

SERENDIPITY

Written by

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Based on Life

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(A Hard Rain's A-Gonna
Fall - Bryan Ferry plays)

INT. LONDON HOME - AFTERNOON - DAY 4048

[1, WSM, DOLLY IN]

Joe (Early 20's, scruffy, quirky), reaches to an alarm clock, the time reads 12:34, Joe SLAPS alarm, DRAGS self out of bed.

CUT TO:

EXT - LONDON HOME - MINUTES LATER

[2, LS, TRACK TRUCK]

Joe freshly showered and clothed for cold weather, gullies out front door, slipping a woven satchel over head, exiting front gates.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - MINUTES LATER

[3, MS, DOLLY BACK]

Joe briskly walks down street.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LONDON BUS - SECONDS LATER

Joe seated, swaying to bus travel, looking off symmetry to passengers; day dreaming.

Flash Screen Title 'Serendipity'

[4, WS, MCU SS RKF, STILL]

MONTAGE OF
TRAVEL:

Iconic places in London shown from a low angle driving perspective, overlaid with streets and bridges. Name credits are introduced-

SMASH CUT TO:

(Music echo cuts)

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - MORNING - DAY 4041

Psychologist (Mid 50's, balding, posh, gentle, glasses)
sipping from a teacup and saucer seated opposite Joe.

PSYCHOLOGIST
I've heard you've made some great
progress.

JOE
Yeah I have. I've given it a lot of
thought.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Tell me about that.

Psychologist gestures sipping once more.

JOE
I'm going to confront Emilia Clarke
at her house to ask her in person
this week.

Psychologist chokes sipping and freezes, still processing.

SMASH CUT TO:

(Music continues)

EXT. HEART OF LONDON - STREETS - MID AFTERNOON

[,LMS, EMSS, HOTS/POV]

Joe strides through London streets, looking to his mobile
PING messages with the same Psychologist face.

PSYCHOLOGIST (SMS TEXT)
Joe, you missed our session.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)
Stop this. Remember our sessions?
Please answer the phone.

Mobile BUZZES with calls, Joe ignores calls and checks maps,
looking out to city.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON TUBE - STREETS - MINUTES LATER

Joe trots down the steps to underground tube network.

INT. LONDON TUBE - TRAIN - MINUTES LATER

Joe is sitting going through a script precariously, the train rattles along.

SMASH CUT:

MONTAGE OF PAST:

(Music lowers)

INT. HOME - STUDY - AUSTRALIA - 4084 DAYS AGO

Joe sits around a computer with Best Friend.

JOE

What should we call it?

BEST FRIEND

I dunno.

JOE

(A spark)

How about...

Joe TYPES something, they both chuckle.

(Music rises)

FADE CUT:

INT. HOME - BEDROOM - AUSTRALIA - 3500 DAYS AGO

Joe dreaming, waking suddenly. His dream vision flashes across his mind in parallel comic panels with a man in an orange jacket. The final panel is Emilia Clarke in a leather jacket.

FADE CUT:

INT. HOME - AUSTRALIA - 2500 DAYS AGO

Joe drops a Creative Writing paper labelled "B- Unoriginal", he scoffs. And continues writing a pages of a script.

FADE CUT:

INT. LONDON TUBE - TRAIN - 4084 DAYS LATER (PRESENT DAY)

Joe reaches down to collect scripts, and bundles them in the woven satchel while exiting the train.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAMPSTEAD - STREETS - AFTERNOON

Joe exits train station and walks down the cobbled roads.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAMPSTEAD - SUBURBS - MINUTES LATER

Joe looks around the houses then spots a house across the road. The street is barren. There is a cream coloured, unmarked door surrounded by lattice and vines.

(Music ends)

Joe sighs and WALKS over to the door. He STARES at the door. He is about to KNOCK-

EMILIA CLARKE (INTERCOM)

Who's there?

Joe retracts, confused, looks around every other direction.

JOE

Uhm-

EMILIA CLARKE (INTERCOM)

Over here, by the door.

Joe peers over to see a doorbell cam.

JOE

Ah.

EMILIA CLARKE (INTERCOM)

If it's an autograph, you will have to contact my agency for fan mail.

JOE

I have.

EMILIA CLARKE (INTERCOM)

What did they say?

Joe conflicted.

JOE

I'm not after an autograph.

EMILIA CLARKE (INTERCOM)

Why don't you give my agent a call,
and we can talk later.

JOE

(Exasperated)

It won't happen like that. I know
it won't- Reason being, I have
emailed and called dozens of people
you know, they refused to help,
flown over to the UK, over 9000
something miles away from
Australia. I'm not here for an
autograph or a photo, I'm here to
discuss something with you. Not
your agent who tells me to be
represented by someone so I can
personally talk, just you. I tried
contacting your production company,
you never responded, even to say
"no"...

Silence.

JOE (CONT'D)

Look. You might not care, but I
wanted to let you know to hear it
first hand. I've been developing
this idea since 2012. It's a
universal story of two characters,
a love story, across time. And you
would complete the story as one of
the two characters. I've written
pilot scripts for the original TV
series, perhaps take a look at it
to see if you wouldn't mind it.
It's Sci-Fi, Drama, Fantasy, with
elements of Comedy. It's a role you
can either feel comfortable in, or
push to it's very limits depending
how you want to go with it. Because
it would be your production too,
all I do is offer the story plot
points, and character guidelines. I
would be your TV bible on set.
Would you at least consider taking
a look?

Silence. Joe sighs in pain.

EMILIA CLARKE (INTERCOM)
 Uh-You're still here? Mate, just
 contact my agent. Alright? Bye.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD - SUBURBS - DUSK - THAT SECOND

Joe stands there in the cricket chirping streets of dusk.
 Sinking in defeat, he is seated on the curb outside of Emilia
 Clarke's house.

FADE CUT:

EXT. HAMPSTEAD - SUBURBS - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

Joe has developed his mind and body into a existential statue
 sitting on the curb. Crickets chirp across the neighbourhood.

EMILIA CLARKE (INTERCOM)
 Go home mate, I won't talk to you
 until you speak to my agent.

Silence.

EMILIA CLARKE (INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
 (sighs)
 ... Leave the pilot at the door,
 I'll take a look.

Joe turns to the intercom, a glimmer of hope. Joe takes the
 pilot scripts from his satchel, and places them neatly in
 front of the door, and places a rock on top of the pages. Joe
 faces the doorbell cam.

EMILIA CLARKE (INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
 Go home mate, it's late.

Joe nods, he waves good bye, and walks across the road and
 into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAMPSTEAD - SUBURBS - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

The door in the street finally opens, the real life Emilia
 Clarke steps out wearing a red dress, and collects the pilot
 scripts looking out to see anyone. She returns back inside
 with the pilot scripts.

CUT TO:

(This Is The Day - The The
 plays)

INT. LONDON TUBE - TRAIN - NIGHT - LATER

Joe is seated on the train, head leaning on the window staring into a shapeless abyss. Joe's phone starts BUZZING, 'Unknown' number. Joe swipes to answer, holding it to his ear. His distant, solemn face is slowly reconstructed with elated joy, his eyes water ambiguously.

CUT TO BLACK.

Roll Credits - Halfway

Music Pauses.

FADE IN:

INT. WOODEN ROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY - SOME TIME LATER

We see a wooden chair, and someone's two feet stand up on the chair for a few seconds. The feet step off kicking over the chair dangling for seconds until the legs sway still.

CUT TO BLACK.

Music Continues.

Roll Remaining Credits