

MISSING IN ACTION
(1917 ONE SHOT COMPETITION)

Written by

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BLACK.

The sound of a LANDLINE PHONE BEING PICKED UP.

A SHAKY BREATH.

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

Silhouettes against a curtain show a WOMAN holding a phone a few inches from her.

She brings it closer to her mouth, her hands shake slightly.

WOMAN
Yes, this is she.

She listens on the phone.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Yes he...
(beat)
He left four months ago.

A shaky breath.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Yes, I'm his mother.

She begins to pace.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
No I-I don't know his
identification number, please just
tell me why you're calling.

Beginning to become frustrated.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I don't have that - I'm his mother
I-

She is interrupted by the person on the other line.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Please just tell me why-

As she is cut off again she becomes hysterical.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I don't have that but I have the stuffed elephant he used to sleep with, I have his favorite book, I can tell you the first movie he ever saw because I'm the one that watched it with him because I'm his mother.

She stops. Breathing heavily.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Please. I need to know my baby is okay.

She stops pacing. She suddenly starts to shake and lets the phone fall from her hands.

She begins to sob.

The silhouette of a MAN hurries into frame as the sound of a DOOR OPENING is heard. He rushes to the woman's side.

MAN

No... was-was that it?

She lets him pull her into the kitchen.

He sets her down at a table and pulls a chair around next to her. He is shaking too.

MAN (CONT'D)

I can't... he's really dead.

The woman is calmer now. She wipes her eyes.

WOMAN

They didn't call.

MAN

What? Then who were you talking to? Why are you cry-

WOMAN

I... I was practicing.

Silence.

She lets her head fall, crying again. The man gets up and walks away from the table.

MAN

Are you sick?!

WOMAN

What?

MAN

ARE YOU INSANE? WHY WOULD YOU
PRACTICE THAT - PRACTICE - PRACTICE
OUR SONS DEATH - No, you know what,
while you're at it practice setting
up for the funeral too CAUSE THE
WAY YOU'RE ACTING HE MIGHT AS WELL
BE DEAD.

Silence.

The woman pushes past the man and out the door, slamming it
behind her.

He sighs.

EXT. PORCH - EVENING

The woman lets herself fall onto the steps, her head falls
into her hands.

She doesn't look up as the door opens behind her.

The man sits down on the stairs next to her.

WOMAN

I don't want to think he's dead -
but the waiting - knowing we're
gonna get the message just not
knowing when...

She snuffles. Silence.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I can't lose him - but at the same
time I feel like I already have.

They sit in silence.

CUT TO BLACK.

Credits roll with no music, just diegetic sound.

THE END