

INT. NEW HOUSE - JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sparse furniture in the bland style as the rest of the house.

JAMIE is lying on the bed, headphones on, reading a comic .

A knock at the door. DAD comes in, closes the door, and smiles. There's a smear of red over his lips.

DAD

How you doing sport?

JAMIE doesn't answer. DAD ambles over to the window, tugs the curtain to one side and peers out.

DAD (CONT'D)

I think we're going to like it here.

JAMIE

(sulkily)

Yeah, but for how long?

DAD lets the curtain drop and turns to JAMIE , who's pointedly ignoring him. Eventually JAMIE sighs, puts the comic down and takes the headphones off.

DAD

What you listening to?

JAMIE

You wouldn't know them.

DAD

I might.

JAMIE

Band of Skulls.

DAD nods, defeated. He sits on the edge of the bed. Turns the comic round to have a look at the cover. Flips open the first page. Gives it back. He lifts JAMIE 'S T-shirt and looks at the bandages . He touches them carefully.

DAD

How's this feeling?

JAMIE keeps focused on the comic .

JAMIE

(flatly)

Great.

DAD

We won't be moving from here in a hurry, I promise you. If everyone behaves we'll be fine.

JAMIE

We've moved seven times in the past five years!

DAD

We'll try and stay here a little longer. Maybe a year... even two?

JAMIE

What did Karen do that was so bad we had to leave in the middle of the night?

DAD

She went out when she shouldn't have, got drunk and put us all at risk.

DAD pats JAMIE firmly on the leg.

DAD (CONT'D)

So, you coming down for dinner? There's plenty left.

JAMIE

Pizza?

DAD

No, better.

JAMIE

I'll get my own dinner thanks.

JAMIE chews something over, wrestles with it, until it comes brawling out of his mouth.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to be a vegetarian. I'm sick of it all. Meat is murder.

DAD lets out a short disbelieving laugh.

DAD

What?!

DAD blinks.

DAD (CONT'D)

You are kidding, right?

JAMIE

I want a normal life, Dad. I want to go to school, I want friends. I don't want to be running away all the time!

DAD

Is that right? And eating vegetables is going to give you all that, is it?

DAD stands, cracks his back.

DAD (CONT'D)

It's Bella's big birthday soon.

DAD points a finger at JAMIE .

DAD (CONT'D)

You are NOT going to fuck that up. Is that clear?

JAMIE

(sullen)

It's you who fucked things up when you let Mum die.

DAD clouts JAMIE round the head. Simmers. JAMIE stays put, staring at his comic .

DAD

I'm doing my best here. Let's get through Bella's birthday, okay? You can be veggie after that.

JAMIE stays silent. DAD laughs, shakes his head, leaves the room. Jamie exhales, stares at the ceiling.

INT. NEW HOUSE-KITCHEN - DAY

The kettle is boiling.

JAMIE is at the †fridge . He opens the door and rummages around. Eventually he pulls out a carton of milk , sniffs at it then drinks from it. He looks further. Finds an onion . Looks at it. Looks in the †fridge for something tastier. There is nothing. He takes the onion and closes the door. He opens a kitchen cupboard. Finds some bread , takes two slices, then cuts the onion up and makes a sandwich . He takes a bite and grimaces.

He pulls a †dining chair out and sits on it. A body of a young man is lying on the kitchen table in blood-spattered plastic sheets , bits of his body missing .

JAMIE chews joylessly on his sandwich , staring at the body.

STEVE hurries in holding a large cardboard box . He's still wearing his outdoor coat. He waddles up to the counter and offloads the box. He sees JAMIE staring at the body.

STEVE

Karen is fucking out of control.  
We had to leave one behind outside  
Chicken Shack in the open. Your  
Dad is NOT happy. With any of  
you.

JAMIE

How can it be MY fault! I wasn't  
even there!

STEVE opens the top flaps of the box.

STEVE

Yeah well. You're still grounded.  
Come and look at this...

JAMIE walks over to the box and peers in. Starts pulling out a variety of birthday bunting ... banners , balloons , candles , flags .

STEVE pulls out a card showing a happy Dracula , thumbs up, saying 'Have a fang-tastic birthday!' and hands it to JAMIE .

STEVE (CONT'D)

Perfect or what?!

STEVE pulls three mugs from a cardboard box. The kettle clicks. STEVE starts making tea .