

**THE
WRITER**

*"Like a puppet master the writer controls his characters...
but who's really in control?"*

Written by

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FADE IN:

The sound of keys being frantically hit...

1 INT. WRITERS ROOM - DAY

1

CHRISTIAN (20'S) sit's at his desk bashing away at his laptop, deep in the zone. The room scattered with notes. The white board full of plot and character. The room suggesting a creative mad man at work.

Off Christian's manic face of creativity.

FADE TO BLACK:

RACHEL (V.O.)
(In a ghost like whisper)
I love you... always will.

2 INT. FLAT - MORNING

2

Christian potters around his flat. Wherever he walks, his mind is ticking over. Unable to switch off.

He closes his eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

A woman, RACHEL (20's) smiles lovingly. A glow about her.

CUT TO:

He opens his eyes...

Reality.

He makes his way into his writer's room. His room of solitude.

As he enters, the contrast between the rooms are clear, it is like he has entered a different world.

He stands in the doorway for a moment...

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
Writing is what I do... it's who I
am... without it, I have nothing.
When I enter my writer's room it's
like the outside world doesn't
exist...

He closes his eyes...

Rachel now stands before him, wearing that same loving smile...

Like he doesn't acknowledge her, he closes the door.

3 INT. WRITERS ROOM - DAY 3

The sounds of the outside world seize and the chatter of his characters begin...

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
When the door the door closes, I
enter a new world... my world.

Christian sit's down at his desk.

He looks at a photo of Rachel for a moment. He closes his eyes and has a quick flash memory of them together...

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY 4

Christian and Rachel walk down a cobbled street holding hands. There is a dreamy like haze to it. Both smiling - two people in love...

CUT TO:

5 INT. WRITERS ROOM - RESUMING 5

He opens his eyes. Looks down at his laptop, turns it on and his writing day begins.

Every action and word he utters is at a high speed, like his mind struggles to keep up with itself.

His voice over as fast as the opening of The Social Network:

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
Music on. Low.

He flips up iTunes and selects an album that fits the tone of what he is writing today.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
Music helps me think, it speaks to
my creative subconscious mind...

He pauses for a moment.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
No wait. This music is wrong. Wrong
tone for today.

He selects another album.

He sits looking at the blank screen for a moment. He then swiftly turns round and looks at: a white board covered with plot and character notes, post it notes covered everywhere.

Head down. The writing commences.

The tapping of the keyboard start off slow and laboured until he gets into a rhythm...

6 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 6

A woman, REGAN (30's) walks down the street. She is smartly dressed, a woman who looks like she knows what she wants and how to get it.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
Exterior street, night. Regan walks
down the street. No wait...

7 INT. WRITERS ROOM - RESUMING 7

Christian pauses for a moment, looks up then quickly returns to his laptop.

8 EXT. STREET (SAME LOCATION AS SCENE 6) - DAY 8

Regan sighs and shakes her head gently then continues her walk now in daylight.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
It needs to be day. It will be more
symbolic this way. These type of
finale's are always at night. Must
remember to always flip things.

9 INT. WRITERS ROOM - RESUMING 9

Christian looks over at his white board. Written in big letters: Always flip the scene. Go against the grain.

He returns to his laptop and continues.

10 EXT. STREET - COFFEE SHOP ENTRANCE - DAY 10

Regan walks up to a coffee shop. She pauses at the entrance like someone has frozen her in time...

11 INT. WRITERS ROOM - RESUMING 11

Christian is poised at his laptop, mulling over the location. He clicks his fingers and continues to write...

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
It has to be a bar. What am I
thinking.

He deletes the slug-line on the screen and begins entering a
new one...

12 EXT. SEVEN BAR - DAY 12

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
Exterior, bar, day...

Regan looks up to the sky wearing a look that says; 'make
your mind up'. She sighs once more and moves into the bar.

13 INT. SEVEN BAR - CONTINUOUS 13

Christian is now sitting at a table in the corner of the bar
tapping away at his laptop, looking exactly the same as a
moment ago.

Regan looks around...

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
The bar is a converted fire
station, swanky, lots of character.
She instantly likes the place...
Regan looks around. The place is
empty.

Regan walks over to table in the corner of the bar and sits.

Christian continues to bash away on his laptop like a ghost
in the corner.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
As Regan sits, a waiter walks
over...

Regan looks up as a WAITER now stands over her.

WAITER
Hello. What can I get you?

Regan is about to answer.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
Think she will have a wine, she has
a lot on her mind.

REGAN
I will have a wine please.

Christian has paused. He deletes WINE on the screen and
types...

REGAN (CONT'D)

I will have a coffee please.

Regan sighs again. She looks around the place, taking in the view. It is clear there is something on her mind.

14 INT. WRITERS ROOM - RESUMING 14

Christian is now in the writing flow, his fingers moving at an alarming rate. He quickly takes a sip from his coffee and continues to bash away at the keys. The scene is now beginning to flow...

15 INT. SEVEN BAR - CONTINUOUS 15

A dark figure dressed in a suit walks towards the bar. He is NOLAN (30's). Regan watches him anxiously approach. She takes a deep breath as he coolly slide down opposite.

They stare at each other for a moment. She wants to run but can't. He is relishing the tension.

It is broken when the waiter returns with Regan's coffee.

WAITER

Hello sir. What can I get you?

Nolan calmly places his leg on top of the other and looks up to the waiter. There is something charming but sinister about this man.

NOLAN

I think I will have...

Christian has paused. He has lost touch with his character for a moment....

NOLAN (CONT'D)

I think I will have a beer. I'm in the mood to celebrate today.

Regan looks at him confused.

REGAN

A beer, really?

It suddenly dawns on Nolan also...

He turns to Christian who is now sitting with them. He looks up from his laptop, sheepish.

NOLAN

I am a professional and have a job to do.

Christian mulls this over.

CHRISTIAN
Your right.

He deletes beer and adds COFFEE.

We have now gone back a few seconds...

The waiter has just placed the coffee down, she turns to Nolan:

WAITER
Hello sir. What can I get you?

Without hesitation:

NOLAN
I will have the same please.

He turns to Regan. Tension building in her eyes.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Didn't you think I would find you?

REGAN
Of course, in fact I counted on it.

Regan looks uncertain, like these are words she didn't expect to say.

Christian continues to bash away on his laptop like he isn't there.

NOLAN
Really?

REGAN
I wanted to see you one last time... I wanted it to be you.

NOLAN
It didn't have to end this way. If you weren't so bloody stubborn we could have worked something out.

REGAN
It was over a long time ago, just took me a while to realise it.

NOLAN
I'm sorry you feel this way, truly I am. You are a beautiful, talented woman... Seems such a waste.

REGAN
I'm obviously not talented enough.

Nolan smiles. The waiter returns with his coffee. He thanks him and takes a long sip, savouring the taste. Teasing Regan further.

Regan suddenly changes... Rachel now sits before Nolan, dressed the same and he responds to her as if she is Regan.

RACHEL
I love you... always will.

16 INT. WRITERS ROOM - RESUMING 16

Christian's fingers are starting to ease a little, the words not flowing as frequently.

17 INT. SEVEN BAR - CONTINUOUS 17

NOLAN
There is something not right here.

Rachel smiles.

CUT TO:

Regan is now sat opposite.

REGAN
Your right.

She looks up.

REGAN (CONT'D)
What's going on?

18 INT. WRITERS ROOM - RESUMING 18

Christian is frozen. His fingers resting on the keys but no movement. He is losing sight of the characters and scene.

Regan now stands next to him.

REGAN
What's going on?

He looks up at her, confused.

CHRISTIAN
Going into this scene I knew what I wanted. I laid it all out and knew what I had to hit...

He looks beyond her at the white board behind. Details of the scene are clearly written on the board. 'FINALE' is the header.

REGAN

Every scene has a beginning,
middle, and end. I shouldn't be
reminding you of this.

CHRISTIAN

I know but I was thinking --

REGAN

Don't you dare start quoting that
Trauffault shit to me about
everything having a beginning,
middle, end but not having to
necessarily be in that order. Stick
to the basics.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah but --

REGAN

Pulp fiction was 17 years ago. Move
on. Make your stamp on this world
and do what YOU are best at...
What's the matter with you?

She places her hand on his shoulder. He stares at the screen,
blankly.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Let's end it. Today.

Christian sighs.

He looks at the photo of Rachel.

19 INT. SEVEN BAR - CONTINUOUS

19

Regan is back in the same position. She takes a deep breath
and looks over at Nolan who looks like he has been frozen in
time.

The scene is frozen, something is not right. She looks up...

REGAN

Are we good to go or what?

20 INT. WRITERS ROOM - RESUMING

20

Christian looks down at his fingers wanting them to move, but
something is holding him back.

REGAN (O.S.)

What's the problem?

Christian slowly starts to type. The words spreading into the
scene slowly, laboured.

21 INT. SEVEN BAR - CONTINUOUS

21

Nolan starts to move slowly. He looks over at Regan, his words come out like he is in slow motion.

Regan waits.

Nolan returns to full speed. He smirks.

NOLAN

Sorry my dear, it has to be this way.

They lock eyes. Silence, as the tension builds.

He slowly slides his hand into the inside of his jacket pocket. He grabs something. Regan's eyes widen. He slowly starts to pull whatever it is out when...

CHRISTIAN (O.C.)

I can't do it.

Nolan lowers it back inside his jacket, removes his hand and places it on the table.

Regan furiously turns...

22 INT. WRITERS ROOM - RESUMING

22

...she is now standing over Christian at his desk.

--Regan speaks at a fast rate (his subconscious mind talking back to him)--

REGAN

What the fuck Christian. End this fucking thing will you. I have to die, you know that. It's the only way.

CHRISTIAN

(unsure of his own words)
I know but, I was thinking maybe we could do a you know... a sequel --

REGAN

A sequel! Are you out of your fucking mind!! My whole arc is built around the finale. The title of the film is called Redemption. If I live it makes no sense. All that hard work thrown away.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah I know but you are one of my greatest creations, I think there is mileage in exploring your character further --

REGAN

Come on. Godfather and Aliens aside, sequels are waste of creative time that you could be spending creating something new, something fresh.

Christian looks up from his laptop, still not buying it.

CHRISTIAN

I still think we could get a trilogy out of this story. Have flashbacks in the second one, delve deeper into your childhood. Explain more about why you are the way you are --

REGAN

I loved Part two as well, it was a fucking masterpiece but it was a life time ago. Move on, Coppola has.

Christian sighs.

CHRISTIAN

I just don't want to let you go. I can't.

She leans over, closer, and places her hand on his shoulder.

REGAN

You can.

She smiles.

CHRISTIAN

I'm scared. You are the reason I get up in the morning. If I lose you I have nothing...

He looks at the photo of Rachel, tears brimming at the edges of his eyes.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

...I don't want to be alone...

Regan softly pulls his chair around. As he turns, the room is full of all the characters that have consumed his writing life. His creations. They are of various sexes, ages, and appearances, some even sporting their death wounds, but all look to him with deep admiration.

Regan looks into his eyes, deepest admiration of them all:

REGAN

We never leave you.

Christian looks around, he smiles for the first time. Humble beyond words.

He takes a deep breath and turns back round to his laptop. The room is now empty, just him and his words.

He looks at Rachel's photo. Tears brim around the edges of his eyes.

A hand suddenly rests on his shoulder.

REGAN (CONT'D)

And neither does she.

He begins to tap away at the keyboard, they soon get into a rhythm as he gets back in the flow.

On screen:

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

Regan sit's, waiting, knowing the end is here. She fears it but knows in her heart this is her destiny. God will decide where she goes from here...

23 INT. SEVEN BAR - CONTINUOUS

23

Regan gasps as Nolan reaches into the inside of his jacket and slowly pulls out a GUN.

The soulless steel is pointing in her direction. She can feel death's hand pointing it's deadly finger.

She closes her eyes...

Nolan stands and pulls the trigger...

Regan's face shudders with the impact...

She falls back in her chair in slow motion like this world is distorted...

Nolan now looms over her.

NOLAN

I loved you once.

A single tear rolls down from her right eye. As death arrives...

24 INT. WRITERS ROOM - RESUMING

24

A tear rolls from Christian's right eye as he types 'FADE OUT' on the screen.

He moves back from the screen. Savouring the moment of completion when that warm hand rests on his shoulder for the last time...

He looks up at Regan now sporting a couple of deadly bullet wounds in her chest.

REGAN

You made the right decision, trust me. When one door closes, another one opens.

She smiles at him, his own creation looking down at him like an angel sent from heaven talking to him just like Rachel once did.

Regan fades/ disappears.

He closes his laptop.

The room is now empty.

He slowly gets up and makes his way over to the door.

He holds onto the handle for a moment before opening.

Light bursts into the room as the door opens. Rachel stands before him smiling. He smiles back and moves out like she isn't there.

A train of characters, his creations over the years follow him out. Like his dead wife, they will be forever imbedded into his soul and will never leave him.

FADE OUT:

On screen:

In Loving Memory of...

Hannah White 1931 - 2011

Frederic Lombard 1926 - 2011

Christopher Birks 1977 - 2011