

HAMMERED

Written
by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

JANET YOUNG, 53, sneaks into the house with some groceries. She has a black eye.

She closes the door with care.

The hallway is dark.

A burst of canned TV laughter OS.

Light flickers through a nearby door.

Janet tiptoes past and into--

THE KITCHEN

She puts the light on and shrugs out of her coat.

A palette of bruises ring her arms. Black, yellow, blue. Bruises of every hue. Old and new.

Janet pulls a cake out of one of the bags. It is heart shaped. The icing says *'To My Valentine'*.

She unwraps it and puts some candles on it.

She spies an open whiskey bottle. Her shoulders sag.

A third of it has gone. Janet picks up an empty plastic six pack holder. Her face falls. The crushed cans glint at her from the recycling box.

Janet snatches up the whiskey and pours it down the sink.

She stops herself. Emotions do battle across her weary face. She hides the whiskey.

Janet unpacks the shopping. Nice food for a romantic meal.

She closes a cupboard door and feels a dent in it.

She looks at her fingers. They have blood on them.

She looks down the hall. Canned laughter OS.

The kitchen light spills out. It reveals a school-bag discarded against a wall.

JANET
Henry? Henry! What are you doing
here?

She rushes down the

HALLWAY

And pushes open the door to the

LIVING ROOM

It is semi-dark. Light flickers from the television.

A FIGURE watches it. Something smears the screen.

JANET (CONT'D)
Henry?

She flicks the light on.

JANET (CONT'D)
Where's Richard?

A male BODY lies on the floor, only its legs visible.

The smear on the TV looks like blood.

Janet creeps round to the front of the sofa. Her son, HENRY,
14, stares at the TV. He shakes. His face is blood spattered.

In his hands is a bloody hammer.

Janet kneels in front of her son.

She takes the hammer and puts it down. She wipes at the blood
on his face. His lip is bruised where he's been hit.

JANET (CONT'D)
It's OK. It's OK, baby.

She pulls him to her and kisses his face.

He clings to her and starts to sob.

JANET (CONT'D)
It's OK, baby.

On the floor is a handmade valentine card. It depicts a
drawing of mother and son. A rainbow arches around them.

It says '*I Love You Mum*'.

FADE OUT.