

BUT I GAVE YOU YEARS

Written by

Alexander Craig

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alexandercraig@me.com
+44(0)7747846464



INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Near pitch, save swaying mesh curtains at an open window and the clean, silhouette lines of a bed.

On the mattress lie two figures, one large, one small.

MALE VOICE

You never said.

The smaller turns a shoulder on the other, faces the window.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Like-
(rasping)
-ever...

Silence as first light blooms in the window.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

How long've you been...

The smaller body in the bed, **KOMINO** (late 30s, cropped hair, in a white t-shirt), has dry eyes on sunup.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

When I was at home? Or longer,
because of your dad, maybe?

As morning lifts through the window, Komino traces along rooftops and trees, satellite dishes, antennae, telegraph poles, to where they end: the flat black of the sea.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

'Cause I'm gonna be here now...

The WASH of the sea at the shore-

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

We'll have time, we can go down to
Clemente, get a room somewhere-

Komino sits up, swings her legs over the edge of the bed-

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Kom, *please*-

-and stands, looks out at the sun on the morning sea-

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Just give me a minute...

-and *leaves*.