

# Him - Ep 1

HIM - Episode One - 13.05.15

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**INT. FAITH'S BEDROOM/HALL - HANNAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

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SC 1

-A naked LIGHT BULB flashes on illuminating the freshly painted LILAC WALLS, FURNITURE piled on a BED, shrouded in DUST SHEETS. A LADDER, PAINT CANS and ROLLERS in evidence.

HIM, dishevelled, gazing around, uncertain of the impulse that brought him here. A PLASTIC BANNER is draped over the DUST SHEETS, he lifts it up - *WELCOME TO YOUR NEW HOME* is emblazoned there.

He turns: Victor is there, a BOTTLE OF BABY MILK in his hand.

VICTOR

Hallelujah.

start

He calls across the HALL to Hannah -

VICTOR (CONT'D)

He's back!

(to HIM)

Where have you been all this time?  
Your mother was off her head with worry - could you not have rung her? Texted?

HIM

No battery.

Hannah appears in the doorway -

VICTOR

(pointed)

Leave it to me, okay?

She, riven in conflict, her gaze on HIM: Victor hands her the BABY MILK -

VICTOR (CONT'D)

We'll be fine.

She has no choice but to comply. Victor closes the door after her, faces HIM, a complicated glance is exchanged.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

- What you did today, the way you lit off after the accident, abandoning your mother and brother? What sort of person does something like that?

HIM

Dad was there.

VICTOR

They're not his responsibility!



This came out more harshly than he intended -

CUT TO:

cont.

THE HALL - Hannah anxiously listening, ear to the DOOR -

VICTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Actions have consequences..  
Starting now, you're getting your  
act together. Whatever's going on  
with you at school - or not going  
on at school-

CUT BACK TO:

Victor and HIM as before -

HIM

- College. It's sixth form college.

Victor doesn't let this derail him -

VICTOR

- It's over. As of now all the crap  
ends. No more zoning out on your  
computer games, skulking round town  
doing God knows what -

(then)

Before you say I'm not your father,  
I've no right to lay down the law?  
...My daughter is coming to live in  
this house, I'm her father and that  
gives me the right.

(a different tone)

...It's a new home for her, a new  
school. I don't want you pulling  
this shit around her here or there.  
She's been through enough these  
past weeks losing her mother  
without -

HIM

- If her life were a cake.

Victor, baffled, gazing at him.

CUT TO

Hannah beyond the DOOR, reacting to this - the BABY starts to  
cry - reluctantly she goes to him -

CUT BACK TO:

Victor and HIM as before -



VICTOR

Until now I've taken a back seat with you. That's something else that's going to change.

He turns to go.

HIM

(sudden)

Wasn't this to be the baby's room?

Victor turns back -

HIM (CONT'D)

You can't keep him in there with you forever, can you?

VICTOR

It won't be forever.

A tart beat -

HIM

Oh-h-h now I get it! ... All the shit about pulling my finger out at college before I screw up my future, screw any chance of Uni - it's so my room is freed up! -

(then)

Problem solved.

Victor, this is closer to the truth than he can admit -

HIM (CONT'D)

Isn't there some rule, last one in is first out?

VICTOR

I make the rules now. Get used to it.

Sci end

~~OPEN PAINT POT, He crouches to replace the LID, soiling his hands in PAINT in the process - he starts to clean them with a PAINT RAG -~~

~~HIM looks up at the LADDER above Victor; an OPEN TOOL BOX is on it. He reaches up to~~

~~PLATFORM -~~

~~- HIM, glazed eyed, fixes on the TOOL BOX, a shudder of fear beads to gaze from his nose~~

~~- NOW THE TOOL BOX IS TIPPING ON THE EDGE OF THE LADDER PLATFORM~~



Her gaze rests on the PHOTOGRAPH of Faith and her MOTHER. She picks it up, curiously inspects Faith's MOTHER, fighting culpability.

She replaces the PHOTOGRAPH, quickly exits.

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**EXT. PARK/PLAYGROUND - HIGH WYCOMBE - DAY**

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We're SWINGING - looking up at The RUSTLING TREES above us -

CUT TO:

The PLAY AREA, TODDLERS on A SEE SAW: a FEW KIDS on the CLIMBING FRAME.

HIM and FAITH, (post school) side by side on the swings: companionable silence between them now -

HIM

I used to come here with Dad when I was a kid.

They swing on.

HIM (CONT'D)

A deal...

She flicks him a look -

HIM (CONT'D)

- Losing your Mum - your home, your mates to come down here...

She doesn't respond:

HIM (CONT'D)

Do you hate her? My mother - for taking your Dad off yours?

She, startled at the question. It wasn't in his mind to ask it either -

HIM (CONT'D)

I mean, I get it if you do.

FAITH

...Maybe back in the day I did.

HIM

And now?

She allows a moment -

FAITH

Done deal. We are where we are. ...Do you?



SC 2

start

cont. He glances at her -

FAITH (CONT'D)

- Hate your step mother, for going off with your Dad?

HIM

...I have my moments.

Faith, gazing up at the RUSTLING TREES as she swings -

FAITH

Hate the sin but not the sinner.  
Dad texted me that after he left.

HIM

Easier said than done.

She, something about the way he says this alerts her: The KIDS vacate the CLIMBING FRAME. She heads to it, he joins her: together they climb it, straddle the top of it.

They sit looking at the canopy of the TOWN in the valley beneath -

FAITH

We did this thing in Psychology today - "negative expectation" its called. ...A student was backpacking across the outback in Australia, riding the freight trains. One day he got into a boxcar but as he closed the door, it locked, trapped him inside. He realized it was a refrigeration boxcar, that he'd freeze to death. He shouted for help but no-one could hear over the noise of the train.

HIM, transfixed, listening -

FAITH (CONT'D)

- After a few hours he scribbled a letter to his mother to say goodbye and he loved her. The next day the train pulled into Alice Springs, the railroad workers opened the door and found his dead body clutching the letter to his mother.

(beat)

But they were puzzled, because the refrigeration in the boxcar was broken - it was never even on. ...He thought he was going to freeze to death... so he did.

(wry)

Spooky.



cont.

HIM

You don't think its possible,  
someone's mind can have that kind  
of power?

FAITH

If the human mind is so powerful  
how come there's so much suffering  
in the world? Why couldn't my  
mother stop her cancer from  
spreading?

HIM

Maybe she didn't have the gift.

FAITH

Gift? ..Curse more like.  
(then)  
It killed him didn't it?

HIM, this impacts. She catches sight of something in the sky -

FAITH (CONT'D)

Oh my God - look!

It's the vast plume of STARLINGS again soaring and wheeling  
in their exotic flying ballet -

FAITH (CONT'D)

So beautiful -

HIM

Yeh.

But it's her he's looking at -

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**EXT HANNAH'S HOUSE - HIGH WYCOMBE - DAY**

51

O.S. the clamour of CHURCH BELLS: the SUNDAY PAPERS on the  
DOORSTEP. Victor in tracksuit gear, rounds a corner, runs to  
the HOUSE. He briefly halts to stretch, scoops up the PAPERS,  
enters the HOUSE.

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**INT. KITCHEN/DINER - HANNAH'S HOUSE - DAY**

52

Victor, still in his tracksuit at the table, COFFEE in hand,  
reading the PAPERS: SUNDAY SERVICE plays on the RADIO.

He drains the COFFEE - rises from the TABLE -

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**INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - HANNAH'S HOUSE - DAY**

53

Faith, wrapped in a TOWEL emerges from the BATHROOM just as  
HIM is about to enter. He wears only BOXER SHORTS. They  
shadow dance around each other giggling.

Sc 2  
end