

# Ragged

A film by John Doona

## Sample Scenes

1.Exterior. The School grounds.  
Helicopters above leave the area.  
Army snipers shuffle back from  
their roof-top positions.

2.Interior. The school Corridor.  
The wheels of a canteen trolley.  
Two pairs of feet. A man's  
shiny shoes and suited legs.  
Taking long easy steps. An elder  
lady's 'foot glove' shoes with  
stockened ankles and a long  
fine-checked, kitchen over-all,  
taking scuttling steps that are  
trying to keep up.  
The trolley. Loaded with Kit-kat  
boxes.

3. Exterior. Suburban roads.  
Through the leaves of a tree a  
high shot of army wagons full  
with heavily-armed personel  
driving away from the school  
down suburban roads.  
An infant child is snatched from  
the road by it's mother from the  
path of the wagon.  
The snipers are cleaning their  
guns.

4.Exterior  
Detail. The school sign. 'Park  
Manor'. Motto : 'Learning For  
Life'. The sign is bordered with  
grass and greenery.

5. Interior.The corridor.  
The trolley bangs through a  
double door. SAUNDERS and Molly  
walk side by side.

6. Interior.The school gym.

Rows and rows of uniformed pupils. Assembly. Silence. Details of their faces, looking forward. Amongst them, SEAN.

7. Interior.Gym

The assembly seen from the back looking forward towards a raised 'stage'. A bulky figure in green at the front waving his arms in explanation. His words are indistinct but echo through the high gym walls.

8. Interior.Gym.

The assembly seen from the stage over the figure's shoulder. We see the shoulder of a camouflage shirt. We still only hear his words as an indistinct echo. As he looks out he raises his arms and a rifle comes into view.

9. Interior. Corridor.

The trolley approaches the gym doors. The kit-kats are clear.

10. Interior.Gym.

The assembly stage seen from the front rows. GUNN is standing still looking out at the pupils. He is heavily armed with six semi-automatic rifles strapped to his front and back and a collection of bulging ammunition straps. He is smiling.

11. Interior.Gym.

A sudden bang as the trolley is pushed through the gym doors at speed. Pupils begin to react. GUNN straightens his guns.

GUNN

Eyes front !

Pupils are still again. The gym is huge. The trolley is pushed down the central aisle. It moves slower now. A pupil nudges another. He smiles. He has seen

the kit-kats. Another has seen Mr SAUNDERS, the Head-teacher, looking vulnerable.

12. Interior. Gym.

GUNN continues with his address.

GUNN

You stamp a foot in a gym and the city hears you. Like airport engines miles away. And sprung floors that make you feel you could leap. Even those as fat as cattle. Like me.

He stops and listens.

There are very high windows and the sun is sending in shafts of light.

GUNN

I stay out of the sun.

I can't apologise enough. Can I ! Look. At least you'll be able to say you were there. It'll become a commanding bar-room standard. Not to mention an interesting curriculum opportunity for the English Department. I'd count myself lucky.

I wanted us to be alone.  
(Smiling) Just the 600 of us. I'm taking today's assembly. I wanted you to know me. (Suddenly agitated) It's gotten to be so hard to know people. When I'm taken or dead I'll be a monster. But I wanted you to know..... before anything else.... I shaved this morning, I brushed my teeth. My cheek cut and my gums bled.

As SAUNDERS and the trolley approach he becomes increasingly agitated.

Twisted like new wood around a city sick on fizz. A stupid

child. That wouldn't learn. Made up the numbers. Couldn't count. **(Striking his chest)** This self-made man. Tutored in the book of life. Wide-eyed and wise. Said I couldn't count.... I counted myself to the end of the world... and jumped off. Said I couldn't count....

**He indicates the immaculatey sorted rows of bullets standing on their ends on the floor of the stage. Thousands. Groups of twos, fours, sixes, eights.**

#### **GUNN**

My bullets are my counting bricks. **(He shows his gun barrels.)** Look **(Points guns)** No bullets gone. Barrels as full as barrels of black stout.

**(As SAUNDERS approaches the stage)** Our schools are murder scenes. Blood on every blackboard. Guns in every gym. Cancer is the modern death. This is the cancer. This is the knot of teak at the core of the malignant heart. This 'place of learning'... What did you learn today ? What did you learn at school today ?

**SAUNDERS is waiting besides the trolley. He gestures for Connie to leave. She goes through a near door.**

#### **GUNN**

Fifteen minutes of Siege Management Training. Let's see.

#### **SAUNDERS**

Do you mind if we talk ? I've just been talking to your mum. Lovely lady. Sent you her love. Said for you not to do

anything.... silly.

**Quiet.**

**GUNN**

You got them ?

**SAUNDERS**

Kitkats

**GUNN**

Six hundred

**SAUNDERS**

Yes.

**Quiet.**

**SAUNDERS**

So. How are we doing ?

**GUNN**

As well as can be expected. In the circumstances. At the mercy of a volatile lunatic with high-velocity weaponry.

**SAUNDERS**

It's a very impressive collection

**GUNN**

You joking

**SAUNDERS**

No. No. You're obviously a man who knows his guns.

**GUNN**

And his triggers.

**Quiet.**

**SAUNDERS**

**(Gesturing to assembly)** I'd just like a word. The police are very impressed with the mature and sensible manner in which you have conducted yourselves during this difficult time.

**GUNN**

Don't

**SAUNDERS**

Parents have all been contacted.  
And the week's extra-curricular  
activities have been put on  
hold....

**GUNN**

Don't

**SAUNDERS**

.... till things....

**GUNN**

I said.

**SAUNDERS**

.... blow over.

**GUNN**

Won't you even listen to a man  
with a gun

**SAUNDERS**

Try to remain calm,

**GUNN**

You talk and talk.

**SAUNDERS**

Do you know any breathing  
exercises ?

**GUNN**

Talk and talk.

**SAUNDERS**

What you don't want....

**GUNN**

For god's sake !

**SAUNDERS**

.... is to become hasty.

**GUNN turns a gun on SAUNDERS.**  
**Quiet.**

.....

20. Exterior. The Playground.

A crowd. Tight around a large, indistinct figure on the ground. There is noise from the crowd. A low mumble. Then a sharper noise. A stab. A movement and the figure falls.

21. Interior. Corridor.

GUNN is moving towards the door onto the playground.

22. Exterior. Playground.

One by one the crowd move away. They take up positions with their backs to the figure. The figure is PAUNCH. PAUNCH raises his face and blows a long, faltering blast on his whistle.

At a distance we see GUNN come through the door. At the sound of the whistle he throws himself against the wall like a fat commando.

23. Interior.

SAUNDERS and DEXTER are walking together briskly down the corridor towards the playground. When they open the door it opens over GUNN and hides him.

24. Exterior. Playground.

A circle of pupils has formed across the playground shielding the view of Paunch.

DEXTER

All right. Break it up.

Quiet.

They see PAUNCH. They look to the pupils whose faces remain

steadily away from PAUNCH.  
DEXTER looks briefly over PAUNCH.

**SAUNDERS**

Line. I want a line and I want  
it now.

The pupils move quietly to a  
line, avoiding PAUNCH.

**SAUNDERS**

Tell it to me... or the police.  
Probably both.

**DEXTER**

Mr SAUNDERS

**SAUNDERS**

(Sharply) Yes ?

**DEXTER**

Blacked out

**SAUNDERS**

The wound ?

**DEXTER**

Hard to see through blood.

**SAUNDERS**

We need the emergency services.

**DEXTER**

(Sharply) Yes.

**SAUNDERS**

And the police.

Quiet.

DEXTER uses his mobile.

SAUNDERS looks at the pupils.

At a distance we see Connie  
approaching with her trolley.

Now empty.

DEXTER comes to stand at

Saunders's side. SAUNDERS is  
about to speak when...

The school bell rings. Pupils  
begin to leave.

**SAUNDERS**



(sharply. Panicing) No

**DEXTER**

To your places. To them !

**The pupils continue.**

**SAUNDERS**

Return to your places.

**DEXTER**

Line up ! Come on.

**SAUNDERS**

Now.

**Pupils return to the line.  
During their movement the knife  
has appeared on the  
floor.SAUNDERS and DEXTER see it.**

**SAUNDERS**

Who dropped it ?

**DEXTER**

Who dropped it ?

**SAUNDERS**

Whosoever is responsible...  
please hand me the knife.

**Nothing.**

**SAUNDERS**

Finger-print technology is a  
marvel. I'd prefer it if the  
culprit owned up themselves  
without it. **(Wait)** Mr DEXTER and  
I are waiting.

**Nothing.**

**DEXTER**

We are not in the mood. One of  
your teachers lies bleeding,  
maybe dying. Is there no drop of  
decency left in any of you ?

**Nothing.**

**SAUNDERS**

Take all their names.

**DEXTER**

(Glancing) I have them.

**SAUNDERS**

So. I am to take it that each of you is refusing a direct instruction from your Head teacher. I have asked for the knife to be picked up.

A young pupil comes forward. The other pupils look at him. He reaches down and picks up the knife. He returns to the line.

**DEXTER**

Surely not.

**SAUNDERS**

Is that an admission, son. Think very carefully.

**DEXTER**

It will be finger-printed.

The young pupil passes it to his other hand and then to the next in line, who does the same. It is handed down the line.

Trik is mid-way through it.  
SEAN is at the end of the line.  
He hesitates momentarily  
then takes the knife. He  
tosses it in front.

PAUNCH has his whistle to his mouth again. He blows it.

At a distance GUNN is watching.  
He has moved stealthily to bushes.  
He is scared. He is smiling.

Connie is standing to the side  
attending with her trolley.

The staff suddenly pour from the  
corridor.

They stop. Looking at a distance.

It is still everywhere. Paunch blows his whistle.

A shot of the whole scene from high in the tree.

SEAN

(Voice over) : I'm not having kids. Look at us.

The pupils begin to dismiss themselves. SAUNDERS ineffectually tries to remonstrate with them. DEXTER gives key figures hard looks. The hardest for Trik.

SEAN

(Voice over.) They washed his blood away. But I know where it is. I keep away from it. But I can't. It's on the pitch. It's on me trainers.

As pupils pass teachers their heads are bowed. Teachers move noiselessly towards Paunch. Pam runs from the corridor. She bounds across the playground.

A detail of Paunch. The playground is empty of pupils. Connie is still standing by with the trolley awaiting instruction.

25. Exterior.

A shot of the playground through the leaves of the tree. The staff are now furiously and clumsily dragging Paunch onto Connie's trolley.

26. Exterior.

Sean is up the tree. His legs are dangling over a branch. He looks precariously balanced.

SEAN

There's a good view from here.

You can see over the railway.

This is me favourite tree.  
Was in the corner of an orchard  
once. I seen it on a map.

**The staff bump the trolley up  
the step into the corridor.  
Paunch moans with the jolt.**

**SEAN**

We had to draw a tree in Art.  
Drew this one. I sat in it and  
drew it. He said it didn't look  
like a tree. Had to do me  
homework again.

**Quiet.**

If I was on the roof of a  
building I'd be scared, this  
high. But I'm not. It's got arms.

**Sean looks down. The ground  
spins a little. When it stops we  
see  
GUNN. He is stood at the very  
foot of the tree looking upwards.  
He smiles and waves to Sean.  
Sean looks quickly away.**

**GUNN**

Alright ?

**Quiet.**

**GUNN**

We both wagging it ?

**Quiet.**

**GUNN**

Son.

**SEAN**

You're not me dad

**GUNN**

(Smiling.)No. I'm not.

**Quiet.**

**GUNN**

Can't you get down ?

**SEAN**

If I want

**GUNN**

I take it you don't want to

**SEAN**

You're not funny

**GUNN**

No. I'm not.

**Quiet.**

**GUNN**

Bet you can see for miles up there.

**SEAN**

Yeh.

**GUNN**

Can you see my house ?

**SEAN**

Shut up.

**GUNN**

Eh.

**SEAN**

You're not a teacher

**GUNN**

No. I'm not.

**SEAN**

You're not me mate either.

**GUNN**

Am I not ?

**SEAN**

No chance.

**GUNN**

I let you go didn't I ?

**SEAN**

We thought you were going to  
kill us.

**Quiet.**

**GUNN**

I told you

**SEAN**

You can't buy us with kitkats

.....

41. Exterior. Night.

A lawn. Neat flower beds.  
A small fountain trickles water.  
A pond is lit from beneath.  
Shrubs. Small trees against an  
enclosing brick wall.

There is a half seen movement of  
several shapes across the grass.

A large area of small-paned  
french windows at the back of a  
large and well-pointed detached  
house. The room behind the dark  
but a large, high-backed leather  
chair and book-cases can be made  
out.

Beside the room is a brightly  
lit kitchen. A severe, late-  
middle aged woman, Veronica, is  
chopping food intensely on a  
work surface. The kitchen is  
immaculate.

42. Interior. The kitchen.

Details of the chopping.  
A tray is layed out to be served.

Behind Veronica is an open door.  
A pantry.

43. Interior. The Pantry.

The pantry door opens. The shelves on all sides are loaded with fizzy drinks. Drinks of the same colour are grouped together. The effect is something like an over-whelming stained glass window.

Veronica takes a bottle into the kitchen and shuts the door.

44. Interior. The Study.

Detail of SAUNDERS face. He is asleep. He is sweating. He is sitting in the high-backed chair. Behind him we can see the square-paned french window.

Through the windows are indistinct, low shapes darting across the lawn.

45. Interior. Kitchen.

Veronica is lovelessly throwing pale food onto quality plates.

She puts the plate beside a coloured fizzy drink on a trolley.

She pushes the trolley down the hall.

She pushes it against the study door with a thump.

SAUNDERS wakes with a start.

46. Exterior. School grounds.

The playground and then the tree. Gunn is asleep in the high branches of the tree. His guns and arms are crossed against his chest. His fingure is on the trigger.

**47. Exterior. Night. School grounds.**

At a distance from the tree Sean is hidden amongst the bushes. He is keeping vigil. He peers at Gunn and the tree through a pair of child's binoculars.

**48. Interior. Saunder's study.**  
**SAUNDERS' ashen face. He is eating.**

SAUNDERS

You see this food. Gorgeous isn't it. Those colours. The fruits of fresh village markets. I can hear you salivating from here. 'Course... you know what it all tastes like ? Potatoe. Boiled, unseasoned, unbuttered white potato. It fills a hole. Like decorator's plaster. **(He eats mechanically)**

**He stops. Lifts a glass. Before drinking he holds it up to the light.**

You'll notice the vibrancy of it's tincture. 'We' have a soft drink thing. Our pantry's fit to burst with fizzy pop.

**49. Interior. The pantry shelves**

SAUNDERS

**(Voice over)** The shelves a rainbow of bubble. Lined up across the window. She's a collector. Very excited last weekend. Found a black drink. O, we're awash with the bright lemons and reds and even blues... but black ? She bought a case full. Tastes like coal... and fizz ? You could power a small ship.

**50. Interior. The study.**



**SAUNDERS takes a long drink.**

**SAUNDERS**

Sometimes, don't you just want water?

**Unseen by SAUNDERS a young face appears in one pane of the window. During the next section of the scene each pane will become filled with his pupil's faces.**

**51.A view out to the study door.**  
**Veronica passes the door without looking in. SAUNDERS shouts to her.**

**SAUNDERS**

After tea we'll have a sit down and a good talk. **(Quietly)** It's been a long time. I am capable of support. The broadest kind. You probably don't realise. I am a man of passion.

**52.Interior.The Hall.**

**Veronica moves towards the study with another glass of turquoise drink.**

**53.Interior. Study.**

**SAUNDERS has finished his drink. She enters with the another. He is silent whilst she is present. Eats. She goes.**

**SAUNDERS**

A man of passion. We didn't have three children (two girls) by my not being a man of passion. You couldn't keep your hands off me. At some point. You wouldn't deny that I think. **(Wait )** Maybe later. We could open a bottle of red. No. No. I'm sorry.

All taps run cold.

**Wait. Drink.**

Really. I should spit this back into the bottle. It's a bitter fizz. The taste of my daily toil....

**53. Interior. Night.**

**The empty school corridors.**

**SAUNDERS**

The crisis of reason. The cottons of the crises of the world.

Here. Where we would want to offer sense. There is no sense here. Only necessity and accommodation.

**54. Interior. Night.**

**The study. Saunder's face.**

**SAUNDERS**

....Listen to me. Have I been drinking. **(He drinks)**

**55. Interior. Night.**

**Details of the faces at the window. Their expressions are flat. If anything, pleading.**

**56. Interior. Night.**

**Saunder's turns. He sees the faces.**

**Stands sharply. Pushes the trolley away. Staggeres a few steps.**

**SAUNDERS**

**(Shouting) You're on my lawn! What have you heard ? This is my place. You are not welcome. How did you find me ? Is it a prank ? A second siege ? Get off my lawn! I now all your names. Don't play games with me. What game is it ?**

**Wait. He looks across the room at the passive faces.**

**SAUNDERS**

I see these fragments of a look.  
They follow me on every face.  
Like the reflections of sky  
across a thousand puddles. The  
same look divided and  
hidden. If We could piece them  
together. Still. But knowing.  
With nothing to loose by seeing.

**(Stepping closer)** I'd draw the  
curtain but they'd fill my  
mirrors. I could bring them in  
but they wouldn't come. I have  
tried to pray. The old trick.  
But there's no strength in  
talking to yourself.

**(Veronica anters the room and  
takes away the trolley.)**

**SAUNDERS**

Veronica. How cold ? You are my  
redemption. Do you know it ? Do  
you have any idea ? Margaret !  
Cradle me.

**Veronica enters again. She looks  
to the faces. They turn from her.  
She moves to SAUNDERS. Takes off  
the trolley.**

**SAUNDERS slumps in the chair.  
He has his face down.**

**57.Exterior. Morning.**

**The tree. CONNIE is sitting on  
the ground with a tray at her  
side. She is drinking a cup of  
tea. GUNN is sitting in the tree  
also drinking tea.**

**CONNIE**

I used to say "You can't say  
teach without saying tea."  
Something keeps it afloat. Tea

**Quiet.**

Are those things loaded ?

**Quiet.**

**GUNN**

Thanks for the tea.

**They exchange a smile.**

**CONNIE**

You're like a ghost you. Turn around anywhere in this school and there you are. I've worked here, on and off, 23 years. My kids and now my grankids go here. You hand them over don't you. In good faith.

I've been hiding in stockrooms. Listening at doors. Would you believe it. I had to. You trust them don't you, like doctors, to tell the truth; to have someone's best interest at heart. Behind closed doors and that. The curtains never twitch. There's no banging on the walls. It's quite a feat of management.

Who are you love ? What d'ya want ? Why does no-one see you off ?

**GUNN**

You make a lovely cup of tea ?

**CONNIE**

I do. You can say that much for me. I can brew up. It used to be something of a mission. I was the catering core to this salvation army. I kept the troops on their feet. I'd wheel the trolley in and scuttle out of their way. I'd bring in special biscuits, chocolate or Viennese whirls. They didn't know but I'd bought 'em meself. I'd slip them in amongst the rich tea. I'd close the staff

room door and the bell'd go. I'd be smiling all the way down the corridor. It was a little, secret thankyou.

**GUNN**

What's your name ?

**CONNIE**

You mind your business... CONNIE.

**GUNN**

You talk like my mum.

**CONNIE**

I'd be giving you a good slap if I was your mum. What is it you're up to exactly ?

**Quiet.**

**CONNIE**

Tell me

**Quiet.**

**CONNIE**

Your mum blames herself.

**GUNN begins to climb down from the tree.**