

NOVEMBER SUN

(Previously "Wednesdays to jail")

by

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"On your way to prison, you might find freedom..."

THIRD DRAFT
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1. EXT. CITY. DAY

The morning sun peaks over the city, giving warm light and vivid colours to buildings and trees. People are busy getting to work in the cold autumn air.

2. INT. NICHOLAS' BEDROOM. DAY

NICHOLAS wakes up as the sunlight fills the room. Yawning and stretching, he staggers towards the bathroom.

3. EXT. PARK. DAY

The park is empty, only the trees are moving in the light breeze. Their outstretched arms colourful, painted by autumn. **SUPER TITLE: NOVEMBER SUN**. A leaf falls from its branch.

4. INT. NICHOLAS' KITCHEN. DAY

NICHOLAS, half dressed, crosses out a day on the calendar hanging on the fridge. Almost all of October is covered in red X's. He hesitates; looking at the picture of him and a blonde girl, hanging next to the calendar, then sighs and opens the fridge.

5. INT. NICHOLAS' LIVING ROOM. DAY

With a tired face, NICHOLAS is leaning against the wall with the phone to his ear.

NICHOLAS

Yes, Mrs. Bandon. Liz, uh,
Elisabeth is doing fine.

(long beat)

Yes, yes, of course I was there
on Wednesday. I visit your
daughter every Wednesday.

He rubs his eyes with his thumb and index finger, in annoyance.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Yes, sure, Mrs. Bandon. I'll
tell her.

6. INT. NICHOLAS' KITCHEN. DAY

The calendar page turns to November. There is a ring around the last Thursday of the month. Red X's fade in over the days, stopping on a Wednesday, three weeks from the last Thursday. **SUPER TITLE: FIRST WEDNESDAY**

7. INT. BUS. DAY

NICHOLAS walks up the aisle to the back of the bus. It's not crowded, and people are sitting mostly scattered. Some are having conversations. Without noticing, he walks past a girl with a pretty and warm face, barely visible under her red beanie.

8. INT. PRISON: VISITING ROOM. DAY

The low voices of many conversations cover the room in a mumbling hum. The orange suits of the inmates contrast the grey, brown and black clothes of the visitors. A couple of tables away from NICHOLAS and LIZ, THE GIRL with the red beanie sits together with A MAN. LIZ' blond hair covers her orange shoulders, and she's holding NICHOLAS' hands.

NICHOLAS

I was to say "hi" from your parents again.

LIZ

(smiles)

Thanks for putting up with them, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS

No, that's alright, Miss Elisabeth Bandon junior.

He rolls his eyes slightly, and LIZ chuckles.

9. INT. BUS. DAY

NICHOLAS walks to the back of the bus to find a seat. People are scattered like this morning. Some talk, some are quiet. THE GIRL in the red beanie looks up at NICHOLAS as he approaches her seat, smiling at him. NICHOLAS smiles shyly back as he walks past and finds a seat a couple of rows behind her. THE GIRL looks over her shoulder, and as their eyes meet again, they both turn quickly; NICHOLAS with an awkward expression, looking out the window, THE GIRL still smiling, looking straight ahead. An elderly lady seats herself and the bus' engine kicks in.

10. EXT. CITY. DAY

Behind and above the buildings, grey clouds cover the sun. The city is bleak and cold, and the life inside it seems to move slowly, like autumn itself. The day is ending.

11. EXT. PARK. DAY/NIGHT

The leaves still hold on to their branches, but more and more are lost to the wind. The ground is being painted with autumn colours. The grey light slowly becomes darker, as night approaches.

12. INT. NICHOLAS' KITCHEN. DAY

November month has more X's now. The Wednesday, two weeks from the last Thursday is crossed out.

SUPER TITLE: SECOND WEDNESDAY

13. EXT. BUS STOP. DAY

NICHOLAS and two others are waiting for the bus. Their breath form faint clouds. The bus pulls to a stop in front of them.

14. INT. BUS. DAY

Once aboard, NICHOLAS pays the bus driver and walks to the back again. The girl with the red beanie smiles as he approaches her seat. He tries to return the smile.

THE GIRL

Hi, good morning.

NICHOLAS

(with a nervous voice)

Morning... Hi.

NICHOLAS walks by, realising, with rolling eyes, how clumsy he answered.

15. INT. PRISON: VISITING ROOM. DAY

NICHOLAS seems a bit annoyed, and LIZ tries to make eye contact.

NICHOLAS

Your parents called again...
like every week.

LIZ

Ah, they don't call every week.
You know Mother... she's
concerned.

NICHOLAS

(sighs)
Yeah, Liz. Every week. And they
live three hours away. They
could come...

LIZ takes his hand into hers.

LIZ

You know mother, this place...
it's just...
(beat)
...besides you're here with me.

NICHOLAS

(in a low voice)
Yeah.

LIZ

Still crossing out the
calendar?

Over LIZ' shoulder he sees THE GIRL from the bus, sitting
some tables away. She's smiling and laughing together with
A MAN at her table.

NICHOLAS

(not paying attention)
Yeah.

16. INT. BUS. DAY

THE GIRL enters the bus, NICHOLAS following a couple of
people behind. As he moves up to the back again, he
catches her eyes. She smiles as he draws near.

THE GIRL

Hi again. Wanna sit here?

NICHOLAS

Uh... yeah.

THE GIRL

Yeah?

NICHOLAS sits down in the seat, not quite sure how to sit comfortably. THE GIRL holds out her right hand.

THE GIRL

I'm Kay.

NICHOLAS

(taking her hand gently)

Nicholas.

Their eyes meet, but NICHOLAS shyly looks away as his hand leaves hers. KAY takes off her beanie. Her dark wavy hair falling down the sides of her face and onto her shoulders. She looks out the window, fumbling with the beanie in her lap. NICHOLAS crosses his arms.

KAY

It's lovely now.

NICHOLAS

Autumn? Yes, yeah it's nice,
but cold, like these last days.

KAY looks back at him, still smiling. NICHOLAS realises his arms are crossed and place them on his knees, awkwardly.

NICHOLAS

So... what do you do? I mean
work and stuff.

KAY

Not much, nothing really. I
used to work at a school part
time, a year ago. I sort of
still do, doing some drama and
theatre with the kids. And I'm
writing a bit.

NICHOLAS

Oh.

(beat)

Yeah, you have that artistic
look.

KAY

Yeah? Which one? The arrogant,
I-don't-take-criticism look?

NICHOLAS

Eh, no, no... not exactly that
one...

KAY

(smiling)

Damn! I was really going for that one.

(beat)

So what are you doing?

NICHOLAS

Warehouse work.

KAY

Ouch... boring?

NICHOLAS

It's an adjective I could use, yeah.

They both smile, and KAY chuckles softly. Suddenly she grabs her knee, leaning forward, with an anxious expression.

NICHOLAS

What's... You alright?

KAY

Yeah... nothing, it's okay.

(beat)

I'm fine.

KAY leans back again, comfortable, her soft smile back on her lips.

KAY (CONT'D)

So... prison. You go there every Wednesday to see your girl?

NICHOLAS

Yep, I do.

(beat)

Her parents don't want to so, I have to be there.

KAY

Have to be there? But you want to...?

NICHOLAS

Yeah, yeah, I'm... it's... yeah.

(long beat)

You go there every Wednesday too, to visit that guy? Haven't seen you before, I think.

KAY

That's Noel. Our lawyer did a good job, got him transferred here, so now I can visit him every week. Yeah, was my first time last week, that's when he got here.

(she smiles)

He's my Christmas present, he'll be out the twentieth December.

She pauses, and her smile fades a bit.

KAY (CONT'D)

What about your girl? Long time left?

NICHOLAS

Not really. Liz, her name, she'll be out in two weeks.

They both fall silent. KAY is gazing out the window again, and NICHOLAS is observing other passengers.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Feels like forever, these days.

(beat)

Here's my stop.

He looks back at KAY - meets her eyes. She's smiling again. NICHOLAS gets up from the seat.

KAY

Have a nice weekend, Nicholas. Was nice talking to you.

NICHOLAS

(is about to leave)

You too... See you.

KAY

He's my brother...

NICHOLAS turns and meets her gaze again, not sure what she just said.

KAY (CONT'D)

...Noel is.

NICHOLAS

Oooh? Yeah, that guy. Cool,
Cool.

KAY holds his gaze, and NICHOLAS' about to blush. He turns and walks down to exit the bus, annoyed by his clumsy answer.

17. EXT. CITY. NIGHT

The city seems to be going to sleep in the growing autumn night, yet shining with thousands of blurry lights.

18. EXT. PARK. NIGHT

The trees are even barer now. Street and park lights illuminate the colours on the ground and on the trees. NICHOLAS is walking through the park, his hands in his pockets. A couple of other people are also out strolling.

19. INT. NICHOLAS' KITCHEN. NIGHT

NICHOLAS, only in underwear, opens the fridge and takes out a bottle of beer. He twists off the cork, throwing it in the sink as he sits down at the kitchen table, placing the bottle in front of him. Elbows on the table, he buries his head in his arms, sighing heavily, trying to rub the tiredness out of his eyes. He grabs the beer, but doesn't take a sip. As he glances over at the calendar on the fridge, he puts the beer down.

NICHOLAS

(under his breath)

Shit.

He gets up and crosses out four missing days on the calendar: Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday - now there's only one week til the circled Thursday.

20. EXT. BUS/ROAD. DAY

The bus is winding down the road, trees covered in autumn. **SUPER TITLE: THIRD WEDNESDAY**. The traffic is light in the morning drizzle.

21. INT. BUS. DAY

KAY is grinning at NICHOLAS in the seat next to her. Her knees up to her chest, her head leaned back at the window. Outside, water pearls are rolling back and down the glass.

KAY

You see it to? A beach. My nose red, under gigantic sunglasses. A slutty, very, very expensive bikini and a dog you can *barely* see running around. A cocktail and waiters... waiters doing everything for me. Do it, slave!

KAY laughs out. NICHOLAS smiles in amusement. She makes a funny face.

KAY (CONT'D)

Yeah that's me.

(beat)

No, let me see my book for sale at some hidden gas station, or whatever, in the middle of nowhere, and I'll be happy. I'll run out, in a worn-out summer dress and jump into an old cabriolet and just burn off into the distance... with my feet on the dashboard.

KAY smiles as she pretends to turn a steering wheel.

NICHOLAS

And wind in your hair... But who's driving, with your feet on the dash, I mean?

KAY

Oh, here...

She hands over the imaginary wheel.

KAY (CONT'D)

...you drive!

They both laugh, looking at each other. The soft laughter fades into a long silence, their eyes still locked. NICHOLAS can't keep the stare and looks away. KAY still looks at him, amused.

NICHOLAS

So... you want to be a writer?

(beat)

I mean a crazy wheelman
writer...

He attempts a smile.

KAY

Yeah, I just wanna be free to
do anything you know, well, I
don't need money; I just wanna
have fun, and write. Whatever
happens, at least I can write
about old cabriolets, barely
visible dogs and stuff, you
know. But I'm gonna buy that
summer dress nonetheless.

KAY chuckles and smiles, and NICHOLAS smiles back.

NICHOLAS

So you're writing now?

KAY

Nope, right now we are driving
an old caddie, remember?

She grins.

NICHOLAS

(chuckling)

Yeah, forgot that. But you've
started a book, or...?

KAY

Well, yeah I've started
several.

(beat)

But only one is turning into a
book.

NICHOLAS

Can I read some?

KAY

Ha! As if warehouse workers
read.

She stares blankly at him, but then a smile creeps over her cheeks.

KAY (CONT'D)

I'm just kidding!

NICHOLAS

(smirks)

That's alright, the ones I know don't. What's the book about?

KAY

Won't tell. You can buy it at that hidden gas station one day.

NICHOLAS

Alright, be mysterious. Guess I'll have to buy it then.

KAY nods and grins. Suddenly she grabs her knee again, a serious expression killing her smile. NICHOLAS watches, about to ask what's wrong.

KAY

It's nothing... it's just... Well, I don't know what it is actually. No one seems to know. My doctor's blank, like the rest of the experts.

She looks up and gives NICHOLAS a reassuring smile, removing his anxious expression.

KAY (CONT'D)

I'm fine.

(beat)

We've sent some test to a doctor in Germany who's supposed to be a leading expert in this muscle-nerve-system-stuff. It's probably a symptom of AIDS or yellow fever...

(beat)

...which hasn't killed anyone anyway, so...

NICHOLAS realises it's a joke and chuckles, shaking his head.

22. INT. PRISON: VISITOR ROOM. DAY

NICHOLAS is leaned back, with his arms crossed. LIZ has her hands on the table. The tension is heated.

LIZ

You know I chose this place,
since it's close to my parents
and the new job.

(beat)

I shouldn't be in here anyway.
Damn boss and those papers,
but...

NICHOLAS

(cuts in)

But...? Seems you're doing just
fine.

LIZ

What?! That's not true and you
know it. Just one week left
now, it's nothing.

NICHOLAS

Yeah, nothing.

He leans forward, elbows on the table.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

I left that place to be with
you, and you know I really
liked it there. And here I am,
waiting outside. It's like
pris...

LIZ

(clearly annoyed)

Yeah, so? It's not like we're
apart. We'll be fine once I
start working in Dad's firm.
You can do...

NICHOLAS

(cuts in)

What? Continue having a blast
at the warehouse, moving bloody
boxes?

LIZ tries to catch his gaze, but NICHOLAS looks down. He strokes his hair back with his hands, breathing out in frustration, before he continues.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Look... sorry. It's not your fault that I failed and didn't finish back there. It's just...

LIZ leans forward waiting for their eyes to meet.

LIZ

It's alright, it's gonna be okay.

NICHOLAS sighs, and nods weakly. He leans back, and his eyes fall on KAY, sitting some tables away to his right, smiling. NOEL notices NICHOLAS and greets him with a nod.

LIZ

Who's that?

23. INT. BUS. DAY

KAY's seat is lowered, and she's leaning back comfortably, her feet resting on the seat in front of her.

KAY

Feel it. Maybe you're Jesus, you just don't know it yet.

NICHOLAS hesitates, but stretches out to touch her knee. She blows air through her lips - a low whistle.

KAY (CONT'D)

Yup, I'm healed now.

NICHOLAS chuckles and slowly removes his hand.

KAY

So, you wanna move boxes all your life? What you wanna do when you grow up?

She smiles at him. NICHOLAS stares at her blankly, with wide eyes, for a moment, but unable to keep the expression he smiles and looks out the window. The rain hasn't stopped. He is silent for a moment, then casts a short glance at KAY again.

NICHOLAS

Not sure. I wanted to study archaeology, but sort of failed and ended up on marketing and boring shit like that.

KAY

Why?

NICHOLAS

(sighs)

Well, it was more... more convenient. Liz wanted me to have a job close to her and, yeah... you know.

She nods, waiting for his eyes to tell her more, but he keeps staring past her out the window.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

And a great job I got.

He sighs and gets serious again.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

I always pictured myself end up at my uncle's place on Hawaii when I was younger...

KAY

Your uncle's got a place on Hawaii? That's so cool!

NICHOLAS

Yeah, he's working there, researching the geology of the islands.

KAY catches NICHOLAS' eyes for a moment, then closes hers, placing her hands behind her head, releasing her breath and smiles.

KAY

I'm on that beach now... and you're my waiter.

24. EXT. BUS/ROAD. DAY

The bus drives through a beautiful autumn landscape on its way back to the city. The traffic heavier now. The bus indicates a stop and slows down.

25. INT. BUS. DAY

NICHOLAS

It's me again... See you next week?

KAY is sitting upright now, nodding.

KAY

Mmmhm

NICHOLAS gets up, casting a final glance at KAY before he exits.

26. EXT. CITY. DAY

As NICHOLAS is brushing by people in the street, he puts his hands in his pockets, shielding them from the cold air. Everyone is dressed in big jackets and coats, an omen of winter coming.

27. INT. NICHOLAS' KITCHEN. DAY

Salad and other ingredients are spread out on the kitchen counter. The calendar hasn't been touched since NICHOLAS crossed out the four missing days. Leaned over the kitchen table, he's eating a large fresh-looking sandwich.

28. EXT. PARK. DAY

A smile is beginning to show on NICHOLAS' lips as he walks through the layers of colourful leaves on the path.

29. INT. NICHOLAS' LIVING ROOM. DAY

With a vexed face, NICHOLAS is holding the phone up to his ear, leaning his back against the wall.

NICHOLAS

Mrs. Bandon, I've been by her side since...

(long beat)

What? Jesus, you guys live like three hours away. You could have...

(long beat)

You know what? Shut up! I suggest you be there on Thursday, cus I won't!

CLICK! **SUPER TITLE: FINAL WEDNESDAY**

30. INT. BUS. DAY

KAY's sweet laughter is ringing out from the back of the bus. NICHOLAS buries his face in the seat in front to stop the laughter, and almost fails as he looks at her. She leans forward resting her arms and head on the seat, smiling at him.

KAY

(whispers)

Thank you.

NICHOLAS

(whispers)

For what?

KAY

(whispers)

Sunshine.

She turns her head and looks at the window shimmering in gold and orange; the morning sun melting away the frost. NICHOLAS leans back in his seat.

NICHOLAS

She's out tomorrow...

The silence seems overwhelming, and KAY tries to hide her disappointing sigh. Her face like shining gold. Moments pass.

31. INT. PRISON: VISITOR ROOM. DAY

LIZ is holding NICHOLAS' hands, looking somewhat surprised.

LIZ

My Mother and Father wanted to come?

NICHOLAS

Yeah, that's what she said.

LIZ

You'll meet them here, then? Or at the apartment?

NICHOLAS' eyes trail off to KAY's table. With an anxious expression, NOEL is touching her knee, saying something. She seems to not care about the knee, taking his hands in hers, smiling.

NICHOLAS

Yeah... yeah.

32. INT. BUS. DAY

With her eyes closed, KAY is resting her head on NICHOLAS' shoulder, enjoying the silence. He's staring out through the window. The sun shining on them with rapid intervals, because of the trees and building rushing by.

33. EXT. BUS STOP. DAY

The sunlight reflects on the wet asphalt and in the few puddles. The world cold, yet golden, as the bus comes to a stop.

34. INT. BUS. DAY

KAY lifts her head, eyes and lips trembling a little. NICHOLAS gets up slowly.

NICHOLAS

I...
(beat)
...my stop.

He can't seem to find the words, looking at her with cheerless eyes. She grabs his jacket sleeve.

KAY

(whispers)
Stay.

35. INT. KAY'S HALLWAY. DAY

As KAY takes off her coat, NICHOLAS follows behind her into the hallway, starting to take off his shoes. KAY, already finished, is watching him take off his jacket, impatiently. She grabs him with both hands, freezing for a moment as their eyes lock, then kisses him. Softly first, then desire kicks in.

36. INT. KAY'S BEDROOM. DAY

Sunlight easily pierces through the curtains, covering the room in a warm glow. KAY's glowing body moves backwards onto the bed, her hands lead NICHOLAS over her. Blood rushes to their cheeks as their smiles melt into kisses. Their bodies connecting, releasing sounds of pleasure. Their clothes a trail leading from the bed to the open door.

37. EXT. CITY. DAY/NIGHT

A cold, but sunny day is turning to night. The city lights trying to continue the sun's job as it falls behind the horizon.

38. INT. KAY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

A blue shadow is cloaking the room now. NICHOLAS' head is resting on KAY's tummy, and his hand plays with her shoulder and neck.

NICHOLAS

Funny... I feel like I'm out of prison...

KAY runs her fingers through his hair, smiling at the ceiling.

KAY

I'm glad you're not digging around on Hawaii now.

NICHOLAS

Mmm... I've thought about going, but now I can't.

(beat)

Can't leave what I've dug up here.

KAY

What if you could bring what you dug up?

NICHOLAS looks up and sees her warm, smiling face. He moves up and kisses her.

39. INT. KAY'S BEDROOM. DAY

The sunlight starts filling the room, and KAY opens her eyes. Noticing she's alone she sits up, squinting at the sun. She giggles to herself and in a low voice starts to sing.

KAY

Sunrise, sunrise... looks like morning in my...

NICHOLAS clears his throat slightly, leaning on the door frame, fully dressed. KAY turns quickly and blushes a bit.

KAY

Oh, I thought you'd...

NICHOLAS

(smiling)

I'm going home to pack and call work. It leaves at platform four at 10am, like we thought.

KAY

(smiling)

Okay, I'll call my brother before I start packing.

NICHOLAS

He'll be okay with this?

KAY

Yeah, yeah. Sure. See you just before ten, then...

With a big smile he walks out, leaving an overly excited KAY.

40. INT. NICHOLAS' BEDROOM. DAY

A half full travel suitcase sits on the bed. NICHOLAS is searching around in his wardrobe, occasionally throwing things on the bed. He leaves the room, but shortly comes back with some stuff to put in the suitcase.

41. INT. KAY'S BEDROOM. DAY

Upbeat summer music blasts out from the stereo. KAY's trying to shut a full silver suitcase, which is too full, using all her weight. But before it clicks shut, the phone rings and steals her attention.

42. INT. NICHOLAS' KITCHEN. DAY

The suitcases are packed and standing against the wall. Leaned over the kitchen table, NICHOLAS finishes writing a note. He hesitates as he fastens it next to the picture of him and LIZ on the fridge. The crosses on the calendar still lingering on Tuesday, the week before the big Thursday.

43. INT. KAY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY

The music flows in from her bedroom. KAY's talking in the phone with a smile on her lips.

KAY

Ah, hey, Doctor Cane.

(beat)

You got them back? Great.

(beat)

Oh...

(long beat)

Her lips start trembling, her voice weak.

KAY (CONT'D)

Paralysed?

(beat)

From...?

(long beat)

The whole lower...?

(long beat)

Her lips shiver. Eyes filling with tears, and some escape down her cheek. She can barely hold the phone to her ear, her breath starts shaking and she closes her eyes.

44. EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM. DAY

A train leaves the platform. Sitting on one of his suitcases, NICHOLAS is waiting. Damp smoke as he exhales. He gets up and walks around impatiently. The clock, ten minutes to ten.

45. EXT. PRISON. DAY

LIZ, now wearing a nice coat, strides elegantly together with her parents, MRS. and MR. BANDON.

MR. BANDON

I've talked to our lawyer and everything is fine now. Even though there are still some documents missing, they will not contact you. Their focus is solely on Mr. Lytel. So you can begin in our firm next year, if you still want to.

LIZ is barely paying attention, more concerned about getting home.

LIZ

Yes, that's good. Good. You talked to Nicholas? He's at the apartment?

They reach the car and LIZ looks at her mother for an answer. Before they get in MRS. BANDON looks at her daughter.

MRS. BANDON

I am sure he is, dear.

The car backs out of the parking lot.

46. EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM. DAY

A train stops at the platform. The clock a couple of minutes to ten. A few people get on the train and a few leave. NICHOLAS is alone on the platform. Suddenly KAY comes running and his face brightens shortly. But she's bringing no luggage. His face turning anxious as she stops a few steps in front of him. She's crying, but forces a smile as she embraces him, her voice shaky.

KAY

I'm so sorry!

His eyes become wet. She slips a note in his pocket, unnoticed, and hugs him tighter.

KAY (CONT'D)

I can't...

The two seem melted together on the empty platform. They release the embrace, and whisper to each other, eyes locked. He removes tears from her cheeks with his thumbs and faint smiles come to life on their lips. A long kiss, then he breaks free. The train honks as he gets his luggage and walks aboard, leaving KAY alone on the platform. Her tears rolling down to her smile.

47. INT. NICHOLAS' KITCHEN. DAY

LIZ takes the note of the fridge, her expression slowly changes into sadness. Mrs. and Mr. Bandon come in as she fails to constrain the sobs. She kneels at the kitchen table, covering her face to hide the sobs, as her mother comes over to her.

48. INT. TRAIN. DAY

NICHOLAS finds a seat next to the window. His eyes wet, as he looks at KAY, trying to return the smile. She's like a sad smiling statue. As the train starts moving she manages to lift her hand to say goodbye. He responds with a short wave as KAY and the platform are left behind. For moments he's frozen, gazing out through the window. His smile fades and he closes his eyes. But as he puts his hands in his pockets he discovers the note, and pulls it out.

49. EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM/CITY. DAY

As the final carriage of the train leaves the platform, KAY takes a few steps back, turns and walks away. The platform empty, the city cold, yet shimmering with sunlight from a low sun. And just then, snow begins to fall.