

Screenplay

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CLOCKWORK

Fade In-

INT WORKSHOP

A lone MAN sits on a wooden chair in a simple workshop with his back to the camera. The room is warmly lit and homely, in the background lies a simple bed and a small kitchenette. On the shelves we see various tools, balls of coarse wire, scalpels, hammers, and a photo, its glass shattered, showing a Man and his WIFE. They are happy, seemingly on vacation, the wind blowing the Woman's hair into the Mans face.

A TV flickers in the background with a news report showing a memorial service for a devastating crash on a nearby motorway.

REPORTER

It is now four months since the devastating crash on Highway 64 that claimed the lives of over 40 people, and still friends and relatives gather on the sides of this heavily used concourse to lay wreathes and various other tokens of affection in memory of the loved ones they lost. Today marks the...

The sound fades out as the report continues and begins to cycle through images of the carnage. The Man heaves with sobs, tears falling down his face and impacting with the warped wood of the workshop floor. We see his hands deftly working, sowing something together that is obscured from us, in between wiping the tears from his eyes. His work is gentle and careful, he takes great care in what he is doing.

MAN

(Quietly, to himself)
Just one more time...

From another nearby room we hear the sound of fists banging on a door, muffled by the distance. Voices can be heard talking with distress and urgency, the sound of objects being smashed and overturned. The Man reaches for a small record player and places the needle onto the disc, the music masking the sounds from the other room. He sits back in his chair and sighs, placing both his hands over his upturned face, his back is still towards us but now we can see a large object placed across his lap.

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MAN

(Disjointed, slightly
panicked)

Oh god... please... What am I
doing...

He quickly regains his composure, his hands moving from his face to slide down the object, gently caressing its form. The tears stop as he marvels at his work, running his hand over the contours of the bundle. As he shifts slightly, we see a hand, visibly damaged yet seemingly sown back together fall free from the bundle and graze the floor. Its nails have been painted a deep shade of red. Along the arm runs a collection of strange pipes and mechanisms that we only see briefly before he grabs the limb with a yell of

MAN

(Soothingly yet commanding)

No! Not yet my darling, soon...

(As if to some unseen force)

One more time, that's all I ask.

He gently shuffles the arm back into the bundle, before standing up and carrying it across the room. He sits the bundle on a chair set in the middle of the open floor. Having placed the bundle he collapses in front of it, prostrating himself before the chair and its contents. Clasp his hands over his head he begins to weep again, the low weeping quickly rising to a crescendo of loud sobs.

MAN

(With rising anger)

Not fair... It's not fair!

Standing and turning away from the bundle he storms over the desk and slides his hands aggressively across the top of it, sending tools and objects flying, yelling incoherently as he does this. He flips the desk entirely and collapses back against the shelves from the force of his action. The picture of the Man and his Wife falls to the floor, the frame breaking. He clasps his face once more in his hands, and slowly runs his hands from his face through his hair to the back of his head. As he looks around him he sees the shattered remains of the photo frame, the picture hanging out of it haphazardly. He picks up the photo, and holds it with both hands in his lap. Gently we see him brush a finger across the Woman's face, as if brushing the hair from her eyes.

He stops weeping once again and a grim determination sets in. Standing he walks over to where the bundle lays in its chair and moves round behind it. We see a large mechanical key jutting out the back of the bundle and through a hole in

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the chair. Gripping it with both hands he strains to turn it, and after a few seconds of no movement, the key shifts with a screeching clunk. He pauses momentarily and continues his work, repeatedly turning the key.

MAN

(Whilst turning the key)

One more time, that's what you wanted, I promised you one more time. We will... we will... I promise you... One more time..

There's a loud thud and the key stops turning. The Man freezes, hands still on the key, as if he is afraid to move them away from it. Gradually, finger by finger, he releases the mechanism, and takes a few steps backwards. Nothing happens. His eyes dart across the motionless bundle, and his mouth opens and closes and if trying to form words he can't quite manage. The record skitters and the song comes to an end, and the room becomes completely silent.

Then a slight ticking becomes audible, as if the hands of a clock were turning somewhere in the room. The bundle twitches, and the upper half begins to rise and fall rhythmically. There is a slight tearing noise, and a foot slowly and clunkily extends from the base of the bundle stretching out fully before coming to a rest on the floor. A hand follows next, emerging from a gap in the side of the bundle and finding purchase on the chair.

Slowly but surely, the figure within the bundle begins to stand up and the cloth falls smoothly away, in contrast to the clunky movements of the figure, gradually revealing the Woman contained within. It is his Wife. She wears the same dress she is wearing in the photo. Her head is adorned with various bits of jewelery, her lips painted a dark red. The beauty of the objects and the colour of her lips are a stark contrast to the rest of her skin, which is greyed with dark veins running beneath it. Various parts of her body are marred with coarse wire and thread which mark where she has been put back together from her tattered remains. Multiple fragments of machinery adorn her limbs, running in and out of her body. Some is clearly visible as an imprint beneath her dress. The key juts awkwardly out of her back, through a hole in the dress, turning slowly.

She stands there, unmoving, and the Man stares at her in awe. After a few moments he recovers from his shock, and walks round from behind her to face his creation.

MAN

(Cautiously, phased)

I promised you didn't I, that night when you called me... You were so

(MORE)

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MAN (cont'd)
scared, and I couldn't do anything
to help...

He pauses as the words catch in his throat.

MAN
One more time, like we did before.
I would hold you in my arms, bring
you close. You would laugh at how
awkward I was as I tried to brush
the hair from your face and almost
choked on it. I would smile
embarrassed at how bad I was, but
wouldn't be afraid because you
loved me.

He stares at her, watching for any sign of life, any
reaction in his clockwork creation, but she stares blankly
ahead the only sound coming from her being the ticking of
the mechanisms. The sound of banging and aggressive shouts
can be heard again, closer this time. The words are hard to
make out but we hear-

VOICE
Police, open up.

A woman screams and the sound of a door being smashed in
echo's through the room.

VOICE
(Commanding with purpose)
Where is he!!?

The man walks over to the record player, and picks a dusty
record off of the shelf. He blows on it sending a dust cloud
into the air before placing it on the player, seemingly
unaware of the noises from the other room.

MAN
(Resolute, yet quiet)
One last dance, our last... dance.
The first moment we truly shared
together, the first moment I knew
you were the only person I could
ever love, was when I was swaying
to the music with you. It's only
fitting that I should say goodbye
in the same way... the first and
the last, cosmic symmetry...

He walks over to her as the music begins to play, the melody
completely masking the muffled sounds from next door. He

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reaches down and takes her hand in his, clasping it. At first there is no response, she slowly and awkwardly her fingers close around his. She jerkily looks up at him, into his eyes. His other hand moves to her waist and he draws her close, she moves her arm and places her hand on his shoulder.

As the needle hits the record, music starts to play out into the room. It is a SAD, SLOW, MELODIC piece with an almost fantastic quality to it. As the music begins to play out the couple begin to dance. At first her actions are clunky, inaccurate, like a newborn trying to walk but gradually they become smoother and less mechanical. Soon they are drifting gracefully across the room together, dancing in harmony to the melody. As they dance, he draws her closer, and briefly sees a flicker of his old Wife in what remains (super imposed over the creation). She says nothing, her lips staying firmly sealed, but her face seems more human, her eyes more intelligent. He brushes the hair from her face as they dance, and she moves to rest her head on his shoulder. Entwined like this they continue the macabre yet beautiful dance.

Tears start to roll down his face once more as the song begins to slow, coming to an end. As the song begins to die down, her movements become slower and more languid, and the key in her back begins to wind down. As the song comes to an end, so does she. The mechanisms wind down and cease to function, their energy expended. He stands there holding the lifeless body, still entwined in that final embrace. We slowly move away from the couple, pulling back from the embrace.

FADE TO BLACK.

END