THE QUIET LIFE

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

KYLE MURRAY, 13, skinny, pale with short cut blonde hair is sitting on the bottom step of the staircase and staring at the front door in front of him.

A dark silhouette of an adult is on the other side of it, visible through the glass.

They’re trying and failing over and over to get a key inside the lock.

Kyle watches on scared.

Again and again they’re fighting to get the key inside the lock.

A beat.

Eureka, it’s in and the front door is opened.

SCARLET MURRAY, 30, tall and pretty with long blonde hair stumbles in, she’s drunk.

She drops her keys to the floor and leaves the front door open behind her.

She sees Kyle on the bottom step, groans.

SCARLET
What are you doing here?

He stays silent.

She moves past him and struggles upstairs. Holding onto the banister she fights her way up to the top.

Kyle stands up, picks the keys up from the floor and pushes the front door back shut.

INT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Scarlet is knelling down at the toilet and being sick.

She’s a mess, wasted on alcohol.

Kyle appears in the doorway, watching on scared.

She’s now just dry heaving. Nothing left in her stomach to come up, but she stays at the toilet, just in case.
Scarlet stumbles out of the bathroom, she grabs a hold of the handle to her bedroom door.

Kyle remains close by, still just watching her.

She glances over at him, a mess.

She groans.

SCARLET
Just let mummy sleep, OK. I need you to be extra quiet, there's a good boy.

He nods.

She lets herself inside then slams the door shut behind her.

Kyle’s back to sitting on the bottom step, silence.

He looks up to the top of the stairs, listens for something, anything but nothing.

Kyle’s up at the sink. Holds a glass underneath the cold tap.

He then very slowly turns it on and fills the glass up to the top, trying his hardest not to make any noise at all.

Kyle’s sitting in the middle of the sofa, facing the switched off television.

Still in total silence.

He looks up at the ceiling, nothing.

Kyle’s outside, walking briskly along this empty city street alone.
Kyle sits crossed legged on the floor in front of his GRANDAD, 70, overweight, grey hair and still dressed in his pajamas.

GRANDAD
You want to come move in with me?

Kyle shakes his head.

GRANDAD (CONT’D)
Then what’s wrong?

KYLE
I want to help her.

GRANDAD
You can’t.

KYLE
But I think I can.

GRANDAD
She my daughter and I know it’s no good.

KYLE
And she’s my mum.

GRANDAD
I’m serious when I say you can move in here with me.

KYLE
I know you are.

GRANDAD
But?

Kyle shrugs.

GRANDAD (CONT’D)
Just say it. It’s OK.

KYLE
I don’t want to.

GRANDAD
Then what?

KYLE
I just want her to stop drinking so much.
GRANDAD
Many others have tried before you
to get that request through to her
but all have failed.

KYLE
You won’t come and talk to her with me?

Kyle’s grandad shakes his head.

GRANDAD
It won’t do any good.

KYLE
Then I’ll have to do it by myself.

A beat.

GRANDAD
Give up on it Kyle, it won’t work,
it’s over. She made her choice
about her life a long time ago.

Kyle stands up, turns around and heads for the door to leave.

KYLE
But I’m still going to try.

His grandad lets him go, no point trying to say anything else, knows he won’t listen.

INT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE – BATHROOM – DAY

Kyle’s at the toilet, staring down at the sick that his mum left behind. Blood mixed in with it.

He reaches out for the handle to flush it away.

He grimaces, knows it’s going to make a lot of noise.

A beat.

He flushes.

He spins around to face the closed bathroom door, still grimacing half expecting his mum to burst in and chastise him for doing it.

He comes back to the toilet, carefully closes the seat lid, hoping that will block the noise a little.
INT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE – UPSTAIRS LANDING – DAY

Kyle moves out of the bathroom, slowly closing the door shut behind him, silent.

He now stares at the closed door to his mum’s bedroom.

He creeps closer to it, turns his head to the side and places his ear against it, listens.

But nothing.

He reaches out for the door handle, but stops, too scared to try it.

INT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – DAY

Kyle’s at the fridge, slowly opens it, reaches in for a loaf of bread, butter and a couple of small packets of cheese and ham. What he’ll need for a sandwich.

He silently moves them over to the counter, gently placing them down.

Back to the fridge he pushes it ever so slowly closed. No sound made at all.

INT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE – FRONT ROOM – DAY

Kyle’s sitting in the middle of the sofa, enjoying his made sandwiches, still in silence.

EXT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE – DAY

Kyle standing at the lamppost outside the front of his house, his mobile phone in hand.

HANNAH HUSHER, 13, long plaited hair, short and pretty comes jogging up to him waving her own mobile phone at him.

She’s smiling, excited to see him.

HANNAH
Where have you been?

He holds a finger to his lips asking her to be quiet.

She stops, a little confused.

He moves over to her, reaching out and grabbing a hold of her first he pulls her away.
Kyle and Hannah are sitting on a bench together overlooking the park's large beautiful lake out in front of them.

Each still with their mobile phones in hand.

**HANNAH**

You can't just stop going to school.

He nods.

**KYLE**

I can for a little while, it's not going to be forever.

**HANNAH**

They've already been asking me when you're next going to be in?

**KYLE**

Who?

**HANNAH**

Teachers.

**KYLE**

I'll be back in a few days.

**HANNAH**

What's going on?

**KYLE**

My mum.

A beat.

**HANNAH**

Can you say?

He nods.

**KYLE**

I'm just trying to help her right now. She drinks. A lot. I want her to stop it.

**HANNAH**

Have you told her?

He shakes his head.
KYLE
I can’t.

HANNAH
Why not, I’m sure she’d listen?

He shrugs.

KYLE
All she does is sleep now.

INT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – DAY
Kyle’s at the fridge, slowly opens it up.
He points at the bottles of water inside it.
Hannah nods.

HANNAH
Yeah I’ll have one.
At the sound of her voice his eyes grow wide with panic.
He holds a finger to his lips, asking her to be quiet.
She can see he’s serious.
He grabs out two bottles then using his elbow very carefully closes the fridges door back shut.

INT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE – FRONT ROOM – DAY
Kyle sits with Hannah on the sofa, each with a bottle of water in hand.
He moves real close to her, whispers.

KYLE
I don’t want anything to wake her up, you’ve got to be quiet.
She nods, whispers.

HANNAH
I’m sorry.

KYLE
It’s OK, but I just want to let her sleep.
HANNAH
Is she ill?

KYLE
I don’t know.

HANNAH
When did she go to bed?

KYLE
Ages ago.

HANNAH
And it’s now the middle of the day Kyle?

KYLE
I don’t care.

She shurgs.

HANNAH
Maybe it would be good for her to get up and move about then. If you’re worried about her don’t you want to see her and talk to her as soon as?

KYLE
I can do it later.

HANNAH
You sure?

He nods.

KYLE
Whilst she’s asleep she’s not drinking.

HANNAH
But does she know you feel like this?

KYLE
No.

A beat.

HANNAH
When did she go to sleep do you know?
Two days ago.

Hannah’s worried.

INT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Hannah’s leading the way very slowly up the staircase, Kyle is staying close behind her.

He reaches out and grabs a hold of her wrist.

Still whispering.

KYLE
What are you going to do?

She glances over her shoulder at him.

HANNAH
You should check on her.

KYLE
But what are you going to do?

HANNAH
Wake her up.

He shakes his head, scared.

KYLE
She’ll get mad.

She smiles at him.

HANNAH
Don’t you want to see if she’s OK?

He nods.

They keep going.

INT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

Kyle points out his mum’s bedroom.

Hannah moves out in front of it.

She grabs a hold of it’s handle.

Kyle’s scared.
Hisses at her.

KYLE
Wait!
She hisses back at him.

HANNAH
It’s OK. I’m going to wait here, you can go in by yourself.

KYLE
But you’ll have to leave.

HANNAH
That’s OK.

KYLE
Maybe we should just leave it?

HANNAH
If you want to help?

KYLE
Yes.

HANNAH
Then wake her up and tell her.

She pulls the handle down and opens it up.

INT. KYLE’S GRANDDAD’S HOUSE - SCARLET’S BEDROOM - DAY
Kyle and Hannah stand together at the side of her bed, the room almost totally pitch black.
It’s hard to see her, covered up as she is by her bedsheets.
Both just staring at her.
A beat.
Silence.
Hannah then sudden lets out a gasp as she turns away, horrified.
Kyle reaches down and tries to shake his mum awake.
At first starting gentle but then putting more force behind it.
No good.
She’s dead.

EXT. KYLE MURRY’S HOUSE – DAY

Kyle’s sitting on the floor outside his house, head in his hands, crying. The front door left open behind him.

An ambulance is parked up on the road in front of him.

Hannah sits down next to him, places an arm around him.

HANNAH
Kyle, you need to call somebody?

He slowly lifts his head up, wipes away the tears with the back of his hand.

KYLE
But there’s nobody else. It was just me and her.

A beat.

HANNAH
I’ll help you then.

He looks across at her.

She smiles.

HANNAH (CONT’D)
I’m not going anywhere.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.