

EXTRA HOUR

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EXT. BEACH. NIGHT.

1

Stars twinkle brightly above as two old men sit by the sea with a telescope.

A phone alarm **RINGS** interrupting the peace. PETER, the excitable one, wrestles with his pockets in search of the device. He flusters but can't find it. BRIAN, the stern one, watches him in disgust.

BRIAN

Just turn it off PETER.

PETER

What?

BRIAN

I say, just turn it off!

PETER

(sarcastic)

Oh okay! Thanks BRI.

PETER shakes his head as the phone is found, switched off, and thrown down onto a bag. They pull childish faces at one another as they take a seat in their chairs.

Ah, peace.

The phone starts **RINGING** out again, making the twosome jump.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: EXTRA HOUR

CUT TO:

2

EXT. BEACH. SUNSET.

2

New day. BRIAN arrives on the beach and immediately sets up 2 chairs.

BRIAN is just getting his telescope out when PETER arrives.

PETER (V.O.)

Can't we just go to the pub BRI?

BRIAN

No. You always end up enjoying yourself PETER.

PETER
(Under his breath)
At the pub? Exactly!

BRIAN
No, here, doing this. Look, I watch
cricket with you all the time and I
don't-

PETER
Ah, so it's revenge then.

BRIAN grunts.

BRIAN
You enjoy it really... Just wait
till we see those Perseids.

He opens two cans of Guinness and hands one to his friend.
PETER looks up.

PETER
Do you think they have Guinness in
heaven BRI? Or do you think it's
all natural up there. Just water n'
stuff?

BRIAN
Well, it's not real, is it? So-

PETER
Ohhhhhh yes I know, but in 'Brian's
terms', pretend it is.

BRIAN
Brians's what?

PETER
Terms. Yunno, like, put simply. In
'Brian's Terms'-

BRIAN
You mean in 'Layman's terms'? You
don't swap the name out, Layman
wasn't a guy who had terms!

PETER
Wasn't he?

BRIAN
I don't know, now I'm doubting
myself.

PETER

He must have had some terms. No man is truly complete without his terms—look just answer the bloody question BRI.

BRIAN

I can't imagine they have a supplier, no.

Beat.

PETER

Maybe they're sponsored?

BRIAN

(Advertising voice)
'Heaven! Brought to you by Carlsberg!'

PETER

(Advertising voice)
'Holy Water: Extra Cold.'

They giggle, interrupted once again by the phone alarm.

BRIAN

(irritated)
For the love of—

CUT TO:

3

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT.

3

Another evening. BRIAN arrives and sets up again, PETER follows shortly after. They nod at each other but say nothing. Lit only by a lantern in the middle of them, the old men both stare aimlessly towards the sea.

There is a silence. It's short lived.

BRIAN

God. Very cloudy tonight, not much action.

PETER

You say that like stargazing is usually a laugh a minute, an intense sport.

BRIAN delivers a deadly glare that speaks a thousand words of disgust. PETER grins through it. He's seen that look a million times before.

The grumpy old man shakes his head, lies back, and closes his eyes. He takes a deep breath, taking in the sounds of the sea.

SCRUNCH. CRACKLE.

Taking another, much angrier breath, BRIAN opens his eyes and stares at PETER who is wrestling with a bag of crisps.

PETER (CONT'D)

Why do you always get the good chair BRI?

BRIAN

What?

PETER

You. Always getting the fancy chair that leans back. I've never sat in it.

BRIAN

They're **MY** chairs PETER.

PETER's eyes widen in an overly dramatic shock. He breaks into the crisp packet and starts munching loudly. BRIAN tries to ignore him, but it's useless.

PETER

Do you ever think about how much time we spend together in silence?

BRIAN

You? Silent?

The crunching continues.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Will you at least give me one if you're going to eat like a graising Cow.

Still eating, PETER pretends not to hear. BRIAN reaches over.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oi. Gis us a crisp.

PETER

I'm sorry BRIAN but they're **MY** crisps.

PETER's phone begins to **RING** once again.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. BEACH. DAY.

4

A particular cold looking evening. The two old men are wrapped up well when they arrive and sit down.

BRIAN attempts to get out of his chair (but fails each time).

PETER

RIGHT, stargazing is rubbish, I never see anything when I come.

PETER jumps out of his chair and begins chucking rocks into the sea. BRIAN watches with dismay as his friend bounces up, but then eventually manages himself.

BRIAN

That's because you have the attention span of a child. Do you want anything, I'm getting me coat.

PETER

Have you got anything to feed that gull over there? He looks sad.

BRIAN

You're not supposed to feed the gulls.

PETER pulls a stropopy face.

PETER

Can't do anything these days.

BRIAN

You really need to get over not being able to give bread to the ducks anymore.

PETR

THEY. DON'T. LIKE. SEEDS!

As BRIAN walks away chuckling, PETER stares at his friends chair with envy. After checking that BRIAN is far enough away, he jumps into it and giggles. The joy disappears in an instant as he knocks over BRIAN'S telescope. It begins beeping frantically as PETER also struggles to get out of the chair. He gets to his feet just before BRIAN returns in a hot sweat.

BRIAN

(excited)

I heard beeping, what's it detected?

He notices the telescope on the ground and looks towards his friend with rage. PETER guiltily looks anywhere but at BRIAN.

PETER
That... bloody gull. Came right for it. Had to scare it off.

BRIAN processes the information, he looks unconvinced.

PETER (CONT'D)
Went right for the telescope. Nasty piece of work.

BRIAN
PETER... thank god you were here. You wouldn't believe the amount of seagull related problems I've had recently.

PETER nods along, he got away with it.

PETER
God... yeah.

BRIAN
They're menaces.

PETER
Nasty things.

BRIAN
Absoloutely.

PETER
[selection of beeped swear words]

BRIAN stares at his friend with shock.

BRIAN
They're just birds mate.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. BEACH. NIGHT.

5

Another time jump. The twosome are already sat looking up. Cloud fills the sky, blocking out the last couple of stars visble.

PETER

Will you look up and think of me
BRI? When I'm a goner, I mean.

BRIAN

Well, yeah. Not because I think
you're up there though. I'll think
about the times like this.

Beat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

There's something comforting about
the stars isn't there? When I was
younger, I used to think it got
dark because big night clouds
rolled overhead, blocking out the
light. I was terrified of the dark
and dreaded the sun going down. But
when I saw the stars above me, I
knew there was no scary night
clouds... because the stars were
sparkling, and the light would come
back soon.

PETER

What about when it was raining?

BRIAN

Oh for... shut your face.

PETER giggles. BRIAN shakes his head.

PETER

Hey BRI, remember that first time
we did this.

BRIAN

I was just thinking that.

PETER

With the rain, we didn't see
anything. That's it!

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It just rained the whole time
didn't it. Yeah!

They both smile, but there seems to be more sadness in them
than joy.

PETER's alarm **RINGS** once more. He quickly shuts it off.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You need to get that fixed, it's a
nightmare.

PETER
It's not broken.

BRIAN
Ey?

Beat.

PETER
Well, you know sometimes, you'll wake up thinking it's time to get up? But then you realise you've got an extra hour? It's amazing isn't it? Inevitably though, you shut your eyes and suddenly the hours gone. Time to get up, move on. It's probably one of the few moments in life I've appreciated time, and I've realised recently, life is sort of like an extra hour in bed. Amazing and beautiful while its happening, but gone in a flash, usually without even appreciating it. Like, all the boring times we spend together on this beach and take for granted, that'll come to an end one day. So I've decided to set an alarm every hour to appreciate the hour that's just gone and the hour that's yet to come.

BRIAN appears speechless. He gulps.

PETER (CONT'D)
The wife fuckin' hates it though.

They both burst out laughing, but once again, there is sadness to it.

PETER (CONT'D)
If you die before me can I have your good chair?

BRIAN
Absoloutely not.

Suddenly, the telescope starts **BEEPING** again as a patch of clouds disperses. Both men jump to attention and try climbing out of their chairs to reach the telescope. Both struggle, both laughing at each other. The sadness has been forgotten.

HARD CUT TO:

6

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT.

6

One final evening.

The beach is now empty under a sky filled with thousands of stars.

BRIAN strolls back onto it with all of his kit in hand.

He places down both chairs, positions his telescope, and cracks open two cans of Guinness. He places one can onto his good chair, and then sits on the worse one.

His phone **RINGS**. He picks it up and turns off the alarm. He smiles and raises his can towards the sky.

A shooting star flys overhead.

THE END.

*'For all the boring times
with friends'.*