

NO FIXED ABODE

by

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4 CONTINUED:

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The pale ghostlike skin of her face is framed by matted strands of hair which protrude from the hood of her coat.

In the dim light she writes, her eyes darting across the page with focused determination. Soon they soften as she grows tired. She snaps the elastic band around the diary, stubs out the cigarette and rests her head. She falls asleep.

DISSOLVE:

Muffled voices of two men laughing and joking.

A pool of fresh urine trickles along the wall towards her, soaking into her sleeping bag. She suddenly wakes and jumps out of the way but her sleeping bag is already damp. She kicks herself free, kicking it away in anger and frustration.

She retrieves her diary which has fallen into the puddle, wiping it dry.

5 EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL CAFÉ - NIGHT

5

Cold and exhausted, she counts the small amount of change in her hand and rifles through her pockets for more. Nothing.

She walks away, passing a heavysset man wearing a donkey-jacket. As he is served at the coffee stall, he watches her approach the entrance to a subway and go down the stairs.

6 INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

6

At the bottom step, she sits and rests her head against the wall.

A suited man, evidently drunk, eating chips from a paper wrap passes in front of her. He stops, offering her some of his chips. Wearily, she looks up at him and shakes her head.

His face grimaces with disdain and throws the chips at her. Shocked and suddenly angry, she picks them up and throws them back, the paper wrap hitting him on the shoulder. He has started to stagger away, but he turns back and roughly pushes her against the wall. She falls and slides against the brickwork, badly grazing her face.

The man, barely able to stand, moves on.

She lies where she has fallen, her hand pressed against her face.

Her eyes are damp and her cheek is bruised and bleeding. She is physically and emotionally drained.

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She pulls the hood of her coat over her head.

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7 CONTINUED:

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Quiet footsteps can be heard approaching her. A gloved hand places a fresh coffee in a styrofoam cup down beside her. She looks up to see the back of the man in the donkey-jacket walking away.

After a moment, she sits up. Picking up the coffee, she removes the lid and drinks gratefully.

DISSOLVE TO:

She is slumped forward in the same position, the Styrofoam cup still in her hand.

The sound of brakes and the engine of a large vehicle. A door slams.

A shadow falls over her. The gloved hand removes the styrofoam cup from her grasp, crumples it and places it inside the pocket of the donkey-jacket.

He raises her head and checks her pupils under her eye-lids. He then lifts her into his arms and carries her away.

8 INT. PITCH BLACK CONFINED SPACE

8

We hear the echoing sound of panicked breathing, followed by retching and a stifled cry.

A hand rummages around, rustling unseen objects and fumbling clumsily over a metallic surface.

Several flickers in the darkness, soon followed by a small yellow flame from a lighter.

The girl's frightened face illuminates in the struggling flame. She recoils from a hideous stench and her face contorts in pain.

She raises the flame above her head to a rusty metal ceiling, trying to see where she is. The flame disappears.

Another flicker from the lighter, as the flame burns at the corner of something. Her diary.

The small cavern-like space she occupies suddenly bursts with light as the sound of hydraulics suddenly surround her. The metal floor tilts upwards, forcing her back into a compact mound of putrescent waste and limbs.

The flame dies down, lighting only her terrified face as together, the walls and darkness consume her.

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10 EXT: LONDON STREET - EARLY MORNING

10

The still and deserted street is warmed by the early morning sun.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

The peace and tranquility is soon shattered by a garbage truck which thunders up the road. It takes a sudden turn and disappears from view.

FADE OUT.