

Father: Bald, bespectacled, late middle-aged; somewhat defeated
Driving

Mother
mousey and drab of dress, with sleep mask and headphones on
listening to music.

Daughter, Harriet: Aged 15 yrs. Pretty girl with longish hair, Goth clothing and a health bracelet.
Watching trees going by with romantic novel in her lap.

Son, Jim: Aged 17 yrs. Quite good-looking boy. Playing a particularly gory game on his iPad

JIM:
So where is this house, then?

FATHER:
Easy, Jim, we're just here, now.
It's this turning here

HARRIET:
FATHER!!!

A dog runs out in front of car, as dad swings into the drive. Dad hits the brakes. There is a squeal of brakes. Dad hurriedly unfastening his seat-belt and getting entangled in it

FATHER:
Oh, my god!..... Did I hit it?

Mum removes her earphones and mask

MOTHER:
Really Stan, your driving is
getting more erratic...

Jim is unfastening seat belt

JIM:
MOTHER! He's hit

MOTHER:
Who has?

DAD has!

JIM:

DAD has!

HARRIET:

Jim and Harriet join dad at the front of the car. Small dead dog lying with all four paws in the air. Jim staring with open-mouthed horror; Harriet hands over eyes, half looking through fingers. Dad shaking his head and looking bemusedly at the dog.

JIM:
You've done it now! I'll bet it's
the local cop's dog, or maybe. Even
the vicar's!

Mum appearing at their side.

MOTHER:
Oh! Oh dear! I wonder what it was
called? Perhaps we could report it
to...

JIM:
...Never mind reporting it! Quick!
Hide it! It'll...

A woman's voice is heard

BERYL
Cooeee! Anyone there? Hell...

Coming around the shrubs, and sees dog.

Late middle-aged; a little over-weight; garishly dressed with high-heels and lots of eye-shadow.

BERYL (CONT'D)
...o?!... Oh, dear! Gnasher
doesn't look too good. Gerald!

Man comes around shrubs

BERYL (CONT'D)
Gnasher's been hit again!

GERALD:
Late middle-aged flat-cap shirt with small ceck; oil-skin jerkin; pale trousers; wellingtons; smiling in a friendly manner; and only a bit disconcerted.

Oh!... Poor old boogger! Well...
there's one thing to be said about
it, Beryl: 'e won't be running out
in front of cars, again.

Beryl addresses mother

BERYL
Oh, 'e were a beggar, that one! So
was it you that hit 'im, then,
dear?

Friendly enquiring tone

MOTHER:

Me? No, no, not me!

GERALD:

You'll be the new people, then!
Just moving in, are you?

FATHER:

Yes, we're...oh, look here. I'm
ever so sorry about your little
do...

BERYL:

Oh, don't you bother, love. There's
a pet shop down the road. They're
dead cheap an...

GERALD:

(roaring out)

Aghhhh! Egh! Egh! DEAD cheap! Get
it? DEAD cheap! God you're a laugh,
Beryl! No, but, seriously, people,
we're Gerald and Beryl, and what's
your names, then?

FATHER:

Well, we're Evelyn and Stan, and
our daughter is Harriet and our son
is called Jim.

BERYL:

Well, hello to you all! Now if you
want anything, while you're moving
in, just give us a call. We're just
next-door, you know. Come on,
Gerald! We don't want to hold these
good people up. Just grab Gnasher's
back legs... He'll be fine for the
compost...environmental like!

She moves off and Gerald grabs Gnasher's back legs and
follows her dangling the dog.

Mum calls after them

MOTHER:

Er, thank you and sorry
about.....ummmm....

2

CAR PARK

2

Family pull onto the car-park.

JIM:

Well, I suppose we had better get unloading. I hope the removers haven't lost half my stuff, like last time!

Mother getting out of the car and looking up at the front of the house.

MOTHER:

I've only seen the photo of it you showed me, Stan. I hope it's OK....

FATHER:

Of course it is OK, Evelyn, don't you worry.

HARRIET:

Well I like it, dad. It's awesome!

FATHER:

Thanks, Harriet. It's got a decent kitchen which was one of the reasons why we chose it. I know that I don't have to work at the restaurant, now that we have inherited my mother's money, but I thought that I would stay active and work on a few new recipes, and such-like...to keep my hand in.

MOTHER:

(timidly)

Maybe we could have some people round to a proper dinner party, you know....?

JIM:

What? You? You've never had

Affected upper class voice

JIM: (CONT'D)

...a dinnah pahhhteeeee in your life! You wouldn't know what to do!

HARRIET:

Don't listen to him, mum! Come on! I want to see which is my room

Harriet grabs her mum's hand and drags her away from the car

3

HALLWAY OF HOUSE

3

Family come in at the door. Jim looking up the stairs

JIM:

So where's mine, then?

Mum rummages in her handbag

MOTHER:

Oh, your bedroom is first right off the landing, dear. I hope that you like it. We are thinking that we could redecorate it for you.....

JIM:

.....Just leave it out, mum....yeh, yeh!.... blue paint for boys, and a duvet with batman on it, probably!

Crossing the hall and runs up the stairs

MOTHER:

Oh, well, I just thou.....

FATHER:

(absent-mindedly)

Mum, I'm just down seeing what the removal men have done to my kitchen, if that's alright with you, dear....?

MOTHER:

Oh, yes, I'll just....hmmm, yes....

wanders off upstairs to her bedroom. Harriet finishes tying her shoes, runs across the hallway, careers upstairs, too, and pushes her mother's bottom up the stairs, irritatedly.

HARRIET:

...."Coming up the left inside track Mrs Shaw's bottom is heading for the Home straight-It looks like Mrs Shaw's bottom is going to be favourite in this race as she approaches the final water..."

MOTHER:

...Harriet dear...!

Remonstrates weakly at being manhandled. They vanish over the top of the stairs

4

UPPER HALLWAY

4

Dad off scene, in a bedroom, calls out. Coming out of the bathroom and adjusting his trousers.

FATHER:
Evelyn! The water doesn't
work in the unsuited!

MOTHER:
Stan! There's no water in the
loo!

Mother walks into Jim's room.

MOTHER: (CONT'D)
Have you tried any of the taps,
Jim....I can't get them to
wor....ugh!

Jim is lying on his back with his legs and arms in the air
and his eyes closed.

JIM:
....oops, sorry, mum, just
communing with the spirit of
Gnasher...

Stops pose and twists around, prone, to talk.

MOTHER:
Well, that's rather bad taste,
dear. Your father didn't mean.

Dad coming into Jim's room.

FATHER:
I've turned the water on at the
stopcock, but still nothing.

JIM:
There's some free papers in the
hall. Bet they've got an ad for a
plumber.

FATHER:
Thanks.

Dad leaves with mum.
Jim goes back to legs up, 'communing' position.

5

HARRIET'S BEDROOM

5

Harriet is sorting through her belongings and sees an old ornamental box. She goes to pick it up.

... creepy horror-style music begins.

HARRIET:

Not seen YOU before. Must have been here before us....

Music gets worse.

HARRIET: (CONT'D)

weird.....

Harriet goes into the kitchen. Music gets creepier and louder. Harriet holds the box up for her dad to see, but Dad is consulting the newspaper page.

FATHER:

ummmm, Davis plumbers...umm, too far away, oh,...Attack plumbers...sounds interesting

The music get even louder and creepier.

HARRIET:

Daaad...?.....Have you got a knife, then?

FATHER:

(absent-mindedly)

Yes, dear picking phone up
0..0219...mmm...mm..mmmmmm....

Harriet rummages around in cutlery drawer and comes out with a big carving knife....

Music climaxing horrendously

Harriet attempts to pry open the lid, but fails and turns to her father to ask him to help, but he is busy on the phone.

FATHER: (CONT'D)

Oh, hello, is that Mr. Ratchett?
No, of course, sorry, I meant that is this the WIFE of Mr. Ratchett, obviously, I realise that I am speaking to the home, well, not the house, I mean the wife....er, yes, ...of, of the plumber....is Mr. Ratchett in? Thank you, yes...

Father waits for Mr. Ratchette to come to the 'phone, and Harriet, with dumbshow, attempts to get him to pry off the lid of the music box, which dad refuses, because he is busy .

FATHER: (CONT'D)

Oh, hello, is this Mr. Ratchett?
Would it be possible for you to
come out today, because we have no
water, please? Oh, we're in the
village, just down the road from
you on Hakanoa St.....oh, yes,
could you say how much,
please?.....of course, a piece of
string, quite....oh, plus call
out...HOW much?! Oh, is it always
eight times as much at the weekend,
then? Gosh, yes, well we do need
water, I suppose, and the garbage
thing in the sink seems to be
stuck, too.....Thank you.....
oh, soon, then,? Excellent, thank
you. We're at no.256, thank you.

Mum coming into the kitchen with a box of belongings,
followed by Jim, also with a large box of belongings

MOTHER:

Did you find someone, then, Stan?

JIM:

Where shall I put this, Mum?

MOTHER:

Just on the table, dear

FATHER:

He's eight times the price just
because it's Saturday!

MOTHER:

Dear me! But I suppose we have to
pay, him, or we won't get any
water....

HARRIET:

Look everyone, I've found a
musical box .

Harriette holds up the music box

MOTHER:

Careful, dear, you don't know where
it's been....

Reaches put towards the box

HARRIET:

It's MINE! You can't have it.

Jim taking a garlic press out of the box

JIM:

Dad! What's this for?

FATHER:

Look, you people! Please will you leave the kitchen and let me get on? Go and do your own rooms!

Mum and Jim go out of the kitchen

HARRIET:

You're not a chef, NOW, dad. You've chucked the job, so it's not YOUR kitchen.

FATHER:

I was only a sous chef: not THE chef

HARRIET : (SHRUGGING)

Figures!

Harriet flounces out, as a knock is heard on the back door, which dad answers

FATHER:

Hello, are you Mr. Ratchett?

PLUMBER:

Middle-aged; European; Slim; ferrety-looking with greasy hair
Goes to look under the sink and turns on a tap under there.

Yup, let me at it. Look, just need to turn this secondary cock, here, and then voila! Turns sink tap Water! Now, what about this garbage gulper?

FATHER:

Well, we haven't actually had anything done to it. It was just here when....

PLUMBER:

Oh, well, if you're happy to run a kitchen with inferior appliances...I mean it won't be MY neck on the chopping board, when everything packs in, will it?

FATHER:

(timidly)

I only thought that you could perhaps clear the obstruction, and if....

PLUMBER:

Oh, "obstruction" is it? And do you think that that is actually a hydro-engineering expression, do you, Mr. Shaw?

FATHER:

No, well, I mean, I just thought that maybe it was just a.....

PLUMBER:

"Just a " nothing. A REAL kitchen has working appliances that carry out the sanitary requirements laid down by the 2015 Domestic Appliance Regulations regarding the affixation of working sub sinkage hydro mechanical appurtenances, Mr. Shaw. I wouldn't be saying anything to anyone, BUT, would you really want me just to be looking for blockages, when what you really need is an up to date, I.e. NEW system..?

FATHER:

Er,New system? Um, how much would I be looking at, Mr. Ratchet, um, do you think?

PLUMBER:

Rummaging in his tool trug
Ooh! Well! You've really put me on the spot, you have now...

FATHER:

Oh, sorry. I just thought that perhaps if you had some sort of idea.....

PLUMBER:

Oh, "idea" is it? Well, how long is a piece of string? I suppose that you think that I just go around with these figures in me 'ead?

FATHER:

I am sorry, Mr Ratchett, but it's just that if you think that I should get a new garbage gulper, perhaps you would be so kind as to give me an estimate...or perhaps...

PLUMBER:

Yes, well, perhaps I can put aside a little of my spare time to help you with your dilemma, Mr. Shaw. These things don't come cheap, you know, though...

Beryl sticks her head around the kitchen door

BERYL:

Cooooe! Anyone home? It's just me from next door, again. Just come to.....good grief, if it isn't Mr. Ratshit!

PLUMBER:

'Ere! It's Mr Ratchett to you, it is!

BERYL:

Wherever did you find HIM, Stan?

FATHER:

I found Mr. Ratchett, here, under Plumbers, in the Yellow Pages...

BERYL:

Comming int the kitchen and standing, looking at Mr. Ratchet with her hands on her hips.

Hah! Plumber? HIM? Mr. Ratshit's an old fraud! He wired Elsie, next door's boiler up to the dead switch and blew all her lights, he did! He could have killed her! He worked for the council, on the bins.....YOU know more about plumbing than HE does!

FATHER:

Can I help you, er, Beryl?

BERYL:

What, me? Oh, yes: could I just have a cup of sugar, please?

Knock on door and it opens. It is Gerald who comes into the kitchen.

GERALD:

Have you got my wife, then? Well, you can KEEP her!

Gerald roars at his own 'joke'

BERYL:

Oh, Gerald! You Are a naughty boy,
then! Here's me just come to borrow
some sugar.....

PLUMBER:

Yes, and to cause some bloody
trouble!

GERALD:

(Looking at the plumber)
What do you...oh, well would I have
guessed!.... It's Mr.Ratshit!

PLUMBER:

RATCHETT! And your bloody mother
said...

GERALD:

Going face-to-face with the plumber
She's not my mother! She's my wife,
and you can keep a civil tongue in
your head, fellow me lad, 'cos you
shouldn't be plumbing and I can
call the authorities on you and get
you struck off!

PLUMBER:

Oh, yeh? And how would you get me
struck off if I'm not a plumber, in
the first place?

GERALD:

You know what I mean!

While Gerald and Mr. R are speaking
Beryl is speaking to dad

BERYL:

Proffering an empty mug
...so Stan, can you let me have a
cup of sugar, I'm clean out?

Father starts to fry onions and speaks over his shoulder

FATHER:

Er, do you want the refined
granulated, or unrefined demerara?
I've got the molasses sugar, or, of
course, there's the 'brown', which,
as far as I can tell seems to be
half way between the demerara and
the molasses?

Beryl's mouth hangs open

BERYL:

You whaaaat? I never knew sugar
were that complicated!

FATHER:

Turning from stove and facing Beryl with a distant,
preoccupied look in his eyes.

Well, it depends on what you want
it for. White is usually used for
tea, but the browns leave a rich
residue in your mouth and are
considered more appropriate for
coffee.....unless you're baking of
course and then it's castor, but...

Tries to move the music box which is in his way

FATHER: (CONT'D)

could you just....?

BERYL:

What? Oh, move it? OK.

Beryl picks the box up, examines it, and then, after a
second, moves music box to the table without opening it .

Jim coming in to the kitchen

JIM:

Daaaad? When are we eating, I'm
starving!

Jim picks up music box [sinister music], tries to open it and
can't, so shakes it and listens to the box ; finally putting
it down, on the table.

FATHER:

Coming soon, Jim

Father looks helplessly around the kitchen at the occupants.

Jim shrugs exasperatedly and goes out

Mum emplacing objects around the room. Jim comes in carrying a box of Mother's belongings

MOTHER:

Thank you Jim. Could you put them on the bed, please? I'm sorry to bother you, darling, but I can't carry heavy thin....

JIM:

Yeh, yeh, well I'm going to sort MY stuff now

MOTHER:

Do you think that they might be gone, soon?

JIM:

Dunno...both of them next door are still here

MOTHER:

Looking anxious

Is the plumber still here, too?

JIM:

Yeh, and dad's burning the dinner. You should go and help him...

MOTHER:

Oh, no! Not with all those people there...I couldn't. I'll just wait until...I'll just wait...

Jim shrugs and goes out. Mother worriedly look out of her first floor studio window .

7

KITCHEN

7

Family sitting around a ridiculously big breakfast. Father hovering around them with a notepad.

FATHER:

Mum, you've only eaten one piece of toast! Have some of my 'eggs bearnaise', the tarragon is fresh from that little shop in Britomart....

MOTHER:

Um, yes..... Really, dad, I've not much appetite, this morning...er, thank you, though. It's very kind of you. Um, do you know that the lights aren't working in the second shower room, Stan? Should we call an electrician, do you think?

FATHER:

looking up from his notepad

Well, I don't know about you, but I'd rather give the tradesmen a miss, at the moment, after that wretched plumber, yesterday.

JIM:

Yes, well, the view out my window is lousy! Who wants to look at some cruddy old bushes and stuff?

Dad scribbling away at some notes and looks up :

DAD

Well, sorry son. We thought that.....

HARRIET:

MY bedroom is great! I can see the sky and the garden and it's all old fashioned and dead creepy!

JIM:

Yeh, Well....YOU don't mind having to live in mouldy old houses AND you've got the best bedroom, next to the big bathroom, anyway.

MOTHER:

You know why that is, Jim.
(MORE)

MOTHER: (CONT'D)

Harriet's operations have finished on her heart, now, but she should still be near to a bathroom, in case she gets a little wobbly after getting up from her bed to go to the toilet, in the night. We've still to keep an eye on her blood pressure, you know and she can still get dizzyess....

JIM:

...Yeh, yeh! Well, my door creaks, too, dad, so I want that sorted out!

FATHER:

Back at the stove and talking over his shoulder.

Er, yes, Jim. Look! All you're eating is a bit of cereal. I've cooked some special devilled kidneys with shallots and those ransoms that you said you liked....

JIM:

....What!? Dunno what you're talking about. Don't want any of this stuff, anyway.

Jim gets up, irritatedly, and goes out .

Dad sighs, and surveys his breakfast spread. Mum nibbles a piece of toast

HARRIET:

Waving some bread-stuff around.

Don't worry, dad. Look, I've eaten one of your funny donuts!

FATHER:

It was a brioche, dear. I hope you liked it, I.... I used less egg than....

Harriet stuffing brioche in her mouth and leaving the table, hastily.

HARRIET:

I'm just in my room if anyone calls

Harriet runs out of the room.

Dad sighs, picks up a plate and goes to the bin. He disconsolately starts to throw away the lovely food.

8

THE SHAW'S KITCHEN

8

Knock at the door.

Mother (dressing gown and hair rollers) goes to answer it

Beryl forces her way in, past Mother

BERYL:

Wearing unflattering track-suit and no bra with mule
slippers.

S'only me! Have you got that kettle
on, then?- I haven't seen your
place, yet, you know, I'll just
have a shufti-like.....you coming?

Beryl heads out of kitchen to hall....

BERYL: (CONT'D)

Yu there then?

MOTHER:

Resignedly goes to join her

9

DINING ROOM.

9

Family sitting at table, just finishing meal and there is a knock at the front door. Parents leap to their feet.

FATHER:

Harriet, you go! He looks wildly
around . Tell them I'm busy with
the kitchen!

Stumbles out of dining room at a run.

HARRIET:

'K

Starts to go to the door and into the hallway

MOTHER:

Hissing after her.

I'm just.....not here!

Mother ides behind a piece of furniture. Hisses out at Jim

MOTHER: (CONT'D)

Jim, go and talk with them...go
ON....

JIM:

Muuuum!

Jim gts up from the table and walks out of dining room,
shaking his head and speaking quietly to himself ...

JIM CTD

Cracked, really fucking cracked!

INT. SHAW'S HOUSE, IN HALL

Beryl and Gerald are standing there in their smart day clothes.

HARRIET:

..... and anyway, so she's not here, I'm sorry. What shall I say that you wanted, Beryl?

BERYL:

We just came round again to say welcome again, and I've brought a little offering for your parents. Are they sorting themselves out?

Beryl hands over a very small parcel to Harriet.

JIM:

Chance would be a fine thing! Mum couldn't sort out an orgy in a brothel!

Beryl looks shocked and Harriet annoyed

HARRIET:

Jim!! Don't bother about him, Beryl, he's just a pig!

GERALD:

Gerald and Beryl wandering through into the dining room, followed by Harriet

Well ...teenage brothers! I know what they are like...I used to have one...um, nice furniture.....period, isn't it?

Mum hiding behind the item of furniture in the dinning room, looks stricken

Jim is dragging Harriet back into the hall and calling back, behind himself, through the dinning/hall door.

JIM:

..yeh, there's some nice chairs in here. Here. Have a look!

Gerald and Beryl follow Jim back into the hall and look at the chairs that Jim is pointing out

JIM: (CONT'D)
 Yunno, though, Mum couldn't tell
 the removers what to put where and
 I had to tell them and sort it all
 out, myself. .well, the stuff in my
 bedroom, anyway...and dad's always
 cooking...

BERYL:
 Oh, he's cooking, is he? Oh, I'll
 just.....

Back in the kitchen, Father's face is stricken as he hears
 Beryl, and he resumes his frantic scrubbing of a mixing bowl
 getting water everywhere

BERYL: (CONT'D)
Is the kitchen through there,
 then?

| | | |
|-----|----------|------|
| | HARRIET: | JIM: |
| No! | | Yes! |

HARRIET:
 No, well, I mean, dad doesn't like
 to be interrupted when he's
 cooking. He once burnt himself when
 he was interrupted ... when he was
 cooking...and...

JIM:
 ...Yeh, and he sliced his hand off
 and then the dog ate it, and...

GERALD:
 ...Ooh, bugger me!

HARRIET:
 Don't listen to him, Beryl. He's
 just being stupid!

GERALD:
 Seems like your brother likes a bit
 of a joke, doesn't he?

HARRIET:

Looking anxiously around

I'm afraid that we've got to go,
 now. I'm sorry, but we've got to
 meet some friends.

BERYL:

Oh, well, we'll be off, then. Don't forget to give our little present to your parents and say that we said hello, then!

HARRIET:

Shepherding the neighbours to the front door Thanks for coming. See you soon....byeeee...

Waves them off

JIM:

Byyyyyyyyy

Satirrcally flapping his hand.

Harriet looks furiously at him.

Mum, still behind furniture, puts hand on chest and heaves a sigh.

Dad looks up from sink and says a silent 'phew'

10

INT. MORNING KITCHEN

10

Father at sink

Children getting their lunch boxes from the kitchen side surfaces.

Mother finishing her breakfast at the table: drinking from a tea cup.

MOTHER:

Now have a good day, children. I'm sure tha....

JIM:

peering into his lunch box

What the hell is THIS?

DAD:

Oh, I just made a little ham roulade for you and Harriet. I thought that you might like the French Sorrel Salad that I made to go with it. The mayonnaise is my own, of course and....

JIM:

...Well, I'm not eating THAT shit!

MOTHER:

Mildly remonstrative.

Really, Jim! Your dad has made you and Harriet a nice....

HARRIET:

....S'OK, mum!....I'm sure it's very nice dad. I'll have a go at it. Can I take some cheesey wotsits, too?

Harriet rummages in a cupboard and pulls out a packet

DAD:

Sighing.

Well, if you must, love.....

MOTHER:

Getting up from the table and going towards the door where the children are and fussing with Harriet's collar.

Now, don't overdo things on your first day at school, children.
Don't worry: I'm sure that there are lots of things that you don't know, but there will be things that you know, but the others don't.....you see.....

Mother kisses Harriet awkwardly on her cheek.

Mother then turns and kisses Jim, who irritatedly, immediately rubs the kiss off.

JIM:

Ugh, mum.... you've got bad breath!

Jim then turns and goes out of the door

Harriet follows him out of the door, looking uncomfortable. She looks back.

HARRIET:

Bye mum...

turns to peer at dad who is now on his hands rummaging through the base cupboard, in the kitchen.

Bye, dad!

FATHER:

Absentmindedly

yes, dear....

11 INT. KITCHEN DAY

11

Door opens with no knock. Beryl comes in and starts nosing around, picking things up and examining them.

BERYL:
Cooeee! It's only me!-ave you got
that kettle on?
Just thought I'd be first to tell
you about that bitch the other way!
- You seen 'er?-Rough as a
butcher's dog: - Isabelle?!-So,
anyway, I were...

Evelyn hurries in wrapped in two towels and looking anxious

BERYL: (CONT'D)
Oh, THERE you are! Anyway, as I was
saying, this Isabelle, she were
(fade out)...

SHOWS EVELYN'S DEPRESSED, HORRIFIEDLY RESIGNED FACE

12

SCENE 12 : INT. DAY. SCHOOL LIBRARY

12

Harriet is sitting in the corner. She is dressed in black (own clothes, not school uniform) with black nail polish and eye shadow

One girl (very short skirt, very tight top, high heels) making in Harriet's direction, with her two friends (mini shorts, tight tops, hair in buns on tops of heads).

GIRL:

Oh my goooood: we've got a Goth,
here.

Harriet looks up, and quickly away

GIRL: (CONT'D)

She'll do well for Vampire Victor:

Girl makes exaggerated kissing moues

mwah, mwah, mwah

Then the girl makes vampiric sucking noises.

Girls giggle and move off

Harriet moves over to the shelves and peruses the horror section. A boy stares at her and she smiles at him. Boy makes a 'yeeww' face and walks away. Harriet sighs and selects three books, moving back to her seat, meekly.

13

SCENE 13: EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE SCHOOL GATES

13

Boys in usual jeans, T-shirts, leather / denim jackets and trainers

Against a wall, Jim with group of other four boys smoking and truanting from class.

BOY:

So, you're a newby, then, egh?

JIM:

Not so as you'd know.

BOY:

Why you here, then? Yer old man
come out of jail and moved to a new
area?

JIM:

Ha...Ha...Ha!...Pathetic! Why?
Yours a con, then?

Jim gets a cigarette out

BOY:

looking at girls coming out of school

Yooooooooo!

Show us yer tits, then!

GIRL / "VAMPIRE GIRL":

Fuck off, pizza face!

Flaunts her hair and strides off with other friends

JIM:

Niiiiice! Other boys laugh

14

SCENE 14: INT. SHAW'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM

14

Just the parents at lunch. They're eating quietly

FATHER:

Do you like it dear?

MOTHER:

Um, yes dear.

FATHER:

Can you guess what it is ?

MOTHER:

abstractedly eating

Er, yes, dear

FATHER:

Wellllllll.....?

MOTHER:

Oh, sorry?

FATHER:

Can you guess what I've cooked?

MOTHER:

Oh, sorry, yes, it's scrambled-eggs-
do-you think that you could fit up
my easel, dear, you know, the
awkward one, please?

FATHER:

It's piperade....

MOTHER:

No, It's a Fletcher and Simpson
one, I remember buying it in
Auckland last year.....

FATHER:

No, the eggs...

MOTHER:

Yes, I like scrambled eggs, dear

Dad looks mystifiedly and helplessly around

MOTHER: (CONT'D)

So can you, please?

FATHER:

Can I what?

MOTHER:

Erect my easel and...

FATHER:

Yes-I'll-just nip out, after, and
get a few ingredients for that new
zabaglione recipe I have come up
with....

MOTHER:

After doing my easel?

FATHER:

Oh, after I've got the list of
ingredients..... Escoffier has an
interpretation, but I've got a good
Nigella Lawson one that.....

MOTHER:

But you said that you would do my
easel

FATHER:

Did I?

MOTHER:

Yes

Dad rising and collecting the pots :

FATHER:

Yes.....

Dad wanders past her in a daze

15

SCENE 15: INT. SUPERMARKET

15

Dad wandering around vaguely with a trolley

FATHER:

reading list

Ummmm, easels..... no, eggs....

Father squints up at the shelf above. Then pans his eyes to the right and reaches across, rudely in front of another woman who was just getting her own item off the shelf

WOMAN 1:

huffily

Well! Really!

Dad wanders off down the aisle, snagging his trolley wheels on the ankles of another woman

WOMAN 2:

Owww!

Glares at dad who doesn't see her, and is busy examining his list. He rounds a corner knocking over a pile of tins and continues, not seeing the resulting mess

FATHER:

Marsala....hummmm...Madeira.....

Wanders off, passes the cash till, through the door with his trolley. Cashier chases after him

CASHIER:

Sir! Sir! You've not paid!.....

(fade out)

16

SCENE 15: INT. DAY. MOTHER'S ART STUDIO

16

Mother is setting up her paints and easel

Happy, tinkly music

MOTHER:

Hello, my little friends. And how do you do today? Have you missed mommy? Now I'm going to get you out of your nasty boxes and you can get to see the sunshine....yeeees, and you're going to help me paint a pretty picture and it will make the house pretty for everyone...hummm? And you, azure, can start the sky

Kisses the tube

And you, scarlet, can make some pretty flowers kisses the tube ; and you, emerald, can make me some beautiful trees, and.....

phone rings, and unsettling music starts. Mother doesn't answer it, but just stares, nervously at it. Telephone starts to grow large, and the surroundings blur; the music gets louder and more threatening.....then the answering machine kicks in; music stops

Telephone machine Dad's voice, uncertainly : "Uh, please leave a message at the beep.....er,please"

BERYL'S VOICE:

Brightly

Hello, people! It's just me, Beryl, from next door! We called the other day, but you were out, or busy, and we didn't get to see you! Pop around for a drink will you both and then we can get to know you some more!...Alright, love? Byeeeeeee!

Mother puts a cushion over the phone, looks at it apprehensively and turns away to her paints.

17

SCENE 16: HOUSE

17

Mother wanders around the house unpacking and placing photographs of her family. Lots of photographs of birthday parties and Christmases with Harriet in hospital, in bed, or with tubes in her, or bandages on. Mother sees the music box in Harriet's room unsettling music starts . She moves across the room to open it music crescendoes . Mother opens box which looms greatly larger , the music stops and the music box tinkling starts. Mother smiles.

18 SC17: KITCHEN

18

Knock on door and dad answers. Gerald is standing there.

GERALD:

in boiler-suit, plaid shirt and work-boots.

You right, then, lad? Look, yer best friend is giving you a chance to help him! "Ahh", yer thinking, "how can I help my friend?" That's easy! Just give us a lend of a few tools like, for me doing my kitchen. Now, have you got that big De Walt power hammer drill? And I need a couple of band saws, or a circular saw, plus a decent power fret, would do? Where's yer basement?

Gerald heads out of kitchen to hallway.

Dad looks worried, turns and follows him, calling out.

DAD:

Er; I think they're in the ... Er Gerald, er, in the garage...

19

SCENE 18: KITCHEN

19

Dad comes in at the door, carrying a box of goods. Mother is hanging a picture. He doesn't seem to see her, but is muttering to himself .

Dad checking his list and peering into the box

FATHER:

Ummm....eggs, marsala, sugar....

MOTHER:

Oh, you're here, dear!

FATHER:

Hmmmm?

MOTHER:

Um, I've been thinking, love. Now that we have got a reasonable place and you don't have to work all the time and Harriet is better...no more hospitals....maybe we could have some people around...do you think?

FATHER:

looking up at her for a second
Round where?

MOTHER:

Round here

FATHER:

Who?

MOTHER:

Our friends

FATHER:

Who?

MOTHER:

Well, there was that lady who was the mother of Harriet's friend, a couple of years ago. What was her name?.....and...and...maybe some of your friends from work, dear

FATHER:

They are all younger than me, and they're not married and they all go drinking and watch football....

MOTHER:

(pre-occupiedly)
I've got some of those cocktail
sticks, you know, for those little
sausages...and we could have
canapes...

FATHER:

Canapes aren't trendy now, you
know, dear.....it's sushi and
stuff, now

MOTHER:

There was that couple who lived
down the road in our last house and
they walked the dog...do you
remember their name? They were
quite our age, I think...?

Door opens and the children come in

JIM:

Who's your age?

MOTHER:

A couple who we might invite to a
dinner, in our new house...

JIM:

Hahaha! Your diinnaah pahteeee?
You're both too boring! No-one
would want to come!

HARRIET:

That's not true, you pig! Dad is a
great cook and mum would make a
lovely hostess!

MOTHER:

No, he's right, Harriet....I, I
suppose you can't start being
friends with people at our age in
life.

Mother wanders off out of the door, and dad turns eagerly to
the cooker.

HARRIET:

(to Jim)
You're a pig...you know that??!

JIM:

oink

20

SCENE 19: PARENTS' BEDROOM

20

Mum and Dad sitting in bed. Dad's bedside table is piled with cook books and mum's with magazines. They are reading .

MOTHER:

Do you think that we ARE boring,
Stan?

FATHER:

(reading)
Umm?

MOTHER:

Do you think that we are boring and
that no-one would want to come to a
dinner party?

FATHER:

No, we are just busy with
everything.

Silence as they read

MOTHER:

We did have some friends, when
Harriet was little, before they
found her hole in the
heart..... Do you remember
Diedre?

FATHER:

(preoccupiedly)
Er....yessssssssss.

MOTHER:

I'm sure we got out more....didn't
we?

FATHER:

Well, you didn't stay in all the
time, then....

MOTHER:

I DO go out.... sometimes. It's
just that the supermarket is a
little overwhelming, these days.

FATHER:

Umm.....

He reaches out and tries to stroke her neck and she shies,
slowly and embarrassedly, away

FATHER: (CONT'D)
....Anyway, things will be
different, now.....Harriet is
well, and things will be
sorted....we're just busy

Father turns away and switches off his lamp.

21 SCENE 20: KITCHEN

21

HARRIET:

Unpacking her school-bag onto the table.
.....but why does she need her dog
sitted for?!

MOTHER:

Pouring and making a mug of tea.
Well, she said that with its being
a new one, it's a bit disorientated
and...

HARRIET:

I haven't had my dinner yet,
though!

MUM:

Oh, she said she'd leave something
for you in the fridge and that she
WILL pay you, you know.....

22

SCENE 21: INSIDE BERYL'S KITCHEN

22

BERYL:

(Dressed in cocktail dress
with coat ope over it and
holding a sparkly evening
bag)

We're usually back by midnight,
love, but if Gerald gets a bit
carried away with his tango, it can
get a bit later, you know, so don't
worry. Now I insist on giving you
something for your trouble presses
a two dollar coin into Harriet's
hand.

GERALD:

(voice off calling out)
Come on love, I haven't got all
night!

Beryl turns and goes out of back door to join Gerald.

BERYL:

Byeee!

Harriet opens fridge and there is just one can of beans with
a spoon in it

Harriet blows out her cheeks and looks at the depressed dog
sitting there watching her

HARRIET:

Yehhhhhh! I knowwwwww!

23

SCENE 17: KITCHEN NIGHT

23

Dad desperately scribbling notes and referring to his cookbooks. Mum enters the door

MOTHER:
Stan?.....What are you doing
here, so late?

Dad smiles up at her and then returns to his notes

MOTHER: (CONT'D)
You'll get cold in here without the
heater on

FATHER:
(Muttering)
Oh...no... ..no...s'fine, fine

MOTHER:
Are you doing the menu for the
dinner party?

FATHER:
Hum?

MOTHER:
The dinner party!

FATHER:
Yes...no...maybe, hmmm, ummm.

MOTHER:
Well, I'll be going up, shall I?

FATHER:
Hummmm

Mum, sorrowfully looks around the kitchen and then goes out

24

SCENE 18: MUM'S ART ROOM DAY

24

Mum is at the window, holding a paint brush .

She sees a couple of women walking past laughing. She imagines herself walking and talking with them separately, and then together. They all three start laughing and we see mother's face laughing. Then we see the two women's faces laughing, again, and we realize that they are laughing AT mum. Faces get louder and nearer and crueller. Mum's face is chagrined and we see her hurry away.

Cut to mum actually in her art room and she turns away quickly from the window and takes herself to stroking her canvas, looking saddened .

JIM:

One word out of you, girl, to the
parents, or the police, and not
only will I break your bloody arm,
I'll smash your ipad up and tell
them you went out with that creep
Tony!

HARRIET:

Oh! You're...
 (manages to shake herself
 out of his grasp)
...you're just.... a pig!
 (she runs off, shouting
 behind)
her...just a pig!

Loud sob

26

SCENE 20: MUM'S ART ROOM

26

Shots of mum's paintings [all nice fantasy] and the family photographs, with Harriet in hospital. Mum is drawing a garden, from her imagination. She smiles. She is a hundred miles away, in 'la-la land'. She hears the children come in, smiles brightly and hurries to join them.

27

SCENE 21: DINING ROOM FAMILY AT TABLE EVENING

27

Dad Hurrying round to serve an enormous souffle, individually to the kids

FATHER:

Here, Jim, sit back and then I can serve you...

JIM:

What the hell is that. It looks like bloody mammoth turd!

MOTHER:

Jim! That's not a

FATHER:

...It a white asparagus souffle. I thought that I would extend..

JIM:

Well I'm not eating that muck! Is there nothin' else?

FATHER:

Well, of course, there's the vegetables and, the next course is....

JIM:

(Yawning)
Yeh, yeh...

HARRIET:

Eating her dinner

Whatever dad makes, you're rude about, Jim. I don't know why you're so horrid to everyone...

JIM:

Well, it'a all OK for little Miss Goody Two Shoes, isn't it? You've always had the limelight, while I'm left out. YOU can do what you like...you never get told off...it's "Jim is wrong all the time", innit?!

MOTHER:

putting her cutlery down

Jim! That's as just not true! We've always made every effort to include you, in everything, even in the hospital, all the time.

JIM:
Well, I'll have some of them chops,
then. I can smell them.

Jim calls out to dad as dad goes to the kitchen to comply
with Jim's wishes

JIM
... but I don't want any of them
shit sauces, on them though!

MOTHER:
(brightly; takes a breath
in)
Anyway, children! I was thinking
that I would take up some serious
gardening, as there is quite a big
garden with our new home.

HARRIET:
That's a good idea, mum.

MOTHER:
I thought that it would be
something quiet that I could do and
then I would not always be bumping
in to people who wanted something,
you know....

Dad comes in with a chop, for Jim and gives it to him

JIM:
(sarcastically)
What! You mean that you could hide
in the garden, as well as the
house, then?

MOTHER:
It's not hiding, dear. It's just
that gardening is a quiet
occupation that is very
peaceful....

FATHER:
Hum, you could grow vegetables and
fruit, dear. Some of them are so
expensive...and it's a very
absorbing hobby!

JIM:
Yeh, but, you still have to go to
the shops to buy the compost and
the seeds AND the tools, and stuff.
That means meeting PEOPLE! You have
PEOPLE coming to deliver stuff to
the house....You won't be able to
get away from PEOPLE, even if you
hide in the garden you know!

Jim gets up, pushes his chair away, and strids out

FATHER:

He hasn't finished his chop! And
the souffle...

HARRIET:

Don't worry dad. I'll have some.

28

SCENE 22: KITCHEN NIGHT

28

Clock says 3.45 a.m.

Dad is frantically cooking a huge breakfast. Most of which is now on the table, but he has the kettle on, and is whisking eggs in a bowl while setting out the cups and saucers. He then accidentally drops the bowl in the sink and the eggs spill.

FATHER:

Oh! Oh, no, I'm short of eggs! I'll just have to.....Oh, it's no use!..... They'll never eat it anyway! God I'm useless....I don't even earn a wage, now....what's the point to anything?.....

(Breaking voice)

...I'm not even any good as a father. It's jus.....

Door from the dining room opens and a man well-dressed as a woman comes in carrying a pink music box. She puts it down on the side. She is wearing a smart day-frock with pearls, tights and court-shoes. Her hair is dressed with two combs.

WOMAN:

It's no good! I can't rest! The smell is driving me absolutely insane! BACON, dear! And is that Eggs Benedict? With real hollandaise?...No, no, I know it! It's bearnaise.....ohhhh, inhaling deeply that fragrant tarragon!

Woman goes to sit at table

WOMAN: (CONT'D)

I'll just...

Woman sits down and stuffs a croissant in her mouth.

May I? though full mouth . Ummmm, ummmmm.....and plenty of butter, too....your own patisserie, I suspect?

Woman leans over, takes a fork, stabs a large piece of bacon and a mushroom and puts them in her mouth.

FATHER:

Yes, I always use unsalted.....,er, er, do I know you?

WOMAN:

Well I wasn't going to hang around
in there

gestures towards the box

with these gorgeous smells. I
thought I just had to try and see
if I could actually eat.....and I
CAN! Isn't it wonderful ?! And with
such a cook in the house!

She is stuffing all the food in her mouth as quickly as she
can

FATHER:

You're probably a friend of
Evelyn's...?

WOMAN:

Darling, I'm a friend of everyone,
especially if they can cook like
this!

FATHER:

Well, I'm sorry to wake you up with
my cooking. It's just.....
sudden thought er, I didn't see
you at dinner tonight...?

WOMAN:

Yes, I know. I missed it....that
souffle, too, what a waste! They
don't keep you know! Never been
able to eat that sort of thing,
before....well, any sort of thing.
The figure, you know. 'La belle
figure'.

She gestures at her ample bosom and hips, but then belches
loudly, like a man and titters

WOMAN: (CONT'D)

Sorreeeee getting up from the table
....just take it as a tribute to
your gastronomic skills, mon cher,
toodleloo

Walks away, tripping awkwardly over her heels and walking a
bit bandily and then through the door.

Dad looks amazedly after her, then runs to the door and opens
it. There is no-one there.

29

SCENE 23: UPPER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

29

Dad hammering on bedroom doors

FATHER:

Jim

(Knocks)

Jim!

Knocks, more loudly, turns handle and peers in .

FATHER: (CONT'D)

Jim, come down, there's
someone.....

JIM

(muffled)

Geddout! Geddout! What the bugger
is...Dad? What is...

FATHER:

There's a strange woman downstairs.
I'll just get the others....

He runs and knocks on Harriet's door and rouses Mum .

FATHER: (CONT'D)

Harriet! Evelyn! There's someone
downstairs!

MOTHER:

I'm not coming downstairs! Ring the
police!

FATHER:

No. It's a lady: not a
criminal...she's eaten my
breakfast!

Harriet and Jim come out onto the landing

JIM:

Dad! Who would want to eat your
food?

Mum comes out and they all pour downstairs into the kitchen

MOTHER:

Well, I can't see any lady here,
dear.....

FATHER:

She walked out through the hall
door, I think...

HARRIET:
Into the hall

FATHER:
Yes, though the door.

HARRIET:
You mean the doorway.

FATHER:
No, actually through the door
itself.

JIM:
Dad, people don't walk through
doors! I think you've been eating
the food yourself and there were
some magic mushrooms among those
fancy mushrooms you're always
trying on us.

FATHER:
Looking under the table and in the cupboards
No, she was...

HARRIET:
... It was probably some bag-lady
came in off the street and was
hungry.

FATHER:
But the doors were locked and she
wasn't a hobo, she was very
elegantly groomed and...

MOTHER:
Maybe it was just someone who fell
on hard tim..

Jim looks at the clock

JIM:
... Oh, God! Look at the bloody
time and I've got to get up for
school, tomorrow! I'm going to
bed!

MOTHER:
I think we'd better go to bed too,
dear. Come on, Harriet. Come on,
Stan, you too.

Family exit

30

SCENE 24: KITCHEN

30

Dad (in white apron) cooking and measuring out water in a jug, at the sink. Ghost (in flowered frock) appears at his side and comments in his ear.

GHOST:

I wouldn't worry over drops here
and there.

DAD

Dropping jug in sink :
Ahhh!

Dad starts to back away along the kitchen units

GHOST:

The feel of a sauce is your own
personal thing....don't you think?
I mean all these recipe writers
with their 'half an ounce of this'
and 'two cups of that' are really
just being food fascists. I blame
Mrs Beaton. I'll bet her hubby
never really looked at her after
they were wed so she just had to
have control somewhere else. No-one
else would go to such trouble
teaching you how to stuff a quail
into a guinea fowl's whatsit and
then shove that up a turkey's bum
unless they had a really serious
problem with anal retention!

Dad by now over the opposite side of the kitchen.

GHOST: (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry love. Did I give you a
startle?

FATHER:

How did...did, did...did-you-get-in
?

GHOST:

Oh, the usual way
(gestures to the music
box, on the kitchen side)

(MORE)

GHOST: (CONT'D)

Now, tell me: what fabulous little messes have you concocted for me this evening, dear? A truffle omlette? A little kedgeree with the flat sort of parsley and properly smoked haddock? Oooh, there's nothing better than a fillet of baby haddock! But I'm not fussy, love! Adult haddock is JUST as much fun. He leans over the table and starts spooning kedgeree greedily making appreciative noises and ecstatic faces

FATHER:

Wha, wha....er, who are you, madam?!

GHOST:

Madam! Oooo! Ahem: 'Your friendly local gourmet'...no, no ... correction: 'gourmand'. At any rate, I certainly intend to be. Oop! I must just check that these exquisite, gustatory binges don't end up...'a minute on the hips: a lifetime ...er... 'long time', on the hips'.....You must admit, darling, I've got some pretty good hips, egh? Wiggles his tight satin skirt-clad hips in dad's direction.

FATHER:

Aghh!

Bolts out of the kitchen/hall door and upstairs. He rushes into the bedroom and grabs his wife in her sleeping mask.

FATHER: (CONT'D)

Evelyn! Evelyn!

Evelyn waking up and removing her sleep mask.

MOTHER:

Ugh! What is it? Stan? What is it?

FATHER:

It's that lady again eating my food!

MOTHER:

Where?

FATHER:

In the kitchen!

MOTHER:

Not again...really, dear!

FATHER:

What do you mean, "really"...I'm
not there...SHE is! SHE is doing
the appearing and scoffing...come
and see!

Grabbing her hand and dragging her out of bed.

MOTHER:

Ohhhkayyyy

NEW SCENE HEADING? KITCHEN

Creepy music starts. They enter the kitchen slowly, but there is no-one there, and the back door is still locked .

MOTHER:

(worriedly)

Er, dad....if the back door is
still locked

(music worse,)

she must still be in the house and
we could all be murdered in our
beds!

Father is peering around the kitchen and opening big
cupboards :

FATHER:

We'll just have a little look dear

They visit the downstairs rooms and then peer into the
children's rooms, too. The music is sinister and they finally
climb into bed, no kisses, unsettled.

31 SCENE 25 EXT. STREET - DAY

31

Harriet is coming home from school, when she sees Jim along the street. He seems to be harassing a girl. Harriet hurries forward.

Jim is pushing the girl against the wall, while holding onto her bag and then she can't get away.

JIM:
...awwwh, cumOn, just a little
kissy wissy

Makes a feint at her face, which she turns away from him
.....

HARRIET:

Arriving at the couple and pulling on Jim's shoulder.

Jim! WHAT are you DOING?!

JIM:

Violently shrugging her off.

Ugh, not YOU again! Just piss off,
Harriet, can't you see I'm busy?!

HARRIET:

Tugging at his arm

Get OFF her! I'll tell dad! Get OFF
her!

Jim swipes at Harriet, but misses her. Girl manages, in the diversion to wrench free and she runs off

JIM:
NOW look at what you've done!

He moves menacingly towards her, and Harriet turns and runs off.

32

SCENE 26: HALLWAY

32

Mother listlessly wandering around the house. Along the hallway, into the dining room, where she smiles at the photographs; into the sitting room where she sees the music box on the table [music becomes sinister] and picks it up, smiling interrogatively. [Music gets creepier]. Mother opens box climactic musicand, [music stops and the tinkling musical box music starts]. Mum smiles openly...

Ghost appears suddenly at her shoulder/side, dressed in a looseish floral dress

GHOST:

Yeeeeesss....it does have a certain
kitchy, kitten fart appeal, n'est
ce pas?

MOTHER:

Oh!

Mum panics and drops the box which is caught by the man who pats her on the head and returns the box to the table

GHOST:

Whoops!.... don't want my domicile
decimated...or my decimile
dominated. Talking about domiciles,
have you never HEARD of feng shui,
then...?

Mum stares, open-mouthedly: astounded

GHOST: (CONT'D)

I'm afraid that it's really quite
obvious to all, but the entirely
uninitiated, that your 'chi' isn't
straightened and that your sense of
'tong' is not to the east.

Starts re-arranging furniture

GHOST: (CONT'D)

Now, with me, there has to be an
opening in the atmosphere that
allows chi to flow, you know.....

surveys result of furniture moving

GHOST: (CONT'D)

...hummmmmmm...

gets moving again

..a sort of follow through with
energy compressing towards the
future....you know what I mean,
Evelyn?

MOTHER:
Evelyn...?....uhh, me?....Yes, I
suppose....do I know you?

GHOST:
The question is a bit esoteric for
this time of day, but you will,
SOON...ish.... Now you just sit
down there

pushes her down

put your legs up

puts them up.

and have a good read of something
trashy

plonks a magazine on her.

ma dear...um. I'll just have a
little kip, too.

Lies down, and wriggles into the sofa cushions, closing his
eyes.

MOTHER:
(looking a bit squeamish)
Are you, are you...I mean are you a
man ?

GHOST:
(Opens eyes)
Now, that's a bit personal!

MOTHER:
No, I didn't mean to be rude, but
you seem to be a man...and you're
in a dress!

GHOST:
Well, each to his own! Now shush!

He reaches up a gets the music box, cuddles up to it, and
vanishes.

MOTHER:
Agh!Agh! A ghost! He's a ghost!
We've got a ghost!

33

SCENE 27: DINING ROOM

33

Family at dinner

Harriet has some bruises on her cheek. Jim is sullen and mother looks anxious and is fiddling with her fork. Dad comes in carrying salad.

FATHER:

Here we are, people. Have you got the glasses, Harriet... looks at her oh! What are those bruises on your face, love?

Jim scowls threateningly at Harriet.

HARRIET:

Er,.....er, they're just where I fell against the stationary cupboard, dad.

FATHER:

The stationary cupboard! Did you slip, Harriet? No-one pushed you, did they?

HARRIET:

No, dad, it's fine...yesss,....I got the glasses AND I put the mustard on, too.

FATHER:

Oh, good. It's a...

MOTHER:

Looking up from her fork.

Stan, it IS a ghost, I saw!

HARRIET:

What?! Has that woman been back?

MOTHER:

Yes, and it's a man. He fell asleep and vanished...I'm not imagining it...he DID. He had the music box ...do you think the box could be haunted?

JIM:

Yo! Greeeeeeeat maaaaan!...Mother's imagining haunted music boxes, now!....Yer mind's gone, Mother! Yer miiiind's gone!

FATHER:

Jim! That's no way...

Hall door opens and the ghost [smart day dress/skirt-suit] wanders in, hummming to itself. It suddenly stops, as if it has suddenly noticed them all sitting there

GHOST:

Oh! There you all are! Hello,
darlings!

Takes a stand chair; draws it up to the table, next to Jim; takes Jim's cutlery and starts eating food off his plate and helping itself out of the salad bowl.

GHOST: (CONT'D)

Ummm, Nicoise, n'est ce pas? I love
a good Nicoise, Stan.....Don't
you, Evelyn?

Both parents are just open-mouthed and frozen with indecision.

JIM:

I'LL show you if it's a bloody
ghost, or not!

Grabs Harriet's knife and violently stabs the ghost. The knife goes straight through.

JIM: (CONT'D)

Fuckin' hell!

Stabs repeatedly, at the air

GHOST:

(Rolling eyes)
Ugh! The boy's table manners!
Really, Evelyn!...Have you
draaagged him up?

MOTHER (EVELYN):

Well, we were in the hospital a lot
and.....

Ghost Leans over and pats her on her hand.

GHOST:

Don't worry, love. I'm sure you did
your best. Harriet!

Harriet is jerked out of her frozen, open-mouthed reaction:

HARRIET:

Uhh?!

GHOST:

Pass the potatoes, dear and do
close your mouth before a bat goes
in! Or something worse hmmm

HARRIET:

Passing the potatoes.

Oh, er, yes...sorry...here's the
potatoes...

FATHER:

...But, but, madam, if you're a
ghost, you can't eat!

GHOST:

Yes, that's what I thought,
but....isn't it wonderful....I CAN!
Oh, just a little thing

Gets out a small tape measure and measures his waist.

GHOST: (CONT'D)

No! Fine! Still a trim 24".....Oh,
goody! Pass the bread!...Is that
unsalted butter?....

34

SCENE 28: SITTING ROOM

34

Ghost entering from the dining room

GHOST:
 (to Jim and mum, coming in
 behind him)
 Ummm! That was lovely!

GHOST: (CONT'D)
 I always say 'a steak in time saves
 wine'...well, whining, anyway!
 surveys the room Ohhhhh! My
 chi!..... and my tong! Evelyn,
 what have you done? There's no
 pathway for the energies!
 Furniture has been restored to as
 before.

Ghost starts grabbing furniture and wheeling it around

GHOST: (CONT'D)
 No, it's no good this arm chair
 cannot stay...

Jim grabs the chair off the ghost and starts to move it back
 and he rolls it over the ghost's foot .

GHOST: (CONT'D)
 Ughhh! I think that you'll find
 NOT! Leave that right THERE, young
 man.

Jim replaces an occasional table

GHOST: (CONT'D)
 NO, it's....

Lots of hideous pictures of butchery whizz through Jim's head
 and he reels back aghast

GHOST: (CONT'D)
MY TABLE....and THAT...

knowing smile at Jim, plus Jim's aghast face

IN JIM'S HEAD - LOTS OF RAPID PICTURES OF BUTCHERY WITH
 SHARP KNIVES, AND THEN A HEAD BEING SMASHED,

GHOST: (CONT'D)
 ...could be YOUR head! Now,
 everyone, you have a good rest.
 Thanks for that dindins Stan! The
 gravy was puuuuurfect!

Ghost takes up music box, curls up on sofa goes to sleep and fades away. Family is shellshocked and silent for a while, then.....

FATHER:

Ghost!....Ghost? Have you gone?

(To Evelyn)

Has it gone?

HARRIET:

It has, dad!

MUM:

See! I told you! We've got a ghost!

We'll have to leave here, now,

tomorrow....soon!

JIM:

I'M not staying here with that bloody thing haunting the house!

HARRIET:

I don't think it's haunting the house, I think HE'S haunting the music box!

JIM:

Don't be stupid, Harriet! Whoever heard of a ghost haunting a music box!?

FATHER:

No, I think she's right. When I asked the woman, she pointed at the musical box

MUM:

Yes, I think you're right!....I know, let's just put the box on the tip, and we'll be free!

HARRIET:

Let's get a priest to exorcise it!

JIM:

Oh, yes! Then the neighbourhood really would think we were nuts....wouldn't they!?..."Excuse me Father, but we've just got this little ghost...!"

FATHER:

We'll sort something out tomorrow.

I'm going to bed...I'm

tired.....Look, get your own

breakfasts in the morning.. It's

Saturday, I'm having a lie-in.

35 SCENE 29: HALLWAY

35

Dad comes in and, closing the door, he addresses Harriet and Evelyn

FATHER:

Whew! Well, that's that! I dumped
the box near the household
appliances round the back of the
ti.....

Ghost coming out of the sitting
room

GHOST:

Yoo, hoo, people! Now don't be
horrid about this thing! I promise
to behave! You will hardly notice
me....honest!.....and I'll
help with the housework..?
(pathetically)

FATHER:

(irritatedly)
It's YOUR music box Harriet! You
sort it out!

Storms off into the kitchen .

GHOST:

(Looks appealingly at mum)
Mother....?

HARRIET:

(looks annoyedly at ghost)
Come on, mum

leading mum into the sitting room

Ghost remains standing in hall. He looks sad

36

SCENE 30: MUM'S BEDROOM

36

Ghost trying on hideous hats in the mirror

GHOST:

Oh, no! Really, I couldn't be seen
DEAD, in this....Oh! I AM... .No,
but anyway....really.....Hideous!
Now this one....perhaps tries it
onope! NO! How CAN she?

Door opens and Harriet comes in with tinkling a bell. She
throws salt over the ghost

HARRIET:

be gone! I cast thee out! Thy
spirit will no longer rest within
this domain!

Ghost turns [music becomes sinister], it's face becomes
distorted. It takes a big breath in and utters a shriek
advancing upon Harriet who runs away [Music loud and
horrible]. Ghost pursues her into her bedroom. It corners her
there, grabs the salt and.....[music changes to music box
music].... sprinkles her with it.

GHOST:

I charge thee oh, Goth girl, to
henceforward cease these dwedful
attempts at ruining my coiffure and
generally being a pain. Go get your
own hats, if you're so jealous of
mine and Mother's!

Ghost turns and stalks out

HARRIET

(after her)

She's not YOUR Mother, you know:
she's MINE!

37

SCENE 31: MUM'S ART STUDIO

37

Mum trying to draw. Ghost posing around the room in smock and beret with paint brushes

GHOST:

I'm not putting you off, Mother, am I?

MOTHER:

Yes! Er, no! I mean, I'm just trying to get this flower right...ummm

Ghost grabs a piece of paper and scribbles a juvenile-looking flower and looks at it from the end of his arms

GHOST:

....hummmmmmm.

(looks around bored)

You really should get our more, Mother. You know it's not good for you stuck in this room all day!

Ghost flicks its fingers and mum vanishes, to reappear in the garden. Ghost sticks its head out of the window and waves at a shocked mother

GHOST: (CONT'D)

Yooohoo! You're there!

MOTHER:

Oh! Oh!....Was that you?! That's horrible! I don't want to go out! Stop it!

She goes into the house. Ghost looks a little put out, but then shrugs and wanders off towards the door

38

SCENE 32: KITCHEN - EVENING

38

Dad cooking

Ghost - Jimella - wanders in at the door and sees dad

JIMELLA:

See, I can walk in at doors like
other people.

FATHER:

Oh, er, Madam, I don't..

JIMELLA:

No, it's no good! You really must
call me by my name, Jimella!

FATHER:

What, you're called Jimella?

JIMELLA:

Yes, why not!?

FATHER:

It's just that we're not used....I
mean we don't want a ghost...

JIMELLA:

Jimella

FATHER:

Jimella,.... in the house!

JIMELLA:

Why ever not?

FATHER:

Well, we didn't invite you!

JIMELLA:

Most babies are uninvited, but you
don't throw them out with the
trash!

FATHER:

Yes, but, you can expect them to
turn up....

JIMELLA:

But what about lodgers?

FATHER:

They pay!

JIMELLA:

I can pay!...Well, in kind, as it were. My cooking may not be as good as yours, but I would be a most compliant sous chef, and my cleaning is thorough!

(Murmurs)

Poor Mother, it's not her strong point....AND I'm a FIEND at the shops. I can squeeze a bargain out of a fruit fly!

Jim wanders in and looks at dad's cooking

JIM:

Not MORE of that muck, again! Well, I'M not eating it!

Jim sullenly slouches to the fridge, opens it, and lots of wildly waving tentacles, with an horrid maw in the middle make a grab for him

JIM: (CONT'D)

Aghh! Slams the fridge door

FATHER:

Are you alright, Jim?

JIM:

Wha...!?

Jimella smiles at him, conspiratorially and wags his eyebrows

JIM: (CONT'D)

FUCK YOU!

Slams out of the kitchen. Dad looks concerned

JIMELLA:

(sighs)

Young men today! I remember.....here, let me chop that for you

knife floats off the board and chops the carrot which dad was going to chop .

FATHER:

Agh!

JIMELLA:

Sorry meekly I'll do it the boring way. He proceeds to chop the carrots manually.

Silence, while they cook

DAD:
..... it's just that....my
nerves..I mean after all the...

JIMELLA:
I know, I know....I'm sorry dear.
Now what herbs are you going to use
for the.....

FADE OUT

39

SCENE 33: BATHROOM

39

Jimella, in Mrs Mop outfit, vigorously mopping the floor with fag in mouth. He pauses, straightens up, takes a big drag on the fag, and smugly surveys what she has mopped.

JIMELLA:

See!....I'd be quite an addition to any family!

(Apes paternal voice)

"Yes, ma dear, your housekeeping is excellent...you can stay!".....

(flutters eyelashes and smiles)

"Ooooh! You're so kind!".

(Straightens face and sighs)

..... Now, this won't buttter any pumpkins!..... More disinfectant, I think.... bends to pick up the bottle, catches sight of her hands , Ugh! It's going to RUIN my nails, though!

40

SCENE 34: MUM'S BEDROOM DOORWAY

40

Mum walks in from the corridor, but can't get in at the door because Jimella is standing there, in his skirt and struggling with his bra fastening

JIMELLA:

Oooh, sorry, Mother

he flicks his fingers and mum is transported to the front porch. She yelps and dives back inside. She hurries back inside, up the stairs and attempts to go in at the door of her art studio. She can't get in because Jimella is standing there fiddling with his beret .

JIMELLA: (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry, Mother! Nearly done, there... he flicks his fingers and mum is transported to the garden

MOTHER:

Ohhhh!...Nohhhh!

look around apprehensively and hurries inside. She hurries towards the sitting room, but can't get in at the door because Jimella is in the doorway, on his hands and knees washing the door

JIMELLA:

Sorry! Sorry! NEARLY finished

flicks his fingers and transports mum to a nearby street with shops .

41 SCENE 35: STREET - DAY

41

Mother is incapacitated with fright, due to her socio/agoraphobia, and hurries up and down the street wringing her hands, not knowing how to get home. Mum starts to sniff, prior to weeping, and an older lady, standing in the door of her flower shop calls out

LADY:
Where do you want to go, love?!

MOTHER:
Home!

LADY:
Where is home, dear?

MOTHER:
435, Fernleigh Avenue

LADY:
Are you new around here, love?

MOTHER:
(distressedly)
Yes.....a....and..and I'm lost!

LADY:
Don't you worry, dear!

MUM HAS A FLASHBACK OF THE DOCTOR COMING INTO THE WAITING ROOM, AND TELLING HER NOT TO WORRY AS WELL

LADY: (CONT'D)
You just go down there, love, turn right and then left at the end. That's Fernleigh. There! It's easy, isn't it! Look, you can have one of my roses.

MOTHER:
(looking a little more comforted)
Oh! Thank you! Thank you! You're very kind!

She turns and hurries off. When she comes home she goes up to her art room, puts down the rose and starts to draw it. A little smile appears on her face .

42

SCENE 36: KITCHEN

42

Jimella washing up, and dad cooking.

JIMELLA:

So, I said to her "You're not REALLY going out in those shoes, are you and SHE said... are you going to fry those in olive, or coconut oil?"

FATHER:

Why did she say that?

JIMELLA:

Say what?

FATHER:

Ask you about the oil!

JIMELLA:

No, silly! I was asking YOU about the oil!

FATHER:

Why?

JIMELLA:

It's just that I do feel that, with beef, you have to get the heat very high to give a good browning, in the 'early saute', and I don't think that olive really gives a good high fry...don't you think?

FATHER:

Do you know, I've often thought that that is the case, so I try and keep my olive oil for classically Italian dishes...

JIMELLA:

Do you do the WONDERFUL Ligurian dish.....SOOOO simple, you know, the one with the two lots of oil and the courgettes!

FATHER:

Oh, oh, yes! You fry the courgettes in the olive oil, then blot them off and make a vinaigrette with new oil and plenty of balsamic. I'm not too much a fan of the amount of black pepper they use, though.

JIMELLA:
No! No! The pepper is absolute!
Have you been to Venice?

FATHER:
No!..... We've often said....

JIMELLA:
We must GO!

FATHER:
What!? To Venice?

JIMELLA:
YESSS! With Mother!And when
we get the.....

FADE OUT

43

SCENE 37: KITCHEN

43

Knock at door and dad answers it to Gerald

GERALD

(handing over armful of
tools)

Just on my way ta' pub. Just
thought I'd drop this stuff
off".Eeh, that fret weren't much
use:it burnt put after a couple of
goes, so I went on with the
circular....well, I would have
done, but the blade got caught on a
nailyou'll have to get some
more discs for that, you know. The
wood drill were alright, but the
motor packed in on me, after I'd
just tried to see if it were aright
drilling metal . Egh, modern tools
have got no staying power. You'll
probably be able to get a new motor
for it on TradeMe, though...
Right!.....Can't stay around her
talking all day. See ya then, ta!

He leaves and dad looks dismayed

44

SC 37- THE SITTING ROOM

44

The phone's is ringing. Mother does not want to answer it. It gets scary and warped under her gaze as it clicks through to answer phone. It is the school phoning

HEADMISTRESS:

Afternoon Mrs ... This is Brandford College calling. I am afraid that your presence is required at school immediately. I'm afraid that your son had an incident. We look forward to seeing you soon.

The phone call ends and mother remains standing there staring at the phone. She slowly Reaches out to the phone and starts to dial the number marked 'Husband'. The phone rings forever until finally husband picks up

FATHER:

Humm?

MOTHER:

um... Hello dear..

FATHER:

Who is this?

MOTHER:

Umh your wife?

FATHER:

Oh its you! ... Why are you phoning me?

MOTHER:

Um.... school phoned. About Jim. They want us to come to school to talk to us.

FATHER:

What right now? Oh dear! I hope he is alright. Hang on I've got to sort these things .. I'll be right up

45

SC 38: UPPER HALLWAY

45

Mother is waiting for her husband in her horrible suit. He hurries into bedroom wearing his 'home clothes' and hurries to get changed. Suddenly, he gets embarrassed and goes to get changed in bathroom talking to her through the door .

FATHER:

So did they tell you what went wrong ?

MOTHER:

Umh, no! They just told me to come to talk to them, now.

FATHER:

Oh! I hope he is ok..

He gets his tie mixed up and his wife goes to help him and both get rather embarrassed

46

SC 40 IN SCHOOL CORRIDOR

46

Head's PA comes to guide them. The parents arrive in front of the principal's office. Their son is sitting outside looking very victim-like with a massive bruise across his face. Mother runs too him

MOTHER:

Jim are you alright? What happened?
Your face!

JIM:

Some bastards attacked me so I
defended myself, dinn'I, and now
I'm in trouble

The principal opens the door just at that moment

PRINCIPAL:

(Somewhat frostily)

Please do come in Mrs and Mr Shaw.
You too, Jim.
The family walks into the office
and all take a seat, mother closest
to son, who is suddenly as tame as
a lamb .

PRINCIPAL: (CONT'D)

I don't really know how to say
this, but your son, here, has sent
two boys to the hospital with very
severe injuries. One of them hasn't
recovered consciousness, and the
other one has severe concussion and
is not in a state to talk.

She lets this sink in. The parents are horrified. Evelyn is playing with her scarf, trying not to cry .

PRINCIPAL: (CONT'D)

we do not really know the full
story. Your son insists that he did
not start the fight. I cannot,
however, really judge this matter
at the moment.

JIM:

it wasn't my fault! I just fought
back. Not my fault they were bad
fighters.

PRINCIPAL:

(to father)

I don't know what you have taught
your son, but physical violence is
not tolerated in our school .

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL: (CONT'D)

No matter what the reason. Your son has far overstepped the boundaries of what this school considers good behaviour. He has put two boys in hospital! I do not know what you teach you son, Mr. Shaw, but this behaviour must never ever happen again, or we cannot have Jim, at our school. Is this understood?

The parents are mortified mother starts to sniff and rummages in her bag for a handkerchief . There is an awkward silence until father manages to break it.

FATHER:

Uhm..... we are sorry,
Headmistress. We don't really know
what got into Jim. We... We will
talk to him.

PRINCIPAL:

We will let Jim off this time as we
do not really know, at this time,
what actually happened. Thankfully
the injured boys' parents are not
pressing charges

47 SCENE 42 CAR, RETURNING HOME

47

Dad is driving. Parents and Jim sit in silence for a while

FATHER:

It's no good, Jim. We are very disappointed in you. Your exam results are atrocious, too! This school only agreed to take you on because we pleaded for you and this is how you repay us....by attacking your new classmates.

JIM:

Leave off, dad!

MOTHER:

But your dad is only speaking the truth, J...

JIM:

Oh, that's right! You start now! Everyone is against me!

FATHER:

No, we're not again..

JIM:

Oh, yes you are! You've always preferred Harriet! She always gets everything!

FATHER:

What do you mean 'everything'? We've always been very careful to always give you the same number of kisses and presents...and little outings.....and and...things.... begins to sound a bit broken up

MOTHER:

I'm sure that Jim didn't mean that, dad..

JIM:

Yes I did! You've never loved me!

DAD:

My son! My son!

MUM:

Jim!

JIM:

Those boys were saying insulting things about Harriet and I wasn't going to sit around and not stand up for her!

Pause, while everyone looks out of the windscreen: Dad looks depressed and hopeless; Mum is biting her lip and trying not to cry; Jim, in the back, is sitting with a veiled smirk on his lips and looking secretly pleased with himself, while making martyred sniffing noises .

FATHER:

Well, Jim, will you at least
promise us that you will try not to
let the other boys get you angry
again?

JIM:

(With a resigned, martyred
tone)
Yes, dad....I'll TRY.

MOTHER:

Gently and gratefully Thank you
son. Now we'll pick up some
vegetables and dad will make us
something nice for supper, hum?

Dad gives Evelyn a watery smile .

48

SCENE 43: DINING ROOM

48

Mother dispiritedly dusting the table

Jimella comes in singing and carrying two flowering plants

JIMELLA:

.....on a bat's back I I doo oo
flyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy! Merrily,
merrily, oooon a bat's back I I do
oo fly!

(See's mum)

Oh, there you are Mother! I was
JUST looking for you.....and here
you are!

(holds head sideways and
scrutinizes her)

Now I don't think that the day has
been very kind to Mama! Is it that
naughty boy again?

MOTHER:

Oh, Jimella!....He's bee... oh
right .. You a ghost

JIMELLA:

A GHOST! Where!

Looks around aghast, dropping plants which remain floating on
the air

MOTHER:

...and ghosts don't carry flowers,
anyway

JIMELLA:

They DON'T ?

air-suspended flowers start to fall and mother has to catch
them.

Jimella looks sad and drops hands to his side

MOTHER:

Oh, sorry, Jimella...I, I didn't
mean that, I meant.....

JIMELLA:

.....that you will come into the
garden with me and plant some of
this huge box of plants that I have
got for your herbaceous border,
Mother.

MOTHER:
Me? Outside?

JIMELLA:
Yes, you....outside,.....sort
of.....

SHOT OF THEM IN GARDEN, FROM TOP WINDOW

49

SC 44: SCHOOL, GIRLS' CLOAKROOM

49

Harriet is applying foundation over bruises on her arms neck and shoulders. She looks sad but determined. She runs out of foundation for the bruise on her face. This causes her resolve to crack and she starts to cry.

HARRIET:
Stupid! Stupid!

As she is crying the girl that her brother harasses come in and sees her. Harriet realises and desperately tries to cover her crying, and tries to give excuses .

HARRIET: (CONT'D)
(smiling wetly)
my foundation ran out...

GIRL:
He hits you too!...

HARRIET:
What? No I just... accidentally got
hit in face with a football...

GIRL:
Here. You can have some of my
foundation.

HARRIET:
(Looking mortified)
Thanks

The two girls fix their appearances in silence

50

SC 45: VARIOUS - KITCHEN, HARRIET'S BEDROOM, DINING ROOM 50

SERIES OF SMALL SILENT SCENES

KITCHEN

Dad tasting a spoon of dish in a pan and looking disappointed. Jimella, next to him, offers a shake of a certain herb container, which dad adds, tries and then looks pleased with. Dad grudgingly nods his head in thanks to Jimella.

HARRIET'S BEDROOM

Jimella adds a few words to Harriet's homework poem and raises his eyebrows at her for her approval. Harriet snatches the pen from him and looks away, while giving a small smile as his idea was actually a good one.

DINING ROOM

Jimella is in French Maid's outfit dusting table with the feather duster. Jim comes up behind him, lifts his skirt

JIM
(mouths)
"Fuckin' pervert!"

Jimella leans over him and presents his lips in a moue. Jim backs frightenedly away

JIM (CONT'D)
(mouths)
'Gerroff! Geroff!'

Runs off.

MUM'S BEDROOM

Mum is trying on a dress, tightening the belt and looking in the cheval mirror, unsure of her appearance. Jimella is encouraging her, making gestures of appreciation and approval. Mum gives a small, embarrassed smile.

51 SCENE 46: KITCHEN

51

Door opens and Beryl and Gerald put their heads round

BERYL:
Cooee! It's on.....

JIM:
(turning round from the
table and getting up)
?..What the FUCK?!

GERALD:
Now lad! There's no need to be so
rude!

JIM:
What?! When burglars just walk in
on you to steal your stuff ?

BERYL:
WE'RE not steal.....

JIM:
Oh, Yeh? So why're you come
slinking in at our door?! You don't
live here, you know! Don't you know
you're supposed to knock on
people's doors, not just walk in
like you own the bloody place?! My
parents don't like you, you know!
They are trying to get rid of you
and Harriet and I hate your bloody
guts!

MOTHER:
(coming into the kitchen
)
Jim! Jim! What are you saying ?!

JIM:
Ah, come on, mum! You know you were
wondering how to get rid of
them...well, now you're rid!

MOTHER:
Yes, but I didn't mean...

BERYL:
"Yes", is it? Well, we won't stay
where we're not wanted, then...come
on, Gerald

They turn and walk away from the doorway

MOTHER:
(calling after them)
Beryl! I didn't mean.....I'm
sorry!.....

52

SCENE 47: BEDROOM - EVENING

52

Parents getting ready for bed

MOTHER:

....and then they went!

FATHER:

I can't say that I'm sorry, love,
but I suppose it doesn't do to be
on bad terms with the neighbours.

MOTHER:

Jim is so very
outspoken!.....

FATHER:

I suppose you were hoping they
might turn out to be friends....?

MOTHER:

Yes.....back to just us,
now.....Secretly,
though....I think I'm a bit
relieved. I'm not like Beryl, you
see.....

FATHER:

(reading cook book)

Hmmm,m,m

53

SC 46: HARRIET'S BEDROOM - EVENING

53

It is the evening and Harriet is getting ready for bed and is brushing her hair, in her nightie. Mother sees her during her nocturnal wanderings. Mother walks into her daughter room after knocking discreetly.

WE SEE THE DAUGHTER FROM MOTHER POV

HARRIET:

Hi mom. Everything ok?

MOTHER:

Yes, everything is ok ...I .. You are such a big grown up girl now....

HARRIET:

Thanks mom.

MOTHER:

I do love you, you know ..

HARRIET:

Love you too, mom!

MOTHER:

There's a knot right there. You keep missing it..

HARRIET:

Can you brush my hair for me?

MOTHER:

Very pleased Of course! I love brushing your hair and making it all shiny.

Harriet sits back and mother starts brushing her hair. There is a happy silence then mother notices a bruise. It is quite small and mostly hidden, mother is curious, until she sees another on Harriet's neck: a big nasty one. She is now worried

MOTHER: (CONT'D)

Darling, where did you get those bruises? That one looks quite nasty

HARRIET:

umh...

(suddenly looks afraid)

HARRIET: (CONT'D)
I was tidying up the sports
cupboard and a load of equipment
fell on my head.

MOTHER:
(not convinced, but lets
it drop)
Oh.

Carries on brushing Harriet's hair.

54

SC 47- UPPER HALLWAY

54

Mother is walking out of her
daughters room

MOTHER:
Night night dear

She walks off down corridor and Jim steps out to meet her
from his room

JIM:
Hey ma!

MOTHER:
Oh hello dear.. Are you going to
bed?

JIM:
Will do. Say, ever wondered why sis
has got all those bruises on her
neck?

MOTHER:
looks around worriedly Yes! Why,
yes, I was .. Is she alright? I
didn't really want to interfere.

JIM:
That's the problem you see! You
don't keep a proper eye out.....
you're a terrible parent! She runs
wild!

Mother is really worried now

JIM: (CONT'D)
I mean,..... if you think I'M
bad,..... SHE'S terrible! She's an
utter slut! All of those bruises
are from her various boyfriends
kissing her...have you never heard
of love bites?

MOTHER:
That's nasty thing to say, Jim! I'm
sure it's not true! I'm sure
there's another reason...

JIM:
Of course you don't wanna believe
that your picture perfect little
daughter is a nymphomaniac,....
Understandable! That means you
failed as a parent ...

He acts all nonchalant as Mother looks devastated, she refuses to accept this and she is shaking her head .

JIM: (CONT'D)
Oh well! Night, night, anyways.
Sleep tight .. Lol!

He strolls into his room and the ghost suddenly appears on the landing, next to mother

JIMELLA:
Did HE just say 'Lol', or am I
imagining it.....?

Mother is very upset. She pushes past Jimella, ignoring him and goes and sits in her bedroom. Dad, her husband, sitting on the bed, fighting with his socks notices her distress, but doesn't know how to comfort her

FATHER:
You alright, dear?

MOTHER:
(attacking her clothes)
Yes, dear
(strained)

55

SCENE 48: SITTING ROOM - EVENING

55

It is nice and quiet the ghost is sitting reading. Mother is drawing and is doing her homework. Suddenly, a heavy thumping beat echoes around the house and the family is disturbed. They try and ignore it but it gets worse. It carries on getting worse until mother finally snaps and goes upstairs to talk to her son who is making the racket

56

SCENE 49- OUTSIDE JIM'S BEDROOM DOOR

56

The music is deafening. Mum knocks on door but no answer. She tries to open it, but it's locked. She bangs on door, but there is no answer. The ghost appears on the landing, next to her, looking mad

JIMELLA :
 (voice all distorted so
 that it roars)
 Will you turn that damn stereo off
 it is driving me nuts!

The music is turned down a little and Jim appears

JIM:
 Waaah? Sorry, I couldn't hear you..

MOTHER:
 Um..... sorry to interrupt your
 music, love, but can you please
 turn the stereo down a little? It's
 perhaps a little loud..

GHOST:
 (in roaring tone)
 PERHAPS! PERHAPS?!...
 turns to Jim in usual flippant
 toneand your taste in music
 is quite
 tasteLESS.....horrendous, in
 fact!

Jim stares at them both sighs and shrugs

JIM:
 Fine! OK! I'll turn it down, then!

Jim goes in his room, slams the door and turns the music down. Mother and ghost go back down stairs and settle down again. Slowly, however, the volume is cranked up back to where it was. The ghost snaps. It materializes in Jim's bedroom, grabs him by the scruff of the neck and runs him out of the open window. Jim lands outside in a small tree the ghost flings the stereo after him and shuts the window.

JIM: (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna fucking kill that weirdo!

He gets up out of the tree and kicks, gingerly, the bits of radio

57

SC 51- THE SCHOOLYARD

57

Harriet is sitting in a corner with her ipod plugged in, reading a novel. The girl that her brother usually harasses comes and sits next to her

EMILY (GIRL):

Are you ok?

HARRIET:

Umh yes.... thank you? What are you called?

EMILY:

Oh, Emily..... How do you cope?

HARRIET:

What with..?

EMILY:

Your brother! I mean I only have him for two classes and it's hell! How do you live with him?

HARRIET:

You get used to it. I'm sorry about him messing with you. I've tried to stop him, but that hasn't helped much.

EMILY:

It's ok. I don't have to live with him. He must hit you hard for you to get those bruises.

HARRIET:

You get used to it. I just don't want mom finding out it would break her heart. Same with dad.

EMILY:

I've never seen your parents.. Do they go out much ?

HARRIET:

No.. They are a bitout of it. I think me being ill messed up their lives too much. Mom hasn't recovered...and dad's a bit obsessed wi...

Jim suddenly appears

JIM:

Hey! What's my two favourite lil
bitches doing together?... You not
ganging up on me are you?

HARRIET:

Fuck off Jim, I'm not your bitch!
I'm your sister, and this is Emily.
Leave us alone!

JIM:

Excuse me? Are you swearing by any
chance? It's rude to swear, you
gotta respect your elders!

EMILY:

Leave us alone you feking weirdo!
Nobody likes you here...you're a
bully!

Jim stares at her then quite absentmindedly punches her in
the stomach

HARRIET:

shouting What the fuck Jim! What
the hell what that for! Emily are
you ok?

She hurries to help Emily, only to get kicked by Jim as well,
he laughs as she falls over and kicks her again. Fade out

58

SC 52- SITTING ROOM

58

FADE IN

Phone ringing. Mother and the ghost are sitting relaxing, mother does her usual of looking terrified by the phone and not answering it, but the ghost wanders over and answers it

JIMELLA:
Helloooo! Charley's whorehouse,
here! You got the dough we got the
hoe

Mother moves incredibly fast and snatches the phone out of the laughing Jimella's hand

MOTHER:
I'm sorry about that! Guests! May I
help you?

As the phone talks she slowly freezes up and carefully puts the phone down. She doesn't respond. The ghost senses something is very wrong as mother fumbles another number into the phone

JIMELLA:
Mother?....Mother, what's wrong?
Let me do that, mummy dear!

Jimella dials the father

JIMELLA: (CONT'D)
Hey big daddy! Do you think you
could come over? I think mummy dear
has had a little shock...Just a
weenzie one...she's alright....Yes,
it's me .. You know: the fabulous
lady who loves your cooking... Yess
that's right .. Me. Yes, mommy has
had a little shock.....NO...not ME,
I'M looking AFTER her!...See you in
a bit.

Harriet and Emily are both in the beds with some quite fancy bruises on Harriet's leg and Emily is holding her stomach and moaning. Mother is fussing over them and apologising. Father is looking very distressed. Jim is nowhere to be seen. The same PA as before walks in and guides them to the headmistress office. Jim is sitting outside looking very victim-like. Again, they're all ushered in to office.

HEADMISTRESS:

Good afternoon, Mr and Mrs. Shaw. I do not like doing this. But, as the headmistress of this school I must. Jim has gone too far. He has attacked and injured four people so far including his own sister. The police have been informed and we are waiting to hear if Emily's parents will be pressing charges. I'm afraid I cannot let this go any longer. Even if you won't do anything, something has to be done by someone ... Now we have a choice: either we have to expel Jim, or he has to take some kind of counselling to help him work through his issues.

FATHER:

Whatever you think is best, headmistress...we're so sorry for this. We do our best to teach him. Jim? Will you attend counselling?

JIM:

(playing victim)

I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I just lose it. I suppose I've got anger issues. But I really want to fix it. I don't wanna hurt people anymore.

HEADMISTRESS:

Good! I'm glad! I have a good counsellor here that we have worked with before. She is very effective and I'm sure she will be able to help you. Here is her card. Good luck.

FATHER:

Thank you

HEADMISTRESS:

Oh and I forgot, we will keep your daughter in the infirmary until the end of today so that the nurse can make sure she is not badly hurt. Can you please come and pick her up and the end of the school day? Thank you.

Parents nod mutely and leave with Jim in tow

60

SCENE 54- HALLWAY

60

Mother and Father are both standing next to the phone mother has the card, she hands it to her husband. both are very nervy. Jimella The ghost and the Harriet are further up the stairs watching. Jim is nowhere to be seen. Mother dials the number slowly and nervously and holds the phone looking anxiously at her husband who attempts to cheer her on. A person answers the phone.

EVELYN:

Hum hello? I..I ... I would like to
book an appointment with

she looks down and reads, and we realise that she has written entire possible conversation on a piece of paper

EVELYN: (CONT'D)

Counsellor Sherman?....When?
.....Umh..

Again looks at paper

EVELYN

as soon as possible? It's... .for my
son Jim..... My name? Oh its umh,
Shaw. Mrs Shaw.....Thankyou ...

There is a pause as mother anxiously crosses out some of the sentences on the paper

EVELYN:

Oh Thursday at 3pm?..... Thankyou
very much. Goodbye

She puts the phone down as her husband hurriedly scribbles down the time and date. She takes a few calming deep breaths

EVELYN :

OK. That is settled..

STAN :

Well done dear!

EVELYN :

She wants to see a parent too.. I
suppose I'll go...?

STAN :

If you want, I will drive you.

Mother smiles in relief, and they seem to be closer somehow

61

SC 55- COUNSELLOR'S ROOM, AT SCHOOL

61

Mother walks into the Counsellor's room. She is greeted by a smiling woman who is all business .

JULIE:

Good afternoon Mrs Shaw it is nice
too meet you. Please take a seat.
You must call me Julie.

Mother sits down uncomfortably holding her little handbag .

JULIE: (CONT'D)

Now I've heard what Jim has to say,
I would like to hear your side of
the story before I can help you.
May I ask about his childhood? Did
he ever have any of this display of
temper?

MOTHER:

Very hesitantly No he was a good
boy with us, he always behaved...

JULIE:

With you? You mean there were times
when he wasn't with you?

MOTHER:

Well.... yess, but not many.
Because of my daughter's
illness,...her heart, you know, my
husband and I were in and out of
the hospital for the first twelve
years of her life. We sometimes had
to leave him with his aunt, but it
was never longer than one night.
And we tried to keep him with us as
much as possible. Despite what
happened we tried to keep their
upbringing normal as possible. No
special treatment. We made sure to
spend the same amount of time with
both of them

WHILE MOTHER TALKS, THERE IS JIM'S FACE, THEN FLASHBACK OF
SEEING HARRIET SITTING IN BED SURROUNDED BY PRESENTS AND JIM
SITTING NEXT TO BOTH PARENTS, NEXT TO THE BED .

JULIE:

He says that he remembers his
sister always having lots of
presents and fancy birthdays and
cakes.

(MORE)

JULIE: (CONT'D)

In one case, it was his birthday
and you left him with his aunt to
go out for the evening

THIS IS ILLUSTRATED BY JIM'S FACE AND JIM'S FLASHBACK OF NINE
YEAR OLD BOY LEFT BEHIND BY HIS PARENTS WITH HIS AUNT, AS
THEY GO OUT OF THE DOOR .

MOTHER:

Yes we had to do that once. Our
daughter had to have an emergency
operation half way through the day
and we did not want to ruin his
birthday by telling him his sister
might ... Die..

WE SEE THE PARENTS LEAVING AND SMILING AT SON WHO HAS HIS
MOUTH FULL WITH CAKE AND HAS A TOY IN EACH HAND, HURRYING TO
THE HOSPITAL, AND SPENDING THE NIGHT SITTING IN THE WAITING
ROOM. THEN THEY GET HOME VERY LATE TO FIND HIM ASLEEP AND
THEY KISS HIM ON THE FOREHEAD, EACH.

JULIE:

I see, Mrs. Shaw. I suppose that
there are always two sides to a
story, aren't there? Now, if you
could just pop back next week, at
this time, I think I might have a
few ideas for you and Jim, to help
things along, if that's OK with
you?

MOTHER:

Oh, yes, yes. Gets up and fumbles
with handbag Yes, next
week...hummm.

62

SC 58 -THE COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE

62

Mother is sitting opposite the councillor, Jim off to one side. Mother is in her usual stiff best suit .

JULIE (COUNCILLOR):
Now Mrs Shaw or can I call you Evelyn?

MOTHER:
Um yes, yes of course...

JULIE:
Right well you see, Evelyn, your son has anger issues. They seem to stem from him feeling left out for most of his young life. He feels that you prefer his sister to him. This seems to have given him an inability to control his anger. As far as I can tell, your family has drifted apart, not through any fault of your own. Now there are a few ways of dealing with this. The easiest would be to get to know each other again .

Mother looks pained and bemused

JULIE: (CONT'D)
Well the most obvious one would be to share your interests with each other and spend some time together.

JIM:
And do what? Just talk?

JULIE:
Yes that is a good idea, but you can also choose activities that you would all like to share with each other. Do this as a family. That is very important. You have to do it all together. Otherwise there would be no point. Do you understand?

MOTHER:
Umh yes. Thank you for this Ms..
..ahh, Julie. Sorry about this.
She gets up to leave

JULIE:
it is quite alright, Evelyn. I see this all the time. Families accidentally drift apart through no fault of their own.
(MORE)

JULIE: (CONT'D)

All they need is a little
encouragement. I'm just glad that
you came for help. I look forward
to hearing how things are going.

63

SC 59- SITTING ROOM

63

Son, mother, father and daughter, plus Jimella, are sitting around with leaflets and devices open trying to chose a hobby.

FATHER:

Well, ok, how about....? he waves
a leaflet

JIM:

Oh my god dad! Cooking for
beginners?! That's, like, exactly
the same thing as before!

FATHER:

No that was Mediterranean cooking
for beginners! There is a massive
difference between the two
courses....

JIM:

....everything you have suggested
so far had been cooking related !
You're not allowed to suggest
anymore!

JIMELLA:

How about this? Turns the laptop
for them to look at

MOTHER:

(peering)
Pole dancing classes? Uhm I'm not
quite sure...

JIM:

I did NOT want that image in my
head! Eeuw! Hey, this looks cool!
Boxing. Look! Girls can do it too.
Look it says it's a good workout.

MOTHER:

... I don't think I can...

HARRIET:

How about an art course? That
sounds nicer right?

JIM:

Oh my god, woman? Art? Are you mad?
That is really really really
boring. Boxing is cool! It'll make
dad a man again. It'll also help
mum with asserting herself and get
you to lose all that puppy fat.

(MORE)

JIM: (CONT'D)

I dunno you might actually start
looking good and might get a proper
boyfriend.

MOTHER:

But..... ?

FATHER:

It does seem that Jim has found a
hobby. I mean, i suppose we could
just try it...?

MOTHER:

Umm. I suppose so.....

64

SC 60 - A GYM

64

It is full of tough looking people doing various boxing things and looking absorbed.

Family walks in looking unnerved. Mother is trying to hide in her track suit, father is looking like a hopeless nerd in short shorts, and Harriet is not even trying. She has brought a book to read. Jim is in his element though and looking very tough and cocky. He wanders off and acquires a big avuncular man who teaches them the basic boxing moves. Mother falls over and sprains her wrist. It is bandaged and she goes and sits down. Sister isn't even participating. Father gets goaded into a boxing fight with one of the men there and gets splatted .

65

SC 61- OUTSIDE OF THE HOME.

65

The family come home from the gym, and get out of the car. Father has a black eye and is looking very dismal. Daughter has removed herself more than usual and mother is even more depressed and hugging her sprain (bandaged). Jim, on other hand is enjoying himself immensely.

66

SCENE 62: THE GYM

66

Mum sitting holding handbag and worriedly watching Jim

JIM:

(to his partner in the
ring as they are starting
to tie on the gloves)

Huh! You act soo tough, but all
your fighting is done with pads. I
know what real fights are like. I'm
not some gym bunny wuss!

MAN / GYM BUNNY:

What the fuck, you brat! You don't
know anything about fighting. Ill
beat yo' ass flat!

JIM:

Yea, riiight! Bring it on....old
man!

Jim swings a bare fist at him and hits him. The man hits back
and it sets off a big fight. The gym owner runs in and
separates them

OWNER:

Oi! You two! Don't you bloody know
bare fists fighting is NOT allowed
in this gym. Who the hell started
this?!

MAN / GYM BUNNY:

He bloody started it! He's frikin
insane! He tried to take my face
off without gloves.

OWNER:

Right! That's it! You are out.
Don't come anywhere near here this
gym EVER again!

He grabs Jim by scruff of neck and throws him out of the
door. Mother hastily follows, looking very chagrined

67

SC 63- THE COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE.

67

Mum and counsellor

COUNSELLOR:

Hmm. It seems that boxing was not a good idea, Evelyn. I advise you to perhaps try a more family orientated activity? I really would not like to stage an intervention, here. I must leave it to you and your family to choose something which will help poor Jim.

MOTHER:

Oh dear. Umh thank you we will try something new, certainly. Sorry about this...ummm

COUNSELLOR:

You must be pro-active about this, Evelyn and take responsibility for your son's happiness

MOTHER:

Yes....yes...indeed...
(looks very miserable and
helpless)

68

SC 64- THE SITTING ROOM

68

The son and father comes home from rugby. Mother and Daughter and Jimella are all sitting around in front of the television

MOTHER:

Hello, dears.....Um, how was rugby?

JIM:

you know we are supposed to do this as a 'Family Thang'? All I had was dad failing especially. We even got laughed at by the ref. You said you'd come and watch, and you didn't. Bloody nice mother you are. Spending your entire life hiding from everything.

MOTHER:

S..s...sorry, Jim, but it said that it was going to rain and I have been trying to get rid of this bronchitis an...

JIM:

You're the type of person who is so afraid of people that they wouldn't come to their own funeral cos of the people there. Thinking about it, if you were to die, nobody would probably even notice. Even dad wouldn't, cos he's so obsessed with cooking.

Jim storms off throwing his equip all over the place leaving mother looking very down trodden. She sees her husband looking all splattered in mud and looking very down trodden and she goes to help him and clean him up, taking his coat. They seem to be closer .

69

SCENE 65- THE COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE

69

Mother is sitting in her chair, Jim is standing and walking around the place, looking martyred. The counsellor, Julie, is sitting behind desk

JULIE:

I have been talking to Jim and it appears that you, as a family, are not supporting him at all, which is a real shame, Evelyn. I thought that you really wanted to help. This will only work if you will also help yourselves. I cannot solve all of your problems. Perhaps we will give it one more chance, and if you cannot make this work, then we will have to think of something else...

MOTHER:

Umh thankyou. I am sorry. We really are trying, but some of Jim's chosen hobbies are a little too challenging for us.

JULIE:

Then you must step forwards as a parent and tell him that. I am sure that he will understand and change them. You must come to see the *raison d'etre* behind 'child-centred learning'.

MOTHER:

(looking challenged and
mystified)
er...yes, yes!

70

SC 66- SKATE PARK

70

Jim has nice shiny new skateboard, so does Father. Jim again is far more confident. This time both dad, mother and Harriet are there. Mother is not in her suit for once. She is wearing unflattering track suit bottoms. Jim manages some pretty good tricks on his skateboard. Harriet just slides around and tries to teach mother to skate.... Mother is useless and very frightened of falling, again.

JIM:

Hey dad wanna try this? Do the same
thing as me? Look! It's way easy!
You just do this!

He demonstrates and makes it look quite easy on a lower ramp

JIM: (CONT'D)

You try, now.

Dad attempts same, falls and hurts himself. Jim films it and laughs his head off for ages. Father is humiliated and so is mother as she can't stay on board for more than a few seconds. Harriet is mad at brother for bullying parents .

71

SC 67- ENTRANCE HALL AT HOME.

71

The parents stagger in, with dad limping. Harriet is annoyed at brother. Jim is throwing a complete tantrum. Jimella appears and gets tending to parents dressed in nurse outfit .

JIM:

You both are bloody useless as parents! All you wanna do is the stuff my sister wants to do. You don't really wanna spend time with your own damn son! You don't even want to go out the bloody door!

HARRIET:

(interrupts)

Shut. Up Jim! We all know you don't care about us! Just shut up and leave. Our life would be a lot happier!

JIM:

Oh yea.... I wish! This house is crazy. You and your little hearty-warty that we all have to tiptoe around. Mother and her fucking useless face. And then dad with his "cooking"! I just wish you would all go jump! Oh! Yea, and there's also this stupid bloody fairy godmother that we can't get out of the house! I mean, what the hell! Ghost don't even fucking exi...

JIMELLA:

(interrupting loudly)

... Ummm.... "fairy": yes!... "God": no!... "Mother": mmmmight have found one,.... but you aren't staying around to make her miserable, little boy!

The music becomes sinister and louder, and Jimella's face becomes hideous and grows suddenly [but only in Jim's eyes] Jim bolts and Jimella's face goes back to normal. He turns around to the family

JIMELLA: (CONT'D)

Now! How about a game of Happy Families and I'LL make the cocoa?

72

SC 68- UPPER HALLWAY

72

It is very late evening and Mother has taken to her usual night time wandering. The bathroom light is on she goes to investigate. She walks in on the Jimella shaving its legs, semi dressed, with facepack on and not looking his normal lady like self. Both scream very high pitchedly, at each other and Jimella zaps mother to a cafe. She looks around in bewilderment. Meanwhile, Father in the kitchen hears the screams and hurries to find his wife. He also bursts in on Jimella.

FATHER:

Where's my wife?! I heard her yell!

He then yelps as Jimella turns around

JIMELLA:

Excuuuuse me! But do you know it is rude to barge in on a lady when she is changing?

FATHER:

shocked You're not a woman!

JIMELLA:

Oh good grief man! It just clicked now? You really are stupid daddy dear....anyway....I'm not a woman, I'm a lady!

Father is still reeling in shock

JIMELLA: (CONT'D)

I think I may have accidentally sent mother dear to Kevin's. Do go check: there's an angel!

The ghost zaps father along to the cafe, too

73

SC 69- KEVIN'S CAFE

73

Mother appears in the cafe in the middle of busy evening. She cries out and bursts into tears. Mother is instantly surrounded by a gaggle of concerned customers, including the flower lady and the owner. She is given a chair and a hot chocolate, tissues and cake. Everyone is very nice to her

OWNER:

(Middle aged woman)
There, there dear! Don't worry!
It's alright! What's the matter?
Did someone hurt you, or something?

CUSTOMER 1:

(Man)
Why is she crying?

CUSTOMER 2:

(Ghost in full evening
gear)
Who is she? The poor thing! She
wasn't here a minute ago?

FLOWER LADY:

You remember me, love? I told you
the way back when you got last
time. So you remember? We'll soon
have you sorted...there...don't you
go crying!

Mother is shocked by all the people being nice to her and just sits there stunned. The husband then gets zapped in. He also stunned by everything. He sees his wife and hurries to her to make sure she is ok. Patting her on the shoulder and whispering in her ear. Everybody in cafe is touched by his caring.

GROUP

"awwww"

FATHER:

Where are we? And how are we going
to get home?

MOTHER:

Um this is Kevin's. I've been sent
here before. This is the owner she
very kindly helped me get home last
time

OWNER

waves and smiles

Hi, sugar!
(MORE)

OWNER (CONT'D)
 Apparently your were friends with
 Jimella. Any friends of hers are
 very welcome here!

FATHER:
 "Were"?

OWNER:
 Well of course " were"....she's
 dead!

FATHER:
 Oh yes.... umh, right.

OWNER:
 Tragic it was..... her death!
 Tragic!

There is general nods in agreement and a few blown noses

FATHER:
 (despite himself)
 How did she die?

OWNER:
 Oh well you see the poor dear had a
 major eating disorder. Terrible
 with her weight the poor dear was.
 She loved eating, but she just felt
 that she was too fat and so she
 went on starvation diets! Her
 weight yoyo'd! She was terrible
 those last few weeks.

MOTHER:
 (horrified)
 Is that why she died?

OWNER:
 Oh lord, no! She got hit by a bus
 down on Queen Street

The Shaws are completely disorientated by the turn of events
 and don't quite know what to say .

74

SC 70- OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

74

A car pulls up in front of their house. The parents get out slightly drunk with feather boas the other inmates of the car are also laughing and drunk. One is the Ghost. The parents wave and head towards the house giggling and leaning on each other. They manage to get into the house and sneak upstairs

MOTHER:

This is like when we were young!

FATHER:

Takes me right back!

Both of them snigger they creep up to their room arm in arm like a couple of naughty teens

75

SCENE 71- THE SITTING ROOM

75

Mother and father are sitting in sitting room. Jimella walks in

JIMELLA:
You wanted to see me mommy dear?

MOTHER:
Hm..... yes please?

FATHER:
I just wanted to give my
condolences

JIMELLA:
What for?

FATHER:
Hmm.. Your .. Death!

JIMELLA:
Why thank you Father. Most kind of
you. But it's ok. I got over it
quite quickly.

There is an awkward silence

MOTHER:
Umh... I was wanting to ask .. If
you could possibly not teleport me
all over the house ..? It is a
little stressful....or if you could
possibly give me warning ..?

JIMELLA:
Oh but Mother, dear, I've got to
get you out of the house somehow.
And if I gave you warning it,
wouldn't be fun at all.

The parents stare at Jimella

JIMELLA: (CONT'D)
Oh, well then..... I promise not
to send you around the house, but
I'm afraid the zapping outside the
house .. Isn't really up to
me..... It's like automatic
response ... Like gagging!

The parents stare

JIMELLA: (CONT'D)
What? I'm not good at similes. I'll
try not to,..... promise.

MOTHER:

Thank you very much. Umh, by the way the people at Kevin's seemed to like you very much.

JIMELLA:

Ohh Kevin's! I DO like that cafe. How did you end up in Kevin's?

MOTHER:

Umh..... you sent us there?

JIMELLA:

did? Haha! I have even got good taste in my teleportation! Kevin's is my favourite cafe. I must have subconsciously been thinking about it or something

The phone rings and Jimella gets to it, first

JIMELLA: (CONT'D)

Hee! Colin's Colonics! You got the dough: we got the hose! Mother again snatches it from a grinning Jimella

MOTHER:

I really am terribly sorry. This is Mrs Shaw speaking?....Yes, yes.....oh, yes. Thank you, then, ummmm, sorry.

After a while she puts the phone down and looks grim

MOTHER: (CONT'D)

It's Jim..... He's been expelled!... looks anguished

The mood is ruined

76

SC 72- SCHOOL CAR PARK

76

Jim and the parents are walking out from school in silence. Mother is back in her suit, so is father. Jim is looking very sulky they all get in car .

FATHER:

I can't believe it... We tried so hard to make you a good boy and you go and do that?!

MOTHER:

Why did you do it?

JIM:

Ugh! The old bastard asked for it!

FATHER:

He is a teacher! I understand getting angry at your peers! But not a teacher!

JIM:

Why are you coming all of the heavy parent, all of a sudden? Why do you suddenly care?

MOTHER:

We have always cared!

JIM:

Yeah, right!

FATHER:

I get that boys will be boys.. But a teacher? The poor man had to go to hospital!

JIM:

He was being a creep

MOTHER:

In front of a class full of teenagers? Asking you not to swear at a girl?

JIM:

Yea creep...

They subside into silence. JIm puts in headphones and ignores them. The parents look very depressed and they pull up to the house .

JIM: (CONT'D)

I'm going for a walk. I'll be back later.

MOTHER:

Jim? You can't!...You must stay in
the house!.... Jim!..... Do you
hear?!!

Jim has left car and walked off by now leaving parents
distraught

77

SC 73: DINING ROOM - EVENING

77

Mother and father are both sitting at dining table.

FATHER:

How are we going to get him into
another school if he acts like
this?

MOTHER:

He never used to do this. I don't
understand where we went wrong..

FATHER:

Reaches out and takes her hand

Neither do I. We treated them them
both equally right.. We didn't
ignore either of them!

MOTHER:

I don't understand either. I mean
boys will be boys, but I think that
what he is doing is pushing it too
far.

Both lapse into a gloomy silence, until the Jimella walks in.
She looks around the room and notes the absence of cooking
and the depression of the parents. She heads over to the
fridge and looks in there to find food. There is nothing. So
she goes and sits with the parents at the table and stares at
the parents .

JIMELLA:

Why so glum? What happened? It must
have been bad for Father not to be
cooking

MOTHER:

Jim got expelled for beating up a
teacher

JIMELLA:

Holy mother of bluebells!. How on
earth did he manage that?

MOTHER:

He was a rather aged maths teacher.

JIMELLA:

There must have been a good
excuse..... right?

FATHER:

No. There wasn't. Jim just lost his temper and went for him.

JIMELLA:

I knew he was a brat.

MOTHER:

I suppose we don't know our children as much as we thought we did.

JIMELLA:

Harriet is an absolute dear!

MOTHER:

With a nymphomania problem, apparently.

FATHER:

What?

MOTHER:

Jim told me. I didn't want to believe it, but she has all these small bruises around her neck and shoulders.

JIMELLA:

Hmm!?. You do know that Jim pelts her with a modified nerf gun. It now shoots with the strength of a paintball gun. He also grinds pens into her arms

Both parents look horrified at him .

MOTHER:

I knew he got into a fight and hit her a while back. But I did not know it was continuing.

JIMELLA:

Well of course Jim was going to tell you that it was something else. I am really going to make him regret his life decisions. But dears. we can't have you sitting here all glum. It's just not right. Where is that daughter of yours? I'll be right back

Jimella vanishes. The parents stare confusedly

78

SCENE 74: A STREET

78

The daughter is walking home
looking depressed and not really
noticing the world. Jimella
suddenly appears out of nowhere
grabs her arm and then vanishes.

79

SC 75: THE KITCHEN

79

Jimella and Harriet both appear in the kitchen. The parents are surprised: the daughter, disorientated. Jimella snaps fingers to put new cooking clothes on and bustles over to the work surfaces .

JIMELLA:

Right! Now! I neeed food and so I am going to start cooking something.

He snaps fingers and catchy dance music starts playing. He starts getting food out of the fridge and cupboards .

JIMELLA: (CONT'D)

Hmm, now, lets see... What do you kiddies like? I think I might whip up a simple meal of Beef Stroganoff with rice? How does that sound ?

FATHER:

Hmm... that does sound good? Can you do it yourself?

JIMELLA:

I wouldn't say no to a sous chef!

FATHER:

Ohh, I'll help..

JIMELLA:

Hah! That's got you! You've fallen into the classic sous chef trap - you have to prepare all the onions!

MOTHER:

is there anything I can do?

JIMELLA:

Well, do you two ladies want to do a simple dessert? How about some custard for the darling little sponge puddings I bought earlier?

HARRIET:

Uh.... why not? I'm bored enough, anyway.

JIMELLA:

Papa, can you help both of us? Mother may need a little instruction with her custard.

The family gets down to cooking business and quite soon there is laughter and happiness again .

80

SC 76- THE DINING ROOM

80

The family have laid the table and are sitting down to eat. Jimella is keeping things funny. They are all smiling and quite happy. Then they hear the front door bang open .

MOTHER:

Jim?!

Jim storms into the house we hear him yelling

JIM:

Where the fuck are you Harry! I'm going to fucking kill you!

He burst into the kitchen the family is frozen for a second and then he lunges for Harriet, she manages to skitter away, throwing a chair at him. He chases her around the kitchen. She manages to avoid him .

JIM: (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Oh yeah! Thats right! Tell her big brother! I would! You just want me dead don't you?! Well guess what?.... little Miss Perfect, I ain't going down that easily!

FATHER:

Jim! What on earth are you doing?!

MOTHER:

Jim! What are you doing?!

FATHER:

Jim stop it! Right! Now calm down!

MOTHER:

What is wrong Jim?!

Harriet bolts out of kitchen. Jim tries to follow, but mother blocks his way. Jim punches her out of the way only to be blocked by his Father. Jim grabs a kitchen knife .

JIM:

Fuck off, old man, or I'll tear your ugly face off!

Father raises his hands, braces himself, but doesn't move. Jimella replaces Father with herself and Jim repeatedly stabs the ghost. The parents and Harriet scream.

JIMELLA:
Stop it, Jim!....Final warning!

JIM:
I'll gut you you fairy fucking
godmother! Carries on stabbing

There is a sudden peculiar sound and a movement as Jim shrinks and is then picked up by Jimella and stuffed in her nearby music box, to the sound of "fuckin' fairy, fuckin' fairy."....Then Jimella closes the box and all goes quiet. Mother puts her hand on her chest and collapses onto a chair and dad collapses next to her

Harriet speaking from the hallway outside of the kitchen where she witnessed Jim's enboxing

HARRIET
THAT is really coooooool. Can you
leave him there?

FATHER:
No, we can't really leave him
there. It wouldn.....

MOTHER:
....No!?!.....Leave him!.....
(takes a deep breath)
He won't get angry because there
are no people there....because
there won't be any.....and he won't
hurt anyone, either.

FATHER:
Well, if you think so, dear...

HARRIET:
Yeaahhhhh!

JIMELLA:
Tea?

81 SCENE 77: HALLWAY

81

front door bell rings and dad goes to answer it

FATHER:

Oh, hello

FLOWER LADY:

I hope that you won't think me
rude, but Stella at the café gave
me your address so that I could
just call and ask after your wife
as she was so distressed the other
day.

FATHER:

Oh!....That's very kind! But, I'm
afraid that.....

MOTHER:

(calling from the back
room)

If that's the flower lady, Stan,
you bring her in!

Dad gives a big smile and opens the door wide

82

SCENE 78: SITTING ROOM

82

Family around the TV, with Jimella, but without Jim

MOTHER:

Ooh, I haven't been able to watch
Coronation Street for an age!

HARRIET:

That's because Jim always wants to
watch Big Brother, 'cos he hopes to
see the girls' boobs...

MOTHER:

Harriet! Really, we didn't need to
hear that...

JIMELLA:

Umph! Quite put me off my cocoa!
Now, Mother, have another slurp,
doooo! Offers to pour from the jug
off the occasional table .

MOTHER:

Um, thanks, Jimella. Offers up her
cup to be filled

FATHER:

Go on, then, Jimella...twist my
arm. Offers up his cup, too

JIMELLA:

Going over and pouring for dad :
Here you are then, Pops. It's still
warm enough. Do you want some as
well, then, Harriet?

HARRIET:

No, ta, Jimella. What have you put
in it? It tastes a bit
different...but it's still lovely.

JIMELLA:

Ummm....you noticed! It's my
special recipe! Lively and
confidingly The cocoa is 'extra
roast'. I add cocoa butter to the
milk, and then just a pinch of
cinammon and mace. The milk MUST be
whole, of course....none of that
nasty skimmed stuff...you know they
only flog that skimmed muck so that
they can make twice the money by
selling the cream separately.
Humph! Well, they won't fool me!

HARRIET:

Yunno, Jimella, it's strange, but I feel that you have been part of our family for a while, now. I don't know what we are going to do, though, if someone visits.

MOTHER:

I suppose that the school will want to know where Jim has gone, eventually...

FATHER:

Well, I don't think that there will be too much pressure from that quarter. First, because I suspect they will heave a sigh of relief that his truanting has got even worse. He'll not be there to cause fights for a start. And second, because Jim is leaving school in a few months, anyway.

MOTHER:

What if he gets lonely in his box?

HARRIET:

You can visit him whenever you want, Mum...you just open the box.

FATHER:

Maybe you should make him big again, Jimella....?

JIMELLA:

Sorry, Father, but in my attempts to save your life, I had to use the quickest 'fluence and that was the "Size One Way" words. These words can't be undone. We could let him out of the box, but the first cat around would eat him..... Don't worry, either, Mother, I've got a nice little place, there. That box has fourteen rooms in it, an eternally replenishing food supply and a jolly good library.....no Big Brother, though, I'm afraid

(Turns head away and
murmurs...)

"I'm sure he'll manage without the boobs" .

FATHER:

Right, then.....pass us The Listener, Jimella. What's on next....anyone know?

83

SCENE 79: MOTHER'S BEDROOM

83

Mum dolefully looking at her hair, while seated at the dressing table

HARRIET:

coming into the bedroom
What you doing, mum?

MOTHER:

Well, I was just thinking that I ought to make an effort with my hair, as I've decided to go to this talk at the library, with your dad, tonight.

HARRIET:

Oh, well done, mum! See, you CAN get out and about! Peering at her mum in the mirror, over her mum's shoulders

MOTHER:

Um, Jimelle's friends are meeting us there...not in their frocks, though!....Not in the library! But Colin, is rather interested in the social history of Jane Austen's time. I am too...and your dad said it would make a nice change. Could you manage to make your own meal this evening, love?

HARRIET:

Course I can....anyway, Jimella is cooking. I think she said something Creole...?

MOTHER:

He IS safe, isn't he, love?

HARRIET:

SHE is perfectly safe and ever so fussy about the stove and hand washing and stuff....Look

Pulls a lock of her mum's hair into the air

...If we draw back the top part of your hair and snag it in a grip, we can tie up the lower part with a ribbon and then you will look really pretty!

MOTHER:

Do you think so, dear? Could
you?....I mean.... if you've got
time

Smiles hopefully and a little wistfully

HARRIET:

Course, mum! I've got all the time!

Picks up a brush an starts dressing mum's hair. Mum looks
very happy .

84

SCENE 80: PARENT'S BEDROOM

84

Dad reading his cookery in bed and mum comes through from the bathroom and starts to get into bed, too

MOTHER:

I enjoyed this evening. Did you, Stan? Sits on side of bed and removes socks

FATHER:

I'm surprised, but I did, too, love. It made a nice change from cookery... Mum gets into bed

MOTHER:

...and Jimelle's friends are nice, aren't they? They didn't have their frocks on, but they were really just the same. Colin's a very patient man, isn't he?

She picks up her book and spectacles

FATHER:

Yes, love..... but you won't be needing those

puts his cookery book back on the bedside table, and takes her book and glasses out of her hands, putting them on his bedside table

MOTHER:

Why not, Stan?

Dad leaning over her to turn off his bedside light - then leaning over to turn hers off, too

FATHER:

They might just get in the way, love

second light off

85

SCENE 81: SITTING ROOM

85

Jimella feather dusting in short sparkly cocktail dress, short white pinny and legs faded out. Mum coming into the room and seeing Jimella :

EVELYN

Oh, sorry....I didn't realize...I'm interrupting

JIMELLA:

Mother! No!

(Hastily and embarrassedly
remorphs his legs...with
high heels)

You could never interrupt! I'm just finishing off here, and then I'm going to give Dad a hand, in the kitchen. Grating turmeric does terrible things to my nails, but I'm just getting up the courage with a quick flick beforehand....he's such culinary tyrant, but, ohhhhh, the results! He couldn't find a more appreciative consumer, if he looked. Every time I bite into one of his puffs a la Russe, I remind myself what a FOOL I was, positively starving myself, just so that I could get into those frocks! But now....I can eat till kingdom come and keep the same wasp waist!....Marvellous, isn't it?! Now, you just lift your puppies of the ground Mother! Look, here's a magazine, and shortly, I'll bring you a nice cup of tea.

EVELYN:

Jimella! You spoil me! You must have spoilt your own mother, too, I suppose.

JIMELLA:

(looks a bit downcast)

Oh, I didn't really get much chance to. Unfortunately, Father threw me out when I was fourteen.

EVELYN:

(aghast)

What? Oh, surely not! Why?!
(MORE)

EVELY: (CONT'D)

JIMELLA:

They came back early from church
one day and found me....found me...
looks embarrassed

EVELYN:

What? Kissing a..... has to think
a bit a...a girl?

JIMELLA:

Um, that was the problem....I think
that if I HAD been kissing a girl,
there wouldn't have been such a
ruckus! Nooo....it was the....

EVELYN:

Mess! I knew it! But boys always do
make a mess! They should have been
more understanding....

JIMELLA:

No! The frock!

EVELYN:

Whose frock?

JIMELLA:

My mother's!

EVELYN:

What? You made a mess of it?

JIMELLA:

No! I was wearing it!

EVELYN:

On yourself?

JIMELLA:

Yes, in the sitting room...when
Great Aunt Matilda and the Dean and
his wife came back for Sunday
lunch!

EVELYN

Oh!.....And they threw you out!

JIMELLA:

My father told me to leave, in no uncertain terms and I fled upstairs, grabbed some clothes and mother's old music box, as a reminder of her. I've slept every night since then with it. I couldn't sleep without it!

EVEYN:

Oh, you poor boy!

JIMELLA:

And after the bus, I slept IN it! I've been looking for a Mother, and a family to belong to ever since, and when I woke up here...me and my box, I couldn't believe my luck. You don't seem to mind my frocks, Mother.....do you?

EVELYN:

Oh, of course not, Honey. We are pleased to have you as one of us, now.

SCENE 82: VARIOUS TABLEAUX OF JIMELLA WITH FAMILY MEMBERS

- a Chopping vegetables in the kitchen with dad
- b Hanging curtains with Mum
- c Disco dancing Jimella in a baby doll nightie and mules in Harriet's bedroom
- d Having tea in the garden with the family Jimella in a floaty frock and large hat with chiffon scarf

86

SCENE 83: HALLWAY

86

Knock at the door. Mother answers it. Counsellor and policeman at door.

COUNSELLOR:

Hello, Mrs. Shaw. Sorry to bother you, but, as we haven't had any answers from our enquiries about Jim, we thought that we had better just pop around to see how his home-based rehabilitation is going.

MOTHER:

Oh, rehab...yes...I'll just....ah, tea?

POLICEMAN:

That would be very kind of you, Mrs Shaw!

MOTHER:

Well, yes, I'll just....if you go on in the sitting room...er tea, ...yes...

Goes into the kitchen

Counsellor and policeman go on into the sitting room and do a sudden start at seeing the person on the sofa: Jamella, in full evening gown, complete with feather boa and heels .

COUNSELLOR:

Jim?

JIMELLA:

You can call me Jimella!

COUNSELLOR:

Oh! Well!Sooo...you've come out, have you?

JIMELLA:

Yes, well, they do say that I AM blossoming in later life!

POLICEMAN:

(aside, to Counsellor)
It looks like he's finally found a hobby, then!

COUNSELLOR

(aside to policeman :)
Um, yeeesss.....

JIMELLA:
Soooooooo, can I help you people?

COUNSELLOR
Well,.....er, just asking about
hobbies....and well....

JIMELLA:
Ahhh! You want the 'ins and outs',
do you?
(wiggles his eyebrows)

POLICE:
No!! No! We're sure you're all
sorted now!....Aren't we,
counsellor?!

Backing towards the door

COUNSELLOR
Ergh! Yes...don't really want
details, and stuff!....Each to his
own! Each to his own! We'll just be
going, then! Say goodbye for us to
your Mother.

POLICE:
Sorry for popping off early,
then...

JIMELLA:
Oh, Mother will understand. She's
terribly understanding, you know

Starts to adjust his frock as he rises from chair

Counsellor and Police officer bolt terrified out of the door

87

SCENE 84

87

Mum and dad around dinner table
with flower lady and her husband:
laughing, eating, animated
discussion, and drinking, etc

88

SCENE 85: AIRPORT CAR PARK.

88

Mum and dad in best clothes with suitcases. Also, flower lady, and her husband, also Ghost from café, café owner, Harriet and Jimella wearing air hostess outfit and carrying a small case, too

FATHER:

What if Venice isn't all it's
cooked up to be?

JIMELLA:

Oh, it's it's all it's cooked and
much, much more

FLOWER LADY:

(to the party)
I've heard that those toilets are
quite frightening!

JIMELLA:

Oh, no! A breeze, a breeze!

MOTHER:

Will the plane be very loud?

Walking towards the terminal, a bit concernedly

JIMELLA:

No, Mother, dear: quite inaudible!

FATHER:

Right! Well, then! Lead on, Gunga
Din! They walk on

Jimella turns to the camera and waves his arm like a fairy
godmother

JIMELLA:

Bibbety, Bibboty, Boo!

and then smiles to camera, turns back and takes mothers arm.
Mother is walking between Jimella and flower lady Dad ahead
with cases and Harriet is coming behind with music box