

Screen Yorkshire Project

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First Draft

INT. 60S LOUNGE - EVENING

The room is colourful, filled with gaudy patterns on the walls and walnut coloured furniture lining the room. In the middle of the scene is a couch facing a TV that remains off-screen. The back of the TV can be seen but what is being watched cannot. There are pictures of a young couple lining the walls and the room is brightly lit. A fresh set of flowers in a crystal vase has been placed on a set of drawers in the back corner of the room, surrounded by even more framed pictures of the couple.

In the background, there are the recognisable sounds of a football game. Groans can be heard from the crowd as West Germany score the first goal of the 1966 World Cup Final.

ON SCREEN: 1966

Focussing on a couple sitting on the couch, SUSAN (18) is dressed in a polo neck and jeans and sits nicely next to her partner, ROBERT (19) who is dressed in the 1966 England strip. Susan starts to smirk next to him as he looks around at her and rolls his eyes.

ROBERT
Don't rub it in.

SUSAN
I wasn't gonna say anything!

ROBERT
Yes you were.

SUSAN
Can't help it. It's the Welsh in me.

ROBERT
You'll see.

SUSAN
Remember. There's two pound on the line here.

ROBERT
I have faith in my team.

INT. 60S LOUNGE - LATER

Robert's head is in his hands as he is leaning forward breathing heavy. He shakes his head as he looks between the floor and the TV. Susan is relaxed, leaning backwards tapping her fingers on her knee.

COMMENTATOR (O.S)
Geoff Hurst saw an opening in the defence-

ROBERT
Come on, come on, come on!

He begins to rise from his seat as the commentary continues.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)
-and achieves the hat-trick!

ROBERT
YEEEEEESSSSSS!!! COME ON ENGLAND!

Robert turns to Susan.

ROBERT
(clears throat)
So um, about that bet...

SUSAN
Ok, ok. Fair play. Enjoy it while
it lasts.

INT. 60S LOUNGE - NIGHT

A coffee table with a mound of edible brownies atop sits in the middle of the room. Susan sits on the couch with her hands flopped out in front of her. Robert is scoffing crisps in the background, the whole bag to himself. Susan taps him slowly, beckoning the crisps to be given to her. The two munch on their snacks.

COMMENTARY (O.S.)
The Eagle has landed.

ON SCREEN: 1969

ROBERT
Is it just me, or is time
going...really...really...slowly.
..

Susan slowly takes a sip of water and eats from a bag of crisps. She studies the crisp before putting it into her mouth and munching it curiously.

SUSAN
Huh-yeah...

Susan slowly taps the bag of crisps. Robert slowly looks at her smiling and makes the bag accessible for pickings.

Susan slowly crunches on a crisp.

ROBERT
We have come so far.

SUSAN
Us?

ROBERT
No...well yeah, we have. But
humanity.

SUSAN
Ooooh, yeah.

ROBERT
Like...we've actually landed on
the moon. THE MOON.

Susan crunches on another crisp and slowly nods.

SUSAN
Why are they taking so long?

ROBERT
Suppose it takes a while.

SUSAN
Yeah. Miles away.

ROBERT
Miles...

SUSAN
You think it's real?

ROBERT
The moon?

SUSAN
Of course the moon is real. I'm
on about the landing.

Robert points to the TV, clicking his fingers.

ROBERT
Are you not seeing what I'm
seeing?

SUSAN
Yeah, but y'know. What if...it
was staged.

ROBERT
Nahhhhhhh, no way.

SUSAN
Could be.

COMMENTARY (O.S)
This is one small step for man...
One giant leap for mankind...

ROBERT
Woah.

SUSAN
Woah.

INT. 70S LOUNGE - DAY

The room is a plethora of colour. The room's carpet is a garish mix of the 70s style of colour. The room has the same layout as before with the couch, pictures and flowers staying in the same place. Only the small furnishings have changed.

ON SCREEN: 1975

Robert is attempting to solve a Rubik's cube as Susan 'back-seats'.

SUSAN

No, you've got to twist it that way.

ROBERT

I am twisting it.

SUSAN

You're making it worse.

Robert drops the Rubik's cube into Susan's lap, nonchalantly.

Susan picks up the Rubik's cube. She does not fiddle with it but begins observing it from strange angles.

ROBERT

No, I can't leave it alone. Give it 'ere.

Robert snatches the Rubik's cube from Susans hands.

Susan sits back, upset.

Robert continues to fiddle and interrogate the Rubik's cube.

SUSAN

Where is this going?

ROBERT

Right now, bloody nowhere.

SUSAN

No, not the fucking cube. *Us*.

Robert pauses.

He sets the Rubik's cube on the coffee table.

SUSAN

You never think about kids?

ROBERT

They're alright, aren't they?

SUSAN

NO. I mean, why haven't we talked about them?

ROBERT
Well... it just never comes up.

SUSAN
Sometimes, I just wonder if you
even want them.

ROBERT
What? No. I just thought we were
comfortable right now is all.

Susan sinks into the sofa.

ROBERT
I mean, Susan. Of course I want
kids with you sweetheart. You
know that, right?

SUSAN
Every time I bring it up, you
just go quiet. Do you even care
about us?

Robert caresses Susan's hand.

ROBERT
Darling, of course I do. When we
talk about the future, it's with
you or nothing.

Susan smiles but there is no real happiness. Her eyes are
soft and sad, she does not believe him.

SUSAN
Ok.

INT. 70S LOUNGE - DAY

The room remains empty and silently as only the TV speaks to
itself.

ON SCREEN: 1977

NEWS REPORTER
Good Morning. Elvis Presley died
yesterday, he was 42. Apparently
it was a heart attack.

Susan runs in from off-screen with her breakfast bowl still
in her hand. She sits on the couch as her face softens and
she sits down slowly. She places her bowl down with a THUD.

SUSAN
Robert! Elvis is fucking dead.

ROBERT (O.S)
WHAT?!

Robert walks in finally and sits down next to her, his breakfast bowl also in his hand. Robert continues to eat as Susan's hands are on her cheeks - pure shock.

ROBERT
Fuck off...

SUSAN
God, life is short, huh?

The two remain in silent for a beat.

Robert stares at Susan for a lingering moment.

ROBERT
Well, anyway. Moving on.

SUSAN
(sarcastically)
You're heartless.

ROBERT
Well, he had a good life. He was the King for christ's sake.

SUSAN
Yeah but he was still so young.

ROBERT
Worse things have happened.

SUSAN
Jesus, Robert. Like what?

ROBERT
Right, anyway. Do you want a cuppa tea?

INT. 80S LOUNGE - NIGHT

The walls are adorned with movie posters: JAWS, PSYCHO, TAXI DRIVER and STAR WARS: A NEW HOPE. The dining table in the background is filled with snacks, biscuits and breadsticks with dip.

The framed pictures are still the same, but dusty.

ON SCREEN: 1980

Robert is sitting on his own on the sofa, twiddling his thumbs as he wears his stormtrooper mask.

ROBERT
(shouting)
Susan! Are you ready?

The door swings open as Susan enters the room wearing a STAR TREK shirt and pointed ears. Her hands are in a Vulcan salute as she takes her place next to Robert on the couch.

SUSAN

May the force be with you.

Robert's face is a picture. His eyes are wide and his brows are raised. He starts to shake his head vigorously.

ROBERT

No, no, no, no, no. All wrong.
All very very wrong.

SUSAN

What? You said Star Wars cosplay.

ROBERT

YES... STAR. WARS.

SUSAN

What?

You are dressed as a STAR TREK character!

SUSAN

Oh...

Robert bursts into laughter.

ROBERT

Aww darling.

SUSAN

I tried my best.

STORMTROOPER ROBERT walks over to Susan and hugs her.

ROBERT

I wouldn't have you any other way.

INT. 80S LOUNGE - LATER

The ground is covered with some odd pieces of popcorn as Robert and Susan sit cuddling each other, completely enamoured by the film.

LUKE SKYWALKER (O.S.)

AGHHHHHHHHH

Susan squeezes Roberts arm.

DARTH VADER (O.S.)

There is no escape. Don't make me destroy you.

SUSAN
Oh my god, do you reck--

ROBERT
Shh!

SUSAN
(whispering)
Oo- sorry.

DARTH VADER (O.S)
No, I am your father.

DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYS

ROBERT
Holy shit.

LUKE SKYWALKER
That's not true! That's
impossible!

SUSAN
Holy shi-

Robert and Susan stare, jaws dropped.

ROBERT
Shhhh. You'll never understand.

Susan sinks into the sofa.

SUSAN
I'm being serious!

ROBERT
This has been six years in the
making.

SUSAN
I know!

ROBERT
A flawless film.

SUSAN
I am appreciating it!

ROBERT
George Lucas knows what he's
doing.

Susan aggressively Vulcan salutes at Robert, as if putting
her middle finger up normally.

Robert does not notice.

SUSAN
 (mutters)
 Star Trek is better anyway.

Robert slowly turns to Susan. A mask of speechlessness spread across his face.

INT. 90S LOUNGE - 11PM

A singular banner placed above the couch reads: HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The room is minimalist with some blankets and cushions adorning the couch. The lamps are giving off a golden hue, the room silent and unnerving.

ON SCREEN: NEW YEARS EVE 1999

Robert and Susan stumble through the door. Robert is wearing a party hat with a party horn in his mouth and has a couple of party poppers in his hands. He is wearing a necklace with a wedding ring as the amulet. Susan is not wearing the same, only a classy black dress. They both sit on the couch.

SUSAN
 God, I'm glad we left. Much
 prefer welcoming in the New Year,
 just us two.

A quick peck between the two of them. Susan turns around and lies in Robert's lap.

SUSAN
 Okay, let's check those numbers.

Robert, moving from under Susan awkwardly, fishes out a brand new lottery ticket with various numbers circled. He grabs the remote control and switches the TV on.

LOTTERY HOST (O.S)
 So, your numbers tonight.
 (a beat)
 28.
 (a beat)
 7.

SUSAN
 Oooo, we have 7.

LOTTERY HOST
 31.
 (a beat)
 11.
 (a beat)
 2.
 (a beat)
 55.

ROBERT

We got two numbers! That's two
quid in my pocket.

SUSAN

Our pocket. Well, actually... you
can have it.

ROBERT

What? Why?

Susan winks.

SUSAN

Paying you back on that 30 year
old debt.

ROBERT

I'm confused.

SUSAN

Remember the World Cup final?

ROBERT

Sounds good to me.

Robert switches the TV channel.

The CHIMES of BIG BEN take over the sound in the house.

RING RING

Robert reaches into his pocket, taking out a Nokia phone.

SUSAN

Who is it?

ROBERT

One sec. It's my sister.

Robert answers the phone.

ROBERT

(on the phone)

Hey, what's up?

(beat)

I just thought it was better to
go home, wanted to celebrate wi--

(beat)

You don't need me there.

(beat)

Look. You enjoy your night your
way, I'll enjoy my night my way.
Happy new year sis.

Robert frustratingly hangs up the phone and throws it at the
wall.

Susan doesn't register his frustration.

SUSAN
Come on, come on, come on. It's
almost time.

Robert takes a deep breath.

SUSAN
Come on babe.
(beat)
Together. Ready?

Robert smiles.

SUSAN	ROBERT
10...9...8...7...6...5...4. ..3...2...1.	10...9...8...7...6...5...4.. .3...2...1.

SUSAN	ROBERT
Happy New Year!	Happy New Year!

The two embrace and welcome the new millennium together.
Robert pulls his party popper.

ROBERT
Happy New Year, love.

Robert leans in for a New Years kiss as the scene suddenly
HALTS.

Robert is now alone. The banner falls down and sinks behind
the couch. His eyes fill with tears. He looks down into his
hands full of confetti and the party horn. He looks over at
the dusty photos as sadness fills him completely.

There is a focus on his necklace. He walks around and sits
down on the sofa. He is absolutely defeated.