

FADE IN TO:

EXT. KILNSEA BEACH YORKSHIRE. DAY.

October 2005. Wet gravel and sand pile up around the debris of broken fortifications left from WWI. The bulky, well built figure of ALFRED, a 60 year-old man, crouches in the lee of the brown face of the cliff.

The sea retires from his presence and struggles, noisily in the wind. It is a cold day.

Alfred sweats under his mole skin coat, jumper and double layer of T-shirts. Cold hands fumble with the incense sticks and candle as he places them upright in the ground.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and brings out a handful of items: a few sweets, cigar wrappers, bunch of keys with a heart shaped fob inscribed 'Alfie & Pauline', a lighter, small crucifix and a tiny photo of a 19 year-old Italian girl with two kisses and 'GINA' written on it. The cigar wrappers blow away in the wind.

He sifts through the items. Gina's photo falls, unnoticed, to the ground. He picks out the lighter and returns the rest to his pocket.

Alfred attempts to light the incense and candle. He unbuttons his jacket, uses the flaps as a wind shield and is successful. The candle lights, it's flame reflecting in his face.

GINA

(V.O.)

S'io credesse che mia risposta
fosse A persona che mai tornasse
al mondo, Questa fiarnma staria
senza piu scosse. Ma perciocche
giammai di questo fondo
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il
vero, Senza tema d'infamia ti
rispondo

SUBTITLE

(English translation
during V.O. Flaming red
font)

If I believed that my answer were
to a person who should ever
return to the world. This flame
would stand without further
movement, but since never one
returns alive from this deep, if
ever I hear true, I answer you
without fear of infamy

Alfred reaches into his inside pocket, pulls out a postcard sized photo of 61 year-old PAULINE, pauses, kisses her gently and places it in the sand.

FADE TO:

EXT. CHALET EARLY. EVENING.

October 2004. A strong wind. Waves are crashing in the background.

A single track road leads from a chalet to the Kilnsea beach. On the right is a small car park. Sandy Beaches caravan site on the left.

Alfred closes the front door, looks to his left. His wife, PAULINE, 61 years old, petite, walks excitedly towards the sea.

ALFRED
Hey! Ang on! Paul'! Wait a minute!

She carries on walking.

Alfred jogs towards her. After a few yards he puts his hand to his chest, slows down, walks.

Pauline stops, pauses, turns round. Her hand goes to her mouth. She goes back to Alfred.

PAULINE
Okay? Sorry. So excited. Forgot your angina.

Pauline puts her arm in his, snuggles up to him.

PAULINE
D'you wanna stop?

ALFRED
(puffing)
No. I'll be okay.

He looks directly at her and smiles.

ALFRED
You'll never change.

PAULINE
Huh?

ALFRED
Always on the go. You used to finish work, dash home and then rush off up the hill to the shops. Look at yer, bloody retired and still won't slow down.

She laughs loudly. Alfred joins in.

PAULINE
Well, you keep me young!

(MORE)

PAULINE (cont'd)
Swimming helps. Try it. If you
learned to swim it would help
your angina.

Think of the fun we'd have.

ALFRED
Sure! But you'll get even
younger, wear me out!

Alfred stops, looks back at the chalet.

ALFRED
I'm so glad we bought this place.

Pauline puts a hand to his face and gently turns it towards
hers. She stares into his eyes.

PAULINE
Yes ... it's a very magical,
special place.

They reach the end of the road. A five-foot muddy slope
leads down to the beach. Alfred hesitates. The wind gets
stronger. Pauline tries, cautiously to walk down the slope.

ALFRED
Careful. Perhaps we'd better
leave it for now. Wait 'til the
weather's better eh?

PAULINE
Oh ... come on. It'll be nice
to...!

Pauline's foot slips. She falls onto her bum, slides the
last couple of feet to the beach.

Silence. Pauline sits there, steadying herself with both
hands on the ground.

She throws her head back and laughs hysterically.

PAULINE
Well! I'm here now!

Alfred frowns, looks down at her. He relaxes, giggles.

ALFRED
Can you move your legs?

PAULINE
Yes ... ha ha ... yes!
Sore wet arse, that's all!
Can still get my thighs round yer
ears if need be, so don't worry!

Alfred shakes his head and laughs.

ALFRED

Tsk! Saucy sod! Not with a bloody
wet arse you won't! Wait there.
I'll find another way down.

Alfred walks off to the right. Finds a safer route down,
walks along the beach towards her.

He smiles at her, reaches out and helps her get up.

ALFRED

Let's tidy you up. Show us yer
bum then.

Alfred coaxes her round, looks down at her rear, brushes
off the mud, softly rubs her cheeks.

PAULINE

Behave!

Pauline looks at him, laughs.

Alfred gives her a questioning look.

ALFRED

(innocently)
What?

Pauline's eyes widen with a knowing look. Alfred gives a
cheeky smile.

They hug, squeeze each other tight.

ALFRED

C'mon then. Before it gets too
dark.

They stroll, arm in arm, toward the scattered debris of the
bunkers.

The muddy slope, on their left, gradually rises to a height
of ten feet and levels off.

ALFRED

'Let us go then, you and I to
where the evening is stretched
out against the sky .../

PAULINE

(giggling)
You and Eliot! You're obsessed!

ALFRED

Don't be silly! It's a great poem
that's all, 'The Love Song of J
Alfred Prufrock'

Besides, it's about me ...
Prufrock.

PAULINE
 In your dreams! You was only a
 little kid when he wrote it.

She pulls him in closer and gives him a little shake with her arm.

Alfred gives a mischievous smile.

ALFRED
 Okay, so he was clairvoyant!

They both burst out laughing. Pauline gives him a playful slap. She lets go of him and clambers onto a large concrete bunker.

Pauline opens her arms to the sky. Feels the spray from the waves. Bathes in the wind.

Alfred walks briskly towards her. Concerned, He looks up.

ALFRED
 Look ... er ... you'd better come
 down. You might slip.

PAULINE
 Yes ... okay ... just a minute
 longer.

Alfred frowns, looks along the shoreline at the waves getting bigger.

ALFRED
 (muttering to himself)
 C'mon Paul ... I don't like this.
 It's looking dodgy.

A loud 'Crumpf' a freak wave hits the bunker. Water sprays him. He splutters, shakes his head, wipes his face, looks at the bunker.

Pauline's gone.

He panics, holds his chest, pants rapidly, looks all around him.

ALFRED
 Paul? PAUL? ... For Christ's sake
 ... don't muck about! PAUL!

Alfred starts to bend slightly with the pain in his chest. Edges his way around the bunker. Waves crash around his legs, he clings tightly to the concrete, edges even further round.

He looks up at the cliffs

ALFRED
 HELP! HELP! H.E.L.P!

He looks back at the sea, water now up to his waist.

'Crumpf', another wave strikes the bunker. Alfred turns his head away, shields his face. He coughs and retches as the salt water goes up his nose, into his throat.

The wave recedes. He daren't move. Pauline's body appears, floating face down. Blood on the back of her head.

He clings to the bunker. Another wave hits him. He cannot swim, cannot go any further.

Alfred sobs uncontrollably, stretches out his arm towards her.

She's out of reach.

FADE TO:

SUBTITLE 'I GROW OLD ...I GROW OLD'

INT. CREMATORIUM. DAY.

The curtains are closing on a coffin.

Alfred sits in the front row, weeping, between his two children. Both children comfort and support him.

Music plays.

An usher hovers impatiently.

Alfred's son, ROBERT, 30 years old, well built, smartly dressed, looks up at the usher.

The usher gives a sideways glance to the exit door.

Robert puts his hand under Alfred's arm, encourages him to get up.

Alfred's daughter, JUNE, 32 years old, slim build, wearing a dark suit, stands and puts her arm around Alfred.

The music stops. They shuffle to the exit. The mourners follow.

INT. CHALET. DAY.

The lounge contains new furniture: three piece suite, large screen television, small table by the recliner armchair, coal fire.

Several photos of Pauline on the mantelpiece. Old newspapers scattered on the sofa.

Alfred sits in the recliner. His hair is unkempt, he needs a shave, looks haggard and drawn.

Beside him, on the table, are empty beer cans and a whisky bottle. He is drunk.

He takes a slow gulp from the glass in his hand and stares into space.

EXT. KILNSEA BEACH. EVENING (FLASHBACK).

Alfred is clambering up the muddy face of the brown cliffs. It is windy and raining.

ALFRED
Help! H.E.L.P!

He sobs as he struggles.

His hands claw at the tufts of grass at the top. He pulls himself up onto the footpath. Lays there for a while getting his breath back.

He looks towards the caravans. Gets up and climbs to the top of the high dirt bank of the perimeter, falls in a crumpled heap.

He gasps with the pain in his chest. Reaches into his pocket, takes out a G.T.N. spray, squirts it onto his tongue. Dizzy, head throbbing in his hands. Picks himself up, staggers on.

He stumbles through the site, banging on caravans, calling for help.

He reaches the main building, repeatedly hits the door with his hand, slides to the ground.

The face of a forty-year old woman appears at a window.

INT. CHALET. DAY.

Alfred shakes his head, clears his mind, gets out of the chair and walks, unsteadily to the window. He looks towards the beach.

He squints his eyes, he is too drunk to see properly.

An apparition of Pauline appears on the road near the beach. Her back is towards the chalet. There is mud on her behind. She looks back, hand up to her mouth.

Alfred drops his glass. Closes his eyes, shakes his head vigorously. Opens his eyes, looks out the window again. She is still there.

ALFRED
Pauline! Pauline? Wait ... wait!

EXT. CHALET. DAY

Alfred stumbles out of the door into the cool, dry evening.

He reaches out towards her as he walks.

ALFRED

Wait! I'm coming. Wait for me
darling. Please ... wait.

He gets close to her, blinks, she is gone. His mouth opens,
he raises his arms, looks around, staggers forwards.

He falls down the short slope to the beach.

Sits there, dazed.

He flops backwards and lays still, looking up at the sky.
Wipes his gritty hand over his face. It is sweaty and
dirty.

A clear sky. There are thousands of stars.

ALFRED

(V.O.)

Wordsworth would call this a
'Beauteous evening'. Stars like
daffodils.

Alfred raises himself up onto one arm, coughs, splutters
and spits on the ground.

ALFRED

(V.O. Continuing)

I spit on you! I am nothing but a
grubby little patient, etherised
upon a table. There IS no
beauty, (Angry) not any more.

Alfred covers his face with his hands. Wipes more sweat
away. Looks at his hands, sobs.

ALFRED

(V.O. Continuing)

I will lay here and die. Lay here
until my sweat turns to a green
slime, my body rigor mortis. I
will wait while it tenses with
each rigor until it stiffens and
stays.

Who will care? No one! The women
will still come and go, talking,
chattering - there he goes, the
old hermit! While others arrive
at the answer to that
overwhelming question.

Give ME your answer!

(MORE)

ALFRED (cont'd)
I'm prepared! Let ME meet the
faces that you meet!

I spit on YOU! I spit on THEM!

He grits his teeth, sighs, flops on his back again, falls
asleep.

EXT. KILNSEA BEACH. DAWN.

The sun hovers on the horizon. Alfred still sleeps where he
fell.

A fifty-year old man is dragging a large, plastic bread
crate down to the beach. It is full of live crabs.

He trips, backwards, over Alfred's legs.

CRAB MAN
Shit! What the fu..! Hey? You
alright old fella?

Had a few have we?

Alfred opens his eyes, rubs them. The sun blinds him, he
looks away. He looks at the crab man. The crab man smiles.

CRAB MAN
I said, are you alright old
fella?

ALFRED
Groan, where am I?

He moves stiffly, sits up, rubs his face vigorously, yawns,
blinks.

ALFRED
(continuing)
I'm fine, fine. Kilnsea?

He looks around.

CRAB MAN
Yeh.

ALFRED
Gotta mouth like a sewer!

He coughs, spits.

The crab man crouches down, hands Alfred a hip flask.

CRAB MAN
Tell you what, have a swig of
this while I finish what I was
doing.

Alfred takes the flask. Puts it to his mouth.

The crab man drags his crate down the beach, walks into the sea. It reaches up to his knees. He lets go of the crate. Walks back up the beach.

Alfred watches him, takes another gulp from the flask. Replaces the top.

CRAB MAN

Local?

Alfred hands him the flask.

ALFRED

The chalet.

CRAB MAN

(laughing)

Fancied a night under the stars then?

ALFRED

Er ... yeh, sort of.

CRAB MAN

Sort of? (Chuckling) Yeh, right. Think I'd have preferred my own bed. Especially when it's that close.

ALFRED

Just got carried away a bit last night. That's all.

CRAB MAN

Yeh. Been there. Know what you mean.

ALFRED

What's with the crabs then?

Alfred gets up, brushes himself down.

CRAB MAN

Oh, them. There's no market today, so might as well put them back.

Like crab?

ALFRED

Well, had the odd dressed one in the past.

CRAB MAN

Not the same as a fresh one though. Go and grab yerself a couple.

MIDDLE SECTION OF SCRIPT INT. CHALET. EVENING.

The sound of music, Pachabel's Canon, comes from a wooden flute outside.

Alfred is asleep in the chair. He stirs, rubs his eyes, rubs his face, yawns. Listens to the music. Looks around.

He gets up, elbow knocks empty beer cans off table, looks down at them.

ALFRED

Sod it! Getting old fella.

He stretches, walks to the window, looks out. Sees Gina, in a light track suit top, sitting cross-legged by a fire in front of her tent. She is playing the flute. The lower half of her hair is dyed green.

Alfred watches.

ALFRED

(V.O.)

...the afternoon, the evening
sleeps so peacefully! Smoothed by
long fingers, asleep ... tired
... or it malingers, stretched on
the floor, here beside you and
me.

The music stops. Gina puts down her flute, stares into the flames, turns her head, looks directly at Alfred.

He walks away from the window.

Alfred bends down, groans, picks up the empty cans, throws them in a bin.

He shivers, rubs his bare arms, looks back towards the window.

ALFRED

(continuing)

You'll freeze out there in spite
of the fire. Serves you bloody
right!

He goes to the thermostat on the wall, turns it up. There is a 'Whoompf' as the boiler ignites.

ALFRED

(continuing)

Ah! Feel warmer already!

Smiles, rubs his arms again.

He goes back to the window, looks at Gina.

She sits with her arms crossed, bent forward, shivering, trying to keep warm.

ALFRED

(V.O.)

Should I, after tea and cakes and ices, have the strength to force the moment to its crisis? But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed, though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter, I am no prophet - and here's no great matter; and I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker, and I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker, and in short, I was afraid.

Alfred's face drops.

ALFRED

And in short, I was afraid.

He looks at the clock, it is 7.30 p.m.

ALFRED

(continuing)

You're gonna have a long, lonely night young girl.

He takes a deep breath, goes to the coat rack, lifts a heavy, moleskin jacket off the hook, puts it on, buttons it up to his neck. Takes another similar jacket off a hook and folds it over his arm.

EXT. FIELD. EVENING.

Gina sits, huddled by the fire. Flames reflect on her face.

She hears the scuffing of denim jeans. Looks up, sees Alfred approaching. Embarrassed, She looks away.

She hears his laboured breathing, knows he is close.

ALFRED

Er ... look ... this morning ... er ... well, anyway. Thought you could do with this.

He holds out the coat. Gina half-turns then looks away again.

ALFRED

(continuing)

It's cold, going to get colder. Pauline's coat.

(MORE)

ALFRED (cont'd)
 She always said it was the
 warmest coat she'd ever had.
 Please take it.

Gina turns to face him, looks at the coat, then up at him.
 She looks back at the coat, pauses, takes it from him. Hugs
 it.

GINA
 (softly)
 Thanks.

ALFRED
 Best put it on while it's still
 warm.

Gina puts it on, stares back at the fire.

Alfred puts his hands in his coat pockets. Hunches his
 shoulders. Looks out to the sea. Pauses. Looks at Gina,
 stares into the flames.

ALFRED
 (continuing)
 I ... I'm sorry about this
 morning.

He gives her a quick sideways glance. She doesn't respond.

ALFRED
 (continuing)
 Didn't mean to upset you. I drink
 too much. Brings out the worst in
 me sometimes.

He looks at her again. She still doesn't respond. He shrugs
 his shoulders.

ALFRED
 (continuing)
 Just wanted you to know. Well, If
 ever you need anything ... just
 knock.

He turns to leave. Gina continues staring at the fire.

GINA
 Don't go.

Alfred stops, turns round. She looks up at him then back at
 the fire.

GINA
 (continuing)
 Don't go. Stay for a while.

ALFRED
 Sure?

GINA
 I'm lonely.

Alfred sits down. Hunches forward to feel the heat. Watches the flames reflecting in her eyes.

ALFRED
You've dyed your hair.

GINA
I was fed up, bored.

ALFRED
Why green?

GINA
All I had. It's spiritual anyway.

Alfred smiles.

ALFRED
Are you spiritual?

GINA
Only when I'm on my own.

ALFRED
Same here.

She giggles. He laughs. They both laugh hysterically.

ALFRED
(continuing)
Heh! Have you eaten?

GINA
Had some chocolate earlier ...
and an apple.

ALFRED
Fancy a jacket?

Gina looks at him, a puzzled expression on her face.

ALFRED
(continuing)
Jacket. Baked potato. Keep you
warm. I'm starving.

GINA
Oh. Is that what you call it. Yes
... yes I'd love one.

Alfred gets up.

ALFRED
Won't be a tick. Keep the fire
going.

GINA
Have you some cheese?

ALFRED
Loads of it!

GINA
Parmesan?

ALFRED
Cheddar.

He walks to the chalet. Gina watches until he goes inside. She looks back at the fire, a smile on her face.

GINA
Cheddar. Gradisco il cheddar. Amo
le patate cotte.

Gina pulls the coat in tighter, suddenly grins.

GINA
(continuing)
Vino!

She scrambles into the tent, reappears with a half empty bottle of wine, holds it up, shakes it. A slight look of disappointment appears on her face.

GINA
(continuing)
Scoppio! L'OH bene, dovrà fare.

Alfred approaches. Cutlery stuffed into his pocket jingles with every step. In one hand a plastic tub, in the other two plates. He stands there, hands them one by one to Gina. He grins, looks down at her, pauses. Gina gives a questioning look.

He puts a hand into each coat pocket, produces two foil wrapped potatoes, holds them up in the air like a magician.

Gina grabs the wine bottle, waves it at him.

They both burst out laughing. He puts the potatoes in the fire.

ALFRED
We'll dine 'Alfre-d-esco'!

He laughs loudly, holds his ribs, falls to the ground. Gina, grins, gives him a playful slap.

ALFRED
(continuing)
You're still cold aren't you?

GINA
Very ... would you sit closer
please?

Alfred hesitates, pulls his coat close into his body, sidles up beside her.

END SECTION OF SCRIPT EXT. FIELD. MORNING.

Gina stands outside the tent. Wayne sleeps inside.

GINA
Wayne, we need to get this tent
down or we'll miss the bus.

WAYNE
(muffled voice)
Yeah, yeah! (Yawns) I'm coming.
Keep yer 'air on.

He crawls from the tent, drags a carrier bag behind him.
Starts tidying his cloths, tucks his shirt into his jeans.

WAYNE
(continuing)
You do go on, don't yer!

He pulls up his zip.

GINA
My rucksack?

WAYNE
I'm busy!

Gina sighs crawls into the tent, comes out with rucksack.

GINA
You washing in the toilet?

WAYNE
Nah! Do it back at the bedsit.
The other passengers will have to
put up with the smell.

He laughs, spits. Gina grimaces.

GINA
Ugh! I'll start on the tent.

Wayne watches her loosen the guy ropes, take down the poles
then helps her roll it up, puts it in its bag.

WAYNE
I'll carry the tent.

Gina gives him a scornful look, sighs, puts on the
rucksack, picks up the carrier bag. They leave.

EXT. CHALET. MORNING.

Wayne and Gina walk by the chalet. Gina continually glances
at it. Wayne stares straight ahead.

Alfred appears at the window, sees them. She pauses, looks at Wayne, carries on walking at a slower pace.

The door opens. Alfred, untidily dressed, comes out.

ALFRED

Gina.

She hesitates. Wayne continues walking.

ALFRED

(continuing)

Gina!

She stops looks back. Wayne stops, turns round with an angry expression.

WAYNE

For fuck's sake! Will that stupid old sod *never* go away?

He stares at Alfred. Points at him menacingly. Alfred stops.

WAYNE

(continuing)

Curl up! Curl up and die you stupid old git! Any closer and I'll deck yer!

Gina turns to Wayne, puts her hands on his chest, pulls down his arm.

GINA

Please, please leave him be. You have nothing to fear. Let me talk to him for a moment. Please?

She stares into his eyes. He pauses. Calms down.

WAYNE

Nothing to fear?

He studies her face, sees a few tears.

GINA

Nothing to fear.

WAYNE

(continuing)

Don't be long.

He turns, walks away, shouts as he goes.

WAYNE

(continuing)

So long OLD MAN!

She walks back to Alfred. Takes hold of his hand. Brushes his hair down. Looks at him.

ALFRED
 Please ...please stay. I'll give
 you all the freedom you want ...
 you can go out with others your
 age, go to clubs\

GINA
 Alfred ... Alfred.

She holds one hand to his cheek

GINA
 (continuing)
 S'io credesse che mia risposta
 fosse A persona che mai tornasse
 al mondo, Questa fiarnma staria
 senza piu scosse. Ma perciocche
 giammai di questo fondo
 Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il
 vero, Senza tema d'infamia ti
 rispondo.

ALFRED
 I love it when you talk dirty.

He smiles awkwardly.

ALFRED
 (continuing)
 You learnt it by heart.

GINA
 Some of it.

ALFRED
 Your answer is?

GINA
 No ... I'm sorry.

He looks to his right, holds back tears. She adjusts his
 collar, wipes his eyes.

GINA
 (continuing)
 I wont forget you. You've given
 me faith, given me strength.

He swallows, nods in acceptance. Tries to lighten up.

A bus arrives. The driver gets out, lights a cigarette,
 leaves the engine running. Wayne gets on, goes to the back.

ALFRED
 (nervously)
 Who will teach me Italian now?

She smiles, starts to leave. He reaches out, stops her

ALFRED
 (desperately)
 Gina ... listen ... I've been
 practicing ... listen, listen to
 me.

Gina stops, humours him.

ALFRED
 (continuing. In poor
 Italian)

Ho sentito i mermaids cantare,
 ciascuno a ciascuno. Non penso
 che cantino me. Lo ho visti
 seaward di riding sulle onde che
 pettinano i capelli bianchi delle
 onde saltate indietro, quando il
 vento salta l'acqua bianca e
 nera. Lingered negli
 alloggiamenti del mare, dalle
 mare-ragazze wreathed con alga
 rossa e marrone finchè le voci
 umane li svegliano e ci
 anneghiamo.

SUBTITLES
 (English translation)
 I have heard the mermaids
 singing, each to each. I do not
 think that they will sing to me.
 I have seen them riding seaward
 on the waves combing the white
 hair of the waves blown back,
 When the wind blows the water
 white and black. We have lingered
 in the chambers of the sea
 By sea-girls wreathed with
 seaweed red and brown
 Till human voices wake us, and we
 drown.

He holds her with both hands. Pleads with her.

ALFRED
 I'll drown Gina ...I'll drown.
 Please ... please stay.

GINA
 (weeping)
 Alfred, un giorno i mermaids
 canterà ancora, canterà, appena
 per voi.

SUBTITLES
 (English translation)
 Alfred, one day the mermaids will
 sing ... sing again, just for
 you.

Driver stubs out cigarette, looks at them, gives an exaggerated cough, gets on bus.

BUS DRIVER
(shouting)
Yer coming or aint yer?

Revs up engine.

GINA
(speaking quickly)
I have to live *my* life.

She hugs him, gets on the bus, goes to the back, sits next to Wayne, looks out the rear window.

The bus pulls away. She waves.

GINA
(mouthing words)
I love you.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN TO:

EXT. BEACH. DAY (CONTINUATION FROM SCENE #1).

Alfred sits down, stares at Pauline's photo.

ALFRED
Too much pain. Too much pain.
Left helpless again. He took her,
just like the sea took you. I
can't take any more. Too much.

He gets up, looks at the waves crashing on the bunker. Starts to turn, sees Gina's photo, bends to pick it up, changes his mind, walks to the sea. Climbs on the bunker, stares at the waves.

ALFRED
(V.O.)
Till human voices wake us and we
drown ... and ... we ... drown.

He weeps, takes of his coat. Looks up at the sky, cries openly.

A distant shout. He looks along the beach, sees Gina on the bank. She waves, drops the rucksack, runs to him. They embrace.

END.