

SAMPLE:

**A RATIONAL FEAR OF WATER
(screenplay)**

by

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EXT. THE THAMES - NIGHT (PAST)

TITLE: "One month anniversary."

We float in the river again. The lamp light, lights from ships and the Millennium Eye, all mixing in a torrent of reflection and waves.

EXT. THE GOLDEN JUBILEE BRIDGE - NIGHT (PAST)

The bridge is nearly empty, except for a lone busker playing an acoustic guitar. Phillip, a bit pissed, dances about as he sings. Morgan follows him, not dancing.

PHILLIP

(sings)

WON'T MIND.

AND MY FATHER WON'T SPITE YOU.

MORGAN

What are you doing?

PHILLIP

(sings)

FOR YOUR--

Singing - I'm singing--

FOR YOUR LACK OF KIND.

Phillip lifts himself on the railing. Morgan takes an unconsciously protective step towards him.

MORGAN

Is this Irish? Dark Irish?

PHILLIP

(sings)

AND SHE STEPPED AWAY FROM--

Phillip darts away from the rail, spinning by Morgan.

MORGAN

Your heritage? You're silly--

PHILLIP

Yes I am!

(sings)

AND SHE - HE - **HE** STEPPED AWAY FROM ME,
AND THIS **HE** DID SAY.

MORGAN

Phillip.

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PHILLIP
(sings)
IT WILL NOT BE LONG LOVE,
TIL OUR WEDDING DAY.
There.

MORGAN
There?

PHILLIP
(short beat)
Fuck me I love this city at night.

A Euro-Rail train passes behind them. The sound is deafening, so they take in the city as the train passes.

MORGAN
(pointing)
I was born just there. St. Thomas.

PHILLIP
Patron St. of hospitals?

MORGAN
No. Patron St. of rivers and trains and nights and--

PHILLIP
Anniversary dinners - and you and your hair falling in front of your eyes and I can't see you--

Phillip moves to Morgan and moves his hair out of his eyes. Morgan grabs him and picks him up.

MORGAN
AND WE'RE ALL ALONE!

PHILLIP
THANK FUCK!!

Morgan puts him down. Phillip laughs and coughs a bit.

PHILLIP (cont'd)
You were born just there and now we live just there - We shouldn't be this happy--

MORGAN
And why not, Mr. Kingsley-Martin?

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PHILLIP
What will we have to live for? To look forward to?

MORGAN
You.

PHILLIP
Awe.

MORGAN
Why are you happy?

PHILLIP
You don't need to ask.

MORGAN
(mocking Phillip's voice)
Jus' curious 's all.

Morgan walks closer to Phillip.

PHILLIP
Don't make fun o' my voice.

MORGAN
Then tell me--

PHILLIP
Cause it's two a.m. and I'm happy for the first month of my mildly awful east London existence. And fuck it. If I want to dance on the Golden fucking Jubilee Bridge with my boyfriend, then I will.

(beat)
This is funny. I never - when I was small - a kid or whatever - I would never have thought of any of this. The wind. This fucking bridge - how it used to wobble - the river - and you. Like you are.

From a shadow far off down the bridge, a THIRD MAN (40's cockney, not dirty) appears. He looks a bit suspicious.

MORGAN
How am I?

THIRD MAN
How are you? How are you both?

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PHILLIP

What?

(turning to the man)

Hallo.

THIRD MAN

Evening - or morning is it?

MORGAN

Come on.

THIRD MAN

Nah - stay lads. Hoping you could help me with something--

MORGAN

Don't have any change mate--

THIRD MAN

When did we get to be fucking mates?

MORGAN

Nothing - forget it.

PHILLIP

What you doing?

THIRD MAN

What? You mean with my life or like my philosophies in action or something - Not much mate. Just doin' my job is all.

PHILLIP

What's that then?

THIRD MAN

Robber. Burglar. Highwayman of sorts. Bridge-man on this particular evening - Boys...I hate to do this to a couple of love birds like yourselves. But, I'm afraid I'm gunna be requiring your wallets and that. Yeh?

PHILLIP

I must warn you - I have a black belt.

THIRD MAN

In what?

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PHILLIP

Does it matter?
(third Man growls)
Gucci. Ha.

THIRD MAN

I don't want to hit you or hurt you.

MORGAN

That's refreshing--

THIRD MAN

I will, if you don't keep him in line.

MORGAN

Don't touch him.

THIRD MAN

Oh, It is love then?
(Morgan smiles at him)
Nice to see. Gives me hope and that -
watches too.

PHILLIP

Don't wear one.

THIRD MAN

Right city boy like you - no watch?

Phillip shows his wrists. Nothing.

PHILLIP

I'm from Hackney.

THIRD MAN

Shit. I'm from Croydon, m'self. But,
the good bit.

MORGAN

Should you be identifying yourself?

THIRD MAN

You won't go to the police.

MORGAN

We won't?

THIRD MAN

Too much trouble, doll face. Now excuse
me boys, but you'll like this bit.

The man laughs and grabs Phillip patting him down.

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Hey-- PHILLIP THIRD MAN
Don't get excited now,
sweetheart. *

MORGAN
You got it all mate--

THIRD MAN
(he moves towards Morgan)
We'll see--

MORGAN
You got enough.

The Third Man gets within arm's distance of Morgan.

THIRD MAN
Listen - this has been a laugh till now -
don't get all touchy - right?

Hey/ Morgan-- PHILLIP MORGAN
Don't. *

THIRD MAN (cont'd)
What you got Morgan?

MORGAN
Please.

The Third Man grabs Morgan quickly by the neck, pulls Morgan's hand out of his coat pocket. Morgan clutches a small box.

THIRD MAN
I don't want to hit you mate. I'm non
violent by nature--

MORGAN
You can't have this. Fucking hit me--

THIRD MAN
Cough up!

PHILLIP
Jesus.

MORGAN
Listen.
(pushes Third Man off him)
You can hit me. If you want to. You can--
-

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THIRD MAN

I will kick your fucking head in--

MORGAN

If you have to, but you can't take this--

PHILLIP

Morgan--

THIRD MAN

What's in the box?

*

MORGAN (cont'd)

Nothing.

THIRD MAN

What's in the box?

MORGAN

A ring - rings.

THIRD MAN

Rings? Valuable?

MORGAN

No.

THIRD MAN

Don't fuck with me--

MORGAN

Just simple little silver rings.

THIRD MAN

(offering no option)

Show me.

Morgan opens the box. Shows the rings.

THIRD MAN (cont'd)

Yep. Simple silver rings.

MORGAN

What you have is valuable - I had--

THIRD MAN

Shut it. The ring for him?

MORGAN

(without thinking)

Yes.

THIRD MAN

And the other for you?

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MORGAN
Yes.

PHILLIP
What?

THIRD MAN
You hadn't - Why haven't you given them
to him?

MORGAN
I wanted to, out here.

THIRD MAN
Not at dinner?

MORGAN
No.

THIRD MAN
It's fucking late, mate - late in the day
for rings. Yeh?

MORGAN
I guess.

THIRD MAN
This is some kind of wedding shit?

MORGAN
Well--

PHILLIP
IS IT?

MORGAN
I dunno. I got them because I love him--
(to Phillip)
You - Phillip. I don't know what they
mean. I don't care. I saw them. You
lack them. You'll have them. If he
takes them, I'll get you--

PHILLIP
Us--

MORGAN
Us another--

THIRD MAN
What kind of a cunt would I be - I took
your rings?

(MORE)

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THIRD MAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Keep your rings lads. Keep'em.

MORGAN

Thank you--

THIRD MAN

Guess I did fuck up the surprise of it though, didn't I?

MORGAN

Yeh a bit.

THIRD MAN

Sorry mate. All right, apologies - right I'm off then. Have a nice night boys. Night.

PHILLIP

Night.

MORGAN

Good night.

Phillip coughs. Third Man heads off. Pause. Morgan and Phillip stare at each other in silence. They begin to laugh, which escalates into hysterics.

PHILLIP

You were so - so tough and whatever--

MORGAN

Was I? Did I look butch?

PHILLIP

Of course dear...Well go on then--

MORGAN

What?

PHILLIP

Propose - you fuck! Nearly get your head kicked in--

MORGAN

He was nice about it though.

(kneeling)

Phillip Kingsley-Martin, will you take this ring and wear it as long as you so choose?

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PHILLIP

I will. Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan Layamon
Kingsley-Martin--

MORGAN

No - it's Phillip Kingsley-Martin-
Layamon.

PHILLIP

What long names our children will have.

Phillip coughs, but smiles through it.

MORGAN

What beautiful children.

PHILLIP

What lucky children.

Morgan puts the ring on Phillip's finger and then his on
himself.

PHILLIP (cont'd)

Thank you. I...love...you...First
time...I've said that. Fuck. Took
twenty-one years.

They kiss, exultant, complete. Phillip pulls away.

PHILLIP (cont'd)

I want to go swimming.

MORGAN

Swimming?

PHILLIP

Yeh - let's go.

(re: the river)

I used to swim in it when I was a kid.

MORGAN

I can't swim.

PHILLIP

At all?

MORGAN

None.

PHILLIP

Well I hope you trust me then.

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MORGAN

It's the fucking Thames - it's fucking filthy--

PHILLIP

Don't care.

Phillip takes off his jacket.

MORGAN

You're mad--

PHILLIP

In love.

MORGAN

This is stupid.

PHILLIP

So you'll do it?

MORGAN

I can't swim. Phillip.

PHILLIP

Trust me.

A long pause. They look at each other. They know each other.

MORGAN

Let's do it.

They climb on to the railing. They command the whole city. They look at each other. They kiss. They jump off the bridge. They fall through the air down the fifteen meters to the water. They hit the dark water. SPLASH.

UNDER WATER. In the filth that lingers in the romanticized Thames, Morgan and Phillip search for each other. They find each other and surface, Morgan clinging to Phillip. They can't speak, the moment is magical, religious.

CUT TO:

SAMPLE PAGES :

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INT. MORGAN'S FLAT, BATHROOM

Morgan lays underwater, staring at the ceiling. He surfaces, exhaling.

CUT TO: