



DAYDREAM

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN CAR -- MORNING

In the dark of the train carriage we can just barely make out a face; an older man with his eyes closed. Then, with a JOLT, the train comes out of a tunnel into blinding light.

The man jerks awake, wincing away from the sun. This is ABE he wears a cotton suit, a brown leather briefcase by his side.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- MORNING

The city in motion; streams of cars stopping and starting, trains running overhead, people keeping to themselves, everyone in a hurry.

It's a clear day; the sun bounces off buildings, gets in your eyes. We see a tall office building, white clouds reflected in its glass exterior.

INT. BUSY OFFICE -- CUBICLE -- MORNING

We're CLOSE IN on narrowed eyes, staring at a computer screen. They're scanning down a page, reading closely. Around us we can hear typing and phones ringing.

On the screen, we see a complex looking spreadsheet; rows and rows of codes, their meaning beyond us. We zero in on a single cell as it's filled in. It now reads:

X79DL-34

We move out further to show the woman sat at the computer, hunched a little, squinting at the cell. This is EVA.

She leans back in her chair, tries to take in the whole, eyes scanning again. After a moment, she cautiously re-approaches the keyboard, presses the DELETE key and replaces the 4 at the end of the code with a 7.

She sits back again, on edge, observing a house of cards.

She takes a second, nods to herself, breathes. Her gaze wanders upwards and beyond her computer screen, resting on a painting hung on the far wall of the office.

INT. GALLERY BACK OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

A thin man with round glasses and a scraggly beard is sitting on one side of a desk, staring at an open sketchbook with a slightly dumbfounded expression.

He doesn't move for a long moment, then he takes a breath and flips over to the next page.

In the reverse now, we see Abe sat on the other side of the desk, briefcase in his lap. He's watching the other man intently, trying to read his face.

The thin man looks closer at the book, scrunches up his face a little. Then he sits up, puts the book down and leans forward. He searches for the words.

THIN MAN

This season we're doing, it's...
about living- about making the city
feel like a place where... people
live together, where people connect-
that's what it's all about...

He pauses, takes off his glasses and massages the bridge of his nose.

THIN MAN (cont'd)

Abe... you're an old friend, so can
I... be candid?

Abe is taken aback, suddenly uncomfortable. He takes a second, nods.

THIN MAN (cont'd)

These pieces, they're... they're very
beautiful but these people... they
don't... feel alive.

There's a long, awful silence. Abe opens his mouth a few times but each time retreats.

Then finally he clears his throat, sits up and tries to pull the sketchbook back across the desk. The thin man leans forward, puts a hand on Abe's to stop him.

He tries to make eye contact, the tone of his voice suddenly different.

THIN MAN (cont'd)

It's good to see you.

Beat.

THIN MAN (cont'd)
Lynne and I, we were very sorry to
hear about Dan, he was-

ABE
Don't... don't do that.

Another painful silence.

THIN MAN
Abe I'm just... I was just trying to
say that we're all... here, if you
ever-

ABE
(straightening up)
David I'm... this is the new work,
this is what I've... been working on,
please don't... If it's no, just say
so, don't... you don't have to do
that.

David pulls his hand away, sits back in his chair. He
pauses, then switches seamlessly back into a business-like
tone.

THIN MAN
Okay. It's no, I'm sorry. You can do
better.

Abe straightens up, starts quickly packing his briefcase.
David watches him with a little sadness, then composes
himself as Abe stands up.

THIN MAN (cont'd)
(standing himself)
I'll... show you out-

ABE
(already turning away)
I know the way.

He walks to the door and leaves without looking back.

INT. GALLERY FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Abe crosses the gallery floor to the exit, head down,
growing angrier as he walks.

EXT. CITY SQUARE -- AFTERNOON

Eva sits eating a flattened sandwich out of a plastic bag, keeping to herself.

A gentle BUZZ and she checks her phone, sighs. We see on the screen a series of unanswered texts:

{are you sure you don't need money again?
just let me know}

{if you want the shoes you can drop by this
weekend, I don't know what to do with them.
Fran came for the dresser}

{sorry- you're busy}

She turns the phone over, looks up and spots someone across the way; a dejected looking older man with a leather briefcase. Abe.

He sits down on a bench and broods for a second- clearly distressed, preoccupied. After a long moment, he springs into motion; opens his briefcase and starts laying out pages on the ground in front of him.

Finally he flattens out a paper bag from a coffee shop, scrawls something on it and lays it down too. Eva watches him, absently eating. The sign on the ground reads 'free'. She stares for a beat, then comes out of it, checks her watch. She stands up and hurries off.

INT. CORNER SHOP -- AFTERNOON

CASHIER

Declined.

Distracted, Eva looks to the cashier as if she hadn't heard him.

He pulls her card out of the machine and slides it back across the counter.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Declined. Different card or cash
please, love.

Confused, Eva takes the card back, starts digging around for cash.

EVA
(mumbling)
Sorry I...

She starts counting out coins one by one onto the counter, getting the right change. The cashier is watching her impatiently, glancing over her head at a volatile queue. Flustered, she puts down a final 5p. The cashier snatches up the pile, waves her off.

CASHIER
Next please.

She takes the gum from the counter.

EXT. BUSY STREET -- AFTERNOON

We're DOLLYING LEFT TO RIGHT as Eva weaves her way through a crowd. Behind her, a parade is marching in the opposite direction down the street. She keeps checking her watch.

Her phone starts to ring and she tries to find it in her bag. She answers it flustered, still dodging past people. We see her talking but can't hear a word over the loud chatter and music.

We can tell the conversation is getting heated; Eva has started gesticulating wildly as she walks. She throws her hands up and stops.

We go to a TIGHT CLOSE UP of her mouth. We don't hear her voice but we see the words.

EVA
(subtitles)
I have to go, I can't talk. I can't
do it for you.

She hangs up the phone and stands there in the street for a second, despondent.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- ELEVATOR -- AFTERNOON

The ding of the elevator brings Eva out of her daze. The doors slide open and a put-together looking woman enters. They exchange a friendly smile. She presses for her floor and Eva's phone starts to ring again.

Eva scrambles, finds it and answers in a low voice. She turns away from the other woman a little.

EVA
Hello? Yes I'm the...
(voice lowering)
I'm the tenant.

The babble on the other end seems to be upsetting Eva; she turns away even further from the put-together woman and when she speaks it's almost a whisper.

EVA (cont'd)
No I understand... It's the first and last time, I'll have some coming in and I'll get that... No I understand you have other- I don't... Yes.... No it won't happen again.

She makes uncomfortable eye contact with the put-together woman, who smiles awkwardly. Eva looks back at her shoes.

EVA (cont'd)
Yes I understand. Okay that shouldn't be a problem. Okay. You too.

She hangs up the phone, wishing she would disappear. After a moment the other woman clears her throat and-

PUT-TOGETHER WOMAN
Money worries?

Her tone is genuine.

Eva lets out a strange sort of laugh/sigh mumbles something like 'yeah, you know...' and trails off.

The lift finally, mercifully, dings and the other woman gets off. Eva watches her go with a look of growing resentment, pulling a face behind her back and mouthing what looks like a mocking 'money troubles?'.

She tosses the phone into her bag and door shuts.

EXT. CITY SQUARE -- AFTERNOON

We see a few faces in succession, all looking down at the ground, all blank. On the pavement we see pencil sketches, all depicting similar scenes; a businessman tilted against the wind, a downcast young woman with headphones on, a busker with a pair of spoons- all of their features are patchy and faint.

We go wide to see Abe sat where we left him, sketching quietly, discreetly eyeing the people coming and going.

Finally he looks up at one man. The man looks up too, seems almost surprised to see Abe there. He smiles politely. Abe opens his mouth to speak but the man is already walking away.

He watches him go, puts his pencil down and looks up at the sky. Above him, white clouds blossom and drift.

INT. BUSY OFFICE -- CUBICLE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Eva's staring out the window, deep in thought. She takes a beat, looks around and finds the office empty around her.

INT. BUSY OFFICE -- ELEVATORS -- LATE AFTERNOON

She mashes the call button with barely contained mania. Finally, a CHIME.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- ELEVATOR -- LATE AFTERNOON

The doors close and, in the quiet of the lift, her face drops a little, her expression becomes vacant. After a moment, without ceremony, she starts to cry.

She covers her face and tries to control it but this only seems to make it worse. The crying turns to hacking sobs and she can't seem to catch her breath.

Then comes another CHIME and the lift doors are suddenly sliding open again. Eva frantically tries to dry her face with her sleeve and straighten up but there's no hiding.

On the other side of the doors is the put-together woman from earlier. She looks up from her phone and freezes as she sees Eva. A horrible pause.

Eva begins to squirm as the woman continues to neither move nor look away and, suddenly, all the resentment that's been bubbling all day comes bursting out.

EVA

WHAT??

EXT. CITY SQUARE -- LATE AFTERNOON

A man is dancing alone in the middle of the square, his phone propped up on the ground filming. People walk around him.

Now we're CLOSE IN on Abe's sketch pad as he makes the first rough marks. He's watching the dancing man closely. The sketch is starting to take shape when the dancing man abruptly stops, picks up his phone from the ground and wanders off.

Abe's sketching becomes suddenly frantic, trying in vain to finish the drawing as his model walks away. He slams his pencil down in frustration after a moment, watches the dancer disappear into a crowd.

EXT. CROSSING -- LATE AFTERNOON

The light turns green and hoards of people start crossing the street, sifting through one another in opposite directions. The air is muggy and the people all seem uncomfortable in the direct, late afternoon sunlight. Among them, we see Eva and Abe walking the same way.

INT. CORNER SHOP -- LATE AFTERNOON

Eva puts a bottle of water and a pack of cigarettes on the counter and, in lieu of counting, empties out every penny in her purse. She pushes the coins towards the baffled cashier and he starts counting them.

CASHIER

50... 60p short, take an item away.

Eva looks at him incredulously, then looks down at the counter. Her eyes dart between the water and the cigarettes, genuinely torn.

EXT. PARK -- LATE AFTERNOON

Eva wanders up past the apartment buildings and coloured glass WeWorks, smoking as she walks. She comes to a stop as

She sees a sliver of green between buildings. She walks towards it.

She finds herself in a park. Cutting through, she sees groups of people sitting on blankets in the sun. She slows down, then stops. She stamps out her cigarette and walks towards the people.

From a distance, we begin to ZOOM OUT from Eva as she makes her way into the park. Zooming further out we find Abe, sat with his back against a tree, flipping idly through his sketchbooks.

After a moment, Eva arrives on the other side of the same tree. Unaware of Abe, she drops her bag on the ground and sits, not realising until she does just how tired she'd been. She leans back against the trunk on the opposite side and looks up at the sky, which has begun to turn faintly purple. She pulls a book out of her bag and starts reading.

We go out wide, see the two of them sat back to back.

FADE TO:

LATER

Some time passes- just enough for the sun to be a little lower in the sky and for Eva and Abe to be more relaxed. Eva's lying with her head resting on her bag, her book blocking out the sunlight.

Abe looks around at the people; a group of young women laughing, all gathered around the same phone, two men talking intensely in hushed tones, an older woman sat alone on a blanket, soaking up the sun. His pencil is hovering over a blank page but, each time he goes to make a mark, he pulls back, readjusts, looks back around.

In the warmth of the afternoon, both Abe and Eva begin to drift off; Abe's vision becomes blurry and the pencil starts slipping as his hand falls by his side-

Eva tries to focus on reading but her eyes keep shutting and the book is lowering closer and closer to her face. Finally her wrist relaxes and the book rests open on her chest.

From above now, we slowly PUSH IN on Eva's face. Her eyes droop but she fights to keep them open. As we get tighter, the dappled orange light gives way to a harsh white and wind is suddenly whipping hair into her eyes. The sound too begins to change; the chattering people around, the birds chirping and the distant hum of the city all fade away and are replaced by cawing seagulls and distant waves.

EXT. DESERTED BEACH -- DAY

Staying tight on Eva's face, we see nothing, but her eyes begin to dart about confused. She looks down now and finally we see what she sees; a shoreline- waves crashing and landing just short of her feet.

She reaches down by her side and touches sand, looks at it, feels it between her fingers. She sits up.

She stares out at the horizon, mesmerised. She smiles and forgets her confusion, gets to her feet and starts to walk towards the water. She feels the wind on her face, lets it blow her hair back.

As she reaches the shore, a wave rushes in and soaks her shoes. She looks down at them, unfazed. She breathes deep. She looks from side to side now, down the beach. To her left, she does a double take.

She freezes. Abe is standing about twenty feet from her, staring at his hands. He looks out at the ocean, then turns and sees Eva. He freezes too.

They size each other up, sceptical, both looking to the other for confirmation- like a look you'd give someone on the street who you think you recognise, but can't quite place. After a second, they both turn and start to walk away from one another.

And then a sound stops Abe in his tracks; the sound of feet pounding the sand. He looks over his shoulder and sees the source; a black and white border collie sprinting across the beach. Just as he turns it WHIPS by and he watches it run.

In the second it took to turn away, another figure has appeared in front of Abe- a young man in an oversized jumper.

The dog runs past him, away down the beach and Abe turns his attention to the figure; he has a canvas set up on an easel and sits on a wooden stool working away.

Abe approaches him, curious. As he gets closer, the painter turns, gives him a suspicious look then gets back to his canvas.

Abe comes around and looks at the picture. Maybe he'd expected to see an image of the shoreline, of the waves and the distant cliffs. Instead he sees the outline of a man's face, distorted and abstract, surrounded by a mess of colour. He stares at it.

As the painter adds detail to the face, he looks back and forth between the canvas and the beach.

Then comes the sound again; pounding feet getting closer. Abe looks up just in time to see a black and white blur as the collie speeds by, back the other way. He spins around to watch it and finds Eva, a few feet behind him, staring at the place he'd just been staring.

He turns once again and sees the painter has vanished. Instead, an old woman with thin white hair wearing what looks like a hospital gown is on her hands and knees, building a tower of flat pebbles on the sand. She's searching around herself, frantic. Finally she finds a pebble small enough and, very carefully, places it on top of her tower, holds a second, and breathes a sigh of relief.

Eva walks ahead of Abe now, eyes fixed on the old woman. She kneels down to her, looks her up and down.

She starts fixing the woman's hair and her gown which hangs loose off her tiny frame. The woman seems barely aware of Eva but looks up as she holds her face in her hands.

She stares at Eva, tries to place her.

The wave comes in without warning, crashing around Abe's ankles, washing over Eva and the woman.

Abe watches with curiosity as they disappear beneath the shallow water. The wave draws back out and we see Eva spluttering. The old woman is gone, her pebbles scattered. Eva tries desperately to collect them up but can't find them all. Abe wanders off.

Eva gives up trying, sits down on the wet sand and looks back to the horizon.

Abe kneels down and scoops up a handful of sand. He holds it in his hand, seems to be examining it. Unsated, he lets it fall between his fingers. He watches it drift back to the ground and then he sees something there- a glint of sunlight from under the sand, bouncing back into his eye. He bends down again and starts digging more, suddenly urgent. He looks up in search of Eva and finding her, sat alone on the sand, he stares for a long moment.

A hand on her shoulder and Eva turns away from the ocean and looks around to Abe. He beckons her to follow him and together they walk back to a small hole in the sand.

Abe gestures towards the hole, encouraging Eva to look inside. She cautiously leans over and the sunlight catches her eye. She pulls back in horror- she's seen something frightening, something impossible.

She kneels down and re-approaches, nervous. She leans back over the shallow hole and peers in. She's looking at an eye-her own eye, reflected back at her from under the sand. She leans further in and brushes the sand away so her whole face is visible. Abe bends back down next to her and moves more sand out of the way, revealing his own reflection right beside hers.

The camera begins to DOLLY FORWARD now, moving between them, towards the shore. As we get closer, the sound of pounding feet approaches and the dog whips by again.

We carry on towards the ocean and Eva and Abe appear on opposite sides of the frame, walking to the water. We come to a stop just before the shoreline but the two of them keep walking, out into the waves until they're submerged up to their shoulders. Finally, the tops of their heads vanish beneath the waves.

We hold on this, then we-

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -- EVENING

Abe's eyes flicker open. He gets his bearings and sits up, flustered. Blinking around, he finds the park almost empty, the last few stragglers heading for the gates.

Embarrassed, still a little out of it, he picks up his things and struggles to his feet. He straightens out his suit, rubs his eyes. He takes a second, lost in thought, then hurries off.

On the other side of the hill, Eva's just starting to rouse. We watch from a distance as she slowly gathers her things and gets up.

EXT. TRAM STOP -- EVENING

Eva stands at the tram stop, still half in a dream. She hears the chirp of an approaching tram, snaps back in and turns to watch it coming.

Just at that moment her phone rings- she checks, it's her

dad again. Exasperated, she looks up at the sky- then back to the tram, then around at the busy platform. She answers the call and covers her ear to hear better.

EVA

Hello? No I'm here, I can... can you hear me?

The tram comes to a stop in front of her and the doors open. People around her start to filter in.

EVA (cont'd)

Dad I can't-

She looks up at the departures board, which reads:

DEPARTING NOW -- 18:30 TO DIDSBURY

IN 1 HOUR -- 19:30 TO DIDSBURY

She looks back around at the people filling up the tram: commuters packed shoulder to shoulder, barely room to breathe in the sweaty carriage. She sighs, shuts her eyes.

CUT TO:

The tram pulls away, revealing Eva now stood alone on the platform. A Beat, then:

EVA (cont'd)

Dad? No I'm still here... sorry is that better?

She wanders down the platform, finds a seat.

EVA (cont'd)

I'm okay- no there was just a... doesn't matter, what's up?

She sounds tired. As she talks she shuts her eyes and leans back, feels the light breeze.

EVA (cont'd)

Okay well I can... Yeah I can come on the weekend, help you with the clothes... No Fran's got enough on. I told you I'm alright... No- for the last time I don't need... Dad you... No I'm skint but I can... I'll figure it out can you... Please don't do that. I'm asking you not to.

Silence on the other end. Eventually, a murmur-

EVA (cont'd)
The job's... fine, it's whatever.
It's alright for now, I just... it
can be lonely.

We go out wide; Eva on the empty platform, the city
finally quiet.

EVA (cont'd)
But that's normal.

A long pause, then-

EVA (cont'd)
It's like some days I don't think
about her at all and then some
days...

Something from her dad.

EVA (cont'd)
Yeah.

FADE OUT

INT. TRAIN CAR -- EARLY MORNING -- MONTHS LATER

The train comes out of the tunnel. The sun isn't yet risen,
the light eery and blue.

CONDUCTOR
Tickets and passes please...

We spin around to find Abe, startled awake by the voice.
Flustered, he digs in his pockets and presents his ticket.

He's bundled up in a thick overcoat- his
briefcase still beside him.

He yawns and sits up. He starts searching in the briefcase
for a blank notebook but they all seem to be full. Finally
he finds a worn looking moleskin at the very bottom of the
pile. He pulls the book out slowly.

He opens it a crack and starts to tentatively leaf through.
We see that all the pages are sketches of the same man- a
smiley, good looking man who seems to get older as the pages
flip by. Below each one: Daniel - '97, Daniel - '02,
Daniel - '14 etc.

Then he comes to a sudden stop. We see the page; a final
drawing of the man, this one half finished- the details
faint, the features patchy. Abe looks out the window of the
train and tries to catch his breath. He takes a moment,
takes a last look, then he turns to a blank page.

EXT. BUSY STREET -- MORNING

Snow falls on the city. Eva pulls her coat closer around herself. She's moving with a sea of commuters, trying to weave her way through. She seems lighter.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING

Eva comes in from the cold. She turns her collar down and brushes the snow off her shoulders, joins the back of a bustling queue. The small cafe is crowded, cosy.

Among the crowd, Abe stands waiting to hear his name called, scratching away in his notebook.

On cue-

BARISTA
AMERICANA FOR ABE!

He looks up and starts to make his way to the front. As he picks up his coffee, he overhears a voice- looks to the other end of the counter.

There we see Eva, speaking somewhat desperately to an apologetic cashier.

EVA
Could you please just... check it
again, It's a new card it
shouldn't...

CASHIER
Sorry miss it's declined, if you-

EVA
Okay... okay, well I have some cash-

CASHIER
We're a cashless business.

EVA
You're... sorry, you're-

CASHIER
Cashless- If you have another card
you could... try- there's customers
waiting.

EVA
No I... I really just need-

Abe's been watching the whole thing and now he starts pushing through the crowd to Eva and the cashier.

ABE
Hi- sorry, let me...

EVA
Oh- god, no you don't-

ABE
Please, it's no problem.

She watches him take out his wallet.

EVA
Are you sure?

Abe just smiles politely and passes his card over the counter.

EVA (cont'd)
Thank you, I can... I can give you
cash-

ABE
(taking the card
back)
Not... on... your life, keep your
money.

Eva smiles widely, wipes her eyes, suddenly embarrassed.

EVA
Well, let me... repay you somehow buy
you... something

She sees he's about to push back again, insists:

EVA (cont'd)
Please- I'd... I'd feel much better.
Abe sighs, considers her, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- MINUTES LATER

They're sat across from each other at one of the tables. Eva's eyeing Abe intently as he digs around in his briefcase. It's like she's trying to remember something.

Abe starts pulling out his sketchbooks and laying them on the table.

ABE

So... just have a look through and...
anything you like, pay me back and
we'll be even.

EVA

Okay, you have a deal.

She starts to leaf through the sketchbooks absently. Still,
she keeps looking back up at Abe, searching. Finally:

EVA (cont'd)

We've... met before... haven't we?

Abe looks up from his coffee, mortified, searches her face.

ABE

Have we?

Eva pauses to look a second longer, then-

EVA

No... No I don't think so

She laughs at herself, shakes her head, carries on leafing.

EVA (cont'd)

Sorry I'm always... I stare at
strangers on the street, thinking...
I know them- like they're gonna to
look over and...

She trails off there, suddenly transfixed by the
sketchbook. Abe looks up at her, then down at the page. He
stares.

On the table between them we see a drawing: a woman in
work clothes- sat alone on a beach, looking at the
horizon. The hum of the cafe fades out and gives way to
gentle wind and crashing waves.

We see them from outside the window- staring at each
other, trying to remember.

Snow falls and we-

FADE OUT