

THE CONTENTS OF THIS DOCUMENT ARE PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

## SONG

by

David Lowe

Fourth draft 12 January 2002

AWG Registration No. TBC

© David Lowe

c/- ICS & Associates  
4<sup>th</sup> Floor  
Cornelius Court  
147A King Street  
Sydney NSW 2000 Australia

tel (02) 9232 6955  
fax (02) 9221 4091  
email belindaics@optusnet.com.au  
direct tel (02) 6493 6135  
email davidlowe@acr.net.au

1.

**1. EXT. CITY DAY 1.**

A MAN, neatly dressed, early 40s, walks through city streets. His mobile rings. He reaches for the phone, momentarily distracted.

MAN (VOICEOVER)  
I never knew what hit me.

From out of nowhere, a small truck hits the man side-on, throwing him out of the frame.

**2. EXT. BATTLEFIELD DAY 2.**

Squealing brakes and tires become a horse's scream, as the man flies through the air and falls.

He's wearing medieval battle armour. His helmet rolls off as he hits the ground, seriously wounded.

Mist swirls across the battlefield.

**3. INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD NIGHT 3.**

The MAN lies unconscious on a hospital bed. He's hooked up to various pieces of noisy life support equipment. His WIFE, early 40s, sits next to him, distraught.

A male DOCTOR, 30s, looks up as the man's MOTHER arrives. In her 60s, she looks worried.

The mother hugs the wife, who then leaves the room, very upset.

The mother takes her place beside the bed. She takes the man's right hand, in which there is a drip. He doesn't respond.

**4. EXT. BATTLEFIELD DAY 4.**

The man opens his eyes. His face is stained with blood. From his side-on perspective, he can see the aftermath of the battle.

He's surrounded by DEAD AND DYING SOLDIERS. They lie in and around the sandy bed of a stream.

In the distance, ENEMY SOLDIERS approach, two mounted on armoured heavy horses.

The man tries to move, but something is broken inside.

5. INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD NIGHT 5.

The man lies with his eyes closed, unconscious.

An exotic-looking WOMAN, 30s, appears at the door. Middle-Eastern in appearance, she's colourful, bird-like, out of place in this clinical environment.

The woman, a music therapist, looks to the man and then to his mother. She looks to the doctor, questioningly.

After a moment, the doctor nods, as if to say, 'what harm can it do?'

The woman enters the room.

6. EXT. BATTLEFIELD DAY 6.

A WOUNDED SOLDIER gasps for breath, an arrow in his shoulder.

A BIG ENEMY SOLDIER climbs off his horse, draws his dagger, and cuts the wounded soldier's throat. The soldier gurgles, and is silent.

From his side-on perspective, the man watches, horrified. He realises his only hope is to pretend to be dead.

He lies very still.

The sounds of the life support machinery merge with the sounds made by the weapons and armour of the enemy soldiers.

7. INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD NIGHT 7.

The woman stands beside the man's bed. She goes to touch the man's left hand, looking questioningly at his mother.

The mother nods, distraught.

The woman takes the man's hand in hers.

She closes her eyes. From her aural perspective, she tunes out all the noises in the room but the sounds of the man's breathing. She amplifies the fragile sound.

Listening intently, the woman synchronises her own breathing rhythm with the man's.

**8. EXT. BATTLEFIELD DAY 8.**

Among the enemy soldiers is a medieval QUEEN - she looks exactly like the man's wife. She rides a white horse, led by a COURTIER who looks like the doctor.

The queen's face is hard and ruthless. She appears to be searching for someone among the dead and dying.

The man shivers, cold and terrified, as the enemy soldiers steadily approach, kicking the dead and killing the wounded with swords and clubs.

Suddenly, the man hears a woman's voice. It sounds like an ancient Arabic lullaby, timeless and comforting.

The queen, her courtier, and the queen's soldiers look up as the music wafts through the mist. The song is all around, and yet far away. Building in complexity, now it sounds like a call to prayer.

The soldiers shake their heads and go on with their gruesome work.

A female PEASANT steals from the dead.

**9. INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD NIGHT 9.**

The WOMAN sings, holding the man's hand. Hers is the song of the battlefield. The exotic melody rises and builds.

Internally, the singer is far away from the hospital as she focuses on her song, searching for a musical way into the man's reality.

She matches his breathing rhythm with her singing, rising and falling with him.

**10. EXT. BATTLEFIELD DAY 10.**

The enemy soldiers and the queen are getting closer to the man.

The song is like the music of an angel, a piercing and beautiful melody, unaccompanied pure voice.

MAN (VOICEOVER)  
When I heard the voice, I knew  
someone wanted me to live.

It begins to rain.

**11. INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD NIGHT 11.**

The man's wife returns to the room to see the strange woman by her husband's bed, singing.

Upset, she tries to push the woman away, but the singer is intently focused on what she's doing.

She holds on to the man's hand, and continues singing.

The wife violently forces the singer's hand away.

The song's rhythm is broken.

The man stops breathing.

The machines displaying his vital signs change their sounds as his heartbeat becomes irregular.

The doctor is worried. He pushes the women apart and fiddles with his machines.

The woman returns to her singing, trying to regain the rhythm of the song amid the confusion. Her voice is joined by an urgent, pulsing hand-drum.

**12. EXT. BATTLEFIELD DAY 12.**

Rain washes the blood from the man's face as he listens to the voice, transfixed.

The song changes. It becomes louder, more strident.

**13. INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD NIGHT 13.**

The exotic woman continues singing as a burly HOSPITAL ORDERLY arrives. He looks just like the big enemy soldier from the battlefield.

The doctor glares at the singer and gestures to the orderly to get her out of the way. The man's wife is becoming hysterical.

The orderly pulls the woman away from the bed.

The mother looks after the singer as a female NURSE rushes in to help the doctor. She looks like the peasant who was stealing from the dead soldiers.

The woman continues singing. The melody becomes more complex, urgent, louder, matching the growing intensity of the drum.

**14. EXT. BATTLEFIELD DAY 14.**

Thunder crashes. Through the sounds of the storm, the song rings loud and clear.

The enemy soldiers, queen and courtier are getting closer.

Nearby, an agonised scream is cut off as an enemy soldier's sword slides home.

The beautiful and increasingly forceful melody climbs above the chaos below. The man tries to concentrate on the song.

The queen's courtier sees the man, and points.

**15. INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD NIGHT 15.**

The doctor frantically fiddles with the life support equipment.

The nurse tries to help him start the defibrillator, but something isn't working.

The man's mother is deathly pale.

The wife weeps and moans.

The orderly tries to push the singer towards the door. She resists him, singing all the while, concentrating on every note.

The song climbs towards a crescendo, building in volume and intensity, an amazing sound from a small person.

**16. EXT. BATTLEFIELD DAY 16.**

Rain whips down.

The man opens his eyes to see the big enemy soldier standing over him. The soldier is a terrifying sight, wearing full armour and filthy with blood and mud.

The enemy soldier throws his dagger aside. He pulls a battle axe from his belt.

He raises it above his head, and looks to the queen. From her white horse, she nods.

The drum's rhythm ends as the song reaches its peak - almost a scream. The note holds...

**17. INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD NIGHT 17.**

Time slows as the woman keeps singing her unbelievably loud, high note.

The male nurse releases her, covering his ears.

The doctor tries to restart the man's heart manually. The machine has failed.

His heart line is flat.

A glass vase containing a rose shatters.

In slow motion, the rose tumbles and falls.

**18. EXT. BATTLEFIELD DAY 18.**

The enemy soldier's battle axe falls towards the man's head...

The deafening note holds.

Lightning cracks and flashes simultaneously.

**19. INT/EXT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD/SKY NIGHT/DAY 19.**

The man gulps a huge breath, like a new born baby.

The woman sings, eyes shut, all her energy going into the impossible sound.

The man opens his eyes. He sees the singer.

She's running out of energy. Still she sings. She opens her eyes, sees the man is awake.

The rose hits the floor. The woman stops singing.

Her last note echoes and reverberates through the hospital. She gasps for breath.

As though she's given her breath to him, the man exhales.

Everyone looks at the woman and the man, amazed at what has happened.

She walks towards the man slowly. He smiles as she reaches the side of his bed.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

With difficulty, he holds up his hand. She places her hand in his.

The man holds her hand close to his heart.

His eyes fill with tears.

From the man's perspective, looking up, the woman is framed against blue sky, in another place and time.

She pulls aside a medieval-looking veil. Her eyes are also crying as she smiles.

MAN (VOICEOVER)

I decided to live.

Fade to black.

Title: 'Inspired by a true story'