

THE ARRIVAL OF LIGHT

By

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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, 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 clasps the knot of his tie --

**BEGIN LEVINE'S 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 in answer.

He pours a short 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 --

**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.

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

Levine, his mind elsewhere. 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  
Now?

                  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. She looks over, hopeful.

MOLLY

You smoke?

LEVINE

No.

(re: his watch)

Basic.

MOLLY

I hear you. What d'you light-out on?

Levine tilts, searching for an answer.

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

The screen of Levine's watch glows amber.

He waits at the edge of a busy road, lining 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 calorie intake...

**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 (CONT'D)  
...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 see no sunscreen on your purchase  
graph... Do you swim..?

LEVINE  
I've a hat.

AUDITOR  
Mr. Levine, you've accrued a  
growing number of light-outs this  
last quarter.

LEVINE  
By wearing a hat?

AUDITOR  
You commute by rail.

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 -- the nineteenth of  
August, four p.m, do you recall?

**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, well heeled, 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 turn from the fury of sound and energy passing inches from his face O.S.

As suddenly as it arrived the train is gone.

The watch pulses red, BUZZING with alarm.

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

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

Levine, a trace of that smile lingers still.

AUDITOR  
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.

LEVINE  
I used to swim. In the ocean, as a  
boy. Before your time. You could  
still catch fish. Not just plastic.  
Used to terrify me. That's why I  
did it.

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 LEVINE'S 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  
swim cap. 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, draws to a halt. VOICES O.S. call him back. He  
ignores them, his focus on the water. A puzzled smile plays  
across his face.

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

**FADE OUT**