

NOTHING LEFT TO SAY

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION - MORNING

An early morning mist covers the empty platform. A TRAIN pulls in, stops. One lone set of doors opens.

MIKE, late twenties, scruffy-looking, blonde hair, carrying a holdall on his shoulder, steps out. He holds a scrap of paper in his hand.

The doors slide shut behind him. Mike glances left, right, pulls his hood up to cover his head, then steadies the holdall on his shoulder and walks down the platform.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Mike walks down the path.

A WOMAN jogs past, headphones in ears. Mike watches her pass from underneath his hood. She doesn't look at him.

A tall, thick OAK TREE stands just off the path. Mike heads straight for it. He sets the holdall down against it and moves round the tree, running his hands over the bark, looking for something.

He finds it: the faded impression of a heart, scratched into the bark, with an 'M' and a 'C' inside. Mike runs a finger through the grooves, smiles.

He glances past the tree --

-- a BOY in school uniform watches him from the path.

Mike jerks to his feet.

When he looks again...there's no-one.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Mike sits at a table. The scrap of paper is in his hands. It's been ripped from a newspaper -- the top reads 'DEATHS', but the rest is shielded from view. He stares at it as if he hopes to find an answer in the black print.

He looks at his watch, reacts to the time, then picks up his holdall and heads for a door marked, 'GENTS'.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - TOILETS - CONTINUOUS

An INDIAN MAN uses the hand-dryer.

Mike enters, casts a furtive glance at him, then goes into a cubicle, locks the door.

The holdall UNZIPS.

MOMENTS LATER

Mike stands at the washbasins, now dressed in a suit, clean white shirt and black tie.

He checks his appearance in the mirror, pats down the suit, fiddles with the knot of his tie, runs a hand through his wild hair, strokes his stubbled chin. His eyes flick just a fraction to one side --

-- the BOY is reflected behind him.

Mike SPINS ROUND, eyes wide. No-one there. Spooked, Mike grabs his holdall off the floor and quickly leaves.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

A funeral is in process. The PRIEST reads from the Bible, and MOURNERS line the grave. One MAN, mid-sixties, in particular seems upset.

Mike, dressed in the suit, hands clasped in front of him, watches from a distance beneath the trees.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - AFTERNOON

Mike, now dressed in casual clothes again, walks down the street. He stops in front of one of the houses. He glances around -- no-one about. He opens the gate and enters the front garden.

He walks up to the front door, reaches into his pocket and pulls out a keyring with a FOOTBALL CLUB CREST on it. He picks out a key from the bunch, puts it in the lock.

He turns it, tentatively. The door unlocks with a CLICK. Smiling to himself, Mike pushes open the door and enters.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Mike closes the door, puts the holdall down on the ground.

He looks around the hallway.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens. Mike pokes his head in.

It's the bedroom of a teenage boy. Posters of bands, CDs, a football scarf on the wall and matching bedcovers -- the same club as Mike's keyring.

Mike comes further into the room. He gazes at everything, something like wonder on his face. He runs a hand through his hair in amazement.

He picks something off the shelf, sits on the bed, looks at it. It's a small BLUE BEAR, with 'BABY BOY' sewn into its belly. He shakes his head, looks at the photos and posters on the wall. Sighs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike enters, walks towards the mantelpiece. He spots a FRAMED PHOTO, leans in to look at it.

It's a family holiday snap -- a younger version of the MAN AT THE FUNERAL, a WOMAN, and a YOUNGER MIKE, a smiling boy of ten, maybe eleven. They look happy.

Mike takes the frame off the mantelpiece. As he does so, he notices a WHITE ENVELOPE tucked behind it.

He reaches out, picks it up. The name 'MIKE' is handwritten on the front. He flips it over -- still sealed.

He frowns, considers for a moment, then slips it into his pocket. He puts the frame back on the mantelpiece, then turns and leaves.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mikes opens the gate, exits the front garden.

He takes a couple of paces, turns to look at the house one last time, then steadies the holdall and walks away.

INT. PUB - AFTERNOON

The air is filled with the chatter of the LOCALS.

Mike plays a slot machine in the corner. He drops a coin into it, starts punching the buttons. His pint rests on the top -- he reaches up and takes a drink.

The door opens and the MAN FROM THE FUNERAL enters. He wears a suit and an overcoat, and looks tired.

He goes to the bar, sits on the stool, places an order. A WOMAN comes up to him, puts a hand on his shoulder, says something comforting.

Mike takes another swig of his pint, emptying the glass. He turns to walk to the bar, but FREEZES when he sees the man. He looks older, more downbeat, but it's still recognisably the man from the photo on the mantelpiece.

His dad.

Mike stands still, indecision on his face. Does he go over? What could he possibly say? Slowly, he backs up, picks up his holdall, and leaves without being noticed.

EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING

By now the sun is setting, and Mike is alone in the cemetery. He stands at the grave he was watching earlier.

He reaches into his pocket, and pulls out the BEAR he took from the bedroom. He moves forward, kneels by the graveside, and places it at the foot of the tombstone. He reaches up and touches the engraved name with his fingertips.

ON THE TOMBSTONE:

*JOAN TURNER*

*LOVING WIFE AND MOTHER*

*BORN JULY 7TH, 1946*

*DIED FEBRUARY 18TH, 2010*

*REST IN PEACE*

Mike stands up, looks down at the tombstone one last time, then turns and walks away. He doesn't look back.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION - EVENING

Dull lights cast a faint gloom over the platform. Mike is the only person around.

His eyes are on the ENVELOPE in his hand. He stares at the handwritten word on the front.

He looks down the line: no train. He looks back down at the letter, sighs, then flips it over and opens it. He pulls out the contents -- one single sheet of folded paper. He unfolds it, reads the handwritten message.

*Mike,*

*I just wish you would have let me forgive you.*

*Mum x*

A tear runs down Mike's cheek. He reaches up to wipe it off, and THAT'S when he sees it --

-- the BOY stands further down the platform. Ten, maybe eleven years old. Blonde hair. Dressed in a school uniform.

Mike stares. It's the BOY FROM THE PHOTO. It's himself.

The two stare at each other. A train approaches, slows down.

Young Mike raises an arm, points straight at Mike. His voice is a hiss, all but drowned out by the train.

YOUNG MIKE  
Mur-der-er...

The train stops.

Mike holds the letter up towards the boy, then CRUMPLES it in a tightened fist. He lets it fall to the platform.

Young Mike's finger follows him as Mike steps forward, presses the button, and boards the train.

The train pulls away.

Young Mike stands alone on the platform, finger still outstretched, and just watches as the train moves further away...

...until it disappears, vanishing into the darkness.

FADE OUT