

Do What We Can

By

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INT. ATTIC. EVENING

A paint brush dips into brown watercolor. It strokes along a painting of a boardroom. The picture, stiff, unwelcoming. AURALEE's eyes concentrate. She is 28, natural, hippy-like.

At the bottom of the painting, it reads 'Henry James- The Turn Of The Screw'

Frustration. Slip. The brush strikes in the wrong direction.

Exhales. She sits back in her chair, floorboards SQUEAK. Stares at picture. Dull.

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING

Auralee enters, her gaze distant. The kitchen large, personality-less. She opens the cupboard, sets aside an array of cooking oils, vinegar, to reveal a stash of red wine. Startled. A note rests behind the bottle.

It reads, "I have a surprise waiting at our place. Bring everything. Leave the wine"

AURALEE

Bring Everything, leave the...

Overwhelmed. She takes a moment. Throat tight, breath short. Flustered. The fridge is flung open, pulled out is bread, yogurts, her choices unconscious. She fills a rucksack with them.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. FARM GATE. EVENING.

Countryside. Auralee straddles the gate, frustrated to get over. Hysterical with overwhelm. Her leg struggles over. She runs, limbs flailing. Tears dripping from her chin.

MIKE (V.O)

We work in the dark...

EXT. BALKANS. HOLE. DAY

MIKE, 32, Soldier. Blackness. DRIPS. His face slightly lit, otherwise not visible. Sweat. Terror, he breaths.

EXT. HILL. EVENING

The bottom of Auralee's skirt skims the grass. She continues running. Expectant. Her emotions uncontrollable. A smile. a frown, tears still streaming.

MIKE (V.O)

We do what we can. We give what we have...

EXT. BALKANS. DUSTY LAND. DAY

Mike, frowns straining. He runs. Dust floats around him. His face hard and tense, eyes fill. Strength.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

EXT. HILL. EVENING

MIKE (V.O)

Our doubt is our passion...

She clambers to the top. Excitement, emotion oozing. Her face drops. The view of the whole town. No Mike. A British flag stuck in to the grass. She wipes her face, disappointed. She walks to the flag.

MIKE (V.O)

and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art.

A note attached to the flag reads those exact words and at the end '-Henry James'

A calm sense of recognition. Looks out to the town. The distant sound of cars, police sirens. Colors are striking. She sits, opens her rucksack, takes out her paper and chalks. She works like a true artist. Inspired.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Auralee walks. An envelope in her teeth. Chalk drawing in hand. A masterpiece. She folds it, into an envelope addressed to Mike. A postbox. Looks at the letter, she kisses the back tenderly, leaving a faint lipstick mark. The letter drops. Auralee contented, strolls back. A half smile.