

SWINGS AND ROUNDABOUTS

Written by

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First Draft  
(before the impact)

Note to film makers: I can assist with production depending on distance and location, but happy to get involved in any way.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

A girl (11) sits alone in what passes for a council estate recreation ground. She plays on the only swing without a broken seat, watching the world through unicorn slippers.

The girl slows herself, scraping her soles across the gravel until she and the swing are still. She stares up at the tiered flats facing her on all but one side. A cup BREAKS somewhere in the distance, and there's a baby crying. Dogs BARK at one another through walls. Trees hail to the WIND.

Doors to flats open and close sporadically. Someone runs silently across the green carrying blankets and a radio.

INT. FLAT 627, BEDROOM - DAY

A child's room, but no sign of children's things. A boy (12) sorts through the detritus, treads carefully between sodden mattresses, displacing a bad-tempered mog. He kicks a pile of rags across the floor uncovering a Stretchy-Man Super-Hero.

HE pulls Stretchy-Man's flexible arms as far as they will go. ROARS like a WWE Pro, contorting his face. Arms SNAP back.

INT. FLAT 627, LIVINGROOM - DAY

Stretchy-Man rides on the boys shoulders, arms and legs wrapped around his neck as he continues searching. Bottles and beer cans litter surfaces. He finds a full one, takes a swig. No one cares.

Two ADULTS are passed out on the sofa. He studies the WOMAN's breathing. Shakes her flabby arm. She's out for the count.

INT. FLAT 627, KITCHEN - DAY

He searches for a clean bowl. The same MOG leaps onto the breakfast table, circles a box of mewling kittens. The boy takes one from the box and cradles it against his chest.

HE eats cereal from the box with a spoon. Drinks milk from a carton, pours some into a saucer and placing it in the box.

EXT. FLAT 627, LINK BALCONY. DAY

Leaning on a balustrade, he stares across the open space towards the REC. There's a girl there in the distance, staring at him from the swing. He waves. She waves back.

INT. HOUSING ESTATE, STAIR-WELL - DAY

The boy casually jumps down concrete steps in pairs, the kitten still close to his chest.

EXT. ESTATE PATHWAY - DAY

He walks along paving, careful not to miss the cracks. Balances on a raised concrete planter. Climbs over a railing.

EXT. RECREATION GROUND - DAY

He reaches the swing, but it's empty now. The girl is gone.

He scans the REC, sees a Volvo Estate parked across the way. The girl stands there at the open door, duvets and bin bags fill the back seat. Her parents are in the front eager to go.

She smiles at him willfully and gets in. They circle the REC and the car disappears out of sight.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. - DAY

The boy is now sat on the swing, the kitten nestled under his chin. He looks up at the balcony where he stood before, sketches the gravel with the soles of his shoes.

He chases the steel handrail of a roundabout, the kitten now watching from the side-lines. He jumps on, lets it take him for while, absorbing the dizzying scenery.

As the roundabout slows, the Volvo appears again by the roadside. He waits for his ride to stop. The driver's window rolls down. Hesitant, the MOTHER looks back at her daughter.

BEAT.

The rear door opens.

BEAT.

The boy walks tentatively towards it. Stops short. The girl gets out. Now they're standing face to face.

GIRL  
You coming then?

The kitten, abandoned, heads off in its own direction.

The boy considers his options. Shrugs, and climbs into the back seat. Wheels screech and the car is gone.