

A MONTH

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Over BLACK, we hear a soft tapping.

Then...

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Eventually tiny shimmers of light start piercing through the vast darkness. Slowly they begin to tinge the sky in different shades of grey, spotted with white dots. Eventually, clouds start to become visible, stretching across it.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Nightlight
Half the time I lifted my eyes to
the inky sheets above
The orb reflecting rays
Mirrored in the black hole
surrounded by iris
It encircled, pushed and pulled
Unattainable
Unreliable changeable
Two-timing witness
Crescent fading torch
Celestial dream
Tomorrownight yesternight tonight
Delight now listless gleaming
Unregistered
Light shrouded from me

A silence follows these words, just long enough for us to pay attention to the shimmers merging together behind the clouds. A blurry orb starts to become visible. The MOON.

TITLE: A MONTH

CUT TO:

EXT. CANALSIDE - NIGHT

The surface of the moon is now drifting gently. Little waves of motion. We are looking at its reflection on the water of the canal.

Then, we only see ripples, chasing each other, spreading across the water. Something was thrown into it. Not with particular vigor, judging by how quickly the water goes back to being a sheet like a clear mirror.

We move towards the bank and see two white trainers, on

the earth by the shore of the canal. They are covered in mud, but the white parts reflect the moonlight.

The shoes belong to DANIEL, late teens, wearing a jumper that is slightly too large for him, his curly hair falling over his eyes. What we can see of his face seems relaxed. And motionless.

Yet, there's a now clear steady rhythm of tapping. It doesn't seem to speed up or slow down, almost like a clock ticking. What we're hearing is his thumb tapping. Every now and then the stable rhythm is broken.

Now we see that DANIEL isn't alone. A young woman is sitting on the bench next to him. This is CYNTHIA. She looks uneasy, passing her fingers through her hair, fidgeting with her keys, their rattling slightly louder than we expect. She wraps her cardigan closely around her waist.

She doesn't notice DANIEL's tapping.

CYNTHIA
Aren't you cold?

DANIEL
No.

While we watch DANIEL look forward, he only hears crickets are chirping somewhere by the water. A splash as a frog jumps into the canal.

CYNTHIA
Don't you want to... I'm playing tomorrow. Mum and dad were thinking that after dinner...

DANIEL
You can go home if you like Cynthia. Practice. I'll be fine.

CYNTHIA
I just thought... maybe, since you can still...

DANIEL stops tapping, starts reaching for CYNTHIA's hand. He stops in mid-motion. He goes back to tapping, slightly slower than before. Far away, rustling in the grass.

Daniel turns slightly towards it; Cynthia does not react.

CYNTHIA looks more nervous than ever. Silence surrounds her. She takes a breath, looking as if she is about to start speaking and then doesn't. She looks at DANIEL and then away again.

CYNTHIA
(This isn't what she wants
to say)
This place is so beautiful at
night.

At first DANIEL doesn't react. As he rubs his eyelids, we see he is frowning, his lips pressed together tightly. Not opening his eyes, he finally nods. He isn't tapping.

CYNTHIA
I'm sorry. Do you... (want me to go
on)?

DANIEL
Yes.

DANIEL's head turns at the sound of two ducks taking flight, their feet splashing on the water as they ascend.

DANIEL
The canal?

CYNTHIA
(More reassured)
Calm. I can see the moon reflected
on the surface of the water. When
you threw the stone... made it look
like it was dancing.
(BEAT)
Remember when...

CYNTHIA stops talking abruptly and looks down at her hands.

We are looking at DANIEL's back as he puts his hair behind his ears.

CYNTHIA
It's... when you skipped rocks...
what... how long has it been?

DANIEL
A month.

As it restarts, we now notice that his tapping has a slight metallic sound to it. It has taken on a new rhythm.

CYNTHIA
Dan. Is it... is it different now?
Being here?

DANIEL
Not really. Maybe. A bit.

CYNTHIA

At least... It's only been...

DANIEL

(Interrupting)

A month. The first.

We are now looking directly at DANIEL's face. His eyes are closed. We linger on his features for a moment, as far as that is possible in the darkness.

For the first time we now cut to his tapping thumb. As we linger on it, we realise that he has been making this rhythm on a white cane. He now stops and puts his hand through the strap, positioning the cane in front of him. We continue to focus on DANIEL's face, his closed eyes, as he gets up slowly.

Then, his mouth twitches and his expression changes. It is as if he just exhaled a deep breath that took with it a great weight he was carrying on his shoulders. He looks lighter now. He feels lighter. He lifts his face gently, to face the moonlight.

A melody begins to creep in, mixing with the sound of the canal. It feels spacious and has a lightness to it. Like a reflection of moonlight.

Slowly, he opens his eyes and we see the moon reflected in them. There seems to be a slight shimmering in DANIEL's eyes, we're not sure if it's just the moonlight.

As we continue to look at his face that appears frozen in time, the moon goes through its phases. From full moon to new moon to full moon. It speeds up, getting faster and faster until...

DANIEL blinks.

FADE OUT.