

A GOOD OLD CATCH UP

by

Out on a Limb

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EXT. COUNTRY ROAD- EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF BEND IN COUNTRY ROAD.

AN OLD RED TELEPHONE BOX is visible to THE LEFT OF FRAME, just off to the side of the road. An old wooden fence and patch of forest sit behind it.

A car drives down the empty road, quickly disappearing into the distance.

CUT TO-- CLOSE UP ON PHONE IN TELEPHONE BOX. A hand comes into frame-- grabbing the phone.

PAN OUT TO REVEAL-- WOMAN, CLARA (20's). Blonde, pretty.

She brings the phone up to her ear, dials a number. Her face is marked with a vacant expression. The harsh winter cold causes her breath to visibly hit the glass of the box.

She lets the phone ring, waiting for the recipient to pick up.

The recipient eventually does--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Hello?

CLARA  
Scott.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
(concerned)  
Clara? Is that you?

CLARA  
Yeah, it's me.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
Mum told me you'd gone. Where are you, are you ok?

CLARA  
I'm fine.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
Can you tell me where you are,  
*please?*

CLARA

I'm fine.  
(beat)  
I'm just about to catch up with an  
old friend. I'll talk to you later.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Clara--

CLARA

Bye.

She hangs up the phone.

She opens the door and steps outside the telephone box.

EXT. PUB STREET- EVENING

Clara walks down the pedestrianized street, passing various  
pubs, bars, people.

She appears relaxed.

She comes to one bar in particular. Stopping. Registering the  
name.

She walks up to the entrance door.

She takes a moment. Then she walks in.

INT. BAR- EVENING

The layout is pretty decadent, with dimmish lighting, old,  
vintage furniture, grand portraits and antique style bracket  
lamps on the walls.

Clara sits alone at a table. Drink in front of her.

She observes others around her-- gatherings of friends,  
couples, families. Talking, laughing, having a good time.

She focuses on A COUPLE (20's) sitting a few tables over from  
her. Clearly on a date. The girl laughs as the guy puts his  
hand on top of hers.

Clara watches. Her feelings unclear to us.

After a moment, A GUY, AARON (20's), handsome, plumps himself  
down on the chair opposite Clara--

AARON

Hey.

Clara's face lights up.

CLARA  
Hey. You ok?

AARON  
Am now I've seen you.

Clara's smile widens.

Beat.

AARON (CONT'D)  
What you drinking?

CLARA  
Oh, just lemonade. Trying to be responsible.

AARON  
Yeah, you get a little crazy when you drink, don't you?

CLARA  
Sure do.

AARON  
Want another? I'm going up there.

CLARA  
No, no, I'm fine. Thank you.

AARON  
(smiles)  
'kay.

He gets up, walks away.

Clara watches him go. Smiling. Now evidently a little nervous.

CUT TO--

INT. SMALL CLUB- FLASH BACK- EVENING

INSERT-- SLOMO CLARA DANCING. On the dance floor with friends. Lights flashing. Upbeat, disco tech song playing.

She's smiling, having fun.

Her eyes travel across the room-- TOWARDS AARON. Who is leant up against a wall, drink in hand, talking to friends in a corner of the club.

He locks eyes with Clara. Smiling back at her.

Clara's friend picks up on it.

FRIEND

(to Clara)

I think someone likes you.

Clara reciprocates with her own smile. Continuing to dance.

CUT BACK TO--

INT. BAR- PRESENT- EVENING

Aaron returns to the table with a drink in his hand.

AARON

Your silver knight returns.

Clara smiles.

AARON (CONT'D)

(beat)

You know, I'm glad you called.

CLARA

Me too.

Beat.

AARON

So, what do you wanna do?

Clara leans forward.

CLARA

Well, I was thinking...

Aaron's eyes go from Clara to underneath the table.

His eyes widen.

He then looks back up at her.

CLARA (CONT'D)

You ever done it *here* before?

INT. TOILETS- BAR- EVENING

Clara walks into the women's toilets. She checks the cubicles. Empty.

She then heads back to the entrance door to the toilets. Brings Aaron in.

He follows her into one of the cubicles.

Clara shuts the door--

CUT TO-- CLOSE UP OF AARON AND CLARA tightly squeezed together in the cubicle.

The toilet is behind Aaron.

Aaron looks into Clara's eyes.

AARON

You sure you wanna do this?

CUT TO--

INT. SMALL CLUB- FLASH BACK- EVENING

Aaron and Clara stand together in a corner of the club. Both a little drunk. Laughing.

AARON

God you're funny. Ever thought about being a comedian?

CLARA

(laughing)

No, as if. I mean maybe, who knows what I'll be.

(beat)

What about you? Got any ideas about the future?

AARON

Not really, no. Kinda just want to be with you right now.

Clara blushes.

Beat.

AARON (CONT'D)

Hey, should we get out of here?

CLARA

(beat)

Yeah, ok.

Aaron takes her hand. Leads her out of the room.

CUT BACK TO--

INT. TOILETS- PRESENT- EVENING

Aaron and Clara are making out.

Aaron starts kissing Clara's neck.

CUT TO--

INT. LIVING ROOM- FLASH BACK- EVENING

Aaron and Clara make out on the sofa.

As they're making out:

AARON

You wanna go in the bedroom?

CLARA

No, its ok. Got the place to myself  
for the night.

AARON

Oh. Well in that case...

He keeps kissing her. Kissing her neck, collar bone--

CUT BACK TO--

INT. TOILETS- PRESENT- EVENING

Aaron has his hands all over Clara. She lets him have free  
rein.

Aaron begins to UNZIP HIS TROUSERS.

Clara's eyes open to the sound of the zip. They travel down  
towards his open trousers, working their way back up to his  
face.

CLARA

Hey Aaron?

AARON

(distracted)  
Yeah?

Clara takes her knee-- KNEES AARON IN THE BALLS.

Aaron groans.

Clara then HEAD BUTTS HIM-- he stumbles back, falling onto  
the toilet.

Clara pushes his head up, exposing his face-- PUNCHING HIM  
ACROSS THE FACE.

She then grips his hair-- THROWING HIM TO THE GROUND--  
KICKING HIM IN.

AARON (CONT'D)

*Please...*

Clara, full of rage, continues to beat him.

Just as it appears Aaron can take no more, THE ENTRANCE DOOR TO THE TOILETS IS HEARD OPENING AND CLOSING-- THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWING.

Clara stops the beating.

She listens as the footsteps cross the floor to a cubicle a few doors down, the door then being shut.

Clara pushes her door open a crack-- peers through, checking the coast is clear.

Once it's safe, she bends down to Aaron-- SPITS IN HIS FACE.

She gets up. Opens the door to the cubicle. Walks out. Leaving Aaron lying on the floor.

EXT. STREET- EVENING

Clara, her expression replicating that of the thousand yard stare, walks slowly down a backend street.

CLARA (V.O. PRE-LAP)

Aaron, wait. Aaron I don't-- Aaron,  
*what are you--*

CUT TO--

INT. LIVING ROOM- FLASH BACK- EVENING

Clara and Aaron are still on the sofa.

Aaron is trying to UNZIP CLARA'S TROUSERS--

CLARA

*Aaron, stop!*

AARON

(annoyed)  
Oh come on.

CLARA

*Please-- AARON!*

CUT BACK TO--



INT. STREET- PRESENT- EVENING

Clara continues down the street. Her memories of that night replay in her head for us to hear:

CLARA (V.O.)  
*PLEASE STOP!*

AARON (V.O.)  
*Just shut up already!*

CLARA (V.O.)  
(crying)  
*Please...*

A single tear drops from her eye.

EXT. HOUSING STREET- MORNING

A MAN (20's) walks down the street. Turning right into his property, coming through the gate--

He eyes something off-screen. Makes his way over to it.

ANGLE ON

CLARA SITTING ON THE DOORSTEP OF A TERRACED HOUSE.

She stares with numb eyes at the ground.

The man walks up to her:

MAN  
Clara?

CLARA  
Alright Scott.

Scott clocks her bloody hands.

SCOTT  
What did you--

CLARA  
I took care of it.

Scott, immediately clued in on the context, says nothing. Accepts it.

He takes a seat next to her.

Long beat.

Scott turns to face her.

SCOTT

Are you ok?

CLARA

I'm not sure.

Beat.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Can you drive me to Orchid?

Beat.

SCOTT

Are you sure?

CLARA

There's still protestors on Newbury Lane. One spat in a woman's face last week, said *don't be a whore if you can't handle the consequences.*

SCOTT

Christ.

(beat)

Are you one hundred percent sure about this?

Clara nods her head.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Ok then.

Scott stands up. Offers his hand to Clara.

She takes it. Scott pulls her up onto her feet.

ANGLE ON

SCOTT AND CLARA. Walking away from the house, down towards the gate.

Scott has his arm wrapped around Clara.

As they're walking--

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(re: Aaron)

Did you kill him at least?

CLARA

I don't think so.

SCOTT

Oh.  
(beat)  
That's disappointing.

Their figures recede into the distance and we--

FADE OUT--

Coming to--

THE END