

What?!

By bruce Thomas

A screenplay for Impact50

This story occurs minutes before
the international announcement
is broadcast by the White house.

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EXT. COASTAL CAMPSITE/CARAVAN PARK - LATE EVENING

It's dark, we can't see anything. In the background we hear the chirping and clicking of seaside wilderness, and the familiar slosh and draw of a nearby shore.

Peaceful and quiet ... until ... a dog whines.

MAN'S VOICE

What?!

Moments later we hear a car, then headlights briefly reveal our man, HARRY (80s) sat outside his caravan.

The car door opens. Rave music obliterates the peace.

Our man, HARRY, strikes a match which illuminates his face, a widower's beard, wild eyebrows and wise eyes.

The flame lurches down when as he sucks his pipe.

HARRY looks to the neighbours. In the headlights three silhouettes weave and dance, drunk, high and happy.

A wire hair fox terrier, WATSON (11) barks twice.

HARRY

What? Oh no ... you do it. YOU go
over there and tell em to shut
up. Nah ... it's pointless ...
(the dog whines)
... sorry pal you're on your own.

WATSON barks. HARRY shrugs then unplugs his beige hearing aids, and lays them down. It's quiet again. He lifts his pipe, WATSON jumps up for a cuddle.

The loud, throbbing music continues until ...

CAR RADIO (OS)

Regretfully we must interrupt this
broadcast with an urgent news
announcement, coming to you live
from the White House, Washington DC.

They sit and smoke in the silent darkness, outside their caravan, hypnotized by the moon, pondering the unusual swell of the brooding sea.