

A JOYFUL MOMENT
an original screenplay by
Fenella Greenfield

Fenella Greenfield
fenellagreenfield@gmail.com
07515 398 1586

FADE IN:

EXT. PAVEMENT - DAY

ANDREA, 40s, successful professional, in viper-smart outfit, immaculate make-up and hair, stares at her mobile. World slows to 'stop'. Drifts along in a state of shock.

Chucks her mobile in a bin. Stops. Walks. Stops. Walks.

Sees a bench, sits down. Looks at nothing in particular. Freaked. Straightens bag pointlessly. When - notices -

- across the road, a HOMELESS MAN sleeping in a doorway. His sign reads, 'JUST £15 BUYS ME ONE NIGHT OF SHELTER'.

Watches him a bit. Suddenly - an idea -

- snaps open the clasp of her bag. Lifts out her purse. Unzips. Finds a wadge of fifties. Pulls it out, crosses the road. Stands a moment, looking down at his sleeping face. Bends, puts the fifties in his cup. Tips out all her coins.

Back to her bench. Watches him, strangely calmed.

Until -

- on the other side of the road, ROASTER walks by the cash-stuffed cup. He's 40s, tattooed, leather jacket. Everything about him screams life on-the-make.

He double-takes. A beat. Looks around, bends, snaffles the cash into his pocket, walks on. Andrea - WFT! Leaps up - across the road - grabs Roaster by the sleeve.

ANDREA

Hey!

He turns. As he looks her up and down lazily. She shoves her hand in his pocket.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Give me that.

ROASTER

Woah woah woah woah.

He snatches at cash - but she's got it firm. A tussle. Some fifties float to the ground. Crazy, bending this way and that, she chases them.

ANDREA

Who steals from the homeless?

ROASTER

What do you care?

She gives him a giant, angry shove.

ANDREA

Because it's my money.

ROASTER

No it isn't. If you gave it to him, so it was his. I nicked it. So now it's mine.

She strides off with her cash. He follows -

ROASTER (CONT'D)

And who gives a junkie this much cash? You know it'd kill him. Or was that the point?

She stops. Stares at him a long beat.

ANDREA

You don't know, do you?

ROASTER

Know what?

Cut to - the bin - she fishes out her tomato ketchup and mustard-smearred mobile, wipes it on her pristine sleeve. Hands it to him. *His face* - as he looks at the screen.

ANDREA

I just want to give him one moment - of crazy, unadulterated joy.

She leaves shell-shocked Roaster, crosses the road. Puts the cash back into the cup. Walks back to the bench. Sits.

Suddenly, across the road, sees Roaster tipping his cash into the cup.

Her on the bench - when - Roaster into frame. He sits.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Please tell me I don't have to spend my last moments on earth with you.

ROASTER

Op he's moving. Yup, waking up. No wait. Nope. False alarm.

Long pause. Suddenly -

ANDREA/ROASTER

Hey!

A very smart gent has paused - looks around - snaffles the cash. Andrea and Roaster chase him - ruby-tackle him to the ground as we -

FADE OUT.