

White

Written by

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INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

A kettle coming to boil.

Breakfast.

A man and woman, both in their late 60s/early 70s are having breakfast.

The man, HAROLD, is reading the paper.

The woman, SHIELA, is at the counter washing some dishes.

The radio is on, playing gentle classical music.

The kettle is boiling.

The ringing pierces.

SHIELA takes it off the boil.

HAROLD shuffles the paper. SHIELA smiles.

The radio crackles, stopping the music.

RADIO

(V.O)

This is an Emergency Broadcast.
This country has been.....
Communications have been severely
dis...

More static.

RADIO (CONT'D)

(V.O)

...stay calm and stay in your
house.

SHIELA looks at HAROLD who is unfazed.

SHIELA looks at the window. SHIELA looks down at her hands.

A rumble.

White.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

A kettle coming to boil.

Breakfast.

A man and woman, both in their late 60s/early 70s are having breakfast.

The man, HAROLD, is reading the paper.

The woman, SHIELA, is at the counter washing some dishes.

The radio is on, playing gentle classical music.

The kettle is boiling.

The ringing pierces.

SHIELA takes it off the boil.

SHIELA looks confused. This has happened before.

She looks at HAROLD.

HAROLD shuffles the paper.

She walks to the radio.

The radio crackles, stopping the music.

RADIO

(V.O)

This is an Emergency Broadcast.
This country has been.....
Communications have been severely
dis...

More static.

RADIO (CONT'D)

(V.O)

...stay calm and stay in your
house.

She touches HAROLD on the shoulder.

The rumble.

White.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

A kettle coming to boil.

Breakfast.

The radio is on, playing gentle classical music.

The kettle is boiling.

The ringing pierces.

SHIELA hurriedly takes it off the boil. She looks at HAROLD.

HAROLD shuffles the paper.

SHIELA
HAROLD. Honey.

HAROLD doesn't look up from the newspaper.

The radio crackles, stopping the music.

RADIO
(V.O)
This is an Emergency Broadcast.
This country has been.....
Communications have been severely
dis...

More static.

SHIELA turns off the radio.

She walks to HAROLD.

She touches HAROLD on the shoulder.

She looks at the newspaper.

The headline on the front page is nonsense.

Words mixed up.

The rumble.

White.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

A kettle coming to boil.

SHIELA hurriedly takes it off the boil. She looks at HAROLD.

SHIELA
HAROLD. Something isn't right.

SHIELA walks towards HAROLD.

SHIELA looks closely at the front page.

It reads:

'SHIELA THOMPSON. DATE OF BIRTH: 22/08/43.'

'SYNOPSIS OF THE CASE: Patient admitted for lump on the
..... Tests indicate....'

The paper says nothing coherent after that.

A picture of SHIELA and HAROLD embracing is on the front page
accompanying the headline.

The radio crackles, stopping the music.

RADIO
(V.O)
This is an Emergency Broadcast.
This country has been.....

SHIELA turns off the radio.

She touches HAROLD on the shoulder.

SHIELA
HAROLD. I am scared.

HAROLD looks up from the paper.

HAROLD
I know. But we can do this
together.

SHIELA steps back. She is crying.

The rumble.

White.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

A kettle coming to boil.

SHIELA hurriedly takes it off the boil. She looks at HAROLD. She turns off the radio.

Walking over to HAROLD she reads the front page again, but takes it away from him.

HAROLD looks confused.

SHIELA

HAROLD. What is happening?

HAROLD

We will get through it together.

SHIELA

Get through it? Tell me, what is happening here.

HAROLD

This is our fight. I will support you, and so will ALEX, and SARA, and the grandkids.

SHIELA stands still.

SHIELA

ALEX. SARA. FREYA and JOSEPH.

She turns the bracelet that is on her wrist, clutching it tightly.

HAROLD turns the radio on.

There is static.

SHIELA (CONT'D)

Don't.

HAROLD

But how are we meant to stop this?

There is the rumble.

It shakes longer.

White.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

A kettle coming to boil.

SHIELA leaves it alone.

The radio is on, playing gentle, classical music.

SHIELA walks out of the kitchen.

HAROLD shuffles the newspaper.

A phone starts ringing.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

A clean, friendly living room. Sofas, tidied cushions.

The phone is ringing.

SHIELA walks to it and picks it up.

The phone keeps ringing.

She looks at the mirror.

Her clothes are different.

It is a hospital gown.

She is gaunt. Pale.

She turns away and looks again.

She is back to normal.

SHIELA looks outside. At the birds, singing.

She leaves the living room.

The outside is calm.

But there is the rumble.

And the white.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

A kettle coming to boil.

SHIELA walks out of the kitchen.

HAROLD shuffles the newspaper.

A phone starts ringing.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY. MORNING.

SHIELA walks up the stairs. There are family photos on the wall.

The phone is getting louder.

The bedroom door is ajar. The ringing phone is coming from there.

SHIELA walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

The phone is ringing on the bedside table. The bed is made, tidy.

SHIELA sits on the bed and picks up the phone.

SHIELA
Hello...?

VOICE
SHIELA. I am here. Please...

The voice sounds upset, broken.

SHIELA
HAROLD? But I...

The rumble.

The white.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

A kettle coming to boil.

SHIELA walks out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

The phone is ringing.

SHIELA picks it up.

Nothing.

The rumble.

White.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

The bedroom looks different. Darker.

The weather is overcast.

HAROLD is kneeling by the bed. He is holding a hand.

The hand belongs to SHIELA.

HAROLD

SHIELA. I am here. Please...

We can hear the ambulance sirens now.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

The radio is playing gentle classical music.

It stops.

CUT TO BLACK.

END