

Prime Meridian

Screenplay by
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Ext. EDGE OF URBAN PARK – day.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of multistorey office blocks overlooking a wooded park, with a lake.

Ext. WOODLAND – day.

ZELDA (early 30s) runs pell-mell through the leafy woodland. She's dressed for the office but with trainers on her feet. Her updo is unravelling and makeup smudged with tears. Her breath comes in wrenching sobs.

BOSS (V.O.)

Fool.

As she runs, Zelda tears off her scarf and tosses it aside – then her jacket.

MOTHER (V.O.)

If only you'd listened...

Zelda comes to an opening in the woods. She pauses. There's a lake at the bottom of the slope.

BOSS (V.O.)

You've lost us that contract!

She races onward, trips, and cries out as she falls.

SWIRLING IMAGES of leafy branches and sky. BIRDSONG.

After a few moments, Zelda attempts to sit up.

ABRAHAM (age: indeterminate) sits beside her. He's weatherbeaten, dressed in assorted garments. His hair and beard are unkempt, but his eyes are kindly.

ZELDA

I've got to get to the lake!
There's no time...

She tries to push herself up, and winces in pain.

ABRAHAM

There's always time.

He stuffs a bunch of greenery into his mouth.

ZELDA

(weeping)

Every day I've looked down at it
from my shitty office...and my
shitty job...and I said "tomorrow"
...and now there won't be one.
I've got to swim there now!

Abraham spits the masticated mouthful into a leaf.

ABRAHAM

Wouldn't recommend it.

She looks his matted hair and filthy ears. He grins back.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

Anyhow, tomorrow's already here.

He points to a thick rope, pegged to the ground.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

The Prime Meridian! This side,
now. Other side, tomorrow.

ZELDA

No, no – that's the Date Line.
You're confused.

He surveys her crumpled clothing and wrecked face.

ABRAHAM

I'm confused?

She shoots him a glance and raises herself on her elbows.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

Every line is the same. There is
no space. Only time. No here and
no there - only then, and now.
Always and never, all mixed up
in every dimension.

Zelda tries to get up. Abraham holds out the leafy mess.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

I've made a poultice for your...

ZELDA

(shakes her head)
What's the point?

ABRAHAM

What can I do?

ZELDA

Help me into tomorrow!

She puts her arm around Abraham's shoulders and he levers
her up. Together, they stagger across the Meridian.

A perfect moment of summer. Continuing birdsong.

THE END