

K
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INT. CHALET BEDROOM - DAWN

The early morning light seeps through the thin mauve and pink checked curtains into the cramped bedroom.

A young girl is lying in a single bed, facing the wall.

She rolls over and carefully pulls back the covers. In silhouette she is fully dressed.

She crudely recreates the shape of her body with the pillows and pulls the covers back over them.

She turns and leans over the other single bed in the corner and takes a life size Barbie hair styling head from the clutter of the built-in vanity table. She places it on its side, facing the wall at the top of the bed and pulls the covers tightly up around it.

She treads lightly over to the bedroom door and carefully pulls back a chair that has been jammed under its handle.

INT. CHALET LIVING ROOM - DAWN

The girl creeps through the box-like room over to the front door which stands next to a narrow and shabby kitchen area with frayed orange curtains hanging in its doorway.

A large parrot clings to the side bars of its cage in the corner. Its black eyes follow her.

She tries the door. Its locked. She stands rigid in the doorway.

O/S a faint murmuring.

The girl slowly turns from the door. Her name is KAYLEE. Her shoulder length hair is dirty and knotted, thick strands fall across her full ruddy cheeks. Her eyes are clear and penetrating, they seem to burn through her bedraggled fringe as she searches out the sound.

Her gaze falls to the floor. Kaylee's eyes hold and then acidify with repulsion.

She walks silently back to the bedroom.

A LATE MIDDLE AGED MAN is lying on his back across a pull out futon bed, a bottle of whisky lies empty next to him. In his sleep the duvet has been kicked off leaving him naked apart from a pair of socks and a tattered vest.

INT. CHALET BEDROOM - DAWN

Kaylee pulls up the thin wicker blind behind the curtains and opens the window.

EXT. CHALET BEDROOM WINDOW - DAWN

Kaylee carefully climbs out and lands quietly on the ground outside.

She slides a small plastic pink ruler from between a pile of moldy concrete paving stones next to the chalet and jams it tight between the window frames, holding them shut.

EXT. CHALET GROUNDS - DAWN

Dressed in an a dark purple anorak that is a couple of sizes too small and a knee length grubby denim skirt, Kaylee makes her way through the rows of identical wooden chalets across the damp grass.

EXT. LEISURE PARK - DAWN

A thin mist clings to the ground. Kaylee cuts through the adjoining holiday park with its neat lines of trailers in sterile hues of pale cream and green.

O/S dogs barking inside trailer.

It is off season and deserted.

EXT. LEISURE PARK STABLES - EARLY MORNING

Kaylee ducks and runs along the outer circumference of the metal fence next to the stables.

At the furthest corner she climbs through a small hole in the fence that has been poorly repaired with chicken wire.

The paddock is small but exposed. Two horses stand silently watching Kaylee as she approaches. They are well groomed and stand proudly with their manes and tails neatly plaited.

Kaylee skulks over to the stable out-building, ignoring them. In front there are four oversized black plastic bins with bricks on their lids.

She slides the brick off one of the bins and opens the lid. It's full of apples inside.

Kaylee takes a plastic bag from her coat pocket and quickly fills it with handfuls of apples.

She turns and checks to see if anyone is watching her. The only eyes on her are those of the three horses.

She takes a bruised and split apple from the bin and hurls it into the centre of the paddock.

The horses ignore the apple and hold their accusing stare.

EXT. COASTAL MARSHLAND - MORNING

The land is flat and barren. Boggy fields on one side are dissected by thin murky rivers with the odd tree leaning over at a precarious angle due to years of prevailing winds.

Kaylee swings the plastic bag through the willowy grass. She walks tall, refreshed now from the air and solitude. She even allows herself to hum a little as she looks out over the silvery grey water of the Thames estuary.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUNDS - MORNING

Kaylee steps around a small pond of rainwater and up over the shallow bank beside it. She walks briskly across the grassy plain. Behind her, across the Thames, tall industrial chimneys loom up out of the hazy morning cloud.

Rows of squat grey concrete structures, like ghost town bungalows huddle in regimented lines in front of her. They have no roofs or window panes.

Kaylee stops in between two straight lines of concrete stables. Small trees sprout through their decaying walls, some have rusting corrugated iron piled up in them another has a molding sodden mattress folded up into its corner.

Kaylee is crouching beside a decayed rabbits carcass. Its flattened body is shaped as if it had been caught frozen, leaping across the grass.

Kaylee pushes a stick through its empty eye socket and holds its stiffened body up into the light.

EXT. DERELICT HOUSE - MORNING

Kaylee passes a single derelict house. It too has no roof, just a chimney stack that stands abandoned. The windows and doorway have long since gone leaving crumbling rectangular shapes in the brickwork.

O/S flapping plastic in wind.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE IN ARMY GROUNDS - MORNING

Kaylee stands outside the window, looking in.

In the corner next to the ripped out fireplace a small makeshift tent made from an old sheet of clear plastic has been erected.

Kaylee steps through the doorway of the house and creeps towards the tent.

As she gets closer she realises there's a man inside sitting upright and staring right at her.

She stops dead.

KAYLEE
(whispering)
Apples...

The man does not move.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)
...for the horses.

Kaylee gently shakes the plastic bag with the apples in it.

The man peers at the bag and leans over to one side and begins to crawl out from under the plastic sheeting.

He slowly stands. His wiry frame is wrapped in many layers, filthy and ragged. His hands, strong and gloved in oily grime pull his outer jacket tighter around him. His sharp features are circled by a halo of thick wild hair and beard. His eyes are clear and blue and remind Kaylee of a stained glass window of Jesus she once saw.

He looks down at the bag of apples and pauses.

MAN

Those horses happy?

His voice is cracked and distant as if he is unfamiliar with speaking.

Kaylee steps back.

KAYLEE

... sometimes.

His eyes soften.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

... you wanna see?

The man turns and looks over at the tent and then back at Kaylee.

He nods.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUND FIELD - MORNING

Kaylee hurries eagerly across the windswept field. The man follows slowly behind, methodically stepping over the uneven ground.

Kaylee stops and turns. She waits for him to catch up.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY STABLES - MORNING

Elderly and decrepit horses are put out to pasture here and left to roam freely around the grounds.

Kaylee is sitting on a rough concrete ledge, created from a crack in the decayed walls of the stables. Her foot gently rocks back and forth against the wall as the horses gather around her. She offers up the apples one by one from her flat palm. Their tails twitch over each others long shaggy coats encrusted with dried mud as they jostle for position.

Kaylee strokes their forelocks and whispers to each one as they feed from her hand.

The man stands at a distance leaning against another wall of the stables. He watches her closely.

Kaylee puts her hand into the plastic bag and pulls out the last apple.

She turns to the man.

KAYLEE

You feed them?

He does not respond.

She throws the apple over to him but it falls short on the muddy ground in front of his feet.

He jumps forward and picks it up, biting a huge chunk from the fruit and letting the rest fall to the floor.

The man slowly stands swallowing the mouthful whole.

Kaylee's foot stops tapping the wall as his gaze rises from her muddy trainers up to her eyes.

They are both still and silent, the wind buffeting them.

MAN

What's your name?

Squinting in the light, Kaylee draws the hair from her face.

KAYLEE

Kay...lee.

He unzips his outer jacket and searches through the many pockets both inside and out. He then pats the jacket pockets of the next layer which creates a dull metallic clinking. He delves inside feeling around the pocket.

The man pulls out his hand, tightly closed in a fist.

Kaylee is transfixed, she jumps down from the ledge and steps closer to him.

He opens his hand slowly and there underneath screwed up pieces of newspaper and bent paper clips is a red letter K shaped in metal, the kind you find in seaside resort shops hanging next to the postcards, laid out in full alphabet.

He holds it up by the circular key ring attachment.

MAN

K is for Kaylee.

EXT. THAMES ESTUARY EMBANKMENT - MORNING

Kaylee stands atop the grassy verge. Her eyes are wild with excitement as she looks out over the water. The K key ring is attached to her anorak zipper just below her chin.

Kaylee bites repeatedly into her bottom lip as her jaw slides from side to side.

A goods liner sails along the Thames in front of her.

The boat forges through and out the other side of her motionless silhouette.

EXT. TRAILER PATH - MORNING

Kaylee strides between two rows of the more well-kept and modern trailers that are rented to 'holiday-makers'.

O/S muffled grunting.

Kaylee stops and listens. She can make out the sound coming from the trailer next to her and steps over to the window.

Between a small crack in the curtains Kaylee can just see a man's bare back rocking violently back and forth. A woman's leg is hoisted up over his shoulder whilst her other bounces up and down on the Formica table she is perched on.

Kaylee watches them intently as she clasps the K in her hand.

EXT. LEISURE PARK - MORNING

A montage of empty paths between trailers and chalets in the morning light.

O/S dogs barking.

EXT. LEISURE PARK - MORNING

Kaylee walks briskly along the concrete path between the trailers.

PAULA, a short and bulky late middle aged woman wearing a dressing gown tied tightly around her generous waist slips out from behind a beaded curtain hanging in a trailer doorway. Her dyed jet black hair hangs like straw around her bloated face.

She holds up a live eel in her puffy hand.

PAULA
(shouting)
Kaylee, take him over to your Dad
for me.

Kaylee stops and begrudgingly walks over to the trailer.

INT. PAULA'S TRAILER - MORNING

Paula throws the eel in the direction of a large plastic tub containing three other eels encircled in shallow fresh water. The eel misses the target and slides and flaps around the outside of the tub on the linoleum floor.

Kaylee sits on a plastic stool in the centre of the living room area. Behind, Paula stands combing Kaylee's tangled hair.

The interior is a sickly mixture of brown and cream, dark brown curtains and lighter brown worn upholstery with pale cream walls. An old fishing rod stands leaning in the corner. On the table in front of them sit plastic cider bottles, half empty packets of pain killers and a fishing tackle box.

PAULA
What you up to, eh?

KAYLEE
(mumbling)
...walking round a bit.

PAULA
Why you doing that all the time?
It's bloody boring out there.

Kaylee's head jerks backwards from the force of the combing.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Now, me and your Dad were talking about you getting a job up at the stables. You like those horses, don't you?

Kaylee does not respond. Paula tilts Kaylee's head to one side to take a look at her expression. It's blank.

Paula takes one side of the parting and begins to plait it with her fingers.

PAULA (CONT'D)

It's better than wandering about all day... don't you want to help your Dad, Kaylee?

Kaylee pulls her head forward staring at the eel sliding between her feet. Its mouth gapping open.

PAULA (CONT'D)

We were thinking they'd let us move into one of those big trailers up next to the stables if you were working there.

Kaylee's eyes narrow. On her lap Kaylee's hands open from tight fists. Her fingernails have left deep impressions in the flesh of her palms.

EXT. PAULA'S TRAILER - MORNING

Kaylee jumps down onto the grass from the trailer doorway carrying the eel, a thunderous expression clouds her face. Kaylee's hair is neatly plaited and secured by a pink bow at the back.

PAULA O/S

(shouts)

Kaylee!

Kaylee stops, closes her eyes and turns.

Paula leans against the doorway and pulls a quarter bottle of cheap whiskey from her dressing gown pocket.

PAULA

Take it to your Dad. Straight away, now.

She passes the bottle to Kaylee. As Paula leans forward her dressing gown opens and one of her ample breasts lollops free from over her nightie.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Make sure he knows its from me,
eh?

Kaylee slips the bottle into her anorak pocket and walks back to the path.

Kaylee turns the corner and pulls the ribbon from the plaits and lets it fall into the mud as she marches back over to the concrete path towards her chalet.

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE - AFTERNOON

Kaylee stands in a small gap between a line of fruit machines which repeatedly drone and flash their lights trying to grab her attention.

She stares out through the reinforced glass into the busy auction room decorated in a mock Tudor style.

Kaylee can just make out the figure of her father propping up the bar at the other end of the room. He is talking intimately with a voluptuous woman.

INT. AUCTION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Kaylee sheepishly steps through the fire exit doorway and leans against the wall. In front of her are lines of tressel tables overflowing with piles of knickknacks and knocked-off merchandise.

Adjusting from the bright exterior light she squints and looks around the smoke-filled room.

Lit by gaudy disco lights, a balding man sits behind a rickety old table on the stage directing the auction through an inaudible sound system.

Louche young girls parade between the bustling tables with the tatty merchandise held brazenly up above their heads.

A ridiculously ROTUND WOMAN sitting on a pub chair next to the fire exit leans over to Kaylee.

ROTUND WOMAN

Nice hair girl, giddy up!

The woman sits back smirking as she inhales on her cigarette.

One of the AUCTION GIRLS saunters over to the tressel tables to dump a rejected pine magazine stand.

AUCTION GIRL 1

What you doing with that eel?
Come to find your Dad? You dirty
mare!

The girl sniggers.

Kaylee tries her best to ignore her and pulls the plastic bag from her anorak pocket and shoves the eel inside it.

Another of the AUCTION GIRLS leans against the table and turns towards Kaylee.

AUCTION GIRL 2

They found your Mum in the end,
Kaylee. She was down the pub all
along.

She tries to keep a straight face.

Kaylee flinches and sharply turns back out of the auction room.

EXT. TRAILER PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Kaylee walks up the grassy pathway furiously ripping the plaits out from her hair.

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

Kaylee tramples through the crops. The thick coarse stems are taller than her but she blindly beats down a path through them with her bare hands, regardless.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

Amongst the concrete structures, small groups of sheep stand silently, all staring in the same direction.

The lambs too, stopping feeding from their mothers' turn and observe.

EXT. DERELICT AMMUNITION STORE - AFTERNOON

Kaylee stands in the shadows of the doorway looking out over to the pond.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

The grazing horses lift their heads up from the grass. Their attention all focused in one direction.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUNDS POND - AFTERNOON

The man is standing a few feet out in the rainwater pond. Wearing only his wellington boots and frayed black trousers he leans over and collects handfuls of water and pours it over his face and neck.

Kaylee sits on the bank watching him.

He looks over in Kaylee's direction and stands up straight, the water runs down his thin pale body.

Kaylee smiles and pulls the eel from the plastic bag.

The man wades through the water towards her.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUNDS POND - AFTERNOON

The man brings down a rock onto the eels head with great force. Its movements cease.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

A group of birds flap and fly up from in between the safety of the tall reeds.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUNDS POND - AFTERNOON

Kaylee is holding her hand up in front of her. She slowly rotates it as she watches lines of ants march across the contours of her fingers.

On the bank next to her, the man is sitting eating the eel ravenously from his fingers.

He pulls off the silvery black skin and sucks it up through his lips. He takes a chunk of the meat and creates a ball of flesh in his hands and bites into it, bones and all.

Licking the oil from his fingers he shivers and turns to Kaylee. He lightly knocks the K dangling from her anorak zipper under her chin with his knuckle.

MAN

Cold...little eel.

A shy smile pulls at the side of her mouth.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUND FIELD - AFTERNOON

Kaylee is walking a few steps behind the man. She watches him as he steps between two lines of thin concrete poles that look as if they once supported a bridge. He has a small strip of plastic wire in his hands that he pulls taught, testing its strength.

The man stops and gently kicks one of the concrete poles and kneels down beside it. He ties a small loop in the middle of the length of wire and secures each end on both sides of the concrete poles.

The man places his hand through the loop shape in the middle. As he thrusts his arm forward the loop tightens around his wrist.

The man loosens the wire. He stands up and takes another strip of plastic wire from his pocket.

He walks further down the line of concrete poles.

Kaylee waits for him to be a safe distance away and collapses the trap with her foot.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUNDS - DUSK

The wild horses turn and gallop, running through the field. Their silhouettes kick up dust and are backlit from the dying light.

EXT. DERELICT HOUSE - NIGHT

The building stands alone at night. A faint firelight flickers through the empty spaces that once were windows.

Above, a halo bleeds into the night sky up out of the roofless structure.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE - NIGHT

Kaylee sits cross legged next to the fire in the centre of the room with the man's plastic sheet tent in the corner. Her shadow looms over the far concrete wall as she sits up and unzips her anorak.

The man is kneeling on the other side of the fire swigging from the quarter bottle of whisky.

Kaylee sits back holding the key ring in her hands, hypnotised by the flames.

The man sits the bottle down in between a small pile of broken bricks next to him and lowers his head into his hands.

Kaylee looks over at him through the flames and then quickly back down into the fire.

He lifts his head slightly, looking up at her through his fingers.

MAN

Why you waiting?

Kaylee looks over to the doorway and then back to him.

KAYLEE

I...don't know.

Confused, Kaylee looks back down at the flames.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

My Mum, when she's got the key
for our house...a proper
house...with stairs and a telly.

The man pushes his hand into the inside pocket of his jacket and pulls it back out tightly clasped shut. He sits up on his knees and opens his hand to reveal a small pile of keys of all different shapes and sizes. He picks a key, letting the rest fall onto the floor, some tumbling into the fire.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

She's coming...

The man gets onto all fours and crawls over towards Kaylee.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

...to get me.

She leans backwards a little.

He is next to Kaylee now.

MAN

(whispers)

There, there it is.

He holds out the key to her.

Nervously, she slowly lifts her hand towards his. Just as she is about to take the key the man lunges forward onto her.

Kaylee lets out a small laugh as if it were some kind of accident.

The man keeps his chin firmly pressed onto his chest as he holds her down with his forearm.

Kaylee begins to struggle, panic.

With his other hand the man pulls down his trouser zipper.

Kaylee pushes frantically at his body and shoulders with her hands.

Then her flaying arms suddenly subside, they hold onto him, pulling him to her.

The man's forearm pushes Kaylee's head to one side, towards the doorway.

Just in the periphery of the fire light she can see a single horse watching them.

EXT. COASTAL MARSHLAND - FIRST LIGHT

Kaylee steps along the narrow pathway, her eyes are vacant and expressionless.

A herd of sheep squeeze along the path towards Kaylee. They surround her carrying on in the opposite direction.

As she steps around and in between them she lightly strokes the matted wool on their backs.

EXT. CHALET - DAWN

Kaylee winces as she sees the pink ruler lying in the grass below her bedroom window.

She picks it up and tries to force the corner of the ruler between the crack of the window frame. It will not open.

She steps quietly around to the other side of the chalet and tries the other window. It too is locked.

Kaylee stands next to the front door. She holds her breath and tries the handle.

It slowly opens.

INT. CHALET LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Kaylee steps through the doorway of the kitchenette. Her eyes fill with a sudden sharp consternation and then glaze heavy with abhorrence.

She creeps out of the room towards her bedroom.

Paula lies asleep on the futon dressed in her nightie, her plump arm lying across Kaylee's fathers' naked chest.

INT. CHALET MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

A dark blue blind is pulled down at the window creating a faint mauve light against the red wallpaper that lines the small room.

Black bin liners are piled up all over the floor and on the stained bare mattress of the double bed.

Kaylee steps around the bin bags and over to the built-in cupboards on the far wall. She quietly opens the cupboard pushing back a pile of bin bags with the door.

Inside, its full of packed bin liners. A cheap nylon wedding dress hangs from a coat hanger in the corner.

Kaylee takes a bin liner from the cupboard and rests it on the mattress.

She pulls out a few clothes. In between some skirts a small figurine falls onto the bed. A corny figure of a woman holding up a trophy with a small plaque underneath stating 'Worlds greatest Mum'.

She also discovers a wad of letters bound up with an elastic band. They are addressed to 'Mummy' in childish hand writing. Kaylee flicks through them.

Kaylee pulls out a white summer dress made from a light diaphanous material.

Kaylee unzips her anorak and throws it onto one of the bin bags.

She puts the dress on.

It is a couple of sizes too big for her but she holds the material tight at the back and rocks her shoulders back and forth as she takes in her reflection in the mirror.

INT. CHALET BEDROOM - DAWN

Kaylee pulls out a few jumpers from the bottom of her wardrobe and stuffs them into a plastic sports bag with the letters.

Kaylee steps over to the window and pulls back the wicker blind and peers out.

She tries the window but it is locked.

Her head drops, she looks down at the window handles. A new lock has been fitted which secures them shut but there is no key. Kaylee manically pulls at the handle.

INT. CHALET LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Kaylee walks back towards the front door, her anorak in one hand and sports bag in the other.

O/S lighter igniting.

Kaylee turns towards the futon bed and freezes.

Her father is sitting up in the bed. He exhales from the cigarette never taking his eyes from Kaylee's.

They are motionless for what seems like a long time.

Kaylee slowly turns away from him and walks over to the door. She firmly pulls it open and steps out.

Her father sits looking over at the open door. A light breeze lifts the orange curtains in the kitchenette doorway.

The parrot blinks as it gnaws on a bar of its cage.

Kaylee's father looks down at Paula asleep next to him.

EXT. PAULA'S TRAILER - MORNING

Kaylee unclips the metal K from the zipper of her anorak as she approaches the trailer.

Kaylee scrapes the edge of the metal through the paint work as she walks around it full circle.

EXT. COASTAL PATHWAY - MORNING

Kaylee's anorak floats cape-like behind her, secured to her head by the hood. She strides along the familiar pathway, her mind racing with a thousand thoughts.

She throws her bag over the fence and vaults across its adjoining stile.

EXT. DERELICT HOUSE - MORNING

Kaylee is running towards the house.

She bounds up to the open doorway and inside.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Every last drop of expectancy drains from her face as she stands rooted to the spot.

Everything has gone, the plastic tenting and the man's sleeping bag all have disappeared.

In its place stands a horse from the fields that has wandered in. Its head turns and looks straight at her.

Kaylee is kneeling down next to the burnt circle of ashes from the fire.

She finds charred and blackened keys as she sifts through the ashes with her fingers.

Kaylee takes the K shaped key ring from her anorak zipper and throws it in amongst them.

EXT. DISUSED ARMY GROUND FIELD - MORNING

Kaylee leads the horse across the field.

She looks around desperately for the man. She does not know his name so is reduced to shouting out her own.

EXT. MARTELLO TOWER BEACH - MORNING

Kaylee steps over the firm cold ridges of sand laid bare by the low tide.

Behind her, the martello tower sits defiantly in the shallow waters. Its dark windows watching her.

EXT. POWER STATION PATHWAY - MORNING

Kaylee walks up the narrow concrete pathway. In front of her, the power station chimney reaches up into the morning sky.

EXT. OVERGROWN PATHWAY - MORNING

The interlocking branches of the trees either side of the narrow path create a tunnel with only patches of dappled light that occasionally pierce through the thick coverage.

As Kaylee steps around the soft ferns that line the pathway her dress catches on some brambles that lie hidden in the foliage.

She tugs at the hem, eventually pulling it free.

Kaylee inspects the damage. The thorns have ripped a large swathe from the side of the dress.

Kaylee drops her bag and pulls the dress off over her head. She throws it into the bramble bush and carries on down the path leaving the dress hanging ghost-like in the branches.

EXT. UNDERNEATH BRIDGE FLY-OVER - MORNING

Kaylee treads carefully between the tall yellow grasses that fill this no-mans-land. Above her, the underbelly of the fly-over carves through the sky.

She steps down a steep verge and comes to the main road.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

Kaylee pulls her bag tightly up around her shoulder and marches along the road.

O/S HGV approaching.

The HGV hurtles passed her lifting the dirt from the road up around her in thick billowing clouds.

Kaylee holds her arm up to protect her face. The dust slowly settles and she rubs the dirt from her eyes, squinting into the morning sun.