

AFTERSUN

Written by

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1

INT. A RAVE

1

SOPHIE, 31, stands motionless in a frenetic crowd. Eyes closed, she is out of place and time; a warm crew neck jumper in contrast to the 90s rave attire and naked torsos that surround her. A strobe casts her in light then darkness, light then darkness.

Cued by the strobe, in her place now stands a girl, SOPHIE, 11, dressed identically. As partygoers push past, fragmentary glimpses of 11-year-old Sophie and 31-year-old Sophie [Adult Sophie] alternate with the light, both fixed in position, eyes shut.

As the beat escalates, on the verge of falling into a groove, Adult Sophie opens her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK

Over black, the sound of a tape being inserted into a camera; the closing of a cassette door; the pressing of a switch; the whirring of internal mechanisms.

A momentary burst of audio static as a cable is plugged into a speaker.

2

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

2

DV CAM FOOTAGE

An airport corridor. A grainy image of a snaking queue ahead of the security checkpoint.

The accentuated sound of breaths off screen, within the recording.

One last breath. The footage cuts to video black.

The tape rewinds, slow at first then picking up pace. As the images blur past, mostly too abstract to make out, we catch faces, a hotel room, sea, and sky.

Eventually, a click. The tape begins to play from its beginning.

3

INT. PLANE - DAY

3

DV CAM FOOTAGE CONT'D

A still, blank, low-quality image with a bluish tint holds over a loud, low-frequency drone.

The sound of fumbling of buttons from the recording, crudely amplified by an in-built microphone.

A moving image now, but completely abstract; a pale shade of yellow fills the screen. It morphs into white, back to blue, and so on. Some shifts are gradual, the soundtrack continuous, others sudden and accompanied by a skip in the tone of the continuous rumble.

Now, a still image:

- The wide open mouth of a child, a huge gap between her front two teeth, uvula dangling in full view.

Black. More rustle from the recording, clicking of buttons.

A series of further still images:

- The lower half of the same girl's face in profile, her tongue sticking out.

- Back to frontal, her tongue fixed above her bottom lip.

She laughs.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Does that not look like my top lip?

- Ears pulled out, cheeks puffed, SOPHIE, 11, a tomboy, sits next to the window of a plane, mid-flight.

She laughs again, delighted.

- CALUM, 30, boyish until closely scrutinised, holds up a travel guidebook: DK'S GUIDE TO TURKEY. It covers his mouth; only his eyes peak out above it.

- A close-up of the book.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"Bazaars, beaches, mosques,
history, ruins
(beat)

And...

(with exaggerated
enthusiasm)

Carpets, Dad, carpets!

- A close up on Calum, dark around the eyes, serious, aware that the camera is on him.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is it actually possible for you to
smile?

(MORE)

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(beat)
Properly.

- A blurred image of Calum in motion, attempting to avoid the camera, a goofy wide grin spread across his face.

Playback pauses; the in-camera sound stops, replaced by the distant hum of street traffic on the other side of a closed window.

We push in on the image, on Calum's goofy, uncomfortable grin. A flicker of distortion.

Then, as if playing on an old record player in another room, we hear:

PA SYSTEM

Ladies and gentlemen, we will shortly begin our descent. In preparation for landing, please make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position.

4 EXT. AIRPORT LANDING STRIP - EARLY DUSK 4

PA SYSTEM CONT'D

Make sure your seat belt is securely fastened and all carry-on luggage is underneath the seat in front of you or in the overhead bins. Please turn off all electronic devices at this time.

The sound of the PA announcement fades and the image of Calum's face gradually gives way to the purple blue of dusk.

The crescendo of a descending aircraft.

A plane passes in a flash overhead.

MAIN TITLE: AFTERSUN

5 INT. TRANSFER BUS - LATE DUSK 5

TURKEY, late '90s

A battery falls to the floor and rolls beneath seats, past a crisp packet, between feet, until a hand reaches down to pick it up. Row by row, it's passed back up the packed bus; past families, rowdy groups of friends in their late teens and 20s, and couples, young and old.

The battery reaches a man - late 20s, his girlfriend asleep on his shoulder. He hands it to Calum on the aisle, whose arm is covered in a plaster cast from elbow to knuckles.

CALUM
(taking it)
Cheers.

BELINDA (O.S.)
Hiya everyone. My name's Belinda -
I'll be your tour rep for the next
week or two.

Calum hands Sophie the battery.

SOPHIE
They're dead anyway.

CALUM
Put it back in for now. We'll get
more tomorrow.

BELINDA (O.S.)
I've only just transferred in from
Torre —

The sound system cuts out. Sophie and Calum glance up.

BELINDA - tanned, early 20s - stands at the front of the bus. She taps the faulty microphone in her hand.

BELINDA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
From Torremolinos.

"Torremolinos" peaks the tinny speakers which kick back in mid-word. Belinda laughs a distinct, high-pitched laugh.

BELINDA (CONT'D)
Right, well I hope I'll be a good
help to you here in Turkey all the
same. We've got seven stops
tonight, so bear with us, alright.

Calum packs Sophie's Walkman away. He leans in.

CALUM
Hiya - my name's Belinda and I've
just come in from "Torremolinos".

Calum imitates Belinda's speed-of-light pronunciation of "Torremolinos". Sophie giggles.

SOPHIE
Torre...liminos.

The overhead lights go dark.

Calum takes out his own Walkman. He holds out a headphone for Sophie. She takes it.

Out of the airport complex now, the coach passes through the unfamiliar darkness, mottled with lights from local homes set into the hills.

As the mostly indiscernible view rushes by, the din of fellow holiday-goers fades to sleepy quiet.

6 INT. TRANSFER BUS - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER 6

The bus turns into a brighter enclave.

Sophie is nestled snugly against Calum's shoulder, eyes shut. His broken arm rests on top of her with effortless intimacy.

BELINDA (O.S.)
Sunshine Villa. Families Taylor,
Walker, and Addison.

These respective families rise from their seats.

YOUNG BOY
Mummy, is there a McDonald's here?

FATHER
On you go mate.

The boy's father gently ushers him on.

Calum takes the headphone that has fallen to Sophie's shoulder. Not entirely asleep, she reaches for it, allowing her hands to be intentionally clumsy, smushing his face until she has the headphone back in hand.

Outside the window, the driver hauls luggage out of the hold.

7 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - LATER 7

The driver deposits the last two suitcases onto the dusty street.

CALUM (O.S.)
Patterson. It's Calum and Sophie
Patterson.

BELINDA (O.S.)
Last but not least, eh?

Sophie yawns, tired. She watches as a family of four and a young couple cross to the Ocean Park Resort, a sizeable hotel complex with an entryway propped up by Greek columns.

BELINDA (CONT'D)
And is this your little sister,
then?

CALUM
My daughter, actually.

BELINDA
Away with you, she's not!

Belinda laughs her unmistakable laugh.

Calum turns to meet Sophie's gaze. A private joke – they've heard this before.

BELINDA (CONT'D)
Right, well that's you across the
way.

She gestures to a modest hotel on the other side of the street – The Türk Hotel – nice enough were its facade not masked by scaffolding.

8 EXT. STREET – NIGHT – MOMENTS LATER

8

The transfer bus pulls back up the street.

BELINDA (POST-LAP)
We'll see you tomorrow at the Ocean
Park. 4 o'clock sharp. Don't miss
us, won't you.

Calum and Sophie pick up their belongings.

SOPHIE	CALUM
My name's Belinda and I'm from... Torremolinos.	Torremolinos.

They laugh together as they approach their hotel, eventually disappearing from sight through its entrance.

9 INT. TÜRK HOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT

9

Calum rings a bell on the unmanned reception desk. Sophie is slumped on a wicker-backed chair. They've been waiting for a few minutes already.

A large dog enters from within the hotel - Sophie offers a tentative hand. The dog licks it.

CALUM
Hang tight, poppet.

Sophie wipes her hand clean on the seat cover.

Calum steps through a door. No sooner than it closes behind him, he reenters.

SOPHIE
I'm fine.

Calum considers this for a moment, then leaves a second time.

The dog flops to Sophie's feet as she inspects the books and magazines scattered on the table: Elle Magazine, the German edition of HELLO!, a local newspaper, and a stack of erotic paperback novels with worn, broken spines. Sophie leans down and without lifting it off the table, she begins to leaf through one.

The door reopens and immediately her gaze flits back up.

Calum reenters.

CALUM
Someone's coming.

Sophie yawns again.

CALUM (CONT'D)
Time for bed?

Sophie shakes off her yawn.

10 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

10

Sophie lies sprawled on the only bed, asleep and fully clothed.

Calum, perched on the side of the bed, picks up the phone.

CALUM
Hello?

11 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

11

At the foot of the bed now, Calum leans down and from an awkward angle fumbles the knots of Sophie's laces, his fingers constricted by the plaster cast over his hand and lower arm.

CALUM (POST-LAP)

501.

(beat)

Right, yeah. That's us.

(beat)

I had booked a room with two beds,
but we've only got the one here.

He slips off her trainers then her socks.

CALUM (POST-LAP) (CONT'D)

Well, I paid for it. It was
confirmed by the travel agency.

(beat)

That's all you can do?

(beat)

It'll have to be then.

(beat)

Okay. Thanks.

(beat)

Good night.

He sighs.

He tugs at the sheet to cover her with. She groans, doesn't want it. He persuades her half-under, then kisses her forehead.

Calum takes the Walkman from his rucksack and fishes for something else, but comes up short. He rifles through a jacket pocket then, seemingly content, rises to stand.

Sophie manoeuvres herself properly under the covers. Calum freezes, clenching the fist which holds whatever he has just retrieved.

After a moment, certain that Sophie is sleeping, he stands and turns off the light.

The sound of a sliding door pulled open.

12 EXT. HOTEL ROOM BALCONY - NIGHT

12

On a shallow balcony a few floors up, two white plastic chairs are set around a small table.

Like the street-facing exterior, the facade of the building running along the length of the pool below is partly covered by scaffolding.

Leaning against the railing, Calum struggles to light his crumpled cigarette with a flimsy hotel matchbook. Failing to strike a match with his broken hand, he swaps. Eventually, the flame takes, the cigarette held between his lips catches light, and he returns the matchbook to his pocket.

Calum dials up the volume on his Walkman, set down on the table. The sound spilling through the headphones is just sufficient to be heard by him alone.

He takes a long, slow drag from the cigarette and moves with the music, his arms loose and free. For a moment it's as though he's somewhere else.

13 EXT. HOTEL ROOM BALCONY - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER 13

Calum sits perched on the balcony railing in silence, his legs dangling precariously over a three-story fall.

He watches as a HOTEL EMPLOYEE closes up sun beds and tidies away empty bottles by the pool. Each bottle clinks noisily as it is tossed into a bag.

From inside, through a gap in the curtains, we watch Calum, as if from a specific point of view, as he takes the last smoke of his cigarette and continues to sit, unsupported, on the railing.

14 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL - EARLY MORNING 14

From the scaffold, the sound of metal on metal - clang, clang, clang, then drilling.

The same hotel employee from the night before opens up the sun beds stationed around the pool.

The hotel dog meanders nearby.

15 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING 15

A hotel information booklet lies on the dresser; pictures of the property in better days.

The building work continues outside.

Sophie, still clothed, and Calum, in boxer shorts, lie in identical positions on the bed – face down, arms above their heads.

16 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL POOLSIDE - DAY

16

DV CAM

More drilling. Three men at work on the scaffolding. The camera zooms in and out again.

Fragments of tile fall from the roof.

The camera pans down to a beach towel under the shade of an umbrella, then to the pool, entirely overexposed. After a second the exposure is auto-corrected.

In the pool, Sophie plays on a lilo, determined to stand on it as if it were a surfboard. She topples into the water.

CALUM (O.S.)

See, if you let it rest on an object for a wee while, it gets the lighting right. That's quite clever.

(beat)

Give us a wave, poppet.

SOPHIE

Wait, wait, wait.

Sophie scrambles out of the pool, stands on the edge, and jumps belly first onto the lilo which immediately rolls. She pulls herself back on top and offers a toothy grin as she catches her breath.

The image zooms into her face, scrunched up in the sun.

CALUM (O.S.)

Come on then. Top up time.

Sophie takes a deep breath and with both hands gripping either side of the lilo, she flips it; her body now fully submerged.

END OF DV CAM

17 EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

17

Sophie holds her breath underwater, eyes forced open, as the lilo floats empty above her.

CALUM
 (from above water)
 Sophie. Now.

18 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL POOLSIDE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

18

Sophie sits on the edge of the sun bed, fanning through the pages of the camera manual. Calum sits behind her, applying a viscous high-factor sun tan lotion to her back.

SOPHIE
 (reading performatively)
 "Digital video entertainment."

CALUM
 Don't get that wet. It was
 expensive.

Sophie mouths expensive as Calum says it.

Another burst of drilling.

CALUM (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry about the hotel, Soph.
 Clive was just here and said he had
 a great time.

He squeezes a dollop of lotion into his hand.

SOPHIE
 Come on, is that not it done?

He applies a second coat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 No-one believes I've been anywhere
 with you.
 (beat)
 Mum says I come home whiter than I
 left.

CALUM
 We should phone her this afternoon.
 (beat)
 Let her know you got here safe and
 sound.

Sophie shrugs.

CALUM (CONT'D)
 Everything okay at home?

SOPHIE
What do you mean?

CALUM
I mean, how are you and your mum
getting along?

SOPHIE
Fine, I guess. Yeah.

CALUM
That's good. I'm glad.

SOPHIE
(defensive)
Why, what did she say?

CALUM
She didn't say anything. You told
me you weren't getting along that
well the last time I saw you.
Remember? I can't exactly ask you
when I phone you at home.

SOPHIE
Oh right, yeah. No, it's been
better.

On the other side of the pool, another family sets up their
sun beds. ANDRÉA - 10, in a purple floral dress - and MARCIA -
5, already in swim wear - with their parents, early 40s.

CALUM
Why don't you go and introduce
yourself?

SOPHIE
Dad. They're, like, kids.

A pause.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Why don't you go and introduce
yourself?

The father inflates arm bands for Marcia, the little one. The
mother unpacks some belongings from a bag.

CALUM
(mimicking)
Sophie. They're, like, old.

They laugh together.

SOPHIE

Swap.

Calum squeezes the sun tan lotion into Sophie's hand. She kneels behind him and plays a game of noughts and crosses with the lotion on his back then superficially rubs it in.

On the other side, Calum watches as the father coaxes Marcia into the pool.

CALUM

Done?

SOPHIE

Yep.

Sophie sits back down. Calum's back is streaked with the vague outline of a hand print.

Eventually, Marcia drops herself into the pool. Andréa dive bombs in after her causing her little sister to burst into tears.

A HOTEL BARTENDER approaches with two drinks and places them on a small table wedged between their sun beds; a beer and a milkshake, complete with a cocktail umbrella and translucent palm-tree-shaped stirrer. Sophie licks the milkshake off her stirrer to get a better look.

Calum nudges her. She ignores him. He nudges again.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Tesskur...edrim (-- Thank you).

BARTENDER

Rica ederim (-- You're welcome).

19

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

19

Sophie points in wonder to the cloud of paragliders drifting above them as she and Calum traverse the five or six metre wide path that separates their hotel from The Ocean Park Resort.

CALUM (POST-LAP)

It's te-she-koor ederim.

SOPHIE (POST-LAP)

Tesh-koor ederim.

CALUM (POST-LAP)

Te-she-koor ederim.

At the end of the road, visible now under the sun, the ocean meets the sky on the horizon.

20 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT FOYER - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS 20

In the bustling foyer of the Ocean Park Resort, a sign by the staffed reception desk reads, "GoTurkey Welcome Meeting - Room 018".

TWO TEENS, 13ish, rush past soaking wet and Calum takes hold of Sophie's hand to lead her around the slippery patch left on the marble floor in their wake. She immediately drops his hand and watches after the teens as they descend a staircase and out through a set of doors.

While Calum gets his bearings, Sophie gazes up at a post with multidirectional arrows pointing toward different facilities within the resort, including a "gaming area".

SOPHIE

Can I have some money?

Sophie gestures up to the sign.

CALUM

Come on, poppet. We're up here.

He indicates to the stairs.

SOPHIE

Come on, Dad, don't be shan.

CALUM

Sophie.

SOPHIE

You'll get the brochure thingy then we can decide what we want to do later. We don't both need to be there.

(beat)

Please.

He thinks about it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

It's madness, madness, I tell you! For the love of god, Dad, don't make me do it!

CALUM

What's that from?

Sophie stares in exaggerated disbelief. He shrugs.

CALUM (CONT'D)

Never mind.

(beat)

Okay, here's the deal. I give you some money to play one game.

He holds up one finger.

CALUM (CONT'D)

One. And tonight you read a chapter of the book I brought for you.

SOPHIE

Fine.

Calum fishes out some cash. Before it's fully out of his wallet, Sophie grabs it and sprints off down the corridor.

CALUM

Slow down!

She doesn't.

SOPHIE

"Don't miss us won't you."

Sophie is out of sight.

21 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 21

A hotel employee stacks chairs in an empty room.

Calum looks down to his watch - 4pm, then up at a wall clock - 5pm.

CALUM

(harshly, to himself)

Fuck sake, Calum.

(beat)

How did you manage that?

He sits, defeated, and dials his watch forward to the correct time.

22 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - LATE AFTERNOON 22

Sitting on a motorbike arcade machine, knuckles white on the handlebars, in pole position, Sophie dips into a tight turn with intense focus.

Behind her a group of teens play pool – OLLY, 15, a buzzcut blond, de-facto group leader, LAURA, 15, with a fringe and high ponytail, and three others TOBY, JANE, SCOTT – all around the same age.

On screen, Sophie's bike skids off road and crashes into a tire wall; several bikes pass her. She slams the handlebars in frustration.

LAURA
(laughing)
Ouch.

Assuming that "ouch" had been directed at her, Sophie turns around. She sees Laura mocking Toby who had scuffed the white.

Sophie's attention shifts back to the screen as the game times out: 2-1-GAME OVER.

Back over at the pool table, Olly jumps Toby from behind and grabs hold of his cue, "romantically" instructing him how to properly take a shot.

TOBY
Get to fuck.

Toby pushes him off.

TOBY (CONT'D)
(to Scott)
I'm going for a piss. Don't fucking take my shot. I'll have you.

OLLY
I bet you will, you fucking turd tapper.

The others laugh as Toby leaves, giving Olly the finger as he walks away. Sophie takes it all in, now watching Laura who laughs along with them – short shorts, a white blouse, sporty trainers.

Behind the teens, Sophie spots Calum entering the area. Hurriedly, she adds more coins to the machine and hits start to begin another game.

He approaches from behind, setting himself up to playfully spook her.

SOPHIE
That was a bit quick.

CALUM

You don't miss a thing, do you?

Sophie concentrates intently.

23

EXT. OCEAN PARK RESORT DINING AREA - NIGHT

23

The poolside dining area is bustling with holiday-goers; tanned arms and legs, burnt backs and noses, dressed smartly for dinner in trousers, shirts, dresses.

A stage is set up on the far side of the patio where Belinda and the other tour reps, wearing matching uniforms of shorts and polo-shirts, are getting ready to perform for the crowd.

Sophie arrives at the table where Calum is already seated with a tray filled with dessert.

SOPHIE

You've not mentioned Alice.

Calum scrunches his nose.

CALUM

Remember she had a boyfriend when we first met?

SOPHIE

Mmm hmmm. I was like, "Who was that on the phone?" And you were all smiling and like, "Just this girl I like, but she's already going out with someone."

Calum smiles, amused and a little embarrassed.

CALUM

Well, they got back together.

SOPHIE

Oh.

(beat)

I liked her.

CALUM

Me too.

SOPHIE

Does that mean you're not going to open the cafe?

CALUM

The cafe?
(beat)
Oh, right. Yeah, no. Not any more.
But I've got something new going
with Keith.

SOPHIE

What is it?

CALUM

We're still figuring it out
exactly, but we're thinking of
renting a house a bit outside of
London to work from.
(beat)
You'd have your own room for when
you come down.

Calum gauges Sophie's reaction.

SOPHIE

Can I paint it yellow?

CALUM

Yellow? Why yellow?

SOPHIE

I don't know. Mum won't let me
paint my room yellow. I just like
the idea of a yellow room.

CALUM

You trying to get me into trouble?

Sophie looks up at him, innocently.

SOPHIE

Can I though?

CALUM

We'll see.

He nods conspiratorially. Sophie grins – she knows how to get what she wants.

The tour reps begin their show, lip synching and dancing to a song's well-known choreography. Some guests stand at their tables and join in.

Sophie spots Laura and Scott at dinner with their parents. They appear much younger in this context.

SOPHIE

Dad.

CALUM

Sophie.

She hesitates for a moment.

SOPHIE

What's a turd tapper?

Calum takes a sip of his beer, unfazed.

CALUM

Where did you hear that?

SOPHIE

I don't know. Someone said it to someone earlier. I think it was maybe a joke or something.

CALUM

Well, you know what gay means?

SOPHIE

Obviously.

Sophie blushes as she fastidiously shreds a napkin.

CALUM

Well, it's a not very kind thing to call a man who is gay.

Sophie remains silent.

A waiter approaches a nearby table.

WAITER

(to the seated family)

Room number?

Calum shoots Sophie a look, as though they both just remembered that this isn't their hotel. He leans in close and whispers in her ear, a look of glee and mischief on her face.

He picks up two small bread rolls, gives one to her.

She looks to him for reassurance. He nods.

She lobs the roll toward the stage, but it lands short.

Calum throws his and without waiting to see where it lands, he pulls Sophie toward the exit.

24 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 24

Laughing hysterically, hand in hand, they sprint back across the street. Sophie trips, but Calum catches her and scoops her up. He carries her back through the entrance to The Türk Hotel.

25 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 25

Calum lies awake on a narrow fold-out spring bed. Sophie is sound asleep on the main bed, one arm hanging off the mattress, a hefty adult-looking book on the floor.

Calum holds the video camera close to his face and watches playback on its pull-out screen. The volume is at 100%; he turns it down.

DV CAM (Late afternoon, earlier the same day)

- A shaky camera approaches the bathroom door of their hotel room; it's ajar. The shower is running. Sophie, with camera in hand, is reflected faintly in the steamed bathroom mirror while Calum's broken right arm, in its cast, sticks out of the shower curtain at a right angle.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Ladies and gentleman, my father,
the marvellous, wondrous, one-
armed, Calum Aaron Patterson.

Calum smiles.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Preparing for the evening's
entertainment, getting ready for
the one, the only...

- The camera flips around onto Sophie's face.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Torrelimonos.

She laughs shrilly, mimicking Belinda.

CALUM (O.S.)

(from the shower)

Soph, you okay?

- She keeps the camera on her face, an expression of mock guilt, then neutral. She observes her own features for a moment, then opens her mouth and zooms in until the screen is virtually black. The recording stops.

Calum rewinds.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
Ladies and gentleman, my father,
the marvellous, wondrous, one-
armed, Calum Aaron Patterson.

Content, he turns the camera off. He closes his eyes and lies still for a long moment.

The sound of dogs fighting on the street below intrudes through the balcony door, standing slightly ajar to allow in a breeze. Calum's eyes pop open.

He stretches over, resisting getting out of bed, and tries unsuccessfully to force the door shut.

He stands, closes the door properly, and returns to sit on the edge of the bed. Now, only the red light of the digital clock remains. It's 3:07.

He throws a t-shirt in the clock's direction. It covers it for a moment, but slowly then all at once, the t-shirt slides back onto the floor.

The red light of the clock glows.

26

INT. RAVE

26

The strobe continues to cast the space in and out of darkness, offering up momentary glimpses of Adult Sophie as she pushes through the messy crowd, her eye line steady.

We see others in the space and eventually, on the other side of the room at a distance, her target. It's Calum - his age and appearance as we know him in Turkey.

Somebody crosses in front of her, then him, further obstructing him from her view. She strains to keep him in sight.

27

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

27

Calum is in the bathtub. Water beats down onto his chest from the shower above, debossing the area where the heavy stream meets his skin.

The water level rises.

28 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

28

The tub is now full, the shower off. Calum's broken arm hangs over the edge. A small wet cloth covers his face.

As he inhales, a concave dome forms over his mouth. He breathes slowly and steadily; a makeshift meditation.

A knock on the door.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Dad, are you in there? I need to pee.

Calum takes the cloth from his face. He looks exhausted.

CALUM

Yeah, just give me a sec.

He uses the cloth to fully clear his eyes, then pulls the plug. The water drains noisily. He slaps his cheeks, not too hard, forcing himself to liven up.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Are you in the bath? I hate baths. What are you taking a bath for in the morning?

The water level falls. The drain continues to gurgle.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I was thinking about the activities. Do you think we can do the diving and the mud baths? The diving would mean taking your cast off, right? Have you worked out how to do that yet?

29 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT FOYER - LATE MORNING

29

Sophie stands in a windowless corridor in front of the elevator where three pay phones are lined against the wall.

SOPHIE

Uh huh.

(beat)

Well, what did she say?

Sophie laughs warmly.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Whoops. Well, it's fine. I'll do it when I'm home.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 School doesn't start until Tuesday,
 right?
 (beat)
 Uh huh. Okay.

A pause while Sophie listens.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 The hotel's good. Well, we're not
 actually at our hotel. It doesn't
 have a phone. But yeah.

A longer pause.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Dad? Yeah, he's fine.
 (beat)
 I mean...

Sophie looks over to Calum who practices a Tai Chi commencing
 form move in front of the reflective elevator doors.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Oh my god, he's doing some weird
 slow motion ninja thing. Why's he
 so weird sometimes?
 (beat)
 But yeah, he's good.
 (beat)
 Okay. Love you too.

Sophie lowers the phone.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Mum wants to talk to you.

Sophie hands the phone to Calum. She makes a motorbike motion
 - both hands gripping invisible handlebars, twisting the
 accelerator forward with her right. Calum fishes out some
 change from his pocket. Sophie takes it and rushes off.

CALUM
 Checking up on me?

30 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - MOMENTS LATER 30

Sophie enters the gaming area, but both bikes are occupied.
 TWO DRUNK MEN in their 50s roar as the bikes thud side to
 side under their weight.

31 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

31

Sophie returns to the foyer where Calum stands hunched at the phone, his back to her. She listens.

CALUM
(to Sophie's Mum)
Yeah, I do.
(beat)
It's wonderful. I'm so happy for
you.

Sophie sneaks up on Calum.

CALUM (CONT'D)
Alright, love you.
(beat)
Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Will do.
(beat)
Okay. Bye.

Calum hangs up, turns around, and jumps in fright at the sight of Sophie directly behind him.

He flips her over and grabs her heels, dangling her upside down as he walks.

SOPHIE (PRE-LAP)
Madrid.

32 EXT. OCEAN PARK RESORT LUNCH AREA - MIDDAY

32

Sophie lathers ketchup over her few remaining chips.

CALUM
Portugal?

SOPHIE
Lisbon.

CALUM
Belgium.

SOPHIE
Brussels.

CALUM
Australia?

SOPHIE
...Canberra.

CALUM
You sure?

SOPHIE
Mmm hmm.

CALUM
There you go.

Sophie is thrilled to have impressed him.

A WAITER begins to clear their plates.

Nearby, a FATHER pulls his SON, 5, forcefully away from the steps leading to the top of the waterslides.

FATHER
That's the day ruined. You've ruined it for all of us now.

Sophie eats her last chip.

SOPHIE
Give me another one.

Distracted, Calum turns back to her.

CALUM
Oh, Turkey?

SOPHIE
Easy. Istanbul.

The waiter watches.

CALUM
How about Hungary?

SOPHIE
Uhhhh...
(beat)
No, wait. No, I don't know.

CALUM
It's Budapest.

Sophie's shoulders fall in disappointment.

WAITER
That's not correct.

CALUM
Budapest?

WAITER

Turkey. The capital of Turkey is
Ankara, not Istanbul.

33

INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - AFTERNOON

33

Two boys, MICHAEL and JOHN - around Sophie's age, perhaps a little older - occupy the arcade motorbikes. They both finish in the middle of the pack.

Sophie hovers behind them, watching.

As their game concludes, John jumps off.

JOHN

Right. Are you coming to the
volleyball?

MICHAEL

One more. I'll meet you there.

Sophie takes a seat, inserts her coins into the machine.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Have you played before? It's that
one to start.

SOPHIE

I know.

Sophie gets off to a slow start but works her way back up the field. As the bikes loop the track, Michael groans at one sloppy turn after another.

Sophie concentrates in silence and rallies into first place. She doesn't make the leaderboard and huffs in disappointment. Michael finishes fifth.

MICHAEL

Another?

Calum passes with drinks.

CALUM

We're up.

SOPHIE

See you.

34 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - AFTERNOON

34

A sign-up sheet for Friday's pool tournament is pinned to a cork board alongside the hotel's game and entertainment schedules. Sophie's name is scrawled at the top.

Drawing her cue back and forth, Sophie takes aim at a solid resting against a cushion at the far end of the table. She adjusts the angle of her thumb which supports the cue.

CALUM

You remember how to pot these?

She doesn't.

CALUM (CONT'D)

Here.

(beat)

If the ball you're aiming for is touching the cushion, you have to hit, not too hard - quite soft actually - you have to hit the ball and the cushion at the same time.

(beat)

Basically, you're aiming for the cushion.

SOPHIE

Okay. Yeah, yeah.

She steps away.

CALUM

Wait. Come back.

(beat)

You see, if the ball isn't touching the cushion, if it's a wee bit off like this...

He gives the ball an inch of space.

SOPHIE

Hey!

CALUM

It's fine. We're just practising.

(beat)

If the ball is here, you have to hit it first. Hit it directly.

Calum thinks on this for a moment, then moves the ball back to its original position.

CALUM (CONT'D)

Ready?

Sophie lines up the shot. Calum's finger hovers over her mark.

In her peripheral vision, she sees the teens she had observed the day before enter the bar area - Olly, Laura, Scott, Toby, and Jane.

She returns her gaze to the white, focusses, and strikes. The solid runs down the remaining length of the cushion and drops into the pocket.

CALUM (CONT'D)

Brilliant.

Sophie quickly and confidently pots another ball. Calum watches, repeatedly chalking his cue then rubbing it off, his finger coated in blue dust.

Sophie lines up for the black, rushing now.

CALUM (CONT'D)

You're rushing now.

She looks up at him. He taps the middle pocket.

CALUM (CONT'D)

The white.

Sophie strikes. At exactly the same time, the black knocks in and the white rebounds forcefully into the middle pocket.

Sophie groans, resting both hands on top of her head.

SOPHIE

I'm...

(beat)

I'm going to the loo.

CALUM

Another?

She waves as she walks away, indicating yes. Calum places coins in the machine and presses the tray. The balls clatter as they are released into the table.

35 INT. TOILET - MOMENTS LATER

35

Sophie sits on the toilet.

SOPHE
 (quietly to herself)
 I'm going to the loo.
 (now imitating the teens
 from the day before)
 I'm going for a piss.
 (beat)
 Yeah, I'm going for a piss.

Two teenage girls enter - MAXINE and LUCY, both around 13/14.
 They individually occupy the other stalls.

MAXINE (O.S.)
 So, are you going to do anything?

LUCY (O.S.)
 What do you mean?

MAXINE (O.S.)
 With George. He told Seb he wants
 to. With you I mean. Not with Seb.
 Obviously.

LUCY (O.S.)
 Right.

Silence.

Sophie pulls out a piece of toilet paper blocking a hole in
 the door where the barrel of the lock has been removed.
 Through the hole, she sees Lucy exit her cubicle, approaching
 the sink to wash her hands.

MAXINE
 Last night on the way home, I gave
 Kenny...

Maxine approaches the sink making a hand gesture Sophie can
 only half make out.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
 Literally in the bushes behind that
 other pool.

LUCY
 Well, what, like, happened?

MAXINE
 What do you mean?

LUCY
 Like, did he come?

MAXINE

Yeah.

Maxine steps directly behind Lucy and wipes her wet hands down the back of Lucy's shirt.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I mean, obviously.

LUCY

(in response to the hands)

Hey!

Maxine pulls back Lucy's hair.

MAXINE

You should wear your hair back sometimes. You look really pretty with your hair back.

Lucy and Maxine contemplate their combined reflection.

Sophie flushes, exits her cubicle, and approaches the sink to wash her hands. The girls make a quick exit.

LUCY (O.S.)

(quietly as the door closes)

Oh my god, do you think she heard?

MAXINE (O.S.)

Who cares; she's, like, nine. She has literally no idea what we're talking about.

Sophie looks at herself in the mirror: boxy oversized t-shirt, football shorts, "No Fear" cap.

36

INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - MOMENTS LATER

36

Sophie returns to the pool table where Calum jerks the triangle forward to lock the balls in formation.

Olly and Toby approach. Olly gestures to the table.

OLLY

(to Calum)

Do you mind?

CALUM

Yeah, yeah, no bother.

Olly places a stack of four coins next to the chalk.

CALUM (CONT'D)
Right, last one for now then.

Sophie looks to the boys, pints in hand.

SOPHIE
Do you want a game of doubles?

Calum looks to Sophie. In turn, Olly checks in with Calum who offers a surprised shrug.

OLLY
(to Toby)
Why not?

TOBY
I don't know, mate, you've a got a
built-in rest there.

He points to the cast on Calum's hand. Calum laughs.

CALUM
No danger. I'm right handed. And
I'm playing with a kid, right? Go
easy.

He winks to Sophie. She glares.

OLLY
(to Sophie)
Right? Do you want to take the
break?

Sophie cues up, her expression serious.

OLLY (CONT'D)
(to Calum)
What's your sister's name?

CALUM
It's Sophie.

An extended pause. For a moment, Calum is a peer.

CALUM (CONT'D)
I'm her dad though, actually.

OLLY
Shit, right. Sorry.

They both laugh.

CALUM
You're fine.

An awkward silence.

CALUM (CONT'D)
It's a nice hotel, eh?

OLLY
I'm actually staying across the street, but it's basically a building site, so...

Calum smiles.

TOBY
Olly.

Toby nods to the table. Sophie has potted three balls off the break.

OLLY
Fucking hell, Sophie...impressive.

TOBY
Mate, don't say...

Toby mouths "fuck."

OLLY
(to Calum)
Sorry about that.

Olly winks to Sophie who plays it cool, but struggles to hide her thrill at the feeling of being part of it.

37 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

37

A close-up of a tussle, on first look, a real struggle.

Calum's unbroken hand clasps Sophie's wrist as she labours to free it. She pulls, but to no avail.

CALUM
You have to twist...like, here.

SOPHIE
Alright, I get it.

CALUM
Again.

Perplexed by this lesson and not taking it particularly seriously, Sophie takes Calum's wrist again.

CALUM (CONT'D)

So the thin part lines up against where the fingers connect and then you pull as hard as you can.

He pulls a little too forcefully, easily slipping out of her hold.

SOPHIE

Ow.

Her smirk disappears.

CALUM

This is serious, Sophie. It's important you get this.

SOPHIE

Why?

38 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

38

Sophie sits cross-legged on the bed. Calum dabs a bottle of face cleanser onto a round of cotton wool, dabbing it gently on her closed eyelids.

CALUM (POST-LAP)

So you can defend yourself. So that if anyone ever tries to attack you, you can break free and get away. You hear me?

SOPHIE (POST-LAP)

What if someone tries to attack me some other way. Without grabbing my wrists?

(beat)

Dad?

39 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL POOLSIDE - UNDERWATER - MORNING

39

Calum takes a photograph of Sophie underwater.

Holding her breath, she beckons for the camera. Calum poses for her.

Together they rise to the surface, their legs treading water in frame.

40 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL POOLSIDE - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

40

Calum and Sophie lie poolside in the same position on their backs, one arm draped over their stomachs, their respective left arms shielding their eyes from the sun.

Paragliders decorate the sky.

SOPHIE
Could we do that?

CALUM
You're too young, poppet.

They continue to watch as the gliders descend in waves.

SOPHIE
I think it's nice that we share the sky.

Calum turns to Sophie.

CALUM
What do you mean?

SOPHIE
Well, sometimes at playtime I'll look up to the sky and if the sun is out, I'll think about the fact that you can see the same sun. So that even if we aren't in the same place, we kind of are you know? We're, like, under the same sky. Kind of.

A paraglider spirals downward in a controlled, but precarious looking stunt.

41 EXT. STREET - DAY

41

Calum and Sophie walk.

CALUM
She sells.

SOPHIE
She sells.

CALUM
Sea shells.

SOPHIE
Sea shells.

CALUM
On the sea shore.

SOPHIE
On the sea shore.

CALUM
She sells sea shells.

SOPHIE
She sells sea shells on the sea
shore.

CALUM
There you go. Now really fast.
(beat)
She sells sea shells on the sea
shore.

SOPHIE
She sells she sells.
She sells sea shells...

Sophie continues to rattle through the tongue twister.

Calum tugs at his t-shirt uncomfortably.

CALUM
Soph, how does my back look?

He lifts up his shirt. It's red, with a distinct outline of a
hand print.

SOPHIE
Mmmm. A wee bit red?

Neck twisted, Calum eyes his reflection in a car window.

CALUM
A wee bit red?!

SOPHIE
It's like a temporary tattoo.

CALUM
It's your grubby wee hand print.

42 INT. HAMAM STEAM ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

42

In an empty steam room, Sophie sits opposite Calum who is
stretched out on his back, asleep. They're both covered in a
film of sweat.

SOPHIE
Are you asleep? You're not supposed
to fall asleep.

CALUM
I'm just relaxing. Trying to.

TWO OLDER MEN enter; both in speedos.

One offers a nod; the other sits right down, occupying the
spot beside Sophie.

Calum sits himself up.

CALUM (CONT'D)
Here, Soph.

Sophie moves beside Calum.

The second man takes her place, glances toward both Calum and
Sophie.

Calum checks in with Sophie who uses her teeth to pull out
the thread of an evil eye bracelet hanging loosely from her
wrist.

Visibly tense, Calum continues to survey the men on the other
side of the room.

One glances toward Sophie and Calum instantly rises.

CALUM (CONT'D)
Let's go through.

43 INT. HAMAM SHOWER - A LITTLE LATER 43

Calum stands under the shower. He takes a slow, deep breath.

Sophie watches him suspiciously.

SOPHIE
Isn't it supposed to be cold?

CALUM
Mmm hmm. But it's nice. You'll see.

Sophie sticks a toe in the water stream. She shrieks.

SOPHIE
It's freezing!

Calum steps out and drapes a towel around his shoulders.

CALUM
Ready?

SOPHIE
No way.

CALUM
Go on. It's good for you. I'll
count to ten.

Sophie waits.

CALUM (CONT'D)
I'll count to ten when you're
under.

SOPHIE
Five.

CALUM
Seven.

SOPHIE
Five.

CALUM
Fine, five. Ready?

Sophie throws herself under and gasps, losing her breath.

CALUM (CONT'D)
One. Two. Three. Four. Four and a
half.

Sophie leaps out.

SOPHIE
That was five.

CALUM
It was technically four-and-a-half.

Sophie scowls through her shivers.

44 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

44

Calum sits perched on the edge of the bathtub with his head hanging low and his right arm dangling in a bucket filled with water.

A strip of plaster cast on his arm loosens. He peels it as far as he can and allows it to float in the murky liquid.

The bathroom door stands open.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
Did it hurt?

CALUM
Did what hurt?

SOPHIE (O.S.)
When you fell.

45 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

45

Sophie is on the bed flipping through a teen magazine. The book Calum gave her sits closed at her side.

CALUM (O.S.)
When I broke my wrist?

SOPHIE
Uh huh.

CALUM (O.S.)
I guess. I don't really remember. I didn't think it was broken. I had never broken anything before.

SOPHIE
I have never broken anything.

A long pause.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
So, how come you and Mum say, "love you?"

CALUM (O.S.)
What?

SOPHIE
Like, on the phone. Well, like, you aren't together, so...why do you say it?

CALUM (O.S.)
Think of all the people you say it to. Nana, grandad, your uncles, aunties?

SOPHIE
But they're family.

46 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

46

Calum tugs impatiently at the slowly unravelling plaster.

CALUM

Well, your mother is family.

With his free hand, he leans forward and grabs his toiletries bag. He balances it on his knee and fumbles a pair of scissors from it.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

I remember once when I was younger, I asked Mum if she'd phoned you. I don't remember why. And she said you were engaged. I thought it meant you were getting married. Like, that the two of you were getting married.

(beat)

I don't really remember though, if it was just you or you both that I thought that about.

(beat)

Isn't that funny?

Calum draws up his hand from the water and makes his best effort to cut the plaster from the top with an ineffectually small pair of nail scissors.

CALUM

That you thought we were engaged?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Uh huh.

Calum continues to jab at the plaster with the tiny blades.

He jerks back his hand.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I mean, yeah. That I didn't know that it just meant that you were on the phone to someone else. I was kind of excited.

Blood begins to stream from beneath the cast. Calum wipes clean the tip of the scissors on the palm of his hand, and places them back on the counter.

CALUM

About us getting married?

His hand elevated now, he watches as the blood trickles down his arm, reaching his elbow, and finally dropping into the bucket.

Droplets of blood disperse in the water, striking in contrast to the mix of water and dissolving plaster.

47 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 47

SOPHIE

I guess, yeah.

(beat)

I was pretty young though, like maybe 7.

Another pause.

CALUM (O.S.)

How are you getting on with the book? You enjoying it?

SOPHIE

I don't know; it's kind of hard to understand.

CALUM (O.S.)

Stick with it. I think you'll really like it.

In a wide two-shot covering both bedroom and bathroom, Sophie reluctantly puts down her magazine and opens up the book.

SOPHIE

What does "municipal" mean?

Calum stares down at the bucket.

Drop.

Drop.

48 INT./EXT. DIVE BOAT DECK - MORNING 48

The wake froths and ripples outward as the gulet - a two-masted schooner - cuts through the dark sea.

Sophie and Calum sit side by side looking out onto the open water.

Calum's left hand rests on top of two brand new boxed diving masks held in a thin plastic bag whipping noisily in the breeze.

His other arm is stretched along the railing, his fingers tapping absentmindedly on the white paint as his eyelids slowly fall shut. Sophie taps too, imitating his rhythm. Calum smiles, tired.

49 EXT. DIVE BOAT/WATER - DAY

49

Sophie stands perched on the bow. Calum treads water.

CALUM

Ready?

Sophie takes several long strides back until she's out of Calum's sight. She takes a deep breath.

A teen cuts in front of her and dive bombs into the water.

In a half-skip, half-run, Sophie covers the remaining distance and dive bombs in herself.

CALUM (CONT'D)

A proper dive, Soph.

SOPHIE

Dad!

CALUM

What?

SOPHIE

I told you I can't.

CALUM

You were diving last year.

(beat)

Here.

He throws her mask and snorkel.

SOPHIE

No. I wasn't.

Sophie rubs the water from her eyes.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Here, throw me my mask.

CALUM

I did.

SOPHIE

What?

CALUM
Stop messing around. Come on.

SOPHIE
Dad, I'm not. Where is it?

Calum submerges his face.

The camera sinks slowly with Sophie's mask. From the mask's POV, Calum grabs for it, but it's just out of reach.

Still from the mask's sinking POV, Calum disappears back above water then violently reenters a moment later, his lips latched onto the mouthpiece of his snorkel.

He thrashes for it. Getting closer, his eyes strain through the salt, his body lengthens, his fingers reach, but it remains a hair beyond his grasp.

At the surface, Sophie sits in a serene moment of quiet.

Calum resurfaces, completely out of breath.

SOPHIE
Did you not get it?

It's clear he didn't.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Why would you even make a mask that
doesn't float?

Calum continues to heave.

50 EXT. DIVE BOAT DECK - A LITTLE LATER

50

With only moderate effort, Sophie slips into a dry wetsuit. On the other side of the deck, Calum struggles into an unforgiving wet one.

SOPHIE
(mumbling quietly in song)
Feeling hot, hot, hot.

As Sophie slides her legs then arms into the neoprene, she watches a MAN intimately applying sun tan lotion to his GIRLFRIEND'S back and neck while she holds up her hair in a bun. They share a joke.

A dive instructor approaches - ONUR, 30.

ONUR
This should fit.

He places a magenta mask onto Sophie's face, tugs at the straps.

ONUR (CONT'D)
Suits well.

He pops it off again and hands it to her.

ONUR (CONT'D)
Now, spit in the glass.

SOPHIE
What?

ONUR
Spit in the glass then wipe it around. Instructor's orders. It stops it fogging up when you get down there.

Sophie gathers some spit inside her mouth. She smears it across the glass with a finger.

Calum does a few little jumps in a frustrated attempt to coax his own wetsuit on. He pulls at the neoprene and it slaps against his skin.

Another slap of neoprene.

A MAN pulls on a t-shirt and flip flops nearby.

MAN
(gesturing to Calum's wetsuit)
Don't worry mate, I only had a quick wee in that one.

He stands and walks past as he enters the cabin.

Sophie watches Calum from the other side of the chrome air tank rack.

SOPHIE
You know I didn't see you throw it.

CALUM
Throw what.

SOPHIE
The mask. I know it was expensive.

A pause.

CALUM

It's okay, darling. It's fine. I'm just a little tired today.

(beat)

Will you run up and grab the camera? I left it in the bag.

Sophie disappears.

Onur sees Calum struggling. From a box under the seating, he pulls out a handful of plastic bags.

ONUR

Here, put that on your foot then try again.

Calum, unsure, takes the bag, slips it onto his foot, then pushes it through the wetsuit leg. It slides right through.

CALUM

Cheers.

ONUR

Trick of the trade.

CALUM

Not a bad trade.

ONUR

No, not at all.

CALUM

This is what you do then? All year around?

ONUR

You sound like my anneanne; my mother's mother.

CALUM

Your grandma?

ONUR

Yes. She'd prefer I had a proper job.

They share a laugh.

ONUR (CONT'D)

Before I travelled a lot; one season somewhere, one season somewhere else, but now I'm here. Back home.

CALUM

Do you miss it?

ONUR

Travelling?

Calum nods.

ONUR (CONT'D)

Not as much as I was missing family. And now I have a baby coming.

(beat)

A few years ago I thought I'd be 40 at least before all that, but...

Onur shrugs happily and returns to work.

CALUM

40?

(beat)

Can't see myself at 40 to be honest. Surprised I made it to 30.

51 EXT. WATER

51

Sophie, Calum, and Onur float on the surface.

ONUR

Okay?

Calum and Sophie both give an "okay" signal - index finger and thumb touching, other fingers fanned out.

Onur holds out his hand, palm toward them.

CALUM

Stop.

SOPHIE

Stop.

CALUM (CONT'D)

I said it first.

ONUR

And this?

He gives them a thumbs up.

Up. CALUM Up. SOPHIE

52 EXT. WATER - MOMENTS LATER 52

They each place their regulators in their mouths and take a few noisy breaths from their respective air tanks. Then, holding the deflator hoses above their heads, they expel the air from their jackets and gradually descend underwater.

53 EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS 53

Less than 10m below the surface, Onur gestures, "Okay?" to Calum and Sophie. They each return the signal, but as Sophie does, she drifts upward.

Onur grabs the edge of her BCD and pulls her down. He takes her deflator hose and holds it above her head again. He presses the button and as the bubbles of air escape the jacket she regains buoyancy.

Onur leads them over to a coral reef and takes her hand. He bunches it into a fist and extends her index finger. "Wait" he gestures. She looks to Calum who shrugs.

Onur turns his back and reaches toward the coral.

He returns with a seahorse in hand and gently wraps its tail around Sophie's outstretched finger. Behind her mask and regulator, Sophie's eyes bulge and her lips part with excitement.

She looks to Calum, gesturing down to the seahorse. Calum gives her two big thumbs up. He takes a photograph.

Onur clarifies, "Go up?" Calum corrects himself with two enthusiastic "okays".

Calum continues to watch Sophie who is in turn reflected in his mask. A moment of shared serene joy.

54 INT. DIVE BOAT 54

DV CAM

The camera, hand held, wobbles through the interior of the boat.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
This is the inside bit.

Sophie opens the door to the tiny toilet.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This is the teeny toilet.

She catches her reflection in the mirror and waves.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And here...

She exits and ascends a short flight of stairs.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Is the outside upstairs bit.

The camera darts around the outside deck.

CUT TO:

DV CAM

Sophie addresses the camera.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
This is Sophie Lesley Patterson reporting live from the top deck of the Yali 3. I've just returned from, emmmm, how do I describe it, the most, like, amazing brilliant experience I've ever had.

(beat)

There was a sea horse and its tail was actually wrapped round my finger. And then there was an octopus, like, a real live octopus that the instructor put on my head.

(beat)

Anyway, now, I'm here and Dad, I mean -

(resumes her faux reporter style)

Mr Calum Aaron Patterson is on a deep sea dive.

(whispers)

Even though he doesn't really have a diving license. He...

She zooms all the way into her face.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Told a porky pie.

She zooms back out.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 But he'll be back soon. He'll be
 fine.

The camera holds still for a moment. A flicker of doubt gives way to a contrived grin.

The camera pans toward the sea, zooming in until it's too abstract to make out.

END OF DV CAM

55 EXT. UNDERWATER 55

Calum, fully kitted out in SCUBA gear, alone, descends in open water.

Deeper.

Deeper.

Deeper, until he is entirely enveloped by darkness.

MUSIC from the rave fades in, at first slowed, warped by the water's weight, then:

56 INT. RAVE 56

Adult Sophie continues to push on through the ever-tightening crowd. Each person requires more effort to overcome.

Through the gaps, she glimpses Calum dancing with abandon, but as we close in on him, it doesn't feel as free as it did on first glance. It feels desperate, endless.

57 EXT. ROOFTOP CAFE - AFTERNOON 57

Sophie and Calum sit cross-legged on floor cushions behind a low table on an outdoor deck.

More paragliders descend from the sky above.

Calum drinks a Turkish tea and Sophie a milkshake. As at the hotel, the milkshake is adorned with fancy stirrers and umbrellas.

On the other side of the cafe, a HOLIDAY COUPLE smokes nargileh. Sophie watches while she clumsily shuffles a deck of cards.

SOPHIE
What is that?

CALUM
It's just another kind of smoking
and -

SOPHIE
Smoking causes cancer and puts tar
in your lungs and causes your teeth
to go yellow and makes your
eyeballs fall out.

Sophie grins a wide, goofy grin.

CALUM
Exactly.
(beat)
We'll go somewhere else next time.

SOPHIE
It's not that bad. When was the
last time you were up to visit
Nana?

Sophie takes a slow imaginary drag of a cigarette and blows it in Calum's face.

Calum has no riposte. This hit a little close.

Sophie hands him the cards. He splits them into two stacks and thumbs them simultaneously into a single pile.

CALUM
Right, trouble.
(beat)
Watch again.

Calum perfectly combines the split deck once more.

Sophie takes the cards and tries to do the same.

SOPHIE
Do you think we can go diving
again?

A pause.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I mean some other time. On another holiday.

CALUM

Oh, definitely. Somewhere even better. Hawaii.

SOPHIE

Wow. That would be amazing.

They both consider the likelihood of this.

At a table to their left, TWO FEMALE FRIENDS inspect the residual grounds in a coffee cup. Speaking Turkish, one woman reads the other's fortune.

Sophie tries to combine the split stacks but loses a few cards. Calum picks them up.

CALUM

When are you back at school?

SOPHIE

Tuesday. Oof. Next week. Crazy.

CALUM

Next week? God. I thought it was a bit later.

Sophie shrugs.

CALUM (CONT'D)

Who's your new teacher?

SOPHIE

Mrs Mackel.

CALUM

The one from Glasgow?

SOPHIE

Yeah. How'd you know that?

CALUM

I met her the last time I was in.

Sophie eyes him warily.

CALUM (CONT'D)

What? She's pretty. The pretty one from Glasgow. Stuck in my head.

SOPHIE

Dad!

CALUM

Is she supposed to be good?

SOPHIE

We had a one week crossover at the end of term. She seems ok.

CALUM

What would you think about applying to a private school for secondary? I had a chat with your mum about it already. I think I could figure out the money.

Silence.

CALUM (CONT'D)

And there's university too. You should think about where you might want to go.

A beat.

CALUM (CONT'D)

Where do you think you might want to go?

Sophie spills more cards onto the floor. She reaches down to pick them up.

58 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - LATE AFTERNOON 58

Sophie sits at the motorbike arcade pretending to play, but not.

Michael, the boy she played against on the same game previously, leapfrogs onto the second bike.

MICHAEL

You playing?

SOPHIE

My dad's gone to get money.

MICHAEL

Here, watch this.

He holds up a British ten pence coin and places it in the slot. "1 CREDIT" flashes on screen.

SOPHIE
You got another?

He grins and hands her a coin.

MICHAEL
I'm Michael by the way.

SOPHIE
I hope you've been practising,
Michael.

MICHAEL
Harsh.

On the countdown:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What's your name then?

SOPHIE
Sophie.

They're off. It's a much closer race this time around. The bikes speed past on screen.

Sophie cuts a corner too close and careers into a wall of stacked tires.

59 EXT. STREET NEAR HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON - SIMULTANOUS 59

A loud honk.

Calum crosses a road, nonchalantly missing a departing tour bus.

60 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - LATE AFTERNOON 60

Both on a turn, Michael leans right and Sophie left so that at full tilt, their arms are almost touching.

Sophie leads until the final approach when Michael boosts ahead of her.

MICHAEL
That's 1-1.

SOPHIE
I didn't know we were keeping
count.

MICHAEL
Yes you did.

61 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING 61

Sophie lounges on the bed, dressed for the evening. She has a magazine in her lap, but she isn't really reading.

CALUM (O.S.)
You okay through there?

SOPHIE
I don't know. I guess.
(beat)
I feel a bit down or something.

62 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 62

Two angled mirrors flank the large rectangular one set into the wall, creating an infinity effect whereby Calum's image is multiplied.

Calum brushes his teeth and vainly tussles his hair.

CALUM
(through his toothbrush)
What do you mean?

SOPHIE (O.S.)
I don't know. Don't you ever feel just, like, I don't know. Like when you've been on a real high, like something's been amazing, and then you kind of crash. And feel like you're kind of...sinking or something like that. It's weird. I don't know.

Calum listens. He avoids his own gaze now, spitting out foamy toothpaste.

CALUM
We're here to have a good time.

Abruptly, he spits at his reflection in the mirror.

CALUM (CONT'D)
Are you ready yet?

SOPHIE
I'm ready.

Sophie stands at the door now, which has been open the whole time. Calum turns, his body blocking the spit.

CALUM

(warmer)

Let's go have a nice dinner. We'll get an early night, yeah?

Calum leaves the bathroom, ushering Sophie out the door. The spit trickles down the mirror.

63 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING 63

Light from the window creeps into the bathroom as the sun rises; the spit now dry on the mirror.

The sound of drilling, construction.

64 EXT. STREET - DAY 64

Calum and Sophie walk in the direction of the public beach. They pass some shops, stalls, cafes, and small restaurants. The area isn't overly developed.

A YOUNG MAN distributes flyers advertising a nightclub: "NOIZ - DISCOUNT SHOTS ALL NITE"

CALUM

We should get something nice to send you back to your mum with.

SOPHIE

Can I get something too?

CALUM

You can get something too, poppet. What do you want?

SOPHIE

A PlayStation?

CALUM

I'll get you a PlayStation, but do you think me spending that much money would be fair?

SOPHIE

Come on, Dad. It was a joke. Where would we even get a PlayStation round here?

65 EXT. POSTCARD STAND - CONTINUOUS

65

Calum and Sophie reach a postcard stand and each browse on either side of it.

SOPHIE

Did I tell you I was thinking about getting my ears pierced when I get home. Before school starts. So, this weekend I guess.

CALUM

No chance.

SOPHIE

(surprised)

What do you mean "no chance"?

CALUM

You're too young to be altering your body like that.

SOPHIE

Dad. I'm not altering my body. It's just my ears.

CALUM

I think you'd regret it to be honest with you, Soph.

SOPHIE

What are you talking about? Basically all of my friends have their ears pierced already.

Calum ignores this.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

And Mum already said she'd think about it.

Calum stops.

CALUM

Do you know what the first thing an attacker would do?

Sophie laughs.

A pause.

CALUM (CONT'D)

Do you?

SOPHIE
 (no idea where this is
 going)
 Em, grab my hands?

She imitates the hand release Calum taught her on the second night.

CALUM
 Rip your earrings straight from
 your ear lobes.

SOPHIE
 Oh my god, Dad!

CALUM
 If a man were to attack you, that's
 the first thing he'd do. He would
 rip them straight out. You've no
 idea.

SOPHIE
 (quietly)
 I don't think that's true.

CALUM
 It is.

Sophie steps away to a hair braiding stall situated just behind the postcard stand.

After a beat, Calum follows her.

66 EXT. HAIR BRAIDING STALL - CONTINUOUS

66

CALUM
 Do you want one?

SOPHIE
 I guess.

CALUM
 You do or your don't.

SOPHIE
 Yeah, I do.

Sophie hops onto a low wooden stool and chooses from a selection of colours presented to her by the STALL OWNER.

As Calum stands waiting, A WOMAN - 40s, approaches Calum. She tries and fails to catch his eye.

WOMAN

Would you mind taking a picture of me here?

The camera is thrust into Calum's hand. He takes the picture and hands it immediately back.

CALUM

(to Sophie)

Meet me next door when you're done?

The woman double takes Sophie not having realised she and Calum were together. The woman leaves. Sophie remains alone as the stall owner continues to weave the braid into her hair.

67

INT. CARPET SHOP

67

Inside the shop, the walls are adorned by huge, exquisitely crafted carpets hanging from ceiling to floor. Calum crouches in front of a particularly beautiful one, resting on top of a stack laid out in front of him by the SALESMAN.

The salesman tells Calum about the provenance of this particular rug.

Calum's hand glides tenderly along the wool, then back against the natural direction of the pile. His eyes glisten and patently emotional, his upper body shudders as he tries to reign himself in.

Sophie enters from the staircase at the other end of the room. She joins him.

CALUM

Don't you think this one's lovely?

Sophie stares at it. Calum has collected himself.

SOPHIE

It is actually. Yeah.

CALUM

This man was telling me that each of these carpets tells a story. The symbols, motifs, they represent different things.

The salesman steps away and returns with a cup of tea for Sophie.

SOPHIE
(mispronounced)
Teşekkür ederim.

SALESMAN
"Tea sugar" ederim.

SOPHIE
Sugar?

SALESMAN
Tea sugar ederim.
Tea sugar ederim.
Te-she-kkur ederim.

He smiles. Sophie gets it.

SOPHIE
Oh.
(beat)
Tea-sugar ederim.

SALESMAN
Rica ederim.

CALUM
And this one. How much is it?

SALESMAN
This one? It's 45 million lira.

Calum nods as he continues to admire it.

Sophie's eyes bulge.

68 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL POOLSIDE - AFTERNOON

68

The poolside is in a state of slumber – the post-lunch lull – and the pool is empty save the reflection of an afternoon paragliding session. Guests either read or sleep on their sun beds under the shade of umbrellas. Even the construction has momentarily ceased.

Sophie and Calum enter with a bag filled with souvenir gifts. They approach the bar.

SOPHIE
Who is their right mind would pay
almost £1000 for a carpet. A
carpet!

CALUM

It's a rug and it's the kind of thing that would appreciate in value. A collectible. And that's not really the price. You haggle.

SOPHIE

Are you actually thinking about it? Mum would kill you if I told her.

Calum laughs.

CALUM

That's probably true. Don't tell her.

The teens – Olly, Toby, and Laura – pass behind the bar on their way out, presumably across to the Ocean Park Resort.

SOPHIE

You going to play pool?

CALUM

Come on, Sophie. Why don't you introduce yourself to those girls over there?

Andréa and Marcia sit side-by-side on a sun bed. Andréa plays a Gameboy. Marcia watches. Their parents sleep.

OLLY

(to Calum)

She can come play for a bit if she wants. We're only three, so we can double up.

Laura looks to Olly, questioning.

OLLY (CONT'D)

(to Laura)

She's actually quite good.

SOPHIE

(serious)

Dad.

Calum agonises.

CALUM

Right, go on then. An hour. Then come right back. Do you hear me?

Sophie tries not to appear over-excited as she follows the teens out.

A COUPLE in their mid-40s drink by the bar. They smile at Calum knowingly. He awkwardly acknowledges them.

69 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - A LITTLE LATER 69

Laura sits at the bar while Olly and Toby set up the table. She's more tanned than when we first met her - freckles, wisps of hair at the top of her neck where her ponytail has been scraped up. The burn/tan lines of the straps of her halter neck bikini stand out in contrast to the position of her over-the-shoulder bra, exposed just a little above the low collar of her shirt. She has stud earrings shaped like tiny table tennis bats.

Sophie stands.

LAURA
Fanta lemon, please.

She flashes a luminous green wristband clasped around her wrist to an OCEAN PARK BARTENDER.

SOPHIE
What's that?

Sophie points to the wristband.

OLLY
Taking your time, girls.

Olly approaches from behind and hands Laura the cue. Laura takes her drink and walks back to the table.

LAURA
(as she walks away)
It's an all-inclusive thing. You can order as much as you want of anything.

Sophie observes a strip of sweat left on the plastic bar stool where Laura was seated.

OCEAN PARK BARTENDER 1
Would you like something?

SOPHIE
A Fanta lemon, thanks.

The sweat / condensation dries up.

OLLY
You're up, Sophie.

Sophie grabs her drink and joins the others at the table to take her shot.

LAURA
 (back toward the bar)
 Well, well, well. Who do we have here?

Scott and Jane, hand in hand, approach the bar from the swimming pool.

SCOTT
 You alright?

They order drinks, keeping to themselves. Jane leans in to Scott and they begin to make out.

Olly covers Sophie's eyes and turns her around. Toby flanks her other side; a double act.

TOBY
 (shouting toward Scott and Jane)
 Can't be corrupting the youth.

Sophie shakes free.

Jane raises a middle finger as she kisses Scott. The teens continue to heckle them.

70 INT. HOTEL ROOM 70

Calum practices Tai Chi in the bedroom, trying to maintain a sense of calm. Failing.

He grabs his wallet. Leaves.

71 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - A LITTLE LATER 71

Sophie strikes a ball.

Scott and Jane continue to make out by the bar.

LAURA
 Gross. They've been snaking for a fucking age.

OLLY
 (laughing)
 Wait, what? Snaking. What the fuck is snaking?

Sophie strikes another, potting the white this time.

LAURA

Snaking. What do you call it?

Seeing that the teens aren't paying attention, Sophie cheats, lifting the white back out of the pocket.

OLLY

What they're doing? It's pulling.

Sophie hesitates. In a brief crisis of confidence, she returns the white to the pocket.

SOPHIE

It's nipping.

They turn to Sophie and all laugh together.

OLLY

Nipping?

Olly pinches Laura's ass as he says it.

LAURA

(embarrassed)

Oi.

OLLY

Look...

Scott and Jane return to the edge of the pool, legs dangling in the water, ignoring the group's whistles.

OLLY (CONT'D)

Come on.

Olly slings his arm around Sophie's shoulder, whispering in her ear.

72

EXT. OCEAN PARK RESORT POOLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

72

They group approaches the pool. Sophie smiles. She looks back to Olly for reassurance. He raises his eyebrows in affirmation.

Sophie sneaks up behind Scott, then suddenly and with force, pushes him into the water.

Olly follows through with Jane, then engages in a momentary play struggle with Laura. Sophie watches as Laura squeals and she and Olly tumble in together. Toby dive bombs in after them.

Sophie is left standing on the edge of the pool – a second too long has passed for her to join in the spontaneous, fully clothed fun. Nonetheless, she jumps, with a tentative lack of commitment.

SOPHIE

Woooo!

73 EXT. UNDERWATER – CONTINUOUS 73

Below the surface, Sophie opens her eyes; bubbles and a tangled mess of two bodies pressed close together.

As she rises she sees Laura and Olly in an embrace.

Scott splashes them violently. They separate long enough to splash him back. Laura's white shirt is soaked through, revealing the outline of her bra underneath.

Sophie, her own white t-shirt now virtually translucent, looks down to her exposed flat chest.

Scott and Toby are engaged in an underwater wrestle now. Olly and Laura back to whispering in one another's ears.

74 EXT. OCEAN PARK RESORT POOLSIDE – CONTINUOUS 74

Sophie quietly slides out of the pool. She leaves, drenched.

75 INT. CARPET SHOP – CONTINUOUS 75

Calum's gaze traverses across the intricate patterns of the carpet he and Sophie had admired a little earlier.

The salesman brings him a cup of tea. They shake hands.

76 INT. HOTEL ROOM – AFTERNOON 76

Sophie takes off her wet t-shirt and shorts as she eyes a checked red and white dress hanging untouched in the wardrobe.

She puts on her bikini top as if it were a bra, then pulls over the dress, adjusting the bikini straps and dress straps to overlap.

Seemingly content with her reflection in the mirror, Sophie begins to tidy up the bedroom – folding up clothing belonging to both her and Calum which lies strewn about the floor.

She picks up a matchbook, with three matches missing; throws it in the bin.

Sophie reaches for the shorts she just took off and retrieves a cocktail stirrer from their pocket. She flops down onto the bed and inspects it. It's fluorescent orange and the silhouette of a naked, big breasted woman.

She pulls her rucksack onto the bed from the floor and opens up an interior pouch. She sandwiches the cocktail stirrer between a puzzle and activity book and the erotic novel from the reception area table that she eyed on the first night.

77

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY EVENING

77

The DV camera is hooked up to the television, the bottom of its screen partially obscured by a small stack of Calum's books, a mix of computer programming and self-help pop psychology. On top of the pile is a guide to meditation.

Behind the TV, Sophie paces in and out of frame. She's back in shorts and a t-shirt.

[For clarity's sake, this is a single, stationary shot. We can see both the DV cam feed on the television, but also snippets of Calum and Sophie as they move around the room in the space between the television unit and the edge of frame.]

DV CAM FEED

The camera captures the hotel room. Calum is out of sight.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Here's our room.

(beat)

Dad's wee bed on the floor. My big bed over here.

(beat)

Where's the zoom?

The camera changes hands.

CALUM (O.S.)

It's that one.

(beat)

Pass it here.

The lens is now directed at Sophie. She steps back, looking toward the television and then back to the DV cam. She straightens out her top.

SOPHIE

I'm on TV.
(beat)
How do I look?

Immediately self-conscious, she lunges forward.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Okay, give it back now.

She gets her bearings with the camera again.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Right.
(beat)
Father.

She points the camera at Calum - the first and only time he's on DV cam screen. He tries to dodge it with athletic jumps side to side. Then he starts hopping which gives way to a sort of dance.

Sophie laughs hysterically.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What even is that?

CALUM

These are my moves.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Oh my god, you're so embarrassing.

CALUM

I'm not embarrassing.

Sophie squeals.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Wait, I was going to interview you.

CALUM

You were, were you? What were you going to interview me about?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Em, I don't know really.

She laughs.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well, I just turned 11 years old.
You're 130 years old, about to turn
131 years old.

She swivels the camera.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
In two days.

She turns the camera back to Calum.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
When you were 11, what did you
think you'd be doing now?

The camera holds.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
When you were 11, what did you
think you'd be doing when you were
31?

CALUM
Come on, Sophie. Turn the camera
off now.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
Okay, okay, look. I've stopped
recording. There. It's not
recording.

CALUM
I can see a red light.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
Yeah, but that's just because it's
still on.
(beat)
Okay, look, it's pointing at me.
It's not even pointing at you.

A pause.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay, when you were 11...what were
you doing?

At the edge of frame, we see Calum sit down on the bed. Only his lower body, hands clasped between his knees, is visible.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What did you do for your birthday
when you were 11 then?

Calum reaches for something nearby.

END OF DV CAM FEED

White noise replaces the DV footage on the television. We still see Calum's legs at the edge of frame.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Daaaad! Come on.

Calum won't budge.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okaaaaay. Fine. The camera's off.
What did you do for your birthday
when you were 11? Little Calum.

CALUM (O.S.)
(speaking slowly)
When I was 11, nobody remembered
that it was my birthday. And when I
told my mum, she was so angry, she
grabbed me by the ear, told my dad
to drive me to the toy shop, and
made me pick something to buy.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
What did you pick?

CALUM (O.S.)
I chose a toy phone. It was red.

[The following scenes, as denoted, play as one sequence unified by music – "Tender" by Blur – and continual camera movement.]

78 EXT. HOTEL ROOM BALCONY – NIGHT (MUSIC SEQUENCE) 78

Calum and Sophie play chess with one of the hotel's worn game boards. The pool area is busy below – people drinking and chatting, kids lounging on sun beds.

Calum drinks a beer. Sophie watches.

CALUM
Do you want a sip?

He passes her the bottle. She takes a huge gulp, winces.

SOPHIE (PRE-LAP)
Do you think you'll ever move back
to Scotland?

CALUM (PRE-LAP)
No.

79 INT. HOTEL ROOM - A LITTLE LATER (MUSIC SEQUENCE) 79

Calum holds Sophie in a tight hug, legs wrapped around his waist.

SOPHIE (PRE-LAP)
Why not?

CALUM (PRE-LAP)
Not enough sun.

SOPHIE (PRE-LAP)
Very funny.

CALUM (PRE-LAP)
It's in the past for me. That's all.

(beat)
And there's this feeling once you leave where you're from, where you grew up, like you don't totally belong there again. Not really.

(beat)
But Edinburgh was never...I never felt like I really did belong there.

80 INT. HOTEL ROOM - A LITTLE LATER (MUSIC SEQUENCE) 80

Calum tucks Sophie in.

SOPHIE
I do. It's home.

CALUM
That's good. I'm glad. I'm glad you feel that way.

(beat)
You never know where you'll end up though. You can live wherever you want to live. Be whoever you want to be.

The camera pans across to Calum's empty bed.

CALUM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You have time.

81 EXT. HOTEL ROOM BALCONY (MUSIC SEQUENCE) 81

Families chat and laugh together at the bar and pool area.

Calum passes them on his way out.

82 INT. NOIZ - LOCAL NIGHTCLUB (MUSIC SEQUENCE) 82

Calum smokes and drinks.

In silhouette, he dances with a woman, Belinda?

They kiss.

CUT TO BLACK

83 INT. RAVE (MUSIC SEQUENCE) 83

The strobe lifts us out of darkness and brings us to Adult Sophie.

The colour of light, the space, distinguishes this scene from the last.

In extreme close ups, Adult Sophie observes fingers clasping Calum's shoulder. Into his ear, behind a cupped hand, a mouth screams to be heard. A pill in hand. He leans down, knocks it back.

For the first time, Adult Sophie looks away.

84 INT. TÜRK HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MUSIC SEQUENCE) 84

The camera tracks down an empty corridor, past the closed doors of rooms, eventually reaching an opening that looks out over the street behind the hotel; lights from uncertain sources glimmering through the darkness.

End of music sequence.

85 EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING 85

The sky is blue, the sun bright.

The pool area is empty, yet the bright beach towels of early risers mark several sun beds as taken.

The hotel dog chases its tail on the path between the two hotels.

86 EXT. HOTEL ROOM BALCONY - EARLY MORNING 86

Calum stands tall on top of the balcony railing.

Facing the poolside, his back is to camera.

He is perfectly still.

Above, a waft of paragliders fall.

87

INT. TÜRK HOTEL DINING ROOM - MORNING

87

A teaspoon scrapes out honey from a honey comb then dollops it onto a tray crammed full of different types of breakfast foods from the buffet.

Precariously, Sophie carries her tray to the table where Calum, eyes heavy, sits with just a cup of coffee. He stirs in a little cream, murmurs something to himself.

SOPHIE

Mum says talking to yourself is the first sign of madness.

CALUM

(eyes down)

Is that right?

SOPHIE

The second is talking back. Like, talking back to yourself, you know.

Calum doesn't offer her much by way of a response. Sophie reaches for his hand with both of hers, turns it over.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

The third is hairy palms.

She shrugs.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

So I guess you're not mad. Not completely anyway.

She laughs almost nervously at Calum's seeming emptiness. She pours an individual box of Coco Pops into her bowl.

CALUM

Those are pure sugar, Sophie. Start with something else.

Sophie takes an intentionally heaped spoonful, then laughs again, accidentally spewing milk across the table. Her spoon clatters noisily to the floor.

CALUM (CONT'D)

Sophie!

Sophie's grin flattens.

SOPHIE
 (under her breath)
 What's your problem this morning?

She stands up and fetches another spoon from the cutlery rack.

Calum downs the rest of his coffee. A waiter refills his cup. Calum's palm lies open on the table.

CALUM
 Cheers.

88 EXT. OCEAN PARK RESORT POOLSIDE - DAY

88

It's mid-morning and the huge pool area is unusually quiet.

Sophie is reclined on a sun bed, eyes at half mast. A handful of postcards are scattered by her side, written and addressed. A pen slides out of her right hand and a postcard containing only, "Dear Nana..." rests on her stomach. She flinches awake.

Calum lies on the adjacent bed.

They both have their headphones in and we alternate between their individual tracks.

Eventually, Calum pulls out an ear bud.

CALUM
 Top up time.

He opens the cap of the lotion.

SOPHIE
 I'll do it.

Sophie is curt; residual tension from breakfast.

She takes the bottle and squeezes some lotion into her hands. She tries to apply it to her back, but can't fully reach.

CALUM
 Soph.

She lets Calum help her.

CALUM (CONT'D)
 (with renewed effort)
 Come on. Let's do something. Get
 this day going.

SOPHIE
 Like what?

A TOUR REP sets up water polo goal posts at each end of the pool.

CALUM
 Water polo?

SOPHIE
 I'm not a good enough swimmer.

CALUM
 Yes, you are. You're a great
 swimmer.

SOPHIE
 No. I'm not, Dad. I'm a rubbish
 swimmer.

CALUM
 Come on. It's our last few days.
 It'll be fun.

89 EXT. OCEAN PARK RESORT POOLSIDE - DAY 89

A competitive game of water polo is underway. Calum and Sophie both join in with other kids and adults, all male.

Sophie is laser focussed, but struggles to get a look in on any of the balls. The ball is passed around and over her up and down the pool. Eventually, it comes to an OVEREAGER MAN, 30ish. He slams it hard and it hits Sophie square in the face.

90 EXT. OCEAN PARK RESORT POOLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER 90

Sophie is hunched over, sobbing.

CALUM
 It's okay. You'll be okay. You got
 a fright.

SOPHIE
 Is everyone looking?

The game has resumed in the pool.

CALUM
No, it's fine. No-one's looking.

A few people look on.

Sophie lifts her head and blood streams down her nose. Calum panics.

CALUM (CONT'D)
My god there's blood. There's
blood.

A WOMAN, 50s, at a nearby sun bed who has been watching this unfold, steps in.

WOMAN
Here you go, love. Get your head up
and hold this to your nose for a
minute. You'll be fine.

She gives Sophie a tissue and sets her up to stem the bleeding. Calum's face is ashen.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
(to Calum)
Put your head between your knees,
love. She doesn't need you keeling
over at a wee bit blood.

She offers Calum a friendly, flirtatious wink and returns to her seat.

Calum lowers his head as Sophie keeps hers raised.

SOPHIE
I told you I didn't want to play.

91 EXT. OCEAN PARK RESORT DINING AREA - EVENING

91

Calum and Sophie - wearing the checkered dress with her bikini underneath - eat dessert in silence. It's been a rough day. A waiter clears away a couple of empty beer glasses from Calum.

WAITER
Another?

CALUM
Thanks.

Tonight's entertainment, TONY - early 50s, ponytail, headset mic, glitter jacket sings on stage.

TONY
 (singing)
 "Time goes by so slowly..."

A COUPLE in their 70s hold one another chastely, alone on the dance floor. A FAMILY OF FOUR watch on. Many of those still seated are talking. A MAN in his late 50s fiercely hushes those around him.

CALUM
 What are you wearing your bikini for?

A embarrassed pause.

SOPHIE
 I don't know.

Another pause.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 You excited for tomorrow?

Calum offers a faint nod.

92 EXT. OCEAN PARK AMPHITHEATRE - NIGHT

92

TWO WOMEN in their late 40s belt out a duet.

As the song concludes, a TOUR REP announces the next act.

TOUR REP
 Calum and Sophie. Up you come please.

CALUM
 You didn't sign us up?

SOPHIE
 Of course I did. We've done it every holiday since I was, like, five.

CALUM
 Maybe you're a little old for it now?

SOPHIE
 What are you talking about? Those women were, like, 50 something.

He shakes his head.

CALUM

Let it go. He'll move on in a second. I'm not up for it tonight.

SOPHIE

Come on, it's a laugh. And I chose one of your songs. We're on holiday. Remember? We're supposed to be having fun. Isn't that what you said?

Sophie stands defiantly and approaches the stage, fully expecting Calum to join her.

A small television screen reads, "INTRO". Sophie takes the microphone. The intro to R.E.M.'s "Losing My Religion".

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

"Oh, life is bigger
It's bigger
Than you and you are not me."

She waves for Calum to join her. He doesn't.

Sophie just about holds the tune, but she's not good, and what might be cute in a younger kid is less so now.

She does her best to make the most of the moment, but becomes increasingly self-conscious over the course of the song.

By the second verse, she stares intently at the screen displaying the lyrics. It's excruciating, but she endures the entire track.

Finally, she rejoins Calum, solemnly, on the verge of tears.

CALUM

You know, we could get you singing lessons if you wanted to learn to sing.

SOPHIE

Are you saying I can't sing?

CALUM

Anyone can learn to sing if they put in the work.

SOPHIE

Stop doing that.

CALUM

Doing what?

SOPHIE

Offering to pay for me to do stuff
when you obviously don't have the
money.

Calum is stung. Sophie sulks.

CALUM

Come on, let's call it an early
night. Be fresh for tomorrow.

SOPHIE

Nah. I'm staying for a bit.

CALUM

(angry)

I'll see you back upstairs then.

He turns to leave but stops short.

CALUM (CONT'D)

Not too long.

She looks him in the eye and nods. He leaves. She remains at
the table, glazed eyes turned vaguely back toward the stage.

93 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

93

Calum sits on his bed, holding the video camera close to his
face, watching playback as he did on the second night.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Ladies and gentleman, my father,
the marvellous, wondrous, one-
armed, Calum Aaron Patterson.

Calum doesn't smile this time. He snaps the screen shut and
stands.

94 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - NIGHT

94

Sophie approaches the teens who crowd a table by the bar.
They are joined by a FEW OTHERS, a little older, who she
hasn't seen before. A seventeen-year-old redhead, ALEX, looks
intently at his watch.

ALEX

Go!

The table takes a shot of beer. Jane, not participating,
refills the empty glasses.

JANE
You're all mental.

Toby runs up and takes his shot, late.

SCOTT
Tactical chunder.

LAURA
That's disgusting.

TOBY
Necessary.

LAURA
I'm done.

OLLY
No!

Laura stands, wobbly, heading for the toilet.

Sophie leans into the opening.

SOPHIE
Hiya.

Olly half-turns his head.

OLLY
You alright?

He sees her linger.

OLLY (CONT'D)
Where's your dad?

SOPHIE
Dunno.

OLLY,
Do you want help finding him or
something?

ALEX
Go!

Olly turns back to the table to take his shot. Sophie holds for another moment, then leaves. Olly doesn't turn back around.

95 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

95

Karaoke is over. Sophie sits at the bar. The intro to All Saints "Never Ever" cuts like a velvet blade through the din.

Laura - drunk, drowsy, supporting herself against the bar counter - spots Sophie, alone.

LAURA

You ok?

SOPHIE

(enthusiastic)

Yeah. Just hanging out.

LAURA

Here.

Laura approaches. She lowers her wrist beneath the counter and scrunches her face in effort.

An uproar from the boys at the centurion table.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Boys.

(beat)

Are disgusting.

She pulls her hand back.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Got it.

Laura takes Sophie's hand in hers and clumsily slips on the luminous green, all-inclusive wristband that she has wriggled free from her wrist.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I leave tomorrow anyway.

(beat)

You have another couple of days, right?

SOPHIE

Uh huh.

LAURA

Now you can have whatever you want.

Sophie adjusts the band, clearly too big. The hairs on her arm stand on end.

SOPHIE

Thanks!

LAURA

See you.

Sophie continues to fiddle with the wristband as she watches Laura leave, unsteady on her feet.

OCEAN PARK BARTENDER 1

(to Sophie)

What do you want?

SOPHIE

(to the bartender)

A Fanta lemon.

(beat)

And, uh, I have this.

She awkwardly flashes her wristband. The bartender knows it isn't hers but isn't invested enough to police it.

Two teenage boys step up to the bar in Laura's place.

BOY 1

I did though. End of term. She was all over me.

He turns to Sophie.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)

I shagged my teacher, I did.

96

EXT. OCEAN PARK RESORT - GROUNDS - NIGHT

96

Sophie walks alone through the hotel grounds. The path is lined by trees and shrubs and small ground lights positioned at even intervals. It is dark and she is lost.

She reaches a fork in the path, hesitates for a moment, then veers right.

From behind, a patter of two or three steps, but before she can turn, a hand covers her mouth and another grasps her wrist.

Sophie struggles, throws her head back, swings wildly and pulls hard with her arm, a panicked attempt at the move Calum taught her.

But her wrist doesn't slip out. Instead, the force thrusts her perpetrator to the ground. It is Michael; flat on his back, stunned, trying to laugh through it.

SOPHIE
 Fuck. You fucking...fucking,
 dickhead...fuck.

A group of six other kids, all 11-12, laugh from further back up the path at the fork. Michael leaps to his feet, his back to them.

MICHAEL
 I'm sorry.

Sophie catches her breath. She smiles, making her best effort to collect herself quickly, playing it cool.

SOPHIE
 Idiot.

She punches him hard.

MICHAEL
 I'm sorry, I'm sorry.
 (beat)
 Where you going?

SOPHIE
 Back to my hotel. But, I don't
 know. I got lost, I guess. It all
 looks the same at night.

MICHAEL
 Come hang out with us?

He gestures to the other kids.

SOPHIE
 Doing what?

97 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 97

Calum walks down the path leading to the shore.

A woman drops a cigarette butt, still alight. Calum retrieves it, takes the remaining drag or two.

He continues past a taxi stand where a DRIVER eats a late night snack and smokes.

98 EXT. OCEAN PARK RESORT - COVERED POOL - NIGHT 98

Sophie and Michael sit alone, side-by-side in a small covered pool area.

Shoes and socks set to the side, their legs dangle in the water, a turquoise glow cast across their skin.

SOPHIE

I didn't know there was another pool back here.

Sophie glances away nervously, up to the ceiling.

MICHAEL

Yeah, it's quiet in the day. I'm not a great swimmer so it suits me.

SOPHIE

I'm not that good either. And I still can't dive.

MICHAEL

We better not fall in then, eh?

Sophie continues to edgily survey her surroundings.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So, uh, I quite like you.

Michael's eyes are locked on Sophie. She doesn't meet his gaze.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Do you like me?

Sophie hesitates.

SOPHIE

(unconvincing)

Yeah?

Michael leans in, blocking most of Sophie's face. Their heads each lean to their respective rights and just one of Sophie's eyes, unwaveringly open, is visible to camera. Her gaze rolls toward the pool.

To the sound of the sloppy lapping of tongues, the camera pans across the water until it reaches the reflection of a skylight directly above. Six silhouettes peer down through the glass.

In a wide of the entire exterior structure, a few of the kids begin to drum on the glass and whoop raucously.

After a beat longer, Sophie pulls away.

MICHAEL

Have you done that before?

SOPHIE

Yeah.
 (beat)
 Once.
 (beat)
 You?

MICHAEL

With a couple of girls back home.

In silence, Sophie and Michael replace their socks and shoes. On their way out, they cross paths with two other kids from the group. Their turn.

99 EXT. PUBLIC BEACH - NIGHT 99

Calum reaches the low wall separating the street from the sand and leapfrogs it carelessly, grazing his shoulder as he tumbles to the other side.

He strips off his t-shirt and kicks off his shoes and in just his boxer shorts walks calmly across the sand.

He enters the water, wading through the foam, then lunges beyond it, disappearing from sight.

It's almost pitch black, save the moonlight reflecting off the whitewater as it continues to roll noisily into shore.

100 INT. TÜRK HOTEL CORRIDOR - LATER 100

Sophie stands outside the hotel room door, knocking.

There's no response. She knocks again. Still nothing.

101 INT. TÜRK HOTEL RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER 101

Sophie exits the stairs into the reception area; it's empty.

SOPHIE

Hello?

She waits another moment then exits.

102 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER 102

Sophie passes alongside the back of the hotel bar. She pauses.

The door of a storage space built into the bar hut stands a crack open. Sophie holds her breath and peers through. She sees two men kissing; slow, passionate, one's hand clasped behind the other's head. She leans in, entranced. It's Toby and the redhead Alex.

103 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL POOLSIDE - LATER 103

Sophie sleeps on the wicker-backed couch in the reception area.

RECEPTIONIST
(softly)
Miss.

104 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 104

The receptionist stands some distance behind Sophie as she inserts the key card into the door, retracting it quickly. The light flashes red then green. She pushes down the handle.

RECPETIONIST
Good night.

SOPHIE
Good night.

105 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 105

Immediately, Sophie sees Calum sprawled across the bed, naked.

It's dark and she steps forward, swiftly draping the bed sheet on top of him.

She leans over him to grab her pyjamas from the bed then drops onto the fold-out bed below.

Calum takes heavy, uneven breaths.

106 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 106

The camera pushes in on Calum then pans down to the floor.

A transition on the movement.

107 INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT - NIGHT

107

The camera lands on a carpet, the same carpet Calum had been staring at in the shop. Sodium vapour infiltrates a gap in a curtain off screen, creating an orange slither on the patterned wool.

Two legs hang down from the end of the bed. The toes grab at the wool, poking the pattern methodically, outlining a shape. The figure leans down, but only hands wrapped around shins are visible.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(half asleep)
You okay?

ADULT SOPHIE (O.S.)
Yeah.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hey. Happy birthday.

A kiss on the cheek.

The sound of an infant crying.

ADULT SOPHIE
I'll bring him through.

Adult Sophie stands and leaves.

The room begins to strobe in and out of darkness.

108 INT. RAVE

108

Adult Sophie nears Calum, still dancing.

More dancers crowd Calum now. More obstacles.

The sound of breathing, heavy, erratic, dictates the soundscape.

The pace slows. What was half speed is now quarter speed, the pitch falling, warping.

The breaths endure.

Extreme close ups of Calum's eyes, straining wide open, his ashen skin, sweat trickling down his sideburns, down his jawline, finally dripping onto his already soaked shirt. He looks like death.

109 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY DAWN (PRE-SUNRISE)

109

DV CAM

Calum operates the camera.

Stomach down, face scrunched to the side, Sophie breathes quietly and evenly. Her eyelids twitch.

The camera jitters; Calum steadies his hand.

The hotel room phone rings. Calum reacts quickly to the too-loud tone and drops the camera onto the bed.

The recording continues but captures only wrinkled bed sheets.

CALUM (O.S.)

Hello?

RECPETIONIST (O.S.)

This is your wake up call, Mr Patterson. Your lunch is ready at reception. The excursion bus leaves in 20 minutes.

CALUM (O.S.)

Okay, thanks.

The sound of rustling.

CALUM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Soph.

(beat)

Sophie.

A groan.

CALUM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Time to get up. Come on. Let's go.

END OF DV CAM

110 INT. BUS - DAWN

110

The sky's hue fades from pink to yellow as the sun begins to rise.

Sophie and Calum sit on a coach, identical to the airport transfer bus. Sophie's cap covers her face.

The bus trundles along the motorway - trees and rubble lining the road. Like Sophie, almost every passenger fights for more sleep.

Calum's head is tilted back and he stares up at the ceiling, eyes wide open, then gradually closed.

The tiny twist vent hisses air directly onto his face. Wisps of his hair flutter, caught in its narrow stream.

Sophie pulls the cap off her face. She sees Calum ostensibly asleep and retrieves his sunglasses out of his top pocket.

She fiddles with their sharply pointed legs then places them on her face, lifting them off and on, off and on.

CALUM

(deadpan, without opening
his eyes fully)

Careful with those. A man died not
paying attention to how he put them
on. The end of the leg went
straight up his nose and punctured
his brain.

SOPHIE

No it didn't.

CALUM

It did.

Sophie slips them back into Calum's chest pocket.

SOPHIE

Happy birthday, Dad.

Calum opens his eyes now.

CALUM

Thanks, darling.

SOPHIE

Hey, Dad.

CALUM

Yeah?

SOPHIE

Remember, "Torremolinos."

She imitates Belinda, then laughs, quietly.

CALUM
 (with levity)
 "Belinda from Torremolinos."

A pause.

CALUM (CONT'D)
 What made you think of that?

SOPHIE
 I don't know. Just being on the bus
 I guess.

Calum shakes out his shoulders.

111 EXT. ROADSIDE STOP - MORNING 111

The bus has stopped.

As some passengers shop for snacks at a roadside stop, Sophie and Calum stand together behind the bus, practising elementary Tai Chi.

Sophie watches carefully and imitates Calum's movements.

112 EXT. COLD SPRING - MORNING 112

A large group congregates around a small natural pool. THREE MEN (20s-40s) stand in the water, grimacing to varying degrees, competing for who can stay in the longest.

One man lunges for the side and clambers ungracefully out. The crowd erupts.

Calum and Sophie stand on the sidelines.

WOMAN
 Two minutes!

Two men remain.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Two fifteen.

Cheering.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Two thirty.

One of the remaining men is on the verge of cracking. After a moment he too hauls himself back onto dry land.

The winner lets out a guttural scream. The crowd counts down from 10.

Once they reach zero, he moves to get out of the pool. Frozen, he needs a hand up.

The crowd moves noisily on down the path, towels wrapped tightly around the participants.

Sophie lingers.

SOPHIE
Here, take my watch.

CALUM
How come?

SOPHIE
Press that one when I say.

Calum understands; smiles.

CALUM
You sure?

She hesitates for a moment on the edge of the pool.

CALUM (CONT'D)
You'll just have to -

She jumps.

CALUM (CONT'D)
You okay?

SOPHIE
Go. Press it.

Calum hits start on the stop watch.

Sophie grins in the water.

CALUM
That's one minute.

Calum takes a photo.

Sophie stays calm, breathing as evenly as she can.

SOPHIE
How long?

CALUM
1:45. You've got one more minute.

SOPHIE
Give me until three.

Calum laughs.

The murmur of the crowd in the distance has silenced. The sounds of the natural environment envelop them.

113 EXT. COLD SPRING - A LITTLE LATER 113

Calum wraps Sophie in a towel. She beams.

CALUM (POST-LAP)
You're so much stronger than I am.

114 EXT. MUD BATHS - DAY 114

Fenced in by logs in front of lush green foliage is a grey-brown muddy pool, crammed full of tourists of every shape and size sporting modest and less-than-modest swimwear.

A YOUNG BURNT SCOT - 21 - rushes past, water dripping from his lobster red torso.

BURNT SCOTTISH MAN
(back to his friend)
That sulphur shit fucking reeks man.

SOPHIE
What's that smell?

CALUM
It's where we go after this.

Sophie is too far in to back out.

CALUM (CONT'D)
If it's good enough for Cleopatra...

SOPHIE
That is pretty amazing if you think about it. That she was, like, actually here. Like, right here.

CALUM
Before she was...

Calum snaps at her with this hand.

CALUM (CONT'D)

By a snake.

SOPHIE

Well, kind of. It was suicide. And it's not for certain that she used a snake. No one found a snake. It might have just been a needle.

A pause.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

We did Egypt last term.

Somebody splashes nearby and a little mud lands in Calum's eye. He makes an effort to smear it off with the small patch of unmuddied but grazed skin on his shoulder.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What happened to your shoulder?

Calum squints.

CALUM

I don't really know.

(beat)

Sorry I passed out on your bed.

SOPHIE

I don't care.

(beat)

I didn't have a key though.

Calum hadn't thought of this.

CALUM

How did you get in?

Sophie hesitates.

SOPHIE

The receptionist.

Calum sits with this for a long moment.

CALUM

I'm so sorry, Soph. Yesterday.

SOPHIE

It's fine, Dad. No big deal.

CALUM

It is a big deal. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Sophie nods, but Calum is having trouble letting himself of the hook.

CALUM (CONT'D)
Come on, let's dry off.
(beat)
Wait though.

He takes a little mud on his palm and smears it on Sophie's face - her right cheek, left cheek, forehead, chin, and finally a stripe down her nose.

115 EXT. RAFT - A LITTLE LATER

115

Calum and Sophie sit on a small raft tethered to the wall of the mud baths on the shoreline.

CALUM
Did you have fun last night?

Sophie wraps her arms self-consciously around her mid section.

SOPHIE
This guy, Michael. I met him playing on that motorbike game.
(beat)
He kissed me. We kissed, I guess.
Yeah.

CALUM
(urgently)
He's your age though?

SOPHIE
Yeah.

Calum is relieved.

CALUM
Well, that's okay, right? A peck on the cheek?

SOPHIE
Yeah. I mean...
(beat)
Yeah. Well, it wasn't exactly...

Calum nods, slowly.

CALUM
You know, I want you to know that you can talk to me about anything.
(MORE)

CALUM (CONT'D)

As you get older, you know.
Whatever it is you do. Whatever
parties you go to, boys you meet,
drugs you take.

SOPHIE

Dad!

CALUM

I'm serious, Sophie. I've done it
all and you can too, I just want
you to promise me that you'll talk
to me about it. No secrets.

SOPHIE

I'm never going to do anything like
that.

CALUM

Well, that's okay too. But if you
do, remember. Okay?

Sophie looks down at her feet, nodding solemnly, a little
confused.

SOPHIE

Okay, Dad.

116

EXT. AMPHITHEATRE AT KAUNOS - AFTERNOON

116

The tour group files into the amphitheatre, descending the
large stone steps one by one.

Sophie scuttles through the crowd, stops at a WOMAN - late
30s, taps her on the arm and whispers something quietly in
her ear. A couple of more steps down, she does the same again
to another member of the group.

Eventually, Sophie reaches the stage.

She puts her fingers in her mouth, generates a piercingly
loud whistle to steal everyone's attention, then raises her
arms as if a conductor.

Sophie spots Calum much higher up and signals to the crowd.

In unison they sing "For he's a jolly good fellow". Calum
stands at the top of the structure, his face obscured by the
shade. The crowd cheers and claps.

117 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

117

CROWD (POST-LAP)
 For he's a jolly good fellow
 And so say all of us.
 (beat)
 Hip, hip, hooray.
 Hip, hip, hooray.
 Hip, hip, hooray.

The sheer white layer of curtain is pulled across the window.

Calum sits naked on the bed, his head in his hands, his back hunched to the camera.

The sound of stifled crying. Calum resists. For a moment, he reins it in, a few quivering breaths, then he can't. Calum sobs. His upper body convulses and he gasps desperately for breath where he can.

Very, very slowly, the camera pulls back.

118 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL POOLSIDE - DUSK

118

Sophie sits with the Andréa and Marcia, the Portuguese girls that Calum pointed out at the pool on the first day.

They take turns stroking a stray kitten that sits on Andréa's knee.

ANDRÉA
 (In Portuguese)
 [Listen, it's purring]

Sophie strokes the cat gently. The cat purrs more.

The three of them giggle.

119 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - NIGHT

119

Sophie cues up a trick shot. It's the semi-final of the hotel's pool tournament. She's playing Toby.

There's a decent sized crowd gathered around the table.

A WOMAN, the same one who gave Sophie a tissue for her bloody nose, turns to Calum.

WOMAN
 Does she even go to school? Have
 you just got her in the pool halls
 all day?

120 INT. OCEAN PARK RESORT GAMING/BAR AREA - A LITTLE LATER 120

STEVE - late 40s - assesses his options. The game is close.

Sophie stands alone, watching, serious. She wears a pale blue "Girl Power" t-shirt.

Steve strikes and pots one of Sophie's last two balls in error. He glances momentarily up at Calum, then Sophie.

Sophie steps up to the table. She cues up, then stops. She approaches the ball she's aiming for and double checks her mark.

She strikes. The ball falls into the pocket and the white lines up perfectly for the black.

She moves swiftly, without rushing. She cues back, strikes hard, but not too hard, and pots the black.

The crowd erupts into applause. Sophie and Steve shake hands.

STEVE

Very well played, Sophie.

Sophie looks to Calum with delight. He beams with pride.

A TOUR REP hands an envelope to both Steve and Sophie. Calum takes a photo.

The crowd disperses. Sophie opens the envelope as she reaches Calum.

SOPHIE

Would you care to dine, father?

Calum takes the voucher. "A romantic dinner for two". He laughs.

121 INT. UPMARKET RESTAURANT - NIGHT

121

Sophie eats a heaped spoonful of a massive sundae. Calum heaps a spoonful of his own. Behind them a PHOTOGRAPHER passes between tables.

SOPHIE

You should have gotten your own.

CALUM

I only wanted a taste.

SOPHIE

That's half of it on your spoon.

The photographer approaches their table. He gestures to his camera, a Polaroid.

CALUM

How much?

PHOTOGRAPHER

30 thousand lira.

Calum fishes the cash from his pocket, hands it over. Calum stands to crouch beside Sophie, one arm holding her snugly.

The flash explodes brightly. The photographer places the square image face up beside Sophie's sundae.

CALUM

Teşekkür ederim.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Rica ederim.

Calum returns to his seat. He watches Sophie lovingly as she finishes off her ice cream.

CALUM

You've had a good holiday then?

Sophie takes another mouthful.

SOPHIE

The best. The best holiday. I wish we could stay longer.

This means a lot to Calum.

CALUM

Me too.

In the photograph, still face up on the table, Calum and Sophie's faces slowly come into view through the foggy blue top layer of the square image.

122 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

122

Moonlight reflects off the ocean in the distance as Calum and Sophie walk back up the road toward their hotel.

The sound of music. A party.

123 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL - NIGHT

123

Where the dining area meets the pool, a disco light casts the space in colour; the same colour we identify with the rave.

People dance – more people than we've seen gathered at The Türk hotel yet.

Calum grabs Sophie's hand and pulls her toward the makeshift dance floor.

CALUM

Come on then. Last night. Time for a dance.

SOPHIE

I don't dance.

CALUM

Sophie!

SOPHIE

I never, ever dance.

She pulls away and ducks momentarily behind a wooden support.

CALUM

I'm dancing with or without you. I told you, I love to dance.

Calum ventures in alone. Sophie covers her eyes, looks between her fingers.

SOPHIE

Dad, no. That's so embarrassing.

CALUM

Embarrassing?

Calum starts to jump up and down outlandishly. He moves further into the crowd.

Sophie loses sight of him for a moment.

The disco light flares the lens.

ON THE FLARE WE
CUT TO:

124 INT. RAVE 124

Adult Sophie pushes past one last reveller standing between her and Calum. He looks pallid, moves frantically, sweats profusely.

She reaches out to grab his shoulders, but she can't connect; his movement is too forceful, too erratic.

ADULT SOPHIE
(screaming inaudibly)
Stop.

125 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL 125

SOPHIE
(lightheartedly pleading)
Stop.

Calum reappears and beckons Sophie to come. She refuses.

His face is lit up, playful, delighted, emphatically alive.

She pushes him off.

126 INT. RAVE 126

Calum pushes off Adult Sophie as she vehemently, then violently tries to keep him grounded, fighting against his movement, against the music. She slaps then pounds his chest with clenched fists.

127 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL 127

Calum gets a hold of Sophie and lifts her up, his arms under hers. She acquiesces for a second. He spins her around, her head pressed against his chest.

128 INT. RAVE 128

While Calum's body convulses to the music, finally, Adult Sophie manages to grab hold of him, her hands grasping his shirt just below the shoulders, her head pressed against his chest and neck. For a moment, he settles. She wraps her entire self around him.

129 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL 129

Calum drops Sophie to her feet, their faces both euphoric. She playfully pushes him off and in almost the same instant, on the turn of the strobe:

130 INT. RAVE 130

Calum is gone.

Sophie stands alone.

On a final turn of the strobe:

CUT TO BLACK

131 INT. APARTMENT 131

DV CAM (INT. AIRPORT AS IN OPENING SCENE)

The sound of steady breaths throughout.

SOPHIE, 11, looks over her shoulder as she walks away from the camera. There is an AIRLINE EMPLOYEE at her side.

SOPHIE
Best holiday ever!

A pause.

CALUM (O.S.)
Give my love to your mum.

The camera zooms in to keep Sophie in view as she tracks down the corridor.

Sophie gestures to the airline employee.

SOPHIE
I don't need a babysitter, you know.

Eventually, she passes through a busy security area. She smiles coyly just as she disappears behind the wall.

The camera holds.

After a moment, Sophie reappears at the turn point in the queue where the wall opens up. She sticks out her tongue.

She disappears again.

After another minute, she reappears. This time she feigns sleep, though still on her feet.

She disappears again.

She reappears one final time, waves, blows a kiss. Just as Sophie is about to step away – as we saw in the opening sequence – the footage pauses as she maintains the camera's direct line of sight.

The almost-distorted-by-proximity-to-the-microphone breaths stop. A quieter, cleaner breathing pattern can now be heard.

Our camera pans slowly to the right and it is evident, for the first time, that the footage is playing back on a television.

The camera pans slowly, in a circle.

A small, neat, open plan New York City apartment.

A record player. A guitar. A stack of children's books.

We reach the sofa. **Adult Sophie** holds the camera, attached via a cord to the TV. She hold's her younger self's gaze.

The camera continues to pan. Almost one hundred and eighty degrees later, transitioning on a wall, it reaches:

132 INT. AIRPORT - DAY

132

Calum stands holding the camera. He's dressed in clothing familiar to us from the rave. He smiles, waving.

He takes a deep breath, then another.

He turns to leave.

At the other end of the corridor, he opens a set of double doors. Inside is the rave; dark, crowded, loud. He enters. Just as the doors are about to close behind him, the camera continues its pan back around until it lands back on:

133 INT. APARTMENT

133

Sophie remains seated on the couch.

The sound of an infant crying off screen.

Sophie stands. The camera follows her for a moment as she leaves and continues to pan once she's gone.

Just before it reaches the television, we transition on the 360 pan for the last time to:

134 EXT. PUBLIC BEACH (TURKEY) - SUNSET

134

Calum and Sophie sit on the sand looking out toward the water. After a moment they jump to their feet and sprint together toward the sea.

THE END

* * * * * ADDITIONAL INTERSTITIAL SHOTS TO SHOOT * * * * *

- 135 EXT. UNDERWATER 135
Sophie's mask continues to sink to the depths of the sea.
- 136 EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - DAY 136
Calum's cigarette end rests on the edge of the roof on the floor below their room.
- 137 EXT. TÜRK HOTEL GROUNDS - DAY 137
On the ground, unattended, a hose gushes water.
Sophie's lost bag blends unseen into the lush greenery.
- 138 INT. HOTEL ROOM 138
A stack of written postcards have fallen to the floor. One, addressed to Sophie from Calum, reads simply: "I love you very much. Never forget that."
- 139 EXT. ROAD 139
The sun dips behind the mountains at sunset.