

Shine

by

Cherry Walker

Copyright (c) @ 2017,
CHERRY WALKER
This screenplay may not be
used or reproduced for any
purpose including educational
purposes without the expressed
written permission of the
author

Cherry Walker
chrrwlkr@hotmail.com
07479945508

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

A meticulously tidy living space, save for one corner of the living room; a sofa is pulled close to a television, littered with empty food wrappers, drink cans and a dirty red wine glass. The room is dim, the only light coming from the television; the curtains are closed.

JOSIE, (28, grumpy, loud and childish), lies sprawled on the sofa, unkempt and wearing grimy pyjamas, wrapped in a duvet. Her hair is short and sticking up, unwashed. Despite facing the television, Josie isn't paying attention to it. A laptop lays discarded on the floor, as if it has been flung aside roughly. Next to it, a handful of photos of Josie and LIZ, (30, commanding presence); they appear to have been torn up and taped back together. A printout for a memorial service for a teenage girl named MIA lays in the mess.

As the television changes to an advert, Josie stands and walks towards the kitchen area, wrapped tightly in a duvet. She pulls a carton of orange juice from the fridge and drinks straight from the carton. She studies the carton, shrugs, retrieves the dirty wine glass from the sofa and after retrieving a bottle of vodka from the cupboard, pours a large helping into the glass. She tops it up with a tiny bit of orange juice and makes her way back to the sofa.

From down the hallway, the sound of the front door OPENING is heard. Josie doesn't react, simply sipping from her glass.

JACK, (28, friendly yet awkward, soft spoken) enters the room; Josie's twin. He wears a cleanly pressed suit, his hair is gelled down and he is clean shaven. He greets his sister warmly.

JACK

Hey, you.

JOSIE

Hi.

Jack walks to the sofa and begins to pick up the mess that Josie has made; she doesn't move. After throwing away the rubbish, Jack picks up the laptop and gently sits next to Josie. He tries to turn it on but it is out of power; he plugs it in.

JACK

How's the job hunt going?

JOSIE

Bad.

JACK

Have you prepared for the interview tomorrow?

JOSIE

I dunno if I'm going.

Jack reaches an arm around JOSIE, pulling her into a one armed hug. Josie falls against him.

JACK

Jose...

JOSIE

What if they recognise me? What if one of them is a long lost relative of-

JACK

We've been through this. The story wasn't even that big, I'm sure no one remembers.

JOSIE

Alright, alright! But if one of them knows who I am, I'm blaming you.

JACK

Atta girl.

Jack stands, gently pulling a reluctant Josie up with him.

JACK

I'll put the beef on. You need to shower.

JOSIE

Why?

JACK

You know Mum's coming.

Josie makes a disgusted noise.

JOSIE

Thought we could avoid that.

Jack chuckles.

JACK
Not likely.

Josie, still duvet-clad, storms out of the room.

The sound of the shower starting; Jack tidies the rest of Josie's mess.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

The room has been transformed; the mess has been cleaned, the sofa and television pushed aside to make way for a dining table with three places laid out. Josie, now fully dressed and looking more put together, lays the table, glass of wine in hand. Jack is stooped, pulling something out the oven.

There is a knock at the door. Josie looks to Jack but his hands are full; sighing, she goes to open the door.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Josie reluctantly opens the door to MARIE, (50), the overzealous kind of woman who wears bangles, colourful ponchos and jangles when she walks; when she speaks it is in a permanent coo, the way one might speak to a small child or puppy. Marie is much happier to be there than her daughter is to see her.

MARIE
How's my little grumpy bear?!

Marie pulls Josie into a tight hug; Josie weakly pats her back.

JOSIE
Hi, Mum.

In an instant Marie is rushing through the hallway in search of her son.

MARIE
Jackie!

Josie rolls her eyes before closing the front door.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marie crushes Jack into a hug as Josie re-enters the room. Marie pulls back, cradling Jack's face in both hands. Josie downs her glass of wine and proceeds to pour herself another.

MARIE
How's my Jackie?

JOSIE
He hates it when you call him that.

MARIE
No, he doesn't, do you, my perfect
little son?

JACK
It's fine. Why don't you let Josie
take your coat?

Marie hands off her coat to Josie as Jack dishes up the food
and pours the rest of the wine. They all take a seat.

MARIE
How's work, Jackie?

JACK
It's ok. Councillor Senn has me run
ragged but I like to keep busy.

MARIE
Still no time for the love quest,
then?

Josie makes a disgusted noise.

JOSIE
I wish you wouldn't say that.

JACK
I'm not dating, no.

MARIE
And how about my girl? Isn't it time
you get back out th-

JOSIE
No.

MARIE
I just don't think you brooding over
that Elizabeth-

JOSIE
Stop it.

MARIE

I mean, it's been long enough-

JACK

I'm really enjoying these carrots.
It's a new recipe.

MARIE

Yes, dear, they are lovely.

BEAT

MARIE

I just worry about you Josephine. All
of those horrible things about you in
the media-

JACK

Did I show you the ring I bought, Mum?

Jack shows off his hand to Marie, a distraction that works
for now. Marie takes his hand, turning it to look at the
jewellery, as distracted by the shine as a magpie.

The tension is palpable in Josie; shoulders hunched, teeth
gritted and she doesn't eat, pushing her food around her
plate and taking large mouthfuls of wine. Marie pats Jack's
hand and turns back to Josie.

MARIE

Don't play with your food dear.

Josie grunts; there is a lapse of silence as food is
finished. Jack begins to clear the plates. As he does, Marie
turns her attention to Josie once again.

MARIE

I meant what I said, grumpy bear. Your
energy is entirely your own and if you
choose to-

JOSIE

Can we not do this?

Jack turns from the kitchen, a pavlova in hand.

JACK

Dessert!

MARIE

Brood over someone who won't believe

what you can do...

JOSIE

There was nothing to believe! There's nothing to believe now!

Jack rushes forward to place the dessert on the table, desperately trying to defuse the argument.

MARIE

You have a gift, Josie. We have a gift.

JACK

Who wants some?

JOSIE

Bullshit.

MARIE

Will you watch your language, please?

Josie stands up from the table, annoyed.

JOSIE

I'm not having this conversation again. It's delusional.

JACK

Jose-

MARIE

Stop denying your nature! If you just tapped into it-

JOSIE

There's nothing to tap into. I'm a fraud, you're crazy and we all know it.

Marie gasps loudly, flinching as if physically hurt.

JACK

Jose, stop it.

JOSIE

Whatever.

Josie storms from the room; a door slams. Marie begins to sob dramatically whilst Jack puts an arm around her. He is resigned to her sobbing.

Marie stops almost as soon as she had started; Jack cuts her a slice of pavlova.

INT. LIZ'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A small, standard kitchen; fridge, freezer, cabinets, utensils. On one counter is a landline phone; it flashes with a notification. Liz takes a deep breath as is she already knows what is coming and presses a button on the phone.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Three new messages. Message one received today at twenty two fifty seven hours.

Josie's voice comes from the speaker on the phone; her words are slurred, drunk.

JOSIE

Liz... I just... I just wish you'd talk to me.

Josie sighs.

JOSIE

Just... you said you'd always be here... my friend whatever. but you're not. I messed up.

BEAT

JOSIE

Screw time, we don't need time, I need you. Now. I still-

Liz deletes the messages before they continue.

INT. JOSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josie lies in bed, still fully clothed, her room dark. Her make-up is smudged and there is the half empty bottle of vodka next to her. Her phone is lying on her face; she is barely awake.

Light pours into the room as Jack enters, holding a glass of water; Josie grunts. He takes the bottle of vodka and places it on the floor before Josie can react.

JACK

Hey Jose. Mum's gone.

Josie grunts again. Jack takes the phone from Josie; she tries to grab it. Jack easily wins and puts the phone next to the vodka on the floor.

JACK
Ready for tomorrow?

JOSIE
No.

JACK
This is going to be important for you.
Please, just go, even if nothing comes
of it.

JOSIE
I said I'm going. Don't you start the
hippie stuff too.

JACK
Alright. Get some sleep Jose.

Jack tucks Josie in, gives her the water and sets her an alarm.

EXT. OUTSIDE TECH BUILDING - DAY

Josie - dressed for her interview - hides in the shadows next to the building of a tech company, watching people go by a little too intently. A couple stare at her odd behaviour but say nothing. Nervously, she takes a deep breath and rushes into the building. Nobody gives her a second look.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

A SECRETARY sits at a desk in front of the door, tapping away on her keyboard. Josie rushes up to the front desk, throwing a cursory look over one shoulder. The secretary raises a suspicious eyebrow.

JOSIE
Hi. I, uh. I have an interview?

The secretary taps at her computer again.

SECRETARY
Josephine Browning?

JOSIE
What?

Josie is far too taken aback at the use of her name by this stranger.

SECRETARY

I have an interview scheduled for 3pm on the 28th May for a Miss Josephine Browning. Is that you?

JOSIE

Right. Yes, that's me.

The Secretary presses a button to unlock a nearby door.

SECRETARY

You can go through now.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Two men sit at a desk in front of a large glass window; DAMIEN (30, just happy to have a job) and HAROLD (55, mispronounces everything). On the other side is a singular chair. Josie enters and Harold gestures for her to take a seat. She does so, taking off her jacket. Harold puts on glasses and squints to read his computer monitor.

HAROLD

Miss Jos-e-phine Browning?

JOSIE

Yes.

HAROLD

A pleasure.

Harold reaches to shake Josie's hand; Damien follows. Josie shakes as prompted; as she does she takes a glance out of the large window. Harold removes his glasses.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

My name is Harold Marr and I'm in charge of this branch. This is Damien Setter, our office manager.

JOSIE

Nice to, uh, meet you.

Josie is still distracted by the window, worried as if something were outside. Damien is studying Josie intently.

HAROLD

So what makes you feel like you're

suited for this position?

JOSIE

Well, I'm very techie; give me a piece of equipment and I can help you break it down and put it together in just a few minutes flat.

HAROLD

Tech-ee?

JOSIE

Good with technological equipment.

HAROLD

Qualifications?

JOSIE

A-levels.

HAROLD

Anything higher?

JOSIE

No...

HAROLD

Then where did you learn your proclaimed skills?

JOSIE

I'm a natural I guess.

HAROLD

None such thing.

JOSIE

Actually-

HAROLD

In the last six months, what positions have you held?

Josie's nervousness is forgotten in place of anger; she frowns at Harold.

JOSIE

Didn't want to let me finish?

HAROLD

There was no need. Now, in the last

six months, what positions have you held?

Josie takes a deep breath.

JOSIE (UNDER BREATH)
Two, three, four...

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I've actually been unemployed for around six months now.

HAROLD
I see. What about before that?

JOSIE
I was... self employed?

HAROLD
Doing what?

JOSIE
Is it really necessary for you to know? I'm trying to tell you why I'm good now not what I did on the fifteenth Tuesday of last year.

Harold raises an eyebrow and writes down something on a notepad in front of him. Josie puts a hand to her head in despair at losing her temper. Damien is still studying Josie.

JOSIE
I'm sorry. What I meant to say was-

HAROLD
I think we've heard enough from you.

JOSIE
I'm sorry. I am! I really need this.

HAROLD
And so do others who are far more qualified and far less rude.

Damien puts out a hand to still Harold's decision.

DAMIEN
Wait, hang on.

HAROLD
What is it?

Damien points his pen at Josie.

DAMIEN

I know you from somewhere.

JOSIE

No you don't.

DAMIEN

I'm sure I do.

JOSIE

No I'm just an ordinary civilian thanks.

DAMIEN

Have you been in the Tech Monthly?

Damien taps at his computer.

DAMIEN

No... maybe... Josephine Browning....

JOSIE

I'm not recognisable. I've never done anything interesting in my life. I swear oh f- please stop typing.

Damien raises both eyebrows and turns his monitor to Harold. Harold puts on reading glasses and squints at the monitor.

An article; Josie'S face, blurry and half hidden by her hands. The title: PHONY PSYCHIC PREDICTION LEADS TO DEATH OF GIRL, 19

Josie leaps from her seat so violently that her chair is knocked to the ground. She all but runs from the room.

HAROLD

Excuse me? Miss Browning? Your coat!

JOSIE

Keep it!

The door slams violently behind Josie. Harold and Damien share a confused glance.

DAMIEN

I didn't think it was that bad.

EXT. OUTSIDE PARK - DAY

At the edge of the park there is a gathering of men and women both young and old, dressed in black. A couple of fold out tables have been put up, dotted with food and drinks. A bunch of balloons is tied to one of the tables; there is a piece of paper tied to the string of each. A large banner between two trees reads MIA, REST IN PEACE; it is a memorial service.

A gate runs around the edge of the park, separating it from a road. Josie is sitting inside her car, parked on the side of the road on the other side of the gate. She watches the activity in the park; it is too far away for her to see clearly. She wears oversized sunglasses, her collar turned up.

A knock on Josie'S window startles her. Outside is GREG, (45, balding, beer bellied yet thinks he's a catch), wearing an unkempt, ill-fitting suit and filming on an outdated video camera. He exudes creepiness. Greg makes the motion for Josie to roll down the window; Josie does so.

JOSIE

Yes?

GREG

Ah, you don't remember me.

JOSIE

Should I?

GREG

That depends, Moonshine Hope.

Josie goes to roll the window back up immediately; Greg puts his hand in the gap between the window and the frame to stop her. Josie glares at him and continues to roll the window up anyway.

GREG

Wait!

Josie stops just shy of crushing Greg's fingers.

JOSIE

You're that reporter.

GREG

You wound me, pretty lady.

JOSIE

Get the hell out of here.

GREG

Oh no, I don't think so. Finding our cities' favourite fake psychic watching the memorial of the young lady she let down? Now that is *juicy*.

As Josie opens her mouth to speak, Greg pushes his camera towards her face. Josie - only just realising the camera is on - tries to cover her face.

GREG (CONT'D)

Tell me, Moonshine, did you not feel powerful enough holding life and death in your hands? Did you really have to antagonise a poor young girl's family by turning up to her own memorial?

JOSIE

I'm not talking to you.

GREG

You already are. How about you put those lovely hands down and have a nice little chat with me face to face, hm?

JOSIE

Fuck off. Fuck all the way off.

GREG

Well, that's not very polite, pretty lady. Now the world is going to see what a rude little girl you are... unless you would like to ask me nicely to change that?

Josie smacks the window from the inside causing Greg to flinch and pull his hand away. Josie rolls up the window and starts her car, pulling away from the road. Greg rushes back to his own car and follows her.

EXT. ON THE ROAD - DAY

Josie drives fast to avoid Greg who tails her.

In her panic to get away from him, Josie constantly looks in her rearview mirror, not paying much attention to what is in front of her.

Greg speeds up with her until he is unsafely close to her back bumper. He lays on the horn.

Josie turns a corner too late and with too much speed, crashing headfirst into a lamppost.

Josie hits her head hard despite the airbag; her nose breaks, bleeding.

Greg slows, avoids the scene and then speeds off.

Josie is reeling; there is a cut on her head which is bleeding.

Dazed, Josie puts one hand to her head and pulls it back, wincing. There is blood on her hand.

INT. COUNCILLOR'S OFFICES LOBBY/JACK'S WORK - DAY

Jack walks through the lobby of his work, carrying a stack of papers. The lobby is littered with similarly suited men and women, hurrying around. As he reaches a lift, Liz walks out. She looks exhausted. Liz sees Jack and gestures with her head for him to follow her.

JACK

Hey Liz, didn't think you were visiting for a couple more days.

LIZ

It was a last minute thing.

JACK

What's up?

Liz rubs a hand across her face.

LIZ

Can you please sort your sister out? I came home to messages from her again. Drunk messages.

JACK

I... hoped she hadn't. Mum was around last night.

LIZ

Having to deal with your crazy Mother isn't an excuse.

JACK

I know. I'm sorry.

LIZ

I'll talk to her when I'm ready. She needs to realise that.

JACK

I know. I'm sorry. I'll talk to her.

Liz rolls her eyes, exasperated. Jack fiddles with the papers in his hands.

LIZ

Come on, Jack, grow a spine and stop apologising for her. You haven't done anything wrong. All you're doing at this point is enabling her.

JACK

She's having a rough time-

LIZ

We've *all* been having a rough time. Most of us don't lie around inside all day getting drunk and starting fights.

JACK

I know. I'm sorr-

LIZ

Jack!

JACK

Right, right.

LIZ

It's been months since Mia. It was a messed up situation but right now, she's making it worse for herself *and* for you. I care about you, Jack. I hate to see her pulling you down.

BEAT

LIZ

I care about Josie, too. Lord knows, probably far too much. I want to see her succeed.

JACK

So do I.

LIZ

Then stop letting her get away with this self-destructive behaviour. It's unhealthy for everyone.

JACK

She has a job interview today.

LIZ

Good. I... good.

BEAT

LIZ

I really do have to go. I know she's your sister Jack but... I don't think anyone would blame you for taking a step back.

JACK

I can't do that.

LIZ

I know. I know. I'll see you around.

JACK

Take care, Liz.

Liz waves weakly as she walks off. Jack enters the lift.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Josie sits on a hospital bed, sporting two black eyes and a broken nose. A bandage is around her head. Jack sits next to her, his tie undone and his shirt untucked. Josie rests her head on his shoulder and - despite wincing - keeps it there.

A NURSE checks Josie's chart.

NURSE

Okay Josie, you're very lucky. A few scrapes, a broken nose and a concussion but you're otherwise fine.

JOSIE

Apart from a totalled car.

JACK

Rather a totalled car than a totalled you.

NURSE

You had a pretty nasty bump to the head there. It's likely you'll experience some headaches in the coming few days but they should pass.

JACK

Anything you can do to help the headaches?

JOSIE

It's fine. I've had worse.

NURSE

Over the counter medicine and rest will have her right as rain. If they do persist though please contact your GP.

INT. RESTAURANT- NIGHT

A small restaurant, filled with candle lit booths; it is nice enough, not the place to bring children but also not the place likely to be frequented by the rich.

To the right side of the restaurant sit Liz and CLAUDIA, (29, almost unsettlingly upbeat and smiley). They both wear evening dresses and are finishing off dinner; Claudia is leaning in closer to Liz than Liz is to her.

CLAUDIA

It's lovely here! What a wonderful choice of restaurant! Have you been here before?

LIZ

No. My horoscope told me to take a pretty lady to a restaurant with the most off-green decorations as possible to ensure a successful date.

CLAUDIA

Really?

LIZ

No.

Claudia begins to laugh loudly; Liz chuckles.

CLAUDIA
Do you believe in those kinds of
things?

LIZ
In horoscopes?

CLAUDIA
Anything. Horoscopes, ghosts. All that
kind of stuff.

LIZ
Horoscopes are a load of crap. Only
ghosts are the bad decisions you make.

Claudia hums thoughtfully.

CLAUDIA
What about psychics? That's a hot
topic lately.

Liz looks down at her plate; she is visibly uncomfortable with the way the topic of conversation is going. She thinks about the question for a little too long before answering.

LIZ
No.

BEAT

LIZ
No, I don't. Do you?

Claudia laughs.

CLAUDIA
No proof, no reason to believe. People
are crazy about it, though!

LIZ
You think so?

CLAUDIA
Didn't you hear about the drama just a
few months ago? The teenage girl dying
because of a psychic? It was awful,
the poor dear.

Liz doesn't respond, suddenly very interested in her food.

Claudia doesn't seem to notice.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Her parents relied on some "psychic" instead of the police... but the "psychic" gets it wrong and the girl... well, it wasn't a happy ending. It was horrible! It makes me want to cry just thinking about it!

Liz is hesitant to speak.

LIZ

Sounds... awful.

CLAUDIA

Heartbreaking, really. If that happened to one of my little ones...

LIZ

How are they? The scout group?

Claudia visibly lights up at the mention of her group; the previous conversation is forgotten.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Josie throws herself down on the sofa, wincing as she does so. She pulls up the duvet that has been left there and switches on the TV as Jack pours her a glass of water. She drinks some, takes some painkillers and closes her eyes. Jack sits next to her, gently lifts her so that she rests on his shoulder and strokes her hair gently. Josie covers him with the duvet.

The clock on the wall reads 10:47.

JACK

Want to talk about it?

JOSIE

No.

BEAT

JACK

Why were you-

JOSIE

I said no.

BEAT

JACK
I spoke to Liz today.

JOSIE
Good for you.

JACK
She... She asked me to talk to you
about the way you're dealing with all
of this.

JOSIE
Jack.

JACK
She thinks it's unhealthy. It *is*
unhealthy. I'm worried about you.

JOSIE
And I'm worried about global warming
but I'm not banging on about it, am I?

JACK
The interview was a good start but
maybe you need to try a bit-

JOSIE
You're a therapist now, are you?

JACK
If that's what you need.

JOSIE
I need you to shut up.

JACK
Ok. Ok.

Jack and Josie watch television in silence for a while.

Josie flinches, grasping her head as a bolt of pain hits her.
Jack grabs her, concerned.

JACK
Josie?

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - VISION

Jack and Josie sit on the sofa watching television. Jack

changes the channel; the date on the television screen is the 28th May. The clock above the television reads 11.

JACK
You were right when you said modern
television leaves nothing to be
desired.

As Jack scrolls the clock above the television falls down; it leaves the mark of a sticky hook on the wall. Jack gets up to collect the clock; there is a crack on one side.

JACK
Again? You said you were going to nail
this to the wall properly!

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

JACK
Josie?!

JOSIE pulls her hands away, confused. She looks at the clock; it reads 10:51.

JACK
Are you okay?

JOSIE
I'm fine.

JACK
Are you sure?

JOSIE
Yeah. Just... just a bit of pain
that's all.

JACK
Take it easy, okay?

Jack and Josie watch television.

JACK
How did the interview go?

Josie hesitates.

JACK
What happened?

JOSIE
 Wanted qualifications. Idiots. If he
 just let me show him what I can do...
 since when is a piece of paper the
 most important thing in the world,
 anyway?

Josie sits up and flips through the channels on the
 television.

JACK
 You could always go back to Uni.

JOSIE
 This again?

Jack stands and walks towards to the kitchen.

JACK
 Tea?

JOSIE
 Obviously.

Jack pulls out two cups and begins to boil the kettle.

JACK
 I mean, I wouldn't say *again*. You're
 acting like I'm always nagging you
 about it.

JOSIE
 You are always nagging me about it .
 Besides, if I went back now I'd take
 all the attention away from the golden
 boy.

Josie punctuates the nickname use by sitting up and throwing
 a pillow at Jack. It hits him with a thud; he tries to grab
 it and drops it, laughing.

JOSIE (DOING A BAD IMPRESSION OF JACK)
 Oh look at me with my fancy job and my
 own flat and my car that doesn't fail
 its MOT.

JACK
 I wouldn't call a suggestion nagging.

JOSIE
 School was your thing, not mine. Not

all of us can get a first class.

Jack rolls his eyes; he pours a very large helping of sugar into one tea cup, milk into the other and tops them both up with water.

JACK

You turned up five times, you were late and hungover and you dropped out after one term.

Jack walks back to the sofa, hands Josie the tea with sugar and sits next to her.

JOSIE

My tutor hated me!

JACK

You slept with his daughter and called him a...

Jack pauses to reword the swear.

JOSIE

Bourgeoisie bastard?

JACK

Right to his face!

JOSIE

Exactly! And he hated me for it! It's not my fault he'd never heard of the Kinsey scale!

JACK

Yes, that's the reason.

Jack and Josie laugh together before going back to watching the TV. Josie fidgets, uncomfortable; Jack notices.

JACK

Did something else happen today?

Josie turns to face him, crossing her legs under her on the sofa; she pouts and speaks with the insistence of a child.

JOSIE

They recognized me. You told me if I went out no one would recognize me but they did.

JACK
Are you sure it was because of-

JOSIE
Yes.

JACK
I'm sorry.

JOSIE
Interview guy, reporter man...

JACK
It's just two people.

JOSIE
So far! I can't leave ever again!

JACK
That's ridiculous, Jose. Keep looking
for work and I'm sure no one-

JOSIE
You're ridiculous.

Jack raises his hands in defeat.

JACK
Okay, okay, okay. We'll figure
something out.

Satisfied, Josie puts her head on his shoulder once again and
relaxes into watching the TV.

Jack changes the channel; the date in the television screen
is the 28th May. The clock above the television reads 11.

JACK
You were right when you said modern
television leaves nothing to be
desired.

As Jack scrolls the clock above the Television falls down; it
leaves the mark of a sticky hook on the wall. Jack gets up to
collect the clock; there is a crack on one side.

JACK
Again? You said you were going to
properly nail this to the wall!

Josie stares at Jack in shock. Jack turns around to bring the

clock back and catches her staring.

JACK
What? You did say that.

JOSIE
You... you just said about the clock.
And the TV...

JACK
Huh?

Josie shakes her head and takes the clock from Jack.

JOSIE
This just happened... this literally
just... what the...

Josie traces the new crack in the clock.

JACK
What is it?

Josie sets the clock down on the table, shrugging.

JOSIE
Nothing. Just deja vu. A bash to the
head does that to you, I guess.

JACK
Are you sure?

JOSIE
Yeah.

Jack settles back next to Josie.

EXT. OUTSIDE LIZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Claudia's car pulls up outside Liz's house. Liz is in the passenger seat and goes to leave the car but Claudia gestures for her to stay seated. Claudia gets out of the car; she walks around and opens Liz's door, offering her hand. Liz laughs and takes Claudia's hand.

Liz and Claudia walk to Liz's front door hand in hand.

LIZ
I had a lot of fun tonight.

CLAUDIA

Oh, so did I!

Claudia leans in and kisses Liz; it is shy but firm.

CLAUDIA

I'll text you?

LIZ

I look forward to it.

Claudia giggles and waves, walking back to her car. Liz waves her off before opening her front door.

INT. LIZ'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

A narrow hallway with little else but coat hooks and a coat rack.

LIZ hangs up her coat, takes off her shoes and switches on the light; she hums to herself as she does so, content.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - VISION

A set of train tracks on the very edge of the city; it is rural enough to be quiet and dim whilst the city is highlighted in the distance. There is very little light, save for the dull flashing of the lights on the crossing in the distance.

Two men, CHAD, (25) and MICKY, (25) walk alongside the tracks. They laugh together, passing a bottle of liquor between them. Chad pushes Micky against a post and kisses him. They laugh again. Chad checks his phone; it reads as May 31st at twenty past midnight.

CHAD

C'mon. I can't wait to get you home.

As Chad and Micky approach the level crossing they are bathed in the flashing red lights. The poles of the crossing are down but Chad ducks under them anyway.

MICKY

Chad, babe, it's red.

CHAD

Yeah? And do you see a train?

Micky follows Chad, his confidence bolstered by his boyfriend. Chad wraps an arm around Micky and kisses his

cheek. In the distance, twin lights signal a train approaching; Micky laughs.

MICKY

You cursed it, there's a train!

CHAD

Race, then?

Chad and Micky both take off running across the tracks; the train is far enough away that they could just make it across. Chad runs ahead, slightly faster and makes it to the other side; he doesn't notice Micky trip and fall.

Chad bends double, laughing and catching his breath. The train horn sounds and Chad notices that Micky isn't beside him. He looks back to see Micky trying to scramble to his feet.

The train horn blares again.

CHAD

Micky!

The train drives past, horn still blaring. Chad is alone on the other side of the crossing. He falls to the floor, sobbing.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, NIGHT

Josie is on the sofa, tossing and turning under the duvet. A pillow has been placed under her head. She wakes up, covered in sweat, screaming. Jack runs into the room wearing pyjamas.

JACK

What is it? What's wrong?

JOSIE

He's dead!

Jack sits on the sofa next to Josie, pulling her into a hug.

JACK

Who?

JOSIE

I saw someone die!

JACK

Did you have a nightmare?

JOSIE
I don't know. It felt so real.

JACK
What else would it be? Don't go all
Mum on me.

Josie glances at the clock still on the table.

JOSIE
The clock...

JACK
What clock?

JOSIE
Nothing. Just... part of the
nightmare.

Jack stands, pulling Josie with him.

JACK
C'mon, Jose. Let's get you to a proper
bed.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Josie sits at the table, sleep deprived, an abandoned bowl of cereal next to her. She stares intently at a notebook.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - VISION

MICKY
You cursed it, there's a train!

CHAD
Race, then?

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, DAY

Josie holds both hands to her head, wincing in pain. When the pain subsides she begins scribbling furiously in the notebook.

Jack comes to make coffee and is surprised to see his sister up. He abandons the coffee pot and sits next to her.

JACK
And here I thought I'd never see you
up before noon.

Josie waves him off before rubbing her forehead.

JOSIE

I couldn't sleep. Or, I could and that was the problem.

JACK

What do you mean?

JOSIE

That nightmare I had last night? I kept having it over and over and over.

Jack gets up to make coffee for the both of them. JOSIE scribbles something out in the notebook and writes something else.

JACK

It's not uncommon to have recurring nightmares. Especially with everything you've been through.

Josie shakes her head, not looking up even as Jack sets a cup of coffee next to her. Jack pours cereal into the half empty bowl that Josie had been eating and begins to eat.

JOSIE

It's not recurring. It's exactly the same. Even the bloody time is the same.

JACK

The time?

JOSIE

Twenty past midnight, 31st May. It's on Chad's phone.

JACK

Chad?

Josie, frustrated, grabs the book and points with the pen towards the notes she has written.

JOSIE

Micky's boyfriend. Micky dies.

Jack takes the book from Josie gently and puts it aside.

JACK

One nightmare and you're journaling? I

thought you said journaling was for
Pinterest losers?

JOSIE
Journaling *is* for Pinterest losers.

JACK
You're thinking too much into this.

JOSIE
I know! This is so stupid!

BEAT

JOSIE
Want to know what the craziest part
is?

JACK
What?

JOSIE
I swear that last night I saw the
clock fall off the wall before it
actually did.

Jack laughs, rolling his eyes.

JACK
I believed you wrote gullible on the
ceiling when we were six and suddenly
I'll believe anything. Funny.

JOSIE
I'm not joking!

JACK
You went through it yesterday, your
brain is probably just trying to deal.

Jack hugs Josie and picks up his coat from the rack.

JACK
Take care today. Don't stress too
much.

INT. COUNCILLOR'S OFFICE LOBBY/JACK'S WORK - DAY

Jack waits outside one of the office doors, idly playing with
his phone. Despite trying to act calm he fiddles with the
cuff of his suit jacket nervously.

Liz exits the office and almost walks straight into Jack.

LIZ
I'm starting to think you're stalking
my meetings.

Jack laughs weakly and continues fiddling with his cuff.

LIZ
C'mon then, spit it out. I'm in a good
mood, I won't bite.

JACK
I need to ask you something.

LIZ
And suddenly I have a feeling that my
good mood is going to turn sour. It's
about Josie, isn't it?

BEAT

LIZ
Of course it is. Why wouldn't it be?

JACK
What does that mean?

LIZ
We were friends, Jack. Now you only
ever want me when it concerns your
sister.

JACK
Not always.

LIZ
So, it isn't about Josie?

Jack hesitates.

JACK
I mean, it is, but-

Liz rolls her eyes and begins to walk off. Jack follows and they walk together.

JACK (CONT'D)
I am your friend Liz. I'm just
worried.

LIZ (RESIGNED)

Go on, then.

JACK

Did you ever notice Jose having lucid dreams?

LIZ

What? No? Why?

JACK

She had this dream last night and this morning she seemed obsessed with what happened in it.

LIZ

Well that's our Jo-

Liz clears her throat at her mistake.

LIZ (CONT'D)

That's your Josie. She puts her mind to something and it's all she can focus on.

JACK

She's getting headaches too.

LIZ

Everyone gets headaches, Jack.

JACK

She started saying something about a clock falling off the wall and deja vu and...

LIZ

Okay, no, nope, I am not doing the attention seeking psychic stuff again.

JACK

I don't think she's attention seeking. She's journaling!

LIZ

I thought she said journaling was for Pinterest losers?

JACK

Exactly! This is different!

LIZ
Sure, until it actually has
consequences.

JACK
I'm worried she's going slightly mad
with the stress of everything.

LIZ
I'm done with this conversation.

JACK
But-

LIZ
I know you can't see it but trust me.
She's just being dramatic for
sympathy.

Liz puts her hand on Jack's shoulder as they stop walking.

LIZ
Look, Jack. Just think about what I
said before, okay? About distancing
yourself.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Josie sits on the sofa, once again blanket clad and unkempt.
This time, instead of wrappers and cans she is surrounded by
scraps of paper.

In her lap is a laptop which she types furiously at. Her
journal is open next to her and she repeatedly glances at it,
checking her notes. A packet of counter painkillers lie
opened on the table with a glass of water. Next to the
painkillers is the cracked clock.

Josie tears out pages from the journal and rips them up
angrily.

JOSIE
Stupid. Stupid!

Josie puts her head in hands in defeat.

Josie winces; she ceases typing to bring her hand up to her
head. After a moment she continues typing.

On the laptop, she is looking at a page on lucid dreaming.

Josie winces as the vision comes back to her.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - VISION

CHAD

C'mon. I can't wait to get you home.

As Chad and Micky approach the level crossing they are bathed in the flashing red lights. The poles of the crossing are down but Chad ducks under them anyway.

MICKY

Chad, babe, it's red.

CHAD

Yeah? And do you see a train?

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, DAY

Josie kicks the table angrily, spilling some of the water.

JOSIE

Ugh.

Josie spots the clock on the table; she picks it up and traces the crack again.

Josie hesitates before sighing and picking up the laptop.

Josie picks up her laptop again and types in a social media website.

JOSIE

I must be crazy...

On the laptop she searches for Chad in her city and scrolls through the profiles. Shocked, Josie leans in closer as she finds the same one from her vision; she brings up his profile to find a picture of him kissing Micky in the sun.

EXT. - PAST, CLIFF TOP - DAY

The top of a cliff; the sun shines on Chad and Micky. Chad has his arms spread wide.

CHAD (SCREAMING)

I like men!

Micky laughs.

MICKY
Tell the birds something they don't
know.

Chad pulls Micky close to him; they look out over the cliff.

CHAD
I like *you*.

MICKY
Mm. Louder? The birds didn't hear you
that time.

CHAD (SCREAMING)
I LIKE YOU

Micky laughs and kisses Chad. Chad pulls up his phone, snaps a picture of them kissing.

MICKY
Nerd.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Josie sits back in shock, breathing heavily.

JOSIE
No way. No, no way this is possible...

Josie finds Micky's profile through Chad's relationship status and clicks on it. Josie studies the profile for a while.

JOSIE
What the hell is happening...

Josie looks at the clock again then back to what is left of her notebook.

Josie hesitantly clicks to message Micky and taps her pen on her notebook, thinking. She stands and paces, speaking aloud and gesturing animatedly as if to another person.

JOSIE
Hi mate, I know you've never heard of
me but you're going to die tonight.
Just thought you'd like to know. Bye.

Josie shakes her head before wincing at the movement.

JOSIE
Not trying to sound like the worst
horror film of the 1980's but you will
die tonight.

Josie stomps her foot angrily.

JOSIE
No offense but you're gonna die you.
That's not a threat it's a promise.

Josie stops pacing, considering this for a moment.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Wait, that sounds like a threat.

Josie throws herself onto the sofa, sighing dramatically. She
types out a message, speaking out loud.

JOSIE
Please beware of trains.

Josie grabs the laptop by the keyboard and flings it down in
exasperation. She throws the journal across the room; it hits
the wall with a thud.

JOSIE
Fine! Die then!

BEAT

JOSIE
This isn't even real!

Defeated, Josie lays sprawled on the sofa and stares at the
ceiling.

Josie's laptop makes a sound; Josie sits up and looks at it.

The laptop shows the message has been sent to Micky: PLEASE
BEWARE OF TRAINS. He isn't online yet and hasn't seen it.

JOSIE
Really? Screw you, technology and
everything you stand for.

Josie flops back down onto the sofa groaning.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Josie is still sprawled on the sofa; the television is now on

and she is watching it. Time has passed; it's dark. The laptop is once again lying on the floor and the journal is still across the room.

As Josie watches she winces in pain and brings her hands up to her head.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - VISION

The train horn blares again.

CHAD

Micky!

The train drives past, horn still blaring. Chad is alone on the other side of the crossing. He falls to the floor, sobbing.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Josie slowly brings her hands away from her head, breathing heavily through the pain.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack relaxes on the sofa as Josie tries and fails to make dinner; the kitchen is a complete mess with sauce and ingredients everywhere.

JACK

How have the headaches been?

JOSIE

Almost constant but then I get these bolts of pain too. They're so painful.

JACK

Have you taken the tablets?

JOSIE

No, I'm against pharmaceutical use in any form. The pounding in my head really helped me form this new stance.

Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK

Well, just keep at it and it should be over soon. Any more nightmares?

JOSIE

You mean the death that's constantly plaguing me? No, Jack, that hasn't gone away.

JACK

Well, trauma nightmares are-

JOSIE

Common, yes, the brain's way of coping, understood, alright, all good, ten out of ten.

JACK

I'm just saying-

JOSIE

That I'm insane.

JACK

That you should take it easy.

Josie opens the oven to take out a tray of food without an oven glove, burning her hand before realising her mistake.

JOSIE

Ouch!

Josie throws the tray of burnt food onto the side and runs her hand under the tap; she accidentally sets it to hot and burns herself again.

JOSIE

OUCH!

Jack laughs at her, going over to her to check the food. He looks into the burned pan and laughs again. Jack attempts to dish up what remains of the cremated food. He doesn't notice Josie bring her hands to her forehead and wince in pain.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - VISION

Chad pushes Micky against a post and kisses him. They laugh again. Chad checks his phone; it reads as May 31st at twenty past midnight.

CHAD

C'mon. I can't wait to get you home.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Josie brings her hands down and takes a deep breath.

JACK

You should really leave the cooking
me.

JOSIE

Yeah, yeah.

Jack walks over to hand a plate to Josie; as he does he almost trips on the discarded notebook. He hands a plate to her and picks the notebook up. As Jack goes to flick through it, Josie snatches it off of him.

JACK

Jose...

JOSIE

I'm going there tonight. To the train
tracks.

JACK

What? Why?

JOSIE

I don't know. Peace of mind?

JACK

Is that really it?

JOSIE

You think I'm insane anyway, might as
well go full pelt.

Jack rubs a hand over his face, through his hair.

JACK

If this is about getting back some
respect-

JOSIE

It isn't. This feels real. And if it
is, if someone dies and I can stop it.

JACK

You've got to let go of the guilt,
Jose.

JOSIE

But-

JACK

It's just a dream and a little deja vu. I don't think it's healthy for you to be so obsessed with a dream. Liz thinks so too.

Josie is less insistent on trying to prove herself; now, she's furious.

JOSIE

You told Liz?!

JACK

I was worried!

Josie sits down next to him heavily and angrily stabs at her food.

JOSIE

That's not your choice. She's going to think I'm insane.

JACK

She cares about you.

JOSIE

If she did, she wouldn't have left.

JACK

Well, you didn't give her much choice.

JOSIE

Screw you.

Josie stands and storms towards the door.

JACK

Do you always have to storm off?

Josie stands by the door, one hand on the handle, glaring intently at Jack, waiting for him to say sorry. This is a battle of wits that he's used to and knows he will never win. Jack shakes his head, already defeated.

JACK

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap. C'mon, Jose, sit down. Please.

Josie sits back next to him; she's still huffy.

JACK
I don't think you should go.

JOSIE
Fine.

JACK
Really?

JOSIE
I said fine, didn't I?

Jack and Josie eat in silence for a while.

JACK
I don't think you're crazy, Jose. I think you're hurting.

JOSIE
Ooooooh and let me guess those are the same thing. Which online confessional did you find that on?

JACK
I'm with you, not against you. Sometimes I just wish you'd see that the whole world isn't out to get you.

JOSIE
Yeah, well, it sure bloody feels like it.

INT. JOSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josie lies on her bed, the light of her laptop illuminating her face. She turns over once, twice, trying to get comfortable. Her hair is messed as if she's been tossing and turning for some time.

Josie rolls towards the window and gazes out, contemplating.

Josie gets up out of bed and puts a hoodie and some shoes on.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Josie creeps through the hallway, and quietly opens the door to leave the flat.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Josie walks quickly along the train tracks, slightly further away than Chad and Micky should be, constantly looking around to try and find the right stretch. She sees the level crossing in the very distance and rushes towards it.

A few feet behind, a figure follows her; when she rushes forwards, so does the figure until it catches up and grabs her shoulder. In shock, Josie reels around and punches the figure; they take down their hoodie. It's Jack; he reels back, holding his jaw.

JACK

Ow!

JOSIE

Really?! Really?! You scared me!

JACK

I knew you'd come out here!

JOSIE

So? Sue me.

JACK

You're being ridiculous!

JOSIE

You're ridiculous.

Jack and Josie walk on in silence; up ahead the voices of two men are heard, although words are indistinguishable.

JACK

There's nothing here, Jose. You've seen it for yourself. Can we just go home now?

JOSIE

Wait.

JACK

Jose-

JOSIE

Wait.

Josie pulls Jack's arm and runs ahead with him following. A train begins approaching, its twin lights illuminating them. The level crossing comes into view; there are two figures

beginning to cross it.

MICKY

You cursed it, there's a train!

CHAD

Race, then?

JOSIE

Stop! He's gonna fall!

Josie is too far away for Chad and Micky to hear her. Chad and Micky both take off running across the tracks; the train is far enough away that they could just make it across.

Chad makes it to the other side as Josie and Jack reach the level crossing; Micky has tripped halfway across.

Chad bends double, laughing and catching his breath. The train horn sounds; Josie and Jack both scream as looks back to see that Micky isn't next to him.

The train horn blares again. Jack grabs Josie, turning them both away from the scene in front of them.

CHAD

Micky!

The train drives past, horn still blaring. Chad is alone on the other side of the crossing. He falls to the floor, sobbing. Jack continues to hold Josie as they too begin to sob; she fights him, trying to get closer to the scene.

JOSIE

Let me go! Let me go!

JACK

He's gone. Oh... oh no, oh no.

CHAD

No! Micky!

JOSIE

I told you! I could have helped! Let me go!

Chad's sobbing is the only sound now.

INT. JACK AND JOSIE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING

The kettle boils as the sun rises. Jack and Josie sit on the

floor, up against the counter that the kettle is on.

JACK

I believe you. This makes no sense. Logic screams that this shouldn't be happening. A man is dead and I believe you.

JOSIE

I can't even bring myself to say "I told you so".

The kettle stops boiling but neither moves.

JOSIE

What now? Will it happen again?

JACK

I don't know. Can't say this is something I've experienced before. We watched someone *die!*

JOSIE

I saw it a lot more than once.

Josie brings her knees up to her chest.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

And I still... I couldn't...

Josie begins to cry. Jack also begins to cry.

JACK

It wasn't your fault. It wasn't your fault.

JOSIE

What if it happens again? What if there are more visions? What if-

JACK

We'll figure it out. We'll research, talk to Mum if we have to. Anything. We'll figure it out. We will.

JOSIE

I think I'm scared.

JACK

Then we can be scared together. Just like-

Jack links their hands together.

JOSIE
When Dad-

JACK
And then Mum... yeah.

Josie kisses their linked hands.

JOSIE
The two of us against the world.

JACK
Forever.

Jack and Josie lean their heads together and watch the sun rise.