

GOOD BEHAVIOUR

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EXT. SCHOOL - OVAL - NIGHT

A hand with painted fingernails sticks out of the ground. A spray of dirt hits it, then another, burying the hand.

PRE-LAP: The ringtone version of a cheesy love ballad plays.

INT. SCHOOL - OFFICE - NIGHT

A phone lights up on the desk next to a slumped-over man: JOHN PALMER (45). Groggily, he sits up, puts his glasses on.

He watches as the phone rings out.

Sighing, John gathers together paperwork and essays, packing them into his briefcase.

EXT. SCHOOL - CARPARK - NIGHT

John reaches his car: A lone light illuminates the insipid pea green of his 2002 Hyundai Accent.

As he fumbles in his pocket for the keys, he notices a figure on the oval. John crouches down behind his car.

The figure is wearing a hoodie and track pants, heading towards the school's change rooms with a duffel bag.

John leaves his briefcase and follows after them.

INT. SCHOOL - CHANGE ROOMS - NIGHT

Lights flick on. The hooded figure dumps the duffel bag on a bench and turns on the shower.

John eases the door open, peeking inside. As he peers around a small partition, he sees the hooded figure disrobing.

The zip-up hoodie slides away, revealing a feminine body.

John leans into the partition, breathing heavy.

The girl heads into the shower and turns side on, revealing her face - John stifles a gasp of recognition.

SIENNA BARRETT (15) lets the stream of hot water cascade down her body, cleansing the dirt from her hands and face.

John watches on, mesmerised, tracing the contours of her body with his gaze. His tongue hangs out of his mouth, drool collecting on the tip, about to drip -

JOHN'S PHONE RINGS, the same ringtone. Sienna looks his way.

John ducks behind the partition, scrambling to decline the call while getting out of the change rooms.

EXT. SCHOOL - OVAL - NIGHT

John sprints across the oval. Sienna bursts out of the change room too, still naked, chasing behind him but losing ground.

SIENNA
Wait! Stop!

John doesn't dare look back. He keeps running, past his car.

Sienna gives up the chase.

SIENNA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Shit... Shit!

INT. SIENNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The faint blue light of a TV illuminates an otherwise dark, cluttered living room. GENE BARRETT (60's) sits in a scuffed armchair, absorbed in her program. The noises of self-absorbed, whiny reality stars emanates from the TV.

Sienna crosses behind in a change of clothes, carrying her duffel bag. She heads straight upstairs.

SIENNA
Sorry I'm late, Mum.

Gene grunts in recognition.

INT. SIENNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sienna's room is small yet extremely tidy... minus the dresser crowded with cheerleading trophies.

Sienna dumps her duffel bag into a laundry hamper.

She falls backwards onto the bed, arms outstretched. She pats around near her pillows and grabs a plush bird toy by the leg, raising it up above her so it blocks out the light.

The bird silently stares back at her.

Sienna lets the bird drop to her chest, hugging it.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A single plug-in light throws a faint orange glow over the contemporary family kitchen. EMMA PALMER (42) watches out the window in a dressing gown as headlights swing into the drive.

The headlights switch off. There's a faint conversation, then a car door slams shut. Emma shakes her head and sits at the kitchen table. Keys rattle in the front door.

John enters. He stops, frozen by Emma's cold gaze.

JOHN

I was back late marking papers -

EMMA

Why didn't you pick up my call?

JOHN

I dozed off and I... I didn't want to wake you. I took an Uber, I didn't want to risk driving tired.

EMMA

Where's your briefcase?

John's mouth opens, but he isn't quick enough to respond.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh god, John.

Emma's eyes well up. She storms out of the kitchen.

JOHN

I forgot it Emma, that's all!

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

John turns on the shower and watches the water drain away.

The image of Sienna's body flashes quickly through his mind.

John eyes the toilet roll. Considers.

He rips off a couple sheets.

LATER

The scrunched up sheets of toilet paper are chucked in the toilet and flushed away.

John looks at himself in the mirror, naked.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

John scribbles notes about the Great Fire of London on an electronic whiteboard.

JOHN

Bloodworth's indecision didn't help matters. If they had've demolished some of the buildings in the fire's path, they could have created a firebreak and limited its spread.

He turns toward the class, scanning his students' faces.

His eyes land on Sienna.

She's clearly has a phone in her lap, texting. Sensing John's gaze, Sienna looks up.

John averts his eyes a bit too quickly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

After all that, only six people were reported to have died in the blaze. But it's possible there were many lower class citizens who were killed and never reported.

John glances back at Sienna -

This time, she's watching him intently, playing with a pencil. As the two lock eyes, Sienna bites her lower lip.

Reality shifts to John's POV: Only Sienna remains, the other desks empty, the room bathed in an orange light.

In slow-motion, Sienna's lip slides free of her teeth and plumps back up.

John pushes his glasses back up his nose as his breathing reverberates around the room.

Sienna drops the pencil on her desk: It clatters, then rolls off the side of the desk, each sound magnified.

Sienna bends down to pick up her pencil, exposing her chest, maintaining eye contact with John the entire time.

WE SWING AROUND BEHIND SIENNA NOW, REWINDING. The lighting of the room shifts from the warm orange to a cold blue.

JOHN (CONT'D)

... who were killed and never reported.

John's gaze snaps onto Sienna.

Sienna bites her lip nervously. The sound of her heart beating reverberates around the room.

John adjusts his eyeglasses, looking down his nose at Sienna.

She drops her pencil – it rolls quickly off the desk.

As she bends down to pick it up, John's eyes trail her the whole way down.

THE BELL RINGS: Students are back at their desks, packing up their books and rushing out.