

**LOST PROPERTY**

by

Richard Todd

Richard Todd

9A Wixs Lane, Clapham, SW4 0AL

07791577827

[richard.paul.todd@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:richard.paul.todd@hotmail.co.uk)

SCENE 1.

EXT. THE NARROW SERVICE HATCH OF A LOST  
PROPERTY BOOTH.

NARRATOR: (V.O.) I used think that the man working in lost property was  
lost property.

THERE IS A SERVICE BELL ON THE DESK, ALONG  
WITH A SIGN: 'RING FOR ASSISTANCE' (MUCH  
LIKE WHAT YOU MIGHT SEE IN A HOTEL). THE  
CAMERA TRAVELS OVER THESE AND INTO LOST  
PROPERTY.

(V.O. Cont.) People went to the service hatch, rang a bell, and  
from the darkness shuffled a pale figure with such a  
hopeful look on his face, as if he was waiting for someone to  
say: 'Excuse me, I left a child on the train 30 years ago and  
wondered *has anyone handed him in?*'

THE INTERIOR IS DIMLY LIT, A FLICKERING BULB  
MOVES SHAPES AND COLOURS IN AND OUT OF  
SHADOW, REVEALING SHELVES FILLED WITH  
OBJECTS BELONGING TO BOTH CHILDREN AND  
ADULTS; COMMONPLACE AND ODD.

(V.O. Cont.) But they never did. Just moved away: reunited  
with their item or fraught and empty handed. And he returned  
to the gloom, and waited for his bell to chime...

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE SITS IN SHADOW, HIS  
FACE OBSCURED.

SCENE 2.

A HAND HITS THE SERVICE BELL.

MAN: Hello? ... Hello? ...

A MAN RINGS THE BELL AGAIN THEN LEANS  
ACROSS THE SERVICE DESK AND PEERS INTO  
THE SHADOW.

Hello - is anybody the...

THE ATTENDANT APPEARS.  
SURPRISED, THE MAN JERKS BACK.

ATTENDANT: Hello. Are you looking for something?

MAN: Yes I...

ATTENDANT: Is it me?

MAN: What?

ATTENDANT: Is it me?

MAN: No, it's my phone.

ATTENDANT: Is it this phone?

MAN: *(Relieved)* Yeah, that phone.

THE MAN REACHES TO TAKE IT.

THE ATTENDANT RETREATS BEYOND HIS REACH.

SMILES.

ATTENDANT: You've lost your girlfriend too.

MAN: Sorry?

ATTENDANT: Sarah...

MAN: Have you been reading my messages?

ATTENDANT: You loved her very much.

MAN: That's none of your business.

ATTENDANT: But she likes Steve better.

MAN: What! Steve! But he...

ATTENDANT: Has a bigger cock...

MAN: *(Indignant)* This is nonsense.

ATTENDANT: *(Looking at phone)* It surely can't be smaller...

And the report is late.

MAN: What! I told Robert I'd get it to him on Friday. I told him that.

ATTENDANT: But he doesn't listen does he?

MAN: No he...

ATTENDANT: Belittles you?

MAN: Yes exactl... (*Trying to be calm, rational*) Look just give me my phone back.

ATTENDANT: No.

MAN: No, not no, yes! I need to get to get in touch with the office... you yourself have seen that I have

ATTENDANT: (*Interrupting*) A small penis.

MAN: (*Exasperated*) A report to do! A very important report.

ATTENDANT: No.

MAN: No? Yes! Yes I do!

ATTENDANT: No. I called you in sick. You're in no state for work today.

MAN: I'm in no state for work! How dare *you!* How dare *you* say that!

ATTENDANT: They weren't happy.

MAN: Weren't ha...

THE PHONE RINGS.

MAN: Who's that?

ANSWERING THE ASSISTANT HOLDS A FINGER UP, TO SILENCE THE MAN. A CONVERSTAIION BEGINS WITH THE PERSON ON THE PHONE.

ATTENDANT: Yes, he's adamant... No I don't think that would be wise, best leave it... Yes, goodbye.

MAN: Who...?

ATTENDANT: Sarah. She says she respects your decision to move on, and thanks you for letting her do the same.

MAN: (*Aghast*) I didn't say that...

HYPERVENTILATING, PACING IN CIRCLES.

MAN (CONT.): She can't... *You* can't... Where will I go? Move on! I don't want to move on! Where can I move? I've nothing...

THE MAN BREAKS INTO TEARS. THE ATTENDANT RUBS HIS BACK, HUSHING HIS TEARS.

ATTENDANT:

There, there, we all get lost sometimes.

SCENE 3.

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE SITS IN SHADOW, HIS  
FACE OBSCURED.

NARRATOR:

(V.O.) I used think that the man working in lost property was  
lost property.

A BELL RINGS. THE FIGURE STANDS, SHUFFLES  
FORWARD, MOVES THROUGH ENDLESS  
CORRIDORS OF LOST PROPERTY. HIS FACE  
REMAINS UNSEEN UNTIL HE APPEARS FROM THE  
DARKNESS AT THE LOST PROPERTY BOOTH'S  
SERVICE HATCH. WE SEE NOW IT IS THE 'MAN'.  
THERE IS A HOPEFUL LOOK IN HIS EYES.  
A FEMALE CUSTOMER SHAKES HER HEAD AS HE  
MOUTHS 'IS IT ME', THEN NODS, SMILING, AND  
ACCEPTS A PACKAGE, THEN WALKS AWAY FROM  
THE BOOTH.

(V.O Cont.) But you can't be lost if no one wants to find you.

END