

BITE !

.....A dark
lovestory
of kindness & Revenge

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BITE! (A dark love story of kindness and revenge)

INT: DANKA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A collection of framed photographs line a bedroom dresser. They are images of Danka's mother who smiles back at her across the decades. Some of the photo's show a young couple kissing and cuddling; her parents in happier days. Danka's father can be seen, in another photo, proudly lifting a silver Sports trophy 1989/1990 season. He is being hoist aloft on the proud shoulders of fellow team mates; they are in the midst of a large football stadium.

The bedroom although a little tatty, is clean and generally tidy. Danka sits cross-legged on her bed and she is peeling potatoes and listening to music on the radio. She stares back at a photo taken of her mother when she was 18.

Danka bears a striking resemblance to her mother, pale and pretty.

From downstairs there is a knocking at the door followed by the loud bark of a dog and a sudden banging and thumping in the hallway below.

Danka is shaken from her chores and leaps from the bed.

INT: HALLWAY – SAME TIME

Danka hurriedly descends the stairs to view the chaos breaking out in the hallway, large dog barking, large drunken man staggering about with a vodka bottle, front door letter box being rapped.

DANKA (Polish accent)

Papa ...Papa! What are you doing, please papa. Go back into ... (easing the large man and his big dog back toward a living room. The dog snarls at the young girl and her drunken father mumbles words of chastisement to the dog)...Danka turns back and shouts above the din)...I'm coming....I'm coming.

INT/EXT: DOORSTEP – SAME TIME

Danka peers suspiciously around the door. A man dressed in white overalls and carrying a case and a clip board, thrusts ID into her face.

PEST CONTROLLER

Is Mr Colin Simmons there....I'm from the Council.... Pest control unit.

DANKA (flustered)

Yes..Yes..But he is not well right now.....I'm Danka Simmons ..(Quickly adding).. his daughter....can I help you?

PEST CONTROLLER

Well I need to come in ... they've reported rodent infestation in the area and the council are treating all the homes on the estate

DANKA (confused)

Ro..Rodent...what is this mean? Sorry my English is not...I am from Poland.

PEST CONTROLLER (a little exasperated)

Rats... madam, rats...I have to chemically treat your property against a vermin infestation...The Council made an appointment with Mr Simmons last week.

DANKA (with suspicion)

Rats ...rats. What rats...we have no rodont thingies..we have big dog. (As if on cue the dog starts barking in the living room).

PEST CONTROLLER (matter of factly)

Sorry madam but the appointment was made for today...and look (offering up the clipboard) look see the work's been scheduled....it'll only take 20 minutes...do you mind if I come in?...oh! And can you shut the dog away.

INT: KITCHEN FLOOR (LEVEL) – SAME TIME

The Pest Controller is lying on the floor, working under the kitchen sink. His case is open and bottles, tubes of paste and various other paraphernalia lay spread about him, slowly he begins to extricate himself from under the sink, unaware of Danka's approach.

He looks up from the floor to catch sight of a pair of smooth and shapely legs standing above him. The young woman smiles down innocently.

DANKA

Would you like a cup of coffee..Or is it the tea?

PEST CONTROLLER

Err..no thank you luv ...just finishing off ...(detaching a tube from a paste gun)..

The pest controller modestly averts his gaze towards the kitchen table, and notices the celebration CAKE with candles.

PEST CONTROLLER

Someone's Birthday, then luv? (looking, across, at the cake)

DANKA (with an impish grin)

Tomorrow is my Birthday... In exactly....(she makes great play of looking at her wristwatch)...7 hours 32 minutes and (she hesitates) ..48 seconds, I am 18 years...and this is my cake.

PEST CONTROLLER

Well happy Birthday for tomorrow then luv.....I'm just about done here now.

He quickly rummages through his case spilling some of tubes onto the floor in a rather haphazard fashion, Danka opens a can of dog food and is emptying it into a large metal dog bowl.. Unbeknownst to either of them, a tube of paste begins to roll away unnoticed, eventually disappearing underneath one of the kitchen units.

DANKA

Is everything good now?

PEST CONTROLLER (confidently)

Have no worry luv ...you'll get no problems from rats in this property... (Unloading the paste tube from the carriage with all the machismo of a sharpshooter un cocking his Winchester rifle)....

DANKA (perplexed)

I have no worry for rats....I am in London, UK 2 years...I not see one single rat.

The pest controller looks thoughtfully off into the distance; a brief silence ensues before continuing in a hushed and dramatic tone.

PEST CONTROLLER (trancelike)

Oh they are out their luv...estimates put them at about 15 million....scurrying amongst the filth and waste of this city alone...gnawing away at the very sinews of our *very* civil society .. (in whisper).. Oh yeah trust me... *RATTUS NORVEGICUS*.... he's out there!

Danka picks up on the rodent theme, and begins to recount a childhood memory.

DANKA (excitedly)

I can remember...I was 6, it was before mama died...we had been shopping in Sopot it was my Birthday and we (she quickly stops, then adds)...that's a place in Poland..We were going to meet my uncle where he worked in Gdansk ship (she searches her lexicon for a word)...ship factory place...that's near Sopot...so when my mother and me turn corner....in ship factory place, (wide-eyed)... Oh ! It was so big...big eyes staring up ...I say to mama '*ten kot jest brzydki*'That is ugly cat in Polish....and mama say no..No... Danka..it is a.... '*cholemy wielki szczur*' .That means a bloody big rat in Polish.(She laughs).

PEST CONTROLLER. (Proudly)

Well luv, I've just impregnated ya...(he stops mid sentence and rethinks his semantics) I mean...I've just pushed paste pellets into your interior wall cavities....that's where rats like to run you see...love to nibble at your internal wiring systems.

Danka looks back across the kitchen floor, watching as the Pest Controller packs up his case. He proudly holds up one of the tubes of paste.

ANGLE ON: A tube of paste held in the hand. The iconic skull and crossbones sit alongside a warning.

PEST CONTROLLER (v.o.)

....Polyetamolcloben22...Rodenticide..

PEST CONTROLLER

..rat poison to you and me luv...does the job in less than 2 hours.... (Casually) they won't go back for second helpings of this stuff.... (Getting to his feet)..fairly harmless to humans but animals don't like it much.....Don't worry its injected deep inside the wall cavities.. out of reach of pets....so it's proper safe good product....Council approved and everything... (Taking a pen and some documentation from his case)...can you sign the paperwork?

INT: LIVING ROOM – LATE EVENING

Danka is busy trying to clear up the beer cans in an untidy living room, the large dog lies sleeping in a corner of the room, dirty plates and cups lay discarded across the floor, the sports commentator on the TV is getting excited about the imminent match.

Colin Simmons, Danka's father, staggers across the living room swaying and waving a vodka bottle. He is a powerfully built man, neglectfully unshaven and wearing a stained string vest.

FATHER (Drunk)

Princess... come ere an give ya daddy a cuggle.... (He staggers up behind Danka, locking her in a boisterous hug, his large frame pressed against the lean shoulders of his teenage daughter).....ave a lickle dwink with ya daddy..morrows my baby's birfday...18 'fficially a women.

Danka is clearly irritated and gently attempts to shrug off her drunken father while muttering something under her breath in Polish. (*Odczep sie, znowu jestes pijany* – get off me, you're drunk again)

Danka's father totters backwards and drops unceremoniously back down on the sofa.

FATHER

Come on darlin' ...nip out an get ya daddy some vodka... (Waving a nearly empty vodka bottle)....s' all gone.

DANKA

Papa ...please. You've drunk enough.... (She ushers her father back onto the sofa).

P.O.V.: Colin's vision is swayed and blurred. Through bleary eyes he looks back at his daughter, he wags a lazy finger at her.

FATHER

Jus like ya mother you are...gorgeous....bloody bootiful...now run an get ya daddy some more drink from the supermarket (he fumbles in his pocket and pulls out a £20 note and waves it at his daughter)...here take it !...an buy yourself sommit with change.

DANKA (anxiously)

Rest papa...why don't I pour you a hot bath...and I cook some roast meat ..It's your favourite papa....I can make it for you.

Colin lets out an idiotic smile, and pushes himself up from the sofa; he moves a little awkwardly on his left leg.

FATHER

Princess...s'not Sunday..(He staggers towards her)...now pop down shops an get ya daddy a drinkie....there's a good girl..

DAUGHTER

No papa...you .must stop.. the doctor said....(loud interruption)

FATHER (shouting)

Ya jus like your mother...jus like ya fucking mother was!

The shouting awakens the big dog, and he snarls. Colin turns his attention momentarily from his daughter and calls his dog to his side.

FATHER

Bite! Come here boy...come here!

The dog nonchalantly obeys and crosses the room to lay by his Masters leg. Danka stands motionless in the centre of the room. Her father looks down and attempts to pat the dog's studded, leather choke collar. Colin rocks a little off balance, still clutching the £20 note. He continues to talk but this time calmly and with a sentimentality distilled at 67% pure alcohol.

FATHER

I love that fuckin dog y'know ...(he points down at the dog and sways)...that animal would do anything for me ya know...(he descends to doggy talk)...wouldn't ya bite.. there's a good boy...(calm is soon replaced by a rising anger which he suddenly turns on his daughter)...he'd go through fuckin fire for me, that dog....but fuckin family..(He waves his arm as though indicating some imaginary audience)...but ya fuckin family...ya fuckin team mates.. even (wagging a finger)...even ya fuckin fans in the end...where are they, where are they now when ya can't get through (he stumbles over his words)...when ya can't get through..... another fuckin day....

His lament falls silent, and for a moment the only audible sound in the room is that of the TV football commentator. Suddenly the broad shoulders of Colin Simons begin to shudder, then tears begin to well up in his eyes and he begins to blub like a big baby. Danka makes to comfort him but her father shouts angrily back at her.

FATHER (shouting)

Don't you fuckin move!

Danka freezes on the spot. Colin Simons straightens himself up in a vain attempt to regain control of his emotions.

FATHER (rhetorically)

..Don't need ya fuckin pity!

With a vodka bottle dangling from one hand and a £20 note dangling from the other he staggers bleary eyed across the room to where his daughter stands paralysed on the spot. The dog follows a short pace behind his master.

ANGLE ON: Father's. POV – approaching daughter. Swaying – out of focus.

As father approaches daughter, the intensity of the man's breathing increases until it is above the sound of the TV commentator. The father continues making his slow advance on Danka; until his unwashed and unshaven face is nuzzled tightly against his daughter's soft pale cheek.

With the dog now by his side, he whispers menacingly into Danka's ear.

FATHER (whispers)

Now get ya bag luv and run along down the supermarket.....(he hesitates)

ANGLE ON: The fist of the father pushing the £20 note into the bosom of his daughter until her much smaller hand is forced to accept it.

FATHER (whisper)

...there's a good girl.

INT: HALLWAY – SAME TIME

A brown felt bag is removed from the stair rail. The sound of the front door closing shut.

EXT: LARGE COUNCIL ESTATE – NIGHT TIME

Danka runs, carrying her brown felt bag, through a neglected council estate - all concrete and graffiti. She heads towards a shabby looking parade of shops. There is only one light shining out from the parade. As she approaches she slows realising that the shop is all but empty; with only the shelving remaining. The sign on the shop door says "UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT". The door is locked.

An elderly woman, oblivious to the young girl outside the shop, is smoking a cigarette and mopping the floor. Danka bangs a fist heavily against the glass frontage and beckons hurriedly to the cleaning lady.

At first the cleaner watches Danka with suspicion, but eventually she reacts to the young girl's pleas and unlocks the shop door.

CLEANER (with concern)

What's the matter luv?

DANKA (slightly out of breath)

But the supermarketwhere is the?

CLEANER

Oh! ..It closed down on Thursday luv...(she points rather needlessly at the sign and repeats) ...Under new management... see!... they say they're putting up flats here...(she leans in and whispers conspiratorially)... thieving little bastards on the estate were always robbing the place anyway.

DANKA (alarmed)

But my friend Magda from Lodz, she worked here...she sell me the vodka.... Now where can I buy?

CLEANER (with a motherly concern)

Oooh! Luv...it's late, most of the places round here will be closed at this time of night...you need to get a bus for the centre....or there's the Crown and Sceptre Pub around the corner.

DANKA (insistently)

No..no.no pub..(she turns to leave the shop doorway)

CLEANER (announcing)

Wait a minute ...(she thinks).. there's that off-licence up on Castle Street... Chinese own it.. I think he opens late..

Danka appears so grateful she could burst and backs away from the doorway mouthing words of appreciation.

ANGLE ON Cleaners POV: The cleaner watches the young girl disappear back into the darkened estate.

EXT: CASTLESTREET – MINUTES LATER

Danka waits under a street light, directly across from Mr Wong's Fine Wines & Liquor Emporium. She catches her breath and straightens her hair before crossing the street. Mr WONG'S inviting sign lights up the otherwise dark surrounding area. A man can be seen walking his dog and a car passes by on route, otherwise not much is happening outside Mr Wong's.

INT: Mr WONG'S - SAME TIME

A man in his mid twenties, of Oriental ancestry, sits behind the counter drawing sketches on a pad. He has his shirt sleeves rolled up revealing a wrist tattoo of a Ships Anchor. The man looks fit and photogenic. He looks up from his sketch pad at the sound of the bell ringing above the door.

Danka enters the shop rather cautiously and makes her way nervously down the long the aisles of bottled wines. The shopkeeper says nothing, but keeps one eye on the girl and one eye on his sketch pad.

Danka has at last made her way to the counter and is standing in front of a rack of chocolate bars. She looks up at the bottles of Spirits above the shop keepers head. The shop keeper remains silent and continues to concentrate on his sketch. Danka finally plucks up the courage to speak.

DANKA (quietly)

2 Kit Kat bars please (placing them on the counter)...and..(She hesitates)..

The shop keeper looks up from his pad and lazily taps out the price of two Kit Kats on the till register; he looks back at Danka, but she appears shy and does her best to avoid eye contact.

DANKA (nervously)

And...a bottle of vodka (pointing meekly to the shelf above)...

The shop keeper stares momentarily at this customer, watching her clutching at her brown felt bag. He turns away from her and reaches up to the shelf above.

SHOP KEEPER

Kronstadt or Smirnoff.?

DANKA

Smirnoff..yes Smirnoff. (hurriedly proffering up a £20 note).

The Shop keeper places the bottle of vodka on the counter alongside the Kit Kats, he is about to ring it up on the till but hesitates then looks back at the girl, and for the first time since their encounter she looks back at him.

SHOP KEEPER

You have ID lady?

There is a momentary pause, and Danka hesitates in response...eventually the shop keeper repeats himself...

SHOP KEEPER

ID lady...drivers licence...passport?

Danka rummages through her bag and draws out a passport.

ANGLE ON: CU of Danka's Passport in the shopkeeper's hand.

SHOP KEEPER (off-screen)

Polish?

DANKA (off-screen)

Yes...from Poland.

The shop keeper looks the girl up and down with growing suspicion. She tries to smile confidently back but fails.

SHOP KEEPER

Says here you 18 on the 25 June... (He points to the digital clock and calendar on the shop wall)...today is the 24 June.

INSERT: CU Digital wall clock. 23.05 –24 June.

The shop keeper hands back her passport.

SHOP KEEPER

Come back for the vodka tomorrow lady.

Danka tries desperately to ‘face off’ the shopkeeper’s refusal with a mature look of indignation. She leans awkwardly against a display unit, spilling some of the chocolate bars.

ANGLE ON FLOOR: Danka is groping around on her hands and knees collecting up the spilt confectionary. She looks up and implores the shopkeeper.

DANKA

You don’t understand...it’s not for me it’s for my father...I need it now. please...please!

SHOP KEEPER (implacably)

Mr Wong sell alcohol...only 18 +...you no 18.....That’s the law!

INSERT: Digital clock on the wall reads 23.11 -24 June.

DANKA

But please...I need now..please!

Danka is close to tears, but Mr Wong is suspicious and clutches at the bottle of vodka as if to confirm his resolve.

SHOP KEEPER (excitably)

Why you in hurry to buy strong drink lady ?... you actress from TV ?... Watchdog ? Consumer programme?... this try to trick Mr Wong, sell underage... lose licence... (he leans forward across the counter) do you carry secret camera ?... no tricky, tricky, Mr Wong... you come back tomorrow lady.

Danka gets to her feet but is on the point of bursting into tears, she drops the bundles of confectionary on the counter and turns away quickly. She rushes back up the shop aisle, towards the door. The shop keeper calls after her.

SHOP KEEPER (calling)

You want Kit Kat lady ?

ANGLE ON: Shop door closing. Sound of bell ringing.

EXT: STREET – DARK – MINUTES LATER

Danka runs through the darkened streets, panting, as she nears a corner.

INT: HOUSE - SAMETIME

The Living room is in semi- darkness, curtains drawn, TV on, door ajar. The large unwashed bulk of Colin Simmons is sprawled out, snoring soundly on the sofa still clutching at a near empty vodka bottle. A burnt out 'roll up' droops lazily from his lips. The dog sleeps quietly at his feet.

Voice over..(Excited - TV commentator)

Van der Sar comes out...but Drogba's gonna get there first....he does..1 nil...my word... Wembley has erupted.

EXT: FRONT DOOR – SAME TIME

Danka is out of breath. She turns the key in the lock ever so slowly so as not to make a noise.

EXT/INT: HOUSE DOORWAY – SAME TIME

Danka creeps into the house. She quietly hangs up her coat and bag, and then moves along the hallway. As she passes the living room on route to the kitchen she peers in. Her father snores, the dog sleeps and the commentator on the TV continues to eulogise.

VOICE OVER (TV commentator over crowd)

...it looks like the cup's coming back to the Capital...the ref blows his whistle, it's all over ..Ronaldo sinks dejectedly to his knees... and Lampard punches the air amidst a sea of blue and white scarf's.

INT: KITCHEN – SAME TIME

Danka slips quietly into the kitchen and pulls open the refrigerator door.

INSERT: CU. A knife is being used to cut strips off a slice of bacon.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

VOICE OVER (TV) Football commentary

Danka tiptoes across the living room towards her father who remains asleep on the sofa. Suddenly the dog starts, and looks up for an intruder. Danka tosses the dog a piece of bacon, distracting it just long enough for her to unlock her father's grip from the vodka bottle and then to disappear with it from the room..

INT: KITCHEN – SAME TIME

Danka is busy at work over the sink. She is carefully pouring the remaining vodka into a smaller bottle.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Colin Simons has woken, and is struggling to push himself up off the sofa. He weakly attempts to call out; still slurring his words.

FATHER

S'that you princess ?

INT: KITCHEN – SAME TIME

Danka holds the smaller bottle up, observing it to be $\frac{3}{4}$ full. She leans down and runs the sink tap.

Her father has stumbled into the kitchen. Danka has her back to him unaware of his presence.

FATHER

S'that you...(looking confused)...wha' ya doing princess?

Danka turns in surprise. He looks across at the bottle filling with tap water.

FATHER

Wha' ya doin ?

The father staggers towards the sink. Danka steps back in alarm as her father snatches up the bottle from the sink. He rocks backwards and takes a swig at the bottle. Suddenly he stops gulping down the liquid; he teeters uneasily forward before pouring the remainder of the diluted vodka over Danka's head..

Danka grimaces as the mixture cascades down her long blonde hair. Her face and shoulders tense against the brief deluge. Colin stumbles back and admires his work.

FATHER

What? ...ya think I'm fuckin stupid or something?...like ya mother did (begins to have an erratic conversation with himself)...Colin don't do this...Colin you shouldn't do that...Colin don't show off ..yabba ..yabba..Colin slow down ! (He pauses for what seems an eternity)...Well. So I might be a drunken old has been princess...but I'm not stupid.

Danka is standing by the kitchen sink, her hair a straggly, drenched mess. She looks undecided as to what to do next. Her father teeters a little on the spot and she quickly decides to bolt for the gap between him and the door frame. As she attempts to slide past him he swings a lazy arm at her which lands with force, more by accident than technique, against the right side of the girls face. It knocks her back off balance and onto the kitchen floor. In all the commotion the dog begins to bark from the living room.

EXT: STREETS – NIGHT TIME

Danka runs through the streets of the Council estate. Her bag swings on her shoulder and she is holding back tears. A small group of youths gathered around a bus stop taunt her as she runs by, but she appears oblivious to their innuendos.

EXT: CASTLE STREET – NIGHT TIME

Danka stands under a street light, directly across from Mr Wong's Fine Wines & Liquor Emporium. She rummages into her bag while she catches her breath. She snaps open a LADIES COMPACT MIRROR and begins to examine the reddening bruise to her right eye. She dabs her face with COSMETIC BLUSH and then runs her fingers through her long hair.

INSERT: CU REFLECTION IN COMPACT MIRROR

The bruise, although lightened by cosmetic, is still evident. A fashionable pair of sunglasses is lifted up to the girl's face, and carefully placed. The compact is snapped shut.

INT: Mr WONG'S – SAME TIME

The shop keeper looks up from his sketch pad at the sound of the bell above the door. Danka enters the shop. Her dark glasses give her an aura of mystique. She struts calmly down the aisles towards the counter, her bag swinging seductively from her shoulder like a model on a cat walk.

INSERT: A DOUBLE IMAGE OF THE SHOP KEEPER REFLECTING BACK OFF THE DARK GLASSES.

DANKA

My name is Danka Agnieszka Simons...I was born in the City of Gdnask...on 25 June 1990... I am a citizen of the European Union.....I want to purchase one bottle of Vodka.

She offers up the passport and slowly begins to remove her dark glasses, anticipating a further confrontation.

The shop keeper looks back across the counter at his feisty customer. He notices the bruise across her right eye. But then the dark glasses are soon replaced, as if she were guarding her secret against further scrutiny.

The shop keeper turns away without comment or bothering with the passport. Instead he stretches up and removes a bottle of Smirnoff vodka from the top shelf.

EXT: MR WONG'S – SAME TIME

Across the horizon the view of the City is that of tall columns of commerce stacked neatly against a grey skyline like sharpened pencils. The street outside Mr Wong's is quiet. Even in semi- darkness the area looks in need of redevelopment; by contrast, the clean symmetrical TOWERS of the CITY seem to aim ever skyward with an almost mystical grandeur.

Somewhere in the distance a car alarm can be heard, and still farther away a dog begins to bark.

INT: MR WONG'S – SAME TIME

SHOP KEEPERS P.O.V: The shop keeper watches the girl's curvaceous form pass back along the aisle, from off her shoulder her brown felt bag swings under the weight of the Smirnoff.

The sound of the shop door signals her exit at the precise moment the digital clock on the wall clicks over to read. 00.20-25 June.

SHOP KEEPER (forlornly)

Mr Wong.. He is sorry ...!

The shop keeper quietly calls after her, but the shop is already empty.

SLOW FADE:

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME NIGHT

An empty bottle of Smirnoff lies on the living room carpet, ashtrays lay piled up with cigarette butts; a tobacco pouch sits alongside a box of matches, the contents of which lay strewn across carpet. The TV has been switched off and the only sound in the room is that of Colin Simmons snoring on the sofa.

INT/EXT: KITCHEN BACK DOOR – SAME TIME

Danka is coaxing the large dog through the back door, with a slice of bacon. The dog snarls, baring its teeth at Danka. The girl steps back from the dog's slobbering jaws, and tosses the bacon into the night. The dog instinctively follows.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Danka's slender frame struggles to carry the weight of her father leaning for support on her shoulders; but she is clearly stronger than she looks, and with some effort she manages to guide him across the living room floor. He is woefully drunk and blabbering apologies.

INT: BATHROOM – SAME TIME

Colin is propped up on a chair alongside a shower unit; he is muttering incoherently to himself. Danka takes a tight grip on the back of his shirt collar and pulls him forward so that his head is leant over the shower pan. She switches on the shower tap and a torrent of water tumbles down over her father's head. Her father gasps as conscious feeling returns to his body. Danka snaps the shower tap off and leans him back in the chair. She takes hold of a towel and begins to dry her father's hair.

EXT: BACKYARD – SAME TIME

(Silhouette) The dog lays prostrate in its kennel, gnawing on a large bone.

INT: BATHROOM – SAME TIME

Danka props her father up in a chair in front of the sink. He stares dumbly back at his bleary eyed reflection in the shaving mirror. His face is lathered up with soap. Danka draws the razor across her father's lathered face, removing layers of bristles with a deftness and speed that would suggest she's performed the chore a hundred times. After each stroke she rinses the razor in the sink, before returning the blade to her fathers face.

INT: FATHER'S BEDROOM – SAME TIME

A double bed occupies most of the room, an old portable TV rests on a chair next to a broken writing desk; a wardrobe is open with various items of clothing hanging haphazardly from coat hangers. There is a tiny bedside cabinet and a book case across from the cabinet. The contents, mostly paper backs, football related biographies of the 'Soccer greats': Bill Shankly – Alex Ferguson – Brian Clough.

The ever smiling face of the Brazilian legend Pele beams out from an International football programme sat on top of a schoolboy's soccer card album 1972/73.

On the shelving above the book case there is an impressive collection of football trophies, medals and shields.

ANGLE ON: CU

- Golden boot. Young Player of the Year – C. Simmons 81/82.
- International Debut Cap. England 1984 – C. Simmons
- F.A. Trophy Winners Medal 85/86 season.- C. Simmons
- Charity Shield Plaque & Medal 86/87. – C. Simmons
- English League Champion Winners Medal 86/87 season. – C. Simmons
- Polska liga mistrzow 1989/90 - C. Simmons
- Puchar Narodow Baltzyckich 1992/93 – C. Simmons

On the bedroom walls there are photographs and various team shirts from Colin's glory days. A blown up version of a front page from a British newspaper reads.

'COL'S OFF TO THE POLES' – Football ace signs major foreign transfer deal'.

Danka unloads the weight of her father's arm from her shoulder and he slumps down onto his bed. He lays prostrate, on his back, staring up at the ceiling. He is cleanly shaven, and his vest has been removed, he is wearing only his trousers and socks. Danka props her father's head back up on his pillow and then swings into a routine.

First she unbuckles his belt, unbuttons his trousers, and then inclines his torso, supporting it with her arm across his back, before lifting him up from the mattress. She then neatly slides his trousers down over his waist and, in so doing exposes her father's PROSTHETIC LIMB fitted to replace his missing left leg.

Danka slowly unclips the PROSTHETIC leg, carefully folding the callipers. The leg is gently removed from just below the hip, and then it is propped up against the bedside cabinet. Danka draws back the sheets over her father's now comatose body and then turns to leave the room.

DANKA (quietly)

Goodnight papa..

INT: DANKA'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

The bedside light is on and the curtains are open, outside a new dawn is breaking across the City. Danka sits in her night dress on the edge of her bed, she holds in her hands the framed Photo of her mother at 18.

DANKA (quietly)

Dobranoc, mamo (Goodnight mama).

ANGLE ON: Danka carefully replaces the photograph in the line on her dresser. She slowly draws the curtains, and then switches off the bedside light.

BLACK OUT.

SLOW FADE IN

INT: LIVING ROOM – DAY TIME

The curtains are flung open, sunlight floods into a clean and tidy looking living room. Through the rear window the large dog can be seen gnawing at a bone. The dog is laying alongside its kennel, its studded collar brightly glistening in the June sunshine.

A dining table has been laid, clean white table cloth, China plates and gleaming cutlery. Various buffet dishes adorn the table, but the focus is most definitely on the large birthday cake with its 18 lit candles.

Danka's smile beams and almost outshines the 18 flickering candles. Her father sits opposite her at the table. He is clean shaven, wearing a crisp white shirt and a natty pair of braces. He is practically unrecognisable from that of the night before.

FATHER (excitedly)

Go on then Princess...blow them out.

Danka takes in a deep breath.

FATHER

Make a wish.

Danka has her eyes closed; she pauses briefly to make a wish and then forcefully exhales.

ANGLE ON: 18 candles on the Birthday cake are extinguished. Smiling faces and the
Sound of clapping can be heard.
Outside, in the garden, the dog begins to bark and then suddenly stops.

Danka cuts a large slice of cake and passes it across to her father before serving herself.
Both father and daughter appear relaxed in each others company.

FATHER (feigning surprise)

What no vino?.....where's the wine to toast you with then?

DANKA (admonishingly)

Papa...you promised me...it's my Birthday.

She lifts up a large bottle of cola and fills her father's glass. He looks at the glass of cola
with a measure of disappointment then smiles, and raises a toast.

FATHER

To my beautiful Princess. Happy Birthday.

Danka's father fumbles about awkwardly in his pocket. Finally he pulls out a handful of
notes and pushes them across the table towards Danka.

FATHER

Here take it...y'know your daddy don't go out much...it's only a ton...but you go to the
shops and buy yourself a pretty dress.. I know it's not a lot but..(Danka softly interrupts).

DANKA

There's no need papa...you keep it.

FATHER

Please! Danka.

DANKA

Thank you papa...(gratefully accepting the gift).

FATHER

There was a time you know Princess.... I could have bought you all the dresses in London.

Danka pockets the money and eagerly returns to her slice of cake.
Danka takes a big mouthful of cake just as her father asks.

COLIN (eagerly)

So tell me...what did you wish for?

Danka withholds her response until she finishes the food in her mouth. She picks up a napkin and wipes her lips.

DANKA (cheekily)

Papa ! ...wishes must be kept as secrets..(She thoughtfully adds)..Until they come true.

Colin smiles paternally back at his daughter, and they both tuck into their slices of cake.

EXT: CASTLE STREET- (Mr Wong's) DAY TIME

(Through Glass frontage)

The solitary looking figure of Mr Wong, the shopkeeper, stares out at the quiet street beyond.

INT: KITCHEN – SAME TIME

Danka is busy sweeping the kitchen floor. As she sweeps under the kitchen sink her broom prods at something unusual. She gets down on her hands and knees to investigate and comes up with the tube of paste that had been dropped earlier by the pest controller.

INT: LIVING ROOM DAY TIME

Danka's father is sat on the sofa. The TV is on and he is fumbling with the remote control. He has a can of beer in his other hand, and he is talking to his dog who sitting by his side.

COLIN (eyes fixed on TV screen, talking to his dog)

....watch this Bite...I was unplayable in them days boy..No fucker could catch me.

The sound of an excited football commentator emanates from the TV set.

COMMENTATOR (off-screen)

...Parish to Mercer. This is better football now from United.. to Simmons, who takes it down some forty yards out....Simmons turning neatly on the ball ghosts past Robertson....

COLIN (excitedly to the dog)

....watch this..watch this..fuckin genius.

COMMENTATOR (hurriedly)

....still Simmons.. Past one tackle through another... 25 yards out...Simmons cuts inside on his left foot, looks up and then lets fly....what a screamer. The keeper can only watch as the ball hurtles past him into the back of the net....Colin Simmons has scored an absolute peach!

Colin Simmons rocks forward on the sofa, crushes his beer can and triumphantly throws it at the opposite wall. He punches the air in celebration.

COLIN SIMMONS (aggressively)

.....'ave it !

INT: KITCHEN – SAME TIME

Danka is leaning on the kitchen table thumbing through a large Polish/ English language dictionary. She is holding the tube of toxin discovered under the sink, and is busy translating the warning on the back of the tube.

INSERT: CU. Toxin warning

Danka is suddenly startled by the sound of her father's voice, calling out from the living room.

FATHER (off-screen)

Nip down the shops luv....and get me a few cans princess.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Father and dog continue to watch football re-runs of the glory days on the TV. Danka's father shifts the distribution of his body weight on the sofa. He stretches out his left leg, albeit awkwardly, and rummages on the floor for his pack of cigarettes. (Background. Sound of a football commentary).

INT: KITCHEN – SAME TIME

Danka is standing on a chair reaching up to kitchen cupboard. She is carefully placing the tube of chemicals out of harms way. She calls back to her father.

DANKA

Papa...but you promised...please...no more.

Her father calls back from the living room, imploring her.

FATHER

Just a few cans luv...can't do any harm.

DANKA (calling back cheerfully)

Papa..I have a surprise for you...

INT: STAIRWAY – SAME TIME

Danka has left the kitchen and is quickly ascending the stairs to the bedrooms.

INT: DANKA'S BEDROOM – SAME TIME

C.U : A small grey suitcase is pulled from under the bed. It is old and travel worn, faded ferry stickers from Gdnask harbour still cling to its scratched and pitted outer casing. The case locks are snapped across and the lid is flung open.

Inside the suitcase there are some paperbacks written in Polish, a small doll, some brightly coloured beads, a small photo album and an old 1970's instamatic camera. Danka leans down and takes out the camera and photo album.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Colin Simmons and his dog are focused on the football. Danka enters the room smiling and carrying an old Polaroid camera and photo album. She excitedly announces.

DANKA

Look papa ..Look what I've got....(holding up the Instamatic)..Grand father sent it from Poland...its mama's old camera....he was clearing *garaz* and he found stuff in box....(holding up photo album)...and look papa it's mama's

EXT: CASTLE STREET – EVENING

The street is empty, except for a small group of 'hoodies, teenage boys who have apparently made the local bus shelter their HQ. Mr Wong's shop is just across the way and the illumination above his door flickers into life. The youth are 'playing up' in front of a large portable stereo, snapping there fingers and showing of there their latest dance moves; or otherwise talking on stolen mobile phones. .

INSERT. CU The sign on Mr Wong's door slides to read:- OPEN.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Danka sits alongside her father, on the sofa. The TV is on but the volume has been turned down. Danka is excited and busily trying to show her father the photo album that once belonged to her mother, Colin's wife.

Her father however is paying more attention to the dog, stroking and petting the large animal. He is a little irritable and begins to grumble about his hip. Danka continues turning the pages.

DANKA (cheerily)

This is mama's college in Gdnia papa...and the train...the ice cream place ..You remember that papa...(excitedly)..Oh? Look there's *babcia i dziadek* ...Granma and Granpa....and here look papa some photos of mama.

Danka's father begins to tease the dog by wagging an empty coffee cup in its face, the dog snarls angrily, then barks.

FATHER (chastising)

Bite! Bite!...stop it boy...there's a good boy.

DANKA

(Lifting the vintage Polaroid camera)...and this was mama's old camera...do you think it still works papa?.

Her father has his head hung down toward the floor and he continues to stroke the dog, he occasionally glancing up to catch sight of the TV flickering in the corner of the room.

DANKA (despondent)

Papa... what's wrong? ...you're not listening...

An uncomfortable silence ensues. Danka stretches out an arm and her hand gently squeezes her father's shoulder. She speaks in hushed tones as she closes the album.

DANKA (softly)

Papa...you can't be like this every time we talk about mama... you must stop blaming yourselfno one blames you....even the newspapers said the road was wet...

Her father's trembling fingers slowly prise away his daughter's hand and, without looking up, he says.

FATHER

Why don't you run along and get your ole man a few beers....(adding, rather unconvincingly)...just need to wet the old whistle...I'll be fine after that luv.

DANKA

Papa! Please...you promised...you said (she is interrupted)

COLIN (looking up at his daughter)

Just a few cans princess...just a few cans.. Can't do any harm...I'll be as right as rain after that.

Danka looks into her father's pitiful face, and then down to the big lazy dog sprawled at his feet.

EXT: OPPOSITE Mr WONG'S – EVENING

[Viewed through a Polaroid camera lens] – [The sound of a camera shutter 'click']

Danka is stood opposite Mr Wong's Fine Wines & Liquor Emporium. She holds in her hand a photograph in its final stages of development.

INSERT: The image of Mr Wong's shop front slowly begins to expose on the photo strip. Then gradually it blurs a coppery orange as though it had been taken against the sun. The image of the shop on full exposure is blurred and spoilt.

Danka's reaction is one of disappointment. She is standing facing the exterior of Mr Wong's shop front. The Polaroid camera is slung by strap over one shoulder and her brown felt bag hangs across the other.

She shakes the photo, as though it would miraculously slip into focus but perhaps resigned to the fact that it won't, she eventually pops the print into her bag.

INT: Mr WONG'S – SAME TIME

Mr Wong sits behind his counter sketching on a pad. From under the counter he can view the twin CCTV screens relaying Interior/Exterior images of the shop doorway. Inside the shop a young Couple are browsing for wine and giggle over their selection. They hold hands and saunter along the aisle towards the counter, *she* clutching their chosen bottle of wine.

EXT: Mr WONG'S – SAME TIME

Danka crosses the street towards Mr Wong's Shop.

INT: Mr WONG'S – SAME TIME

Mr Wong finishes serving his customers and they turn to leave. The shop keeper is about to return to his sketch pad when he hears the bell above the door ring, on exit, and then on entry. He glances down at the CCTV screen.

CCTV IMAGE. CU: Danka enters the shop.

The shopkeeper watches as Danka selects a six pack of Carlsberg lager from one of the shelves. Then with her head slightly bowed she approaches the counter. She places the beer on the counter and picks up two Kit Kat bars. She says nothing, avoids eye contact and slides her selection across the counter. Mr Wong has noticed Danka's camera.

Mr WONG

You like photography lady?...(nodding toward the camera)

DANKA (looking up)

Danka...my name is Danka, ..Is it you don't remember me already (handing over a £10 note)?

The shop keeper bows courteously, and Danka smiles and then coyly covers her mouth with her hand, surprised by her sudden rudeness.

Mr WONG

Mr Wong at your service...(pressing the cash register and returning change)...

DANKA

This? .(lifting the camera)...it belonged to my mother...but I think it's broken now.

Mr WONG

...an instamatic...Looks to me like an old Polaroid Super shooter...(he winks, and then whispers)..355, or 455..

Danka looks a little shocked, although impressed. She rummages through her bag and pulls out the blurred photo, taken outside Mr Wong's shop. She hands it across the counter to the shopkeeper...

DANKA

See!...I put in cartridge thingy. Look..(Drawing a number of **Polarcolor 2** film cartridges, wrapped in newspaper from her bag)...but photo goes very unclear.

The shopkeeper beckons with his fingers to view the camera. Danka eagerly passes it across. Mr Wong studies the camera like a man who knows what he's doing. He murmurs and tutts.

DANKA

What is it...what is not good?

Mr WONG

Very old camera...very old film..

Mr Wong is beckoning with his fingers to inspect the remaining cartridge films wrapped in an old Polish Newspaper. Danka hands them over and Mr Wong holds them up for a brief examination.

Mr WONG

(Handing the films back)...old film needs to be stored in controlled temperature.. no light. no heat...the camera maybe fine...need good clean, but probably OK...the cartridges... they are very old...maybe no good now.

Mr Wong's appraisal is momentarily interrupted by the sound of the bell above the shop door, he looks up to catch site of two fat men both wearing pairs of flip flops, Bermuda shorts and Union Jack tee-shirts, this in spite of the fact that it is getting dark outside. As they enter the shop, they appear happy go lucky, chatty and eager to stock up on alcohol.

DANKA (concerned)

But is possible to buy ..no!....I go to shop and buy new cartridge pieces ?

Mr WONG (wryly smiling)

They stopped making them before you were born....best you buy new Digital camera lady.

Danka has clearly been wounded by the suggestion that she should dispense with her mother's Polaroid, and also at her own apparent naiveté regarding the true condition of the camera. She snaps back, rather childishly.

DANKA

Danka...I told you my name is Danka...

Danka hurriedly shovels the Kit Kats from the counter into her bag. She is about to gather up the cans of beer and exit in anger when Mr Wong gently clasps her wrist momentarily preventing her from leaving. The couple look back at each other, they remain silent but suddenly the silence is broken, as a crate of beer bottles are unceremoniously dumped down onto the surface of the counter in front of them. Two 'likely lads' steady themselves.

UNION JACK 1

Allright mate...an can ya give us 20 Benson and Hedges.

The shop keeper turns away to his Tobacco rack. Danka waits at the counter.

UNION JACK 2 (swinging a set of car keys)

And the Rizzlas ?

UNION JACK (pulling out his wallet)

Oh yeah mate. And give us 2 of your big rizzlas...yeah the blue ones.

The shopkeeper turns back to face his customers with their goods. He rings up the cigarettes and papers and bags them before totalling up the price of the beer.

Mr WONG

That's nineteen pounds eighty altogether.. Please!.

While UNION JACK 1 is sorting through his wallet for money, UNION JACK 2 Is scooping up the beers from the counter, Mr Wong picks up his mobile phone and presses in some numbers. Danka looks on.

UNION JACK 1 (handing over £20)

Ere you go mate....

Mr Wong hands back the man's change nods a polite goodbye to his customer before attending to the mobile phone at his ear.

The customers turn to leave, calling back 'CHEERS MATE' and 'NIGHT MATE'. Danka waits by the counter. She has remained still and patient throughout. Mr Wong speaks rapidly in a Cantonese dialect on his mobile. The bell above the door rings shut. Every now and then Mr Wong laughs and makes exaggerated tonal sounds that seem strange to the onlooker, and then he proceeds to rattle on with all the speed of machine gun. Danka looks on in bewilderment.

[Rough translation]

Hi fat duck, you being good to my sister..you say no I send SNAKEHEAD boys after your balls...(LAUGHTER)...business good..yeah business good...hear me fat duck, customer... with a very old Instamatic camera... ..no it's a fucking dinosaur... Polaroid Super Shooter 455...but you do big favour for your brother in law, you track down Cartridge film, check camera...(Laughter)...I send lady over..(laughter)..Danka...yes, very...Later fat duck ...we roll dice together. bye...be good to my sister.

Mr Wong puts down his mobile and takes up a pen and sketch pad from behind the counter. Lenka is studying his every move with expectation. He looks back at Danka and drinks in her attention, her face, its symmetry, the retreating bruise below her right eye, the pinkness of her lips, her soft pale complexion.

Mr WONG

Do you know Tottenham court road...up West?...my Brother in law has a camera shop ...I call him fat duck..but best you call him Stan.

The shop keeper attends to his sketch pad and scribbles down an address and map; then with a flurry he rips the sheet of A4 from his pad and hands it across the counter to Danka.

Mr WONG

...my brother in law fat duck ..he will take care of things ..get you good film. check camera...here...the address you go see him...

Danka accepts the address with glee. She snatches up her Polaroid and begins to focus on the cut diamond features of Mr Wong through her camera's lens. She mimics taking his photo.

INSERT : DANKA'S POV – Mr Wong grins back through the lens of her camera.

DANKA (voice over)

Say cheese!...Click...got you....

Danka allows the camera to fall back on its shoulder strap. She smiles.

DANKA

Oh .. thank you Mr Wong... thank you (lifting the Carlsberg from the counter).

Danka is about to turn away from the counter and leave when the shop keeper speaks.

Mr WONG

Danka.....my name is Samuel Wong...(The sound of the bell rings above the shop door)...my friends call me Sammy.

ANGLE ON: Another customer enters the shop.

SLOW FADE:

EXT: CASTLE STREET – DAY TIME

The usual small group of ‘youth’ dressed in ‘hoodies’ are ensconced in the local bus shelter. They talk into stolen mobiles, and swagger about in ‘baggy’ clothing. One of the gang cleans out a crisp packet and drops it to the ground.

ANGLE ON: The crisp packet is picked up by the light breeze and floats down Castle street.

POV: (floating crisp packet)

The view tracks along the shabby environs of Castle Street and its grey municipal housing. The crisp packet drifts over Tower Hill Station, and across the Tower of London and onto the Bridge at Traitors Gate.

Facing toward the northern bank of the Thames, the view takes in the glass and chrome of the Square mile.

The crisp packet lifts against the river breeze, gliding on, down past Southwark and over Blackfriars. The Crisp packet snags against a railing when it reaches the Strand; but then it is soon blown onward and down through Charing Cross.

C.U. The crisp packet remains lodged against a sign which reads TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

EXT: TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD – DAY TIME

Danka stands at the busy intersection of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Rd. She holds her Polaroid camera up, a fleet of Red ‘Double Decker’ buses jostle in traffic with the Black taxi-cabs. The pavements seethe with all humanity and the young girl is struggling to get a clear view of the Freddie mercury billboard above the Dominion theatre declaring ‘we will rock you’. Finally she snaps a photo.

INT: LIVING ROOM – DAY TIME

C.U. Danka's father on the sofa, he is seated cheek to Jowl with his dog Bite. The dog slobbers and looks back at his master. Colin Simmons waggles his head at the dog and says.

COLIN SIMMONS

Go on boy lick...lick

The dog obediently obliges, lashing out a sticky reddened tongue, and pasting it across its master's face.

COLIN SIMMONS

Are you thirsty boy ?...C'mon let's get you a drink...(he struggles with his leg but eventually lifts his large frame from the sofa).

Danka's father moves a little awkwardly from the living room into the hallway and then on into the Kitchen; where he runs cold water from the sink into a dog bowl. He places the bowl down for the dog.

INT: HALLWAY – SAME TIME

Danka comes bouncing cheerfully down the stairs carrying the Polaroid in one hand and some photo's in the other. She is halfway down the stairs when she calls out to her father in the hallway.

DANKA (excitedly)

Look papa!...mamma's camera is working good now... and see I took pictures of West End...and I bought new dress with Birthday money....I will show you my dress after I cook for you....but here see (thrusting the handful of photographs threw the stair rails, triumphantly).

Her father stands in the hallway searching his pockets for tobacco. He doesn't appear to be the least bit interested in the photographs and continues to curse the fact that he has no cigarettes. He looks up at his daughter who is now slowly descending the remaining stairs.

FATHER

Nip down the road and get us some ciggies luv....and (he hesitates for a while, before Danka interrupts, anticipating his next demand).

DANKA

Papa no...no more alcohol..no more drinking papa...remember you promised ..on my birthday...

Her father reacts quickly and defensively.

FATHER

Look luv ..you can't expect a man to quit drinking overnight...it's got to be about moderation ..I just need to..y'know..(he looks up for some understanding)

DANKA (miffed)

Moderation. moderation..(she curses under her breath in Polish)...Papa what the bloody hell do you know about moderation.

Danka has reached the foot of the stairs and approaches her father who is ushering his dog back into the living room, it growls at the girl as though she were an intruder.

FATHER

And the ciggies what about the ciggies?.....surely ya gonna go and get your dad some fags luv?

Danka enthusiastically suggests.

DANKA

Papa.. I've bought you some steak and I'm gonna cook it. And then it's a lovely day..Why don't we both go out for walk together...(she continues with exuberance)..and I can take my cameraand you can buy your tobacco...and, and you could take Bite for a walk...and..(she is interrupted).

FATHER (raising a hand in dissent)

Hold on! ...hold on!...Firstly .. you know as well as I do the quack says I'm suffering from agoraphobia.... haven't left this house for the past two years...since you got here from Gdansk... and, and besides, Bite gets all the exercise he needs out back..(Colin turns his head to the living room and smiles affectionately)...don't you boy?

DANKA

But papa...I only want you to get better ...and, and..(she looks up and around at their confines).. just staying here in this house all the time is not good for you...don't you want to know what is going on in the world outside.

Her father slowly and deliberately shakes his head in disagreement.

FATHER

They got TV and bloody newspapers to tell you wants going on in the world...

He slaps at his artificial leg with the palm of his hand, and gloats back at his daughter in an accusatory manner.

FATHER

Your daddy's a fuckin cripple remember!

INT: SHOP EVENING

CLOSE UP: Two sharpened HD Pencils sit alongside a clean white sheet of A4 paper.

INT: KITCHEN SAME TIME

CLOSE UP: Two sharpened kitchen knives sit alongside a clean white cutting board.

INT: SHOP

CLOSE UP: A steady hand takes up a pencil and begins to sketch across the A4.

INT: KITCHEN

CLOSE UP: A thick slab of raw steak is laid out on the cutting board. Delicate fingers Shake tiny bottles of olive oil and herb spices over the fresh meat.

INT: SHOP

CLOSE UP: The hand sketches quickly across the paper, light and dark, light and dark, and soon the outline form in portrait of a young woman emerges.

INT: KITCHEN

CLOSE UP: A sharp knife is taken up, and with the meat tethered in the other hand, the delicate fingers start to cut away thin strips of beef flesh.

INT: SHOP

CLOSE UP: The hand is adding the final touches to the subjects features, and they quickly become recognisable as those of Danka, in portrait..

INT: KITCHEN

CLOSE UP: Fingers gather up the strips of meat and drop them into a hot frying pan. The meat sizzles as it browns. The sound of a dog barking from outside in the garden can be heard.

INT: SHOP

CLOSE UP: The hand draws a feint trace across the delicate contours of the girl's lips. The shop door bell rings.

Sammy Wong looks up from his sketch to catch sight of his next customer entering the shop.

INT: LIVING ROOM – EVENING

Father and daughter are sitting at the dining table finishing their meal. Colin Simons chews contentedly away at the remaining food on his plate.

FATHER

I'm stuffed (rubbing his belly).....(putting down his knife and fork with a little meat remaining on the plate)...now where's my boy (pushing away the plate)...where's my boy. (he begins to call for his dog)...Bite..Bite..come here boy!

INT: BACK DOOR - SAME TIME

The back door has been left open and at the sound of his master's voice the dog comes bounding in from the garden and into the living room. Danka's father holds up the plate with the remaining scraps of meat on it. Danka starts to complain disappointedly.

DANKA

Oh no papa!...why do you always do that...dog should not eat of house plate..dog is dog.

FATHER

It's only a few scraps...besides he loves your cooking...(stroking the dog as it gobbles up the last of the scraps)...don't you boy..don't ya.

INT: Mr WONG'S SAME TIME

The shop is empty. Sammy Wong sits behind the counter Sketching.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Danka does a twirl in front of her father. The sun is setting but still manages to cast its last rays of light through the living room window. Her father is sat on the sofa staring sombrely past her, and at the flickering screen in the corner of the room. The volume on the TV is muted. Danka is wearing a white knee length dress and a pair of leather sandals. The lightness of the gossamer silk fabric only adds to accentuate her already graceful form.

DANKA

What do you think papa...do you like it?...half price...I think a snap.

FATHER

A snip,,,it's called a snip darlin' ...(disinterestedly)..yeah it suits ya....going out....
who's the lucky bleeder?

DANKA (perplexed)

What do you mean papa?

FATHER

You know ...a fella... a beau ...you are 18...you've been here a couple years
now....haven't you got any friends by now...don't you know anyone?.

Danka's father leans down and picks up the dirty ashtray at his foot.

FATHER

...in all this time princess, you've never brought anyone back...(he looks down and
inspects the ashtray)....no boyfriends ...no friends..

DANKA

Magda from Lodz is my friend...(rhetorically)..but I think she has moved away.

FATHER

(he glances up with a quizzical expression)...Who?....Magda... you're not a dyke are
ya?...a father can't be too careful these days.

DANKA (bewildered)

A what?

FATHER

Y'know ...a muff diver....a lesbo

DANKA

Papa...stop it...you're making joke on me...

Danka is pressing the silk fabric close to her body, pushing in her slender waist as though testing the flexibility of the material. She seems pleased with the snugness of the fit.

FATHER (gloomily)

Or you just ashamed to bring anyone back to meet the old man... you know ...the recluse....the former football ace..... turned one legged piss head?

She looks down at her father who is busy rummaging through the discarded cigarette butts.

DANKA

Why do you say those things about yourself... Papa ?

FATHER

(selecting a half smoked butt)...cos they're all fuckin true darling.

DANKA

Papa..Look...I did not come to London to buy dresses or even to meet boyfriends...I came to London because you needed me...and I am your daughter.

FATHER

What I needright now my daughter, is a fuckin stiff drink.

Danka looks down at her father with a measure of disappointment. She appears to have given up with her father's mood and proceeds to bend down and pick up his discarded dinner plate and cutlery. She turns away carrying the plate to the door, stops, then turns back to where her father is sitting.

DANKA (solemnly)

I'm going out to take some photos....I'll bring you back some cigarettes.

Danka exits the living room leaving her father alone with his dog, watching TV.

INT: Mr WONG' S – EVENING

The shop door rings and Sammy Wong looks up expectantly from his sketch pad. A short elderly woman in a straw hat dawdles through the shop doorway pushing a wicker shopping basket. Sammy acknowledges her presence and returns a little disappointedly to his sketching. The pensioner passes down the aisles closely studying, through heavy bifocals, the labels on various bottles.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

CU: Colin Simmons and the dog are rubbing their noses together in an 'Eskimo's kiss'. The dog is drooling and Colin stares eyeball to eyeball with him. Colin grins back at the hound before issuing it with an instruction.

COLIN

Go on boy lick!....lick

The dog duly obliges lashing out a sticky tongue across his owners face. He pats the dog on the head and adjusts the studded choke collar. Colin struggles to lift his own large frame from off the sofa, and as he gets up he winces and rubs at his hip on his left side.

COLIN

I don't know about you boy but I need a drink....(turning to the dog conspiratorially)..do ya fancy a Take away.

The dog moves back allowing his master to shuffle past and en route to the hallway.

INT: HALLWAY – SAME TIME

Colin Simons is talking on the telephone in the hallway.

COLIN

Yeah that's 2 onion bhaji's and 2 bottles of vodka...yeah 2 bottles of vodka, I know you're an Indian restaurant...that's why I ordered the bhajis...no ...no.. I don't mind ..
...yeah, yeah..on delivery...12 Roman Way...how long?

INT: Mr WONG'S– SAME TIME

Sammy Wong is busy serving a customer over the counter. In the background the old lady is still reading the labels on bottles.

EXT: 12 ROMAN WAY – SAME TIME

A take away delivery boy stands on the doorstep facing the unshaven figure of his customer, Colin Simmons. The delivery boy lifts his crash helmet. He is a young Asian and wears an Arsenal football club shirt. He hands over two white plastic bags.

DELIVERY BOY

Ere you go mate....2 bhajis....2 bottles of vodka...£27.70 please.

Colin Simmons accepts the bags and rummages through his pocket for some money.

COLIN SIMONS

Are you a gooner son?... (handing over some banknotes and nodding towards the boy's shirt)

DELIVERY BOY

(the boy's face lights up at the suggestion).... Too right mate....Gunners rule OK.

Colin Simmons straightens himself up and stares earnestly down at the delivery boy who is fumbling for the change.

COLIN SIMMONS

D'ya recognise me son....Colin Simmons... Div 1 leading scorer 85/86 season...back in the day I hit a 40 yarder against your mob down at Highbury, tore the back of the fuckin net open.

Colin is grinning expectantly and clearly looking for a sign of recognition from the delivery boy who is pre-occupied sorting out change. He gives no more than a cursory glance up at his customer before returning his attention to a handful of coins.

DELIVERY BOY (nonchalantly)

No mate... a bit before my time..

C.U. 2 POUNDS and 30p in coins sit on the palm of the hand.

ANGLE ON: The front door closing.

DELIVERY BOY (calling out)

Ere mate.... ya forgot ya change.

INT: MR WONG'S

The shop door bell rings. Sammy Wong looks up from his sketch pad and smiles. Danka has just entered the shop wearing her new white dress. He can see that she is carrying her Instamatic camera. She smiles back at the shopkeeper as she passes by the elderly customer. As Danka approaches the counter the shop keeper discards his sketch pad and bows courteously.

DANKA (excitedly)

Sammy...(displaying the Polaroid cartridges)...look , all is working. The pictures come out good now...oh thank you Sammy....(she does a teasing twirl at the counter)...and look ...do you like my new dress...(squeezing the dress in at the waist)...does it make me look fat?

Sammy Wong thinks carefully before responding.

SAMMY WONG

My ancestors say. ‘ with time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown’.

DANKA (uncertain)

Does that mean you like it?

SAMMY WONG (smiling)

It is a most beautiful dress.

DANKA (eagerly)

(pulling out some photo's from her bag)...I have pictures of West End.... your Brother in law in camera shop is a nice man too...he find good film for me and repaired camera...But when I try to pay him he just say no ... so I come to pay you.

Sammy smiles, and gently shakes his head.

SAMMY WONG

I cannot take your money...

DANKA (astonished)

But why?

SAMMY WONG

Because there is no debt between us.

Danka appears somewhat charmed by Sammy Wong's generosity and for moment she is hesitant to speak. Then suddenly the sound of Received Pronunciation drifts across the shop

.

ELDERLY CUSTOMER (politely spoken)

Excuse me young man....would you be kind enough to reach up and assist me with a bottle of your Cream Sherry?

Danka leans against the counter stifling an impish giggle. She places a hand across her mouth to conceal her mirth.

Sammy smiles at Danka and makes to move to assist his customer.
Danka blocks his path with her body. She looks directly into his eyes.

DANKA

I have a better idea...(turning away from the counter)

SAMMY WONG'S P.O.V

Danka walks back to the rack of wines that is occupying the attention of the old lady. The girl nimbly stretches up to reach the bottle being pointed out by the customer. She places the Sherry bottle into the old lady's wicker basket and then leans down and whispers into her ear while pointing back in the direction of the counter. Then Danka lifts her Polaroid camera from her shoulder and starts demonstrating how to use it. She points the camera back in the direction of the counter. The little old lady nods.

INT: LIVING ROOM – NIGHT TIME

Colin is sat on the sofa chomping away at an onion bhaji, with his dog at his feet. Colin swigs recklessly from a bottle of Vodka and curses the participants playing football on his TV.

INT: Mr WONG'S – SAME TIME

ANGLE ON:

The elderly customer is stood a couple of metres away from the shop counter, she holds up the Instamatic camera.

ANGLE ON:

Danka and Sammy are behind the counter posing. Sammy is sat smiling thoughtfully back at the camera, while Danka is stood alongside him with her arm around his shoulder. Right on cue she turns and places a big kiss on Sammy's cheek and an instant later the click of the camera can be heard.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Colin is swaying on the sofa. He is clearly in the latter stages of inebriation and is brandishing a nearly empty vodka bottle at the TV screen and chanting football songs. The dog has chosen to ignore his master's antics and lays passively at the foot of the sofa.

EXT: Mr WONG'S – NIGHT TIME

The light is fading on Castle Street as a battered car pulls up opposite Mr Wong's emporium. Through the shop's glass frontage Danka and Sammy can be seen laughing and joking at the counter. There is no one else in the shop.

INT: Mr WONG'S – SAME TIME

DANKA

So how do you know about cameras Sammy Wong?

SAMMY

As a little boy ...my first job was in my father's second hand camera shop....long, long time ago we sell big range of instamatic.... those camera were very popular with customers...(he smiles to himself at the memory, and glances back at his pretty customer).

Danka's attention is being fully engaged by the softly spoken shop keeper. She gazes back at him, momentarily unaware that he has stopped talking. Caught a little off guard, Danka makes to excuse herself. She suggests with a tinge of regret.

DANKA

I should be getting back ...papa ...I mean my father will be expecting me by now.

The Shop keeper slowly leans across the counter and very gently draws back strands of blonde hair that have partly obscured the pinkish bruising to Danka's right eye.

SAMMY (solemnly)

Is it your father that hits you?

Danka delays in providing an answer. She lowers her head in what appears to be embarrassment or shame.

DANKA

Yes...(adding quickly)...but is not papas fault...(she pauses then slows her rate of speech) ...sometimes I make him angry...I do not mean to do these things, but he is not well man...since mama died he drinks too much ...(Sammy Wong interjects)

SAMMY

Vodka?

Danka has her head slightly bowed in shame. She slowly nods.

SAMMY

But he has no right to strike you.... He has no right to do these things

DANKA (emotionally)

...I tell him no papa....but it's always the same...drink makes him angry...I try to get him help, but he won't leave house...I ring doctor, but they say to take medication.... (Danka pauses briefly and then continues to unfold her story)....

Danka suddenly stops, aware of her own shame, she looks at Sammy and attempts to inject an air of optimism into proceedings.

DANKA (enthusiastically)

.... but papa promised me on my Birthday he would stop the drinking ...and, and when he gets better we would go out somewhere together...maybe to a park for a picnic....(she steps back from the counter)... and look.... he give me money to buy my dress....papa is....(she stops mid sentence, at the sound of the shop door bell).

Sammy looks back across the shop, towards the door, with a look of concern.

SAMMY'S P.OV. Two young men, their faces partially disguised by hoods and scarves have rushed into the shop.

Both hooded thugs are wearing anonymous looking tracksuits. One of them throws the catch on the door, drops down below the glass and watches out onto the darkened street. The taller of the two approaches the counter with pace and menace. En route he runs the baseball bat along a row of bottles, 'clunk, clunk, clunk, clunk', everything appears to be happening very quickly.

THUG 1 (screaming)

Open the fucking till...open the fucking till

The thug brandishes the baseball bat across the counter unaware of Danka's presence. She stands alongside him. Danka is clearly alarmed but remains motionless. Sammy Wong doesn't hesitate and simply rings open the till.

ANGLE ON SHOP DOOR: The accomplice keeps sniffing and rubs at his nose. He appears agitated and nervous, peeping constantly through the shop window and out onto the street. He shouts back across the shop.

THUG 2 (impatiently)

C'mon man...c'mon man...let's go let's go!

ANGLE ON COUNTER: Thug 1 glances over his shoulder and notices for the first time the demure figure standing next to him. Danka cowers slightly as she grips onto her camera's shoulder strap. Sammy is busy drawing out bank notes from the various trays in the till.

The thug bangs the bat angrily on the counter and shouts at the shop keeper..

THUG 1

Move it..move it! ...gimme the money..now

Sammy cooperates, and speeds up the rate at which he withdraws the takings. The thug spots the camera hanging from the girl's shoulder. He leans down and grabs at the strap, Danka recoils in horror tugging it from his grip. Sammy looks up from the till. The thug is making a further grab at the strap.

SHOP KEEPER (shouting at the thug)

Let go camera...! ...let go customers camera!...

The thug ignores the shopkeeper's demand and continues to wrestle with Danka over the camera strap. Sammy Stops withdrawing notes from the till and calls out 'ASSHOLE' in **Cantonese. (translation)**. Now having caught the robber's attention, Sammy Wong stands over the tray of his cash register and pulls down the zipper on his jeans.

SAMMY

(drawing down the zip on his trouser flies and standing over the till)

Let go customer's camera!.....or Sammy Wong piss on money...no joke ..I piss all over money...

ANGLE ON: SHOP DOOR. The lookout is in a heightened state of anxiety, sniffing and rubbing his nose. He shouts across at his accomplice without taking his eyes off the street.

THUG 2

What's happening bro'..what the fuck's happening?

ANGLE ON: COUNTER. Thug 1 looks squeamishly over the rim of his scarf towards Sammy who stands primed at the till.

The robber is still tugging, trying to wrestle the girl's camera from her. Sammy Wong straightens himself up and takes in a long deep breath.

SHOP KEEPER (glaring at the baseball bat in the thug's hand)

....and then after I piss on the money I'm coming over the counter and Sammy Wong is going to put that bat up your

Thug 1 calls back to his accomplice

THUG 1 (in disbelief)

The fucking Chinaman wants to piss all over the money.

ANGLE ON: SHOP DOOR: Thug 2's scarf slips down his face and he calls out again.

THUG 2

(glancing up at the camera above the door)...fucking weirdo...C'mon man... just grab the money...let's go.. before someone calls the Bill.

ANGLE ON COUNTER: Thug 1 looks back again at the determined Shop keeper holding his zipper and staring back across the till. It is a 'Mexican standoff'.

The thug decides to let go of the camera strap, sending a tenacious Danka sprawling of balance and tumbling back against a promotion rack of wines, but still clutching her camera. The thug dives across the counter and snatches up the bundles of notes from the till register.

CCTV FOOTAGE: (SHOP INTERIOR): Thug 1 is carrying a baseball bat and two small bundles of cash in his hands. He is rushing up the aisles towards the door and his accomplice. They both exit quickly, with the door swinging shut behind them.

OFFSCREEN: The sound of car doors slamming and a car screeching away from the kerb filters back into the shop.

ANGLE ON: COUNTER. Danka is on her feet though visibly shaken. She desperately clasps her Instamatic camera to her chest and is gawping wide eyed back across the counter. A pregnant silence ensues while each of them contemplates the aftermath.

The pair are staring back at each other dumbfounded. Sammy is moderating his breathing like a diver coming up for air whilst Danka is desperately trying hard to stifle her mirth. Sammy follows the line of her gaze down to his crotch when he realises the extent of his exposure, he quickly pulls up the zipper on his trousers.

The spell is broken when the girl's expression dissolves into uncontrollable laughter. Sammy pushes shut the empty cash register, gives a shrug of the shoulders and modestly smiles back.

SLOW FADE OUT.

EXT: ROMAN WAY – NIGHT TIME

Danka steps out of a mini cab, she leans in at the driver's window and pays for her fare.

ANGLE ON: Danka jiggles the key in the lock and then quietly pushes the front door open.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

A drunken Colin Simmons lies on his back cursing the ceiling; he has tumbled to the living room floor and lies in a crumpled dishevelled state. His artificial leg is lodged between the sofa and a cabinet. He clutches a vodka bottle, and swears at his dog, chastising the hound for his perpetual attempts to slobber over his master's face.

Danka rushes into the living room. She brushes the dog aside and stoops down to assist her father.

DANKA (shocked)

Papa...papa what's happened?

FATHER (testily)

Get me up!'ere get me up! (Tugging at his artificial limb)...where the fuck you bin?

Danka works away at dislodging her father's ankle from between the furniture. Finally she negotiates his leg clear of obstruction. He swears and curses at no-one in particular.

FATHER (slurring)

Where the fuck you bin all's time. (Dragging himself to his feet with the support of the sofa arm)and where's me fags?

Danka is a few metres from her father who stands hunched over a bottle of Vodka. The elegance of Danka seems at odds with the dowdiness of her surroundings. The dog has wandered in from the kitchen and takes up his place at his master's side. Danka slowly shakes her head in astonishment, watching as her father takes a further large gulp from the Smirnoff bottle.

DANKA

Papa what are you doing?

Colin Simons teeters back slightly on his haunches wipes the dribble from his lips and then steadies himself. He begins to cruelly mimic his daughter.

FATHER

(Mimic)...Papa what are you doing? (Waving the vodka bottle)...I'm 'aving a bloody drink....that's what I'm doing.

Danka looks across at her drunken father with a mixture of incredulity and disappointment, and without taking her eyes off him she hurriedly begins foraging through her bag. Danka's anger is palpable. Finally, her fingers catch on the packet of cigarettes. She hastily withdraws it from the bottom of her bag and unwittingly spills a Polaroid photograph in the process. It flutters unnoticed to the carpet. Danka's father steps forward, arms outstretched; intoxicated, looking for forgiveness. He attempts to make amends.

FATHER

Sorry Princess.. is jus ya daddy makin fun okay, cum 'ere an give ya daddy a kiss..(Puckering his lips)

ANGLE ON: A packet of cigarettes hits the belly of Colin Simons and drops at his feet.

Swaying slightly under the influence of the alcohol, Danka's father stoops down clumsily, with vodka bottle in hand and after a few aborted efforts manages to swipe up the packet of cigarettes. When finally he returns to an upright stance, he looks across to where his daughter was standing.

INT: DANKA'S BEDROOM – SAME TIME

Danka enters her bedroom, and moves across the room to sit on the edge of her bed. She lays her bag down beside her and buries her head despondently in her hands.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Danka's father hasn't moved from the middle of the room. He curses and sways a little on the spot as he confides in his dog. The father is holding the vodka bottle up to his lips as though it were a microphone. His other hand clutches a packet of cigarettes.

FATHER

S'no ..respect anymore...see boy...no respect for parents these days...in my day ya listen to ya farfer...kids today....don't know their fuckin born...too busy whoring an takin drugs....(wagging the bottle at the attentive dog)...I'm not sayin...(he continues in a hushed tone)...I'm not sayin me little princess would let her daddy down...(suddenly his attention is taken as he notices a photograph lying face down on the carpet).

INT: DANKA'S BEDROOM – SAME TIME

Danka is still sat on the edge of her bed, but she is now desperately sorting through the contents of her bag. Frustrated, she stands up and tips the contents out onto her bed. She starts to rummage among the small pile.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Danka's father is standing on the spot where the Polaroid had fallen. He stares at the photograph in his hand with a growing look of concern.

CU: POLAROID PHOTOGRAPH HELD IN HAND.

Danka has her arm around Sammy Wong and is kissing him on the cheek. Sammy Wong is smiling back, to camera.

INT: STAIRS – SAME TIME

Danka is racing down the stairs with a look of concern on her face.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Colin Simmons looks up from the photo as Danka enters the room.

DANKA

Papa that's mine...please let me have it back.

Danka moves cautiously across to where her father is stood holding the photograph. He takes a quick swig of vodka and glares from photo to daughter in an instant.

FATHER

.is that the best you can do?...who the fuck is?

Danka stretches out to snatch the photo from her father but she over estimates her reach and misses.

DANKA

Papa please... let me have it. (Danka reaches out again)

Colin Simmons stands his ground and holds the photo aloft, and far out of the reach of his daughter. He looks down on his daughter's attempts to prise away the photo. He teases his daughter behind a sardonic grin.

FATHER

So daddy finally gets to see who you're dropping ya draws for...(he turns to the dog who lays idly in the corner of the room)...can ya Adam and Eve it Bite?...a fuckin Chinaman...a fuckin Chink!

Danka makes a last desperate effort to secure the photograph and pushes against her father in her attempts to grab at his raised hand; no sooner has the struggle begun when the dog barks from the corner of the room and then leaps up in defence of its master. The dog stops just short of where Danka is standing, growls and bears its teeth. Colin Simmons shouts back.

FATHER

Down boy! Down Bite!.

The dog immediately sits down on its haunches as though nothing had happened. Colin Simmons lowers the arm holding the photograph. He gulps down a further mouthful of vodka from the bottle and then leers across at his daughter who has retreated a few steps in fear.

FATHER (maliciously)

Is it true what they say Princess... 'ave a Chinky, then..then ten minutes later you what another one?...(he laughs and advances on his daughter who is backing away towards the door)...wha's a matter darling local dishes not fuckin good enough for ya ?...

Colin Simmons has backed his horrified daughter into the passage way, he takes another long hard slug of the vodka bottle, invoking more anger in himself. He waves the Polaroid spitefully in his other hand.

FATHER

D'ya take up the Yangtse ...s'tha what it is princess?

Colin Simmons is advancing on his daughter with a vicious demeanour. Danka is backing away, cautiously and in disbelief, towards the front door. The big dog is in lock step with its master.

DANKA

jestes pijanym glupcem, tato (You are a drunken fool papa)

Danka is backing up less than a metre from the front door. She stretches an arm out tentatively behind her in the hope of finding the door lock. Her horrified expression is fixed on the advancing frame of her father who swigs copiously from the vodka bottle. Danka makes a final lunge for her photo, which is being waved in her face, but just as she snatches it from her father she feels his powerful hand take hold of her by the throat, and she is suddenly being slammed back against the door with force. The photograph floats to the ground and the dog begins to bark.

C.U. Danka is wide eyed and struggling for breathe under the throttling.

Colin Simons has a choke hold on his daughter which is pinning her against the front door. The dog looks up at the girl and continues barking excitedly.

C.U. The father's hand is slowly releasing the pressure on his daughter's neck; although a grip is still being applied.

Danka coughs and gasps for breathe, she kicks and struggles but her father's weight and strength keep her pinned with her waist against the letterbox.

Her father leans in on his daughter and casts a drunken, sweaty, leer.

The dog continues snapping around him. He begins to ramble and hallucinate..

FATHER

...playin miss fuckin goody two shoes round the 'ouse'(looking down at his dog)...but we know , don't we bite?.....d'ya give it out to anyone...is that it?

FATHER

Y'a dirty little 'ore...d'ya fink I dunno what's goin on, ya wanna divorce ..I'l give ya a fuckin divorce alright...no. I won't fuckin slow down...I don't care if you do wanna get out an walk home...(HALLUCINATION: view through shattered windscreen upturned car – nighttime, country road, broken glass – rotating blue light- **Polish** voices on short band radio...*jeden zabity...kierowca ciezko ranny...karetka tak, straz pozarna z przecinaczem.*

(1 dead ..driver badly injured...ambulance, yeah, fire crew with cutting gear).

COLIN SIMONS (P.O.V)

He is looking directly into the eyes of his daughter but through bleary booze sodden pupils he sees only the face of his dead wife, Danka's mother.

Danka cranes her neck around in the direction of the front door catch, she is still being held in the choke hold and her dress shows signs of having been badly ripped in the earlier struggle; her left hand stretches out in continued but unsuccessful attempts to reach the door lock. Colin Simons presses himself against Danka, breathing down heavily on her.

C.U. The hand of Colin Simons slowly lifts up the skirting of his daughter's torn dress, and with the vodka bottle in his sweaty palm he slowly caresses her inner thigh.

Danka stares back at her father in horror as he begins to slur malevolently into her ear. She again attempts to resist him but his choke grip remains firm.

FATHER

D'ya give it out to anyone...(he waggles his tongue close to his daughter's ear)...d'ya let the boys have a good time down *there*? (Danka reacts to his hand squeezing her thigh)...

Colin Simons takes up his bottle and downs the last of the vodka, rocks slightly but retains his balance and the grip on his daughter's throat. Danka continues to grope for the door lock mechanism, all the while struggling for breath.

P.OV. (FATHER- Blurred)

FATHER (looking down at his dog)

Come ere boy!...she's giving *it* out for free.

Colin Simons tosses aside the empty vodka bottle, then takes hold of Bite by his choke collar and draws the dog around so that it is positioned between himself and his defenceless daughter. The dog is snapping and snarling through all the excitement. Danka looks down at the jaws of the dog slobbering directly beneath her.

The dog is brought back on to its haunches by a quick yank on its collar. The canine is drooling and looking up at the petrified girl. Warm sticky saliva dribbles in strands from the beast's powerful jowls.

FATHER

Go on boy...smell *that*...

Danka attempts to plead with her father but her words are snuffed out by the grip around her neck.

Her body frame tenses and there is a reaction of horror in her eyes as she glances down and feels the snout of the dog being ushered between her legs.

Danka twists and struggles to break free but her body is pinned back by the weight of her tormentor, her father bears down on her with a vile expression descending over his face. The dog's head is pressed under the girl's tattered silk skirt.

FATHER

Does she smell sweet?.....lick boy...lick her?

CU: (THE FACE OF DANKA - The sound of her father breathing heavily).

Danka stares, numbly, into the distance. Her lips are parted as though they had taken their last breath. Two rivulets of tears, blackened by mascara, begin to streak down her cheeks.

CU: (THE HAND OF DANKA)

Danka's fumbling fingers finally catch hold of the lock and hurriedly begin to turn it.

As both Dog and drunken father continue to press in on the young girl she pushes back and kicks out with all her rage. The dog squeals and barks, retreating from under Danka's skirt. The father takes the full force of the kick to his artificial limb, curses, and stumbles back, releasing at the same time the grip on his daughter's neck. The dog grows agitated by the displacement and begins barking.

Colin Simons crashes back against the wall, his arms outstretched. Above the sound of his sobbing, drunken pleas for forgiveness compete with the noise of the barking dog. Danka has gathered her ripped dress about her, and is squeezing her bruised body through the open door, pulling it shut behind her.

Colin Simons slides down the wall, wallowing in remorse, arms still outstretched.

FATHER (mumbling)

Baby!...Baby! ...Baby!...my Baby!

[Soundtrack] *'The Beast in me'*- Written by

Nick Lowe

Published by: Plangent Visions

EXT: COUNCIL ESTATE – NIGHT TIME

Distressed and semi clad, Danka runs through the concrete estate sobbing. She clasps her arms around her breasts as she runs. A car slows as it passes by and the driver toots then drives on. The fine drizzle in the air has suddenly turned to rain.

INT: HALLWAY – SAME TIME

Colin Simons sits on the floor huddled against the wall; his head slumped down like a broken man and his arms outstretched beseeching forgiveness. The dog licks away at the tears streaming down its masters face.

FATHER (woefully)

My Baby!..my Baby!...my baby!

[Soundtrack] Concludes.

EXT: STREET – NIGHT TIME

ANGLE ON: Danka's feet.

Under the illumination of the harsh street lighting feet are running in sandals. They splash through the fresh puddles of rain falling on the pavement ahead. Suddenly the feet change direction and cross a road; towards a sign which reads Castle Street.

Unseen, a car can be heard screeching to a halt, a car horn is sounded and then a female's voice shouts out.

O.S. FEMALE VOICE

Silly cow!....why don't ya look where ya goin'?

The sign above Mr Wong's Emporium has been switched off. The rain is now falling heavily.

Through the plated glass windows, rows of Wines and Spirits can be glimpsed maturing in the still and darkened quiet of the shop. The sign on the door reads closed.

ANGLE ON:

Danka is leant against the shop door, her hand continually raps against it. She is in considerable distress and breathing heavily, soaked and bedraggled, her knees slowly buckle and she begins to slide down the wet glass door.

INT: Mr WONG'S EMPORIUM – SAME TIME

A light is switched on in the shop.

Sammy Wong is hurriedly throwing back the locks on the door.

Danka lays slumped in the doorway shaking and cradling her-self.

Sammy Wong's distress registers in Danka's tear soaked eyes, and she attempts to mouth something, but before her voice can gasp words she is scooped up from the doorway.

Sammy Wong carefully carries her rain sodden body to the back of the shop.

ANGLE ON: The shop door is open and the lights are on.

EXT: Mr WONG'S EMPORIUM – SAME TIME

ANGLE ON: The Night Sky, heavy rain falling. [Soundtrack] *'I've tried everything'*

Written by:

Annie Lennox

Dave Stewart

BMG Music Pub Ltd.

INT: BATHROOM – SAME TIME

C.U. VIEW OF SHOWER HEAD:

ANGLE ON: Water cascading down from the shower head

(Slow-mo) Danka looks up at the water fall.

Danka lathers her hair with soap

ANGLE ON: (Through frosted glass – in silhouette) Danka is showering.

INT: SMALL GALLEY KITCHEN –SAME TIME (night time)

(SOUND) . Chinking of china cups

Sammy Wong is carefully arranging some China crockery on a tray. He is stood in a cramped galley kitchen. Steam rises from the spout of an elaborately decorated ceramic teapot.

INT: LOFT – SAME TIME

Danka is walking barefoot on the wooden floor. She is wearing a woollen bath robe, and slowly moving around the candle lit room observing her cosy sanctuary. The room looks out over Castle Street and is of modest dimension without being small. It appears to be a converted loft space directly above what is the Wine & Liquor emporium below. By day, a single dormer window feeds natural light into the room. Three wooden artist easels stand in the corners of the room and a weathered mahogany writing desk sits against one wall. The desk is home to a number of artist sketch pads, an assortment of charcoal pencils, artists crayons and dusty rags..

In the centre of the room, two large cushions a slatted bamboo box the size of a tea tray, occupies the space in an otherwise minimalist interior.

Danka stands over the mahogany desk flipping through the collection of sketchpads. The individual images are comic caricatures. Her fingers slow at a collection of familiar images.

C.U. ON SKETCH PAD.

Caricature - two rotund figures of bald headed men sporting bold Union Jack vests.

Caricature - a little old lady wearing thick bifocals waving a sherry bottle.

Caricature – a hooded thug swinging a baseball bat

Danka's fingers finally pause on a sketch. This sketch in particular is not a caricature but a portrait drawing of Danka, *herself*. And it is truly life-like. The young girl's attention is suddenly taken by the 'clink' 'clink' of Crockery. She turns quickly, with the portrait still in hand, to catch sight of Sammy Wong entering the room carrying a tray stacked with finely painted ceramics. Sammy Wong looks timidly across the room in the direction of the girl. She looks at the portrait in amazement.

DANKA (shaking her head in astonishment)

to jest wspanialeI mean to say this is wonderful...(and then rather stupidly adds)...but how can you draw faces this well?

Sammy, still carrying in the tray, bows ever so slightly and with some formality declares.

SAMMY WONG

Sammy Wong would have much pleasure ..if you accept this...It is gift to you.

Danka looks again at her image edged in charcoal. A cheeky glee covers her face and she turns to Sammy and curtsies, and with equal formality and an attempt at RP she replies.

DANKA

Danka Simmons has pleasure to accept your gift...(she pauses to think through her next words, then adds with a smile)...Kind sir!

Sammy smiles and without saying a further word beckons her to sit on one of the large pillows in the centre of the room.

DANKA (moving to the centre of the room)

(Modestly tightens her bathrobe about herself). You are full with surprises Sammy Wong...you know about cameras and you draw like..like..(searching her mental lexicon)... I don't know...like a great artist....(she peers quizzically at her host)...then why you work in shop?

Sammy has set out the tray on the floor before them. He sits down on the cushion beside Danka.

(VOICE OVER)

C.U. TEA CEREMONY

An array of ceramic China cups, pots, and holders are laid out on the wooden floor. Steaming water pours from the spout of a water pot.

SAMMY (voiceover)

The shop was my father's...Mr Wong.. he moved to London after mother died...he dead too now....four months... but he was old man...gone to happy land now ...I only son...

The near boiling water is transferred into an elaborately crafted Yixing clay tea pot. The tea pot is shaken, warmed and the residue of water is tipped into the channels cut into the bamboo box.

SAMMY (voiceover)

I draw faces when I was in navy...Hong Kong Merchant navy...we go ashore ...and I like to draw all the faces....Shanghai, Tokyo, Sydney....many places...Dublin...Cape Town...Rio...

Dried tea leaves are removed from a glass jar using a bamboo scoop, and the leaves are carefully placed into the ornate looking tea pot.

Further hot water from the larger pot is poured at some height so that it cascades down into the smaller teapot, covering the infused tea leaves. This is then transferred swiftly into the two small tea cups laid out on the floor.

SAMMY (voiceover)

Now Sammy Wong he waits for the man at agency to sell shop.....

The teapot is then refilled with hot water. The water in the teacups is carefully emptied over the outer sides of the small teapot until it runs off into the bamboo box.

SAMMY (voiceover)

So Sammy draw faces of customer...pass time...wait for man buy shop...two months..three months...Who can say.

The water from the freshly infused tea leaves is poured for a second time into the small clay cups.

SAMMY (voiceover)

Maybe Sammy Wong buy riverboat on Thames.....earn money ...draw tourist faces.

DANKA (voiceover)

(cautiously). And Mrs Wong....you have wife yes...where is wife?

Sammy and Danka are sitting next to each other, cross legged on two large cushions. Sammy places a tea cup in a bamboo holder smiles and offers it up for his guest.

SAMMY

no wives...(beat.).....only Oceans.

EXT: CASTLE STREET SAME TIME

The night's rain has grown in intensity and it lashes against the shop glass. The shop door has been locked and street is empty of people and traffic.

INT: LOFT SAME TIME

Danka sips at the warm tea. Neither seems to know quite what to say to the other. Eventually Danka breaks the silence. She turns and smiles affectionately to her host.

DANKA

Lapsang Souchong tea ?

SAMMY (quizzically)

...Oolong...from the Fujian province....do you know about Chinese tea?

DANKA

No...but my mother she like Lapsang tea...and she would buy it when we went to restaurant. (taking further sips and then smiling across to Sammy adds)... I like this Tea.

SAMMY (smiling back)

It's called TE GUAN YIN...

Danka attempts a pronunciation and Sammy watches her soft pink lips form the sounds. He encourages her.

SAMMY

Yes...yes.. 'TI.....GUANyes...YIN' ..in English it mean... Goddess of Mercy.

Danka sips at her warm tea and soon her delicate fingers trail over the exquisite Yixing teapot. They come to rest on the tiny statuette carved on the lid. It is a bald, squat, pot bellied figure of a Chinese monk. As Sammy picks up on Danka's object of attention, his hand is instinctively drawn to the spot where Danka's fingers rest. They touch and seem almost to flirt.

SAMMY

The little fat man on top of the teapot is Chinese Buddhist immortal...you see there he carry a bag on his shoulder.....Ancestors say he was humble traveller, Chan Monk with supernatural powers....

Danka appears to be engrossed in Sammy's account, her fingers brush against his as they stroke the tiny ceramic figurine. Sammy continues.

SAMMY

He is popular symbol in Chinese tradition; His name BUDAI, the one with bag full of happiness, wealth and magic.

Danka turns to Sammy and she looks deep into his eyes as though she were excavating the pit of his soul. When Sammy stops speaking the only sound in the room is that of heavy rain lashing against the dormer window glass. The couple face each other, and there is an implicit expectancy in their eyes. They are within kissing distance of each others lips.

EXT: CASTLE STREET SAME TIME

Heavy rain forced by gusts splatter down on an empty Street. A police car driven at speed makes the corner into Castle Street, it's 'Blues and two's' shattering the locals sleep. Blue flashing lights and two tone sirens hurtle past Mr Wong's Fine Wines & Liquor Emporium, heading into the City.

INT: LOFT (Castle Street) SAME TIME

SOUND: (TWO TONE SIREN – to fade)

The noise of the siren outside intensifies then quickly fades, but with the tranquillity in the room lost the couple's lips hesitate just long enough for Cupids spell to be broken.

Sammy's lips veer away from the girl's. He suddenly takes up the bowl of crackers laid out on the floor and thrusts it towards her.

SAMMY (enthusiastically)

You like crackers?...(he begins to stand)..I go cook hot food..or maybe you want I get Kit Kat... yes?

Danka grins, sensing the awkwardness of the moment, and the gesture is enough to conceal a well of tears. As emotions begin to overtake her she clutches onto Sammy's wrist just as he is about to stand. She gently pulls him back down on the cushion.

DANKA (shaking her head)

I'm sorry.....I had nowhere else to go...I mean....

This time Sammy does not wait, he leans across, embraces Danka, and presses his lips against hers.

(OFFSCREEN) – The 'chinking' of crockery – SOUND TRACK)

C. U. Through Dormer window – SOUND TRACK

EXT: ROOFTOPS OF LONDON – NIGHT TIME

By the early hours of the morning the night sky of London has cleared itself of rain and the view is a panorama of city rooftops.

INT: LOFT – SAME TIME

The naked bodies of the couple lay together on the large cushions spread out on the floor. They sleep with their bodies partially covered by a quilted blanket pulled across them.

Danka wakes with a sudden start. She looks about her unfamiliar surroundings. With her fingers she traces the bruising about her neck.

A solitary candle still flickers in the room. The loft is silent and serenely still. Remnants of the tea ceremony, pots and all, have been discarded to a corner. Nearby stands one of the three easels. On the desk sits the Charcoal portrait of Danka.

Sammy sleeps on.

Danka carefully extricates herself from Sammy's embrace. She checks again that he is still asleep and then stretches out an arm to recover the bathrobe. Danka rises and wraps herself in the robe and then tip toes quietly towards the doorway. She suddenly stops and her attention fixes on the bowl of Crackers in the corner of the room. Danka turns back and tiptoes across the room towards the bowl.

C. U. - Danka scooping up a large handful of Chinese crackers.

Danka tiptoes past her host.

C. U. – Sammy sleeping.

INT: BATHROOM

The light is on in the BATHROOM.

Danka is wearing the torn white dress from the previous night. She is delicately searching through Sammy's bathroom cabinet.

DANKA (triumphantly)

jest! (that's it!)

.C.U. Torn dress

The white silk is torn across Danka's breasts.

Danka threads a number of safety pins into the silk and closes the rip.

INT: LOFT – SAME TIME

C.U. Sammy Sleeping

Wax from the final candle drips to the floor and the wick flickers and dies.

The first light of dawn is filtering in through the window as daytime breaks across the City.

(SOUND EFFECT). Muted sound of a door locking closed.

Sammy wakes to find that he is alone.

EXT: CITY STREETS – DAYBREAK

C.U. Ground Level

The pavements have dried from the night's downpour and as the City wakes, Danka's sandalled feet jog on.

DANKA'S POV – Directly ahead.- Urbanisation flashing by

As she runs on, the girl's breathing grows heavier, and her expression appears focused on something nebulous and in the distance.

INT: LOFT- SAME TIME

Sammy is sitting cross legged on the cushion eating a handful of crackers. He is wearing only a pair of Boxer shorts, and is gazing rather forlornly in the direction of the window.

EXT: CITY STREETS – DAYBREAK

Danka turns the corner into ROMAN WAY.

INT: LOFT – SAME TIME

Sammy crosses the living room, still wearing only Boxer shorts. He bends down and collects up the crockery and trays.

EXT: ROMAN WAY – DAYBREAK

Danka arrives outside her father's front door. She pants for breathe clutching at her torn dress. As she collects her breath she stoops down to the level of the letterbox. Beside the front door, where the milk bottles sit, there is a cracked paving slab. With some effort Danka manages to turn it over.

C.U. centipedes and beetles scurry away from a rusty front door key.

Danka snatches up the rusty key and quickly lays back the paving slab. She pushes back the front door letter box and peers in.

C.U. The demonic eyes of Bite the dog stare back at her. The animal shows a sliver of white teeth and quietly growls.

Danka pulls a small plastic bag from under her skirt and busily starts pushing the handful of crackers in through the letter box. Danka wiggles the rusty key in the lock and slowly opens the front door. She slips past the dog, which is busily gobbling up crackers strewn in front of it.

INT: HOUSE/PASSAGEWAY – SAME TIME

With the last of the crackers left in the bag, Danka successfully coaxes the brooding dog, with a trail of crumbs, along the passageway, into the kitchen and out through the back door.

INT: KITCHEN – SAME TIME

Danka closes the back door on the dog, and passes back through the kitchen, and glancing up at the clock on the kitchen wall observes it is a quarter past five in the morning.

INT: BEDROOM – SAME TIME

Colin Simmons' bulky frame lays face down on his bed snoring loudly. Although he is still clothed his shirt is only partially on. He resembles a beached whale. Danka is looking in on him.

INT: KITCHEN - SOME TIME LATER

Danka is standing in the kitchen opening up a tin of dog food. She is still wearing the torn dress. Over her shoulder on one of the oven rings a saucepan is steaming. On the work surface beside the oven sits a squeezed tube of Rodenticide. Danka scoops out, with a fork, the remaining dog food into the large silver dog bowl. She turns and lifts the steaming saucepan from the oven and pours the brown watery liquid over the dog food. Then she quickly stirs it in with the fork.

INT: BEDROOM – SAME TIME

C.U. Colin Simmons snoring soundly.

INT: LANDING WAY THROUGH TO BATHROOM – SAME TIME

The bathroom door is slightly ajar, and the sound of a shower running can be heard.

INT: BEDROOM – SAME TIME

Colin Simmons is fast asleep and snoring on his bed.

INT: KITCHEN – SOME TIME LATER.

Danka is in the kitchen she is wearing a full length plastic apron, over a fresh change of clothes. The morning sun streams in through the window.

Danka is slowly and deliberately drawing the blade of a large kitchen knife across a grinding bar.

C. U. The wide, 8 inch blade is carefully being tempered and sharpened.

Danka glances up at the kitchen clock; it is five past eleven. The tube of rat poison has been left open near the sink.

Danka scrapes the blade of the knife one last time then holds it up for scrutiny. She lightly brushes her thumb across the blade as if testing its sharpness. She moves, still carrying the knife, to the back door.

INT: BEDROOM – SAME TIME

Colin Simmons tosses and turns occasionally, but for the most part he remains prostrate on his belly, shirt askew and snoring louder than Gabriel's horn.

INT: KITCHEN – SOMETIME LATER

The backdoor to the kitchen opens. Danka enters the kitchen from the back yard. Outwardly she portrays a blank, almost mesmerised expression. Her apron and hands are covered in blood, as are the kitchen knife and the dog bowl, which she carries in with her.

INT: BEDROOM – SAME TIME

Colin Simmons manages to roll onto his back, snorts, and sleeps on. The window to Colin Simmons bedroom looks out onto a small road below. The sound of excited children seeps in through the single pane of glass.

EXT: ROMAN WAY -

A couple of kids 10 maybe 11 years old are kicking a football from the pavement and across the road to each other. It is a bright summer day. A driver, forced to slow to avoid a rolling ball, begins remonstrating with the children through the driver's window. (offscreen). The sound of *sole a mio* signals the approach of an ice cream van.

INT: KITCHEN – SOME TIME LATER

The clock on the wall reads 12.20.

Danka has washed the blood from her hands and removed the apron. She tips from a plate a blood red ball of meat the size of her fist into pan of hot oil, it sizzles as it cooks.

She begins to tend to the bubbling pots of vegetables, taking great care to stir and strain them. As the kitchen begins to fill with cooking steam, she moves into the passageway and hollers up the stairs.

INT: PASSAGEWAY – SAME TIME

DANKA (Hollering up)

Papa....papa....dinnners ready...papapapa...papa.....

Danka continues monotonously with her call, until she hears a sign of life from her father's bedroom..

(OFFSCREEN)

FATHER ..(feebily)

is that you Danka...is that my princess....?.

Danka simply turns and passes back into the kitchen and attends to the oven.

C.U.

The ball of meat still sizzles in the pan.

INT: LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

The room is empty and quiet, the TV is off and the table is set; for one.

INT: BEDROOM – SAME TIME

A raggedy, bleary eyed Colin Simons sits on the end of the bed smoking a cigarette and wrestling with the second arm of his shirt which dangles obstinately down behind his back. He hears the voice of his daughter calling him from the kitchen below. He struggles to stand and moves gingerly towards the bedroom door which has been left open, he sniffs the air detecting the aroma from downstairs.

INT: KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Danka is standing in the kitchen, mashing a pan of potatoes on the kitchen work top. She then begins to plate large dollops of fine white mash potato.

INT: BATHROOM – SAME TIME

Danka's father is stooped over the bathroom sink. Cupping his hands, he splashes back water from the sink bowl into his face. He shakes his head and the water sprays clear of his face. Then he stares back at his unshaven reflection in the bathroom mirror. He looks a mess.

INT: KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Danka looks up at the time piece on the wall. It reads 1 o'clock. She turns her attention back to what she was doing and spoons the cooked vegetables onto the plate alongside the mash. Then, using a pair of metal tongs, she removes the cooked ball of meat from the hot oil and arranges it on the plate.

EXT: Mr Wong's Emporium – SAME TIME

The surroundings are quiet, with only the occasional passing car or pedestrian on the street.

C.U. The sign on the shop door reads.CLOSED.
Open 1.00pm -1.00 am Mon – Sun.

Suddenly the Legend bar slides and the sign reads OPEN.

INT: KITCHEN – SAME TIME

Danka is pouring thick, brown gravy over the ball of meat, ever the perfectionist, she stops to add a drizzle to the steaming mashed potatoes. She listens up and can hear the sound of her father clumping his way down the stairs.

She dispenses with the gravy boat and makes to carry the plate full of food into the living room. Her father stands before her in the doorway, head lowered and tilted to one side; with a feeble looking expression on his face. He speaks with unconvincing contrition. As though he were not exactly sure what he had to be contrite about.

FATHER

Look luv...what I might of said last night...or might 'ave done ..ya know I didn't mean whatever...y'know ya daddy wouldn't do anyfing to hurt is princess.

Danka does not look at her father, but brushes past him carrying his meal into the living room; all the while urging him to take his place at the dining table.

Colin Simmons co-operates fully and follows his daughter into the living room like an obsequious employee. Danka lays the plate down on the table alongside a knife and fork, and then gestures for him to sit down; she affords him a weak smile.

Danka's father makes great play of taking in the aroma of the food. He twitches his nostrils and declares.

FATHER

Smells delicious luv..... I'm starvin...(then he adds)...what is it.?

Danka is slowly edging toward the door as her father takes up his place at the table. She stops and responds quickly with an almost childlike enthusiasm to please.

DANKA

Oooh! papa..there's mash ..carrots, running beans, cabbage,and your favourite...HEART....(she pauses then adds)..I make also the gravy sauce...I know you like.....

Colin Simmons interrupts his daughter before she has had a chance to finish..

FATHER

An' what about you luv....ain't ya joining me ?

DANKA (affecting a smile)

no..papa ...I had something earlier...(she adds) while you were sleeping.

Colin Simons looks down at the plateful of food served before him and rubs his hands with glee. He takes up his knife and fork and prepares to tuck in. Meanwhile Danka has slipped quietly out of the room. Colin Simons cuts into the meat and brings it to his mouth along with a fork full of mash potato and gravy.

INT: DANKA'S BEDROOM – SAMETIME

The old grey suitcase with the faded stickers from Gdansk is slid from under the bed. The wardrobe is suddenly flung open and Danka steps forward. She scoops out her clothes hangers and all, and with little concern for creases she bundles the lot into the large red travel case laying opened on the bed.

INT: LIVING ROOM SAME TIME

Colin Simmons is heartily tucking into the food before him.

INT: DANKA'S BEDROOM SAME TIME

Danka collects up all her photographs arranged in a line on her dresser. She prises open the lid of a biscuit box taken from the back of the now empty wardrobe. Inside the tin box is an assortment of ten and twenty pound notes. Danka scoops them all out of the tin.

INT; LIVING ROOM SAME TIME

Colin Simmons is polishing off the last of his meal. He can hear Danka coming down the stairs. He dabs the last morsel of meat in the remaining gravy and pops it into his mouth. Then he leans back commodiously and lets out a loud burp. Danka's father has a content almost smug smile on his face when he looks across to catch sight of his daughter standing just inside the living room. She is wearing her coat and has the two suitcases by her side. She wears the same blank emotionless expression that she brought to the house earlier that morning. The Polaroid camera hangs over Danka's shoulder.

COLIN SIMMONS

(with a look of surprise on his face)... 'ere where you going luv?.....and where's Bite...let him in from out back..will ya luv ?

Immediately the look of surprise turns to one of concern, as Colin Simmons notices for the first time the suitcases in the doorway. Suddenly the room is filled with sound of a car tooting its horn just outside the house.

COLIN SIMMONS

Where the fuck are you going...and where's Bite?

Danka stares back at her father. She has contempt in her eyes. She pulls out from under her coat the leather studded choke collar belonging to Bite. She holds it up, almost as though it were a trophy. Dried blood has taken much of the shine from the stud work.

DANKA

Your dog won't be licking any more plate's papa.

She tosses the choke collar onto the table and it skims to halt on the plate.

Colin Simmons has grown incensed and is shouting across demanding answers from his daughter.

COLIN SIMMONS

What d'ya mean?....and where the fuck are ya going?...what ave ya done with Bite? (he begins to shout his dog's name)....Bite, Bite...come 'ere boy...Bite

He scrambles to his feet and grabs hold of the dog's collar. Danka gives her father one last look, more of pity this time than contempt.

DANKA (softly)

I love you papa....

Danka turns away from her father, she carries her cases with her. Her father moves to prevent her from leaving, but she is already at the front door before he has a chance to steady himself on his legs. He hears the sound of the front door closing. Colin Simmons heads towards the hall leading onto the kitchen just as quickly as his mobility will allow. All the while he is calling out the name of his dog.

EXT: ROMAN WAY – SAME TIME

A Taxi driver is loading Danka's suitcases into the boot of his car. He is parked just outside the house

INT: KITCHEN – SAME TIME

Colin Simmons has made his way to the back door, he is frantically trying to open it whilst continuing to call out to his dog. He flings the back door open and looks down at the tiny trail of congealed blood that leads over the concrete path and up to the door of the dog kennel.

EXT: ROMAN WAY – SAME TIME

Danka exchanges a few words with the taxi driver before getting into the back of the car.

EXT: BACK YARD (THE HOUSE) – SAME TIME

Colin Simmons cautiously approaches the entrance to the kennel, with its door unlocked and ajar. The name calling has been reduced in audibility to a hesitant whisper. The trail of blood stops just short of the door to the large paddock sized dog kennel. Colin Simons slowly opens the kennel door, afraid of what he might find. He continues to call out the name Bite. But then he looks down and is immediately confronted with the sight of the big black hound, sprawled out the kennel floor; eyes shut, mouth lathered with foam, stomach slit from neck to hind. Danka's father involuntarily drops the dog's choke collar which he holds in his hand, it clatters to the wooden floor and rolls up against a pile of entrails.. A look of absolute horror engulfs Colin Simmons as he stoops over the filleted dog. He looks for any sign of the animal's heart, there amongst all the spilt entrails. Colin Simmons shakes his head in disbelief repeating the word 'no', as if it couldn't be true.

INT: LIVING ROOM - SAMETIME.

C.U. Dried gravy on any empty dinner plate.

EXT: BACKYARD – SAMETIME

Colin Simmons is bent over double in the back yard, he clutches his stomach and retches. up a vile cocktail and vomits it over the concrete path.

EXT: ROMAN WAY – SAMETIME

The taxi pulls away from the house.

SLOW FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT: SHOP DOORWAY – Mr Wong’s - SOME TIME LATER

There are no customers in the shop, and as usual Sammy sits behind the counter sketching. The bell above the shop door rings, and Sammy Wong casually glances up from his sketch pad.

Danka is stood in the doorway, holding two suitcases and carrying the Polaroid camera over her shoulder. She says nothing, just waits, all the while looking back across the shop to Sammy, who remains silent.

Eventually Sammy speaks, and his tone mocks at being serious..

SAMMY

You want a Kit Kat lady ?

Danka drops her cases on the spot, smiles and rushes forward into the shop.

(SOUND TRACK MUSIC)

THE END

Written by Stephen Ridley
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