

BREAKFAST WITH MARY

By

STEVE MILES

2015 STEVE MILES

stevemiles80@yahoo.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. CARE HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Daylight filters through a skylight. Below, a table ringed with chairs. A walkie-talkie stands centre-piece.

Curtains and blankets cover the windows, edges taped to the walls to seal out the light.

A couch has been moved to block a fire-exit. Movement reveals someone lying upon it.

MARY BAIN, late 50s, thin, pulls the blankets aside. She sweeps her greying hair into a semblance of order.

She collects the walkie-talkie. Switches it on. Gazes at the skylight, hollow-eyed, impassive.

STORE ROOM

Shelves line the interior. A handful of cereal boxes, flour, tinned goods, powdered milk. More space than provisions.

Tucked away on the top shelf is a dog-eared box. A small skull and crossbones stamped on the bottom corner.

Mary studies the meagre offerings.

She reaches out...

DINING ROOM

Mary carefully measures a small serving of cereal into a bowl and sets it on the table. She moves to the next place and repeats. The walkie-talkie is clipped to her belt.

She circles the table, setting a spoon beside each bowl. A NOISE behind her, she spins, startled --

GARY, mid 20s, haunts the shadows, head down, baseball cap pulled low.

MARY

Good morning, Gary. You really
should wait till I come and wake
you.

He rocks slightly, awkward. His eyes avoiding hers.

MARY

Seeing as you're up you can get me
five cups from the kitchen. Can you
do that for me, please?

Mary watches him shuffle away.

She glances at a wall clock: 8:30.

Her hand drops to the walkie-talkie, hovering, hesitant. She
CLICKS it off.

NORTH-WING CORRIDOR

Plain white walls, no personal touches. Windows covered.

KNOCK KNOCK.

MARY (O.S.)

Wendy...

KNOCK KNOCK.

MARY (O.S.)

Christopher, breakfast.

Mary appears from around a corner. She continues along the
doors on this section, knocking as she goes.

MARY

Randal, wake up, please.

At the next door...

MARY

Lorna, get up, sweetheart.

DINING ROOM

Mary sits at the table's head. A small glass of water before
her. She glances around at her charges:

LORNA, late teens, tight curls, picks over her cereal.

CHRIS, mid 20s, tall, heavy build, tugs distractedly at his
T-shirt, breakfast ignored.

RANDAL, late teens, stick-thin, nervous, restless eyes.

WENDY, early 20s, all smiles, dressed in a floral print
dress. She pushes her bowl towards Mary in offering.

MARY
No thank-you, Wendy. I'd like for
you to eat it.

Gary occupies the table's other end. Head down as he works
through his cereal.

CHRIS
I'm gonna get my other T-shirt.

MARY
Finish your cereal first. You know
the rules.

CHRIS
I'm gonna wear the blue one.

MARY
You wore it yesterday.

CHRIS
I don't like this one.

Mary catches Gary glance to the blocked fire-exit.

Chris TAPS the table, draws her attention back.

CHRIS
You'll wash it won't you, Mary?

MARY
If you put it in the basket I will.

Mary, back with Gary now. He realises she's been watching
him. He pushes his bowl away, finished.

MARY
Sit with us a little longer, Gary,
we're all going to finish breakfast
together. We do everything
together, don't we.

LATER

Mary holds out her arms, shakes her hands vigorously.

MARY
And relax, arms by your sides.

The table and chairs have been pulled to the walls. The
group stands spread out across the floor facing Mary. They
mimic her movements as she rolls her head in a circle.

MARY

And now we roll our necks, get those kinks out.

Gary haunts the back of the room, doesn't participate. He stares at the blue sky beyond the skylight.

Mary continues with the routine, though he's clearly putting her off her stride.

LATER

The group sits around the table. Paper, card, glue etc. strewn about in an arts and crafts session.

Gary continues to haunt the sidelines.

MARY

What are you making?

WENDY

Making a boat.

MARY

Supposed to be making hats for later, aren't you going to make a hat?

WENDY

No. Making a boat.

MARY

Can it be a hat also?

CHRIS

We don't need hats. Only if we go out and we don't go outside.

MARY

That's right. We have to wait don't we.

LORNA

For Manny.

MARY

Soon as he gets back with the minibus we'll all go out. We'll need hats then won't we? Won't we Wendy..?

GARY

Manny's not coming back.

MARY

Gary, please, not today. We're making hats, if you don't wish to participate--

GARY

(shouts)

Manny's not coming back!

MARY

Gary. We don't raise our voices. We don't make noise. This is a quiet place.

GARY

We used to make noise. We used to go out. Used to do what we want!

WENDY

I want to make a boat, don't need a hat I've got a hat.

MARY

Wendy--

Gary storms out.

Randal stands, follows.

MARY

Randal, you sit back down please. We all sit together don't we.

Randal slips from view.

MARY

Randal, please sweetheart.

Mary struggles to compose herself. She bites back tears of frustration.

WENDY (O.S.)

I don't want a boat anymore.

NORTH-WING CORRIDOR

A commotion from one of the rooms. CRASH of furniture.
Randal CRIES out over and over:

RANDAL
Manny! Manny! Manny!

Mary hares around the corner and stops at Randal's door. She tests it -- locked. BANGING from within.

MARY
Randal, stop it, please, we've to
be extra quiet.

She fumbles with a bunch of keys.

MARY
Randal, you've to let me in right
now.

She finds the key, opens the door and slips inside. The BANGING stops.

RANDAL (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Mary, I didn't want
to...

Silence.

Mary bursts from the room, back down the corridor. Panic.

DINING ROOM

Mary, flushed, breathless, stopped dead at the sight of Chris, Wendy and Lorna gathered around the open fire-exit.

MARY
(low)
Get away from there.

EXT. CARE HOME - REAR GARDEN - DAY

Mary exits, cautious, squinting into daylight.

Gary struggles to scale the garden wall.

MARY
(calm)
Gary?

She makes her way towards him, arms out, non-threatening.

He looks back at her.

MARY
Come on down, you'll hurt yourself.

WENDY (O.S.)
Gary!

Mary coils at the interruption.

MARY
Gary, come down.

Wendy moves outside the exit, clutches her dress in concern.

WENDY
Gary--

Mary signals Wendy to stay quiet. She looks to Gary, scabbling to make the top. She could reach him in time.

Instead she stops.

Gary straddles the wall. Stares at her.

Mary's concern replaced now with a cold resignation.

He drops from view, gone.

Mary holds herself in the stillness.

INT. CARE HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Mary secures the fire-exit with a thick chain.

MARY
We don't go outside. We never go
outside. We wait for Manny.

The others watch, confusion on their faces. Not entirely comprehending.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Mary pad-locks the store room.
- At the front door, she checks the handle -- locked.
- Does the same for the emergency exit in the hallway.

INT. CARE HOME - GROUND FLOOR LANDING - DAY

Mary eyes the stairs uncertainly.

STAIRS

Mary turns the corner and continues to a

FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR

Bulging trash bags piled along the walls.

Mary continues to a closed door.

STAFF ROOM

A key RATTLES the lock.

Mary enters.

A small room with a single window, the blind drawn. A transistor radio rests on a shelf.

Mary switches on the radio. Carefully turns the dial through the bandwidth...STATIC. A brief garble of sound, it could be words, perhaps music... She vies to fine tune but it's gone.

The STATIC continues as Mary lifts a section of blind.

A sliver of soft evening sun lights her face.

She keys the walkie-talkie.

MARY

Home to Manny...Home to Manny, are
you there?

Below the window: a path leads from the care home to the street. One direction obscured by foliage. The other stretches to an intersection.

The traffic lights are out. A corner-shop, the metal shutters bent and twisted out of shape.

Rubbish spills from an upturned bin.

Mary searches, the barest hint of hope in her eyes.

MARY

Gary left us today. He's coming to find you. If you can hear...if you can hear me, please keep him safe.

Her eyes tighten --

A DOG trots into the intersection. It sniffs around the bin. It flinches, looks off before loping away.

A figure shuffles into view, clothes bloodied and torn. It follows after the dog, the unmistakable gait of the UNDEAD.

Mary quickly pulls back. Kills the radio.

She listens to the growing sound of SHUFFLING FEET. A chorus of RASPING BREATH rising from the street below.

Mary grips the walkie-talkie as the noise passes by...

INT. CARE HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

The clock TICKS O.S.

The walkie-talkie on the table. The light pulses from green to red, the battery dying.

Mary, the blanket draped around her. She sweeps her hair into place. A little less hope in her eyes.

She watches the clouds drift beyond the skylight.

STORE ROOM

A single box of cereal. A remnant of flour.

The 'skull and crossbones' box on the shelf above.

Mary reaches out...

CUT TO BLACK