

Sleeping Bears
Episode 1
by
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1 INT./EXT. CAR ON ROAD IN BRIGHTON - DAY

CLOSE ON a stray white strand surrounded by brown hairs. It belongs to SARAH RILEY, 43, sitting in her car, surrounded by ten helium balloons.

It's the back of her head, her face turned away from us.

She sounds rushed, talking on speakerphone with her daughter ANYA, 15:

SARAH

Anya, you're getting all heated
about something that hasn't even
happened yet.

Sarah turns to reveal her face to the camera in a CLOSE UP. Kind eyes, beautiful features. A woman who puts in half an hour every morning, using high-end makeup products, to create the appearance of effortless beauty.

ANYA (V.O.)

(on speakerphone)

It's totally going to happen, I'm
telling you!

SARAH

Let's cross that bridge when we
come to it, okay?

Sarah, an incredible multitasker, like a person juggling five balls with playful nonchalance, is in the driver's seat, tries to gauge the parking spot behind her. It's hard to tell if she can fit. The space is barely larger than the car itself.

She glances at her watch. Decides to park.

It's a brutal process. The CAR BEEPS to warn her when she's too close to another car - ONE TONE for the front of the car, ANOTHER TONE for the back. A sliver of a centimetre, a spin of the wheel, back and forth.

Each time it's Anya's turn to talk, Sarah takes advantage of the moment to keep parking, and puts her phone on mute. When it's her turn to talk, she unmutes the call and stops parking to avoid making any noise. She's a real pro when it comes to this muting business. Part of her talent as a multitasker.

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
If I got my period today, that means the next one's going to be in 28 days! Right in the middle of the history trip.

SARAH
(unmutes the call)
It's your sister's birthday, let's focus on that today.

ANYA
If I get my period, I'm not--

SARAH
If and if and if. Now go on, get to your lessons.

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
I got my period today. That means tomorrow, the next day, and the day after that, it's going to be a heavy flow, and a month from tomorrow it'll be right in the middle of the trip, and that'll be the world's biggest bummer.

A beat. Sarah parks.

ANYA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(on speakerphone)
Mom?
(beat)
Okay. Bye. You're not listening anyway.

She stops parking for a moment and holds still.

SARAH
Any!

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
What?

SARAH
Where are you?

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
What?

SARAH
Where are you, physically?

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
School?

SARAH
Where at school?

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
The courtyard?

SARAH
Good. And who do you see?

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
Other kids...

SARAH
Pick one. What are they doing?

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
Eating a sandwich?

SARAH
Do they like it?

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
How should I know?

SARAH
Look at their face!!

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
Yeah... I guess he sort of likes
it.

SARAH
Good! Be there. In the moment. And
not in your head, in what's going
to happen a month from now.

ANYA (V.O.)
(on speakerphone)
Okay.

SARAH

I'll be home at six, we're leaving
for dinner at seven. Love you.

ANYA (V.O.)

(on speakerphone)

I know...

Sarah gets back to parking.

Finally, the car fits into the space perfectly, without a
centimetre to spare! She's parked.

SARAH

(whispers)

Yes.

CUT TO A COURTYARD. We might think its Anya's courtyard.

2 EXT. PUPIL REFERRAL UNIT (PRU) - COURTYARD - DAY

There's a fight in progress at the Pupil Referral Unit, a
school for teenagers who have been excluded from mainstream
education.

ASHLEY, 15.5, a smart and passionate girl with anger
management issues, with a strong presence and a unique style,
is chasing ARLO, 14, with a pair of scissors. She means to
stab him.

Ashley reaches Arlo and CUTS HIS SHIRT with the very sharp
scissors, hurting him in the process.

Ashley points the blades at his face. He is not deterred.
Looks right at her, the blades barely a centimetre away from
cutting his face.

He has a wispy, adolescent boy's moustache, but he is
brimming with self-confidence, and talks like a 40-year-old
man coldly addressing a young girl.

ARLO

You're going to regret that.

3 EXT. PUPIL REFERRAL UNIT (PRU) - OUTSIDE FENCE - DAY

Sarah walks fast along the outside of the fenced courtyard.
The school is composed of a series of rundown 1960's prefab
blocks, the fences a little higher than a normal school, the
gate more secure. Through the fence, she can see a crowd has
gathered, and the security guard on duty is gone, which means
Sarah can't get into the school.

Sarah, always thinking three steps ahead, is already getting her personal keychain out of her purse, so that, when she reaches the gate, she can open it herself.

Sarah finally reaches the entrance and opens the gate.

LUKE, 41, the school's Deputy Headteacher, intercedes. He looks like Oscar Isaac, masculine, extremely at ease in his own body. More than anything else, his eyes are brimming with passion for his work.

Sarah and Luke run toward the action. She's coming from the gate, while he's coming from inside the school.

They make their way through the students, who have crowded around and are cheering for a fight. The guard is busy pushing the students back.

Sarah sees Ashley and Arlo. Ashley's scissors are barley a millimetre from Arlo's neck.

SARAH

(calm)

Ashley! Listen to me. Stop, before
it's too late.

Ashley hears that. The scissors stay a millimetre away from Arlo's neck.

ASHLEY

Why the fuck d'you do that? What
the fuck for?

ARLO

Where'd you sleep last night?

SARAH

(calm)

Give me the scissors. This isn't
worth it...

Ashley considers what Sarah is saying. After a split-second, she drops the scissors on the ground. Before anyone can make a move, she PUNCHES ARLO, and they get into an all-out brawl.

It's a fight between siblings, exploding with rage and frustration. He KICKS HER. She KICKS HIM. They absolutely hate each other. Luke and the Security Guard suffer blows while trying to break them apart.

Sarah takes Ashley away. Luke holds on to Arlo.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(to Security Guard, re:
Arlo)
Don't let him leave.

It's yet another ball Sarah has successfully juggled.

4 INT. PRU - ART ROOM - DAY

Sarah stands in the middle of the large art classroom, which has several sewing machines and a large selection of fabrics, string and scissors. The students' final projects are on hangers.

Sarah stands there and looks at Ashley's dress. It was once an original, vibrant work, and is now six pieces, violently cut apart.

5 EXT. PRU - SMOKING CORNER - DAY

Ashley is smoking in the students' smoking corner. A teacher stands watch over her. She looks like she's about to snap; there's a fire raging inside her.

Luke walks over.

LUKE
Let's go inside.

ASHLEY
Then let me smoke inside.

LUKE
You know the rules.

Ashley doesn't answer. She holds back from screaming. Looks like she's silently plotting how to murder him.

LUKE (CONT'D)
What was he doing on school grounds?

Ashley screams, sounding like a wounded wolf:

ASHLEY
He should have died instead of our dad!

LUKE
Let's go inside.

ASHLEY

Then let me smoke.

LUKE

If you want another one, you can
smoke another one, and then we'll
go in.

6 INT. PRU - ART ROOM - DAY

Sarah stares at the destroyed beauty in silence.

Her eyes shimmer; it is a hard sight to bear.

Ashley and Sarah are in the art classroom.

ASHLEY

The art school people can go fuck
themselves. I don't need them.
They're idiots who think they know
something about clothes.

SARAH

You've only met them twice at the
interviews, you've already decided
they're idiots?

ASHLEY

They only met me twice at the
interviews, and they've already
decided I'm probation material.

SARAH

No. They've decided you're on
probation because of your
behavioural background.

ASHLEY

I'm not stupid, I'm smarter than
all you lot.

SARAH

If there's one thing no one here is
thinking, not even for a second,
it's that you're stupid.

ASHLEY

Smarter than you, too.

SARAH

Totally, but no matter what
happens, you can't threaten someone
with a weapon.

ASHLEY

It was scissors.

SARAH

Scissors are a weapon.

ASHLEY

I tossed them on the ground.

Ashley is starting to calm down. Sarah, as usual, is able to calm her.

SARAH

You can't let your rage control you.

ASHLEY

If I let my rage control me, he'd be dead a long time ago, trust me.

SARAH

If they see any criminal record from the past six months, they won't let you in, and there's no arguing with that. They couldn't have possibly been clearer.

Now come the tears, starting with one small tear as Ashley allows herself to understand all of her dreams might be going down the drain.

ASHLEY

He cut up my dress...

The door opens, and to Sarah's surprise, a POLICE OFFICER walks in.

POLICE OFFICER

You the headmistress?

SARAH

Sarah. Yes.

Ashley looks at Sarah, alarmed.

ASHLEY

(to Police Officer)

He cut up my dress! He came in here and destroyed school property!

SARAH

(to Ashley)

Shh... Hold on now...

Sarah hides the fact that she's surprised over the appearance of an Officer. She snaps out of it, fast.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Where's Nav?

POLICE OFFICER
His wife had the baby.

SARAH
Oh. That's great. Was it a C-section, or did the baby turn?

POLICE OFFICER
No idea.

SARAH
What's your name?

POLICE OFFICER
Dave.

SARAH
Thanks, Dave. They'll make you a coffee out in the school office. I'll be right with you.

He leaves the art room.

Sarah and Ashley look deep into each other's eyes. Sarah caresses Ashley's head and walks out of the room.

7 INT. PRU - SCHOOL STAFF ROOM - DAY

Sarah enters to find Luke and IRIS, 43, the Head of Maths, and another TEACHER.

SARAH
Who called the police?

IRIS
It was an assault with a weapon.

SARAH
It was scissors.

IRIS
Scissors are a weapon.

LUKE
Not if he picked them up first. He cut her dress. It's self-defence.

IRIS

Come on, you two. It's basically a knife. We had to report it.

Iris can't believe Sarah would even consider not reporting it. But she is delicate about it; she won't get into a full-blown confrontation in front of the other Teacher.

LUKE

He's not a pupil here, he's not allowed on school grounds. And he vandalized school property.

IRIS

The police can decide if it was self-defence or not.

Sarah listens with intent (or is she just pretending to listen, and has already made up her mind?) Everyone is speaking to her.

SARAH

How'd he get into the school?

TEACHER 1

The security guard said he told him he brought her a packed lunch from home. How naive is that?

Sarah and Luke look at each other. They share a special understanding.

TEACHER 1 (CONT'D)

So, what are we doing?

SARAH

Send him off. We're not pressing charges.

Luke nods his head in agreement.

IRIS

Come on, Sarah. You always call the police when there's knives involved.

SARAH

But this was scissors. There are enough extenuating circumstances here for this to not be considered an assault, which would trigger charges that could ruin everything for her. I'm sorry.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

We have to call Sadie, tell her she has to come in tomorrow, first thing in the morning. And Ashley can't sleep at home tonight. No charges.

The BELL RINGS. Everybody starts leaving the room.

Sarah nods at Luke, who walks out to the Police Officer.

8 INT. PRU - SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens, and in walks Sarah, followed by Iris. Iris locks the door behind them and hurries over to the small private bathroom off the Headteacher's office.

Sarah is busy wording a message on her phone about Ashley for the head of the art school she's trying to get into. She talks to Iris as she writes, using her 'mute button' skill in a live setting.

IRIS

I guess you were right and I know nothing about being Headteacher, because I have no idea how you just made that call.

Iris sits on the toilet, leaving the door open.

SARAH

Just because Arlo's a thug, she has to lose everything? Not going to happen. Crack open a window, will you.

IRIS

It's just pee.
(confronting her)
We had to report it!

SARAH

And when did I say you knew nothing about being Headteacher?

IRIS

(somewhat aggressive)
Just do me a favour and make the official announcement that Luke will be the Headmaster next year.

Sarah looks up from her phone, surprised by Iris's tone.

SARAH

I will, as soon as it's confirmed.

IRIS

But it's been approved! Liz told you the council approved it. Come on, Sarah! You haven't made an official announcement, and they all think it's because you feel sorry for me, but I was perfectly fine with you choosing Luke over me, so I don't deserve

the humiliation.

SARAH

Humiliation? It's not a humiliation.

IRIS

It is a humiliation if I feel humiliated!

Sarah looks at her. Now, she is genuinely surprised by Iris's aggressive attitude. She puts her phone down on the desk.

SARAH

God. You're right. I'm sorry, I was hoping you'd apply for Deputy Head now that Luke's moving up to Headteacher.

IRIS

Of course not. You didn't think I had the leadership qualities for Headteacher. So I probably don't have them for Deputy Head.

Sarah sighs.

IRIS (CONT'D)

You don't have to sigh. It's okay. You picked Luke, and I think it took a lot of courage to tell me why you think he's better for the job. So, get on with it, make the announcement, and let me off the hook.

Sarah nods, attentive, but now Iris is alarmed by this confrontational moment between them. She has a deep aversion to conflict, especially with Sarah, and she immediately softens it with an intimate act, to let her know they're good again.

Iris half-shuts the door, and can be seen through the crack in the door, standing half-bent over the toilet for a while.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I hope you've been sticking to the pelvic floor exercises I told you about. After each time you pee, you need to clench ten times, standing up. And I'm a woman who hasn't had any children. I don't even want to think about what's going on with you. Although it doesn't help that I have to carry furniture alone from my house downstairs.

Iris shuts the door. Sounds like she's wiping herself and flushing.

Sarah, who doesn't like hurting Iris either, is quick to act normal, hide any sign of conflict. She turns back to the message on her phone.

SARAH

Your sister didn't help you carry the sofa?

IRIS

No. She stopped by with her three hyperactive kids.

SARAH

I'll come by tonight and give you a hand.

IRIS

That's all right...

SARAH

Why is it always 'all right'? What is so hard about asking for help? We're going to a restaurant near yours for Tess's birthday, we'll pop by after.

IRIS

Fuck. It's Tess's birthday today. I promised her a fun day.

Iris walks out, washes her hands.

SARAH

Do you want to come to the restaurant?

Iris thinks about this. She doesn't like being pitied.

IRIS

No... I think I'll have myself a
night of staring at the TV.

And they're fine again. They're friends first, and co-workers
second. Sarah walks over to the office door.

SARAH

I'd better go back in to PC Dave.

IRIS

You already know his first name.

SARAH

It's always handy.

Sarah heads out and shuts the door behind her.

Iris stays behind the door. She feels alone. She doesn't like
clashing with Sarah. Without Sarah, what has she got in this
world?

IRIS

And make the announcement about
Luke!

9 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR OUTSIDE PRU - DAY

The sky is a different colour. It's the end of the day. Sarah
looks different too, her hair a touch messier, her energy a
bit lower. Sarah gets in her car, quickly slamming the door.
A short beat of silence in the car.

It's the end of another typical day in Sarah's life, spent
constantly putting out fires, and basically keeping all the
balls in the air.

The helium balloons are still smiling in the car.

In the rear-view mirror, she sees the school fall back behind
her, and Iris and Luke at the gate talking to students.

10 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR ON ROAD - DUSK

WIDE ON the Sussex countryside. We follow Sarah on her daily
route from the city, headed towards the suburbs.

MUSIC PLAYS LOUDLY.

The sunset lets her thoughts fly. One balloon slips away and floats up in the air.

We follow the balloon.

11 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR IN WOODS - EVENING

A red balloon in the sky. The CAMERA TILTS DOWN to find Sarah's car driving on an isolated road surrounded by untamed nature.

Sarah turns into a dark forest, parting ways with the balloon.

There are no streetlights here, only the car's headlights shining through the thicket of trees.

The headlight of a MOTORBIKE driving fast crosses her way.

Sarah watches it drive away in her rear-view mirror.

12 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR OUTSIDE SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - EVENING

The music Sarah is listening to in the car blends into an a capella rap song by two 15-year-old girls, Sky and Anya:

SKY & ANYA (V.O.)

(joint rap)

The Battle of Hastings and the
death of Harold was the first step
of William in the -- Conquest of
England

(beat, then repeat)

Conquest of England.

She pulls up outside a private house, isolated and surrounded by lush nature.

She walks towards the old stone house with the balloons in her hand. She bends down to pick up a letter from the doormat and then opens the unlocked front door and heads inside.

13 INT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Sarah shuts the door behind her.

SKY & ANYA (O.S.)

(joint rap)

As the English don't want William
as their king...

SARAH

Hey! I'm home!

14 INT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

ANYA, 15, sits in the kitchen with her friend SKY, 15. It's a cosy, familial home, brimming with life.

The kitchen is a mess, full of text books and notebooks on the table.

The girls are studying GCSE History, reciting their revision in hip-hop rap to commit it to memory.

Sky is particularly committed to the rapping. Sarah kisses Anya on the head.

ANYA

Hey, Mum.

SKY

Hey, Sarah.

SARAH

How's it going, Sky?

ANYA

We're revising for the mocks.

Sarah looks at the letter she picked up. On one side, there is her address. On the other side, no return address. And no stamp. The writing on the front is typed.

SARAH

(wry)

So glad you got that app. Where are the birthday girl and your dad?

ANYA

Walking Andy.

SARAH

You ready for dinner?

ANYA

Starving. Sky's coming with us to the restaurant.

SARAH

Normally, Sky, you are always welcome, but today is Tess's day.

SKY

Of course. Either way, I don't eat
at restaurants or homes where
people eat meat.

ANYA

You've eaten here loads of times.

SKY

It's a new decision.

Sky quickly gets back to their rapping, as if she wasn't just rejected:

SKY (CONT'D)

(rapping quickly)

As the English don't want William
as their king, William tries to
convince the Lords to prove the
legitimacy of his claim.

While they continue to sing their schoolwork in the background, Sarah opens the envelope and reads the letter. As she reads it carefully, a surprised look dawns on her face, a questioning expression. She's not quite sure what she's reading. But it's clearly something disturbing.

ANYA & SKY

(rapping)

William died in 1087. William had
poor relations with his eldest son.
He granted the crown of England to
his second son called Rufus.

Sky raps the last refrain enthusiastically:

SKY

Called Rufus, called Rufus.

Sarah stands there for a minute, frozen. Thinking.

SARAH

Did Dad bring the mail in from the
centre today?

ANYA

I don't know.

SARAH

Who got home first today?

ANYA

I did. With Sky.

SARAH

Was this letter here on the floor
when you got in?

SKY

I don't know, I didn't notice.

15 EXT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - EVENING

Sarah stands outside the house, completely surrounded by nature. She's got her phone up to her ear, waiting for someone to pick up.

Finally, she gets a voicemail message:

VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (V.O.)

Hello, you've reached the voicemail
of Jacob Dano. Please leave a
message.

SARAH

Hi, Jacob, this is Sarah... Riley.
Please get back to me. It's...
urgent...

Sarah ends the call. We CLOSE IN ON HER FACE. She is still keeping all those balls in the air. There's less playfulness about it, but she is in control.

Suddenly, something JUMPS UP ON HER.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(to dog)

Andy! Fuck's sake.

TESS, 10, her daughter, and GREG, 43, her husband, come running up from the field. Greg is good-looking, but realistically so, he's not some pretty boy. What he does have is a ton of charm.

GREG

What's wrong?!

SARAH

(pale as a sheet)

Andy jumped up on me...

GREG

His name's not Andy anymore.

SARAH

What?

GREG

Long story. Just call him Randy.

SARAH

What? Why?

GREG

One of the mums in Tess's class took me aside today and said they were new in town and her son's name is Andy, and she wanted to know if we'd change Andy's name so no one made fun of the boy.

SARAH

Are you for real?

GREG

I swear. So I told her, 'But the dog's ten years old, that's a lot more in dog years than your ten-year-old Andy. You change it.'

SARAH

You said that.

GREG

No. I told her we'd start calling him Randy.

SARAH

You're a good man. Randy.

GREG

May God help all mankind.

TESS

Hey, Mum.

SARAH

Birthday girl.

Sarah hugs her lovingly.

SARAH (CONT'D)

We're leaving in half an hour.

TESS

I'm already dressed.

Tess runs into the house.

GREG

What's wrong?

She hugs him tightly, taking comfort in his hug.

SARAH

Did you bring the mail in from the
centre today?

GREG

I didn't have the time. I'll get it
tomorrow.

She hugs him tighter.

GREG (CONT'D)

What's going on?

SARAH

Nothing. Just tired. School
stuff...

GREG

Anything I can do?

SARAH

No, honey. My love...

GREG

(kisses her on head)

I'm going in. I need a wee.

He heads toward the house.

She stays behind. Takes a deep breath.

SARAH

Greg, we have to take two cars to
the restaurant, I might have some
work in town after.

He keeps walking, says without turning:

GREG

Okay.

He gestures goodbye with his back to her. She watches him
walk away. He adds a funny jump to make her laugh. She smiles
while she grapples with her thoughts.

16 INT./EXT. GREG'S CAR IN WOODS - EVENING

Two cars drive one after the other in the dark woods we saw
Sarah drive through earlier. Four headlight beams in total.
The scene is built around glances between the two cars.

In the first car, we find Greg driving, and Anya by his side, still practicing for her test. Greg provides a beat by drumming on the steering wheel, and joins in where he's gotten a hang of the lyrics.

ANYA
(rapping)
William died in 1087. William had
poor relations with his eldest son.
He granted the crown of England to
his second son called Rufus.

Greg raps the last refrain enthusiastically, imitating Sky:

GREG
Called Rufus, called Rufus.

INTERCUT WITH:

17 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR IN WOODS - EVENING (SAME TIME)

Sarah and Tess are in the other car. Greg and Anya appear in the rear-view mirror. Sarah is at the wheel, and Tess is in the back seat with one of the helium balloons.

TESS
It's okay, Mum, you can make your
calls. I just wanted to be with
you, I don't care if you make work
calls, it was Anya who said that.

SARAH
(looks at her phone)
It's all right.

TESS
But you said you had urgent calls.

The PHONE RINGS. Sarah tenses up, but the name on the screen is 'IRIS'. Sarah rejects the call.

TESS (CONT'D)
You're not answering Iris? I wonder
if one day I won't answer Sharon...

SARAH
(smiles)
I want to spend some time with you.
How was school today?

TESS
Scary.

SARAH

Scary?

TESS

They showed us a video about global warming, I suddenly felt like I couldn't breathe.

Sarah looks up. This is new; what does she mean, she couldn't breathe? But just then --

Sarah's PHONE RINGS AGAIN. This time, the screen reads 'JACOB DANO'.

SARAH

This is the call I've been waiting for.

(to phone)

Jacob!! Thank God.

JACOB (V.O.)

(on phone)

Hi, Sarah.

Sarah puts her earphone in, peeks at Tess in the rear-view mirror, and is cautious about the way she words her side of the conversation.

SARAH

Hey... listen...

Tess looks at her in the rear-view mirror.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Did you... send me a letter?

A long beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Jacob?

JACOB (V.O.)

(on phone)

Yes.

SARAH

Yes? You sent me a letter?

JACOB (V.O.)

(on phone, beat)

No.

SARAH

No? Because I got a letter, and
it's a bit... troubling...

She peeks in the rear-view mirror, sees Tess is listening to every word.

SARAH (CONT'D)

With things only you could have
written... or known about.

She glances over at the other car, sees Greg and Anya.

A beat.

JACOB (V.O.)

(on phone)

Yes... Listen, can we meet first
thing tomorrow morning and talk?

SARAH

About what? Jacob, what have we got
to talk about?

JACOB (V.O.)

(on phone)

I'm sorry. I thought this whole
thing was taken care of.

SARAH

What thing?

(beat)

Jacob! Come on, what is going on
here?

(beat)

Can we meet tonight?

JACOB (V.O.)

(on phone)

Tonight?

SARAH

After... 10PM?

A long beat.

JACOB (V.O.)

(on phone)

Okay, ten-thirty PM.

SARAH
(acting amused, trying to
lighten the mood)
I hope I've got nothing to worry
about.

A beat. She notices Jacob is not trying to reassure her.

JACOB (V.O.)
(on phone)
Let's hang up so that I can make
the proper arrangements.

SARAH
Okay... Thanks. I'll see you soon.

JACOB (V.O.)
(on phone, gentle,
cautious)
And Sarah, please, can you not talk
about this with anyone until we
meet?

SARAH
(beat)
What are you talking about?

JACOB (V.O.)
(on phone, warm)
Just count to ten until we meet,
all right?

SARAH
Okay...

JACOB (V.O.)
(on phone)
Goodbye, Sarah.

Jacob ends the call.

Not only is Sarah not calmer now, she's much more concerned.

18 EXT./INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS across two cars parked one after the other to
reveal the window of a charming little restaurant where Greg,
Sarah, Anya, and Tess are sitting.

There's a cake on the table with ten candles, and Tess is
listening to her family's birthday wishes:

GREG

All right, it's your turn.

SARAH

All right, my turn... So, before I go, and I'm so sad I have to go...

TESS

Aww...

GREG

Hey, don't make your mum feel bad, she's upset enough as it is.

SARAH

I know, Tess, that sometimes you suffer from your sensitivity,

Anya nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...and from your heart being so open,

ANYA

(nods)

Uh-huh.

SARAH

...so everything can get right into it.

ANYA

(nods)

That's true.

SARAH

But though it might hurt you sometimes,

ANYA

Uh-huh.

GREG

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.

ANYA

(laughs)

Would you let us have a bite of this souffle already?

SARAH
(smiles, ignores that)
...it's also, a blessing and a
gift,

ANYA
I agree.

SARAH
AND it's what makes you such a
marvellous Tess.

ANYA
Totally.

GREG
A great big heart.

TESS
Thanks, Mum.

Tess takes a bite of the souffle. Anya and Greg jump in and join her.

19 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Looking in through the restaurant window, we see Sarah get up from the table, kiss everybody on the head, and walk out. Greg and the girls stay behind. We hear the rest of their conversation from outside:

GREG
You're an artist. Like your dad.

ANYA
An architect isn't an artist.

GREG
I'm an 'architist.'

OPEN FRAME TO REVEAL Sarah already sitting in her car, watching them through the restaurant window - her beautiful family, which means everything to her.

(We were watching this from inside the car the whole time, through the windshield, but we only realize that now, as Sarah starts the car and drives off).

20 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR ON STREET BY SEA - NIGHT

The dashboard clock reads 10:30PM.

Sarah turns onto a street in Brighton. It's an area in mid-gentrification, with some houses smartly done up, and others not.

21 EXT. BRIGHTON - JACOB'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Sarah bangs gently on a basement door. She takes deep breaths. No answer. Maybe she knocked too gently.

Sarah rings the bell. No answer.

She calls Jacob on the phone. There is no answer.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. CORNER SHOP - NIGHT

Sarah stands near a corner shop, her phone to her ear, listening to Jacob's voicemail:

VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Hello, you've reached the voicemail
of Jacob Dano. Please leave a
message.

The shop is closed. She looks at her phone, at Jacob's WhatsApp. He's not online.

Other people stand nearby, smoking.

23 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR ON ROAD IN WOODS - NIGHT

MUSIC PLAYS. Sarah is driving. The letter is on the passenger seat. She is a bit shocked, trying to understand what the fuck is going on here.

The headlights of the car shine on the dark road through forest.

Her PHONE RINGS. She jumps to see who it is, It's Iris, again.

Sarah remembers now, she promised she'd stop by to help her carry her sofa down. Shit.

She screens the call.

24 EXT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah's car is parked outside the house.

25 INT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A lone sofa. Sarah enters the frame and sits down on it. It's the sofa in Sarah and Greg's living room.

The house is quiet. Everyone's in bed.

She takes out her phone. Calls Jacob again. No answer. She looks at his WhatsApp. Last seen 7:37PM. Where the hell is he?

26 INT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The clock on the wall reads 4AM. Sarah sits on the sofa, wide awake, Suddenly, she sees that Jacob's WhatsApp has come back online.

This is good news. A sliver of hope.

She dials his number immediately.

But a woman's voice answers.

AMY (V.O.)
(on phone)
Hello?

Sarah is very surprised to hear a female voice answering her. She is stunned into silence for a few beats, and does not respond.

AMY (V.O.)
(on phone)
Hello?

Sarah would hang up, but she knows she's in Jacob's phone, and Amy can just call her back and figure out who she is.

SARAH
(surprised)
Hi... I'm sorry.

AMY (V.O.)
(on phone)
It's 4 in the morning.

Sarah is still in control, still juggling those balls:

SARAH

I'm sorry, I had a meeting with Jacob tonight and he never showed up.

AMY (V.O.)

(on phone)

He had a cardiac episode... He's in hospital.

SARAH

(stunned)

God, I'm so sorry. How is he?

AMY (V.O.)

(on phone, holds back tears)

He's stable. He's going to be all right.

A beat.

SARAH

Oh my God, is there anything I can d--

But Amy has already hung up. Silence.

27 INT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg is asleep, wearing an anti-snoring breathing mask.

The CAMERA FINDS SARAH lying in bed by his side, her eyes open, terribly concerned. She looks over at Greg, tenderly caresses his face.

Greg senses her presence, takes the breathing mask off, sets it down on the nightstand by his side. He's practically asleep.

GREG

(half-asleep)

Are you staying with me tonight or going back home?

SARAH

(looking at him)

You're dreaming. We're both at home. Everything is okay.

GREG

I'm not in hospital?

SARAH

(smiles)

No. Your treatments are done.
You're healthy.

GREG

For a moment I was scared I was in
hospital.

SARAH

(smiles)

Everything's fine. You're home, I'm
watching over you.

GREG

Man, life is so good sometimes.

Sarah decides not to tell him anything about Jacob, to let
him have this happy moment, not to ruin it for him. She
caresses him lovingly.

Greg starts touching her between her legs, in his sleep.

GREG (CONT'D)

I love you.

But Sarah rolls her eyes. Why does every hug or loving
emotion have to turn sexual?

She turns around. He keeps trying for another moment. Reaches
into her underpants. She rolls her eyes angrily, stays silent
for another beat before saying:

SARAH

Enough. Why does every loving hug
have to go there?

GREG

It doesn't always.

SARAH

Yes, it does!

GREG

All right... What can I say, you've
got a horny husband? But we don't
have to...

Greg gives up, puts his sleep mask back on.

Sarah remains a little angry, her eyes open.

28 EXT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - DAWN

The first rays of light hit the house. We get our first good look at just how isolated the house truly is. There isn't another soul in sight.

29 EXT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

The same corner shop from the previous night. Sarah is listening to her phone:

VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Hello, you've reached the voicemail of Jacob Dano. Please leave a message.

Two people are huddled outside, smoking. Sarah looks at them, walks over to one SMOKER:

SARAH

Sorry, could I nick a cigarette?

SMOKER

Yeah, all right.

SARAH

Thank you.

The Smoker hands a cigarette to Sarah. Sarah brings the cigarette up to her lips and moves closer so the man can light it.

Right after he lights it, she pulls away.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Actually... I... I quit three years ago, maybe I should stick with it.

I'm sorry... here... thank you...

(hands him the cigarette)

Thank you very much.

Sarah heads back toward her car.

She stops, turns around, and walks back to the Smoker.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... I think maybe I will take that cigarette after all...

The Smoker smiles and hands it to her. She brings it up to her lips.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Actually... never mind... here,
take it. Sorry.

SMOKER
Would you make up your mind
already?

30 EXT. PRU - COURTYARD - DAY

Sarah arrives at school.

Luke is in the courtyard, speaking to a student named PATRICK, 15. They stand up against each other, comparing their height. Two other students, including MARLON, 14, watch them.

SARAH
Morning.

LUKE
Morning. They're not here yet.

Sarah looks at her watch.

31 INT. PRU - SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah drinks a glass of water in one gulp, without stopping. Iris walks into her office.

SARAH
I'm so sorry about the sofa
yesterday.

IRIS
What do you mean?

SARAH
What do you mean?

IRIS
Greg and the girls stopped by to
help me take the sofa down, he
didn't tell you?

SARAH
No, I got home late.

IRIS

When you weren't picking up, I called Greg to ask where you were, and he said you were off at a work meeting, so I figured you and Luke were meeting to get ready for the announcement at the staff meeting today. Thank you for listening to me.

SARAH

Yeah...

She hadn't planned on making the announcement today, but now she's found herself backed into it.

32 INT. PRU - SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Sarah sticks her head into the administration office to speak to JANINE, the school secretary.

SARAH

Have you called Sadie... Ashley's mom? She was supposed to be here in the morning?

JANINE

She's said she'll be here about 2-ish.

SARAH

I'm heading into a staff meeting.

33 INT. PRU - HALLWAY AND STAFF ROOM - DAY

Sarah and Luke walk toward each other from opposite ends of the hallway and head into the staff room.

SARAH

I'll announce your promotion.

LUKE

Now?! I haven't prepared anything.

SARAH

It's all over your face, and it's important to Iris that we get it over with already.

They both head into the staff room. Ten teachers are already seated around the large table.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Good morning.

Typical chatter and commotion continue.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Anyone got a cigarette for me?

They all fall silent at once and stare at her.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I knew that would get your
attention... So, very quickly,
before we get started, my official
appointment as Executive Head for
the Brighton and Hove City Council
came in.

APPLAUSE. She looks at Iris.

SARAH (CONT'D)
So, we don't have to say 'but don't
talk about it' anymore.

They laugh.

SARAH (CONT'D)
And it comes with some more news.
The Local Authority confirmed this
week that Luke will be my
replacement, starting as
Headteacher next academic year.

More applause.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You all knew that, of course, but
now it's official.

IRIS
(tight smile)
Well done. Again.

SARAH
None of this would have been
possible without Iris, who's
staying on as Head of Maths: She
single-handedly brought the
school's core exam scores up in the
last year, and were lucky she'll be
continuing in the role.

A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Okay... Luke will begin his
transition immediately by shadowing
me on some of my duties. The most
annoying ones, of course.

Sarah looks to Luke to take over the meeting. Everyone turns
to look at him. Sarah's phone rings on vibrate. On the screen
it says: 'Jacob Dano'.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Sorry, I have to answer this. I'm
sorry.

And Sarah rushes out.

34 INT. PRU - HALLWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Sarah walks out of the staff room down the hallway.

SARAH
Jacob?

MAN (V.O.)
(on phone)
Sarah?

SARAH
Yes.

MAN (V.O.)
(on phone)
My name is Nadim, I'm a friend of
Jacob Dano's...

SARAH
Hello.

NADIM (MAN) (V.O.)
(on phone)
I'm afraid I have some bad news.

Sarah's heart is POUNDING.

NADIM (V.O.)
(on phone)
Jacob passed away early this
morning.

SARAH
What?

NADIM (V.O.)
(on phone)
He had a serious cardiac episode
throughout the night, which he did
not survive.

SARAH
Oh my God. But at 4AM he was in
stable condition.

NADIM (V.O.)
(on phone)
Unfortunately, he suffered another
attack this morning at six, and he
did not survive it.

Sarah's mind is racing as she processes this information.

NADIM (V.O.)
(on phone)
He'd had heart problems for a
while, apparently.

LUKE
Everything okay?

SARAH
(quick to end the call)
Thanks.

She ends the call. SHOCKED. Stands there for a moment,
frozen.

She's looking for the right words, arranging them in her
head. And then decides not to say them.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'm going home.

LUKE
Is everything okay?

SARAH
House stuff. You can deal with
Sadie and Ashley.

LUKE
Yes. No problem.

SARAH
I'm not asking, I'm saying. You're
the right person to replace me.

LUKE

Thanks.

SARAH

Could you tell Iris I had to go,
and that I'll call her?

Luke nods.

35 EXT. PRU - DAY

Sarah gets in her car. Takes a deep breath. Realizes she has
no idea where she's going.

She starts the car and drives off.

36 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR ON JACOB'S STREET - DAY

Sarah passes by Jacob's house, the same newly-painted
Georgian townhouse. A few people are standing near the house.

A man sitting on a motorbike with a helmet stares at her. Or
maybe she just thinks he does. He captures her attention for
a brief moment, and then he drives off.

She quickly drives away.

37 EXT. DRUSILLAS PARK ZOO - DAY

Sarah walks through a public zoo, past fenced-off areas with
various animals: monkeys, birds, tigers, lions, etc.

Finally, she gets to the bears.

38 EXT. DRUSILLAS PARK ZOO - BEAR HABITAT - DAY

At the wide-open, spacious bear habitat, Greg is sitting and
thinking. Sarah spots him, but he hasn't noticed her yet. She
stands there, watching him.

Two men walk out of a cave and lock it up behind them. They
join him. He gets sketches out of his bag and starts showing
them to the men. He seems deeply engaged; she likes seeing
him happy.

Then, he notices her standing there, watching him.

GREG

I don't believe it, my beautiful
wife!

He hurries over to her and hugs her.

GREG (CONT'D)
Wow! What are you doing here?!

He looks at her.

She stands before him. Tears pop into her eyes. He's confused.

GREG (CONT'D)
What's going on? Is something wrong?

She can't decide how to start telling the story. He looks at her with a frown.

SARAH
Jacob's dead.

GREG
What?

SARAH
Jacob... the... my psychologist is dead... Jacob Dano...

GREG
Oh... Jacob, the school psychologist...

Sarah hears perfectly well when he calls Jacob the 'school psychologist,' but she keeps going without correcting him.

SARAH
He had a cardiac episode in the night, and he didn't survive.

GREG
Fuck.

SARAH
Total fuck.

A beat. Sarah considers how to approach this.

SARAH (CONT'D)
The meeting I was going to last night after the restaurant, it was with him.

GREG
Fuck. So you're the last person who saw him alive.

SARAH

No, because he never turned up.
Probably because of the heart
attack.

GREG

Okay.

SARAH

But the reason I had to meet with
him so late was because I told him
I got a strange letter and I had to
talk to him.

GREG

Okay...

SARAH

An anonymous letter with notes
Jacob took about my sessions... I
mean... things I said in
counselling. To remember what's
going on. To keep track. He writes
down the things we talk about.

GREG

(confused)

About school?

SARAH

That, too...

Sarah's PHONE RINGS. She looks at the screen. It reads
'LUKE.' She grinds her teeth. She doesn't answer, sets the
phone to silent.

SARAH (CONT'D)

School, and some personal stuff I
told no one but him. About me, and
thoughts I have about me and you
and the girls...

She gauges his reaction to the term 'personal things.'

GREG

(long beat)

Like what?

Since it didn't go down easy, she adds:

SARAH

Mostly about the students, and the
way things are managed at the
school.

GREG

Okay.

SARAH

So, I called and asked him, what the fuck? And he said he didn't send the letter, but he said we'd discuss it face to face. But then he never turned up.

Greg listens intently. He doesn't understand why she hasn't told him all this before now.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And I never had the chance to find out what, or who, or how... He just asked me not to discuss it with anyone until we met.

Greg looks at her.

GREG

What?! Show me.

SARAH

No... that's not the point...

Greg doesn't understand.

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's notes with things you say in therapy, and it's okay to say them in therapy, all kinds of private stuff.

She studies his confused reaction and shifts gears:

SARAH (CONT'D)

Listen, there are things I said in my therapy that reflect on my conduct at the school, things that happen in grey areas, and there are a lot of those, because it's the only way to run the school and get results. But when someone sends it to me in a letter, taken from notes from a session with my psychologist, there's no other way to look at it but as a threat.

GREG

What grey areas?

SARAH

(takes out letter, reads
from it)

He writes in his notes: '...once
again, we addressed her lack of
boundaries at school and in her
private life.'

Greg is focused, trying to understand what the grey areas are
in this.

SARAH (CONT'D)

'I called her attention to the fact
that she was acting as her own
judge again, that she lives with
the feeling that the rules don't
apply to her when it comes to the
school. She expressed no regret
over covering the student's debt to
the drug dealer...'

GREG

You paid off a student's debt to a
drug dealer?

SARAH

Yes. But then we put together a
payment plan for him to pay me
back.

GREG

How much was it?

SARAH

Does it matter?

GREG

Yes.

SARAH

Twenty-seven hundred pounds.

GREG

What?

SARAH

The system is so messed up... The
student would have been screwed for
life, and there was nothing
criminal about it.

GREG

Says who?

SARAH

I know the rules. And he'll pay it all back by the end of the year.

GREG

You know YOUR rules. Did you report it to anyone?

SARAH

There was nothing criminal about it.

GREG

Are there any other grey incidents like that?

SARAH

Obviously. If you want to find them, you can. It's nothing criminal, but it will destroy me in the public eye. The point is that someone wants to threaten me, and the question is, who and why? I think it's got something to do with my promotion...

GREG

What's with the conspiracy theories? It must be some mistake... Maybe it was Jacob who wanted to give you a bit of a scare, put up a mirror for you to look at.

SARAH

I recommended Luke as my replacement headteacher, even though there were other candidates with more seniority.

GREG

What other candidates were there besides Iris?

SARAH

I could've brought in someone from the outside, or from within the school, like Gail or Jared. I need a cigarette. Could you ask someone for a cigarette?

Sarah's distress moves Greg.

GREG

Okay... Leave this alone for now,
at least until tomorrow.

She looks at him and sighs.

GREG (CONT'D)

Give it at least 12 hours before
you do anything about it, or talk
to anyone. You can't be making
decisions out of anxiety. That's
what you're always telling me. Give
it a rest. 12 hours from now,
things will look different. And go
to sleep. You haven't slept all
night long. After you wake up,
things will look different.

Oh, Greg... No one knows how to calm her down like he does.

39 EXT. PUPIL REFERRAL UNIT (PRU) - COURTYARD - DAY

The school's yard is packed. Iris and Luke are out in the
yard, talking to students, laughing with them.

OPEN FRAME TO REVEAL Sarah looking at them from her car,
parked nearby. She gets her bag and her coat, opens the car
door, but she can't bring herself to get out. It's too much
for her. All of a sudden, it's just too much.

She shuts the car door. Stays inside. Starts the engine.

40 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR ON ROAD - DAY

WIDE ON the Sussex countryside.

Sarah starts engaging in an imaginary dialogue with Jacob.
She plays both herself and Jacob. She assumes she can predict
what he would have said.

The monologue is mumbled, realistic. It looks like a
perfectly sane person talking to themselves in their car;
there is nothing theatrical or unrealistic about it. These
are the kinds of conversations she used to have with him at
the clinic, and now she's left to have them with herself.
Good therapy is one where the therapist becomes an inner
voice, and Sarah is well on her way there.

SARAH

God, Jacob. This is like my worst
nightmare. What am I going to do?
(beat)

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

What would you tell me to do here?

(as Jacob)

Calm down. It's about tolerating the unknown. We talked about it many times... Letting go of you knowing everything.

(repeating his words as herself)

That's right... 'tolerating the unknown...' But who would want to ruin my life like this? I couldn't possibly handle it.

(as Jacob)

What's the worst thing you couldn't handle?

(as herself)

These things I did can't be explained. They'll always turn them against you, because they're open to interpretation. They'd crucify me.

(beat)

And the girls, they'd be crushed...

(beat)

I can't breathe. I'm having an attack.

(as Jacob)

Take a Klonopin if you must.

(as herself)

I can't get through this without you.

41 INT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

It's the middle of the day. The house is empty and quiet. Sarah never gets to be at home at this hour, she is always at work. She wanders through the rooms.

42 INT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah sits down on the bed, gets her phone out.

She's got quite a few missed calls - from Luke, from Iris, from Greg, from the school. A lot of messages.

She pops two Klonopins in her mouth, swallows them and gets into bed.

TIME LAPSE:

43 INT. SARAH AND GREG'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's the same shot, but dark. Sarah is in bed. It's night out.

The bedroom door opens behind her, and a band of light enters the room. She opens her eyes. Hears the noises of the house coming from downstairs - people, life, laughter.

Greg walks in, shuts the door behind him and locks it. She shuts her eyes again. He gets into bed and hugs her from behind.

GREG

That's it, everyone's gotten their food and water and they're done telling all their bad teenage jokes. And I told them we were sleeping until tomorrow morning, and not to bother us.

Sarah looks for her phone.

GREG (CONT'D)

I replied to everyone on your phone. I told them a relative of yours passed away, and they should deal with things on their own until tomorrow.

SARAH

You told Iris the truth?

GREG

Of course. And she wanted to come over. I told her to let you sleep.

Sarah remains snuggled in his embrace. He starts caressing her. She shuts her eyes. He kisses her on the head.

She tightens her arms around his embrace. Gestures that she needs affection. But he keeps brushing her hair away, kissing her on the neck.

Then, he reaches for her underwear. She rolls her eyes. She's angry enough to choke him.

SARAH

What don't you get here?! Can't you see I'm gutted?

GREG

Okay, I'm sorry... what...

SARAH

What has sex got to do with any of this right now?!

GREG

Okay... For me, sex is... it's... comforting. It helps me forget my troubles.

SARAH

For you, sex is what you do instead of feeling. My entire body is telling you I'm not in the mood. Why do you keep going?!

GREG

I thought you'd... get into it...

SARAH

Don't you realize a man who had my life in his hands just died?! You emotional cripple.

GREG

I'm the emotional cripple?! You're the emotional cripple, taking all your anger out on me. You're crazy. Calm down.

SARAH

The sex might be comforting if there was any sort of intimacy to it, but all you care about is penetration, sticking your cock in somewhere.

GREG

Okay. Fine. I can tell you're in a mood today.

SARAH

I told you my psychologist is dead. I took a day off work, which I have never done! I've never been alone in the house during the daytime! I took two Klonopins, I slept for ten hours, and you're busy shoving your cock into me. What the fuck don't you get?!

GREG

Wow, you are crazy!

SARAH

That's right. I'm crazy. Because
you're driving me crazy.

GREG

So this is my fault.

SARAH

And I'm not going to sleep with you
anymore until you give me some
intimacy.

GREG

All right.

Greg gets out of bed and walks over to the master bathroom.
Sarah stays in bed. Upset. This was the last thing she
needed. What has she done? Why now? This is bad.

Greg comes back from the bathroom.

GREG (CONT'D)

I don't give you any intimacy? I
thought this Jacob was the school
psychologist.

SARAH

He is the school psychologist.

GREG

You never said he was your
therapist, too, and that you talked
to him about personal things.

SARAH

Because you don't give me any
intimacy.

GREG

Why did you never tell me it was
your therapy?

SARAH

I did, and you didn't listen.

GREG

You never told me that.

SARAH

I never told you that? I never said
I talked to him about my panic
attacks, and he prescribed
Klonopin?

GREG

Fine, but--

SARAH

But what?

GREG

I thought that had to do with your work... And that was why you were talking to him about it. Is that in those letters?

SARAH

I told you, I was talking to him about my life. About Adam, about how I was devastated back then... About how you and I met after that, how we have an intimacy problem.

GREG

We do not have an intimacy problem, and I don't remember any of that right now.

SARAH

Because you weren't listening. I told you everything.

GREG

Fine, but... You stopped. I must've thought it was a one-time thing... I didn't realize it was your personal therapy.

SARAH

I stopped saying it because you got sick!! I didn't want to worry you, and I wanted to be there for you and give you my full attention!

GREG

Then how was I supposed to know?

SARAH

You could have looked!

GREG

Okay, fine, you keep making me out to be emotionally detached...

SARAH

(crying)

I need intimacy!

GREG

What do you want from me?? I don't understand, swear to God, I don't understand.

SARAH

Not to feel so alone.

GREG

Well... I... I don't know what to tell you.

SARAH

Someone is threatening me.

GREG

Why? What did you do?

(beat)

Have they made any demands?

SARAH

No.

GREG

Then what makes you think someone is threatening you?

SARAH

Maybe they will, maybe they'll send another letter, and Jacob isn't here anymore to explain it.

GREG

(referencing the conversation with Anya from this morning)

If and if and if... Maybe they won't even send another letter, why are you worrying about it before they've even sent it? If they send another letter, then we'll start worrying, all right? For now, come with me.

She sighs.

GREG (CONT'D)

What?

SARAH

Obviously, you'd say that.

GREG

Whatever, I can't deal with you
right now.

SARAH

I didn't say anything.

GREG

Fine. Enough of this rubbish about
me avoiding confrontation.

SARAH

You said it.

GREG

I can't deal with you anymore!

Greg leaves the room.

44 EXT. BRIGHTON JEWISH CEMETERY - DAY

Sarah's POV from behind dark glasses as she watches Jacob's
coffin get lowered into the grave. Her eyes scan the
assembled mourners:

She sees AMY DANO, 53, Jacob's wife, beautiful, Nicole Kidman
comes to mind, the kind of woman who makes you feel clumsy in
comparison. Amy never sweats. Has never needed to go on a
diet. If anything, she wishes she had a bit more of a bum.
And, of course, she is smart and intelligent.

ABIGAIL DANO, 27, Jacob's daughter, stands up with a speech
in her hand.

Most of the people there, including Sarah, are holding a 3D
postcard, that must have been handed out to everyone at the
beginning of the funeral.

ABIGAIL

Even after I went off to
university, Dad, we were strict
about having lunch together once a
week. You'd come to me, an hour's
drive away, and we'd eat sausage
and chips at the uni canteen. One
afternoon, nine years ago, I told
you my greatest fear was that you
would die. How it filled me with
dread, how I couldn't prepare
myself for it.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

You looked at me with those kind eyes of yours and said that when that day came, I might be very sad, but a few days later, I'd also feel a great relief. Yes. Relief, that's what you said. Parents are also a burden. And all of a sudden, you can be free in the world. 'That's what my mother told me,' you said, 'And she was right. And that's what I'm telling you now, and I think it's going to be true for you too.' The night you died; you were on your way over to my flat for our weekly dinner...

ZOOM IN on Sarah's face. This is the first time she's heard that Jacob was on his way to see his daughter when she called him.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Because I'm all grown up now, our meals together changed from lunch to dinner.

All of a sudden, you called and asked if I'd already left for the restaurant. I said I was heading out in ten minutes, and you said, 'Don't, I have to go home.'

We KEEP ZOOMING IN on Sarah's face. The details of that night, and the part she played in it, are becoming clear to her for the first time.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

You were only ten minutes away from the restaurant. I begged you to come, just for half an hour, just for a drink and then you could drive home. But you insisted, you had to turn around. You had a patient in need. She needed you, and you had to go.

This is when Sarah realizes: Jacob turned his car around and was driving home because of her phone call, and that's when he had the heart attack and got into an accident.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

And I keep thinking, if you hadn't turned around, if you'd had that first heart attack at the restaurant with me and not in the car, if you hadn't gotten into the accident, maybe you could have been saved.

Sarah looks around. She feels as if everyone is watching her. Maybe they know it was her.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

In a few days, I'll come and tell you, Dad, if I feel any relief. I doubt I will.

Everyone stands silently for a moment watching Abigail and Amy crying.

Abigail refers to the postcard everyone there got, a piece of cardboard - a flattened 3D viewer.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

And this weird postcard that you all got, my father used these to gain peace and perspective. He would imagine himself walking inside the image. Sometimes, he'd be dancing. We would love you all to have one in his memory.

Sarah takes the cardboard viewer and looks through it. It's a 3D postcard of a well-known Van Gogh painting. It makes you feel like you've entered a soothing world, and you are right there, in the treetop.

Sarah gets into it, indulges in the sensation. Our camera is with her, relishing in the movements of the leaves, the magical, calming effect.

45 EXT. BRIGHTON JEWISH CEMETERY - ANOTHER AREA - DAY

A long line of people waits to share their condolences with the family.

Sarah stands next in line. Before she gets to Amy, she notices someone looking over at her. She gets a good look at him; he seems familiar. She focuses on him, but then it's her turn to shake Amy's hand.

SARAH

I'm sorry for your loss.

AMY

Thank you, Sarah.

Sarah is surprised; how did she know her name?! Amy realizes she made a mistake, and quickly turns to the next person in line.

The line keeps moving. Sarah gets out of the line. She looks back, trying to find the person who seemed familiar earlier, but he's no longer there.

Now, there's a man standing there she has never seen before. We will come to know him as the NEIGHBOUR.

46 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR ON ROAD - DAY

Sarah is driving. Talking to an imaginary Jacob:

SARAH

(as herself)

Oh my God, Jacob, how did your wife know my name? What did you tell her about me?

(as Jacob)

Tell Greg why you're so worried.

(as herself)

Why didn't you tell me you were out of town, and that you were coming back because of me? I would've told you not to come back.

(as Jacob)

Because, this decision wasn't about you. And don't take this guilt on yourself right now. Tell Greg, it's not fair, what you're doing to him. He doesn't understand your anger. Tell him what you're actually worried about.

47 EXT. PRU - COURTYARD - DAY

Sarah is walking through the school yard with Iris. They both look at a picture on her phone of the man who seemed familiar to Sarah at the funeral. It's a poorly-taken candid picture that Sarah took without being noticed, but you can see the man well enough.

IRIS

Sean Ribisi. He was a student here, before you got here.

SARAH

Then how would I know him?

IRIS

From the reunions. He always comes to those.

SARAH

Why would he go to Jacob's funeral?

IRIS

I think we sent him to Jacob, pro bono. Ask Janine.

(compassionate)

I wish you'd told me you were going, I would've gone with you. Are you doing okay?

SARAH

Yeah.

IRIS

(sheds a tear)

What kind of therapist goes and dies... Doesn't he know you hate goodbyes?

SARAH

He knows everything.

IRIS

The worst goodbye on the planet.

(can't stop the tears
from rolling down her
cheeks)

That's why I don't have kids or pets. I can't stand to think of them dying.

SARAH

I know.

48 INT. PRU - SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Sarah sticks her head into the administration office.

SARAH

Have we still got Sean Ribisi's file?

JANINE

Sean Ribisi...

SARAH
Graduated, before my time.

JANINE
I'll look.

Luke walks into the office.

LUKE
There you are. Ashley didn't come
in today.

Sarah looks at her watch. It's late.

SARAH
Wow.
(to Janine)
Call her aunt Cheryl, she was
supposed to spend the night there.

JANINE
Should I do that right now, or do
Sean Ribisi first?

SARAH
Now!

Janine looks for the number and dials. Sarah and Luke talk
while she does so:

LUKE
Are you okay? One of your relatives
died?

SARAH
How was the meeting with Sadie and
Ashley?

LUKE
They never turned up.

SARAH
What?

LUKE
I called you, and Janine called,
and Greg said you were all consumed
by this uncle of yours who'd
passed. Who is this uncle of yours
who died of the mumps?

SARAH

So that was it? They never turned up, I was busy, and you let it fall between the cracks?

LUKE

(surprised by her tone)

No. I called a thousand times and I went to her house and she wasn't there, and I talked to Sadie on the phone, and she said she should sleep over at Cheryl's, so...

SARAH

Sorry.

LUKE

(puts a hand on her shoulder)

That's okay.

Janine ends the call.

JANINE

She didn't sleep over at hers, she doesn't know where she is.

Sarah and Luke look at each other, very concerned.

LUKE

I'll go to her house.

SARAH

And I'll go to Sadie's job.

49 INT./EXT. CAR ON ROAD IN BRIGHTON - DAY

It's the dilapidated part of Brighton. CLOSE ON a traffic light, hanging on wires against the sky, swaying in the wind.

The light changes from green to red. Cars stop at the intersection.

As soon as the light changes to red, three acrobats burst out to the road. Probably art students from the nearby school. They've taken it upon themselves to perform a juggling and balancing act for the duration of the red light, including enough time to collect donations from the first few cars.

Sarah's car is the first in line. She watches the acrobats' act, their stunning multitasking. The coordination between the balls sent flying in the air and the students balancing themselves on a ladder.

A LOUD MOTORBIKE startles Sarah. She looks back, sees a heavy motorbike weave its way through the cars waiting at the light, until it stops by her side.

She rolls down the window. Through the helmet, we see the driver is Luke. They smile at each other.

LUKE

I love this intersection.

SARAH

Did you ever find out if they really are the art students from the seminary?

LUKE

Yeah. It's an exercise they get in acrobatics class.

SARAH

Stunning.

Suddenly, it starts to rain.

LUKE

Rain. I wonder if they'll stay or go.

SARAH

Of course they'll stay. It's part of being a professional.

The rain is getting stronger, fast. It's about to be a heavy downpour.

LUKE

All right, I'll see you there.

SARAH

Drive carefully.

LUKE

(smiles)

Turn on your windshield wipers.

Luke finds a way across on the sidewalk with his motorbike. He keeps on driving, despite the red light.

Sarah turns her windshield wipers on. The acrobats give in to the rain and leave.

As the windshield wipers turn on, a letter appears on her windshield, pinned beneath the wipers, dragging along the glass, left and right. Sarah is frightened.

The light turns green. The other cars start driving. She stays put.

There's nowhere for her to stop right now.

CUT TO:

Sarah's car is on the shoulder of the road. It's raining. She gets out quickly and grabs the wet letter from under the windshield wiper. Cars speeding by splash her with water.

She gets back in her car. The letter in her hand. Out of breath, frightened.

She opens the letter, her hands literally shaking. She reads it, horrified.

END OF EPISODE 1