

(Making Time)

by  
(Sean Breathnach ©2012)

Email: [seanb@egomotion.net](mailto:seanb@egomotion.net)

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

BRIAN (late 20's) is on the phone, pacing the room.

LUCY (O.S.)

She doesn't want to talk to you.

BRIAN

Please, Lucy. You have to help me. Just tell me where she's going.

LUCY (O.S.)

She says you never make time for her.

BRIAN

She is everything to me. Give me the chance to tell her that.

LUCY (O.S.)

(a beat)

She's not here. She left for the train.

BRIAN

The train?!

LUCY (O.S.)

Look, I can't promise anything. Go to the station. I'll call her and tell her you're there. She'll call you if she wants to talk.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Brian is practically running down the street when he stops in his tracks outside a Florist. He looks through the beautiful display, and chooses a large bouquet which are resting in a bucket. As he reaches for them his phone slips from his pocket and falls into the bucket of water.

BRIAN

Oh no, no, no!

He grabs the phone from the water, but it's too late. The display on his phone is dead. He is completely distraught.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The station's old clock strikes four. Brian stands beneath it with his bunch of flowers. The station is crowded with people racing in all directions.

Brian takes out his phone. It's still dead. He shakes it. He dries it using his jumper. No use.

Brian walks from platform to platform, searching for his girlfriend.

The hour hand on the clock moves from five, to six, to seven. Still Brian searches.

Then he spots a pay-phone. He makes his way to it, pulls some coins from his pocket, and slots them into the phone, only to have them all rejected. He listens for a dial-tone. He realises that the phone is broken.

The hour hand on the old station clock moves from seven, to eight, to nine.

Brian sits on a bench, looking forlorn, with the bunch of flowers laid out beside him. The station is pretty much deserted now. It is beginning to dawn on him that all is lost.

We hear a wheelie case being dragged across concrete. The sound stops right beside Brian's bench. Brian looks up to see LISA (pretty, late 20's) standing in front of him. He can hardly believe it. He stands up to face her.

LISA

I saw how long you waited. I was watching you.

BRIAN

I miss you.

They lean to each other and kiss.