

NATURAL CAUSES

V4.4

Written by

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Based on

Aftermath by Imogen Greenwood

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Keira is startled and drops the photo...

... And the glass cracks!

Keira is paranoically anxious. She shushes Dudley.

6

INT. UPSTAIRS PROBABLY - CONTINUOUS

6

Keira creeps around to get a view out the front of the house... Dudley follows...

She peeps through the curtains, staying hidden...

CUT TO:

Through curtains, we see TOM is at the front door. He rings the bell again.

CUT BACK:

Keira tries to calm Dudley, keeping a low profile.

KEIRA

Shhh...

Dudley walks to the landing, wagging his tail.

... But Keira doesn't want him to reveal they're home.

CUT TO:

From the landing, we see Tom's shadowy outline through the frosted front door.

He looks through the letterbox.

CUT BACK:

Keira cowers at the top of the landing, clutching Dudley.

TOM (O/S)

Hello...?

Keira startles again.

KEIRA

(whispering)

Just go. Please please please...

Tom seems to leave.

Keira is shaking and breathing hard. This has been tough for her.

7 **INT. KITCHEN - LATER (EVENING?)**

7

Tired-out Keira puts the finishing touches on her perfect square sandwich cut into perfect portions arranged on a perfect plate.

She sits to eat alone.

Dudley sniffs at BIN BAGS by the back door.

There are CLEANING PRODUCTS around the room.

Keira lifts a sandwich but can't eat. Emotion overwhelms her.

Dudley is distracted. At first he growls...

Then he barks, alerted by something in the back garden.

KEIRA

Dudley?

Keira grabs the BROOM, opens the backdoor to investigate.

8 **EXT. BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS**

8

Keira clutches her broom. Dudley runs about barking.

Keira looks around. At first she sees nothing...

... Then she is shocked to find, close by:

Tom climbing precariously on the wall between her house and the neighbouring house.

KEIRA

What are you doing?

TOM

Hi.

KEIRA

(defensive)

Don't move.

TOM

Relax. I'm not a burglar. I'm not a burglar.

I've got ID. I can show you ID.

KEIRA

Are you the police?

Keira prepares to lunge.

TOM

I live...

Too late! Keira aims her broom and lunges.

Black. We hear a wooden clonk, and the crunch of Tom falling off the wall.

9

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

9

Tom holds to his head frozen peas wrapped in a tea towel.

He and Keira both have cups of tea.

KEIRA

So you're not a burglar or a policeman.

TOM

No.

I didn't think anyone was in. I don't have a key. I was trying to get in the bathroom window.

KEIRA

Does that hurt?

TOM

(wincing)

You know I've had worse

They sip tea.

TOM (CONT'D)

I remember you. You must have moved in just as I moved out.

KEIRA

I think I remember you too.

Despite the strange circumstances, these two people are attracted to each other. Awkward glances. A half smile.

Comfortable lull...

TOM
How is Mrs Berwick...?

KEIRA
She died.

TOM
I'm sorry to hear that.

Keira gets up. She starts washing her hands obsessively - it's her nervous tic.

KEIRA
Yeah well... She wasn't very well, and there was no-one else. So I came back.

Water overflowing in the washing up bowl...

KEIRA (CONT'D)
I didn't realise how hard it would be.

And then...

TOM
You had to spend months just you and her together.

KEIRA
Yes.

TOM
That must have been tough.

KEIRA
It was.

Having finished washing her hands, Keira continues cleaning, wiping, tidying.

TOM
I'm sure you did everything you could have done.

KEIRA
Did I?

TOM

Of course you did.
Of course you did.
(he watches her)
You haven't left this house since
then, have you?

Keira reluctantly acknowledges this. Sits back down.

They sit in silence for a moment. Keira picks at her fingernails, looking down.

TOM (CONT'D)

Well listen, you've got a neighbour
now. Friendly face. I'm moving back
in. Taking the place off the
market.

KEIRA

Why?

TOM

I was living at my girlfriend's.
But I realised that...
I realised we really couldn't live
together.

It just wasn't right.

KEIRA

Sorry to hear that.

Keira is suddenly interested to hear this, looks up.

TOM

When you spend that much time with
someone, you learn whether it's
right.
It wasn't right.

KEIRA

No.

TOM

To tell you the truth, I really
couldn't stand it.

No-one wants to hurt anybody.

I had to end it.

KEIRA

Yes.

TOM
(quiet, introspective)
I feel so... guilty.

Brief reaction from Dudley: cocks his head, etc.

KEIRA
That's not so unnatural.

Keira is wringing her ultra-clean hands, OCD style.
Tom looks at Keira sympathetically. Their eyes meet.
Keira stops wringing her hands.
Another lull.

KEIRA (CONT'D)
(shy)
I haven't spoken to anyone since it
happened, since she died.

Except the dog.

I feel like... I have a lot to talk
about.

TOM
Met too. Funny isn't it.

Their hands are nearly touching across the table. We get the
sense Tom is guiding Keira's thoughts, as she nods along.

TOM (CONT'D)
Listen, you, you mustn't feel bad
about what happened.

KEIRA
(quiet, introspective)
No.

TOM
It's not your fault.

Tom looks at all the cleaning products. Too many of them!

TOM (CONT'D)
After a certain point you have to
move on.

KEIRA
Yes.

TOM
You can't feel guilty.

KEIRA

No.

Keira looks at Dudley. Dudley stares straight back.

TOM

It's not like...

C/U on Keira for the last line. She looks up straight to camera.

TOM (O/S) (CONT'D)

(light-hearted)

It's not like... you drowned her in
the bathtub and put her in those
bin bags, is it?

Keira's expression is somewhere between nervousness and an
inscrutable smile. She is about to say something...

1B

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

1B

... Dudley barks. The house is still.

THE END