

WISH ME LUCK

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INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

We open on an empty sofa. There is a small table, and furniture littered around. The house is modern and warm.

[Note: with each cut, we jump time. The room changes a little, but the camera and framing remains unchanged]

MUM (O.S.)

Do you want me to stay with you?
Just for a week or two, I really
don't mind-

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

No- no, I'd prefer to be on my own.

MUM (O.S.)

Whatever you want. You know where I
am if you need me. Here-

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

What is it?

MUM (O.S.)

It's a book. I thought it might be
helpful.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Bye mum.

Moments later we hear the front door close OFF SCREEN.

CHARLOTTE (30s) walks into frame and slumps herself down on the sofa - it's obvious she's been crying. She wears all black. She places the book down on the table - it remains wrapped.

Her gaze eventually looks directly into camera. Slowly tears begin to form. She tries to hold them back, albeit briefly, but she's soon overcome with emotion and breaks down.

Title: WISH ME LUCK

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The curtains are now drawn and the living room has darkened. We can see CHARLOTTE laying on the sofa - facing away from us. She is wrapped in a duvet.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE DAY AFTER

We see CHARLOTTE sat up on the sofa - the duvet is still wrapped around her. She has a bowl of hot soup in her lap, and we can hear the news playing in the background.

She stares at the floor - vacant.

Eventually, she goes to eat a spoonful of soup, but then looks directly into camera again. She stops. After a moment, she places the spoon and bowl down onto the table. She takes a deep breath, but cannot hold back the tears.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

CHARLOTTE is sobbing uncontrollably on the sofa.

We hear a phone ringing in the background.

CHARLOTTE
(to herself)
Why? Why?! Why did you have to...
Why? Oh, god! I can't... no, god,
why?!

She punches the sofa hard, but her anger quickly subsides and she calms down.

The ringing stops.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yes, mum, I'm doing fine.

MUM (O.S.)
(concerned)
I could bring some food over for
you. Do you have enough? Have you
been shopping lately?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE FORTH DAY

CHARLOTTE has pushed the duvet off the sofa - we can see it on the floor, and she sits crossed legged on the sofa. She is on the phone to her mum.

CHARLOTTE

(annoyed)

Mum, you don't need to treat me like a child! I can look after myself.

MUM (O.S.)

I'm just worried about you, that's all. I won't ask again.

CHARLOTTE

(frustrated)

Well, you don't need to be! I'm fine. I'm doing... *fine*. Okay? Just leave me alone!

A noticeable irritation builds in CHARLOTTE's voice - she immediately feels guilty about taking it out on her mum.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

...Sorry, I didn't mean to say that.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE FIFTH DAY

The SOFA is empty, but moments later we hear a vacuum cleaner being switched on. It moves around the room until eventually CHARLOTTE appears in shot. She stops and moves the duvet.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The room is dark again, and CHARLOTTE is back on the sofa wrapped in the duvet - her arm hangs out from it. We see that she is holding a remote control which is aimed at the television. A loud, scary film plays in the background - CHARLOTTE remains emotionless. She appears to be dressed in her work clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE MORNING AFTER

CHARLOTTE has fallen asleep on the sofa. Moments later, she shocked awake - as though from a nightmare. She slept awkwardly, and is probably hungover.

CHARLOTTE
(to herself)
Mmm eugh... F-god's sake.

With a lot of effort, she manages to lift herself up from the sofa - pushing the duvet off in the process. She looks directly into camera and stops.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
(screaming)
STOP LOOKING AT ME!!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

CHARLOTTE is throwing all the rubbish into a black bin bag - mostly tissues, and some food packets.

She walks over to the CAMERA and picks it up - she stares into it for a moment, eventually placing the CAMERA back down - frustrated.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE SEVENTH DAY

CHARLOTTE is sat crossed legged on the sofa staring at the camera. She is unwrapping the book - she throws the paper on the floor and studies the book for a second.

She turns it around and we see that it is a book titled: How To Deal With Grief.

CHARLOTTE
(to herself, reading)
*Tell yourself it's going to be
okay. Go on. It will make you feel
better, I promise.*
(to herself)
...I'm going to be okay... I'm
going to be okay... I'm going to be
okay.

She stops and takes a deep breath.

Suddenly CHARLOTTE throws the book hard across the room - we hear a smash, but she doesn't seem to care.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Argh!!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

We hear the front door open OFF SCREEN.

JESSICA (O.S.)
Heeeey! Awh, how are you? You
look... *great*. Yeah, really well!

CHARLOTTE appears in shot, followed by her friend JESSICA.

CHARLOTTE
You don't have to lie. I know I
look like shit.

JESSICA
Noooo! No, you don't. Honestly.
Considering, you know?.. It does
smell in here though, have you
opened the window recently?

CHARLOTTE
(confused)
I did tidy up earlier.

JESSICA
Hmm. Anyway, should I open a bottle
wine? I thought we could have a
party! I bought tequila!

JESSICA disappears into the kitchen - CHARLOTTE rolls her
eyes. This is clearly not the sort of evening she wanted. She
slumps herself down on the sofa and looks directly into the
CAMERA.

CHARLOTTE
I know what you're thinking.

JESSICA (O.S.)
(calling)
Where are your shot-glasses? Oh,
don't worry, found them!

We hear some bangs and crashing coming from the kitchen.

CHARLOTTE
But you can go upstairs like you
did last time. I don't mind.

CHARLOTTE smiles. JESSICA soon appears - a ball of energy.
Her smile drops.

JESSICA
Who were you talking to?

CHARLOTTE

...No one.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE EIGHT DAY

CHARLOTTE is on the sofa drinking a cup of coffee.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

I've got to go back to work today... I'm surprised they gave me so much time off. I used up all my holiday on the road trip...

CUT TO:

CHARLOTTE throws open the curtains and sits down on the sofa - she is dressed smartly. She looks directly at the camera.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I really don't want to go... I don't want to face everyone, you know... and their... It's alright for you, you don't have to deal with it... Consider yourself lucky, eh? I wish it was me, you know that, right?... It's harder being the one left behind... You bastard! (laughs)... I bet you did it on purpose, I know what you're like.

CHARLOTTE's face drops slightly and her demeanour changes.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I wish you were still here with me... I miss you so much.

CHARLOTTE stares at the CAMERA for a beat. Taking a deep breath, she attempts to psyche herself and plasters on a fake smile.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wish me luck!

CHARLOTTE gets up from the sofa.

CUT TO:

We see a photo frame sat on the table of CHARLOTTE and JOSH - her husband who recently died. They look happy together. The front door opens and closes.

THE END