

CAN SHE SEE US, DADDY?

Written by

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EXT. GARDEN - DAY

A partially collapsed summerhouse at the end of a large garden. Nearby, a ROCKET-SHAPED PLAY TENT.

ED (38) in jeans and jumper, sits on a swing suspended from a tree, his head against the rope. He looks wretched, barely holding it together. His eyes scan the sky.

ELLIE (5) wears a space-themed onesie, wellington boots, a bicycle helmet, and a swimming mask with snorkel. With one outstretched arm she holds a MODEL OF THE ISS.

Ed watches as she slowly rotates on the spot, the space station orbiting around her.

Ellie stops rotating, says something unintelligible.

ED
I can't hear you Ellie, love. Take
the mask off.

Ellie puts down the space station, removes the helmet and mask. Gives her dad a scolding look.

Ed forces a smile.

ED (cont'd)
Sorry babe, I meant *space helmet*.

She hands him the helmet, mask and snorkel. Plucks a leaf from his sweater, picks at the wool.

ELLIE
I *said*, can she see us daddy?

Ed swallows hard, looks to the heavens, composes himself.

ED
No baby, I don't think she can.

Ellie picks up the model space station--

ELLIE
But we'll see her soon, right?

--brings it right up close to her face, peers in through its windows.

ED (O.S.)
Very soon, my lovely. We'll fly all
the way there in our rocket ship.

Ellie narrows her eyes, sighs, takes a long hard look at the play tent.

INT. ROCKET PLAY TENT - DAY

The two sit swaddled in duvets, surrounded by pillows and cushions. Ellie stares at the space station at her feet.

Ed's arms are wrapped around his daughter. His chin rests gently on the top of her head.

A low RUMBLE and the ground shudders.

ELLIE

Is it an earth-cake daddy?

Ed hugs tighter still, snuggles them deeper into the duvet.

ED

No love, it's just the engines
starting up.

The tremors intensify. Ellie buries her face in Ed's chest.

ED (cont'd)

Hold on tight, baby, we'll soon be--

EXT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION

Behind the reflected image of planet Earth, a woman's tear-streaked face presses tight against a window.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION

The ISS hangs alone in the blackness of space.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION

An observation window from the inside.

Behind the reflected image of a woman's stricken face, the image of a dying planet earth.