

Boxes Draft 3

DARK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Surrounded by rickety shelving piled with uniform boxes, the ailing watchman, STAN (75), wearily sits on a box, mid patrol, looking at an old polaroid, 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 back into his jacket, and resumes patrolling

As he hobbles on, he begins to cough 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
Together Again.

The box lands, silently and undamaged..

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)
Nice to see even the mildest
sauce still 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?

(CONTINUED)

STAN
(awed whispering)
So much.

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

CATH
Kiss me then, you old fool.

STAN
I haven't seen you since...

Cath places a silencing finger on his lips, nodding.

CATH
I waited though.

STAN
In this box?

Cath climbs out of the box.

CATH
I'd always have been here
waiting, box or no.

She takes Stan's hands in hers and draws him close, they kiss deep and tenderly, as if they will never part again.

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 with crimson lies where Cath's box did.

JERMAINE (18), 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 bloody gash on his head. Jermaine crawls to the body and jiggles it gently.

JERMAINE
Mr. Peters? Mr. Peters.

He whips out his mobile and punches the buttons urgently.

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