

A Higher Place

By

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INT. KITCHEN OF STUDENT HOUSE. MORNING

A scruffy male, J, (late teens, long brown hair) in a scummy white bathrobe enters, scratching his beard, looking tired. The kitchen overflows with dirty dishes and general mess. His FLATMATE sits at a table contentedly slurping cereal, reading yesterday's paper. The radio blasts.

FLATMATE
(grunts)
Awright?

J clicks on the electric kettle then goes to the fridge and retrieves a milk carton - its empty. He grunts in disgust.

The guilty flatmate glances down at his overflowing cereal bowl, looks temporarily embarrassed, then continues eating. J sighs, clicks the kettle off, slips a few coins off the kitchen counter and leaves.

CUT TO

EXT. HOUSE ENTRANCE

J, now dressed in a worn-out heavy metal T-shirt, battered baggy trousers and a pair of incongruous looking sandals, stamps down the front path and turns onto the pavement.

Suddenly a gigantic pencil falls out of the sky almost hitting him. Strangely, J is not surprised, but angry. He matter-of-factly picks up the pencil and throws it into a neighboring garden. He continues on his way.

Almost immediately, a huge paper aeroplane careers down from above, hits J, then falls to the ground. Again annoyed but calm, he steps over the paper aeroplane and continues walking.

EXT. NEWSAGENTS

J enters then immediately leaves again carrying milk and a copy of The Sun. (LOCKED OFF SHOT ON NEWSAGENT DOOR)

EXT. STREET

J, in his own world, opens up Page 3 as he trudges back home. We hear a thunderbolt in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

J
(muttering)
Oh, for God's sake.

There is a louder, more assertive thunderbolt.

J
I'm sorry! I didn't mean to take
your name in vain, but -

J pauses, now quietly fuming.

J
I've moved out, I'm not coming
back, I'm my own person now, you've
got to accept that!

Rain starts pouring down, but only on J. A man passes,
dumbfounded.

PASSER-BY
Jesus!

J turns in response, then realizes the man is commenting on
the freak weather. J looks up at the heavens.

J
(resignedly)
Grow up Dad.

J walks out of the rainy patch. (AS HE WALKS AWAY BOTH THE
RAIN AND THE CAMERA REMAIN STATIONARY)

FADE TO BLACK

CREDITS (split screen or over - montage of dilapidated &
incongruous church slogan signs, such as 'Jesus lives in
Streatham')

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING

A yawning girl with tumbling auburn hair (early 20s) in a
crumpled over-sized T-shirt enters. She looks over at the
flatmate, who still occupies the same position. He glances
up.

FLATMATE
Morning Mary, want a cup of tea?

END