

Karl Roberts- FAMILY karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

1 ext/morning

Sunny day, it could be summer but for the overcoat the man trudging across the field is wearing. He makes his way towards a small town with his dog scampering freely ahead of him, the image should be one of a man content, his slumped shoulders and lowered head present a man with much on his mind.

2 int/hallway

He closes the front door in a hallway that has the unmistakable glow of an early morning. In the kitchen his WIFE has just risen and in her dressing gown has prepared coffee.

WIFE

Why are you up this early?

FATHER

You know me, fifteen years of getting up at five I can't sleep a minute past.

He places his hand on her shoulder and kisses the top of her head, her hand rests on his arm and the moment lingers, forced smiles are evident.

WIFE

What did the police say?

FATHER

Not much, he's finished the contract on his flat, got his bond back, even left a forwarding address. (pauses) which of course they won't give me. as far as they're concerned it's just a guy doing a runner on his pregnant girlfriend.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY

karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

2

WIFE

(exasperated)

I don't believe it

Sipping his coffee the man clearly ponders this.

FATHER

I dunno. I like to think of myself
as a good judge of character i...

WIFE

(interrupting)

Well you gave her other boyfriend's
a hard enough time.

FATHER

She's my daughter. You and her mean
everything to me. All those other guys
just didn't fit...didn't feel right.
But he did he felt, almost...

WIFE

Familiar?

FATHER

Yeah. For once it felt right.
I felt he could be part of this family.
But now...(sighs) what do we do?

WIFE

We tell her what the police said.
short of tracking him down yourself
what is there to do?

FATHER

She's gonna be devastated. For the past three days she's been fearing the worst but I doubt she's even thought about this.

The WIFE rises and kisses the man on the shoulder as he has buried his face in his hands.

WIFE

I'm going to shower. She slept on the sofa again.

As the WIFE exits the man speaks quietly to himself

FATHER

She deserves an explanation.

He rises and makes his way into the lounge where his young pregnant daughter lies on the sofa. In her pyjamas and pregnant stomach obscured by a blanket he reminds her of when she was a child. Brushing hair from her face she stirs slightly and he becomes visibly emotional. In the room there is a picture of her as a child, seeing this his mind is made up.

3 int/block of flats hallway

After knocking on the door, he tries peering through the letterbox; satisfied the flat is empty he rises unsure of what to do.

LANDLORD (os)

Can I help you?

FATHER

(startled but recovering)
I'm looking for the guy whose
flat this is, do you know him?

LANDLORD

It's my flat.

The landlord stands formidable and his tone is not warm.

FATHER

Sorry I mean the previous tenant.

LANDLORD

No, it's my flat I own it.

FATHER
(excited)

excellent like I said
I'm looking for the previous
tenant, could you help me...

LANDLORD
(interrupting)

Let me stop you there, the police
have been round and they got.
I have. If you're not with them then.
(holds up hands)

He turns to leave, whatever he has come to the flat for is
now forgotten in his urgency to get away.

FATHER

Please, my daughter is pregnant with
his kid. Give me ten minutes, please
just hear me out.

The landlord stops and thinks it over but does not turn.

FATHER
(softly, not pleading)
Please?

LANDLORD
(back still turned)

You've got the time it takes me
to finish a pint. And you're buying.

FATHER

It's 9.30a.m?

LANDLORD

Do you want my time or not?

He leaves, moments later, still thrown by the prospect of drinking in the morning, the FATHER follows.

4 int/pub/morning

despite being morning the pub has a few drinkers, old men and scruffy young ones. It's a typical haunt for the desperate and the lonely. The atmosphere is grim despite some joviality. The landlord waits at a table as the FATHER approaches with two pints.

FATHER

I didn't mean anything by it.
it's just I'm not a big drinker.

LANDLORD
(waving his hand)

No problem. You not a big drinker then?

His tone is more relaxed now.

FATHER

Oh I like a drink, or liked. Used to like it a little too much. Never this early though.

LANDLORD

I hear that. A lot of these losers in here are my tenants. It does them good to know come rent day I know where they've spent it.

They both drink and after visibly preparing himself the man begins his pitch.

FATHER

My daughter is everything to me I haven't always been an angel but the day I married my WIFE everything changed, I put all my wild ways behind me. As such I got it pretty good a thriving business, a nice house and then nineteen years ago a beautiful daughter. When I held her in my arms for the first time it was the only occasion as an adult I cried. I remember looking out of the hospital room window and promising I would look after her, protect her from everything outside that window. and I've done a pretty good job of it, until three days ago I had never seen her truly unhappy. This guy leaving like this, without a word, without any signs is tearing her up. I'm worried that I've protected her too much and this is my fault. He came into our lives, he's smart, handsome and for the first time I felt like I wasn't the most important man in my little girls life. I was ok with that because she was happy, in two weeks time I'm supposed to be giving her away and it was going to

FATHER (Cont)

be the hardest and happiest day of my life.
Now... I don't know.

He takes another drink nearly finishing the pint

FATHER

Now she's hurting and it's killing me
I can feel this knot, this lump of
impotence inside that threatens to
just make everything stop, and...

Becoming emotional he stops to collect himself.

FATHER

Do you have children?

LANDLORD

(after a pause) two, girls.

There is a moment of silence as the landlord considers
his options and they just sit drinking their pints.
Eventually the landlord begins writing on a scrap of
paper

LANDLORD

I only have this as a place to send
any letters.

FATHER

(taking the scrap of paper)
Thank you so much you have no id...

LANDLORD

Before you thank me there's something you need to know. I'm a landlord, it's how I make my money. Sometimes I try to screw people out of their bonds. I shouldn't I know but what can I say. greedy! Any way I tried it with him I didn't have any reason and he was right to be pissed off but it doesn't excuse this.

The landlord stands and lifts his shirt revealing badly bruised ribs. The FATHER is clearly shocked

LANDLORD

(cont.)

I don't know the guy you described because the one who did this was an animal. I can handle myself but he's something else.

Still shocked the FATHER prepares to rise.

LANDLORD

So I'm wondering what it is exactly
You plan on doing when you find him.

FATHER

(Avoiding the question)

Another?

LANDLORD

No. let me, I got a feeling I
Haven't done you any favours.

5 int/train/afternoon

In silence the FATHER journeys to London. He sits alone and whilst the concern that was upon him at the beginning is still evident and the revelation of his daughter's violent act is upon him there is another emotion showing through in his body language. A quiet confidence and optimism prevails, it in no way portrays a happy man but maybe a hopeful one. As sprawling countryside gives way to concrete and steel he enters London leaving behind everything he knows.

6 ext/train station

A lone figure amongst the rush of commuters and tourists the magnitude of the task at hand becomes clear leaving him with a dark foreboding of one who is out of his depth.

7 ext/front of hotel

Having checked into his room he makes his way to the underground, consulting an a-z and an ikea tube map simultaneously. He looks every bit the confused tourist.

8 int/underground station

To further emphasis the fact he is unaccustomed to the etiquette of London life he spends a noticeably long time working out how to operate the automatic ticketing machine and is forced on several occasions to allow others to go before him. Finally in possession of a ticket he makes the classic mistake of standing on the left hand side of the escalator and is rudely shoved aside by a busy commuter.

9 ext/street/early evening

He stands outside a closed post office and simply stares at it for some time akin to a boxer staring at an empty ring that he will do battle in the next day. Eventually he turns and spots a café, crossing the road he checks out the opening times before checking that he has a clear view of the post office from the window seat inside.

10 int/hotel room/night

He sits for some time in the gloom, fully dressed, on the end of the bed. As the digital clock clicks over to 10 he gets up.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

11 int/busy pub/night

drinking with random people he has met the FATHER becomes steadily drunk drifting from idle chit chat to occasional insights into his daughter's predicament to what he will do when he finds the man who has abandoned her.

All the dialogue is to be improvised.

12 int/hotel room/morning

He is little hung-over and beginning to look somewhat dishevelled as he has slept in his clothes. Leaving the room the clock in the background shows it has already gone 7.

13 int/café/all day

As people come and go the FATHER remains focused, occasionally topping up with coffee to keep himself alert. At one point he is in the background as the camera intentionally but subtly focuses on a young mans face in the foreground who pays for his takeaway and leaves. As he does so he casually looks at the FATHER who, so enraptured by his observation of the post office, doesn't notice him, this will later prove to be the man he is looking for. Eventually the people entering the post office lessen before finally it closes and his fruitless day comes to an end.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY

karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

14 int/hotel room/night/int/hotel room/morning

After the previous nights drinking he is too tired to do anything more than watch tv, still dressed he does this he occasionally looks at the piece of paper.

Having not seen him fall asleep the daylight just appears as he wakes up in the same position he was seen in the previous night. The alarm clock shows 6.30 so he has time to freshen up, shower but not shave. His clothes are more creased as once again he has slept in them. He leaves.

15 int/café/morning

Taking the opportunity to have breakfast the FATHER does so silently not paying much mind to the post office as it has not opened yet. He finishes and orders another coffee as people begin entering the post office.

At around midday he exits the café and crosses the road, he pauses outside mentally preparing himself for what he is about to attempt. Turning around he accidentally bumps into a young SCROTE.

FATHER

Sorry mate.

SCROTE

(aggressive and squaring up)

Yeah your sorry.

FATHER

Alright steady on.

SCROTE

Don't tell me what to do. Your lucky
I don't knock you out. Watch what your
doing ya old bastard.

The SCROTE barges past him and enters the post office.
With a look of 'just my luck' the FATHER waits a few
moments and enters the post office himself.

15a int/post office/day/ext/street/flats

As he enters the FATHER scans the interior thinking about his plan. Apart from the clerk and the SCROTE there is only one other person, an old lady mindlessly searching through the assortment of tat the place sells and flicking through the various leaflets on charities and insurance. The SCROTE and the clerk are deep in mindless drivelling conversation that cannot be clearly heard. After a wait he coughs to get their attention as it is clear they are not engaged in any business. The SCROTE has some letters in his hand already that reinforce this belief. Upon hearing the cough the SCROTE simply turns his head and both he and the clerk give him a look of disdain before resuming their conversation. Deciding not to push his luck he continues to wait in silence. Eventually the SCROTE says goodbye to the clerk

and leaves making sure to shove the FATHER aside as he does so.

SCROTE

Prick.

Undaunted he approaches the counter whilst fishing for a piece of paper that he lays on the counter. The clerk does not look impressed.

FATHER

I need to pick up some letters
I had sent on here...

CLERK
(interrupts by laughing)

FATHER

Ok, any how if you...

CLERK
(referring to the paper)

This aint you pal

Karl Roberts- FAMILY

karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

15a

FATHER
(taking it in his stride)

If you need id I do have it but
frankly with your attitude I'd
rather speak to your manager.

CLERK
(responding to the bluff by leaning closer)

I don't need my manager to prove
this aint you dickhead. He just left.

The FATHER glances around.

CLERK
(continued)

That's right. Your new friend.

He darts out of the post office.

15b Ext/street

Scanning the streets the FATHER spots the SCROTE
disappearing down another street some distance off and
begins the chase. The street rushes by in pov with the
sound of the FATHER's breathing getting heavier. At the
point the SCROTE was last seen the camera pans around once
again in search spotting him a similar distance off and the
chase resumes. Around the next corner the road

opens up into the middle of a block of flats. They rise up 4-6 floors and as there are numerous entrances and the SCROTE is no where to be seen the camera scans the walkways in a circular motion coming around to the FATHER's face before panning around the back of his head and once again returning to pov where we wait. The image is still and the sound of the FATHER's breathing is dominant. Eventually the SCROTE appears and the FATHER waits to see what flat he enters before making his way up. He knocks on the door and following the previous encounter decides to take a proactive approach by barging the door open further when the SCROTE opens it a crack.

16 int/scrote's flat

The force of the door hitting him knocks the SCROTE backwards into the wall. The FATHER enters closing the door behind him and punches the SCROTE in the stomach, winded his legs crumple under him. there is a brief pause as the FATHER checks to see if anyone comes running from within the flat. Confident that they are alone he picks up one of the letters the SCROTE has dropped, checks it and then presents it to the cringing SCROTE.

FATHER
(indicating to the letter)

Where is he?

SCROTE

I don't know...

The FATHER makes as if to kick the SCROTE

SCROTE
(raised voice, pleading)

Wait, wait, wait. I don't. he said you
wouldn't hurt me.

Upon hearing this the FATHER is taken aback and relaxes his
pose.

SCROTE

He said you wouldn't hurt me.

FATHER

Who said?

SCROTE

This guy he came to me about six
months ago, he asked me to pick up
his mail. Said you'd come looking
but said you wouldn't hurt me.

FATHER

Cut the cloak and dagger crap
Where is he?

He has reared up again now and looks menacing towering over
the SCROTE.

SCROTE

I don't know, I'm serious. This
girl I used to go to school with
turned up with him six months ago
and asked me if I'd do it. They
paid me and then last week she
came by and told me to start
collecting the letters, that was all.
That's all I know I promise you.

FATHER

You said he told you I'd come looking

SCROTE

He said a man would, just one and
that no matter how determined he'd
be to find him he wouldn't hurt me.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY

karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

16

FATHER

So where is he?

SCROTE
(almost begging)

I don't know.

The FATHER leans down close to the scrote to be more intimidating and to emphasis his point.

FATHER

Then how does he get his letters?

SCROTE

I give them to her.

FATHER

So where do I find her?

SCROTE

I take them to her at work. I only
know where she works.

FATHER

(gripping the scrote by the scruff)

Do I really have to keep prompting you?

SCROTE

No, I'll tell. You can see her tomorrow.
(pauses to rub his stomach)
She won't be in work until tomorrow night.

17 ext/scrote's flat

taking a deep breath the FATHER rests his hands on his
knees to recover from the adrenalin that is rushing through
his body.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

18 **int/restaurant**

The FATHER sits alone and the restaurant is deserted, he has finished ordering his food and the waitress takes his menu.

WAITRESS

Anything to drink?

FATHER

Lager please.

As she leaves he pulls his phone out but before dialling he calls out to the waitress who is almost out of shot.

FATHER

Actually could I make that a bottle of red wine, the house will do.

The waitress nods and leaves as he smiles back and makes his call.

FATHER

Hey it's me
(listens)
I'm fine how are you guys doing.
(listens)
I know I know.
(listens)
Not too much longer, I'm meeting
a friend of his tomorrow and
hopefully that should be it.
(listens)
I'm not sure, there's definitely
something strange going on.
(listens)
I can't explain over the phone, it's
more a feeling. When I get back
I'll try and fill in the blanks.
(listens)
No I'm not drinking.

As he is saying these words the wine is placed on the table
by the waitress who just smiles but does not pour.

FATHER
(continued)

Ok I gotta go hon, I love you.
Both of you so much.
(listens looking sullen)
Yeah, yeah, love you, see you soon.
Bye bye bye.

He sits back sighing heavily and stares at the wine for a
long pause before pouring a full glass and gulping it all
down greedily, hastily he pours another.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY

karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

19 **ext/outside the restaurant/night**

Meal finished and an unknown quantity of wine drunk the FATHER leaves the restaurant stuffing his change into his wallet. From his blindside a HOMELESS MAN approaches.

HOMELESS MAN

Alright? Sorry to bother you I'm trying to get back to Uxbridge and my oyster card is not working. I got money on it but no actual cash. You couldn't give me a couple a quid there could ya.

FATHER

(still holding his wallet)

Sorry I've only got notes, I left my change as a tip.

HOMELESS MAN

(eyeing up the wallet)

Come on, please anything in there?

The FATHER looks down to double check his wallet. As he does so the HOMELESS MAN seizes the opportunity to snatch the wallet and run off. The FATHER calls after him and attempts a chase. The HOMELESS MAN is quicker and soon the fruitless pursuit is abandoned leaving the FATHER standing in the street shocked.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

20 int/hotel/morning

Having drunk heavily the night before the FATHER wakes up with a sore head and looking a lot rougher. The alarm clock shows 9.30. With nothing to do until the evening he tries to occupy himself in the room. Turns the TV on then off and repeats. He paces the room, looks out the window and fiddles with the clock before eventually leaving shortly after 1pm.

21 ext/various London/day

The FATHER is seen buying a burger from a van and walking past various London tourist sights and landmarks. He is uninterested and stands out in stark contrast to the busy city as a man who is merely killing time. Eventually he settles for some tranquillity in Hyde Park which is reminiscent of his home life. The sun goes down on the park with the city as a backdrop.

22 int/strip club/night

The club is sparsely populated and is not a high calibre venue, the FATHER approaches a woman who clearly works there but could be a waitress or a STRIPPER. Their conversation is not heard as the shot is from a distance and music is playing. The woman points towards somewhere off screen and he heads in that direction. Sitting at a corner table/booth is another woman who is clearly a STRIPPER. As he gets to the table she doesn't look up but speaks.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY

karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

22

STRIPPER

On my break get one of the other girls.

For dramatic effect the FATHER simply drops the letter he took from the SCROTE. She looks at it then raises her head smiling.

STRIPPER

You found me, well done you.

Her tone is almost mocking but he retains composure.

FATHER

It would seem everyone is expecting me.

STRIPPER

I even got you a drink.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

22

She pours him a measure from the bottle that is one her table, she winks and he takes a seat.

FATHER

I don't know what he's told you...

The STRIPPER leans across the table, she is still mocking and there is a clear battle for domination in the situation as the FATHER remains stonefaced determined not to react.

STRIPPER

I know everything sweetheart, your factory, your WIFE, and of course your precious little girl all abandoned and up the duff.

She leans back, less playful now and a little vindictive.

STRIPPER

(SLOWLY) Boo hoo.

FATHER

I just want to find him, find out why.

STRIPPER

There is no why, this is just what he does.

FATHER
(angry)

What he does! What he does! This
is my daughters life, my life.
I don't give a crap about any silly
little games your all trying to play
here but I will find him and he is
sure as shit gonna take responsibility.

STRIPPER

Ooooh, (mocking)
Ok here's the deal, I'll help you find him
but you have to do something for me.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY

karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

22

FATHER
(sceptical)

What?

STRIPPER

All in good time, for now just sit,
drink, enjoy yourself I have to work.
none of the girls will bother you.

He attempts to protest but as she leaves he spots a burly
doorman watching him so settles down for the night.

23 **int/strip club/later same night**

He is a little worse for wear from the free booze as the
STRIPPER approaches, watching her from behind is an eager
looking middle aged man, his intentions are obvious.

STRIPPER

Ok sorry babes I got something to take care of tonight.

The FATHER looks beyond her to the client and understands.

STRIPPER

Here's my address come round tomorrow night around 9.

He doesn't want to wait but knows his position is unassailable and so just looks at her sullenly. As she puts on her coat she lingers on a look summing him up before eventually speaking

STRIPPER

He hates you, you know.

The brief moment of sincerity from her ends as she turns and leaves.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY

karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

23

FATHER
(calling after her)

Why are you helping me?

STRIPPER
(casual, off hand)

I hate him

FATHER

Why?

STRIPPER
(almost out of shot)

He's my husband.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

24 ext/narrow London street/night

Drunk and reeling from the news his daughter's boyfriend is married he walks unsteadily down the street frustrated and angry. At the bottom of a stone staircase he passes a HOMELESS MAN in a sleeping bag who doesn't look up.

HOMELESS MAN

Spare some change?

At first he ignores him but stops and looks back as he recognises the voice as that of the one belonging to the tramp that robbed him the previous night. Bending to check the HOMELESS MAN's face he waits before exploding into a fit of rage. He kicks the HOMELESS MAN in the head and proceeds to repeatedly stamp and kick the crumpled figure who offers no resistance. Whilst the beating is vicious it is also clumsy and erratic. The FATHER walks off shot before returning to stamp on the HOMELESS MAN a few more times losing his balance and falling on top of his prey. He retrieves his wallet and walks off stumbling as he goes all regard for whoever witnessed the beating is clearly not a concern. He has vented his frustration and anger upon the HOMELESS MAN but in doing so he has lost a little bit more of himself. The youth he was is returning against his will.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

25 int/hotel room/morning

The FATHER has not yet risen and he can be seen in the background as his shoe and wallet dominates the shot on the floor. An alarm goes off and continues to do so for some time. Eventually his arm, still in the background, reaches out and turns off the alarm.

26 int/hotel bathroom/early afternoon

The FATHER shuffles into the bathroom having finally risen. Washing his face he stares at his reflection trying to make sense of the shapes staring back at him that he struggles to recognise anymore.

FADE TO BLACK?

27 ext/STRIPPERS flat/night

He has already knocked before the scene begins and so the STRIPPER appears at the door and welcomes him in. he follows her up to the studio flat which is small and dingy. She sits back on the bed and he stands at the end.

FATHER

Well here I am?

STRIPPER

So you are.

He just looks down at her, whilst he does not speak his body language conveys his request for information.

STRIPPER

First you have to do something for me remember?

She smiles wryly at him and raises her eyebrows. His reaction shows he understands and is not impressed.

FATHER

You've got to be kidding.

She just shakes her head and produces a condom from her bedside table placing the corner of it between her teeth.

FATHER

I'm out of here.

He turns to leave when the STRIPPER speaks causing him to stop. His face is in the foreground as she lies on the bed in the background.

STRIPPER

Don't you want some answers for your
little girl. This is the only way.
You can't beat it out of me and its
a one time offer. You walk out that
door and you'll never find him.
I know where he is tomorrow, after that...

He becomes teary as it slowly dawns on him the magnitude of what he is about to do. He is weighing up his love for his daughter against the possibility of cheating on his WIFE but he is beaten and the decision has already been made.

FATHER
(still facing camera)

Why?

STRIPPER

He hates you. What better way to
get back at him.

FATHER

I don't want to get back at him.

STRIPPER

I didn't say *you* did.

He closes his eyes and when he opens them his eyes are fixed and grim as he turns and walks to the bed. The STRIPPER raises her leg up presenting him with her foot.

STRIPPER

Kiss it.

He does and the sex scene begins, it is unromantic but filmed in a disjointed way that presents no nudity whilst portraying a carnal act with some raw beauty. As he reaches climax his sweaty, red, guilt ridden face is in shot. He collapses on top of her and price paid he is straight to business.

FATHER

(muffled by her hair and the bed)

Tell me.

Unseen by the FATHER the STRIPPER smiles and begins speaking to his ear. The conversation is unheard as the camera zooms out losing focus until they are a blur.

Karl Roberts- FAMILY karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

28 **ext/STRIPPERS flat/night/**

Face shocked and disorientated he uses the wall for support as he staggers down the street outside before coming into view at the entrance of a mews, he is in silhouette doubling over and vomiting before collapsing to his knees sobbing.

29 **ext/London/night**

Instead of returning to the hotel he walks almost like a zombie around London all night.

30 **ext/Trafalgar square/early morning**

Having come to rest at Trafalgar square he sits as the people rush around him in time lapse. The sound of traffic and other city noises get louder and louder until his lowered head comes into shot. As he raises it staring straight at camera all sounds stop as he breathes in sharply almost as if he has awoken from a vision.

FADE TO BLACK.

31 **ext/SON' s former house/day**

At first the screen is still black and only the sound of footsteps in the distance can be heard. The house snaps into shot still and ordinary looking as the footsteps steadily get closer until eventually the FATHER walks into

Karl Roberts- FAMILY karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

31

shot and faces the house. He goes up to the front door and peers through the letterbox and windows before going around the back. He seems to know his way and when he reaches the back door it is unlocked and he enters silently.

32 **int/SON's former house/day but gloomy**

The house doesn't look lived in but is not empty. The FATHER doesn't even look around as he heads to the stairs; it's almost as if he knows exactly where to go. The stairs creek ominously as he slowly ascends. At the top makes his way along the landing to a bedroom. He covers his mouth to contain his emotion as he sees the wall is covered with photos of his family. He enters and examines them closer. Some are of just his family and some have the man he has been looking for. His own face has been scratched out in many photos. One of the photos is of a woman we have not seen, pinned under it is a letter and on seeing this his eyes water as his worst fears are confirmed; until this point he has been desperately reaching for another explanation unable to accept the truth. His SON, the man he has been looking for, appears silently in the doorway as the FATHER reads the letter. He is the same man who was in the café ordering a takeaway earlier and was also seen in the strip club.

SON

Interesting reading isn't it?

The FATHER turns shaking to face his SON. He stares for a pause before running at him uttering a guttural scream. The SON calmly jabs him in the throat when he gets to him and he stumbles backward and onto the floor choking.

SON

You probably think you're pretty clever tracking me down. Sorry? What's that?

The FATHER just gasps for air and the SON is mocking.

SON

Well Sherlock allow me to burst your bubble. You couldn't find your dick with a map. I led you here.

He is pacing and gesticulating wildly in his triumph as the FATHER slowly recovers.

SON
(continuing)

I knew the landlord would tell you where to start. He was the only variable, but after the going over I gave him I was pretty confident.

He crouches down to mock his FATHER further.

SON

That's right, that little smackhead
you beat up said exactly what I told him
to. And that whore you shagged, ewwww
you didn't honestly think I was
married to that. Turned my stomach
enough doing your daughter.

The FATHER has recovered enough to launch another attack
and catches his SON unawares with a head butt to the nose.
As he stands erect, hand to nose, the FATHER rises and
tackles him clumsily but effectively. They fight messily
and realistically, smashing into furniture as the FATHER
uses his strength against the younger man's speed.
Both bloodied and battered the SON manages a knee to the
groin that causes the man to fall back. The SON slumps down
exhausted.

FATHER
(angrily, shouting)

YOU'VE RUINED HERE LIFE!

SON
(also angry, emotional)

WHAT ABOUT ME! YOU RUINED MINE BEFORE
IT STARTED.

FATHER

I didn't kno.....

SON
(interrupting)

NO, NO YOU DO NOT GET TO LIE
THE LETTER YOU SENT IS RIGHT
THERE.

The FATHER begins crying softly as the SON regains a modicum of composure.

SON

My mother loved you, she always did when you were growing up, she told me. even after you came back for your stag night and knocked her up she still loved you. I had to grow up seeing here drift from abusive relationship to pointless encounters, all the while she was still in love with you. She died when I was seventeen, yeah seventeen and I'm all alone.

FATHER

(genuinely saddened)

I'm sorry if I'd known.

SON

(challenging, angry but measured)

What? What? You'd have come to get me. Don't make me laugh I have your letter. Your gentle prose that says your married and can't raise a child. YOUR letter that says not to get in contact again. Your letter that broke my mothers heart, damaged here for ever and as for me! What dya think, turned out well?

FATHER

(sobbing)

I'm sorry, I understand why me.
But my daughter, why?

SON

Your daughter, your precious little girl. She stole my childhood, had everything I should have had. I had to work for everything I've got, do you have any idea what it's like coming from nothing?

FATHER

I don't understand, what do you want, revenge, is that was this was for, your sick. Don't you realise that, your sick.

SON

You made me.

They sit in silence for some time before the SON eventually lights a cigarette and sits up straight. He is completely recovered emotionally but is now quiet and serious, there is no mocking as he is delivering a speech he has practised in his head for years.

SON

This was never about revenge or jealousy of what I never had, it's not about getting back at you don't you see that yet. It's a lesSON, one you need to learn.

He stands now as he will be leaving shortly, his FATHER sits in silence.

SON

You said you understood why you
but you don't, not yet. You
don't understand what my mother
felt, being abandoned by the man
she loved. You don't understand
how I felt growing up knowing
my FATHER never wanted me. But
you will. You are going to feel
it all through your daughter
and your grandchild because believe
me I have abandoned them.

He is about to leave when he adds to his speech.

SON

Or you could tell her she's
pregnant with her brothers child.

He smiles but there is no warmth in it.

SON

Goodbye dad.

He leaves and his FATHER breaks down at the futility of his
quest and the pain he has brought upon his daughter and to
some extent his SON. He realises in this moment that the
shameful acts of his past have come full circle and it is
his entire fault.

Fade to black

Karl Roberts- FAMILY karl.t.roberts77@gmail.com

33 **ext/same field as opening scene/day**
gloomy and overcast.

The camera simply sweeps across the empty landscape and town bringing the film full circle just as the story has. Music plays over as.

Fade to black

End