

Boxes

By

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DARK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Surrounded by rickety shelving piled with boxes. STAN (75), ailing watchman sits wearily on a box, looking at an old polaroid, solely lit by the faint beam of his torch.

CLOSE ON

The polaroid shows a couple in their mid-30's, wearing early 70's clothing laughing over an Italian meal. Masses of paper red hearts suggest Cupid helped with the decor.

Stan's slips the picture into his jacket pocket.

He hobbles towards the exit, coughing violently. Steadying himself on the shelving next to him, the coughs rack Stan's body and the shelving. A bright red box falls from the top shelf.

VOICE FROM BOX
So it's like this.

The box lands, with no more words or damage.

Coughing fit over, Stan trains his torch on the box and advances on it slowly. Prodding the box gingerly with his shoe, there is no response. He raps twice on the top.

VOICE FROM BOX
Who's there?

Stan staggers back.

STAN
Come out, I've a weapon

VOICE FROM BOX
(Flirtatiously)
Why not climb in and use it?

Stan hesitantly moves to open the box but stops short.

VOICE FROM BOX
(Giggling)
Still even the mildest sauce
flummoxes you.

CATH(36), the lady from the polaroid, dressed the same emerges from the box like a siren from the sea.

CATH
Missed me?

STAN
(awed whispering)
So much.

She stands smiling at him, he stares in disbelief at her.

(CONTINUED)

CATH
Kiss me then, you old fool.

STAN
I haven't seen you since...

Cath climbs out of the box

CATH
Since the last valentine's day
you failed to kiss me?

STAN
(completing his thought)
..you died.

Cath, nodding, takes his hand.

CATH
I waited though.

STAN
Here, in a box, all this time?

Cath takes his other hand and looks deep into his eyes.

CATH
Not always here but yes, I waited
all this time.

They kiss deeply and continue as if they will never stop.

Sunlight which had already been bleeding under the door
grows brighter and brighter until the screen is nothing
but white.

The light fades so only early morning light peeks under
the door, to show Stan and Cath are no longer in the room
but an unopened white box with a corner splashed in red
sits where Cath's box did.

JERMAINE (16), skinny and uncoordinated in movement and
style struts into the warehouse, eyes closed, headphones
blaring. He trips and falls onto his hands and knees.

He turns to see the obstacle he fell over, Stan dead on the
floor, a gash on his head. He crawls to the body and
jiggles it gently.

JERMAINE
Stan? Stan!

He whips out his mobile and punches the buttons urgently.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S)
Emergency. Which Service?