

# **T R I C K N O T**

by

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NATE (CONT'D)

Is that ok? There's water as well.

He opens the bag so she can see inside.

Sam watches Nate without giving anything away.

NATE (CONT'D)

If there's something you'd prefer I  
can go back inside -

He looks up to see she's watching him and goes quiet.

4 **EXT. TOWN CENTRE. NIGHT.**

4

Nate walks a step behind Sam eating the chips as they pass through the town centre. It's the end of the night, the pubs are on their final round.

Sam takes in the surroundings.

5 **EXT. PARK. NIGHT.**

5

It's quieter away from the centre. Nate's not feeling the cold whereas Sam remains clutching her sides.

NATE

Do you want my coat?

Sam doesn't respond.

Nate sighs and stops. He takes his coat off and holds it out for Sam.

NATE (CONT'D)

Here. *Take it.*

Sam stops.

After a moments hesitation she takes the coat and puts it on.

NATE (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell me what I  
did?

She looks blankly back at him, then turns to enter the park.

There's a *whistle* followed by a *crack* -

The sky lights up with sparks.

Sam walks onwards, her eyes aimed upwards to the fireworks that have started above. She doesn't realise that she's walked off the path and onto the grass.

A gap has emerged between the two as Sam walks further out onto the grass, looking up at the lights with awe. Nate watches her from the path.

*POP - CRACK - BANG!*

Sadness descends on Sam. She lowers her head, focusing on what's ahead of her instead of above.

Nate watches her from the path.

*CRACK - BANG - POP!*

The park is boarded by houses. Most have their lights off, but there are still windows with flickers of life.

Sam stops.

*BANG - POP - CRACK!*

Behind, Nate waits beside a bench watching Sam.

Sam looks over to him. Her eyes are drawn to the bench he's stood beside.

There's one long, final *whistle*, followed by a *POP!*

6

**EXT. PARK BENCH. NIGHT.**

6

Sam is sitting beside Nate on the bench. Nate's cold and shivers as a breeze passes - Sam avoids looking at him, aware that he's watching her.

NATE

Was it because I left my phone on the table?

Nothing.

NATE (CONT'D)

Because you know I only do that because it's uncomfortable in my pocket when I'm sitting down. Maybe I should put it face down in future so I don't see the notifications. So I'm sorry I didn't do that.

Nate looks over at her expectantly -

But there's no reaction from Sam.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Is this because I don't eat  
pudding?

Sam raises her eyebrows and Nate laughs a little to himself.

NATE (CONT'D)  
I've told you before if you want  
pudding you should order it! I  
don't even mind pretending it's for  
me - I'm just not a pudding person.  
I don't like cakey stuff.

(pause)

You know, I don't even think I can  
manage three courses - and I like  
starter, main course, rather than  
main course, pudding. There's a  
sense of finality about a main  
course - it feels like the end.  
It's like when you go to a gig -  
you have the warmup acts, which is  
the starter, and then the person  
you came to see - that's the main  
course. The pudding is kinda like  
the encore, but at a gig you get  
more of the main course. They don't  
bring out a whole new act because  
most people would go home.

Nothing.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Am I close?

Sam looks at him.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Will you tell me if I get it right?

She looks away; he smiles to himself.

NATE (CONT'D)  
I think I'd be able to tell. I know  
all your expressions -

Sam looks at him blankly.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Except this - I find this hard.

She looks away. Nate looks at her as he thinks -

NATE (CONT'D)

You were still talking to me at the end of the meal. So it must have been when we were in the bar...

An idea comes to him -

NATE (CONT'D)

Was it when we were talking about the film and you said you didn't think it made sense?

(pause)

Did I sound patronising when I was trying to explain it? Because I find the line between debating and arguing is different for everyone and sometimes I'm not sure whether we've crossed it or not. I thought we were debating but now I'm wondering whether we were actually arguing...

A beat.

NATE (CONT'D)

I think you would have told me that though. I can usually tell if I've said something stupid and I can't remember a time tonight like that.

(pause)

So it must be something I've done...

Nate tails off, thinking -

He *groans* as he jumps to his feet and walks a couple of metres away from Sam, rubbing his sides to keep warm.

He turns back to look at her, burying his hands into his pockets and hopping on the spot.

A beat.

Nate walks a few strides down the path, then turns on the spot and comes back at a canter in an attempt to keep warm - Sam ignores him.

NATE (CONT'D)

Can you remember the night we met? We came to this bench to be alone and talk. It was New Years and you were cold, so I lent you my coat.

He looks down to the ground, walks a few paces and stops.

NATE (CONT'D)  
You were sick here.  
(pause)  
Wait... No.

He walks a couple more paces and points to the ground again.

NATE (CONT'D)  
*Here.*

Nate looks up with a smile to see Sam's watching, unimpressed.

NATE (CONT'D)  
I had to pretty much carry you home.

He walks back to the bench and sits beside Sam.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Someone told me which street you lived on but they didn't know the number - and you weren't speaking any sense. So I rang every door until someone claimed you.

Nate laughs - a smile creeps onto Sam's face. She dips her head to hide it.

NATE (CONT'D)  
It's taken me nearly 7 years to persuade your dad it wasn't my fault - and I still think he blames me! I think it's because you lost one your grandmother's earrings that night.

A beat.

Sam is completely still, her head in her hands.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Can you not tell me what I did? I'm sure I didn't mean it.

Nate leans in and puts his arm around Sam. He can see she's staring at a spot on the ground, thinking...

NATE (CONT'D)  
I'm cold. And desperate for the toilet.

He laughs to himself - a little smile creeps out of Sam, she attempts to suppress it.

NATE (CONT'D)

I just want to be in bed where it's  
snug and warm.

He puts his hand to Sam's cheek.

She shuts her eyes and gently leans against it. For a moment she looks at peace; calm and content...

But it doesn't last long as she moves away, shrugging Nate's arm off her.

Nate sighs. He stands up, knocking the carrier bag on the ground, and walks away from the bench again to keep warm. He looks uncomfortable, his hands are back in his pockets but can be seen fiddling around his crotch -

There's a tree standing alone in the distance, rustling in the wind.

Nate heads towards it.

Sam watches as he becomes blurred in the darkness - she hears birds, disturbed by his presence, flying out of the tree as he gets closer.

She loses sight of him.

A beat before a gust of wind blows and the carrier bag blows away -

It lands on the pavement.

Sam gets up to pick it up, but it moves away from her onto the grass.

She goes after it, despite it being hard to see. She can hear it *crinkle* - it's not far away.

The night swallows her as she follows the sound further and further away from the path -

But it's no use. It's gone.

7

**INT. PARK EDGE. NIGHT.**

7

A sudden breeze passes through Sam, making her feel cold. She's about to turn back when she hears something.

A voice - *humming*.



She turns to see the feint glow of a cigarette, an illuminated dot in the darkness, held by a MAN walking about aimlessly in the distance. He moves strangely, like he's dancing to his own tune.

It's hard to see his features, his silhouette is just visible.

Sam watches with curiosity, listening to him sing to himself. There's no obvious melody, just a series of notes interrupted by heavy breaths.

He suddenly stops facing Sam and takes a long drag.

They stare at each other for a moment - his eyes are in shadow but he's facing towards her and standing completely still with smoke spilling from his mouth.

He stubs out the cigarette and starts to stagger forwards, *mumbling* - it becomes clear he's drunk and struggling to stand upright.

Sam looks increasingly worried as he gets closer, but remains fixed to the spot - almost paralysed with fear.

He wobbles with each step, fighting for balance; Sam does nothing but watch him.

The man trips -

And hits the ground 10 metres or so in front of her.

He continues to inaudibly mumble to himself on the floor as he tries to pick himself back to his feet, but eventually gives up and crashes out onto his back, laughing.

He starts to hum to himself again, picking up where he left off.

8

**EXT. PARK TREE. NIGHT.**

8

Nate is knelt beside the tree, inspecting the ground - it's full of rubbish; empty bottles and cigarette butts. He looks up as Sam appears.

NATE

Look at all this shit. I can't remember us leaving it like this when we used to come here.

(pause)

I suppose we were always pissed when we left.

He looks up at Sam.

NATE (CONT'D)

I used to come here to get away from things that just seem trivial now. But I guess time rationalises things... I don't know whether that's growth or decline.

Nate's quiet for a moment then starts to pick up the bottles littered across the ground.

Sam watches him for a moment then crouches down to help.

Nate glances up and smiles; Sam puts her head down.

They tidy the space together, silently assisting each other as a pile between them grows.

Nate picks something up and exhales, surprised -

Sam looks up to see Nate inspecting something small in his hand.

He moves towards her -

NATE (CONT'D)

Someone left an earring.

He puts an earring in Sam's outstretched hand.

Sam looks at it with a mix of amazement and confusion. She holds it in her fingers, twisting and turning it to get a better look.

NATE (CONT'D)

What shall we do with it?

A beat.

NATE (CONT'D)

I could put a message on social media asking if anyone knows someone missing an earring?

She puts the earring back down on the ground and stands.

NATE (CONT'D)

You're going to leave it here?

Sam picks up her share of the empty bottles then walks to Nate.

SAM

She'll come back.

Nate smiles hearing Sam's voice; he wants to say something in return but there's something about the way she looks at him - with totality - that stops him.

He ends up nodding as they turn and walk back to the bench, leaving the earring behind.

CUT.

**END.**