

THE BREAK SERIES III

"Gloss"

Written by

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"Gloss"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BUS STOP. 08.35 - DAY

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Someone is crying. We hear her wretched tears as we pan through the quiet Glasgow square in winter to the bus stop.

GEMMA (V.O.)

So I'm not even worth speaking to now?
Just call me back, OK? Please.

We reach GEMMA, hunched on the kerb, pleading into a phone. She looks a bit of a mess - hair beginning to come down where she's run her hands through it, pile of folders and gloves strewn to one side.

GEMMA

You owe me that much.

Pan slowly away from Gemma and down the street in one smooth movement until we reach her close, where Gemma's elbow is already emerging through the door, levering it open. The elbow is followed by the rest of Gemma, walking backwards, protected by NEAT WINTER COAT, SCARF, and GLOVES, arms full of BRIGHT, METICULOUSLY COLOUR-CODED FOLDERS FULL OF PAPERS. She's rushing, running late.

FX: her PHONE rings: her ringtone is the opening to The Beach Boys' "God Only Knows". Whenever Gemma uses her phone, details of the call enter the scene, subtle augmented reality style, matching colour and tone to blend in as part of the landscape, moving with Gemma as she moves. This time, we see the name 'Zainab' and a contact photo: a slightly vacant looking middle aged British Pakistani woman in hijab.

Gemma manoeuvres folders and removes a glove to get at her HANDBAG. We see her clearly for the first time: she's about 26, charismatic, highly professional, earnest if a bit superior. Her phone stops ringing just as she gets to it; Zainab's details fade, then reappear accompanied by a text:

"Joe McPherson is missing?!"

Gemma reads this off her phone, poised awkwardly to hold phone, folders and glove. She looks straight at us:

GEMMA
(to us)
Carol Ann Duffy for the third year

GEMMA

(to us)

You want to know. I know what you want to know. And honestly, the answer is it's the way he loves me. Most blokes, they might have their arms round you but they're looking out over your

GEMMA (CONT'D)
 (pause, a change in her)
 You can't give a person all that love
 and then just take it away.
 He had to be made to see that. He's
 fine. I haven't done anything wrong.

A pause. She's agitated, upset. She moves around, sits down on the kerb where we found her at the beginning. We've come full circle. She picks up her phone. Calls Joe. No answer, calls back and leaves a voicemail.

GEMMA
 (sobs into phone)
 So I'm not even worth speaking to now?
 Just call me back, OK? Please. You owe
 me that much.

She hangs up. Then her phone rings.

FX: 'God Only Knows' ringtone. A moment of suspense as to who's calling, then Zainab's contact details appear on our screen.

Gemma hastily collects herself, answers.

GEMMA
 (into phone)
 Zainab! Have you - What?

On her face, flat and unresponsive as she listens to Zainab. It feels like the silence goes on forever.

GEMMA
 (into phone)
 OK. Um. I um. OK. - No, I, I'm still
 at home. I'll be here.

Gemma rings off. Desolate. She can barely look at us.

GEMMA
 (to us)
 They've found him. He sat up all night
 in his dad's car, apparently. Just.
 Thinking. Next to a bunch of unopened
 packs of painkillers.
 (pause)
 He's told them. Everything.

Pause, then she puts her phone down, almost tenderly, on the pile of marking and stands up, bare hands a stark contrast against the winter. Beat.

GEMMA

(to us)

Funny thing is, if he had gone through
with it...

Gemma smiles at us. A beat. Then she arranges her coat neatly, and tidies her hair a little. Calmly, she takes out her lip gloss and applies it once more. Then she sets her chin and steps forward to the edge of the pavement to wait. She's ready.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE