

Script sample from a the fantasy mobile game *Chains of Enchantment*

SCENE: (INT) MC's Room - Dusk

As we enter, Dean closes the door behind me. I sit down at my desk, and unpack my bag. As I search for my assignment, Dean looks around my room.

[Dean]

You should really tidy this place up.

[name]

I asked you to help me out with work, not to judge the state of my room.

[Dean]

Alright, alright...

Dean moves in closer to me, I can feel his arm rub against mine as he looks over my work. (He's so close... I can smell the mild spice from his cologne.)

[Dean]

So what's the problem?

(I can't concentrate.)

I look at my work in defeat, I realise that I really don't want to do this.

[name]

I just, don't know where to start...

[Dean]

You're gonna have to be more specific than that.

Dean begins helping me out with my assignment, correcting spelling mistakes I made, and suggesting areas that I should rewrite. However, I'm finding it really hard to concentrate.

(Sorry Dean, I just can't concentrate on work right now...)

[name]

Do you think you're gonna move away from home when you graduate?

Dean pauses, look at me bewildered.

[Dean]

Where did that come from?

[name]

Sorry... It's just that we've lived together for such a long time, it's hard to imagine living without you here.

Dean scoots a little closer to me.

[Dean]

We don't have to think about that yet.

[name]

I know, it's just that today has reminded me that you're a lot of fun to be around, you know?

I don't know what I'll do when I don't have someone to walk back home with.

Dean looks briefly at the ground, bashfully. He smiles.

[Dean]

Truth be told, I'm gonna miss you too when you're no longer around.

I smile back at him.

[name]

We need to spend more time together then!

[Dean]

I guess you're right, it's been a while since we've actually done something fun together.

[name]

What should we do?

Dean thinks for a moment, putting down his pen.

[Dean]

The university fair is on next week. Why don't we go together?

[name]

Don't we have lectures then?

He smiles.

[Dean]

I'm sure we can miss one lecture, don't you think?

He winks at me.

[name]

It's not like you to skip a lecture like that.

[Dean]

How uptight do you think I am, [name]?

I try to test him a little.

[name]

Is it that you actually *want* to spend more time with me?

[Dean]

Ha! Wow, you really do think I'm a spoilsport, huh?

We both laugh at each other. As the laughter dies down, we sit in silence for a moment, staring at each other.

[name]

Well, no. I just wish we did this more often...

[Dean]

Me too.

[name]

Like how we used to?

[Dean]

Yeah... I guess so.

I begin to prod my brain for earlier memories of the both of us.

[name]

Remember when you used to get all shy around me when we were younger?

He smirks at me, not convinced.

[Dean]

You know what? No, I don't actually remember that.

[name]

You don't have to, all your embarrassing moments have been burned in here!

I point to my head. Dean shakes his, chuckling.

[Dean]

You were far from perfect as well.

[name]

Oh really?

[Dean]

Like that time when I caught you-

[name]

Wait, wait! Okay, fine, I don't actually want to know!

Dean laughs.

[Dean]

Come on [name], I thought we were just getting started!

[name]

No thanks, I've changed my mind, I'd rather die right now.

I put my face in my hands, embarrassed. Dean looks at me, amused.

[Dean]

It doesn't really look like we're going to make a lot of progress today, does it?

I look down at my work, we haven't even touched it yet.

[Dean]

You know what? Why don't we just forget work today? There's always tomorrow.

[name]

You're starting to sound like me!

I wink at him. He smiles back, amused.

[Dean]

What do you think? Should we call it a day?

#What should I do?

@1. Call it a day.

@2. Insist on working.

@1. Call it a day.

[name]

Ah screw it! Why not?
[Dean]
I thought you'd say that.
[name]
Hey! What's that supposed to mean?
He laughs.
I get up from my chair and open the window before sprawling out on my bed. Dean sits back in his chair.
[name]
I'm soo tired...
[Dean]
I can see why.
[name]
What do you mean?
[Dean]
You worked pretty hard on this assignment, didn't you?
[name]
...
[name]
Yeah, but it still doesn't look like I did.
Dean sighs.
[Dean]
I think you work harder than you realise.
[name]
What do you mean?
[Dean]
I see your light on in your room late at night, I know you've been at this assignment for ages.
[name]
...
[Dean]
You deserve time off too you know!
I think about this for a moment.
(He's right... Maybe I have been too hard on myself recently.)

@2. Keep working.

[name]
Yeah, let's keep going. I want to get this done.
[Dean]
Okay then.
As Dean goes through each page, one by one, I feel my eyes getting heavy.
(I'm really tired...)
I yawn rather obviously. Dean - mid explanation - stops and looks at me.
[Dean]
How you holding up?
[name]
Fine... Keep going...
Dean looks a little concerned, but we keep working.
(I just need to rest my eyes...)
I close my eyes for what I think is a split second.
[Dean]
Huh...?
Hearing Dean, I open my eyes to find myself resting my head on his shoulder.
(What?)
[name]
What happened?
[Dean]

You nodded off.
I feel his arm around me, preventing me from falling off my chair.
[Dean]
You shouldn't overdo it, you work hard enough as it is.
(Resting like this, in Dean's embrace... I don't want to move.)
Dean gently removes his arm, and I find my feet as I stand up from my chair. I stumble back over to my bed and sit down.
#END

[name]
Thanks Dean.
(He looks quite concerned.)
[Dean]
It's okay.
[name]
I really value you helping me out like this.
[Dean]
I mean, it's not like we did much work-
[name]
Just being able to talk to you is enough. You're the only person I can really talk to about my problems with.
Dean looks at me with endearing eyes.
[Dean]
I feel that way too... sometimes.
(It almost feels like he was going to say more.)
He gets up from his chair and comes over, standing beside me.
[Dean]
Shall we call it a night?
[name]
I mean... Yeah, sure.
I'm a little disappointed that Dean is leaving, especially after having such a nice time with him. He seems to notice my change in mood.
[Dean]
Are you okay? You seem a little... down.
#What should I do?

@1. Change the subject.
@2. Be honest.

@1. Change the subject.
(Think of something...)
[name]
So... Dean. When do you want to go to the fair?
[Dean]
I already told you... It's next week.
[name]
I've never been.
[Dean]
Yeah, it's good but-
He looks over at me inquisitively.
[Dean]
Wait a minute... What are you doing?
[name]
Huh?
[Dean]
You really think I was gonna fall for that swift change of topic?
[name]

You almost did.
 [Dean]
 No I didn't.
 He gives me a playful shove.
 [name]
 Hey! Resorting to violence are we?
 [Dean]
 Hah! As if I would ever do that to you.
 He reaches out, brushing a bit of my hair out of my eyes.
@2. Be honest.
 [name]
 Can you not stay a little longer?
 I slump back down on my bed. Dean slowly walks over.
 [Dean]
 Uh... Yeah.... Of course.
 [name]
 Sorry, was that weird?
 [Dean]
 Not really, no.
 He looks at me, getting a little red.
 [Dean]
 It's just that I don't normally come into your room... I know you like your privacy.
 I look at the ground, a little embarrassed.
 [name]
 Yeah... But I don't mind if it's you. Especially as we haven't spent time together in a while.
 Dean comes over and sits beside me.
 [Dean]
 Truth is, I haven't really had much time to myself recently.
 [name]
 Me too.
 [Dean]
 But it's mostly my fault.
 [name]
 Which is why it's important to take breaks-
 [Dean]
 I know, I know...
 [name]
 Hmm...
 Dean think about something, pulling a pamphlet out of his pocket.
 [Dean]
 I picked this up at the café we just went to.
 He passes it to me. The paper brandishes colourful illustrations of a meteor shower.
 [name]
 Where is this happening?
 [Dean]
 Right here! Up on the hill.
 [name]
 That's so cool, when would you go?
 [Dean]
 Well, it's just over a week away.
 He twiddles his thumbs.
 [Dean]
 But I was thinking you would like to come with me?
 He pauses for a moment, hesitating.
 [Dean]
 Have some of that 'quality time' together, that you always talk about...?
 [name]

I'd love to!

I smile back at him. He looks back at me. For once, I can actually feel us getting closer than we have been in a while.

#END

THUMP THUMP

Two large knocks at our front door interrupt us, stealing our attention away from each other.

[Dean]

That's strange...

[name]

It's just the door.

[Dean]

But at this time of night, something seems a little-

Suddenly, a bloodcurdling scream pierces our eardrums. It's mom.

We both freeze.

[Dean]

What the hell?

He rapidly paces towards the door.

[Dean]

Stay here.

[name]

I'm coming with you-

[Dean]

No, you're not, stay here! I'll be back in a second.

Script sample from a romcom mobile game

(11:14 p.m. already... It's late...)

[name]

...

(I'm not sure what Chase is expecting from me, this is way too much work.)

(Suddenly, I hear footsteps. A hand reaches out and pats my shoulder.)

[Chase]

Still here?

[name]

Y-yeah... I'm getting there.

[Chase]

Is that right?

[name]

...

[Chase]

I can see your screen.

[name]

Well I mean, I'm not going home until it's finished, don't wor-

[Chase]

[name], you know how important this assignment is. Why has it taken you so long?

#What should I say?

@1. Tell him you're not leaving until the assignment is done.

@2. Tell him that you're having a hard time finishing this assignment.

1. Tell him you're not leaving until the assignment is done.

[name]

This assignment is very important to me, I'm not leaving until it's finished.

(Chase rolls up a chair and sits down next to me.)

[Chase]

... I don't want you to kill yourself over this assignment either!

[name]

But you chose me to do this. Just because I have other things going on, doesn't mean I should be cut some slack.

[Chase]

Well you're certainly a lot more tenacious than I was when I first joined.

[name]

Surely a top journalist like you probably regularly pulled all-nighters to finish off projects.

[Chase]

Sure, and it nearly killed me.

[name]

Yeah... But it won't happen again! I'll finish this assignment and I'll make sure to get things in earlier next time.

2. Tell him that you're having a hard time finishing this assignment.

[name]

Well... It's- It's just that this is a very big assignment.

[Chase]

Yeah, I know.

[name]

And, well... I know I should be finding this easier, but I just felt like I don't know the topic well enough to start informing others.

(Suddenly, Chase takes a desk chair and sits down right next to me. Our arms touch.)

[Chase]

Do you know why I gave you this assignment?

[name]

I don't think... so?

[Chase]

Out of all the newbies I've taken under my wing, you're by far the most driven I've seen.

[name]

What do you mean?

[Chase]

The way you write is full of optimism. Reading your work, it feels like even though in a world where we are surrounded by bad news, there is still hope for humanity.

[name]

Well, I don't know if I'd call my writing that confident.

[Chase]

Don't get me wrong, I can see that you struggle to find a voice in some of your work, but I hope you work on bringing a more positive outlook to your stories. The world sure needs more optimism.

[name]

Thank you, I'll make sure to keep that in mind.

[Chase]

Okay, you can wipe that big smile off your face now.

[name]

What?! No- it's just.

[Chase]

Ha ha! Don't worry, I did mean what I said.

#End

(I catch Blaine out of the corner of my eye as he walks in the room.)

[Blaine]

Hey [name]! Can I borrow you for a minute? I need to ask you about something you wrote.

[Chase]

Hi Blaine

[Blaine]

Oh... Hi Chase.

[Chase]

[names]'s got some important work to finish unfortunately. She's been pretty busy.

[Blaine]

Ah don't worry! It's not gonna take that long at all.

[name]

Well I mean, if it's only for a minute...

[Chase]

Why don't I give you a bit of advice? [name] probably wants to be left alone now, I'm sure.

[name]

Not re-

[Blaine]

How come you're here then?

[Chase]

I was just giving her a little bit of encouragement.

[Blaine]

Right... Well this is kinda between me and [name]. I'm sure you understand.

Chase tenses up.

[Chase]

I don't think I do, actually.

Screenplay sample from a family drama-thiller *Poles Apart* (1)

HANS AND MARTHA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Hans and Martha sit watching TV. Hans has a whiskey in his hand, as Martha lies across the sofa.

Though they seem peaceful, Hans seems a little frustrated.

HANS

Why do they do this?

Silence... Hans sighs loudly. Martha takes a deep breath, rolling her eyes.

MARTHA

What? What do they do?

HANS

What is it? This soppy film, it's terrible!

MARTHA

I thought we agreed to watch this... We said Tuesday was-

HANS

It's Friday!

MARTHA

No it's not.

HANS

Yes, it is! Switch it to the news and I'll show you!

MARTHA

Let's finish watching the film first.

HANS

(grumbling)

Bloody film...

MARTHA

How many of those whiskies have you had?

Three polite KNOCKS come from the front door. Martha turns her head but Hans completely ignores it.

Looking at Hans, Martha disapprovingly stares at him before getting up from the sofa.

As soon as she leaves the room, Hans reaches for the remote, and changes the channel.

INT. HANS AND MARTHA'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - EVENING

Martha heads to the door, unlocking it. She seems to struggle slightly with the locking mechanism.

Finally opening it, MARTIN stands on the porch.

MARTHA
Martin?

MARTIN
Martha, good evening.

MARTHA
What a surprise! What are you doing here?

Martin pauses, trying to find the right words.

MARTIN
We... You invited me here.

MARTHA
I did?

MARTIN
Yes, I wanted to come and chat.

HANS (O.S.)
You **did** invite him!

INT. HANS AND MARTHA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MARTHA (O.S.)
Are you sure?

HANS
Yes! Of course I'm sure! You're here to talk about Petra, am I right?

INT. HANS AND MARTHA'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - EVENING

MARTIN
Yes...

MARTHA
Oh... Well I guess- No, please, come on in!

She steps out of the way, letting Martin into the house.

HANS

If he's here to talk about Petra, I
don't want anything to do with it!
It's not our problem-!

The door slams shut as Hans continues his rant.

INT. HANS AND MARTHA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Martha and Martin sit at a small table in the living room,
talking. Hans is watching TV, purposefully ignoring them as
he pours himself another glass of whiskey.

In front of Martin is a cup of tea.

MARTHA

Psychosis? Are you sure?

MARTIN

One-hundred percent. Dr Werner
knows what she's talking about.

MARTHA

Martin... Doctors can't be trusted
with everything-

MARTIN

Her condition improved drastically
when she took them.

MARTHA

Her 'condition'? You're treating
her like a psychopath.

MARTIN

She's not a psychopath! As the
doctor said, she's suffering from a
form of psychosis as a result of
this condition she has.

Martha looks at Martin with a disapproving glare.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I am only asking to see if there
was any clue as to what that might
be.

HANS

She was perfectly fine as a child,
and she's perfectly fine now.

Hans joins in the conversation, his eyes still fixated on the
screen in front of him.

MARTIN

Dr Werner said this can run in the family. Do any of you have any family members who may have had a similar condition in your past?

Silence... Martha thinks.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm only asking because you are the only people who might have an answer...

Hans looks at Martha, they both exchange an awkward glance.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Petra refuses to tell me anything at the moment, and her doctor is legally required to keep it secret.

HANS

Okay fine... I'll tell you.

Martin turns to face Hans.

HANS (CONT'D)

The reason Petra won't tell you anything (beat) is because there is nothing to tell!

MARTIN

That's clearly not-

HANS

Maybe if you stopped being so untrusting of your wife, she would have been more open with you to start off with!

MARTIN

I'm just trying to understand-

HANS

YOU HAVE SAID ENOUGH!

The room goes quiet; Martha and Martin both shaken by his outburst.

HANS (CONT'D)

If you can't even trust your own wife... Why on earth did you marry Petra in the first place?!

(MORE)

HANS (CONT'D)
(beat) If you've only come here to
poke holes in our daughter, then
I'll have to ask you to **leave!**

Martin clenches his fists.

HANS (CONT'D)
NOW!

MARTHA
Hans, maybe we should-

Martin jumps up from his seat, walking over to Hans in a rage-fuelled stride.

Hans stays put, paralysed. He grips his glass tightly as Martin blocks his view from the TV.

HANS
What the hell do you think you're
doing?

MARTIN
You have no idea, do you? You think
that she's no longer your problem
because she's married to me. She's
your daughter, for fuck's sake!
(beat) And looking at both of
you...

He points firmly to Hans.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Especially **you...**

Hans grits his teeth, his eyes glazed over with anger.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
It's clear to me you've never seen
her as anything but a burden;
neglecting obvious signs that she
has something serious-

HANS
You're calling my daughter a
burden?!

MARTIN
I'm not calling her that, it's you-

Hans chucks the rest of his drink at Martin, which splashes in his eyes.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

AH-!

MARTHA

Hans!

Martin stumbles back into the TV, his eyes shut tight. The TV falls off its stand and lands on the floor with a catastrophic ***CRASH***.

It's ruined; the screen cracked, flickering different colours as the speakers cut in and out.

MARTIN

Why did you do that?!

HANS

You bloody vandal! What did you do?!

MARTHA

Oh my god!

A stream of invective flows out of Hans' mouth, Martha tries to calm Hans down, who is flailing his limbs from his armchair.

Martin rubs his eyes violently.

Opening his eyes, his vision is blurry, his eyelids batting rapidly.

He manages to get a focus on Hans and the TV, finding his feet.

Without hesitation, he gives the TV a firm KICK, resulting in the speakers completely cutting out. This surprises Hans and Martha, who immediately stop talking.

Through his irritated, bloodshot eyes, he stares at Hans with rage: his pupils dilated, his eyelids wide-open, his body shaking with adrenaline.

Finally, he turns, and walks out. Hans and Martha sit in silence as the front door opens and VIOLENLTY SLAMS shut.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK

As Martin storms down the street, he lights a cigarette and has a long pull, kicking a nearby street post.

He breaks down, tears streaming down his face as he walks.

He sniffs loudly as he continues down the street.

Though he tries to calm down, he is unable to stop crying.

Screeplay sample from a family drama-thriller *Poles Apart* (2)

INT. JAZZ BAR - DUSK

Inside, the bar is packed. Some sitting by a table, some standing; the cacophony from an excited crowd makes it hard to hear the background music being played on the speakers.

The music stops.

Gradually, the crowd simmers down.

A man (40s), dressed in smart-casual, walks onto stage.

ANNOUNCER

Alright-!

A few small cheers manifest themselves from the crowd. The announcer waits for them to quieten down.

His manner is relaxed, maybe even slightly disorganised, reaching into his pocket.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Okay, right...

The announcer looks at a small sheet of paper. He cocks an eyebrow.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Now this one's interesting.

INT. MARTIN AND PETRA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Martha looks at Petra. Her mouth is shut tight, but her eyes are watering.

PETRA

What have you been telling him?

MARTHA

I don't know what he's talking about... Petra, I-

PETRA

Why are you here?! Why did he just say that?

Martha stays quiet, tears are running down her face. She takes a step back, frightened.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Is he lying?

Petra's voice becomes shaky. She glances at Martin, who simply stays put.

PETRA (CONT'D)
He must be- This isn't real...

Unsure whether to scream or cry, her voice quivers.

PETRA (CONT'D)
No...

Putting a hand on her head, she turns around, analysing the room.

A picture of Martin and Petra sits on the windowsill.

Her breathing is quick and uneven. Sniffing and mumbling, her focus switches to the world outside the apartment, staring beyond the framed photo towards the city's skyline.

MARTIN
I...

Before he can say anymore, Petra storms out of the living room.

MARTHA
Petra, wait-

MARTIN
Let her go...

Martha looks at Martin in spite; but Martin is no longer angry. He stares at the entrance, almost mournful.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
We should give her a minute.

Martha sits back down on the sofa, shaken - wiping tears from her eyes.

INT. JAZZ BAR - DUSK

The crowd laughs, the announcer cracking a few jokes before the performance.

ANNOUNCER
Anyway, that's enough of my ugly mug. Let's get these handsome people on stage! (beat) Give a warm welcome... To Midnight Musicians!

Some warm cheers accompany a modest round of clapping as the announcer hops off the raised stage.

A drum kit sits at the back of the small stage as the DRUMMER (30s) comes out onto the stage, followed by a BASSIST (mid 20s).

Finally, a saxophone peaks out.

DRUMMER
(quietly)
Come on, get up here!

Slowly, the final musician appears. It's BARBARA.

The crowd cheers a little more.

Barbara stands centre stage, walking up to the mic.

BARBARA
Well-

She stumbles awkwardly.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
About- About a two months ago, I
found these two wonderful gentlemen
in a similar situation to me.

The bassist and drummer exchange an amused look.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
I - finally - 3 years after having
given up on the sax, decided to
join these two 'failures' here in
order to - get this - form a band!

The crowd chuckles lightly.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
I know right... Sounds like
something straight out of high
school.

A few laughs echo out into the room, the crowd seems warm, welcoming, and curious.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Anyway-

INT. MARTIN AND PETRA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DUSK

Petra looks under piles of dirty clothes, in trouser pockets, in drawers-

BARBARA (V.O.)
I guess we're dedicating this song
to those who got us off our butts.

-when finally she finds a CAR KEY.

She pockets it.

BARBARA (V.O.)
To our *friends*- and family, who
encouraged us to keep pursuing our
passion.

Petra opens the window, looking down at the street below. Aiming the key at a section of parked cars, she presses a button.

BEEP, BEEP

Martin's car flashes.

Petra takes a deep breath, looks at the FIRE ESCAPE in front of the window, and carefully steps out onto the metal platform.

INT. JAZZ BAR - DUSK

Barbara smiles at the crowd, she's a little nervous.

The bassist calmly tunes his guitar as the drummer fiddles with his hi-hat.

BARBARA
Sometimes, all it takes is a little
encouragement.

She cradles her saxophone. It has clearly seen better days: cosmetic wear, scratches, and a little dent in the body. But despite this, she fiddles gently with the instrument, holding it with care as she runs her fingers down the keys.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DUSK

Petra carefully climbs down the ladder, her pregnancy bump occasionally rubbing against the bars, when suddenly-

-she SLIPS.

Taking a moment to breathe, Petra holds on tighter, slowly continuing her descent.

INT. MARTIN AND PETRA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DUSK

Martin finishes washing his face. He has a bruise near his eye.

He briefly pauses, looking at his reflection in the mirror, before leaving.

INT. MARTIN AND PETRA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - DUSK

He walks down the hallway, passing the living room. Peering in, he sees Martha, her face in her hands.

BARBARA (V.O.)

So I guess, what we really want to
say is that-

With remorse, he walks past her, towards the kitchen.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - DUSK

Petra opens the car and sits down in the driver's seat, quickly putting the car into REVERSE GEAR as she shakily inserts the keys in the ignition, and twists.

The car jumps - literally - to life, backing into the front of another parked car behind it.

The parked car's alarm comes to life, adding to Petra's panic.

BARBARA

-whatever your age...

Re-starting the car, Petra puts the car in gear and drives off, leaving behind the damaged parked car as the bumper of Martin's car falls off.

The car picks up speed as it races down the street, turning a corner abruptly, and disappearing into the dim streets.

INT. JAZZ BAR - DUSK

Barbara holds the saxophone proudly up to her face.

BARBARA

- it's never too late.

The crowd is silent, awaiting the performance.

She nods to the drummer.

After a short moment, he raises his sticks.

DRUMMER
(*hitting his sticks as he
counts*)
A- one, two, three...

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

The band bursts to life.

NOTE: The music acts as a soundtrack to the intercutting scenes.

INTERCUT: MARTIN'S CAR, JAZZ CLUB, MARTIN AND PETRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARTIN'S CAR - The car speeds down a small road, eventually turning on to a much busier main road. A car blares its horn at Petra as she cuts across the intersection.

MARTIN AND PETRA'S APARTMENT - Martin knocks on the door to their room, he's holding a cup of tea.

JAZZ CLUB - Barbara accidentally hits the wrong key, but manages to save herself as she continues to play.

MARTIN'S CAR - Petra's eyes squint as she looks for something by the road ahead. She sees a MOTORWAY sign, and veers off to onto another street.

MARTIN AND PETRA'S APARTMENT - The tea drops to the ground. Martin stands, shocked, as the room lies empty and the window is wide open.

JAZZ CLUB - The music speeds up, getting louder and more intense.

MARTIN AND PETRA'S APARTMENT - Rushing over to the windowsill, Martin looks down. The pavement is empty, but across the road, a little commotion is seen as a few people surround a DAMAGED CAR - there is an empty space next to it. Martin looks on in horror as he realises what has just happened.

JAZZ CLUB - Though she is playing impressively well, it's clear that Barbara is struggling to keep up with the pace of the song.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Petra accidentally runs a red light in her panic. Another horn blares at her, making her gasp.

Before she has time to think, a **YELP** from a siren catches her off guard. Looking in her rear view mirror, she spots a police car, lights flashing.

It yelps again; it's tailing her.

Petra panics and FLOORS IT, passing another red light.

The siren begins to wail as it engages in a pursuit.

INT. MARTIN AND PETRA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martin is on his landline, talking anxiously to the receiver. Martha is standing beside him, mortified.

MARTIN

Yes... Yes- It's a black BMW...
(beat) No...

INT. JAZZ BAR - NIGHT

Her fingers working hard, Barbara seems to be getting into a flow. She sounded good to begin with, but she seems to be getting better...

The crowd look on.

The song reaches its peak, Barbara is running out of breath-

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

The engine revs at an unnaturally high rate, the police car approaching the back of the car. *

It slows down.

Petra leaves the car in the dust for only a second as she crosses an intersection and fails to see-

-a LARGE BUS coming from her right.

As she realises what is about to happen-

SLAM

The bus t-bones the car.

CUT TO BLACK

The music STOPS.

Just darkness.

Darkness and silence.

A deafening silence...

Eventually interrupted by-

A RIDE CYMBAL.

The band haven't finished yet.

INT. JAZZ BAR - NIGHT

The drummer taps his ride symbol in gentle yet rapid succession, looking at Barbara.

Taking a final breath, she puts the sax up to her lips.

It's her SOLO.

She begins, her body moving instinctively as she brings colour to the stage she's on.

A few sporadic cheers encourage her to keep going. The crowd can see her struggling, but is rooting for her.

The solo gradually gets faster, more complex, and more erratic, blending seamlessly into-

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

In the background, sirens flash, debris litters the tarmac. But our attention is on-

PETRA.

She is hooked up to a nitrous canister as three paramedics rush her to a nearby ambulance.

Her face is covered in BLOOD, she is barely conscious. Her other injuries are covered by a reflective blanket.

The paramedics slide Petra into the back of the ambulance, before immediately slamming the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Sirens blare as the ambulance rushes at breakneck speed down different streets, slaloming around heavy traffic and roadworks.

As if to the music, the EMS workers are working in unison, passing instruments, checking her pulse, monitoring her breathing.

Petra's one eye still open rolls back in her head, as though in severe pain. She lets out a weak, but desperate moan.

PARAMEDIC 1
Morphine, now!

A pair of less experienced hands reach into a draw, pulling out a drip.

As they turn around, a strangely familiar face is revealed. It's the YOUNG WOMAN from outside the hospital, she's an APPRENTICE.

PARAMEDIC 1 (CONT'D)
Come on!

APPRENTICE
Yeah-

She passes her superior the bag, when suddenly.

Petra convulses violently-

-and flatlines.

PARAMEDIC 1
Defib please.

PARAMEDIC 2
On it.

Paramedic 2 quickly applies handheld pads to Petra's chest.

Paramedic 1 makes room.

PARAMEDIC 2 (CONT'D)
Clear.

THUMP

Nothing, the monotonous tone of the heart rate monitor keeps droning.

Without second thought, PARAMEDIC 2 readies another jolt.

PARAMEDIC 2 (CONT'D)
Clear.

THUMP

Still nothing.

PARAMEDIC 2 (CONT'D)
Clear!

THUMP

Paramedic 1 looks at Petra's BELLY.

PARAMEDIC 2 (CONT'D)
Clear!-

PARAMEDIC 1
Stop.

The pads are pushed aside by Paramedic 1, he unplugs the heart rate monitor from Petra.

There is a short pause. Everything has just happened so fast that it's hard for the apprentice and the rest of the team to come to terms with what just happened.

The music fades as Barbara's solo slows down-
-until finally it stops.

Petra has passed away...

Suddenly, Paramedic 1 begins reaching into a storage compartment, preparing some tools.

PARAMEDIC 1 (CONT'D)
Time of death?

APPRENTICE
What are you-

PARAMEDIC 2
(upset)
11:34pm...

He removes the covers from Petra's body.

PARAMEDIC 1
4 minutes, that's all we have to
work with. (to Apprentice) Tell
them to stop the van, we're
performing an emergency cesarian.

The apprentice's shocked look says it all: somewhat
terrified, but motivated. A glimmer of hope...

EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Pulled over onto the footpath, the ambulance's lights light
up the street. A police car blocks the road, diverting
traffic.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Inside, the medical team are wearing face masks.

They work mostly in quiet, passing each other instruments.

PARAMEDIC 1
Okay...(beat) Okay...

Paramedic 1 works with lazer-like focus, his eyes fixed on
the incision.

The Apprentice winces a little as Paramedic 1 cuts into
Petra's body.

She looks around, Paramedic 2 is looking on at the operation,
his eyes glued to the procedure.

Paramedic 1 looks up from the operation.

PARAMEDIC 1 (CONT'D)
(to apprentice) Get the clamps.

The apprentice and Paramedic 2 fumble for a split second,
before moving in towards the incision.

We watch as:

- Paramedic 1's eyes stay open, his concentration unbroken.
- Paramedic 2 readies a towel, and-
- The Apprentice's expression changes. Her eyes begin to well
up as...

The CRY OF A NEWBORN echoes around the cabin.

The atmosphere immediately changes.

Standing nearby, the ambulance driver and their assistant release a wave of tension as their bodies relax slightly.

Paramedic 2 gently receives and cradles the newborn in the towel.

The Apprentice looks on, struggling to find the right emotion, let alone words. The cabin's mood is mournful, yet celebratory.

BARBARA (V.O.)
Thank you... Thank you so much!

INT. JAZZ BAR - NIGHT

A standing ovation. Barbara is beaming.

The Bassist and Drummer both wave shyly to the crowd.

She turns around, elated, oblivious to the world outside the bar.

Barbara is living in the moment. The trio laugh, graciously walking off stage as the crowd continues clapping.

FADE TO BLACK.

Screenplay sample from a sports-drama *Lucky Spot*

EXT. CITY OF LONDON, SKYSCRAPER - DAWN

A window cleaner washes wipes down the outside of a skyscraper. In the crisp reflection, we see the Eye of London.

Humming to the music of a hissing portable radio, he begins to notice an odd noise coming from below him.

Breathing. Extremely heavy breathing. He stops his work and looks below the platform he is standing on.

The window cleaner stares down, his jaw drops/

He drops his tools and picks up a WALKIE TALKIE. His voice is shaky.

CLEANER
Hey Will? (beat) Will!

CLEANER 2 (O.S.)
(over radio) What?

CLEANER
You round the front?

CLEANER 2 (O.S.)
Yeah.

CLEANER
Do you see me?

A pause. The cleaner looks as the woman continues to scale the building, slowly but gracefully. Commotion is heard on the other side of the walkie talkie.

CLEANER 2
What the fuck are you doing?! Get
back on-

CLEANER
That's not me mate.

EXT. CITY OF LONDON, STREET BELOW - DAWN

A commuter arrives at the entrance to the building. He's on the phone. Looking up briefly, he notices something, and looks more closely. He hangs up.

Around him, people are beginning to stop in turn, looking up at the skyscraper's facade.

Some get out their phones, some cover their mouths, some can't bear to look.

Behind them, a police car pulls up on to the footpath.

EXT. CITY OF LONDON, SKYSCRAPER - CONTINUOUS

A CLIMBER scales the facade.

Maintaining an almost meditative state, he confidently raises his legs to a small ledge. His hands work their way into small gaps in the wall.

His breathing is exceptionally heavy, sweat blowing off his face as a GUST OF WIND takes him by surprise.

His feet slip from the ledge. In a brisk moment, he manages to reach out his hand and catch a ledge a metre down.

His hands are bleeding, he winces in pain.

He pulls himself up with difficulty and manages to secure his footing.

Using both his feet to hold him in place, he begins to scale faster.

Sirens down echo from below, gradually being drowned out by-

EXT. CITY OF LONDON, STREET BELOW - CONTINUOUS

-CHEERING from onlookers below. The commuter from earlier has abandoned his call. His bag by his feet, he looks up at the tiny figure, almost at the top of the building.

EXT. CITY OF LONDON, SKYSCRAPER - CONTINUOUS

The climber slows down, coming to a pause a few floors before the summit.

SHOT: Climber POV

A large iron bar sticks out from the side of the building, which he just manages to reach with his hand.

With his first hand gripping the bar, he slowly removes his second hand and gently reaches for the bar, stretching as far as he can go-

His feet SLIP again, the full weight of his body being pulling on his right wrist.

Grunting, he furiously flails his second arm, trying to get hold of the bar before his only grip FAILS, and he starts falling.

We stay with him as he falls, hyperventilating as his body rotates to face the ground. We hear the flapping of clothes and his breathing, slowly being drowned out by an ominous ringing in his ear, getting louder the closer he gets to the ground before-

CUT TO BLACK.

ABI (V.O.)
I hate cities.

INT. CLIMBING GYM - DAY

A sweaty hand reaches out and grabs one of the coloured holds. Pulling back it's revealed to be ABI, 25, she's scaling the wall fast, leaving other climbers in the dust.

RANA (V.O.)
What, like all cities or just
London?

Abi reaches the top of the wall. She looks out over the climbing gym, touching the roof of the building.

INT. CLIMBING GYM - LATER

Sitting at an indoor café, Abi chats with RANA, a vibrant 23-year old. Both are casually drinking coffee. Aside from a few stray climbers, the building is empty.

ABI
No, I mean all cities. I grew up in the country and used to go climbing with my parents all the time.

RANA
So... Don't get me wrong here because I'm happy to see a new face but- Why move to one of the biggest cities in Europe?

ABI
I got a job.

RANA
(laughs) 'suppose that's fair.

ABI
Is that why you chose architecture?

RANA
What do you mean?

ABI
Like, job security, good pay...

RANA
Oh! No, no, no, no. If I wanted to make stacks I'd do something like else. (beat) I chose to do a Master's because I love buildings.

Abi lets out a soft laugh.

RANA (CONT'D)
What?

ABI
Sorry, it's just I think I was expecting something a little more romantic than just 'I love buildings'.

RANA
Why's that? Do you not like your job?

Abi thinks about this for a moment.

ABI
It's okay. Programming is really boring if the project is dull.

RANA
Is that the current situation?

ABI
It's always the situation.

RANA
I see... (beat) So, you planning on staying around?

ABI
Think I will actually, it's a change of pace.

RANA
Yeah, we have fun here.

Rana waves at a couple of climbers leaving the gymnasium.

RANA (CONT'D)
Ah, that's my ride!

ABI
I thought you walked here?

RANA
Have you seen how bad it is
outside? I'd rather sleep here.

ABI
I guess I'll see you on Friday?

RANA
Friday eve, 6pm!

ABI
Got it!

Rana calls out to her climbing friends, running over to catch them up. Abi take out her phone and is greeted by a news notification: **Famous climber plummets to death after scaling Shard.** She opens the article:

World-famous freeclimber Andrew Forester's career was abruptly brought to an end after plummeting roughly 250 metres from the Shard, Europe's tallest skyscraper.

Abi, perplexed, continues to read when-

RANA
Hey!

Abi jumps.

ABI
Y-yeah, what is it?

RANA
What tube do you take?

ABI
Uhh, Central?

RANA
Oh perfect! We're quite far from
the nearest station and my friend
Dylan has asked if you would like a
ride.

ABI
You sure that's alright?

RANA

Course it is! We're just dropping you a few streets away, saves you the walk.

ABI

Well, sure I guess.

RANA

Okay great! Come on, let's go. (to friends) She said yes! She's coming!

Abi grabs her bag and follows a perky Rana to the building's entrance.

INT - DYLAN'S VAN - EVENING

Rana and Abi sit in the back of a filthy van. Takeaway boxes, climbing gear, fabric, and spray cans tumble around as DYLAN, a scruffy late twenty-something, speeds through the narrow and busy roads of London to loud drum & bass. Another man, MATT, 30s sits in the front with Dylan, vehemently arguing politics over the music.

DYLAN

Load of bollocks.

MATT

No you can't just dismiss my argument like that! What's your evidence?

DYLAN

For what?

MATT

For calling it literal bollocks!-

As the two continue their bickering, Rana looks over at Abi.

RANA

How you liking the deluxe transport?

ABI

It's great.

RANA

You don't have to lie. Dylan's van is always like this.

DYLAN

Did I hear my name?

RANA

So you won't hear me in the gym but
you'll still manage to pick up a
conversation over this shit?

DYLAN

Hey, I don't want to hear you
chatting shit about the tunes when
you freeload in here all the time.

RANA

Oh, do you guys carpool regularly?

There's a small pause.

DYLAN

Of a sort...

RANA (CONT'D)

Of a sort.

Matt bursts out laughing, followed by Dylan and Rana. Abi is
a little perplexed.

ABI

Yeah, yeah we do quite-

The van comes to a violent stop. Abi hits her head on the
van's wall.

RANA

Ow! You fucking idiot!

DYLAN

We're here.

RANA

You know what, maybe I'll get out
with her and prevent myself from
getting permanent brain damage.

DYLAN

Use a helmet! We have, like,
millions in the back.

RANA

Or maybe invest in some seats for
this rusty tuna can! (to Abi) Right
so, you are coming Friday right?

ABI

Sure am.

Abi stumbles out of the back of the van, a few pieces of rubbish roll out onto the street.

RANA

Okay well... I'll see you then!

ABI

Yeah.

Rana smiles and slams the door of the van before it shoots off down the road.

Abi watches as the van turns down a side road, picks up the van's rubbish, and heads for the station entrance.

Screenplay sample from a paranormal drama *Seeing Red*

ANA
Oh no! (Noticing Chloe's
amusement) Hey! No seriously this
isn't funny, this is like my best
shirt!

Contrary to her words, Ana seems rather happy at Chloe's
amusement.

The two laugh it off, Chloe shaking her head.

As they go back to walking silently, Ana looks over at
Chloe.

ANA
You seem better.

CHLOE
What do you mean?

ANA
I mean you seem calmer. Like
you're still pretty angsty...

CHLOE
Oh, yeah thanks for that...

ANA
-but you just seem more happy, you
know?

Chloe ponders this thought, narrowing her eyes.

CHLOE
Yeah, well I still have my ups and
downs. But my vision is definitely
clearer.

Ana looks at Chloe's bag.

ANA
(Concerned) You have them with
you, right?

CHLOE
I've got to take them 5 times a
day, I have no choice.

ANA
That's insane...

CHLOE
Oh, that reminds me.

ANA
What?

Chloe starts looking through her bag. Moving school textbooks out of the way.

She stops in her tracks, digging both hand into her bag. Ana watches on, perplexed.

ANA
Chloe, what is-

CHLOE
Oh... Oh no...

ANA
(Frustrated) You gonna tell me
what's up or...?

Chloe looks up from her bag, wide-eyed.

CHLOE
Does the school nurse have any
haloperidol?

Ana stares blankly at Chloe, bewildered. Her eyes glaze over, trying to make sense of Chloe's fantasy word. She's lost for words.

ANA
What?

CHLOE
You know- My anti-nausea-sickness-
whatever stuff that makes me NOT
THROW UP. (Beat) The stuff I take
with my pills.

ANA
Did you leave them-

Chloe looks up from her bag in despair.

CHLOE
I left them in the café...

They both stare at each other for a beat.

ANA
Let's get some from the nurse,
come on.

Ana gestures to Chloe as she begins to walk off.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The entrance of the school toilets is seen, lined up alongside classroom doors. A couple of students walk past, chatting. The bell rings.

INT. SCHOOL TOILETS - DAY

Ana leans up against a locked cubicle. Hideous retching comes from behind the cubicle door.

We see Chloe, hunched over a toilet, struggling to breathe. She groans in pain.

ANA
You alright in there?

No reply. Chloe's tries to control her breathing, taking big, deep breaths.

ANA
Class is starting soon, just so
you know...

click The door unlocks. Ana moves away from the door.

The door opens. Chloe staggers out towards the bathroom's mirror.

Ana looks at Chloe in the mirror. Her shirt is unbuttoned, her tie hanging loosely from her neck. Her face is pale, her eyes watering.

ANA
Wow... You... Look...

Ana struggles to find the words, Chloe waits for an answer as she buttons up her shirt.

ANA
Yeah, no you look like shit.

Chloe says nothing, brushing herself off and doing up her tie.

Ana fidgets nervously.

ANA
Listen, sorry. I thought that the
school would have something like
that-

CHLOE
It's my fault for forgetting them.
Don't worry.

Chloe sighs and picks up her bag.

CHLOE
Hate these pills. (Beat)
I'll be fine, it's only a day.

Ana shoots Chloe a worried glance before picking up her bag.

As Chloe begins to push the bathroom door open, she stops.

Putting her hand over her mouth, she turns around.

ANA (O.S)
Really?!

The bathroom door slams, leaving us in the hallway.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Different rocks line the shelves, a globe stands on the teacher's desk, and the all too cliché world map is hung up on the wall.

Mr STUARTS, the geography teacher - a mid-30s male with a slightly scruffy beard - is seen explaining glacial flow to his unenthusiastic students.

On the whiteboard, a projector displays a cross section diagram of a mountain. Mr Stuarts points at something in the projection.

MR STUARTS
Does anyone know what this is?

He turns around, as if expecting an immediate answer.

Chloe is seen in a trance, her head propped up by her arm. Ana is sat a couple of rows across from Chloe, fidgeting with her pen.

MR STUARTS
Come on... This is easy stuff.

Chloe's PHONE buzzes. Reaching for it, a notification appears:

MEDICATION.

Ana, noticing Chloe's phone vibration, glances sympathetically at Chloe, giving her a thumbs up. Chloe reciprocates with a subtle thumbs up back.

MR STUARTS (O.S.)
Since you clearly feel like you already know this stuff, could you please enlighten us with your knowledge, Chloe?

Chloe's attention snaps to the teacher, looking at Chloe with his arms crossed. She looks at the diagram she had been ignoring until now.

CHLOE
Um... The... Scree?

The teacher looks at her in slight disappointment.

MR STUARTS

No... It's a moraine. Look at the board, not your phone!

A few sniggers are heard scattered throughout the room.

MR STUARTS

Right, well since it looks like the rest of you are all fairly confident that you don't need me to tell you this stuff again, let's do the mock exam question.

A collective sigh is heard from the classroom as a crescendo of page turning and rustling pencil cases fills the classroom.

MR STUARTS

I told you all this was happening on Monday, you've had 4 days to prepare for this so I share no sympathy.

The teacher picks up a stack of paper and passes it to the the front row of the class. The papers start getting passed down the classroom.

MR STUARTS

Pick one of the five questions on the paper, you have approximately 40 minutes.

As the student in front of Chloe passes the last piece of paper to her, he exchanges a glare.

GEOGRAPHY STUDENT

(under breath) Thanks Chloe.

Chloe glares back at him as he turns round, before reaching into her pencil case and pulling out her pen.

As the room quietens down and Chloe looks down at her paper, - pen in hand - she notices something in her foreground vision, something red. As she adjusts her line she finds out it's her RED LINE. The line is pointing upwards.

He eyes widen, her hands begin to shake as drops her pen. Her eyes begin to dart between her finger and the ceiling, where the line is pointing to.

In a moment of shock, she springs to her feet, tipping her chair over. As the class and the teacher turn towards Chloe, she begins to pace towards the front of the class.

MR STUARTS

Chloe? What's going on?

Ana looks around to see Chloe dart straight past her.

ANA

Chloe?

Chloe ignores the her. Breaking into a run and she bursts open the door.

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER

Chloe! Are you alright?

The class sits in silence, bewildered for a moment.

ANA

Er, Mr Stuarts?

Mr Stuarts turns around to look at Ana.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Chloe sprints down the hallway, passing a clueless teacher who barely sees her shoot by.

She heads towards a flight of stairs, tripping up on the first step, clumsily stumbling up the next few.

L2

She continues to climb.

L3

Her breathing begins to get heavier.

Finally, she climbs the last flight of stairs, which lead to a door. The only access to the roof.

The door bears a bright green and red sign:

FIRE DOOR: ALARM WILL SOUND WHEN OPENED

Chloe hesitates, before hearing teachers talking amongst one another from a few floors below.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr Stuarts worryingly rubs his head, trying to make sense of the situation.

MR STUARTS

If she's really that sick, she shouldn't have come in today...

ANA

I think she's probably gone to the nurse.

MR STUARTS

Would you mind going to check on her? Just to make sure she made it there alright.

Out of nowhere, the school's FIRE ALARM begins an ear-piercing sheik. The teacher, along with a few students, jump, staled by the noise.

The students get up from their chairs as Mr Stuarts tries to keep them in order..

MR STUARTS

Oh! Um, okay, everyone calmly make your way to the entrance! Don't rush.

The teacher looks out towards the end of the hallway where Chloe ran as students begin piling out of their classrooms.

Ana looks around at Chloe's desk.

As students attempt to pile out, Ana briskly makes her way to Chloe's desk, and kneels by her unzipped bag.

After a shot bit of rummaging, she notices her medication.

Taking the packaging out, she analyses it: it's a small blister pack with 5 compartments. She notices only one pill has been taken from the pack.

Taking a moment, she springs to her feet and immediately paces towards the classroom door, pushing past a couple of students in the process.