

The Split

by

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FADE IN:

INT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - REAR SITTING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "London, 1968"

Turmoil is approaching. But, for the moment, its imminence is belied by a calm, contented environment; a 1960's domestic bliss. Diffuse sunlight streaming through net curtains, dust particles sparkle in the light over baby EMMA (newborn) sleeping in her pram.

Her toddler sister CLAIRE (2) is playing on the floor, the ting-a-ling sound of her toy breaking the silence.

EXT. SUBURBAN LONDON STREET - DAY

Three police vans belting along in convoy, led by a police car. Pedestrian, head-scarved housewives stop and stare.

INT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

The sound of a phone ringing.

PAULA (38) neat with perfectly coiffured hair, dressed in Sunday best, walks over to the telephone seat. Manicured fingers reach down and curl around the handset. She answers cheerily,

PAULA
Hello...Richmond 2396.

EXT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - STREET FRONTAGE - DAY

Same police vans screech to a choreographed stop, barricading off the street to all other traffic.

Van doors open. Policemen pile out, their hob-nail boots landing heavily on the pavement.

Man in charge, DETECTIVE INSPECTOR KELLY (45) seen stepping out of a police car, exuding authority.

INT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - REAR SITTING ROOM - DAY

Paula frantically rushes in, gathering up kids stuff as she goes. She's harassed and looking for something.

PAULA
(yelling)
Frank! (BEAT) Where are you?

EXT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - FRONT PATHWAY - DAY

D.I. Kelly tall and thin, smartly dressed in suit and tie, strides up the garden path towards the house; more policemen are right behind him.

INT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - REAR SITTING ROOM - DAY

With open newspaper in hand, FRANK (50) nonchalantly wanders in. He's well built, balding with thick framed glasses, likewise dressed in Sunday best; pressed shirt, suit pants and braces. He's also wearing a puzzled look.

Paula finds her hat on the sideboard.

PAULA
Quick, they're on their way.

FRANK
Good. I'm bloody starving. (BEAT)
Have you turned the oven on?

PAULA
What?

Exasperated, she stops and stares at Frank.

PAULA
(Irritated)
What on earth are you talking
about?

Just staring at each other,

FRANK
(Perplexed)
Paula, what on earth are YOU
talking about?

Flustered, she passes him his suit jacket,

PAULA
The Old Bill...

FRANK
What about them?

PAULA
They're on their way...

FRANK
Why?

PAULA
I don't know do I! (BEAT) That was
Avril on the phone. Come on, pack
up, we're going home...

Paula grabs the pram's handle,

PAULA
Frank, you take Claire, I've got
Emma. (BEAT)

In the pram; Emma's eyes are wide open now, fully awake looking alarmed.

A loud tramping of boots on a concrete pathway resonates from outside. Paula and Frank freeze.

FRANK
What's that noise?

Staring at one another, ears cocked, listening.

EXT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

A policeman's hand thumps loudly on the door. A moment passes.

Eyes now on Kelly,

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR KELLY
OK, that's time enough.

Gesturing,

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR KELLY
Open 'er up.

INT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

We see Frank poking his head through the rear-sitting room doorway into the hallway; he's looking towards the front door. There's loud crashing; a battering ram is being smashed through the door.

FRANK
(Wearily)
Oh God...

The piercing sound of a baby crying starts up.

REAR SITTING ROOM

Baby Emma lies bawling in her pram. Her mum, Paula, tries to pacify her. Toddler Claire's mouth is wide open, her little face shiny hot from tears and snot.

Frank races out of the room and into the-

HALLWAY

He confronts Kelly standing in the front door way.

FRANK
What do you think you're doing--

Kelly holds his hand up. Frank stops talking. He goes to speak, again he's interrupted,

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR KELLY
(gesturing to nearby
constable)
Take him away.

EMMA ADULT VOICE (V.O.)

I never really knew what mum was on about half the time. Mum and dad's part in it was just as innocents, caught in the cross fire.

Uniformed officers take Frank forcefully out through the shattered doorway. He's looking back, shouting something to Paula, it's unclear. She's straining to hear him over the cacophonous din of a police raid in full swing.

INT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - REAR-SITTING ROOM - DAY

EMMA ADULT VOICE (V.O.)

She'd tell me stories, snippets of her past, but I wasn't really listening. (BEAT) She said they even searched my pram.

Keepsake bedding and mattress is pulled out of baby Emma's pram by a task-orientated policeman and thrown onto the floor. Nothing is found. Sunlit particles hang over an empty pram.

A dishevelled Paula clutches Emma, looking on in disbelief and shock.

FRONT DOOR

Kelly stands at the threshold. Flicking the lid of his fancy Dunhill lighter, he lights up a cigarette. Policemen bustle past him,

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR KELLY

Search everything and everywhere.

HALLWAY

Stopping at the door to the front room, Kelly takes a leisurely drag on his cigarette. Nodding his head to a nearby police constable, gesturing 'come here'. Kelly points into the-

FRONT ROOM

at the orange and brown wallpapered, far wall.

HALLWAY

The PC quizzically looks towards the front room's wall, then at Kelly.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR KELLY

This is a double bricked house with a cavity wall. I'd have thought that was obvious. This fancy wall paper looks brand new. (BEAT) Take it all off!

EXT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - STREET FRONTAGE - DAY

Frank is hand-cuffed, sat powerless in the back of a police van; the doors bang shut; the van is driven off. Next, Paula and children are led out of the house and in through the open doors of another-

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

Policemen sit guarding them. Paula is hugging her children as the doors close. Baby Emma, wide-eyed and scared; staring out of the window as the van drives away.

EXT. WATERMAN FAMILY HOME - STREET FRONTAGE - DAY

As we MOVE AWAY, a bunch of neighbourhood kids; black, white, fat, thin, laze around on Choppa Bikes; kicking back in their flares and vests, enjoying the entertainment provided by the police raid.

INT. SQUIRE'S WORKSHOP - DAY

A room full of shadows and an orange glow.

The sound of hammering against metal and a furnace roaring somewhere close by.

EMMA ADULT VOICE (V.O.)

All I knew was that the stories
centred around my famous
uncle. (BEAT) And his affinity for
gold.

A flow of luxurious, liquid, molten gold being poured from a crucible held high. Red hot glowing embers spark off left and right, into the blackness.

SQUIRE (35), his expert hands thickly gloved, working the metal. Only half of his face is seen, the other half kept in shadow. He has a nice shaped head, neat short back and sides. Eyes protected from sparks, the goggles masking part of his enigmatic face.

EXT. UK - CORNISH COAST - DAY

SUPER: "Cornwall, 2017"

We are MOVING, HIGH UP, over lush green countryside, over a bustling beach scene. It's a hazy summer's day-

SERIES OF SHOTS - BEACH SCENE

-- surfers out on their boards in the sea.

-- kids building sand castles. Background laughter and squeals of delight fill the air.

-- We arrive at a cottage, on the hillside above the beach.

INT. EMMA'S COTTAGE - STUDY - DAY

EMMA ADULT VOICE (V.O.)

It was clear he had affected my
mother's life in some profound way.
But so much was left unsaid.

EMMA (40) sits drawing at a draft table. Happily humming a
tune, her hand deftly works the pencil over the page. She's
elegant, bespectacled with dark, wavy hair.

Her concentration is broken when the phone rings. Picking up
the handset, she listens; She's shaking her head in
disbelief. She crumbles.

EMMA ADULT VOICE (V.O.)

And now I have to piece it all
together. (BEAT) Without her.

She's mouthing into the phone,

EMMA

Oh. No.

EXT. UK - CORNISH COAST - DAY

PULLING AWAY, we go HIGH UP, leaving the cottage now. We see
swallows circle and dart in the fields below, going about
their business.

EXT. LONDON - PAULA'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "LONDON 2017"

A black cab approaching, it pulls up and stops outside a
modest council house, set amongst more of the same, replica
council houses. The cab's diesel engine idles noisily while
Emma gets out. She's alone, dressed sombrely. Emma thanks
the driver through his window, he nods and drives off.

FRONT OF HOUSE

Standing stock still, Emma's staring at the tired dwelling.
Sighing heavily, she walks towards it.

INT. PAULA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Placing a card on the cabinet, it reads: "IN LOVING MEMORY
OF PAULA BROWN LAID TO REST AT PUTNEY VALE CREMATORIUM
AUGUST 2017".

Emma looks around, taking in the silent house. A faint
ticking sound is heard, it's coming from the antique clock
on the sideboard. She starts to climb the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Emma heads straight for the bed; kicking off her shoes and
dropping her handbag onto the floor, she lies on the bed
closing her eyes.

MOMENTS LATER

A mobile phone chimes loudly. Waking up, Emma finds her phone.

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE ON EMMA'S PHONE which reads:
"FROM CLAIRE -
Stuck in traffic. Bloody
grid-locked. Be there soon. You
holding up Sis? Xx".

BACK TO SCENE.

Putting her phone down, she sits on the edge of the bed. Emma is surveying the time-worn room; apart from her suitcase, everything in it is dusty and dated. Looking for her shoes; kneeling down, she notices a cardboard box under the bed. Looking inside, she finds dozens of photographs and cuttings. Staring at it, pondering, she picks the box up and leaves the room.

KITCHEN

A kettle is boiling near to where Emma waits; she's dangling a teabag into one of her mother's teacups. She stares at it, daydreaming.

EXT. PAULA'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "SEVEN YEARS EARLIER"

BEGIN FLASHBACK (DAYDREAM)

Swallows dart and swoop, playing freely over the wasteland, opposite Paula's house. The sky is monotone, a colourless, wintry landscape.

INT. PAULA'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Paula, very old here (80+), sits in an armchair, rugged up in her woolens; electric fire on, all four bars glowing. She's watching the same swallows through the window. We hear the rattle of crockery approaching; Emma walks into the room carrying a tray of tea paraphernalia, she puts it down on a little side table.

EMMA

Here you go Mum. Nice cup of tea.

Paula continues to gaze at the birds outside, whilst Emma pours the tea.

PAULA

They're leaving now love.

EMMA

Who's leaving?

PAULA

The swallows, over there on the common. Going to warmer climes. Wish I could go to warmer climes Emma.

EMMA

Me too.

PAULA

(quietly)

I do miss your father you know.

Emma gives her a sideways glance, placing the teacup down,

EMMA

I know mum.

Emma sits down.

EMMA

(Cautiously)

Mum... when are you going to tell me more about our family? You know... important stuff?

Paula gives her a look.

PAULA

Well, I'm not Emma.

EMMA

Well... why not?

PAULA

(sighs)

My darling girl. There is nothing more to tell. (BEAT) Why do you want to know? What use is it to you anyway?

Looking out the window again,

PAULA

It'll only bring you heartache. (BEAT) Stop talking about it now. Don't be so silly.

EMMA

I'm not being silly. I just want to know about my family. (BEAT) I have a right to know.

Paula sips her tea calmly.

PAULA

Right to know. (scoffs) What right? (BEAT) You're being silly now my girl. I don't want to talk about it anymore.

END FLASHBACK (DAYDREAM) .

INT. PAULA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (2017)

Emma snaps out of her dreamlike state. The tea's finished brewing. Emma moves to the box of photos, she absentmindedly flicks through them. We hear a loud knocking at the door, startling Emma. She goes to answer it.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

It's the neighbour MARGARET (80) stood there. She's elderly and weathered but wiry and hard, a tough old bird, a long time smoker. Sucking on her cigarette,

MARGARET

Sorry to hear about yer mum love.

Suck, blow.

MARGARET

I 'ope it was quick.
(thoughtfully) You know.
It's a blessin' innit.

EMMA

Thank you Margaret. Yes. Heart attack.

MARGARET

Well, (sighs) I just thought I'd best come and say somethin'. You know, in the circumstances.

Margaret half smiles,

MARGARET

Best be going then.

She turns to leave, then says as an after thought,

MARGARET

How long you stayin' for?

EMMA

Not sure right now. (BEAT) Mum has a lot of things...

She's controlling the gathering emotion in her voice,

EMMA

(sighs)
Didn't know she'd kept so many things... (BEAT) Council want the house back in four weeks anyway.

MARGARET

Tsk! (TUTS)

Puffing on her cigarette, walking away, muttering,

MARGARET
Mercenary bleedin' lot that
council.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Returning to her tea, Emma glances at the 'photo box'; it's as if it's drawing her in.

Emma picks up a photo. She smiles.

INSERT - OLD PHOTO (1970's)

A visit to Buckingham Palace; Emma and Claire as kids, 'standing to attention' in a sentry box as a Queen's Guard sternly looks on.

BACK TO KITCHEN.

Emma picks up another photo.

INSERT - BEACH SCENE PHOTO (1970's)

We see the same kids playing in rock pools, sun kissed, holding little fishing nets and buckets, wearing only big grins.

BACK TO KITCHEN.

She whispers to herself as she studies the beach photo,

EMMA
Ha, us at the beach.

She picks up another photo,

INSERT - BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO (1960's)

A young man and woman standing next to a motorbike.

BACK TO KITCHEN.

She flips the photo over to read: "PAULA AND SQUIRE 1963."

*** PRODUCTION NOTE *** OPPORTUNITY HERE TO INSERT GENUINE
IMAGES OF SQUIRE WATERMAN ***

And another photo,

INSERT - BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO (1960's)

Of a grinning Squire, decked-out head-to-toe in racing leathers; sitting on a motorbike; he holds a trophy high above his head.

BACK TO KITCHEN.

Emma looks at the reverse, it reads: "Squire 'Split' Waterman, winning The Golden Helmet Trophy."