

The Good Boy

Revision 12

By

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0A EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE- NIGHT. 0A \*

It's a cold October night. We sit outside a row of old brick built Council Houses somewhere in south London. It's quiet. The orange street lights limply tinge the floor. Dogs bellow in the background. \*

*Super on screen: 11:15pm* \*

CUT TO: \*

1 INT. ELLIOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1

Close on a book about **JWM TURNER**. Classical music plays. \*

We slowly crawl along the carpet-less floor, the bed unmade, classic literature buried under yesterday's washing, Hemingway, Dickens, Austin. It's apparent this is an adolescent's room. A school bag hangs over the back of a chair. The room's messy but not dirty.

A boy sits at a desk, a small table lamp warmly glows the room. We get closer to him as he is writing something. He's young, mixed race - 17-ish, with an innocent face. He is still wearing his white school shirt from earlier that day. His striped tie loosely slung. **ELLIOT HENDERSON**. A quiet nobody - someone who tries to blend in at school. He is writing an important paper on his laptop (an old one). \*

He get's a little distracted - opens Facebook and sees a few pictures of a party. People having fun. Looks as if it's in a mansion somewhere. He flicks through a few photos... lands on one of EMILIE... he pauses. Likes it.. quickly tries to unlike it. \*

ELLIOT \*

Shit...Shit... \*

Sits back in his chair, hands on head in panic. \*

He needs a moment to realise the severity of what he just did. \*

Calms down a bit. \*

Beat \*

Elliott's laptop **pings**, a friend request from - \*

EMILIE a young, attractive girl. \*

Elliott's heart skips a beat. It's her. The CRUSH. \*

He accepts. Almost instantly he gets a message. \*

Emilie: *Hey Elliot, what are you up to?* \*

(CONTINUED)

Elliot panics a little -

Elliot: *Nothing, just at home. writing the English paper...* quickly deletes "English paper" re-types *watching a film.*

Emilie: *Fuck the paper, just come to my party!*

**CRASH!**

Something outside the room has smashed. Elliot quickly gets up to check.

ELLIOT (cont'd)

Mum?

Elliot quickly gets to...

2

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM -

2

The TV plays in the background. Laying on the floor is a middle-aged woman, very slim, a total mess. Elliot lifts her from the ground.

ELLIOT'S MOTHER

Steven, Is that you baby?

ELLIOT

No mum, It's me.

Elliot's mother in a moment of confusion.

Elliot struggles to lift her. Countless empty beer cans on the floor and table. He has to re-adjust his hearing aid. Elliot is daf in one ear, almost completely.

ELLIOT'S MOTHER

Oh, that's right, I forgot.

BEAT

ELLIOT'S MOTHER (cont'd)

Have you seen my lighter? I thought I dropped my lighter. I know it must be here somewhere.

She can just about get the words out.

ELLIOT

No mum.

He lays her on the sofa. She finds the lighter on the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT'S MOTHER

Here it is. Pass me the roll up.

Elliot just continues to get a blanket for her,

ELLIOT'S MOTHER (cont'd)

Did you hear me boy?

Get me that roll up.

Elliot hesitates but knows that look on his mum's face. The look you don't fuck with. The look that has haunted Elliot for the past 16 years of his life.

He passes her the roll up.

ELLIOT'S MOTHER (cont'd)

Where is your sister?

ELLIOT

She's sleeping.

ELLIOT'S MOTHER

Good.

ELLIOT

Have any letters come for me?

She can not hear him. She is now lost. Gone to the conscious world. Laughing at her favourite show on TV.

Elliot notices a letterotbler?















14A	INT. ELLIOT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT	14A	*
	Elliot on the edge of the sofa - the sound of silence fills the dark room - it's eerie - The <i>dog bark</i> from outside penetrates the dull buzz of the light bulb.		*
	He opens the letter - It's from Oxford.		*
	A quick expression of happiness quickly shifts to panic.		*
	We see over his shoulder... a Full offer of a scholarship. Everything Paid. In full.		*
14B	INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS.	14B	*
	The girl's face looks mortified. In slow motion, she falls back against the door. Instantly driven to tears.		*
	Still, in slow motion, she gets up and runs away towards the camera, we watch as people run to the toilet door, gathering around it, in horror.		*
15	OMIT	15	
16	OMIT	16	
16A	INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - HALL WAY	16A	*
	We sit in the hallway where they were talking. The painting on the wall is missing.		*
16B	INT. ELLIOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT	16B	*
	Elliot looks down the barrel of the camera in terror. What has he done!		*
17	OMIT	17	*
	<b>CUT TO BLACK</b>		*