

CLOSET SPACE.

by

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EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - DAY

A Static mountain landscape stretches out.

Muted green pallets lash the landscape.

Clouds brooding over the mountains peek.

There is movement on the mountain range.

A dark morphing dot.

Moving closer, the dot seems to multiply.

Interweaving.

HOWLING. A pack of wolves.

SNARLING. Flashing teeth for scraps of meat.

Tearing at the corpse.

A Lamb, twitching, torn open.

Their snouts savage it's abdomen.

Pink flesh leeks a reluctant stream of blood.

INTO THE PINK FLESH.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHERS STUDIO - DAY

Looking through a pink translucent plastic.

A pair of eyes.

Disturbed, leaking eyes.

HEAVY BREATHING.

INT. COBURN HOUSE, DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A flickering torch shines in the dark, pages of a book.

An erotic image of a penis, 'Man in the polyester suit.'

The work of, Robert Mapplethorpe.

DAVID, 19 years old, thin, chewing on the cuff of his sleeve.

Turning the page, the torch jolts upwards.

Revealing clothing on hangers, cheap wood panelled walls.

David, is hiding in his closet.

CLICK. The torch dies off.

Listening...

The outside door CREEKS.

Carpet muffles the GROANING FLOOR BOARDS.

CLICK. Light claws under the threshold into the closet.

The spring in his mattress SQUEALS under *Her* weight.

AILEEN (O.S)

David, I.

He tenses at the sound of her voice.

SILENCE.

AILEEN (CONT'D)

This life. It didn't come easy,
most good things don't.

She takes a BREATH.

AILEEN (CONT'D)

I dare't let you go astray like,
him. This is our home.

GROANING FLOORBOARDS, edging closer to the closet.

Blocking out the light.

AILEEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

By god, you are hell by another
name. This land is much a part of
you as it is me. You'll love every
inch of it, till your hands are
hard as mine.

THUD. The cheap wooden doors clatter.

AILEEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I won't dirty my knees for you.

Footsteps trail off as the threshold of the closet door is filled with light.

The outside door CREEKS and slowly SNAPS shut.

CLICK. The dying light from the torch, contours David's face.

CLICK.

EXT. COBURN HOUSE, ULANS CHAMBER - DAY.

A small bared window looks out to a bleached pasture.

Baltic cold.

David looks out across the icy landscape.

Out towards his Mother: ALIEEN, 54, held with a sense of importance, strong commanding stance.

Dispersing bails of hay into a cow pen, on the back of a tractor.

He looks out to A938. Dead.

In the distance, a small RED DOT, swells.

Advancing on the road.

A red hatchback.

Putting his ear to the window.

Almost hearing the the WHINE of the engine.

Scrubbing out the 57 score tally from the blackboard.

Etching in a single strike.

Stepping back into the darkness of the room.

Looking down from David's reflection in the Mirrored ceiling.

Surrounded by flagstone walls.

ULAN

I'll be out of here one day boy,
like that motor you saw. Won't be a
jif now.

David turns towards Ulan, looking up the thin blue silk sheets.

ULAN, a fatigued half naked man, greying skin, clinging to stands of muscle and deep cellulose dimples. Purple bruises up and down his arms, 74 years old.

An I.V runs from his arm to a bag of fluid on a metal rod.

David approaches his Father's bedside.

Joining hands, he slips out of the silk sheets.

INT. COBURN HOUSE, ULAN'S CHAMBER, BATHROOM - DAY.

Sponge being wrung out.

Water trickling back into the tub.

David examines Ulan's hunched back.

Bruises. Black and blue.

The humps of his spine, excentuated by the flickering shadows of candle light.

David wrings the sponge over Ulan's back.

ULAN

Deploy in 12 days. I'll tell you what, 3 months without a good lookin'. Cor, I love my country, but fuck me.

David's eyes follow droplets rolling down Ulan's spine.

ULAN(CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong I'm not, like that. But what'd they expect, a man has needs. Daft cunts.

Over keloid scars, and long stray hairs.

Over discoloured patches of skin, down the small of his back.

Into the tub.

ULAN(CONT'D)

You're like a statue you are, I can talk the back legs off a donkey, but not you. Specially for a squadie. 'ere ar, get my front.

Deeper into the water, transcending into black.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHERS STUDIO -DAY

Dark.

FLASHBULB illuminates a white sheen on a pink translucent plastic.

FLASH. A MAN'S feet pressing down on the pink translucent plastic...It's the rubber ring around a paddling pool.

ULAN(V.O)

That's it.

JINGLING CHAINS. Fumbling sounds in the dark.

FLASHBULB. Toothless mouth held open by cable hooks.

ULAN(V.O) (CONT'D)

Get my corey.

FLASHBULB. David's eyes, desperately searching ours.

ULAN(V.O) (CONT'D)

Go'n fella, I don't bite.

JINGLING CHAINS BECOME RHYTHMIC.

FLASHBULB. David lamenting in a child's swimming pool, hand prints on his neck.

ULAN(V.O) (CONT'D)

Yeah.

FLASHBULB. David impersonating Mapplethorpe's 'Self portrait, portfolio x.' Bullwhip inserted into himself, the tail connecting us to him.

ULAN(V.O) (CONT'D)

Stan...Stan.

INT. COBURN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Aileen is laying on the floor with her torso partially under the sink.

David rests against the counter top, his hand on the tap.

AILEEN

Turn it.

Words fallen on deaf ears.

AILEEN (CONT'D)

Turn it, would you.

The spaceman returns to earth, doing as was asked of him.

Water SPLUTTERS from the tap, transitioning into a flow.

Aileen winces out from under the sink.

Back to SPLUTTERING again.

Aileen stabilises her herself against the basin.

AILEEN (CONT'D)
The water when you bathed Pa, was
it like this?

He shakes his head.

AILEEN (CONT'D)
How-

DEEP BREATH.

AILEEN(CONT'D)
Was he--

DAVID
--He's fine, yeah.

CRACK. She shuts off the spluttering tap.

AILEEN
Get me a hacksaw from Eogan's would
you. Ours is broken.

He turns to leave.

AILEEN (CONT'D)
Take a Mac--

DOOR SLAMS.

AILEEN (CONT'D)
Christ.

The tap DRIPS.

EXT. A938 - DAY

Torrential rain scorns the concrete.

Squelching in David's boots.

His house now shrunken in the distance.

He stops, seeming to shrink with it.

Ahead of him, a red hatch back at the side of the road.

David walks faster, catching up.

LIGHTNING STRIKES in the distance.

Approaching the car, David looks into the steamy windows.

THUNDER.

Making out the FIGURE wrapped in a blanket.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. David taps on the window.

It only fidgets.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

It stirs. Wincing through.

Wiping away a circle of condensation.

Peering through, seeing David. He immediately opens the door, revealing himself.

SHANE, 32, short spiky hair, gold chain around his neck bridging the texture of his hairy chest and the woollen knit blanket.

SHANE

Jump in.

Hesitates.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Before you catch a cold, C'mon.

DAVID

Err.

David gets in reluctantly, perhaps even shamefully.

SHANE

Sorry a--

DAVID

--Hi.

SHANE

Hi.

SILENCE.

David's eyes linger on his chest.

Shrugging off his coat in the exotic climate of the car.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Obviously, I've broken down,
wondered if you might know anyone?
That could help?

Clashing colours of patchwork blankets.

Pink fluffy hand cuffs dangle from the rearview mirror.
David shakes his head. A resounding NO.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Really? I mean...

Awkward.

They make eye contact.

DAVID
I live two and a half miles back.
I'd have to ask, but my Ma could.

SHANE
Your Mum?

DAVID
Yeah. Ma.

SILENCE.

SHANE
Alright.

Shane wriggle's under the blanket.

SHANE (CONT'D)
I'll put some cloths on.

David open's the door.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Where you going?

DAVID
You said--

SHANE
Nah, it's no bother. It's wet out
there, you'll get, wet. I'll just
um-

David slowly pulls the door shut.

Shane retreats into the darkness of the passenger cabin,
vaguely using the blanket to shield his body.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Just sort myself out, back 'ere.

David rests his head against the seat.

Listening to the rain dancing on the roof.

Watching the blurred landscape through the rain washing over the windshield.

His eyes drift to the rearview mirror.

Moving body parts.

Flesh.

He look's away.

Pulling the rain mac over crotch.

Shameful desire.

Back at the rearview mirror again.

Eye contact.

Shane emerges, leaning into the front cabin.

Naked.

SHANE

Sorry, mate I think your--

DAVID

Sorry.

David manoeuvres in his seat.

Going red.

CHAINS RINGING IN HIS EAR.

Pulling a jock strap from under him.

His head spinning out of control.

David crosses his legs.

Handing it over.

Looking at Shane's arm.

Coloured crimson with bruises.

Puncture wounds and scars look like a fleshy microcosm.

Blue veins like a filament wire.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHERS STUDIO - DAY

FLASH BULB.

A man's pink shirt pulled tight over his shoulder blades.
Threads winding from the seams of the shoulders.

HISSING.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

Heightened sound of the wheat RATTLING in the wind.
Dancing in the sunlight.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHERS STUDIO - DAY

A flogger is dragged against a man's back.

INT. COBURN HOUSE, DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

FLASH.

Wolves tare at a corpse.
Pulling Aileen limb from limb, atop the silk sheets.
LIGHTNING.

EXT. A938, RED HATCHBACK- DAY

David entranced.

SHANE

Alright, let's get move on.

Shane sitting in the drivers seat, fully clothed.

David nods.

Shane opens the door.

David pulls at his arm

DAVID

Wait.

He stops.

SHANE

What?

David's hand climb the length of Shane's polyester shirt.

DAVID

We should wait.

Pulling a loose thread from the seam of his shoulder.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You'll freeze.

Shane sit's back in the chair. Thinking.

SHANE

And if it takes all night?

DAVID

Been waiting 19 years for the rain
to stop.

Shane closes the door.

David's face painted red.

Quiet. Outed.

David looks down at his shoes.

BLEEP.

PINK LIGHT emits from the stereo.

BLEEP. Dance music pulses within the car.

David looks to Shane, rolling a cigarette.

SHANE

You've been inside, all that time.

He nods. Shamefully.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Don't shy away from it, feels good
to get wet.

DAVID

I wouldn't know.

Shane sparks up.

David shrugs out of his jumper.

Shane watches him curious.

Shane exhales. Holding up a rollie between his fingers.

SHANE

Bet, you've never.

Car filling with light smoke.

David pinches the rollup from Shane's fingers.

Nursing the roach between his lips with inexperience.

Choking.

Shane chuckles.

DAVID

That hurt.

He passes it back.

SHANE

First time always hurts.

Their hands touching.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Here, let me.

He takes a drag.

The ember burns red.

He clambers over.

Straddling David.

Gently prying his mouth open with a thumb.

Blowing into it.

Lips almost touching.

David exhales.

Their eyes meet.

DAVID

I wanna get wet.

Shane smiles.

EXT. A938 - DAY

David and Shane run in the rain together.

Playing. Laughing. Just kids.

Shane's shirt sticking to his skin.

They run into the distance.

Black clouds hangover them. Slowly giving chase.

LIGHTNING.

INT. COBURN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

THUNDER.

It's dark out.

Aileen fixed on the window.

Rain obscuring her view.

CLUNK. The back door opens.

David walks in.

Aileen approaches him, leading with the back of her hand.

Seeing shane, she's caught of guard.

AILEEN

Go on then, explain.

Awkward.

DAVID

Ma, this i--

SMACK. She strikes him.

SILENCE.

SHANE

I should--

AILEEN

Yes. You should.

HUFF. She checks her watch.

Shane quietly exits.

David, sitting shoulders back, head down.

She examines the back of her hand.

Holds it. Hurts.

She caresses her hand.

AILEEN (CONT'D)

The hack saw?

Silence.

She scoffs.

AILEEN (CONT'D)

You Boys. You're all the same. You hurt people. Break things. Till there's...nothing, Just. Just mess.

He looks up at her, seeing despair in her eyes.

DAVID

I don't - break. I've never, I am not like that.

Unfamiliar interrogation.

AILEEN

All the time. Tap. Door hinge, toilet seat, locks, walls, chairs, tools--

DAVID

If I do, If I am like that. Then Why, wh--why d'you make me stay?

AILEEN

--I've noted it. It's endless. Pathetic really.

DAVID

Pathetic?

AILEEN

Oh for Christ Sake, David. Man up--

DAVID

Everything's bust 'cause, you. Y'hate everything!

AILEEN

For the love of christ. Y'doing it
right-flipping-now.

SILENCE.

Looking down at his nervous shaking leg.

Confused.

CRASH. Her arm crumples into the counter.

A cemetery of broken glass.

Smashed to pieces at her feet.

David, shocked stiff.

Nervous leg now bolted down.

Aileen stabilising herself against the basin.

CRACK. Slamming her shoe into broken nicknacks.

Seething.

David stands up. Cogs turing inside his head.

She looks up into the darkened window.

AILEEN

I told you, you Boys...

Seeing her Son, approaching.

DAVID

Break.

Streaching out his hand.

Almost frightened to touch her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Things..

Hand inching closer.

Recoiling from the prospect of human touch.

Aileen takes the broom.

Drying her eyes with a single swipe of her hand.

Sweeping.

Scared to ask, he lingers.

AILEEN
Dust pan, get the dust pan.

David gets the pan.

He reaches to take the broom from her.

AILEEN (CONT'D)
No.

She clings to it.

He pries it from her grip.

She retires to the bench as David sweeps.

Pieces of glass tinker across the floor.

AILEEN (CONT'D)
Pa. He was...

David frozen.

AILEEN (CONT'D)
He was unfaithful. Some poof on his
battalion. We were done anyway.
Done and dusted.

He holds his stomach.

Vomit. Straight into the sink.

Wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

His eyes give it all away.

AILEEN
David?

He sinks into the broken glass.

Aileen slides across the floor.

Pulling his knees into his chest.

AILEEN (CONT'D)
It's okay. You're okay.

David shrinks into himself.

She melts into him.

EXHALE. Their breathing in sync.

Mother and Son.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT.

Two lanterns wobbling in the darkness.

Excavating Shane and David, from the darkness of the night.

SHANE

What we doing out here?

Warm light licks the rolling waves of their clothing.

DAVID

I stop out here at times. And with
the leek I...

SHANE

It's dark, wet- I bet theres
another fat ass bed somewhere in
that house. Let's--

David stops in his tracks, turning to face shane.

DAVID

--What? No, just trust me on this,
okay.

Uncomfortable.

Shane Nods.

David, leads Shane to the large barn doors.

He scrutinises over a chain of keys.

Shane shifts his weight between his feet.

Keys clatter to the ground, David picks them up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'll be quick.

Tries a key, nope.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know which one it is, I just.
Sorry.

Tries again, CLUNK.

Shane scurrying in.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

David closes the door behind them.

He looks at Shane peeling off his shirt.

SHANE

Mate, I'm soaked.

DAVID

But it feels good?

David's eyes wonder the chiselled contours of Shane's body.

Approaching.

SHANE

If pneumonia's your idea of a party.

David's voice breaks a little.

He pulls a thick blanket out from the store.

DAVID

Here.

David approaches with caution.

Shane snatches the blanket.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Are you--

SHANE

--Yeah. Fan-fucking-tastic.

A small leak in the corrugated roof, drips on Shane's face.

SPLUTTERS. SPITTING.

Wiping his face, agitated.

Eye-contact.

David's hand nervously jitters towards the mezzanine.

DAVID

Uh...

Head down. Wobbling over to the ladder.

Once at the top he looks down, Shane still standing in the same spot.

Shane follows, reluctantly.

Shane takes David's hand, maneuvering the last few steps.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This way.

David gets down on all fours, shoving a bail of hay aside.
Revealing a tunnel in the stack.

SHANE

In, in there?

David Nods.

David enters. Shane reluctantly follows.

INT. BARN, HAY BAIL FORT - NIGHT.

Amber haze of the lanterns washes a dim light over the space.

SHANE

What is this?

CLICK. Lights up. A myriad of colours. Textures.

DAVID

A secret.

Shane's knees shuffle along a collection of Persian rugs.

Shane's fingers scratch the veneer of dust of old baby photos. Held in place with crochet needles.

SHANE

You?

DAVID

Uh-hmn.

Weak smile.

David blows into an old Dolls house.

Disturbing a large moth inside.

Wings too big to fly.

SHANE

What is that?

They watch the Beautiful creature slowly maneuverer it's prison.

David opens the doll house.

Watching it flutter away.

Shane eyes conspicuously move to David.

Then scanning the room.

Old cameras. Film clips. Beach scene backdrop. Rouge lipstick.

A whip.

DAVID

D'you wanna stay, here, the night?

Shane keeps himself busy.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You don't have to, I just thought,
with the leek-

Fingers twitching at wet denim waistband.

SHANE

Together?

DAVID

Together. If-if you want?

He grunts in reply, with his back towards David.

David nods, handing over a sheepskin blanket.

Eyes, unashamedly on shane.

Their gaze held. Stalemate.

His thumb strokes the coarse hair on his abdomen.

Down to the rough, wet waistband.

David's throat clenches.

Shane turns. Checkmate.

Blanket defending his modesty.

David lays down on the floor. Shane follows.

Eyes meet through the Dolls house.

Shane pulls a long stem of hey out from a bail.

Pushing it through.

Outlining the architecture of David's lips.

He bites it.

Slowly, Shane drops it.

SHANE

G'Night.

Shane turns over.

CLICK. David left in the dark.

David climbs under the blanket, facing away from him.

Shane head bobs, checking on David.

AWKWARD SILENCE LINGERS.

The pair are dwarfed by the surrounding darkness.

The hey bale fort shrunken in the expanse of the infinite black.

Until it's not even a spec.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHERS STUDIO - NIGHT

FLASHBULB: A faded, busy times square back drop. A Phone box

David's lips.

DAVID

You lied.

Fly buzzing at the dim flickering florescent light, in the phone box.

Shane's face sweating, eyes closed in meditation, phone idly resting between his cheek and shoulder.

Leaning into the glass.

SHANE

Here, why'd you- bring me here,
really?

DAVID

About getting wet. You lied.

Fly lands on Shanes hairy chest, swat.

David touches his bare chest, thick with sweat.

SHANE

What? You fuckin- what? Are you
pissed your not getting any?

David stares through the lens of a camera.

FLASH.

DAVID

Why're you here? No one just drives
out here.

David circling the phone box.

SHANE

That's not... Look, you offered to
put me up.

DAVID

After you lead me on.

Shane opens his eyes.

Looking into David, through the worn glass.

SHANE

Okay. Y'know, what? I don't have to
explain, not t'anyone.

DAVID

Am I, just anyone?

Shane's mouth moves but the words fail to push past his
lips.

Message understood, David begins to walk away.

SHANE

Shit, look, I didn't. Wait.

Shane opens the door.

An assault of noise, busy city roads, and chattering city
dwellers.

He latches on to davids arm.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Look, I Like you but we've just met. An why I am here, the reason. Is, it's personal and...I...I?

David pulls his arm from Shanes grip.

DAVID

You just needed somewhere to stay.

David glares at him, moving into another part of the studio.

Pink lights, bondage swing, and strange seedy contraptions.

Confused. Shane pursues him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

She was right. Their all the same.

The chorus of the city metamorphosis into a manic wall of sound.

Shouting, jeering, sirens and drunken shrieks.

Shane catches up.

SHANE

This is what you want isn't? For me to chase you and fulfil some fucked up closet kids fantasy. But this isn't about you.

Chorus of the city becomes more aggressive.

David lunges.

They crash into the pouch of the swing.

Chaines rattling in their ears.

David FLASH'S the camera in Shane's eyes.

Shane wrenches him out.

Slammed up against the phone box.

Hand on his throat.

DAVID

Break me. Go on.

BLUE AND RED. Sound of an ambulance whirling past.

Shane grunts defeated. Restraint bursting at the seams.

David lifts his chin.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You should leave.

David's paws wincing him closer.

Foreheads touching

SHANE
I can't.

Face to face.

DAVID
Get. out.

Curling lips. Almost touch.

SHANE
I'm positive.

Eyes connect.

Shane takes a sharp breath in.

INT. BARN, HEY BAIL FORT - NIGHT.

David on top, shifting out of him.

Scrambling to the opposite end of the blanket.

A hostile atmosphere between them.

SHANE
I was--

DAVID
--Don't.

David gets to his feet, armoured with a blanket.

DAVID (CONT'D)
How long?

SHANE
Been driving 8 days now.

David holds the distance between them.

Shane tries to look him in the eyes.

His gaze weighted with guilt.

The silence hanging between them.

Shane takes the hint.

He approaches David at a distance.

Contemplating a farewell hug.

David looks away.

Awkward.

Shane begins to put on his wet cloths.

David scrutinises every fumbling nuance.

Shakey fingers fastening the buttons on his shirt.

One...Two...

Fussing over three. Can't. quite. Get.

Tearing out the shirt.

Throwing it at the floor.

DAVID

You can-can stay.

Shane mussels his face into David's neck.

David staggers back.

Putting the distance of an arm between them.

EXT. A938, TRACTOR - DAY

Heavy rain cascades down the windshield of the moving tractor.

SWIPE. The windshield wiper reveals, Aileen at the wheel, David and Shane in the passenger seats.

SILENCE.

Shane sits quietly, twisting a ring on his finger.

AILEEN

Whose the lucky lady.

SHANE

What's that?

AILEEN

You've a wife, children?

SHANE

No, none. He your only?

David looks to shanes direction.

Body closed off.

AILEEN

Suppose you got deeper pockets
then, ay--

DAVID

Ma!

Shane chuckles.

SHANE

You could say that.

Aileen leans forward peering through the windshield.

AILEEN

Yeah, he's my only.

The tractor pulls up behind the red hatchback.

Shane hops out, Aileen unclips her seat belt.

AILEEN (CONT'D)

Deeper pockets, eh? Ain't a mans
car.

SLAM. Pulls her jacket over her head.

Lifting the bonnet up.

David's view is obscured. He looks into the wing mirror deep
into the converging lines of the road, leading him back
home.

He rolls down the window. He can hear the hatchback coming
to life.

He watches the outline of his mother move behind the bonnet,
as if she was shaking Shane's hand.

SLAM. The bonnet comes down and Aileen enters the cabin.

Her mouth is moving but no words.

David sees nothing but a red shape glide away, under the film of raindrops.

He places his hand on the door handle.

He watches the red blur shrink, moving further away.

EXT. A938, RED HATCHBACK- DAY

Shane listens to the static on the radio, a roll up between his fingers at 9 and 2.

Looking into the rear view mirror.

In between the swiping windshield wipers and hazing rain, there is a boy.

Running behind him.

Tirelessly.

A Tractor close behind him.

SCREECH. Shane hits the breaks.

Tail lights beam red.

The hatchback reverses down the road.

The boy starts to look life size again.

BREAKS.

Door opens, David flops in.

Shifting to gear

Their out of there.

Tractor sits idle at the side the road, shrinking.

David lays in the back.

PANTING.

Hair dripping with rain.

Shane passes a blanket from the passenger seat.

David sits up.

Their eyes connect in the rearview mirror.

Realisation sets in.

SHANE

--I'm sorry.

DAVID

--Stop.

The car gradually slows to a stop.

SILENCE.

Shane looks at him through the rearview mirror.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What's your name.

SHANE

Shane.

David breaks off eye contact.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You?

DAVID

David.

Shane grips the steering wheel.

The rain starts to clear.

SHANE

I'll come back.

David leans into the passenger cabin.

DAVID

I can't leave her. Not like this.

SILENCE.

SHANE

Alright.

Shane takes off his gold chain.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Look after this for me.

Shane fastens the gold chain around David's neck.

DAVID

Are you sure?

SHANE.

Look after your Mum. I'll be back
for this alright.

David smiles.

He places his hand on Shane's shoulder before leaving.

DAVID

Don't go running in the rain
without me.

He exits the car.

The rear window frames the mountain in the distance.

DANCE MUSIC pulsating in the car.

David, walking along the concrete.

He turns back, looking at the car.

Eventually becoming a small red dot, making it's way towards
the mountain.

END