.

HELEN
 (shouting)
 Go for it.

Guy puts his hands on the guitar.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Wait, what's it called?

GUY
 (shouting)
 Ex-Rental.

Helen gives a silent thumbs up.

He starts strumming. Fast paced, intense. Raw.

[EX-RENTAL DEMO LINK](#)

GUY (CONT'D)
 (Sings)
*Well I've seen action
 but I've never been that tough
 You've seen some horrors
 but you're not scary enough*

GUY (CONT'D)
 (Sings)
*I've had some dramas
 but not really serious stuff
 And you're romantic
 but you're yet to find your
 love*

CAMERA POV: slowly zooming in on Guy.

Guy picks it up for the chorus. Eyes closed.

GUY (CONT'D)
 (Sings)
*And we still don't know where
 we fit, And in what section
 would our movie sit
 No we still don't know where we
 fit, Won't somebody pick us up
 and take us home*

Guy loves this line.

GUY (CONT'D)

(Sings)
*And you're not funny, but the
 people they all laugh
 And I'm no gangster, see I've
 never been that flash*

Guy winks at Helen as he mentions cowboys and war.

GUY (CONT'D)

(Sings)
*You ain't a cowboy
 and you never fought a war
 My life ain't thrilling
 See I never broke a law*

She approves.

Guy takes it home for the final chorus, letting rip.

GUY (CONT'D)

(Sings)
*Will we ever know where we fit
 And in what section should our
 movie sit
 Will our film become a straight
 to video hit
 Or will nobody pick us up and
 take us home
 Yeah will nobody pick us up and
 take us home.*

Guy strums the final chord. Lets it ring out and echo around the hall. Helen holds the shot. Guy's eyes closed.

CAMERA POV: He opens his eyes and looks up at us.

GUY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Helen is way off inside her head. He hops down, grabs the guitar bag, and slowly makes his way to the hatch.

He swings the packed guitar on his back.

HELEN

I think I love it.
 (beat)
 But you should have woken me
 up, it's done! I missed the
 long dark night of the soul.

He continues towards her.

GUY
(to himself)
It was fun and easy.

HELEN
It's okay... we should cover 6
songs. One a day?

Now directly below her he looks up, barely able to hide his frustration and building anger.

She waits.

He marches out of frame towards the exit.

THE LOCKED DOOR RATTLES.

A long pause...

FOOTSTEPS coming back.

He appears in shot, looking up to us.

GUY
6 songs documented.
(beat)
1 video for me.

13 EXT. HAIRDRESSERS - THE VILLAGE

A very tired and irritable Guy rests on a bike stand alone outside of the barbers. Guitar on his back.

From inside Helen appears opening the door.

HELEN
20 mins until they open!

14 INT. HAIRDRESSERS - DAY

Guy steps inside, taking the place in as if if he has stepped over a seal into a realm of great import. He scans the room taking it all in.

He walks across the middle of the space while Helen sets up the camera behind a barber's chair.

She taps the seat cushion.

GUY
 (pointing to the
 counter)

This is something I don't see mentioned these days with VHS being such the retro darling and History being written by the victors and all that.. In this store and in all of the stores in the area during the whole of the 80's BETAMAX was king. The whole of this side and middle shelving units were all BETA. Just that far right wall held VHS. Two different worlds. A war that me and those closest to me were winning...for some time.

The shop's owner comes into view and takes a seat along that wall where VHS once lived.

She taps the chair again...

GUY (CONT'D)
 Until around '92 when it came crashing down and along with it, this shop. Unfortunately better doesn't always mean most popular. A lot of the smaller shops suffered, big chains were fine. Standard.

Guy sits and checks the mirror. Scans around before his eyes fix on the reflections of the back wall.

Helen (to the barber)
 We won't be long now.

The barber sits quietly, intently listening.

HELEN (to Guy) (CONT'D)
 So you came here a lot?

Guy is miles away. Helen clicks her fingers.

GUY
 Most days...and nights.

Guy looks at his old digital watch.

GUY (CONT'D)

So I spent many hours stood
right at that counter talking
with your dad.

HELEN

So what did you love most about
coming to the video shop?

GUY

Ah, lots of things. As with all
collections you become very
familiar with it. I can still
remember where each video
lived. You'd know the box art
inside and out with some you'd
pick up and study over and over
but never even take a chance
on. To be honest, the actual
films very rarely lived up to
the excitement you felt when
you read the covers. And when
you have to wait before you get
something, it always means
more. The anticipation.

He looks to Helen for approval of his spiel. She just nods.

HELEN (coming in for the save)

Ooohkay. Just the song and
we're done.

GUY

Here?

JEFF (O.S.)

5 minutes, please.

HELEN

I mean, where better?

Guy shrugs and unzips his guitar case.

TIME CUT:

15

EXT. BARBERS

Helen is proud.

Guy zips closed the guitar case with some force, swings it up
on his back, and heads off.

16 INT. CAMPER VAN - DAY

He wakes with a start, tosses and turns aggressively until he gives up.

A drawer is yanked open to reveal many old beaten up mobile phones included the most recent casualty among the usual junk.

Guy's hand pushes them around to reveal a tape cassette Walkman with small black headphones. He grabs it and slams the drawer closed.

He swipes a folded note off the floor from beneath the cabin door. He reads the words and without much thought screws it up and throws it to the bin.

It misses.

17 EXT. VILLAGE BENCH - DAY

Guy sits on a bench in the centre of the village. He is wearing the black headphones attached to the Walkman which sits on his lap. He removes a tape cassette from his pocket and briefly examines it. Handwritten titles sit under the album title "Are You Crying 2?". Next to the title: 1995.

Guy takes out the tape and puts it in the player. He examines the cover again and then hits play.

We hear a much younger Guy coming from the tape player.

GUY

(TAPE)

Hey Jules. So here's MY tape. I took your advice and I wrote about HER. I know I might have been a bit harsh about your stuff but don't go all Jules The Revenge yeah. No one wants that.

Guy fast forwards.

GUY (CONT'D)

...but she did tell me that she'd always love me...

Guy fast forwards again. Stops. Hits play. We are blasted with a noisy punk number. Rough 4 track recording. More hiss than music.

GUY'S SONG

You Lie, you lie, you lie...

Guy raises an eyebrow, then stops, fast forwards further.

GUY'S SONG (CONT'D)

Now you can die, can die, can die...

Even Guy is distraught by the loud noisy mess. He presses stop. Looks again at the cover. Ejects the tape, flips it over and re-inserts.

Now a more chilled but equally heartbroken number fills his ears.

GUY'S SONG (CONT'D)

I'm so sad, don't want to talk about it...

Guy laughs at his younger musical indulgence. He hits fast forward, then stop, then play.

The next song 'It Hurts' is simply an anguished scream. Guy drops head. Stop.

He inserts tape 2. We hear hiss until Village Girl, a beautiful acoustic number arrives. A more mature Guy.

THE VILLAGE GIRL DEMO LINK

Guy sits back and observes the village around him. People passing by. Some faces old, some new.

He puts the cassette player in his pocket, gets up and leaves the bench. We follow from high above. A bird's eye view taking in the village as he walks.

GUY'S SONG (CONT'D)

*Well everybody knows your name
round here
Yeah everybody breathes the
same air here...
oh, except her.
She sings the songs that no one
knows round here...She used to
dream one day she'd disappear
ohh oh...
But she never did.*

He passes the rank of shops, and past a church and graveyard.

GUY'S SONG (CONT'D)
*And I've seen mountains..
 And I've seen cities...
 But I never saw something so
 pretty...*

At a remove we can spot Helen stalking Guy through the village.

GUY'S SONG (CONT'D)
*As when I saw the village
 girl...*

Guy takes a turn off from the main road and into a lane between houses.

Helen follows. As she turns into the lane there is no sign of Guy.

At the end of the lane, Helen reaches a tall fence that borders a small park. A little grass pitch for football and a preschool playground. There is no obvious way through the high fence so Helen turns back.

18

EXT. PARK

Guy throws his tent bag to the ground and gently places his guitar down.

GUY'S SONG
*I never understood their world.
 But maybe you can help me
 change my view..*

In a tucked away corner Guy starts to unpack the tent. Helen approaches from behind.

GUY
 She's a hard nosed reporter who
 doesn't take no for an answer.

HELEN
 And he's an undercover agent on
 a secret mission in a kid's
 playground.

GUY
 You just decided to randomly
 film in a kid's playground?

HELEN
 And you just decided to
 randomly hang out in one?
 (MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

Not dodgy at all.

(beat)

I think we could make a great film this week but for it to work I need to capture your process. I've already missed the creation of Ex and I don't want to miss anymore gold.

Leaning over the cassettes fall out of his pocket.

HELEN (reading) (CONT'D)

The Village Girl?

He lays the curled-up tent flat and gives it some space.

GUY

It's personal.

He kicks the tent and waits...

HELEN

(teasing)

Ohh, a secret project!

He kicks it again...

GUY

It's just another unfinished thing.

The tent shoots up into the sky scaring Guy. It pops out filling the space between them.

HELEN

(ignoring the tent)

You were talking of choices earlier. Big decisions that can shape the rest of your life. My Dad bet it all on BETAMAX and lost. He didn't choose me and I lost.

She picks up the peg bag and mallet.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I like to imagine that he did too but who knows. He's gone now and all I have are those tapes which honestly mean very little to me other than...

Beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Yet they mean an awful lot to you. You come back to your home town after a bunch of years on a secret mission. If I ask you about yourself you go silent. If I ask you about Betamax you talk until you're stopped.

Guy moves the tent into the ideal position pulling out the corners.

GUY

A lot of these films were guides. I didn't get too much advice elsewhere.

HELEN

And you look back on it as a good thing. People always worry about showing kids violence and sex but.. look how damaging a film like.. Love Actually is?

With that name still on her tongue and with a burst of simmering rage she whacks the first peg in.

GUY

Yeah, but that's just because it's shit. What about..

HELEN

(interrupting)

If you took a shot every time someone mentioned that girl's weight you'd wouldn't make it to the end. Not that you would anyway.

WHACK!

GUY

Fair point. When I turned up at my best friend's house and propositioned his girlfriend silently with Bob Dylan style lyric cards, it didn't quite go the same way.

HELEN

She didn't think it was
(WHACK)
charming and
(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)
 (WHACK)
 sweet?

GUY
 Well, creepy and stalkerish
 were her exact words and my
 best friend who she immediately
 told, said I'm dead to him.

While Helen continues to take out some anger with the mallet
 Guy picks up his guitar and begins to strum. She looks to
 him..thinks to say something about it but carries on.

GUY (CONT'D)
 For me it was the nerds and
 jocks lie I was sold. That the
 cool kids may be king in high
 school but in the real world
 they would fail, get average
 jobs, and end up lamenting the
 best years of their life, and
 the geeks would inherit the
 earth.

Guy looks to Helen and shrugs.

GUY (CONT'D)
 Meanwhile, they've never had a
 sad day in their whole lives.

Helen's phone starts to ring in her pocket which she ignores.

GUY (CONT'D)
 It's okay you can get that.

She's knows she could if she wanted to.

GUY (CONT'D)
 (changing tack)
 Harold and Maude.

HELEN
 I love them!
 (beat)
 The Apartment! Now there's a
 Christmas romance!

Guy has been strumming a phrase over and over and now he
 introduces some lyrics.

GUY'S SONG

*I wish my life could be, a
Romantic Comedy, where
everything would turn out
fine...
And if my life could be a
Romantic Comedy...mmmm mmm mmm
mmm mmm mm mmm mmm*

He looks to Helen for help.

GUY'S SONG (CONT'D)

(repeating)
And if my life could be a
Romantic Comedy..

HELEN

You'd probably get some funny
lines

GUY (laughing)

Love it.
*But it's turned tragic now and
I just don't know how to turn
it around...*

Helen sits next to Guy. He is writing in his pad.

The finished version of the song continues over the remaining
of the sequence.

GUY'S SONG

*I wish my life could be a
romantic comedy...
With a crazy over the top
friend.
I'd find a quirky girl, who'd
kind of change my world...
We'd get together by the end...*

19

EXT. PARK - MAGIC HOUR

Guy and Helen sit on camping chairs outside the tent writing
down song ideas on a small outside table.

Guy plays guitar. They throw ideas around. The camera sits on
a tripod capturing it all.

On the pad we see the titles - New Release, Nothing Like The
Trailer, B Movie.

Guy lets go of the page he is holding and it flicks back to a previous page. A song entitled Goodbye My Love which he is quick to cover back up.

Helen silently grabs various shots of the process.

Guy puts the guitar on, stands up and starts strumming passionately. Helen moves into capture it.

Helen's camera spins around with Guy.

Guy starts packing up his guitar as Helen captures some shots of the park.

HELEN

I actually had my first kiss here.

Guy holds up his hand to pause the conversation, grabs her camera and starts filming her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

It happened right over there where the big swings used to be. In another life. Your classic teenager visiting her estranged dad, rebelling by having an awkward summer romance with a slightly older, seemingly dangerous but actually quite boring dude called Dave, tale. Another thing you never see in films: the slightly uncomfortable copping a feel in a kid's playground scene.

GUY

Over there, when I was 13 two older girls pinned me down rubbed me where the sun don't shine and informed me that that's how sex felt. They asked me if i liked it.

Ummmmmm.

GUY (CONT'D)

I don't think I've seen that one on screen. The weirder thing is I met the "one that got away", when I was camping here. No first kiss though.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

I like to think I'm slightly classier. It was outside the school.

Helen smiles. Guy winks.

GUY (CONT'D)

But this was a special place. Do you ever think about it?

HELEN

The playground?

GUY

The past.

HELEN

God no. Not until now. I think you are bringing out my morbid side. It's all this nostalgia.

GUY

Still it's weird. It happened in the same place.

HELEN

It's a small place.

GUY

Too small.

HELEN

So why did you come back?

GUY

The last place I was in was too big.

HELEN

Ah. A big city accountant who steals from his shady employers is forced to hide out in a small town where he meets a selection of quirky and stupid locals. Much hilarity ensues until the mob finds him.

Guy gets up and gives Helen the camera. The exchange lasts just that little bit too long.

The phone rings again.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Staple Hill shop tomorrow!