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INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - MORNING - MOVING

JOSEPHINE, a tall middle aged lady in her mid thirties with striking black hair sits alone in an almost silent train carriage. She is dressed in a grey turtleneck jumper and classic blue denim jeans with an unzipped black waterproof. She reads a book. We can just make out the books title, 'Oedipus complex'- although no attention is drawn to it.

A few rows down the train carriage sits a small family consisting of a mother, father and small boy who are laughing and playing in harmony together. Josephine's eyes wander over the edges of the pages, she observes the family carefully.

HARD CUT TO

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - EARLY MORNING

Josephine stands still on an empty suburban train station platform. It is cold and wet and her breath creates clouds of mist in the air.

She exits the platform, and walks through a muddy puddle, as the ripples settle we see the upside down reflection of the platform sign 'Stockbridge'.

EXT. BUS SHELTER - EARLY MORNING

In a visibly more rural area, Josephine walks to a ratty bus shelter on the side of a misty motorway road. The shelter is built of see through plastic and has mould creeping into its corners.

The shelter is already occupied by a man who sits in one of three seats. He is dressed for the cold in a hat, gloves, scarf and a flask of what we can presume to be hot tea.

Josephine walks sheepishly into the bus shelter and sits on the furthest away available seat from the man. She sits with her legs crossed and looks outwards into the sea of fog. In the distance the neon green number 23A emerges from the fog.

INT. BUS - LATER EARLY MORNING - MOVING

Josephine now sits mid way down a turbulent and rickety bus next to a window covered in condensation. The bus is empty apart from the driver.

Josephine takes her hand and slowly places it on the window, she looks at her handprint before rubbing it away with her hand. She looks through the window into the world she has just created and watches a world of trees and fields go by.

BUS DRIVER
(Adjusts rear window
mirror)
It's a cold one

Josephine looks up.

At the front of the bus sits the bus driver. He is fat and beardy in his late thirties, we can spot a couple of empty crisp packets littered around the buses headboard. He is tucked up in a 'Tates Travel' fleece.

The two make eye contact through the mirror at the front of the bus. The drivers eyes drifts between watching the road ahead and looking back at Josephine.

A moment of silence passes.

BUS DRIVER
You out for the day huh?

Josephine does not respond, although she does keep eye contact with he driver.

Eventually, Josephine slowly lowers her arm and reaches out for the bus bell, she presses it softly. The dotted orange 'stopping' lights illuminate at the front of the bus.

As the bus begins to slow down Josephine gets up and walks to the door, ignoring the driver completely. She waits there for a second before the doors open and she exits the bus.

BUS DRIVER
(As he drives off)
Well see ya then!

EXT. BUS SHELTER 2 MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Now outside, the air is thicker with fog, more so than before. The surroundings are more rural, built up of dry stone walling and patchworks of green fields that roll over the hills and far into the distance. A cold breeze rustles through a tall lonely tree at the edge of a hill top farm as herds of sheep and cows wander through the countryside, a land littered with hay bales and electricity pylons.

She looks up ahead, and see's a farm house cottage. To her right viewing is a dimly lit corner shop with boxes of vegetables and furniture laying outside its premises. The shops sign is pasty white with mould and rust creeping into its corners, the sign reads 'Hariks Corner Shop'. Josephine turns and begins to walk towards the shop.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Now inside the corner shop, the grounds are warmer, although still cold enough for the cashier to wear a jumper. The shop is small, and contains a variety of foreign foods.

Stood at the shop till, HARIK, an indian gentlemen, early fifties of medium build with a friendly and welcoming smile stands upright. Behind him sits a lady who we can presume to be his wife, SANDRA. She is also in her fifties. She wears headphones and sits on a wooden stool, her legs crossed smoking a cigarette, she is relaxed and wearing a black sleeping mask.

We get the impression the two have been together years in a relatively unexciting marriage. Harik stands attentive and and friendly, whilst Sandra sits behind him unaware Josephine has entered the shop.

HARIK

(With a warm smile)

Hello.

Josephine glances over and stares at the man, before almost producing a smile, she seems nervous, and quickly walks over to the vegetable isle and out of sight.

Josephine stands over blue plastic boxes. Each containing different vegetables. She stares at each of them, inspecting each box carefully.

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She eventually reaches down and hand picks a few carrots, onions. She then walks over to the meat isle and grabs a cut of beef, she feels the meat in her hands before pulling off a plastic bag and wrapping the meat up.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

At the till, Josephine places her items on the counter, Harik begins to start scanning the items. Josephine starts rummaging in her handbag looking for her purse.

HARIK

Ah you bring the cold with you,
yes?

Josephine smiles.

A group of three teenage boys walk into the shop and out of sight.

HARIK

They come in here after school
for the warmth I think.

JOSEPHINE

(nods head)

Ah.

Beat.

HARIK

You hear about that little girl?
Still haven't found her, god
knows what her parents must be
going through.

Frozen, Josephine slowly looks up and directly at Harik.

JOSEPHINE

Huh?

HARIK

Young kid, Forget her name.
Adventurous apparently

HARIK

(gestures with his hands)

About A - high.

Hark takes Josephine bag of meat and weighs it on some old fashioned scales. The arrow hand drifts over into a

red zone.

That's seven pounds and nine
altogether please.

Beat.

HARIK

Miss?

Josephine, caught up in a moment, pulls through it and carries on rummaging through her purse. She gives him the correct amount of change.

JOSEPHINE

Thank you

HARIK

Have a nice day.

Josephine takes her items and puts them in her bag, she then walks out of the shop.

EXT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Outside the shop, Josephine's demeanour has changed. she looks attentive. As she walks to the end of road, she looks up at her farm house on the top of the hill. She starts walking towards it.

INT. JOSEPHINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Josephine's farm house is old and dated. Patterned eighties decor floods the living room and kitchen. On the walls hang pictures of a forgotten family.

Josephine stumbles into her old farm house and places her keys and bags of groceries on the kitchen table.

She walks over to the staircase, takes off her coat and hangs it on on the bannister. She looks up the rickety stair case.

JOSEPHINE

Jessica?

She waits for a response. After no reply, Josephine walks back into the kitchen, and then the living room.

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JOSEPHINE
(shouting)
Jessica?
Jessica?
Jessica!

Starting to panic, she takes out her phone from her bag and punches a number into her phone. As the phone rings, she starts to pace around the kitchen.

PRIMARY SCHOOL RECEPTION
St. John's Primary Reception,
Mrs. Jones speaking-

JOSEPHINE
(into phone)
- Hello it's Mrs. Whitman,
Jessica Whitman's mum. Jessica
didn't stay behind for school
today did she?

MRS JONES
(O.S.)
Oh hello, no, no she didn't, I
took her right to the bus myself,
23A right?

Beat.

MRS JONES
Is everything okay Mrs. Whitman?

Josephine starts doing circuits of the living rooms.

JOSEPHINE
Er, yes fine, I'm sure she just
got carried -

As she speaks she walks back through the living room and into the kitchen. Standing at the bottom of the staircase is Jessica.

Jessica is a quiet ten year old and is dressed in jeans and a white top, nothing out of the ordinary.

Josephine eyes widen and she breathes a sigh of relief.

JOSEPHINE

So sorry Mrs. Jones, I have her.

She hangs up the phone and drops it on the sideboard before dropping to her knees. She takes Jessica's hand and holds them in hers.

JOSEPHINE

Jessica honey! Did you not hear me? I was looking for you.

Jessica shakes her head and makes no eye contact with her mother, she appears unsympathetic.

JOSEPHINE

You scared me.

As the reality of Jessica's safety kicks in Josephine's panicked frown turns into a relieved smile.

JESSICA

I'm hungry.

JOSEPHINE

Yeh? What you hungry for? I got some vegetables and some meat.

Jessica shrugs her shoulders.

JOSEPHINE

How about a pie? We can make it together if you'd like?

Jessica smiles and nods her head.

INT. JOSEPHINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

It's later in the evening. Classical music is playing through the radio. On the kitchen table is flour, rolling pins and pastry cut offs. Josephine is standing over a large metal pot stirring away at some tender beef.

Jessica is stood on a chair and had is cutting shapes into the pastry with different shape cutters. One of them girl, the other a man. She takes the cutting and attaches them to the line of pastry people she has already created, they appear to all be holding hands.

Josephine keeps an eye on Jessica as she cuts away. A smile spreads across her face. She walks over to Jessica.

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JOSEPHINE
(almost laughing)
You know they won't all fit on
top of the pie right?

JESSICA
(disappointed)
Why?

JOSEPHINE
Because there's too many. See
look. This is the tin.

Josephine takes a metal tin and compares it next to the
pastry.

Jessica takes the long line of connected pastry and
disfigures it within her hands. She does this with no
emotion.

JOSEPHINE
Hey! I said you couldn't fit them
ALL on.

Jessica shrugs and smiles

JESSICA
Oh well

Jessica jumps down from the chairs and runs off into the
living room.

JOSEPHINE
J-Jessica!

She sighs and attempts to piece together some of the
pastry. She takes it and sticks it on top of the pie
before throwing it into the oven.

INT. JOSEPHINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Josephine takes the pie out of the oven with oven gloves.

INT. JOSEPHINE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

A meat pie sits in the middle of the table. The pie has
cooked and the disfigured pastry cutting of the small
girl has burnt slightly on the top. Josephine sticks a
knife into the pie and cuts it into 4 sections.

The dining table is long, wooden and dated. Josephine
sits at one end and Jessica sits at the other. Only the

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food and table candles separate the two.

Jessica's cutlery is plastic, her food has already been cut up ready for her to eat. They both blow on their fork full of food before eating it, almost simultaneously.

JOSEPHINE

Good huh?

JESSICA

Mmm. Yummy.

JOSEPHINE

So... how was your day at school?

JESSICA

It was fine.

JOSEPHINE

Just fine huh?

JESSICA

yeah.

Jessica doesn't make eye contact as Josephine ask her the questions, she instead moves the food on her plate around, she makes shapes with the green beans.

JOSEPHINE

Did you have any fun at all?

JESSICA

(makes eye contact)

Yeah! At playtime.

Josephine takes note of Jessica's excitement.

JOSEPHINE

Oh yeah? What did you get up to?

JESSICA

Me and Molly played nurses

JOSEPHINE

Oh yeah? Nurses huh. Was it a busy day for you guys at the hospital?

JESSICA

Yeah. We looked after all of the sick people... But then Molly got sick so we couldn't anymore.

JOSEPHINE

Oh really? How come she got sick?

JESSICA

I don't know, I think she wasn't feeling too good.

JOSEPHINE

(almost patronising)

Oh, now that's a shame. Is she feeling any better now?

JESSICA

Yeah she's fine now, she's sleeping.

Jessica looks up from her plate and looks at Josephine.

Beat

JOSEPHINE

Oh well that's good then. Do her mummy and daddy know she got sick?

JESSICA

No. I had to look after her.

JOSEPHINE

That's very sweet of you, did you give her the right medicines.

A moment passes. Jessica nods her head. Josephine takes another mouthful of pie and blows on it gently.

JOSEPHINE

So where is she now?

JESSICA

She's upstairs, sleeping.

Josephine freezes, just as she is about to take a forkful of food. She looks at Jessica. Who is starring right back at her.

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JOSEPHINE

What?

JESSICA

She wasn't feeling too good so I
brought her home with me-

Before Jessica has time to finish her sentence, Josephine drops her knife and fork, kicks back her chairs and runs to the staircase. Jessica stays at the table, unmoved.

She continues her run up the stairs and pushes past Josephine's doorway and into her room.

Inside Jessica's bedroom is an old fashioned wooden bed with four long twisted legs. On top of the bed is the outline of a small body.

Josephine approaches the bed and quickly peels back the bed sheets.

Starring back at her is the cold blue face of a young girl, her eyes still and just open. Around her neck is black and purple bruising in the shape of two small hand prints.

Josephine takes a careful step away from the bed before breaking down in tears on the floor. Meanwhile, downstairs, Jessica listens to her mother cry and continues to eat her meal as if nothing has happened.

EXT. JOSEPHINE HOUSE - NIGHT

Hours later, the sky has turned murky black. Josephine stands outside her farmhouse with a wheelbarrow by her side, covering the wheelbarrow is a black sheet of nylon.

Josephine struggles to lift the weighty barrow, but finds the strength to do so. She wheels the barrow through the farm, passing bales of hay and heads towards a gate leading to a field.

The path to the gate is old and the ride there is bumpy, as she wheels term stream down her face, her hair is a mess.

As she passes though the gate she heads towards a single lonely tree.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

At the tree, She halts the wheelbarrow and looks at the tree, she takes out a spade from the wheelbarrow and plunges it into the soil just underneath the tree. She starts digging.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She then takes the wheel barrow and lurches the body inside into the earthy soil. Josephine falls to her knees and breaks down once more.

From a distance we can see lumps in the soil around her this isn't the first burial that Josephine has made in her lifetime.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - MORNING - MOVING

It's early morning, and on board an almost empty train, sits both Josephine and Jessica, they sit side by side.

Josephine sits still A family sits a few rows down the train carriage are a small family consisting of a mother father and daughter.. They all play happily together, the father throws the child up and down in a playful motion. The mother watches him laughing. He takes his finger and places it on her chest, as she looks down he draws it up and over her face. They continue to laugh together.

Jessica starts to shuffle in her seat. Josephine grabs her leg firmly.

FADE TO BLACK