

Untitled Sequence

By

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This scene is set in the city of Birmingham in
the United Kingdom during the spring of 1942.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A small, dark room with a hardwood floor and a four-poster bed. Rain patters against the window, through which a faint beam of light shines onto a tiny crib in the corner of the room. Thirty-two year old RALPH is asleep next to his twenty-eight year old wife LOUISE.

We hear a distant siren noise begin to echo throughout the entire city, increasing in volume and pitch.

Behind Ralph, Louise bolts upright in the bed. She hops out of bed in a hurry for the crib, then spins around to shake her husband awake.

Ralph opens his eyes, not immediately reacting. Upon realization, he too shows a jolt of energy, swiping his blanket away from him.

He swings his legs over the side of the bed, and his feet find their place in a pair of rubber boots resting beside the bed.

Ralph hurries out of the bedroom as Louise heads for the crib.

At the end of a short hallway, Ralph coasts into another bedroom. He removes the covers of a narrow bed to find: nothing.

He spins around quickly in a panic, scanning the room with his eyes.

Louise rushing out of their bedroom with an infant boy in her arms.

Ralph faces the bed again and ducks down to peek under it. Staring back at him is TILLY, his timid 5-year-old son in one-piece flannel pajamas.

Ralph extends a powerful hand towards his boy, who grabs on with both arms. The father pulls Tilly out from beneath the bed with one swift motion and steers him out of the room.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

A mound of earth protruding four-feet-high out of the garden covered by scattered patches of flowers--a subterranean bunker.

The siren sounds slightly louder now.

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Rain is pouring down as Ralph approaches the shelter and opens the entrance hatch, a ridged iron panel.

He guides Tilly through the entrance quickly with one arm.

Louise enters next with her infant child in her hands.

Ralph looks back to their one-story home.

He sprints back into the house to the family's brick fireplace. He grabs a small glass urn from the mantle and runs back outside, cradling the urn in both hands.

Louise' head is poking out of the hatch when Ralph returns. He crouches to enter the shelter and seals the hatch securely behind him.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

A cramped space barely big enough to fit the family, lit by a flickering light bulb. It has an arched roof of corrugated iron and dirt floor covered by 3 inches of muddy water.

Louise sits on a tiny wooden bench with her baby. He lets out a quiet whimper and the mother responds with gentle rocking motion.

Tilly sits on a second wooden bench opposite his mother, with the glass urn resting beside him.

Ralph stands hunched over at the front of the shelter, listening intently.

INT. / EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

The silhouette of a flower growing outside on the top of the bunker. Several other houses and brick buildings can be seen clustered in the cityscape.

The siren now ceases. All we hear is rain pelting the ground.

Ralph, his ear directed towards the door.

The flower.

Louise, staring at her husband.

The flower. A whistling sound, then far in the distance behind the flower we see a large fiery explosion. A booming sound reaches us after a split second delay, and the flower moves as if hit by a gentle breeze.

A second explosion in another distant location.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Ralph. We hear a volley of explosions outside.

Louise looks up to the light bulb swaying slightly back and forth.

The flooded floor of the shelter. The mother's feet lie in the mucky water, the bottom of her nightgown soaked with water. Tilly's feet are not long enough to reach the water, so they swing freely.

With each explosion sound comes a ripple on the surface of the water.

The glass urn makes a rattling noise that catches Tilly's attention. He looks over to it and stares for a second, then reaches his hand out and touches its lid to stop the noise. He removes his hand, and the urn is quiet for no more than a second. Another explosion is heard and the urn continues its rattling.

Ralph is watching. He scoops up Tilly in his arms and sits on the bench, holding his son in his lap.

Tilly's face, resting sideways against his father's chest. Five seconds pass and he finally shuts his tired eyes.

Louise and Ralph are left staring at one another.

The flooded floor. Both parents' feet sit in the water opposite each other. An arm from either side reaches out to hold hands. The light flickers on and off.

We hear an explosion that is much closer and much louder. This time the light cuts out completely.

Pitch black.

The rattling sound continues.