

WORD SEARCH

Written by

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INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

SOPHIE, mid 20's thin and wiry with a high ponytail, descends the steps carefully. She is holding a leather satchel across her back. MARK, mid 30's gentle giant, follows behind her with key on a chain in his hand. They are both wearing dark gloves.

In the corner of the room is a mid-sized safe. Mark uses the key to open the safe. Inside the safe is stacks of books and papers.

SOPHIE

Jackpot.

Sophie looks at her wrist. On her wrist is a number, 9,834. The number ticks down to 9,833.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Words?

Mark grunts and looks at his wrist.

MARK

Hundred.

Mark jerks his sleeve to cover the numbers.

Sophie winces.

SOPHIE

Chin up.

Sophie taps Mark's chin with a finger.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Almost done.

Mark nods once and reaches into the safe, pulling out a leatherbound journal. Sophie pulls out her own book and flips it open. On the pages is tiny handwriting, with a date written at the top of the page.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Yes.

Sophie flips briefly through the book, all of the pages showing the same diary entry format.

MARK

Diary.

Mark puts his journal back into the safe and pulls out a stack of novels. He flips through the pages.

Sophie reaches into her satchel and pulls out two worn army duffels.

SOPHIE

Bag.

Sophie thrusts one duffel at Mark. Mark takes his duffel and drops his stack of novels in. The two work quietly to empty the safe.

Sophie grabs the leatherbound notebook Mark had picked up. Mark grabs her wrist and stops her from placing the notebook in her bag.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Want?

Sophie gestures towards him with the journal.

MARK

Diary.

Sophie looks at the diary and shrugs.

SOPHIE

They're dead.

MARK

Private.

SOPHIE

Then don't read it.

Mark scoffs and grabs the journal from her hand, tossing it back into the safe. Sophie grabs the journal and puts it directly into her bag.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Market doesn't care. Words are words. They'll buy anything.

Mark grabs the bag from her hands, and pulls the journal back out.

MARK

Wrong.

SOPHIE

Mark, they're dead. Maybe they'd want their story told.

MARK

Something's others aren't meant to touch.

Sophie scoffs.

SOPHIE

Please.

Sophie grabs Mark's wrist and lifts his sleeve. On his wrist is the number 86.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Less than a day.

Mark jerks his wrist back and pushes his sleeve back down.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You'll run out if you don't sell these.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

Not diaries. Just books.

SOPHIE

The diaries are the score. Look how full they are!

Sophie grabs the journal from Mark's hands and shows him the pages. It is filled with the same small handwriting from the other journal.

Mark takes the book and closes it softly.

MARK

Wrong.

SOPHIE

You'll die on that high horse.

Mark rolls his sleeve up and looks at his wrist, which reads 81.

MARK

So be it.

The number on his wrist ticks down with each word, ending on 78. Mark hikes his half full duffle over his shoulder and walks back up the stairs.

Sophie stands alone in the basement for a few moments before she scoffs. She stuffs the remaining books into her duffle and follows him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MARKET - DAY

Sophie walks towards a stall labelled Old World Words with one duffle bag. Manning the stall is JESSICA, mid 60's and shrewd. Jessica waves at Sophie and clears her table.

JESSICA
Morning. Haul?

Sophie grins and drops her duffle onto the table.

SOPHIE
Big one.

Jessica looks behind Sophie.

JESSICA
Mark?

Sophie scoffs.

SOPHIE
Whimpered out. Goody two shoes.

Jessica hums and starts pulling books from the duffle.

JESSICA
Good haul.

Jessica makes five piles of books, all the journals in the one at the end

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Normal. Half. Double. Count.
Handwritten.

Jessica points to each pile of books as she speaks.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Twenty minutes. Wait or come back?

Sophie looks around The Market.

SOPHIE
Come back. Twenty minutes.

Sophie walks away from the stand while Jessica puts books from the count pile into a machine.

Twenty minutes later, Sophie returns. Jessica has the books piled on the table, the Count pile now split in three. Jessica hands over a receipt.

JESSICA

Okay?

Sophie looks at the receipt.

SOPHIE

Handwritten?

JESSICA

Seperate. Okay?

Sophie nods and places the receipt onto the table.

SOPHIE

Handwritten now?

Jessica shrugs and picks up a journal. She looks at it before holding it up.

JESSICA

Mark?

SOPHIE

Too good for diaries.

Jessica smiles and puts the journal down.

JESSICA

Yes. Private. You sure?

SOPHIE

Yes. They're dead.

JESSICA

They're people.

SOPHIE

Were. Scan now.

JESSICA

No going back. Positive?

Sophie looks at the pile.

SOPHIE

Mark would hate me, yeah?

JESSICA

Yeah.

Sophie grabs a journal and opens it. She glances at the words and reads something personal. She snaps it shut and looks at the book, before looking at the total on her receipt. She sighs.

SOPHIE

Damn. Fine.

Sophie shoves the journals back into her duffle bag.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Just the books.

(under her breath)

Goody two shoes.