

INSIDE REACH

Written by

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EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

JACK CORRAL [4] sits buckled in the rear seat of the family car, his father driving and his mother in the front passenger seat as they listen to music coming from the radio.

The boy looks out the side window at the passing woodland as his mother unbuckles her seat belt to reach back for her bag that sits wedged beside the car door next to the boy.

She strains her body to reach the bag just as a deer jumps out into the road in front of the car.

JACK'S FATHER

Jesus!

Jack's father wrenches the steering wheel to the right but the car fails to evade the animal as it ploughs off the road towards the woods. The boy's mother screams in terror as the vehicle crashes through woodland brush towards the trees, the suspension bouncing the car uncontrollably. With an almighty crash a thick tree branch smashes through the windscreen before the car collides with brutal force into a tree, the bonnet of the car crumpling like a tin can.

A minibus with tourists, that had been following, brakes abruptly, the tyres smoking against the tarmac before coming to a standstill. Instantly, the driver is out of the bus and running towards the car crash while some of the distraught tourists gather at the side as others watch from inside the vehicle.

As the bus driver reaches the mangled car, he retrieves his mobile phone.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He bends down beside the passenger door and tries to open it as he speaks to an emergency operator.

BUS DRIVER

Ambulance!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

INT. PRESENT TIME: APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Superimpose: Present Time

The apartment is large and airy with 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms and a bar kitchen area adjacent to a large living room within an open plan layout. Old wooden floorboards, partially covered by a square Persian rug, support soft furnishings strategically placed around the room while a large flat screen TV sits in a corner displaying a news programme.

The place is clean and organised with a mirror (which only reflects Jack's image) sitting above a mantelpiece below which stands a tiled fireplace that is no longer in use.

JACK CORRAL [25], sits in an armchair with headphones on listening to music while eating a bowl of cereal flicking through his mobile, a hot beverage on a side table next to the chair as the other flatmates wander around the flat.

LIZZY [24] with blond frizzy hair and wearing dungarees, stands behind the kitchen bar leaning on the counter and watching the news while ANNETTE [26], dressed in black, sits on a bar stool opposite reading a photographic magazine.

The morning sun radiates through the tall bay windows, spreading its glow across the room.

LIZZY

Is it just me or is it already getting warm in here?

ANNETTE

They're predicting forty degrees today.

LIZZY

We definitely need air com in this place.

ANNETTE

It was supposed to be installed weeks ago.

LIZZY

Maybe someone should speak to the agency.

ANNETTE

That's Jack's domain.

Lizzy circles the bar and walks over to Jack.

LIZZY

Jack.

Jack is looking down at his phone on his lap as Lizzy pulls the headphones off his ear.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Jack! The air-con. When's it getting installed?

Disturbed, he looks up at Lizzy.

JACK CORRAL
Their waiting for parts. Next week hopefully.

Jack places the empty bowl by the cup of tea and notices the time on the clock that hangs on the wall.

JACK CORRAL (CONT'D)
(mumbles)
Shit.

No-one is paying attention to him. He rises from the chair leaving his mobile behind. The news is covering a story about industrial strikes and protests.

LIZZY
(exasperated)
God it's unbearable.

REES [27], in jeans and a sports t-shirt, enters the room passing Jack who is heading in the opposite direction.

JACK CORRAL
(to Lizzy)
Just keep drinking lots of fluids.

REES
Has anyone seen the charger for my phone?

Annette picks up a folding fan that is lying on the bar and offers it to Lizzy who is unimpressed.

REES (CONT'D)
I thought I'd left it around here.

LIZZY
Rees, you spend way too much time on that. The radioactivity will fry your brains.

REES
Oh Jeez. Not that again. We've been over this.

ANNETTE

They use a different frequency.

Rees searches the room for the charger.

REES

Thought I left it in here.

Jack returns to the room with a charger, grabs his phone and plugs it in while Rees frustratingly watches.

REES (CONT'D)

Sure that's mine.

Jack sighs as he takes his cup and bowl to the kitchen area.

JACK CORRAL

You're always losing it Rees.

He opens a drawer in the kitchen and fumbles before retrieving a phone charger and placing it on the bar. Rees reacts in appreciation and collects the charger.

REES

Thanks, man.

Jack acknowledges with resignation as he leaves the room.

LIZZY

(to Rees)

You know the air-con is gonna take another week?

REES

Has he still not got that sorted?

SIMON [26] wafts into the room with an air of confidence, the sunlight glinting on his glasses as he makes for one of the armchairs where he sits to watch the television.

SIMON

(to Lizzy)

Bennets down the road has air fans on offer!

LIZZY

(surprised)

Really?

SIMON

They had a big stock in. I guess with the weather and all.

Jack re-enters and squeezes past Rees to fill a glass of water. Placing the glass down he opens a clear bottle of pills that is nearly empty.

JACK CORRAL
I'll get one on the way back from work.

SIMON
Just one?

JACK CORRAL
Actually I'll get five and strap them to my back. How's that sound?

Rees silently raises an eyebrow and looks at Lizzy with disdain as Jack swallows the medication before taking a drink.

JACK CORRAL (CONT'D)
Right I'm heading out.

He places the glass on the bar and begins to head towards the door.

LIZZY
(to Jack)
Your phone.

Jack pivots and crosses the room to retrieve his mobile phone.

JACK CORRAL
Thanks.

LIZZY
Have a good day.

Jack smiles and exits.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. MUSEUM/REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

Jack shows his ID card to security and enters the museum.

MUSEUM GUARD
Morning Jack. That's a hard fixture your team have tonight.

JACK CORRAL
I think they'll be up for it Bill.

MUSEUM GUARD
Care to wager?

JACK CORRAL
(laughs)
I'm not a betting man. You know
that.

Jack continues towards the office where he works. He passes other staff members who he acknowledges as he heads up a flight of stairs to the first floor.

INT. MUSEUM/FIRST FLOOR - DAY

PETER HILL [29], dressed in an office suit, advances towards Jack.

PETER HILL
Jackie boy!

Peter pats him on his upper arm in affection.

PETER HILL (CONT'D)
You missed a good one at the
weekend. The place was jumping!

Jack laughs.

JACK CORRAL
Are you not getting on a bit for
that place?

Peter shrugs his shoulders and smiles.

PETER HILL
C'mon. You're never too old. Age is
just a number for chrissake.

The two men walk along the corridor.

PETER HILL (CONT'D)
You watching the game tonight?

JACK CORRAL
Hoped to.

They reach the doorway of an office.

PETER HILL
Want to meet up at Hardy's? They're
showing it.

JACK CORRAL
Yeah that would be good.

PETER HILL
Cool. About seven. Catch you later.

Peter continues along the corridor as Jack enters the office.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. MUSEUM/JACK'S OFFICE - LATER

Staff administrators sit at their desks in the open-spaced office as Jack types on his keyboard. He stops and reads from the screen before checking the time that indicates mid-day.

He rises from his chair.

JACK CORRAL
Gonna head out.

His colleague sitting at the adjacent desk looks over.

STAFF COLLEAGUE
See you later.

INT. MUSEUM/GROUND FLOOR EXHIBIT AREA - DAY

Jack passes members of the public viewing exhibits. AMY LEE [26] is sitting at a bench drawing on a pad piquing his curiosity to walk over and stand behind, looking at the drawing then at the exhibit.

JACK CORRAL
You've really captured it.

Amy reacts in surprise as she turns to face him.

JACK CORRAL (CONT'D)
Sorry. I was just admiring your work.

AMY LEE
I'm not sure about the shading here.

JACK CORRAL
Looks fine to me.

AMY LEE
You draw?

JACK CORRAL

Oh God no! Stick figures are about my limit.

Amy places her sketch to one side as Jack circles round to face her.

JACK CORRAL (CONT'D)

You're here quite often.

AMY LEE

You're not stalking me, are you?

JACK CORRAL

Sorry. No. I work here.

AMY LEE

Ah. Lovely place to spend your days.

JACK CORRAL

And get paid for the pleasure.

He offers a hand which she shakes.

JACK CORRAL (CONT'D)

Jack.

Amy offers a charming smile.

AMY LEE

Amy. Pleased to meet you.

He sits down beside her.

JACK CORRAL

You do this full-time?

She nods affirmatively.

JACK CORRAL (CONT'D)

Nice.

He looks down at the drawing between them.

JACK CORRAL (CONT'D)

I'd buy it.

Amy laughs with amusement.

AMY LEE

My agent would be pleased.

JACK CORRAL
(surprised)
You have an agent?

AMY LEE
She organises my exhibitions.

JACK CORRAL
(impressed)
Wow.

Amy studies the young man in front of her, the corners of her mouth rising.

AMY LEE
How long have you been here?

Jack checks the time on his phone.

JACK CORRAL
Since about half eight this morning.

AMY LEE
(laughs)
No, I mean how long have you worked here?

JACK CORRAL
Five years. Started as a junior and here I am.

AMY LEE
Working with these priceless items.

JACK CORRAL
Ha. They wouldn't let me near them. All thumbs.

The couple momentarily admire each other.

AMY LEE
I was about to grab some lunch. You care to join?

JACK CORRAL
Yeah.

AMY LEE
Cool.

Amy picks up her drawing pad and they rise to depart.

INT. MUSEUM/CANTEEN - DAY

At a balcony that looks over the city the couple sit at a table with their food and drink.

AMY LEE
It's a beautiful view from here.

JACK CORRAL
Would make a nice painting.

Amy chuckles.

JACK CORRAL (CONT'D)
I can see my apartment from here.

AMY LEE
Where?

He points in the direction.

JACK CORRAL
Over there. To the left of the steeple. That block of red brick.

AMY LEE
Oh yeah. I see it. How long have you been there?

JACK CORRAL
Moved in a few years back.

AMY LEE
Popular area.

JACK CORRAL
Yeah. It has a nice community feel to it.

Amy nods.

JACK CORRAL (CONT'D)
And the park over there is handy...for running.

She squints her eyes in the sunlight as she points in the opposite direction.

AMY LEE
I'm over there to the west. Chester Avenue.

JACK CORRAL
I know it well. Barry's Bagels is
just down the road.

AMY LEE
You go to Barry's?

JACK CORRAL
Well I try to control the urge.
Watching my weight.

AMY LEE
I don't think you have much to
worry about there.

There is a moments silence. Jack takes a bite of his
sandwich. A bit of food drops to the table.

JACK CORRAL
(embarrassed)
Can't take me anywhere.

He picks up what he dropped and places it on the plate while
Amy giggles before taking a bite of her sandwich.

AMY LEE
So you live alone?

JACK CORRAL
Wow. Straight to the point.

AMY LEE
Did that sound too direct?

JACK CORRAL
No. No. Just wasn't expecting that.

He raises his cup to his lips in brief silence.

AMY LEE
So do you?

JACK CORRAL
Do I what?

AMY LEE
Live alone?

JACK CORRAL
No. It's a flatshare. Five of us.

AMY LEE
I'm not sure I could share my space
with so many. Prefer my privacy.

JACK CORRAL
 We have our moments but generally
 we get on pretty well.

Her phone buzzes so she retrieves it to read. Jack watches her then rises from his chair.

JACK CORRAL (CONT'D)
 (mime)
 Another coffee?

Amy nods as she reads the message.

INT. MUSEUM/CANTEEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack returns with two cups to see Amy is still on her phone texting.

AMY LEE TEXT
Having lunch with him.

STEPH TEXT
Get his number! [smiley]

He places the cups on the table.

JACK CORRAL
 Something funny?

AMY LEE
 A friend offering advice.

JACK CORRAL
 Wise words, I hope.

Amy returns the phone into her bag as she chuckles.

AMY LEE
 My own personal therapist.

JACK CORRAL
 That's what friends are for, I
 guess.

There is a moments pause as she takes a sip from her cup.

AMY LEE
 I have a confession to make.

JACK CORRAL
 Oh yeah. Serious?

Amy laughs.