Journey home

Fade in:

RAILWAY CARPARK – LATE AFTERNOON

Grey and rainy day, a few people run across the carpark, jumping over puddles, huddled under coats.

Dissolve to:

Int. car interior

Middle aged woman sat in car. Huddled in winter coat. Looks agitated, drumming fingers on steering wheel. Younger woman opens the car door. Raining outside, brings in wet. Shakes umbrella outside before stepping in, slamming the door shut behind her. Has brown satchel over her shoulder and a paper bag under her arm.

Older woman:

(Agitated, talking straight away)

Have you got it?

Younger woman:

(Looks down at paper bag in her arms)

Yes I’ve got it, every time, always checking, I’ve got it, I’ve got it ok.

(More quietly, to herself, only half intending to be heard)

Not that it matters. What a charade, what games we play.

Long, uncomfortable pause. Older woman clearly has heard and younger woman realises this.

Dissolve to:

Rain against the windscreen. Focus on wipers moving up and down.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR INTERIOR

Older woman checks watch anxiously. Younger woman shove satchel and umbrella on floor. Shuffles, looking damp and uncomfortable. Keeps paper bag carefully on her lap.

younger woman:

Turn the heating up will ye, it’s freezing in here

older woman:

It’s broken, ye know it’s broken, ye keep asking me that and every time I keep saying it’s broken.

Another pause. Younger woman turns to look out of window. Older woman starts fiddling with radio. Gets fuzzy music coming through (old fashioned sounding music, Guardians of the Galaxy soundtrack type aesthetic, but fuzzy and too quiet to really hear. A bit too upbeat, jars with damp silence in the car). Older woman carries on finger tapping wheel. Checks watch again. Younger woman notices and rolls her eyes but doesn’t say anything.

younger woman:

How long we gonna be?

No reply. Still finger tapping, pretending to listen to the radio.

YOunger woman:

How long we gonna wait for?

Older woman carries on finger tapping.

Dissolve to:

Front window screen

Watch the rain against the windscreen, the windscreen wipers sliding back and forth.

Dissolve to:

Car Interior

Older woman checks watch again, and younger woman notices, looking annoyed. Pulls out headphones, detangling the wires.

older woman:

Obsessed with those you are, antisocial, shutting out the world

YOunger woman:

Yeah, because we’re being so social right now, really talkative, you with your radio

She stops putting the headphones in, leaves them on her lap. Gently squeezes the paper bag in her arms. Older woman looks sulky. Turns down the radio then obviously turns to look away, staring out of the window.

younger woman:

And now she’s ignoring me, just fantastic.

Dissolve to:

train station – seen through car window

Train pulling in to station.

Dissolve to:

car interior

Older woman leaning forward as the train pulls in.

younger woman:

(heated, voice getting increasingly louder)

How, how can you be so stupid? Do you really think this train will be the one? All those times we’ve waited here, how can you possibly still think that he’s going to come?

Breaks off suddenly. Looks comfortable at outburst. Opens mouth to apologise but closes it again.

dissolve to:

WIndscreen

Wipers still moving back and forth.

dissolve to:

car interior

Older woman:

You think I’m stupid, I know you do, keeping coming, keeping hoping. But I can’t lose hope. My son, my baby boy; I can’t lose hope. If we don’t have hope, what do we have? One of these days, if we don’t give up, one of these days he’ll come back. I just know he will, he has to.

Younger woman:

(Nods, understanding, accepting)

And when he does come back, we’ll be waiting here. We’ll be waiting here to pick him up, with his cake and his sandwiches, just like we promised. We’ll be here.

Younger woman shuffles with the paper bag. Both look down at watch and then back up, staring intently at the train now pulling into the station.

YOunger woman:

Here it comes.

Dissolve to:

train station – seen through car window

Focus on train pulling up. Passengers file out, walking across the carpark until there’s no one left coming out of the train. Conductor waves to close the train doors.

dissolve to:

Car interior

Both women sat watching. Wait a little while, still scanning the carriages. Younger woman watches the older woman, who gulps slightly, holding back emotion. Younger woman reaches across, putting her hand on the older woman’s. Their eyes lock for a moment. Pulls the cake out of the bag and splits it between them. Younger woman turns up the radio. Leans across and younger woman puts her head on the older woman’s shoulder. Wait like that a moment, eating cake.

With one last look at each other, starts up the car and reverse out of the space.

Dissolve to:

Train station – bird’s eye view

See car driving away. People coming off the train, greeting family, friends.

Music carries on playing, final shot of both together. Lighting softer, rain slowing up.