

SPRING STORY

12.1 30/01/26 ALFIE ALEXANDER

1 EXT. AMONG CONCRETE AND LEAVES - DAY

1

A shadowed outdoor hallway. ALEX and ROSA, both around thirty, but Rosa bit a younger, lean against opposite walls. Alex wears little round spectacles.

ALEX

I suppose the... I suppose... I want to approach gratefulness for life. What an idiot I am. It's no good, being as I am. So caught up. You know, what I'm saying, it's not - "this can't be everything". I can *see* everything, I can *see* how beautiful everything is... but I don't feel it.

ROSA

I guess... we can't feel it all the time.

ALEX

No... no.

He puts a cigaret in his mouth. He doesn't light it.

They continue to talk [dialogue will be written & rehearsed with actors], and we see, around the side of the wall, another young man, HARVEY. He is listening - it doesn't seem intentionally.

[The dialogue has ended.]

ALEX (CONT'D)

I should be getting on.

ROSA

Okay. I'll walk you.

ALEX

Great.

They walk off, into the wide concrete expanse.

Harvey, a man in his early twenties, steps into the hallway. He gazes after them.

He glances down. He picks up a pair of keys. He looks at them for a second, and then runs off in the direction they walked, down a flight of stairs, into a large courtyard...

He glances around. It's deserted.

He leans against a pillar. The keys rattle in his hand.

HARVEY (V.O.)

Those days, I spent most of my time wandering the city. About a week later, I came across a church I had never seen before.

2 INT. BRUTALIST CHURCH - DAY

2

Glistening concrete and bright panes of glass; a hallway curves around away from the main chapel.

Harvey wanders in. There are some fragmented chimes from the hall's organ. Harvey peers through the double doors.

He turns around, and wanders down this bright hall.

The glass walls surround a courtyard in the middle. They constitute a sharp-edged 'U'-shape.

Down the right side of this U are some wooden benches.

Sitting there them, his eyes closed, is Alex. He is dressed differently than before - more T-shirt, less scarf.

Harvey approaches him.

HARVEY

(quietly)

Excuse me.

Alex opens his eyes, and looks up. He says nothing.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Did you lose some keys? About a week ago.

ALEX

No.

Harvey doesn't know what to say to that.

HARVEY

Well - I'm sorry, I hope it doesn't sound strange,
but I er, I saw you standing, and then I found
some keys there.

ALEX

Whereabouts?

HARVEY

On the U.O.B. campus. Near Wills'.

ALEX

Near Wills'?

HARVEY

Yeah.

Alex mulls this over.

ALEX

...I haven't been there.

HARVEY

...No? I saw you.

ALEX

What was I doing?

HARVEY

You were talking. With a woman.

Alex shakes his head, and massages his face where a beard would be.

ALEX

And you?

HARVEY

Me?

ALEX

...I don't know. Did it seem like me?

HARVEY

Yes. Just like you. Swear.

Alex gets up.

ALEX

Was he handsome?

Harvey shrugs. Alex chuckles to himself.

Beat. Alex extends a hand. Harvey takes it.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm Alex.

HARVEY

Harvey.

[Could find a way to have the following conversation also take place at the church of production demands it.]

3

EXT. BIG PARK - LATER

3

They are standing in the shade of a big tree, dappled sunlight floats on their faces.

Harvey is attempting to light a cigarette, his lighter sputters and gives no flame. Alex steps forward, and lights it for him.

HARVEY

...Thanks.

Alex puts away his lighter, and takes out a hip-flask which says "Best Dad Ever" on it. He takes a swig, and hands it to Harvey. Harvey takes a swig, and hands it back, wiping his mouth with his other hand.

ALEX

...Did you hear what he was saying?

HARVEY

I don't know... he was talking about... the world, and like, feeling the world. About - I don't know; he sounded isolated, kind of isolated.

ALEX

...Mm.

A wind blows through the trees.

4 EXT. RAIN (VARIOUS LOCATIONS) - TOWARDS DUSK

4

The world begins to darken, and wind sweeps over the city. Rain comes.

5 INT. BRUTALIST CHURCH - DUSK

5

Rain drops against the long panes of glass...

HARVEY (V.O.)

Myself and Alex parted. Not long after, I began to see a woman named Clara. One night, lying together in bed, as it rained, she noticed the keys, sitting on my window-sill. I had long forgotten about them, and assumed their owner had done the same. She said they looked familiar. They were the same cut as the keys of her old housemate.

I went by there the next day.

A year had passed.

6 INT. ROSA'S PLACE - AFTERNOON

6

A shadowy interior - Persian rugs, big ferns. It's a nice place.

Rain is pounding against the window. It fades.

There's a knock at the door. Rosa, a young woman, appears from the darkness of the house. She opens the door, revealing Harvey.

HARVEY

Hey...

ROSA

Harvey?

HARVEY

Yep.

He holds out the keys.

ROSA

(taking them)

Ah, great. You're soaked, you don't wanna come in?

HARVEY

Er - maybe for a second.

Rosa closes the door behind him.

ROSA

I was having tea.

HARVEY

I could have a tea.

ROSA

Great.

They go into the kitchen. Rosa pours out another tea. Harvey sits down, and so does she. On the table is a vase, with light-pink roses rising out of it.

ROSA (CONT'D)

So where'd you find them?

HARVEY

In a kind of, er - alleyway. On the Bristol campus.

ROSA

Oh, right. I think I know where.

[A dialogue, again, written and rehearsed with actors.]

There's a creak in the hallway: "Alex" is walking past. He wears those little spectacles. He peers in - he nods, and keeps walking.

HARVEY

Is he okay?

Rosa bobs her head from side-to-side, so as to say, "this and that".

ROSA

He doesn't really speak anymore.

Something flickers in Harvey's eye.

Meanwhile in the front room: Alex sits down, and nestles a guitar upon his thigh. He plays quietly. The house is silent apart from hill.

Later, dusk has arrived, its soft blue light permeating through the dark house.

Rosa is in the kitchen. She picks the mugs off of the table, empties them and places them in the sink.

She walks away, and disappears into the silence of the house.

END.