

WAVES CRASHING UPON HER

Written by

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EXT. SEASHORE - DAY

The blue seaside on a winter morning. The waves calmly crash on the shore where a small, childlike human shape stands covered by a drained white embroidered sheet.

INT. AUDREY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

AUDREY, 51, tired traits and dull complexion, diligently completes a crosswords magazine. She sips in her coffee.

Audrey is grounded and rarely steps outside her comfort zone. She leads a quiet, countryside life, cherishing its simplicity and calm.

Audrey's phone rings. She picks it up.

Audrey pulls her head back slightly as children scream on the other end of the phone.

EMMY (O.S.)

Aud! Are you still coming tonight?
Can you pass by the store to pick-up Miles' present?

AUDREY

Sure.

EMMY (O.S.)

Also, did you have a look at the holiday plan Eddie put together?

AUDREY

Umm, yeh.

EMMY (O.S.)

Did you?

Emmy sighs.

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

You should come Aud.

AUDREY

Will it be by the seaside?

Both remain silent for a moment.

EMMY (O.S.)

The boys are always asking about you Aud.

INT. AUDREY'S HOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Audrey opens a cupboard. From it, she grabs a storage box from which she delicately pulls out a white adorned sheet. Hesitantly, she brings it closer to her. She smells it. Her mouth shivers.

INT. PICKUP CAR - NIGHT

Audrey drives along a quiet, forest-lined road. A huge and colourfully wrapped box sits on the passenger seat.

She turns on the radio, the music barely filling the silence.

Suddenly, a deer leaps into the road. Audrey gasps, slamming the brakes but the sound of an impact echoes.

She pulls over, her hands gripping the steering wheel. Her breath comes quick, uneven. She reaches over, switches off the radio.

Silence.

Audrey sits there, motionless. Her grip softens as her breathing slowly steadies. She stares ahead, thoughtful.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Audrey steps out of the car. Behind, the deer stands unharmed, its accusing eyes fixed on her.

Audrey holds her breath, moving cautiously closer.

She freezes.

A fawn lies in the road, gasping for air.

The deer inches closer, distressed. It sniffs the fawn softly, then nudges it with its nose. Audrey reels back, her face twisting in shock.

Audrey paces in confusion, clutching her head.

After a pause, she gathers herself and steps forward, hands trembling, reaching out in a gesture of quiet reassurance.

The deer leaps back, pausing before cautiously stepping forward again in a menacing manner.

She crouches and marks another step forward. The deer, sensing danger, takes another step back, its body tense.