

NOTHING LASTS FOREVER

Written by

Lisa Reily

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Email: lisa.reily@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. AUSTRALIA - NSW COAST - BEACH - DAY

A long empty beach, bordered by bushland. Early morning mist.

Worn red sneakers without laces set back from the water.
Coiled neatly on top, a bright red dog's leash.

A bream's pale yellow eye, its silver body dead on wet sand.
The ocean's rush prods and bumps it with its rhythm.

JAZ WILLIAMS, 40, stands ankle-deep in icy ocean. Rolled up
track pants. The crackle of her plastic jacket. Salted wind
crisps the hair that escapes her old woollen beanie.

She stares blankly to sea, an almost imperceptible melancholy
about her... She is shifted to the present by the dead bream.

It taps at her ankle in the water, but she doesn't move. Just
observes it momentarily... She looks behind her. Calls out.

JAZ

Henry! Come on. Let's go!

Only empty beach. Wind and waves.

JAZ (CONT'D)

Henry! Come on!

She heads toward the shoes. Picks them up. And the leash. She
walks with a growing panic along the beach. Starts to run.

JAZ (CONT'D)

Henry! Henry! Henry!

Suddenly, HENRY, her frisky, older Jack Russell, runs from
the mist. He wears a boyish sweater. Jaz sniffs back a tear.

JAZ (CONT'D)

Where were you, you naughty boy? I
thought I'd lost you!

EXT. HOLIDAY CABIN - VERANDAH - DAY

The distant sound of waves. A dated cabin amid towering
paperbarks, a few other cabins, the odd caravan and tent.

Packed bags by the steps, Jaz sits at a wooden picnic table
with Henry on her lap. She writes in her journal. Hearing a
magpie, she stops.

Holding Henry, she gets up. She leans over the wooden railing
to watch the magpie on the lawn; its sleek black and white
against green, its gentle caroling...

The crunch of gravel as NEKTARIOS, 38, Greek-Australian,
relaxed and healthy, passes on his bike. Jaz doesn't notice.

INT./EXT. JAZ'S CAR (MOVING) - HIGHWAY TO SYDNEY - DAY

Jaz and Henry on a peaceful, single lane amid bushland. Cat Stevens-type music. Her cell rings. She takes it, hands-free.

JAZ

Hi, Benny.

INT. BENNY'S FLASHY CAR - CONTINUOUS

BENNY, 34, Jaz's brother. Cool hair. Cool clothes. He sits outside their mum's place. Starts the car and drives away.

BENNY

I'm at Mum's. Where are you?

INTERCUT.

JAZ

I told you I'd be at the cabin.

BENNY

When? God, she drove me insane today. Never do that to me again!

They laugh. Jaz's cell beeps, indicating another call.

JAZ

That'll be her now.

INT. JAZ'S PLACE - LOUNGE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A key unlocks the front door. Lights flick on.

KAT, 65, Jaz's mother, slim, long hair, a possible face lift, enters with a satin cushion and FREDRIC, her terrier.

KAT

Jasmine?

She seats Fredric on the cushion, then skims the bookshelf - travel, spiritual, self-help, poetry, a few classic novels... cute trinkets and a small basket full of pink nail polish.

Kat inspects a cupboard... Picks up a childhood photo of Jaz, Benny, Kat and Jaz's dad, amid early-twenties shots of Jaz beside European landmarks and 'selfies' of Jaz and Henry.

She notices the answering machine flashing. She turns it on.

BENNY (ANSWERING MACHINE)

Hey, Jaz. I'm at Mum's... Where are you?... Help meeeee! (BEEP)

Kat listens, miffed. She goes to the kitchen as the next message plays - from Jaz's friend, SONIA, 42.