

1. Exterior. A neat lower-middle class suburban house. Garden. Day.

The upstairs window. Painted black.
A small square of glass where paint has been scratched away.
A girl's eyes and part of her face through it.

2. Exterior. The park. Dusk.

In the trees a figure is crouched hiding his face. Crying.

FIGURE

Don't hit me again. Please. Don't hit me.

Quiet.

FIGURE

Please. Please.

Quiet.

VOICE

I haven't touched you.

3. Exterior. Blue sky over a still, empty park lake. A bright day.

4. Interior. The family house. Day.

Through a delicately decorated living room to a spotless kitchen at the back.

Dad is sat alone looking absently at the tv. Football.

Mother is beyond in the kitchen. Preparing food. She is humming.

MOTHER (Shouting through.)

You bring that cup back in here.

A full cup of cold tea is beside Dad.

No reply.

MOTHER

I'll not make you another. **(Wait.)** As long as I live.

No reply.

Mother (Indulgently)

You men and your football !

No reply.

Dad is clearly not looking at the football. He's looking out at the bright

sky and up at the ceiling.

Mother finishes making the meal. She walks into the room with a tray. The food is neatly laid out. Several spoons are arranged on a folded piece of floral kitchen roll.

MOTHER

You'll get square eyes in front of that thing. Then where would we be, dad ?

She looks down at him.

MOTHER

Why don't you go out ? Get from under my feet.

FATHER

I'm not under yer feet.

Ignoring him. Walking away towards the stairs. Suddenly vicious.

MOTHER

What's that then ? A conversation. **(As she climbs the stairs. Shouting back.)** Did I marry a cripple ? Ya lazy, spineless, man. Is it any wonder ? Eh ! If I spill this shouting at you....

She goes. He faces the tv.

5. Exterior. Cemetery.

The girl (Oli), Mother and Father stood by a fresh grave. Mourners leaving. Unheard paying respects to the family.

LOCAL TV NEWS REPORTER (VOICE OVER)

The funeral was held today of the local boy whose body was discovered in undergrowth within yards of the Jackson Street park's Kiddies Play Area on Monday. Despite the family's call for a quiet family service three thousand people accompanied by national and international television networks packed the small church and blocked the main road to hear Father Eric Leary deliver a eulogy in which he described Jay as a wayward and difficult young man who would be sadly missed.

An unseen figure at a distance.

FIGURE

Cocky, smart-arse little twat. Had it coming.

The figure runs.

6. Exterior. The park. Night.

Through trees we see the children's play area.

7. Interior. The girl's bedroom. Empty. Dark.

Mother is standing in the doorway. Bright, immaculate pastel walls behind but shadowy inside.
She is standing with a bowl in one hand. A large version of a baby's split bowl. The spoons. Steam.
In the other hand, freshly ironed and folded over her arm, a sheet.
Quiet.

MOTHER
Oli.

Her eyes dart around the inside of the room.

MOTHER
Oli. I'm going to put the light on.

She does so. Looks into the room. Smiles.

MOTHER
Hello, my sweetheart.

She smiles.

8. Interior. A crowded, noisy pub.

Jay is stood by a fruit machine uncomfortably. He is at the back of the queue to be served. Georgie is looking back at him as he forges into the queue.

GEORGIE (voice over)
You're nobody's pet. You're 13, kid. What's it gonna be ?
What's it gonna be ? Ya gonna come with me ? See.
Another world. The strong arm of the law-unto-
themselves.

9. Interior. Oli's bedroom.

The black window behind. Light through the one scratched square.
The room is empty except for carpet and two chairs.
Mother is sat in one of them, leaning forward with bowl and food,
feeding Oli.
Oli is sat directly opposite on the other chair, but a little distance stands
between them. Her look is blank and not at her Mother.
As Mother speaks a little food dribbles from her mouth and Mother has
to clean it with the spoon.
At irregular intervals we should be just be able to pick out a teenage boy,
Jay, very dim in certain shots, at a distance in the room.

MOTHER

Come on. Open up. There's a good girl.
Swallow. Come on love. Don't spit it out.
Good girl ! I cut it up small for you
downstairs. I got the beef burgers from
the High Street. Cheaper than the
Supermarket. And usually better. British.