

NOTHING LEFT TO SAY

By

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Third Draft
© August 2010

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EXT. STREET - BUS STOP - MORNING

A BUS slows to a halt in a quiet street. An early morning mist hangs in the air.

MIKE, late twenties, scruffy-looking, blonde hair, steps out. The doors shut behind him. The bus pulls off.

Mike glances left, right, pulls his hood up to cover his head, then walks down the pavement.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Mike sits at a table in the quiet coffee shop. A cup of coffee sits in front of him, but Mike isn't paying much attention to it.

A scrap of paper is in his hands. It's been ripped from a newspaper -- the top reads 'DEATHS', but the rest is shielded from view. He stares at it as if he hopes to find an answer in the black print.

He looks at his watch, reacts to the time, then heads for a door marked 'GENTS'.

INT. COFFEE SHOP TOILETS - CONTINUOUS

Mike enters. An INDIAN MAN is using the hair-dryer. Mike ignores him, goes into a cubicle, locks the door.

The bag unzips.

MOMENTS LATER

Mike stands at the washbasins, now dressed in a suit and clean white shirt.

He checks his appearance in the mirror, pats down the suit, fiddles with the knot of his black tie, runs a hand through his wild hair, strokes his stubbled chin.

He picks up the holdall from the floor and leaves.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

A large cemetery, graves with tombstones of all sizes stretching away in all directions. A funeral is in process. The PRIEST reads from the Bible. MOURNERS line in the grave on both sides.

One MAN, mid-sixties, in particular seems upset.

Mike watches from a distance, hiding in the tree-line. He is wearing the suit.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - AFTERNOON

Mike walks down the street, now dressed in casual clothes again. He stops in front of one of the houses.

He looks to see if anyone's around. Seeing no-one, he opens the gate and enters the front garden.

He walks up to the front door, reaches in his pocket and pulls out a set of keys on a keyring with a FOOTBALL CLUB BADGE on it. He selects one from the bunch, puts it in the lock.

He turns it, tentatively. The door unlocks with a click. Smiling to himself, Mike pushes open the door and enters.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens. Mike pokes his head in.

It's the bedroom of a teenage boy. Posters of bands, CDs, a football scarf on the wall and matching bedcovers -- the same club as Mike's keyring.

Mike comes further into the room. He gazes at everything, something like wonder on his face. He runs a hand through his hair in amazement.

He picks something off the shelf, sits on the bed, looks at it. It's a small BLUE BEAR, with 'BABY BOY' sewn into its belly. He shakes his head, looks at the photos and posters on the wall. Sighs.

A FRAMED PHOTO stands on the bedside table. It's a family holiday snap -- a younger version of the MAN AT THE FUNERAL, a WOMAN, and a YOUNGER MIKE, a smiling boy of ten, maybe eleven. They look happy.

Mike reaches over, picks the frame up. As he does so, he notices a WHITE ENVELOPE tucked behind it.

He reaches out, picks it up. The name 'MIKE' is handwritten on the front. He flips it over -- still sealed.

He considers for a moment...then slips it into his pocket.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MINUTES LATER

Mike opens the gate, exits the front garden.

He takes a couple of paces, turns to look at the house one last time, then steadies the holdall and walks away.

INT. PUB - AFTERNOON

The small pub is filled with the chatter of the regulars. Some OLD FOLKS sitting at stools at the bar, swapping memories. A YOUTH flirts with the disinterested BARMAID.

Mike plays a slot machine in the corner. He drops a coin into it, starts punching the buttons. His pint rests on the top. He reaches for it and drinks every now and then.

The door opens and the MAN FROM THE FUNERAL enters. He wears a suit and an overcoat, and looks tired.

He goes to the bar, sits on the stool, places an order. Another LOCAL comes up to him, puts a hand on his shoulder, says something comforting.

Mike takes another swig of his pint, emptying the glass. He turns to walk to the bar, but FREEZES when he sees the man. He looks older, more downbeat, but it's still recognisably the man from the photo Mike took.

His dad.

Mike stands and looks at him, indecision on his face. Does he go over? What could he possibly say? Slowly, he picks his holdall off the floor and leaves without being noticed.

EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING

By now the sun is setting, and Mike is alone in the cemetery. He stands at the grave he was watching earlier.

He reaches into his pocket, and pulls out the BEAR he took from the bedroom. He moves forward, kneels by the graveside, and places it at the foot of the tombstone. He reaches up and touches the engraved name with his fingertips.

Mike stands up, looks down at the tombstone one more time, then turns and walks away. He doesn't look back.

EXT. STREET - BUS STOP - EVENING

A street lamp casts a pallid gloom over the bus stop. Mike stands with the holdall at his feet.

In his hands is the ENVELOPE he took from his bedroom. He stares at the handwritten word on the front.

He looks down the road -- no bus. Looks back at his name.

He sighs, then flips the envelope over and opens it. He pulls out the contents -- one single sheet of folded paper. He unfolds it, reads the handwritten message.

My darling Mike,

I want you to know that what I'm about to do isn't your fault. I just wish you would have let me forgive you.

Someday we'll see each other again. Goodbye, my darling.

Mum x

A single tear rolls down Mike's cheek as he reads the message. He reaches up, brushes it off.

The faint sound of an approaching BUS makes him look up. He holds an arm out -- it indicates, slows down.

The bus stops, and the doors open. Mike looks down at the letter in his hand, then crumples it in a tightened fist. He lets it fall to the pavement.

He picks up his holdall, boards the bus. A few seconds later, it pulls off. It retreats into the night, the sound of its engine fading to nothing.

Silence.

The crumpled letter lies discarded on the pavement.

FADE OUT