

THE PARCEL

Written by

Kim L. Wheeler

The Carriage House
The Hem
Shifnal
Shropshire
TF11 9PS

Phone Number 07974 812444

E-mail: kim.l.wheeler@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. DAD'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

On the hall table is a parcel wrapped in brown paper; about 10" x 8" x 2".

The mirrored reflection of DAD, late thirties, belies his pain. He is joined by his SON, 9, whose trousers are left wanting for the final two inches. Dad takes note.

DAUGHTER, 5, fights tumbling locks into submission with a ribbon.

DAUGHTER

It's wonky. It goes -
(gesturing up and down)
It should go -
(gesturing side to side)

Dad beckons her; re-ties the bow. It settles vertically...

DAD

You know what? I think it looks
great down.

Daughter's scowl betrays the seriousness of her predicament -

DAD (CONT'D)

Shopping. We should go shopping.

DAUGHTER

Yay!

Son is less impressed. They head out...

Dad returns for the parcel - and leaves.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. SUITS. DAY.

ASSISTANT watches Son pace in new attire. A GIRL eyes Son up.

DAD

(off Son's look)
We'll take it. He'll wear it,
thanks.

INT. HAIRDRESSERS. DAY.

A HAIRDRESSER shows Daughter her 'put-up' hair in the mirror.

DAUGHTER

Will she like it, Daddy?

Dad nods.

EXT. STREETS. FLOWER STALL. DAY.

Dad and the kids make their selection with care. Dad pays.
He unlocks the car doors; the children pile in.

EXT. STREETS. DAY.

As their car drives past -

DAD (V.O.)
(singing)
Now the noses on the faces of the
ladies of the harem of the court of
King Caractacus, were just passing
by. All together -

INT. CAR. DAY.

On the passenger seat is the PARCEL.

DAD/SON/DAUGHTER
(singing)
- Now the noses on the faces of the
ladies of the harem of the court of
King Caractacus, were just passing

EXT. CHURCH. AVENUE OF TREES. DAY.

Dad holds Daughter's hand; his arm around Son's shoulder as
they walk toward the church. Dad carries the parcel.

EXT. CHURCH. GRAVEYARD. DAY.

A simple wooden cross marks the not-yet-settled grave of
JOCELYN BENNING. Dad, Son and Daughter arrange their flowers.

The children run with a kite. Dad unwraps the parcel; a
hardback book. He looks to the back cover PHOTO of a bald,
exquisitely beautiful, smiling woman.

DAD
They published your book.

He positions it amongst the flowers. The book's TITLE reads
"BIG C, LITTLE ME: A JOURNEY."

DAD (CONT'D)
We miss you like crazy.

He kisses his shaking hand and places it tenderly on the
grave.

FADE OUT.