

OUTSIDE

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Written by

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The Impact: 50

ACT I

U.K.

EXT. TRACY'S FRONT GARDEN - DAY

TRACY (37) is standing at her open front door looking out. She's taking slow, considered breaths as she watches the neighbours scurrying about frenetically. Voices cry and shout, engines rev, doors slam: it's chaos.

BEN (O.S.)

Tracy? Why are you at the door?

BEN (28) is standing on the garden path holding a folder.

TRACY

Ben? What are you doing here?

BEN

(walking forward)

For our appointment. Sorry I'm late
- traffic was terrible.

TRACY

Haven't you seen the news? Don't
you have somewhere else to be?

In the background a WOMAN (30s) on the street pauses to scan the sky with a pair of binoculars.

BEN

I heard on the car radio. What are
you doing?

Tracy's attention is drawn back to the scene in front of her.

TRACY

I thought I might go out.

BEN

Out? Outside? Now? That's great. If
you're sure you're ready? I should -

Ben anxiously opens his folder and flicks through the papers inside, some of which fall to the floor. He crouches down.

BEN (CONT'D)

One sec - I'll get your Panic Plan.

Neighbours next door erupt into a loud argument.

Tracy looks at Ben crouched at her feet, riffling through papers.

TRACY

You're in my way.

BEN

(standing up)

Sorry.

Tracy edges one foot forward onto the front doorstep. Her legs start to visibly shake. Her resolve weakens as fear grips her body; she looks to Ben for answers.

BEN (CONT'D)
(focussed on Tracy)
Remember your breathing exercises.
Take your time. Focus on each step.

A neighbour's car crunches into the back of another.

Taking slow, regulated breaths, Tracy takes four steps along the garden path. She stops abruptly - swaying as if on the edge of a cliff. Ben skips over and takes Tracy's hands to steady her.

TRACY
Shit.

BEN
You've done it! That's amazing!
You're amazing.

Tracy looks at Ben, taken aback by his zeal. Ben lets go of her hands.

A TV flies over the fence and smashes onto Tracy's lawn.

TRACY
Well it's all a bit pointless now
isn't it? Look at everyone...

A MAN (50s) in a bike helmet shuffles along the pavement whimpering like a child.

TRACY (CONT'D)
I can have as many panic attacks as
I like out here - no-one's even
looking.

Tracy and Ben look up at the sky - the clouds reveal nothing.

A WOMAN (70s) hiding in a large shrub in Tracy's garden, pops her head out to check for signs of danger.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Why are you here, Ben?

BEN
It's Friday - our appointment day.

Tracy fixes her eyes on Ben, contemplating him. Ben shrinks back, suddenly self-conscious.

BEN (CONT'D)
I think I may have developed a bit
of an attachment to you... Sorry.
It's very unprofessional.

Tracy smiles warmly. She turns away and edges back towards her front door.

TRACY

You'd better come in then.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tracy and Ben sit side by side at a window looking at a churned up, hot sky. A loud, thunderous rumble fills the air and makes the world around them shake.

Ben is struggling to control his fear, each breath rasping in and out of him.

BEN

I don't think I can - I can't -

Tracy grabs Ben's hand and grips it.

TRACY

Do the breathing exercises with me.

Ben's breathing falls in line with Tracy's. They focus on each other, tuning out the force of nature outside.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(gripping Ben's hand
tighter)

You're amazing too.

THE END