

THE BURIAL

written by

Lee Griffin

Phone 07740189750

E-mail [lee\\_griffin\\_78@hotmail.com](mailto:lee_griffin_78@hotmail.com)

TITLE - THE BURIAL

ON BLACK. Plain white text - center screen reads:

"THE BURIAL - 1997"

EXT. CROYDON TOWN CENTRE- EVENING

Everywhere is concrete grey.

Traffic lights are tracing in the fading evening light.

A tram slices a path between bulky, Brutalist buildings and multi-story car parks.

A passing red bus punctuates this wash of grey.

Numerous bright and frenetic swatches of Graffiti serve only to make this bulky grey wash, seem all the more oppressive.

Croydon's finest are about to embark upon a night of drinking, romancing and fighting.

Young women in short skirts and high heels, clutching their handbags, tumble from taxi-cabs.

The evening sky grows a deeper orange casting a glow like orangeade on all the grey facets.

The women huddle in a bundle of excitement. They trot past a HOMELESS LADY. She sits in a doorway beneath a grubby sleeping bag. Her quiet requests for spare change are lost behind the sounds of sirens and revelry.

The women join a queue behind some young men sporting freshly cropped French crops, and wearing YSL & Ralph Loren polo shirts, neatly tucked in to their tight dark jeans.

OUTSIDE A LARGE CROYDON PUB.

Carbon copies of the aforementioned finest mill in and out of the main building smoking and laughing.

Around the side is a function room.

Everyone here is wearing black - It's a wake.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - EVENING

The well attended wake has a solemn background chatter.

Party food is piled on paper plates.

Black clad mourners reminisce in clutches. Some are standing and some sit around tables.

At the bar and off to one side, a LARGE MAN (28) sits and sips at a half-pint glass. His charcoal grey suit is ill-fitting and tatty. Too loose and too short.

His deep, dark, sad eyes take in the room.

Two Cousins stand near the bar laughing together.

COUSIN ONE

Yeah... She was a moody fucker  
sometimes.

COUSIN TWO (21) is distracted and perplexed by the Large Man

COUSIN TWO

Oi!

COUSIN ONE (21) snaps away from the memory.

COUSIN TWO (CONT'D)

Who's that?

COUSIN ONE

What?

COUSIN TWO

That man at the bar.

Cousin Two nods towards the bar.

Cousin One tries to look discreetly, the Large Man catches their eye.

COUSIN 2

I've never seen him before.

COUSIN 1

Me neither.

COUSIN 2

I'm gonna find out who he is.

The Large Man watches the following unfold.

Cousin Two finds an OLDER MAN (60's) and whispers in his ear.

The Older Man then leans and talks in the ear of UNCLE (28).  
A large, tough looking man.

Uncle looks at the Large Man and shakes his head 'No'.

There are more whispers to and fro, then a nod from Uncle.  
Uncle stands, and approaches the Large Man.

UNCLE  
Excuse me mate. What's your name?

LARGE MAN  
Mike.

UNCLE  
And how do you know my Mum?

MIKE  
I don't.

UNCLE  
Then forgive me MIKE, but... why  
the fuck are you here?

MIKE stands up. He's BIG.

Much bigger than Uncle who takes a step back and readies  
himself for conflict.

There are gasps and the room tenses to SILENCE.

Uncle is on his toes.

Mike looks the man in the eyes plainly and unflinching.

A Beat

A Beat

BLACK

SUPERIMPOSED - "Two Weeks Earlier"

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE STREETS - DAY

Mike is walking quickly but awkwardly. Carrying something  
bulky up his baggy jumper.

He keeps looking back the way he came.

Plastic packets of ham and stuff fall out from the jumper and  
land clacky on the pavement.

He stops to grab them, clumsily stuffs them back up his top.

He turns a corner and passes a row of run-down garages.

Then, through the entrance of a block of maisonettes and into the open concrete courtyard behind.

He continues to the back wall, chucks all the plastic packets over and hops over the wall easily.

He is now in a parking area for a row of small but well cared for 'new-build' council houses.

He shoves all the ham and stuff up his jumper again, then disappears down an alley.

Now he's crossing the road towards a row of bigger council houses with bland front gardens.

He enters one and knocks politely on the door.

EXT. BRADY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BRADY(25) opens the door in t-shirt & boxers; socks & sliders.

BRADY  
What's up Mike?

MIKE  
Can I come in? I just nicked all  
this stuff from the Co-op!

INT. BRADY'S LIVING ROOM (SHABBY)

Mike and Brady sit opposite each other on worn comfy sofas.

The plastic packets of ham and stuff are piled up between them on the Argos coffee table.

Brady stares at a giant curly polish sausage as he passes Mike a spliff.

BRADY  
Here y'are mate - Mike, I can't  
give you shit for this stuff man.

MIKE  
Cheers Mate - Not even a little  
bit?

Brady shakes his head.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
C'mon man... I'm getting my money  
on Wednesday... I don't need much.

BRADY

I tell you what I'll do.

MIKE

Ok, anything. Just to take the edge off.

BRADY

I'll give you a little bit of this bag now.

MIKE

Yes. Thank you.

BRADY

But on Wednesday you come and buy the whole thing.

MIKE

Totally fine. Thanks a lot Brady.

BRADY

Don't -

MIKE

You're a real friend.

BRADY

Mike! Don't fuck with me.

MIKE

I wouldn't do that. You're a mate.

BRADY

Because, y'know... We're on good terms right now and -

MIKE

I wont, I won't.

BRADY

Mike!

MIKE

I won't!

Brady puts the little bag down on the table. The brown powder barely even fills the corner.

Mike grabs it, stashes it in his sock, and stands up.

Brady gestures at all the ham and stuff. Mike looks at it...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Have you got a carrier bag?

BRADY

Nope

Mike nods and exhales a huff. Then starts stuffing the packets back up his jumper.

The last thing on the table is the big curly sausage.

MIKE

Do you want that? I don't like 'em.

BRADY

Keep it bruv.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Mike walks with purpose along the open main road.

He turns a corner - SUDDENLY STIFFENS - FROZEN.

A police car is approaching.

INT. POLICE CAR

BACKGROUND - Police radios chatter.

The officers see Mike through the windscreen, standing rigid like a rabbit in the headlights.

MALE OFFICER

Hey! That's Michael Shore.

FEMALE OFFICER

Right, let's go!

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Mike looks from the police car down to his lumpy jumper and back again.

The police car comes to a halt and the doors start to open.

SLOW MOTION - MIKE jettisons all the food.

The PLASTIC PACKETS fall slowly like a WATERFALL from under his baggy jumper.

They CLACK and TWIST and BOUNCE as they DANCE on the gum stained pavement.

SUDDENLY - Mike turns and runs. He is surprisingly fast for his size.

The two police officers make chase.

FEMALE OFFICER(35) is calling it in on the radio as she runs.

MALE OFFICER (35) kicks the ham and stuff accidentally, scattering them and nearly tripping.

Mike scales a wall, never losing a step.

Male Officer runs to the wall and tries to scale it but he cannot do it first time.

Female officer breaks off, taking a different route.

Mike sprints through a courtyard, ducking and dodging the hanging washing easily.

Male Officer finally gets over the wall. Then running, he gets caught in towels & sheets and trips & falls.

Mike reaches the opposite wall and looks over his shoulder.

Male Officer falls to the floor in a tangle.

Mike pauses to watch Male Officer squirm.

Male Officer looks up frustrated, only to see Mike... who laughs and effortlessly scales the next wall.

MALE OFFICER  
BOLLOCKS!

Mike lands on the other side -

Female Officer instantly charges and shoulder barges Mike into a hedge.

Mike falls off balance and onto his belly.

Female Officer digs her knee in between his shoulder blades and expertly cuffs his hands behind his back.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Michael Shore, I'm arresting you on suspicion of shop lifting. You do not have to say anything. But, it may harm -



EXT. CROYDON POLICE STATION - DAY

The UNION JACK hangs limp in front of Croydon Police station.

The building is an ugly, tiered cuboid stack of red council house bricks.

INT. CROYDON POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM

All the STOLEN FOOD is piled up on a table in front of Mike again but this time as evidence.

Next to it, and dwarfed by it, is the tiny BAG OF HEROIN.

Mike stares at the HEROIN.

The two arresting officers sit opposite.

Female Officer is reading from a file.

FEMALE OFFICER

So Michael, the charges are as follows. Shoplifting, resisting arrest and possession of a class-A drug.

Mike nods.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Do you understand the charges?

MIKE

Yes.

FEMALE OFFICER

Do you need legal advice?

MIKE

Yes.

There is a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

A THIRD OFFICER (25) pokes their head around the door and gives a gesture that suggests Female Officer need step out.

FEMALE OFFICER

Excuse me Michael. One minute.

Female Officer leaves the interview room.

Mike stares at the BAG OF HEROIN.

Male Officer bounces his leg and stares at Mike... then gets a nasty glint in his eye.

MALE OFFICER

So Mikey-boy... You're looking down  
the barrel of a 7 stretch this time  
'aint-cha?

Mike looks him square in the eyes.

Male Officer tries to hold his gaze but he looks away first.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Matey-boy.

Male Officer briefly drums the table.

Then he glances over the table of evidence with that same twinkle in his eye. He grabs the GIANT POLISH SAUSAGE and holds it up.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Why'd you nick that then?

Mike shrugs, still locked on to Male Officer.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Do you even like these?

Mike shrugs again and continues to stare unflinching into the officers eyes.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

I fucking hate them. But I guess it  
could have some use... If you're  
that way inclined.

Mike is still holding his gaze. Male Officer meets his stare.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Are you that way inclined Mike? Do  
you like a big ol' bit of sausage?

Mike's eye twitches.

A wry smile arrives on the lips of Male Officer.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

It won't be your first bit of bird  
either will it Mikey-boy? So you've  
got experience -

Male Officer nods to the sausage.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
- with that. I bet you lap it up.

Mike is flushing red and his jaw muscles are flexing - still holding Male Officer's gaze.

Male Officer stands.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
In fact, I bet it's symbolic. Why else would anyone be so pathetic and stupid that they steal a fucking sausage?

Male Officer waves the sausage in Mike's face then moves to the side of the table and stands over Mike.

Mike is clenching his fists and pursing his lips.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
I think it's because you want to get put away... where it's all boys together... and no shortage of sausage... for big ol' Mike to munch on.

Male Officer belly laughs and moves back towards his side of the table.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Come on Mike... I'm just twisting your nipple.

The door opens and Female Officer walks in. She sits, looks at Mike and notices how angry he is.

She glares at Male Officer who smirks as he slowly puts the sausage back on the table.

Female Officer clocks the sausage while she sits. Shakes off the confusion and takes a deep breath.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Michael, I'm really sorry to say this, but I have some quite bad news for you I'm afraid.

This shocks Mike's attention away from Male Officer and with furrowed brow, he looks at Female Officer.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
We found your Mum dead at her home this morning.

All the wind leaves Mike, as if kicked in the stomach.  
 He doesn't breath for a number of seconds.  
 Finally an inward breath comes to him, but in staccato.  
 Using both hands to grip the table Mike finally suppresses his emotions with a long outward blow.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 You have a sister don't you?

Female Officer checks the file.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 Cindy?

MIKE  
 Yeah... What?

FEMALE OFFICER  
 Have you seen her recently?

MIKE  
 No... but, what happened? To my Mum?

FEMALE OFFICER  
 We're not sure yet Michael. The duty doctor seems to think that it may have been a stroke.

Mike stares at the HEROIN.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 Michael, do you know where to find your sister?

MIKE  
 Maybe... I think she's been sleeping rough.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Mike looks down at the person shaped hump, covered by a clean white sheet.

FEMALE OFFICER O.S.  
 I can't make any promises Mike.  
 But, due to the circumstances -

The mortician swipes the sheet back in one swift move.

FEMALE OFFICER O.S. (CONT'D)  
- you might get a prompt bail  
hearing and then see if the  
sentence can be suspended, -

Mike's face fills with devastating recognition.

He nods to the mortician.

FEMALE OFFICER O.S. (CONT'D)  
- at least until after the funeral.

Mike stares at his dead Mother.

His eyes are glassy but he does not cry. Nor does he betray  
the toxic masculinity of generations past.

BLACK.

FEMALE OFFICER O.S. (CONT'D)  
Go and find Cindy Mike.

EXT. CROYDON POLICE STATION - MORNING

Mike steps into the daylight.

As the sunlight hits his face he closes his eyes. And he  
breathes in the fresh outside air.

EXT. CASH POINT

Mike draws out some money.

EXT. BRADY'S HOUSE

Mike knocks on the door. Brady opens it.

INT. BRADY'S LIVING ROOM

BRADY  
That's Fucked man.

Mike nod's slowly - throws some cash on the table.

MIKE  
Have you got any works?

BRADY  
I thought you were smoking it?

MIKE

Not today.

Above a flame a spoon is held - Inside the liquid bubbles.

Cotton wool is popped into the spoon and the syringe sucks up all the fluid.

Mike lets out a huge sigh of relief as his eyes roll back in his head.

He falls back onto the sofa, semi-conscious.

The syringe is still in his arm.

BLACK. SILENCE.

The sound's of kids voices begin to emerge, distant out of the silence. Gradually getting louder... closer. The scuffing of a football against concrete.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Two ten year old boys are kicking a football against a wall.

BIGGER BOY (10) is against the wall playing goalie.

He is a lot bigger than BOY ONE (10) by quite a margin.

Boy One takes a shot but Bigger Boy puts a hand on it. SLAP!

Bigger Boy shakes his hand in pain.

BIGGER BOY

Hey! I said no blaster casters!

BOY ONE

Don't be such a wimp Mikey.

YOUNG MIKE

Fuck off!

BOY ONE

You Fuck off, bum-boy.

YOUNG MIKE

Your Mum's a bum-boy!

The boys laugh so hard that they have to stop playing football to hold their bellies.

Suddenly a SKINNY MAN (35) arrives ruffling Boy One's hair.

SKINNY MAN  
 Alright boys?

Boy One stiffens and stops laughing.

Flinching as Skinny Man gives him a friendly pat on the back.

TO YOUNG MIKE -

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)  
 Pass it then.

Young Mike rolls the ball to Skinny Man.

Skinny Man shoots it as hard as he can against the wall.

THUD - Young Mike didn't even attempt a save.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)  
 Get-in!

Skinny Man cheers and shakes his fists triumphantly.

Then he picks up the ball and spins it playfully.

Staring at Mike, says -

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)  
 Alright MIKE?

Young Mike, nods with a puzzled expression.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)  
 I haven't shown you my parrot yet  
 have I?

Young Mike shakes his head to the negative.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)  
 Well come on then.

Skinny Man beckons him.

Young Mike looks at Boy One and he 'aint saying nuffing.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry about him... He'll wait  
 for you here.

Skinny Man looks exaggeratedly at Boy One.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)  
 Won't-'Cha? C'mon then Mikey-boy.

Young Mike goes tentatively. Skinny Man throws the football hard at Boy One.

It hits him in the legs. THWACK!

Boy One flinches, but acts like he didn't even notice.

Skinny Man puts his arm around Young Mike. Then they walk together to Skinny Man's house.

Skinny Man opens his front door and they walk through.

The door closes... SLAM -

INT. BRADY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike jumps awake - WHERE IS HE?

He's been asleep on Brady's sofa.

Works and crumpled cans of Super-T litter the coffee table.

He sits up and rubs his red rimmed eyes, dark sunken sockets.

Then scuffs his hands over his stubble.

His lips smack - cotton mouth.

He grabs a can of beer from the table and jiggles it.

There's a bit left - he swigs it.

BRADY'S HALL WAY

Mike pokes his head around Brady's bedroom door.

He's out cold, sprawled across the bed.

BRADY'S BATHROOM

Mike squeezes out a bit of tooth paste onto his grubby, tobacco stained finger - brushes his teeth with it.

EXT. BRADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike leaves Brady's house and enters the haunting, orange street lamp glow of the night.

His breath clouds around his face as he braces himself against the cold.



It starts to drizzle.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE STREET

Fine rain coats all the surfaces. Slick and miserable.

The orange glow reflects into the wetness.

- Mike walks the streets, underdressed. He's wet and shivering.

His hair plasters against his scalp and face. Soaked and dripping.

Cars 'shish' past leaving clouds of mist in their wake.

- Mike is in a back alley filled with big wheelie bins and brick staircases. He searches in the nooks and the crannies.

A HOMELESS MAN (25) is curled up in a sleeping bag sheltering under a covered stair well.

Mike crouches down and they talk.

The Homeless Man shakes his head.

They fist bump - Mike leaves.

- In the darkness, Mike walks along a row of garages.

Lifts the shutter of an abandoned garage one handed.

He carries a 6 pack of beers in the other.

An exposed bulb sheds a dull light on a group of HOMELESS PEOPLE sheltering there.

Mike hands out a can to each of them and cracks one open as he sits down.

They exchange platitudes and fist bumps.

Mike asks them something. They each, in turn, shake their heads.

EXT. A HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mike stands in front of a door.

A BEAT

Takes a deep breath, produces the key and opens it. Steps in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

NEAT but GRUBBY. CHEAP TRINKETS are displayed here and there.

The small table next to the worn armchair has a HALF FULL MUG OF TEA on it.

It reads, 'Hands Off! Mum's Favorite Mug'

A few pictures hang on the wall - Mike takes one down.

A picture where Mike and CINDY are both hugging their Mum. They look happy.

Mike places the picture down on the table next to the half empty mug.

A CLOSE UP ON THE PHOTO REVEALS THAT CINDY IS -

EXT. CROYDON - NIGHT

- THE HOMELESS LADY ASKING FOR CHANGE IN THE INTRO.

CINDY (31) is huddled up in the doorway shivering in her grubby sleeping bag.

The rain persists.

She cups a hand out to a PASSING COUPLE sharing an umbrella.

They ignore her and laugh privately with one another.

Cindy lays down and brings the sleeping bag up over her head.

INT.FUNERAL DIRECTORS - DAY

Mike sits across from the FUNERAL DIRECTOR (50).

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

So because you are claiming some benefits you can apply for the funeral grant, which will cover all that.

MIKE

But not a burial?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

I'm afraid not Mr Shore. Just the cremation and the classic earn.

MIKE

She wanted to be buried.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Again, we've been over this Mr  
Shore. I'm sorry.

Mike looks down at the papers in front of him.

He rubs his eyes and forehead.

Then he looks back at the papers, grabs the pen up - signs.

INT. BRADY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike's eyes are nothing more than cracks.

When he finishes drawing on the bent, ratty little spliff, he  
struggles out of his steep recline to pass it to Brady.

Brady takes a deep deep drag, holds it...

His chest starts to bounce convulsively but he fights it.

Finally he exhales a plume and doubles over coughing.

He bangs his fist repeatedly at his chest, then flops back  
into a steep recline.

A LONG BEAT as they share a stoned silence.

BRADY

I saw Jimmy today man.

MIKE

Mmm.

A BEAT.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Who's Jimmy.

BRADY

You know who Jimmy is man?

MIKE

I know a few Jimmy's.

BRADY

I call him Jingle Jangle Jimmy.  
That geezer with all the gold.

Brady mimes 'bracelets' around his wrists.

Mike nods and mimes 'necklaces' around his neck.

MIKE  
That one.

BRADY  
Yeah that one.

A BEAT.

MIKE  
So what?

BRADY  
So what, what?

A BEAT.

Then Mike bursts into laughter and mimics Brady.

MIKE  
So what, what?

Brady starts laughing too.

They both laugh together which swells as they laugh at each other laughing.

It keeps getting louder and more intense.

Now neither of them can breath and tears of laughter run down their faces.

Brady holds his belly -

BRADY  
Stop man, Stop - It hurts!

MIKE  
I can't breath.

Gradually the laughing peters off.

They both sigh long and loud.

They finally settle back into a second stoned silence.

A LONG BEAT.

Suddenly -

BRADY

Oh Yeah man! I was sayin'...  
Jimmy...

MIKE

I forgot about that.

BRADY

He told me that he saw Cindy man...  
in Croydon.

It takes a second register, and then-

Mike sits bolt upright.

MIKE

What? Really? Where?

EXT. CROYDON TOWN CENTRE - LATE EVENING

PEOPLE wash in and out of the TRAIN STATION, corroborating  
the ebb and flow of trains.

Like flotsam and jetsam - in and out.

A tram pulls in just outside the station and Mike alights it.

He sidesteps and hops past the waves of slow moving people.

He breaks free of the current and walks with purpose past all  
the shuttered shop fronts.

Clouds of breath bellow out of his mouth and dissipate  
swiftly behind him.

Finally he arrives at the doorway where Cindy was earlier.

The sleeping bag is curled up there.

No Cindy.

Mike looks around, a pained expression.

Then suddenly - a realization.

He takes off swiftly and turns down a side street.

The street is covered in vegetable drop and litter.

Big bin bags are stacked in high piles.

Mike makes his way down some stairs and into an underpass.

It is dark and deserted.

He grinds to a stop and his footsteps echo eerily.

As the echo dissipates, the chatter of people can be heard.

Mike hears the direction and goes that way.

His steps echo in the dark tunnel.

He exits into a poorly lit park.

The hoary faces of two grubby and scruffy drinkers appear out of the darkness.

They drawl at each other in long, slurred vowels.

As Mike approaches them, they hear him and look.

DRINKER ONE calls out from the park bench.

DRINKER ONE

Who's that?

Mike has a flash of recognition.

MIKE

Is that you Richey?

DRINKER ONE

Who's that?

MIKE

Richy, its Mike.

DRINKER ONE

Mike who?

MIKE

Cindy's brother.

DRINKER ONE

Who's the FUCK... Is Cindy?

DRINKER TWO

He means Cindarella Rich. It's her brother... MIKE.

RICHEY

That BITCH! She owes me thirty fucking quid!

MIKE

Where is she?

RICHEY

How the fuck should I fucking know.  
I tell you what!... It's the last  
time I lend that fucking cunt any  
money... if she 'aint dead already,  
I'm gonna give her a fucking good  
hiding-

- SUDDENLY, Mike punches Richey square on the jaw.

Richey stiffens then goes limp, instantly unconscious. He drops his can of Super-T.

The beer can empties it's contents in glugs. Richey slowly slides off the bench and into the puddle.

Mike turns to Drinker Two.

MIKE

Where is she?

DRINKER TWO

She's on the grass over there. I  
think she's out of it man.

Drinker Two points to behind the bench into the dark.

Mike walks in that direction.

In the pitch black he finds Cindy sprawled out on the grass.

He kneels next to her, slaps her cheek lightly to wake her.

Nothing.

He shakes her shoulders.

Nothing.

Mike pulls her up, puts her arm over his shoulder and easily picks her up into standing position.

Her legs buckle and her head bobs around loosely.

Mike carries her to the bench and kicks Richey out of the way.

He sits Cindy down on the bench.

Into her face -

MIKE

CINDY!

Nothing.

He slaps her cheek a little harder.

Her eyes open a crack and she groans.

Drinker Two laughs.

DRINKER TWO  
She's so fucked man!

Mike back-hand slaps Drinker Two who stops laughing immediately and puts a hand up to his cheek.

Cindy's eyes wander but just about catch sight of Mike and there is a moment of recognition.

MIKE  
Cindy... CINDY! Wake up.

CINDY  
Wha-?

MIKE  
Cindy you have to wake up. CINDY!  
Mum is dead. Mum fucking died  
Cindy!

CINDY  
Mikey?

MIKE  
It's me Cindy. Cindy... MUM died.  
She's gone. The funeral is  
tomorrow.

Cindy's head bobs. Mike slaps her cheek again to wake her.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me Cindy? The funeral.  
It's tomorrow. Croydon cemetery.

She loses consciousness again. Mike holds her head up to look in her eyes. Nothing.

He stands and she slumps.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

He puts her arm over his shoulder again and stands her up.

He tries to walk her back down the alley but she is completely limp.



So he scoops her legs up too and carries her like a bride over the threshold.

He carries her like that back through the underpass.

Up the stairs.

Then up the litter strewn side street and all the way back to her sleeping bag.

He opens the sleeping bag and lays her down in there.

Then zips it up and tucks her in.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek and whispers in her ear-

MIKE (CONT'D)

The funeral is tomorrow at Croydon cemetery. I hope you can hear me.

He pulls back and looks at her.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Goodnight Sis.

He blows a kiss and leaves.

EXT/INT. CREMATORIUM - MORNING

OUTSIDE - a dead tree makes a gnarly black silhouette against the morning sky.

Birds fly away in a flutter of shadows.

A black crow lays dead at the roots. Eye open, onyx black.

INSIDE - the crematorium seems big with no one in it. No one except for Mike and Brady.

The VICAR appears to be addressing the whole room.

INT. BRADY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

A HAND opens.

A bag of brown powder is revealed.

The opposite hand picks it up and fondles the powder through the bag between thumb and finger.

INT. CREMATORIUM - MORNING

Mike is wearing his ill-fitting charcoal grey suit.

Brady wears a sharp, tailored black suit.

Both look out of place and uncomfortable.

Mike's eyes are glassy but still no tears.

His jaw muscles twitch as he clenches his teeth.

INT. BRADY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Liquid boiling in a spoon.

INT. CREMATORIUM - MORNING

Mike looks down and follows Brady's neat black suit trousers all the way down to see that he is wearing sliders and socks on his feet.

Brady catches Mike staring at them and looks from Mike to the Sliders, then back to Mike.

Brady shrugs and they look back to the Vicar simultaneously.

INT. BRADY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The needle spikes an arm.

The plunger drops as the liquid dumps into a vein.

The tourniquet is released from the teeth.

Mikes's eyes roll back.

BLACK

INT. MIKE'S HEAD - DREAM

White lights flash. Strobing.

INT. CREMATORIUM - DAY

At a reception desk. Mike stands across from a smartly dressed lady.

She puts an URN down next to a sheet of paper.

Mike signs at the bottom, picks up the URN, and leaves.

INT. MIKE'S HEAD - DREAM

Strobing.

Red, like looking at the Sun from behind closed eyes.

The eyes open.

Yellow light, first seen as a crack through opening eyes,  
bleeds into white light.

Cindy's face flashes, laughing happily.

Soft, warm light washes. A dreamy, sunny day.

Jarring squawks.

A colorful parrot bobs on a perch.. - BLACK.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE STREETS - DAY

A rose bush sways gently in the breeze. It's beautiful Red  
flowers pout peacefully at the Sun.

Suddenly Mike stabs at the roots with a spade and tears it  
frantically from the soil.

He then runs away with the small rose bush in one hand and  
the spade in the other.

Clods of earth are scattered all about the pavement.

The gaping hole left in the otherwise tidy front garden looks  
like an open grave.

INT. MIKE'S HEAD - DREAM

Strobing.

SLOW MOTION - Young Mike follows Skinny Man into his house.

The door shuts - SLAM - BLACK.

White flashes.

Red, like looking at the Sun from behind closed eyes.

The eyes open.

Yellow light, first seen as a crack through opening eyes,  
bleeds into white light.

Cindy is again laughing in the sun.

Then suddenly -

Cindy's face is beaten, bruised and bloody.

Loudly she SCREAMS - blood curdling - BLACK.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Beneath a steel sky, crows caw and fly from the gnarly black  
silhouette of a dead tree.

Seagulls laugh and coo O.S.

Mike stands looking at a large statue of The Angel Zadkiel  
set on a plinth.

The inscription reads: 'BELOVED MOTHER'

There is a space between this grave and the next.

Mike places the rosebush there, and rucksack next to that.

Out of the rucksack he produces a trowel and the urn.

Mike digs a deep hole.

He then empties the ashes from the urn into it. Then plants  
the rose bush on top.

Mike pats the fresh soil down with the back of the trowel.

Then he kneels back to observe his work.

MIKE  
Goodbye Mum.

Mike's eyes fill with tears.

His bottom lip quivers and at last, the flood gates open.

Large convulsive sobs steal his breath away.

Mike gasps loudly between long exhaled expulsions of grief.

He sobs and sobs.

Finally, face in hands, he begins to gather himself.

Wiping his eyes, he quickly looks around to see if anyone saw but there is no one around.

He breaths deeply. Grabs his rucksack and stands.

Then blows a kiss at the rose bush and leaves.

EXT. CREMATORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike walks past the crematorium. There is a large funeral about to start.

Clusters of mourners in black suits gather.

Older Man stands a few meters away from them, over by the doors of the building.

The women dab their eyes and hug each other. The men chatter, straight faced and somber.

Older Man eyes them all and lets out a dejected sigh.

Uncle comes from behind Older Man, who turns and starts to pick and brush lint from Uncle's shoulders.

Mike sits on a bench at a discreet distance and watches them.

A car pulls in to the drop off point. Two women and a young man alight it.

Then a couple more mourners pass close to Mike.

He over-hears -

MOURNER ONE

Where is the wake?

MOURNER TWO

Oh, it's in that pub in Croydon, you know?... with the big function room.

MOURNER 1

What, The Red Deer?

MOURNER 2

That's the one.

Mike looks back towards the gathered mourners.

The younger of the two women from the car is now in a long hug with Uncle. He rubs her back comfortingly.

Mike sighs. Nods to himself.

Then he stands, and leaves.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Uncle approaches Mike.

UNCLE

Excuse me mate. What's your name?

MIKE

Mike.

UNCLE

And how do you know my Mum?

MIKE

I don't.

UNCLE

Then forgive me but... why the fuck  
are you here?

Mike stands up. He's BIG. Much bigger than Uncle, who takes a step back in readiness for conflict.

There are gasps and Uncle is on his toes.

Uncle holds his ground, and the room tenses into silence.

Mike looks the man in the eyes plainly and unflinching...-

Finally, Mike backs down. The tension breaks a little.

MIKE

I'm sorry for the intrusion. I'll  
go.

UNCLE

Yeah. I think you should.

MIKE

I meant no disrespect.

Mike drains his drink in one large gulp, puts the empty glass on the bar, and leaves.

The people in black shake their heads and turn their palms up, shrugging at each other.

INT. MIKE'S MUMS LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mike folds a letter, slides it into an envelope. Then puts a key inside.

CINDY O.S.  
 (reading from the letter)  
 Dear Cindy, The key is for Mum's house.

As Mike licks the gum we see 'CINDY' written on the envelope.

CINDY O.S. (CONT'D)  
 I don't really know how to write this but... Mum died.

EXT. CROYDON TOWN CENTRE

Mike arrives at the door where Cindy's sleeping bag is rolled up. He looks around but she is not there.

CINDY O.S.  
 I tried to tell you about the funeral but when I found you, you were too out of it.

He tucks the envelope into her sleeping bag.

CINDY O.S. (CONT'D)  
 I've got to go away, so I won't see you for a while.

INT. CROYDON POLICE STATION RECEPTION - DAY

OUTSIDE - Mike takes a deep breath, then enters.

CINDY O.S.  
 Enjoy Mum's house.

Male Officer is manning the desk. When he sees Mike, he grins mockingly.

CINDY O.S. (CONT'D)  
 Love you sis, MIKE.

BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS