

KEYHOLES

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EXT. OUTSIDE NO. 53 - DAY

An old man, between 70-80 years of age, slightly raggedy with a flat cap and donkey jacket, is bent over peering through a keyhole. He adjusts himself as if to get a better look and peeks through again.

Through the keyhole, with the outline of the keyhole, a beautiful woman in her bra holding up two different tops comparing them. She leans to one side and then to the other as she compares the two tops. After deciding she hastily puts them down, turns her back to the keyhole and starts to undo her bra.

Pulling away, little disappointed, the old man stands up straight and walks back up the garden path, opens the gate and walks down the road.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The old man slowly walks down a residential street.

EXT. OUTSIDE NO. 10 - DAY

The old man stands at the gate to another terraced house and stares up. He opens the gate and walks to the front door, bends down and peers through the keyhole.

Through the keyhole, sitting at a table are two men both dirty wearing grubby stained white vests. One is extremely fat, whilst the other is skinny. In-front of the skinny man sits a giant plate of spaghetti bolognese to which he is devouring, spraying spaghetti and sauce everywhere. The fat man has a carrot and a stick of celery on his plate. He sadly looks at his plate and then to the spaghetti and back to his plate.

Pulling away, like before, the old man walks away with a look like he hasn't found what he's looking for.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE LODGE - DAY

He is standing, gazing up at a grand house.

Through the keyhole a woman waving a knife, threatening a smartly dressed man who is trying to reason with her. Every time the man gets closer to the woman she swipes her knife at him.

KEYHOLE MONTAGE

1. Two girls are passionately kissing each other.

2. A man stands on a chair with a noose around his neck. He starts rocking the chair.

3. A man is sitting cross-legged on the floor in his under-pant. He is busy blowing up an inflatable sex doll.

4. A woman eating ice-cream out of the tub. She's watching the television but only static is playing.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Slowly he walks down a residential street

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DUSK

The old man, now looking slightly dishevelled and has almost given up hope. He is now standing in front of an abandoned house, the windows have been boarded up and there is no sign of any inhabitants. Slowly the old man arches his back and bends down towards the keyhole. As he peers through the keyhole the light from inside shines through and illuminates his eye. The old man concentrated as he continues to look. He smiles.

Through the keyhole is a small, very basic looking room with a dirty mop and bucket leaning up against a table. The walls show bare bricks and are incredibly dusty, with cobwebs dawning them.

Excitedly the old man pulls back from the door, reaches deep into his jacket and pulls out a small silk pouch. Gently rustling the pouch over his other hand he empties the contents into his frail hand. A Mortice Key falls out. He puts the key in the lock, turns it and the lock clicks. Leaving the key in its lock the old man puts the silk pouch back into his pocket and he chirpily walks down the road.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

As the old man continues to walk down the road feeling good about himself when he notices something shining up from the ground. He bends down to see what it is, it's an old muddy Mortice Key. He fumbles to pick it up, reaches into his jacket and pulls out the silk pouch. He gently places the old key into the pouch and buries it deep into his pocket.

THE END.