

ARRIVAL OF LIGHT

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. BEACH - DAWN**

A strip of sand between grassy dunes and endless ocean.

A pair of shoes, leather scuffed and worn, laces safely double-bowed.

They belong to LEVINE NOEL, mid 50s, watery, searching eyes framed by the wrinkles of a long validated cynicism.

A digital 'watch' peeks from his anorak cuff. The screen pulses with an amber light.

LAUGHTER O.S. - that of a child. Levine drifts into memory with the sound.

He loosens the knot of his tie -

**BEGIN MAIN FLASHBACK**

**INT. CAFE - DAY**

WAITER, 20s, thin, sets a tea tray on Levine's table.

Levine notes the Waiter's watch. The same style as his own, its screen showing a constant green. Waiter moves on.

Levine collects a sugar pourer. An LED light on the pourer blinks blue; the screen on Levine's watch does the same, as if syncing in answer.

He pours a measure of sugar into his tea - the watch screen blinks from pulsing amber to red.

Levine stops, considers the pourer, reluctantly returns it to the table. His watch screen returns to pulsing amber.

Levine checks a wall clock: 12:25

**INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY**

A digital wall clock reads: 12:55

CLERKS man a row of desks. Levine waits in line, absently thumbs his watch, ever conscious of its presence.

MOLLY, late 40s, sits dejectedly at the next desk over, her foot tapping restlessly. Her watch screen blinks red.

SYNCH CLERK  
Synch please.

The SYNCH CLERK, 30s, indifferent, peers over her desk, motions to a small electronic device beside her computer.

Seated opposite, Levine hovers his wrist over the device.

The watch BUZZES, screen blinks blue.

She nods, consults her monitor.

The sleeve of her blouse rises to reveal her watch blinking amber. She self-consciously tugs it back into place.

Levine gazes off...

**BEGIN CUTAWAY**

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

Thunder RUMBLES across a plain. Levine stands motionless, watching storm clouds swell on the horizon.

He closes his eyes, savoring the moment.

Spots of rain pepper his anorak.

**END CUTAWAY**

**INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY**

Levine, his mind elsewhere. TAP-TAP of a keyboard O.S.

                                SYNCH CLERK (O.S.)  
You'll need to speak to an auditor.

He drifts back to her.

                                SYNCH CLERK  
Take a seat and wait for your name to  
be called.

Levine glances around, hesitant.

                                SYNCH CLERK  
It invalidates your coverage if you  
don't.

She nods to a far corner of the room. His eyes follow -

**WAITING AREA**

Levine and Molly sit waiting - like schoolchildren called to see the headmaster. The lights of their watches pulse away - amber and red respectively.

She sips from a paper coffee cup.

MOLLY  
Free coffee at least. Decaffeinated.  
Artificial sweetener. No real sugar  
of course.

She swirls the contents, unimpressed. She fidgets, restless, presses the heels of her sneakers against the floor -

MOLLY  
I used to wear heels. Three inch...

Levine regards his own scuffed yet sensibly double-bowed shoes. He listens in silence as she continues.

MOLLY  
(low)  
Sometimes I still do - around the  
house that is. Cram my feet in there  
just to remind myself. One of these  
days I'll roll an ankle...

She flashes a wry smile at the thought.

MOLLY  
You smoke?

LEVINE  
Does anyone?  
(re: his watch)  
I'm on the basic.

She nods, accepting.

MOLLY  
What d'you light-out on?

Levine tilts, searching for an answer.

**BEGIN CUTAWAY****EXT. MAIN ROAD - SIDEWALK - DAY**

The screen of Levine's watch glows amber.

He waits at the edge of a busy road, lining up for a break in the flow. He steps from the curb, coiling, ready -

The watch BUZZES. Flashes red.

He gauges the distance to the other side, weighing the risk, steeling himself to make a run for it.

The BUZZING rises to a pitched WHINE.

Levine steps back onto the pavement. He tightens his anorak and keeps walking.

AUDITOR (PRE-LAP)  
...Deviating from prescribed cross-walks, foot-travel in a high-crime area. High caloric intake...

**END CUTAWAY**

**INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - SIDE ROOM - DAY**

Informational posters lend colour to grey walls. A Newton's Cradle on a desk beside a laptop. Behind the desk sits -

AUDITOR, mid 20s, pale, eager, consulting his screen.

AUDITOR  
...numerous visits to the beach.

LEVINE  
Sea air. It's good for you.

AUDITOR  
I don't know that's medically proven.

LEVINE  
It's what they used to say. Sea air.  
Good for the soul...

Auditor, scrolling, clicking, not listening.

Levine's eyes roam the walls to find a calendar picture of a sunrise over an ocean. They hold there, absorbed.

AUDITOR (O.S.)  
It's not here.

LEVINE  
I'm sorry?

AUDITOR  
Sea air. It's not covered under any  
insurance provision. Basic or  
otherwise.

LEVINE  
It's not what I meant...

The Auditor blinks.

Levine lets it go.

AUDITOR  
I don't see sunscreen on your  
purchase graph..? Do you swim?

LEVINE  
I've a hat.

AUDITOR  
Mister Noel, you've accrued a growing  
number of light-outs for this last  
quarter-

LEVINE  
By wearing a hat?

The Auditor regards him a beat, humourless.

AUDITOR  
You commute by rail, do you not?

LEVINE  
Road travel raises the health  
premium.

AUDITOR  
Rail is nine times safer per mile.

Another bout of scroll and click.

AUDITOR  
Right here, according to your GPS  
tracker - Tuesday, nineteenth of  
August, you left your office early,  
do you recall?

**BEGIN CUTAWAY**

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM 5 - DAY**

Levine stands waiting.

PLATFORM ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
The train approaching platform five  
will not stop here. For your safety,  
please stand behind the yellow line.

A BUSINESSWOMAN, 40s, high heels, shades, the only other  
commuter, shuffles back from a yellow line demarcating the  
'risk zone' several feet from the platform edge.

Levine looks to his shoes halfway across the warning line.

He stares down the track.

His watch screen switches from green to amber.

PLATFORM ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
The train approaching platform five  
will not stop here. For your safety,  
please stand behind the yellow line.

Levine inches forward; a tense, almost subconscious defiance  
till he fully crosses the line, a foot from the platform  
edge. Apprehension fills his face.

Amber switches to red. A soft BUZZING from the watch.

The Businesswoman watches from out the corner of her eye.

Levine swallows, stares straight ahead.

A faint RUMBLE builds...

PLATFORM ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
The train approaching-

WHOOSH!

Levine flinches, fighting the urge to recoil from the fury  
of sound and energy passing inches from his face O.S.

As suddenly as it arrived the train is gone; a flurry of  
discarded papers settling in its wake.

The watch pulses red, BUZZING with alarm.

Levine remembers to breathe. A smile overpowers his fear,  
relieved. Exhilarated.

**END CUTAWAY**

**INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - SIDE ROOM - DAY**

Levine, a trace of that smile lingers still.

AUDITOR

You see, in surety terms you're what we term 'Risk Receptive'.

Off Levine:

AUDITOR

It's not a crime.

(re: the monitor)

Your data however, at least from our underwriter's perspective, raises questions of financial accountability.

LEVINE

Premiums...

The Auditor forces a sympathetic smile.

AUDITOR

Nothing is assured in this world, except our commitment to your well-being.

LEVINE

I used to swim. In the ocean, as a boy. Before your time. You could still catch fish in it back then, not just plastic. Used to terrify me, all that open water. The possibilities...

AUDITOR

Have you considered upgrading your policy?

Levine holds the Auditor with his watery gaze...then considers a window instead.

LEVINE

Sometimes, when it storms I like to find myself a field. A wide open space. An emptiness.

AUDITOR

A little rain never hurt.

LEVINE

Not all storms bring rain.



The Auditor frowns, struggling to follow.

LEVINE  
Do you know what the odds of being  
struck by lightning are?

AUDITOR  
One in three-thousand.

Levine smiles sadly. Of course he knows.

**END MAIN FLASHBACK**

**EXT. BEACH - DAWN**

Levine's shoes sit discarded on the sand. His tie trails to a heap of clothes. A watch WHINES O.S., buried in the pile.

**EXT. SEA - DAWN**

Waves break around Levine's waist. He's naked save for a hat. A tan line encircles his wrist. He gazes out to sea. A shiver of indecision.

That same playful LAUGHTER O.S.

Levine smiles, his mind made. He dives into the surf.

**EXT. BEACH - DAWN**

BOY, 10, emerges from the dunes, idling along. He draws to a halt, a small watch blinking green about his wrist.

O.S. VOICES call him back. He ignores them, his focus on the water - on Levine. A puzzled smile plays across his face.

Levine pulls for the horizon, swimming through a sea of golden light.

**FADE OUT**