

# Four Scenes in One Day

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## Opening credits roll

**It's early morning. Somewhere in suburban Wellington we hear a radio crackle into life:**

"Mōrena e te whānau! It's a windy one today folks! An area of low pressure is moving in on Te Whanganui-a-Tara and is expected to bring us a strong southerly blast and heavy rain by noon today. The temperature will drop to a low of seven, but trust me, due to the wind it will feel a lot colder. Hold onto your hats out there!"

## Scene 1

**A crowded pavement in the CBD. The camera zooms in on a woman standing at the bottom of the steps of a café. She is clutching a leather bag in one hand and struggling to hold down her navy skirt with the other. A phone is squashed between her left shoulder and ear.**

"Oh, I know how you feel! I was talking to him and he just walked away! I mean, I understand that I do talk rather a lot, but really, it was just so rude. Of course he's no longer invited to the mid-year party. It's a *very* exclusive guest list and I just can't have people like him ruining it for me – What? sorry, I can't hear you. I said I can't hear you: SPEAK LOUDER. Oh, you have to go? You should have said – you'll miss the coffees... All right then, yes, I'll see you on Tuesday. Bye."

She takes the phone from under her ear and slips it into her handbag.

At the same time, she withdraws a \$20 note, holding it carelessly with loose fingers.

"Coffees for the office," she mutters under her breath as she makes her way back up the café steps.

A sly gust of wind teases the note out from between her fingers and sends it skittering across the pavement.

She doesn't notice. Or she doesn't care.

The smell of freshly-ground coffee hits her as she pushes open the glass doors of the café. A fug of steam and spice surrounds her. *Weather With You* by Crowded House is playing on repeat.

"Three long blacks and make mine a trim half strength soy flat white."

She reaches over to pay – wait, how odd. There is nothing in her hand.

She shrugs and withdraws another note.

"You can keep the change."

Just outside the glass doors, a \$20 note spirals crazily down the street.

Lifted up by a gust of wind, it swoops across Parliament gardens.

## Scene 2

**The end of Lambton Quay. The camera pans across a busy pavement and stops to zoom in on man a hurrying through the crowd. His umbrella is grasped in his hand, and his baggy cream coat flaps in the wind.**

"I'm going to be late; I'm going to be late."

The man chants under his breath.

"I'm going to be late; I'm going to be late."

He barges his way through the other pedestrians.

"I'm going to be late; I'm going to be late."

He runs across the road towards the Law School buildings.

A fanfare of angry honks blares out behind him.

The gale force winds whip angrily at his tall figure, splattering drizzle into his face and causing him to fumble with the latch of the gate.

As he pushes it open, he stops. Something is caught in the hedge. He tugs it out.

It is a \$20 note.

At first he thinks he should hand it in to the police, but then another thought crosses his mind.

He could buy some chocolates for his exam-stressed students.

It shouldn't take too long.

He makes his way back onto the pavement, opens his umbrella, runs to the end of the road and then turns down Bunny St.

The rain and wind get stronger.

In a sudden, unexpectedly strong, gust of wind his umbrella is pulled inside out.

He tries to fix it, stumbling and cursing.

The note flies from his fingers.

"Shoot!" He tries to chase after it, but it is gone.

Up, up, into the sky.

### Scene 3

**The waterfront. The camera zooms in on two boys riding on electric scooters. They have no helmets on, and their hair is flying in the wind. Waves crash against the sea wall, sending spray cascading over the pavement.**

"Hey, look at this!"

The boy stops his scooter and pulls it to where his friend is standing.

"It just flew into my face! Cool, right?" Grinning, his friend looks down on his prize, a \$20 note.

"Yeah!" agrees the boy, "What shall we use it for?"

"We? I'M going to buy myself a new bike helmet."

The boy frowns. "No fair. I was the one who persuaded you to come today. You wouldn't have found it without me."

"Still. I found it."

"IT FLEW INTO YOUR FACE! THAT IS NOT FINDING IT!" He can't make out his friend's response. All he can hear is the crashing of waves.

The boy lunges for the note but his considerably taller friend holds it above his head.

The boy jumps for it again and manages to grasp one end.

They start to pull and shove, trying to steal the note from each other.

Rain falls in sheets, causing the boys to shiver.

“Ow! Get off!”

“Give. Me. The. Note!”

The wind picks up and spray hits both boys in their faces, making them cough and splutter.

For a split second they both lose their grip on the note and the howling wind wins the fight.

The note soars into the sky.

## **Scene 4**

**Courtenay Place. The glistening grey pavements mirror the colour of the sky. The weather is no better.**

**The camera zooms in on the figure of a woman. It is hard to tell how old she is, and her face is half covered by a large straw hat, decorated with pink and purple fabric flowers. The hat is drooping over her eyes and dripping with water.**

It is cold.

Not the usual type of cold.

This cold penetrates your very soul.

The kindest of the kind become bitter.

The bitter sink to the worst versions of themselves.

But she is different.

You would think that she would become just as horrid as everyone else: obsessed with getting what they want and getting dry, not thinking of others.

Not her.

She smiles at everyone, wishing them a good day, even if hers is the very opposite.

She refuses to let anything wipe that smile off her face, even when she is called names and made fun of.

Crouched in the alley along the side of the Opera House, the wind whistles in her ears. She pulls a threadbare blanket tighter around her shoulders and tucks her knees to her chin.

She rests her head against the wall, breathing deeply.

She'll camp here for the night.

Cold water drips slowly down her neck and seeps through the canvas of her shoes. She starts to shiver.

A sound makes her lift her head.

There it is again.

A fluttering, like paper against pavement.

She peers down the alley and spots something green.

It skitters along the tarmac and lands in her lap.

A \$20 note.

She takes it in a dirty hand.

All at once the wind stops.

At last, it has delivered its gift.

She smiles up at the glowering sky.

"Thank you!" she whispers.

## **Ending credits roll**

***Four Seasons in One Day* by Crowded House  
begins to play.**

**Thanks to:**

**The People of Wellington, and, most  
importantly, the Wellington Wind.**