

LATE

Written by

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1 **INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING [8:30]**

1

FADE IN.

The sound of a phone alarm (or is it a ringer?) seems to get louder and louder as the blurred vision of a sparse bedroom comes into view.

An arm swings round and the phone chiming stops. We never quite manage to see where the phone is.

Pillows, blankets, the bare shapes of a person awakening in the semi-darkness. We can make out a man's face.

This is SAM, (late 20s), a young, tired and grumpy guy. There's just enough light to make out his half-opened eyes, scrunched up face.

The bed beside him is empty, messy duvet.

The room is darker because the curtains are drawn, but from the light peeping in around the edges, we can see that there is daylight outside.

SAM sees the glimpses of daylight, too. He groans and collapses back into the bedsheets.

His eyes close...

FADE TO BLACK.

2 **INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING [INDETERMINATE]**

2

More noise brings us back from the darkness. Not a ringtone this time, more like a voice. A woman's voice, singing as we come back into focus.

SAM is stirring too, clamouring to pull the duvet over his head and block up his ears.

MO
(Singing)
*Good morning, good morning. We've
talked the whole night through,
good morning, good morning, to you!*

Nothing is more important about MO than her sunny disposition. A woman, also in her late 20s, still in her pyjamas and dressing gown but noticeably more put-together than SAM. Hair brushed, teeth brushed; bright eyed and bushy tailed.

She's carrying a plate of breakfast treats in one hand and a vase of sunflowers in the other. Is there the faint shape of something in her dressing gown pocket?

She plops down on the empty side of the bed.

MO (CONT'D)
Morning sunshine!

SAM just groans and tries to roll away.

MO gently takes the sheets and pulls them away from his face.

MO (CONT'D)
C'mon, I made breakfast!

SAM
It's too early.

MO balances the vase of flowers beside her and uses her freed up hand to waft the breakfast plate towards SAM.

MO
Don't you want something fried,
baked or made of sugar?

No answer. MO sighs.

MO (CONT'D)
There's something we need to talk
about.

There's a pause, and then an outpouring of sleepy protest noises as SAM props himself up in bed.

He does a double take when he sees the sunflowers.

SAM
Flowers? Yikes Mo, what have you
done?

MO
They're to... celebrate, you
negative nelly!

She hands SAM the breakfast plate, which he takes and begins inspecting, distracted.

MO gets up and begins fussing around the room. She sets the vase of flowers down on SAM's bedside table, beside his phone.

SAM has already begun tucking into some breakfast. He watches MO.

MO seems oblivious. She's pulling open the curtains. Sunlight pours into the room. She's fiddling, tying them up out of the way.

SAM
(Through a mouthful)
So what are we celebrating?

The second curtain drops to the floor, loose. Even from behind, we see MO falter. When she turns to face SAM, the cracks show in her sunny disposition for the first time. It seems forced, pained.

MO
(Flat)
I'm late.

SAM just keeps chewing, a bit confused. He swallows.

SAM
But you're still in your pyjamas.

MO's smile gets the slightest bit more genuine. She comes back to sit beside him and fishes in her pocket. She pulls out a rectangular box.

MO
I mean that I'm pretty sure we need
to do this.

SAM looks at the box.

It's a pregnancy test.

He looks at MO's increasingly hopeful face. Bright, friendly - glowing.

It's like he's been hit by a truck.

MO pauses. It's difficult to tell whether it's the look on SAM's face or the faint sound of a phone chiming that stops her in her tracks.

The phone chiming is getting louder.

SAM glances at the phone on the bedside table. It's not lit up.

MO (CONT'D)
Sammy, what's - ?

3

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING [9:00]

3

SAM jolts awake, gasping into the dim light as his eyes burst open.

The phone chiming is his phone again, and this time we see the screen.

It says, 'WORK CALLING'.

He cancels the call but within seconds the screen is alight with the 'WORK' ID again. This time, he silences his phone.

SAM rolls over.

The bed beside him is empty again, messy sheets.

The curtains haven't been opened.

Mo isn't here.

For the first time, we have a view over SAM's shoulder to his bedside table. We might spot the sunflowers Mo brought him, withered and dead in their vase.

SAM lies back until his head is against the pillow, his tired eyes fixed open.

Beside him, the familiar 'woop' of a new message. And another. Another.

Five missed calls from 'WORK'. The new boxes sliding onto his phone screen read, 'WORK: Sam where are you?', 'WORK: Sam?', 'WORK: You're late.'

But SAM's eyes softly close as he sinks back into oblivion.

END.