

SALT WATER TOWN

By

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1 EXT - RURAL CAR PARK - DAY

LIAM (mid 20s) unscrews a fuel cap from a parked CAR. Holiday junk litters the interior. He holds a mobile phone between his head and shoulder. WAVES from the sea crash faintly in the distance.

LIAM

Chris? Alright mate it's Liam again.
How you doing?

CHRIS

Good mate, but I'm just busy at the minute.

He crouches by the side of the vehicle and begins to feed a long, thin TUBE into the tank.

LIAM

Ah okay, okay sorry. Well just a quick one. Just wondering if you've had a chance to speak to your gaffer yet?

CHRIS

I haven't but we're thinking of shutting down a few sites anyway.

LIAM

Oh shit, really... So are they still taking people on?

CHRIS

No idea pal.

LIAM

Okay, well let me know when you hear more. I can start straight away.

He takes a quick look around, before grabbing the other end of the tube and SIPHONING petrol away from an unsuspecting family no doubt enjoying themselves nearby.

CHRIS

Oh really? You moved down here now?

Liam pulls the tube from his mouth, SPITS fuel across the floor and inserts the end into a plastic milk container. His deft composure suggests this is a familiar routine.

LIAM

Not yet. I'm still up here, but

working on things. Yeah... yeah-yeah
hoping we can get stuff sorted soon.

CHRIS

Is that you and your dad you said?

LIAM

Yeah me and the old man... Yeah, well
we'll see.

CHRIS

Right I've gotta shoot off anyway,
I'll speak to you soon.

LIAM

Okay no bother. You've got my number
yeah? You know I'm good for the work,
you know that. Just give me a call
back when you hear anything.
Alright... Appreciate it. Cheers.

He ends the phone call and watches the container slowly fill.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD

2 EXT - CARAVAN PARK - DAY

FAIRBOURNE, NORTH WALES. Shouldered with the beach lies a small CARAVAN PARK perched along a clifftop. Masked by idyllic scenery, this once booming business is now in perpetual decline. Patches of grass a shade lighter indicate there were once more vans.

An insurance inspector, dressed smartly and jotting on a clipboard, scours and examines the land. By the edge of the cliff, GLENN (late 50s) stands facing the sea.

He occasionally glances back towards the inspector, his face conveying uncertainty and suspicion. It's as if he already knows the man in the suit from the city is no good for him.

3 EXT - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A worn out and muddy MOTOCROSS BIKE rips across a rural road. Riding the bike is Liam, Glenn's son. Wearing a GREY HOODIE covered with oil marks and BLACK CARGO PANTS, he sports a menacing DARK HELMET. The bike roars a cacophony of noise as he races at speed.

4 EXT - CARAVAN PARK ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Riding into the park, Liam passes a smart black SEDAN leaving. He glances back to vet it.

5 INT - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

With his bike now parked in the garage, he hops off the vehicle and removes his helmet. The garage is full of tools, buckets, spools of wire, gasoline cans. All cluttered together.

6 EXT - CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER

Liam walks towards Glenn, who sits by the steps of a caravan taking a rest from cleaning. Dusting rooms and replacing bed sheets, he preserves lodgings that remain empty. A CLEANING CADDY and BLUE FOLDER are beside him.

LIAM

Alright.

Glenn nods.

LIAM

Who was that?

GLENN

...It was the insurance fella.

Glenn gestures to the folder, sips his brew.

LIAM

What did he say?

Silence. Liam picks the folder up.

LIAM

Dad, what did he say?

GLENN

(Under Breath)

...It's worthless.

LIAM

Eh?

GLENN

It's worthless. Same as the last guy,
said it's worth fuck all didn't he.
Just came and went.

Glenn rises to his feet and turns to the door.

GLENN

Something about the sea rising.
Erosion, abrasion, some other
bollocks... Says one day this isn't
gonna be land anymore. Apparently.

He mumbles some further words while locking the caravan.

LIAM

So that's it then, we're leaving
right?

Glenn says nothing.

LIAM

I thought that's what we agreed? If
business didn't pick up sell and move.
But now this?... We've just gotta take
what we can and go.

GLENN

We're staying here.

LIAM

What? And starve? Fall off the fucking
cliff?

Liam waves the folder at Glenn.

LIAM

This is all we need to tell us to go.

GLENN

And go where? Where son, You tell me?

LIAM

...I dunno, down near Janet's family -
where we spoke about, anywhere other
than here. Isn't that obvious?

Glenn shakes his head, bends down and picks up the caddy.

GLENN

55 years. 55 years I've lived here for
some bloke to turn up and tell me i'm
finished... People show up. Just be
patient.

He walks down the steps and past Liam, who sighs out an

exasperated laugh.

LIAM

Dad, nobody's turned up all-

GLENN

(Raised voice)

-Enough. I'm not saying anymore.

Glenn leaves to continue his chores. Liam is left standing with folder in hand.

7 EXT - BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Glenn walks along the beachfront below the site. The tide is currently out but the area is still deserted.

Wandering to and from the base of the cliff he sizes up the land, comprehending the absurdity of what has been explained to him.

Accepting defeat, he eventually sits on the sandy ground. He stays there looking straight ahead. After a few moments he lies on his side, lays his head down and holds it there. His view becomes horizontal. The ocean is now sideways. He remains in that position and continues to stare.

8 EXT - FIELD - LATER THAT DAY

A frenzy of Motocross bikes whiz around at blurring speeds. Backwards and forwards. The bikes are racing around a field, with houses faintly visible in the distance.

In foreground, a small group of young adults (20s) are bunched together on worn out chairs, laughing and enjoying the show. One of the riders is Liam.

9 EXT - FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Liam slams the door of an old caravan dumped towards a corner of the field. Used mainly to store booze, the walls are stained and windows cracked.

Walking towards the group with a pack of tinnies, the squabbling he briefly left behind becomes gradually louder. With bikes now parked everyone is sat together. Some girls sit on boy's laps.

MUSIC rings out on this weekday afternoon, largely drowned out by conversations which overlap each other in a messy fashion. They threaten to boil over. Most eventually do.

Liam holds out a can for one of the riders, now sat and engaged in a row. After a few moments the drink is grabbed from his hand without any acknowledgment.

The bickering continues. Liam cannot force himself to sit back down, standing away from any involvement and watching with a familiar apathy.

Eventually he drops the remaining cans onto the ground and chucks his rollup into the fire pit. He begins walking towards his bike.

FRIEND

(Shouting)

Liam, where you going?

LIAM

(Shouting)

I've gotta see my dad, I'll be back later.

The group shout for him to return but before long continue with their arguments.

10 EXT - BEACH - LATER THAT DAY

The sun has moved position and the shadows have changed shape. Glenn still lies slumped on the beach. Still staring across to the sea, aware of hours that have passed. The tide has risen and the moving line of blue in his gaze has shifted further. It takes up more of his view.

MATCH CUT TO:

11 INT - HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Glenn sitting in the same position, looking over the same sea. All that has changed is his location. If he realises.

After a few moments sound of a CAR heading into the park can be heard. Tyres on gravel. It alerts Glenn, who gets up to inspect.

12 INT - OUTSIDE HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Stopping near the house, a SMALL FAMILY emerge from the vehicle: ANTHONY, CLAIRE and their young son, CALLUM. Claire is showing a noticeable but not large BABY BUMP. Glenn moves to greet them.

GLENN
Hi there, welcome to-

ANTHONY
-Hi mate, Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

ANTHONY
I hope it's alright we've turned up
like this, bit of a last minute trip.

GLENN
That's not a problem, I can
accommodate you easily.

13 EXT - CARAVAN PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The family have settled on a van: a lone one away from others which gives them a nice seclusion. Glenn stands at the caravan door, helping Anthony unload bags, assisting in any way he can. They have little luggage, but are content to be here nonetheless.

GLENN
Have you visited here before?

CLAIRE
We haven't actually. First time away
together - now our Callum's old enough
to appreciate it.

She places her hand on Callum's shoulder.

GLENN
You know a lot of people forget we
exist... But we're always here, ready
to take in.

Claire glances across the park and recognises how empty it is. Anthony shuts the car boot.

ANTHONY
Right, that's everything.

GLENN
(To Anthony)
Car park's just back there on the
left.

Anthony enters the car as Glenn places the last bag inside

the caravan.

GLENN

If you need anything ring my number,
it's in the book... Oh and if you hear
a motorbike coming in and out it'll
just be my son. I'll tell him to be
quiet.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

Whilst turning to leave Glenn catches eyes with Callum. He smiles to him.

14 EXT - HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Glenn is washing windows by the front of the house. Clouds have gathered as the day stretches on.

In the distance, the familiar sound of Liam's bike chimes through the air. This time however, he races not into the garage but straight over to Glenn. He stops and gets off, swiftly removing his helmet.

LIAM

(Shouting)

We're leaving.

GLENN

What?

LIAM

This shithole town. We're fucking
leaving.

GLENN

(Through gritted teeth)

Be quiet! Get inside! Now.

Liam continues shouting as Glenn pushes and herds him through the door.

15 INT - HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Once inside Liam collects himself and adopts a more direct tone.

LIAM

Why don't you ever listen? This place
is crumbling all around us, you still

don't get that do you?

GLENN

I've told you things are on the up! I-

LIAM

-Look at you, you're an old man stuck in the past.

GLENN

How about you look outside a-

LIAM

-And see what? there's nothing! This ain't the place it once was. It's a fucking dump.

The effects of Liam's drinks are clearly on display - he has acquired a new level of confidence. A venomous tone beginning to INCREASE in volume. Glenn stands soaking up the abuse.

LIAM

I'm getting us out of here. I know a bricky down south who makes a fortune - doing stuff we could do - maybe he can get us a few days here and there until we get our own thing going.

BEAT.

LIAM

Dad. Please.

His pitch falling on deaf ears, Glenn slowly shakes his head.

GLENN

I know what I'm doing.

Liam moves forward towards Glenn's work desk, grabbing the many clusters of files and letters hoarded on top.

LIAM

(Picking up letters)

Look at this! And this! Oh for fuck's sake Dad! Do you even read any of these?! They're all unopened.

He leans onto the desk, defeated.

LIAM

I should have left you here years ago.

This line stings Glenn. Everything he has ever lived for and worked towards to pass onto Liam is now being shot down. His town is being liquidated - both by his son and mother nature.

He chuckles to himself.

GLENN

But you didn't, did you?

Liam looks up from the desk.

GLENN

You're still just a boy... A boy who knows nothing.

Liam stays SILENT. He glares as though at any moment he'll charge at his father. But he doesn't. He storms past Glenn and out the door.

16 EXT - OUTSIDE HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Liam jumps onto his bike as Glenn looks on. Dirt bounces up from the ground as he races away from the park.

17 EXT - COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Roaring down an empty road, there is no set destination for Liam. Only the vibrations of his vehicle guide him. The sky turns dark and closes in. He rides along until encountering something ahead:

It's as if he'd entered a time warp. Landed in frontier America. Heading towards him, a MAN (30s) rides on a BLACK HORSE. DENIM SHIRT, TEN-GALLON HAT. SPURS if you looked close enough.

He approaches Liam leading another HORSE that carries a MUCH OLDER MAN (80s). With a face like an A-Z, the elderly cowboy shivers and shakes, wrapped in layers and towed along.

Time slows for Liam as he locks eyes with the younger man. They pass his view and dissolve into the night behind him. After a few moments Liam comes to a stop. Suddenly everything has become CLEAR. He now knows what to do.

The bike skids and TURNS BACK around.

18 INT - GARAGE - NIGHT

The BLUE FOLDER, snatched earlier, is being examined by Liam in the garage. The desperation leaks through him. After

scouring through various pages, he finds the section he's looking for: **INSURANCE PAY-OUT**. Particularly regarding fires.

19 EXT - CARAVAN PARK - NIGHT

Midnight. Not much is visible. The sound of liquid being splashed onto ground can be heard. After a few moments the bright flicker of a **FLAME** is dropped on the liquid. A fire begins to burn.

Liam systematically does this under each caravan, pouring gasoline and lighting fires in a hurried and erratic fashion. He breathes heavily.

20 EXT - CARAVAN PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The area is eerily quiet, except for sounds of crackling and burning. The smoke begins to turn **BLACK** as fires progress into the vans' interiors, becoming louder and stronger.

Liam begins to turn and run but is struck by the wall of ocean ahead. He finds himself caught between the sea and the growing inferno he has created.

Suddenly the door to the house **SWINGS OPEN** and Glenn flies out, moving towards the fires as fast as his body can take him.

He passes Liam and **GRABS** him by the shirt, as if attempting to throw him into his slipstream. Liam stumbles a few paces and stops.

His father continues running to one caravan in particular - **the one on its own**.

SCREAMING and **SHOUTING**, he tries to pry open the door. The sheer heat and fumes from the structure makes it harder to accomplish by the second. As he struggles, it starts to become clear to Liam that something is **HORRIBLY** wrong.

Eventually the task becomes too much and Glenn is forced to retreat. He staggers back before collapsing to his knees, bawling in a heap. Frozen, Liam can do nothing but watch in silence.

The fires continue to burn as the waves inch ever closer.

END.