

Emergency Service
(extended draft)

By

Craig S Cooper

Craigcooper1@sky.com

FADE IN

INT. MARTINA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A cluttered living room. A large television plays silently to itself. Sunlight streams through the venetian blinds on the window.

MARTINA, a pretty brunette in her late thirties, sits in the armchair in her dressing gown, toying with her hair whilst talking on a cordless phone to her sister, MARIE.

MARTINA

(laughs)

...you know me, I'll try anything once. Well, twice in fact, you can never be too sure if you only do things once, can you?

MARIE (O.S)

Well, as long as you're happy, Martina, that's all that matters at the end of the day isn't it?

MARTINA

Yes, Marie, it is. Things are much better now. I think we just got into a rut, you know, same old routine day after day, it gets to you.

MARIE (O.S)

Yeah, I suppose. I knew deep down you wouldn't split up though, you were made for each other! You've been through way too much together.

MARTINA

Yeah, true. To be perfectly frank, Marie, our sex life has gone off the scale since Ollie started that job, I think I was just getting fed up of him being under my feet all the time. I actually look forward to him coming home now, I'm horny 24/7!

MARIE (O.S)

Way too much information thanks, Martina. Spare me the details, please!

MARTINA
 (laughs)
 Sorry, I thought you'd be pleased
 for me.

The conversation is interrupted by a knock on the door.
 Martina looks round at a clock on the wall.

MARTINA (cont'd)
 Just hang on a sec, Marie, there's
 someone at the door.

Martina heads to the window, prising the venetian blind
 apart with her fingers. She cranes her neck to attempt to
 catch a glimpse of the mystery visitor.

MARTINA (cont'd)
 I can't quite see. I wonder who
 that could be? I'm not even
 dressed!

MARIE (O.S)
 It'll probably just be
 bible-bashers, they came to mine
 last week. Just put the door chain
 on, they won't see you're not
 dressed.

A louder, more impatient knock at the door.

Martina approaches the door, still on the telephone.

INT. HALLWAY

A small, well lit room, with a frosted glass panelled door.

Martina squints to make out the blurred silhouette of the
 figure that stands at the door.

Another loud erratic knock.

MARTINA
 (shouting)
 Okay, okay. I'm coming. Hold your
 horses!

MARIE (O.S)
 Who is it?

MARTINA
 God only knows, it was a vicar
 yesterday!

She struggles with the key in the lock, opens the front door to the full extent of the chain, and peeks through the gap.

She quickly slams the door, and takes in a huge breath of air.

MARTINA (cont'd)

Oh, Marie, I'm gonna have to call you back later.

She hangs up without waiting for a response, placing the phone down clumsily on the window sill.

She sighs, as she fiddles with the door chain.

She forces a huge smile, and graciously pulls open the door fully, to greet the POLICEMAN, a tall man in his early forties.

MARTINA (cont'd)

Hello, can I help you?

POLICEMAN

Hello, Mrs. Turner? I've got the right house haven't I?

MARTINA

Yes, you have. I'm she.

POLICEMAN

Can I come inside for a moment Mrs Turner? I've got some bad news.

(awkwardly)

It's...It's your husband.

Martina's face drops. She stands to the side, making way for the policeman.

MARTINA

Oh my god, please come in, what's happened? Has there been an accident?

POLICEMAN

I'm afraid so Ma'am. Maybe you should sit yourself down.

Martina and the policeman head to the living room.

INT. MARTINA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Martina sits on the sofa, patting the space beside her, and the policeman sits cautiously down.

MARTINA

What's happened, is Ollie alright?

POLICEMAN

No, I'm afraid not Mrs. Turner.

She grasps his hand tightly.

POLICEMAN (cont'd)

He's been involved in an accident at his workplace, Ma'am, and I'm afraid that it's not pleasant news.

Martina closes her eyes tight.

The colour drains from the policeman's hand as she increases her grip.

MARTINA

Oh Fuck! Not my Ollie, Why him? Why me?

She leans forward, wrapping her arms around the policeman, her head resting on his shoulder, he looks uncomfortable.

A single tear drips down his back.

POLICEMAN

I'm hate to have to tell you this, Ma'am. The...
(coughs)
...the body needs to be identified.

Martina wails, roughly rubbing her hands up and down his back.

The policeman pats her gently, with an anxious look upon his face.

MARTINA

Jeez, I need a fucking drink!

She quickly jumps to her feet, heading towards the door. She turns to face the policeman.

MARTINA (cont'd)

You want one?

POLICEMAN

No, Ma'am, thank you, but not whilst I'm on duty. You take your time...Gather yourself. I'll be waiting right here.

Martina leaves the room, as the policeman sits in awkward silence, looking at the floor.

INT. KITCHEN

A large, extremely tidy, and seldom used kitchen.

Martina opens the door on the huge, half empty refrigerator, removing a bottle of wine.

The wine is placed on the worktop, as Martina rummages through various drawers, muttering to herself, until she finds a corkscrew.

INT. MARTINA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The policeman stares at the floor, trancelike, rubbing his crushed hand.

He snaps back into consciousness as he hears the loud pop of a cork being pulled from the other room. A look of concentration on his face, as he strains to hear the glugging of the glass being filled.

A moments silence, a stifled burp from the kitchen, and the sound of the glass being filled yet again.

The policeman smirks to himself. Hearing her nearing footsteps, he composes himself, and stares back at the floor.

Martina enters with a huge glass of wine.

She knocks half of it back in one gulp, and sits back down beside the policeman.

POLICEMAN

Are you okay, Ma'am, is there anything I can do?

MARTINA

Please, call me Martina.

A hint of sarcasm in his voice.

POLICEMAN

Okay, is there anything I can do, Martina?

MARTINA

You could start by telling me why?

POLICEMAN

Why? Why what? I don't follow.

MARTINA

Why this had to happen to me. What the hell I ever do to deserve all this?

POLICEMAN

Forgive me ma'am, I understand you must be hugely upset, but I think your husband came out a little worse off than you did.

She takes another sip of her wine, and wipes her eyes with the sleeves of her dressing gown.

MARTINA

Oh, yes. I'm sorry. I didn't mean it to come across like that. It's just...

POLICEMAN

Go on.

MARTINA

...It's just that things were starting to go really well, you know. I know we had our problems and a few ups and downs, but that's the nature of marriage, isn't it?

POLICEMAN

I suppose ma'am. I'm not really in a position to talk about things like that. Not in my job description, I'm afraid.

MARTINA

So you just turn up to peoples homes, drop a life shattering bombshell and then leave. Is that it?

The policeman looks a little startled at Martina's rant.

POLICEMAN

No, ma'am. And as I said earlier, I really sympathize with what you're going through, but I don't have any answers, I'm afraid. I wish that I did at times. Can you imagine what it's like to have to break this sort of news to someone?

MARTINA

No, I'm sorry. I'm just a little confused. I feel so lost and alone.
(beat)
Hold me.

She wraps herself around the policeman.

He winces, looking even more ill at ease.

MARTINA (cont'd)

I've got so many things swimming around in my head. It feels like it's going to explode.

The policeman pats her back, in a stifled attempt at easing her a little.

POLICEMAN

You're probably in shock, Martina. If I could help, I would, you know that.

MARTINA

I'm sure you would, sir. I'm sure you would.

A few moments of awkward silence, as the policeman continues patting Martina's back.

She pulls back away from him, wiping her nose on her sleeve. She looks him straight in the eyes.

MARTINA (cont'd)

There's...There's something about a man in uniform, you know.

POLICEMAN

I'm sorry?

MARTINA

A man in uniform. Comes across as all strong and dependable, don't you think?

POLICEMAN

I can honestly say that thought has never once crossed my mind.

MARTINA

Well it has mine. I mean, Ollie was a lovely man, most of the time...But by God, you're a positive alpha-male compared to him. Look at you- strong, forceful, compassionate...hot.

POLICEMAN

I don't think this is the time or the place for this sort of conversation, Ma'am.

MARTINA

So, you don't find me attractive then?

(laughs)

Are you a faggot or something?

POLICEMAN

Whether I find you attractive is unimportant as this point in time, Ma'am. Do I really need to remind you that you've just lost your Husband? Beside which, I'm a married man.

MARTINA

Ah, but you didn't say happily married, did you? Are you happy with your Wife?

POLICEMAN

Yes, Ma'am. I'm very happy indeed, thanks for asking.

Martina begins to cry, silently.

MARTINA

I'm so sorry. I don't know where that came from.

POLICEMAN

It's okay, ma'am. Strange things happen at times of grief.

The policeman offers out his arms. Martina quickly accepts the invitation for a hug, wrapping herself around him once again.

She begins to nuzzle the policeman's neck, he doesn't react. Gently she starts to rub his chest with her hand.

POLICEMAN (cont'd)

I think you'd better stop, Ma'am.
Just how much have you been
drinking?

MARTINA

Oh, one or two. Anyway, I thought
the police were supposed to help
people in their hour of need.

POLICEMAN

Not like this though, Ma'am.

She moves her hand down from his chest, over his stomach,
and down onto his groin.

MARTINA

Hmmm, tell me if I'm wrong, but
either someone's getting a little
excited. Or is that a truncheon in
your pocket?

She squeezes, slowly and firmly.

POLICEMAN

(under his breath)

Oh God, what am I doing?

She locks her lips onto his. He retaliates at first, then
relaxes into a long passionate kiss.

Martina stands up, takes the policeman by the hand, and
leads him out the room and up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

A large, tidy, tastefully decorated bedroom.

A king-sized bed dominates the wall, with bedside cabinets
either side.

Martina flings open the bedroom door, leading him to the
bed.

Sitting down on the bed, she leans over and drops a framed
photograph face down on the bedside table.

MARTINA

Aren't you going to take down my
particulars?

She pats the bed seductively, the policeman rips of his
clothes and leaps on the bed.

He begins pulling on her dressing gown cord, and gently
slides it off her shoulders, kissing the bare flesh.

Martina shudders with delight.

CLOSE UP:

The downturned framed photograph on the bedside table. We
hear kisses and groans of pleasure.

After a while, the items on the table start moving and
shaking rhythmically, as the noises get louder and more
passionate.

FADE TO

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN

INT. MARTINA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The television is still muted, playing to itself.

The venetian blinds are now closed, blocking the daylight.

Martina lies on the sofa, wearing her dressing gown. Her
hair is a mess, and her face flushed. She has in her hand a
glass of wine.

Calmly she picks up the phone and dials.

It rings.

MARIE (O.S)

Hello?

MARTINA

Hello Marie, It's me. Sorry it took
so long to get back to you.

MARIE (O.S)

Oh, Martina, thanks for ringing me
back, what happened?

Martina stands up, taking the half empty glass of wine with her, and heads upstairs.

MARTINA

You really wouldn't believe me if I told you.

MARIE (O.S)

Try me!

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

She enters the bedroom, places the glass down on the bedside table, and pressing the phone to her ear with her shoulder, begins making the bed.

MARTINA

Well, it was the police.

MARIE (O.S)

The police, why?

MARTINA

Ollie...

MARIE (O.S)

(sounding panicked)

Ollie, my god, what's happened to him?

MARTINA

Nothing, Marie.

(beat)

It was Ollie.

MARIE (O.S)

I don't understand.

Martina sits on the freshly made bed, and reaches over for the glass of wine.

Noticing the picture is still face down, she stands it back up in its correct position.

CLOSE UP:

The framed photograph.

We see Martina and her husband on the beach in a traditional holiday pose. Her husband is the policeman.

MARTINA

I told you, Marie, our sex lives have improved so much since Ollie got that job at the fancy dress shop.

(smiles)

You can't beat a bit of role play. This is one job where I'm happy that he brings his work home.

(laughs)

Yesterday he was a Vicar, the day before a Soldier. And I simply can't wait for the fireman to come round to tackle a bush fire! God, I love a man in uniform.

MARIE (O.S)

Way too much information, spare me the details, Martina!

FADE OUT