

The Moors
by Jen Silverman

Scene 13

(The MASTIFF and the MOOR-HEN.)

(It's late at night.)

(He's made her a nest of straw.)

(She sits in it, sort of awkwardly.)

(The MASTIFF has been talking for a long time.)

MASTIFF. —and usually that makes me feel alienated and cut-off but this time, I just thought it was beautiful a little romantic, actually and then I thought: I would do anything for you.

(Beat.)

What are you thinking?*

MOOR-HEN. My leg is a lot better.

MASTIFF. Oh that's wonderful!

(Beat.)

How better?

MOOR-HEN. A lot better. I can stand.

I can walk.

MASTIFF. Oh.

MOOR-HEN. What do you mean

“Oh”?

Blocking + Filming Notes

Potentially insert nature or nest-building B-roll?

WIDE/FULL SHOT

The **MASTIFF** and the **MOOR-HEN** sit beside/beneath a big tree. The **MOOR-HEN** sits in a nest of straw, staring straight ahead. The **MASTIFF** lounges in front of her, with his head propped up on the edge of the nest.

- + Shot inspiration 1
- + Shot inspiration 2
- + Shot inspiration 3
- + Shot inspiration 4

Totally engrossed, he waves his arms around for emphasis. As he speaks, the **MOOR-HEN** subtly lifts her right leg out of the nest and explores her range of motion. She becomes entranced by her recovered strength and tunes out the **MASTIFF** entirely.

CLOSER SHOT OF THEM BOTH? (not sure how we get from A to B)

The **MASTIFF**'s eyes widen as he waits for a response. With this line*, he sits up beside her and surveys her body incredulously.

- + Inspiration shot 1
- + Inspiration shot 2
- + Inspiration shot 3

Potentially insert some B-roll focusing on her body... stretching the leg, etc?

MASTIFF. Nothing.

MOOR-HEN. What.

MASTIFF. It's good that you can stand and that you can walk.

But if you can stand and you can walk, maybe you can walk away from me.

(Beat.)

MOOR-HEN. But right now I'm sitting and resting.*

MASTIFF. Okay.

MOOR-HEN. Right now we're both just sitting and resting.**

(Beat.)

MASTIFF. I was thinking, what if I learned to fly?

MOOR-HEN. To...fly?

MASTIFF. Yes, what if I learned how to do it too, and then you could fly away if you wanted, but I could go with you, and if you crash-landed again I could help you, or also maybe if I was with you, you wouldn't crash-land.

(The MOOR-HEN gives this serious thought.)

MOOR-HEN. You? Fly?

MASTIFF. Me fly.*

MOOR-HEN. I don't think you can fly.**

Can you?

MASTIFF. I've never tried.

Continuing to explore the limits of her body, she subtly scoots forward leaving the **MASTIFF** sitting slightly behind her.

Is there a way to shift focus to the **MOOR-HEN**'s face, making the **MASTIFF** less in focus or deemphasized in the frame?

+ Inspiration shot 1

SHOT OF HANDS ON GRASS/LEAVES?

With this line*, the **MOOR-HEN** pats the ground beneath her. With this line**, the **MASTIFF** puts his hand on top of hers with possessive urgency.

+ Inspiration shot 1

+ Inspiration shot 2

MEDIUM SHOT OF HIM?

The **MASTIFF** springs to his feet, indulging the dream entirely. He leaps and runs in a small circle with his arms outstretched like a bird.

+ Inspiration shot 1

+ Inspiration shot 2

MEDIUM SHOT OF THEM BOTH?

With this line, overjoyed at the dream of flying, the **MASTIFF** grabs both hands of the **MOOR-HEN** and pulls her to her feet. He spins her around and they dance for a moment, both laughing wildly.

+ Inspiration shot 1

+ Inspiration shot 2

+ Inspiration shot 3

+ Inspiration shot 4

Leave space for breath. With this line**, the joy is punctured. They stop spinning and we shift to...

MOOR-HEN. I don't think... I mean. I'm not very educated. But I don't think I've ever seen that before.

MASTIFF. I'd do it for you. If you wanted me to.

MOOR-HEN. Let me think about that.

MASTIFF. Do you not want me to go with you? Do you not want me with you all the time?

MOOR-HEN. Well maybe not *all* the time.

I mean.

There's privacy.

MASTIFF. I hate privacy. Everything is always already private anyway. I want to be so close to you that it feels like my skin is going to explode.

(Beat.)

MOOR-HEN. Maybe you could fly a little bit behind me, sometimes.

So you could still see me, but I'd have privacy.

MASTIFF. I guess I could do that.

(Beat—sad.)

I don't think I can fly.

(Beat—tentative.)

Maybe you could not fly.

MOOR-HEN. What?

MASTIFF. Maybe you could not fly.

MEDIUM/CLOSE UP OF THEIR SIDE PROFILES, staring at each other?

- + Inspiration shot 1
- + Inspiration shot 2
- + Inspiration shot 3
- + Inspiration shot 4

Need to explore this bit in rehearsal... maybe she turns from him and we see a shot of her face with him behind her? Or maybe this chunk plays out with the two of them in frame, without a ton of movement?

- + Shot inspiration 1
- + Shot inspiration 2
- + Shot inspiration 3

MOOR-HEN. Not... fly.

MASTIFF. Maybe—I don't know, I'm just bouncing ideas around here—maybe you could just kind of. Walk. From now on. And I could walk next to you.

MOOR-HEN. Walk?

I'm bad at walking.

I limp.

MASTIFF. Or I could walk a step or two behind you, but if you stumbled at all, I'd catch you immediately.

MOOR-HEN. Wait a minute...

MASTIFF. Or actually, if you sat in a little wagon? With wheels? I could push you. So you wouldn't have to walk.

MOOR-HEN. But what if I wanted to?

MASTIFF. If you wanted to walk, you could walk.

MOOR-HEN. But what if I wanted to fly?

(Beat.)

(MASTIFF is depressed but also upset.)

(Even if he tries to keep a lid on it.)

MASTIFF. I just don't understand why you'd want to do something I couldn't do when there are lots of other things you could do that I *can* do. Unless you haven't been happy with me. Have you not been happy with me?

MOOR-HEN. That's not what I'm saying.

MASTIFF. (*Losing it a little.*) Then I don't understand what you're saying. Because you hate flying! So if you are wanting to do something that I can't do, that you hate, it must be because you want to get away from me!

MOOR-HEN. I just.

I am something.

That flies.

That's all.

MASTIFF. Sorry.

I'm sorry.

I don't mean to be crazy.

You just

you mean so much

you have no idea.

MOOR-HEN. I'm not saying you're crazy. But it freaks me out when you get intense.

MASTIFF. Sorry, I'm sorry.

MOOR-HEN. Don't be sorry, just be calm.

BLOCK

MASTIFF. Okay.

Calm. Okay.

(*Beat—an outburst again.*)

I just, I have this nightmare where I turn my back for a second and then I feel this tug, inside me somewhere inside my

CLIMACTIC MOMENT! The

MOOR-HEN splays out her wings with vigor, with a force that creates a gust of wind. We see her from below with the sky behind her, feeling like she might take flight. By this line*, she's lowered her wings and retreated inwards once more.

+ Inspiration shot 1

+ Inspiration shot 2

+ Inspiration shot 3

The **MASTIFF** is on all fours, scrambling beneath her to hold onto her skirt and clinging to her legs.

+ Inspiration shot 1

+ Inspiration shot 2

+ Inspiration shot 3

The **MOOR-HEN** pats the **MASTIFF**'s head and shakes her leg to get him off of her. He lays on his back and she lays down with him, their heads side by side and their legs laid out in opposite directions. We see this from above.

Possibly insert some B-roll of the sky?

+ Inspiration shot 1

+ Inspiration shot 2

+ Inspiration shot 3

the face you thought you were looking at, maybe it has an expression you don't recognize. Or you'll hear something

heart somewhere, and I turn around but it's too late, you're *rising* into the sky, you're just drifting away from me and I can't reach you and you won't come back down and all I can do is watch you get smaller and smaller and smaller until the moors have swallowed you completely and you're gone.

(Beat.)

MOOR-HEN. I'm right here.

MASTIFF. *Now.* You're right here *now.*

MOOR-HEN. I am right here. *Now.*

MASTIFF. What about tomorrow?

MOOR-HEN. You're getting intense again.

MASTIFF. Sorry.

Sorry.

(Beat.)

I don't ever want to feel the way I felt before I met you.

MOOR-HEN. But sometimes you will. Sometimes you will feel like that.

MASTIFF. Not if you don't fly away from me!

MOOR-HEN. *Even if I don't fly away from you,* there will be a moment in which you look at my face, and it isn't

Here*, The **MASTIFF** and the **MOOR-HEN** flip over and rise to their knees, facing each other. The **MOOR-HEN** holds the **MASTIFF**'s face in her hands. We see them both in a medium close shot from the side profile? Potentially also close ups of their

individual faces from straight ahead, the **MOOR-HEN**'s hands still on the **MASTIFF**'s cheeks.

about my past that you didn't know, that will make you wonder if you really know me. And then, for that time, for however long it lasts, you will feel like a squashed grub again.

BLOCK

*(Beat. **MASTIFF** really looks at her.)*

MASTIFF. Then you should tell me everything about yourself now. And I'll learn all your expressions. And then I'll never feel that way.

MOOR-HEN. I don't think you're really hearing what I'm saying.

MASTIFF. Come here. Sit very close to me and tell me everything.

MOOR-HEN. Actually. I'd like to be here. And you can be there. And maybe we can be quiet for a little bit.

MASTIFF. I can feel you drifting away. I can feel a distance between us.

Why is there a distance between us?

MOOR-HEN. Because sometimes there is a distance. Because this is a place built on distance. And that's okay.

MASTIFF. It's horrible. I feel horrible.

BLOCK

Hold onto me.

MOOR-HEN. Breathe.

Okay?

Take deep breaths.

Count.

Breathe in the shape of a square.

- + Shot inspiration 1
- + Shot inspiration 2
- + Shot inspiration 3
- + Shot inspiration 4? (maybe this lives elsewhere)

The **MASTIFF** plops down with resolve, patting the spot next to him for her to come sit. The **MOOR-HEN** walks ~5 feet away from him and speaks from there, standing as he sits.

We see a wide shot of the two of them, the distance in between them centered.

- + Shot inspiration 1
- + Shot inspiration 2
- + Shot inspiration 3

*not sure yet how we get from there to here

CLOSE SHOT WHERE WE CAN SEE
BOTH OF THEIR HEADS, FACING
FORWARD?

They breathe together on the same count,
facing forward and moving synchronously.

Calm down.

*(The **MASTIFF** calms down.)*

(When he's calm he looks at her.)

(New determination. Almost scary.)

MASTIFF. I won't let it happen.

MOOR-HEN. What?

MASTIFF. I won't let you drift away
from me.

+ Shot inspiration 1

+ Shot inspiration 2

+ Shot inspiration 3

The **MASTIFF** rests his head on her shoulder.
He nuzzles in, closing his eyes with a contented
sigh. He holds her hand with a fierce grip. The
MOOR-HEN stares ahead, terrified.