

HONEY

Written by

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INT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A set of crooked teeth bared in a mirror. In goes the floss, doing its work to the sound of tuneless humming.

THOMAS WILTON, stares at himself. Hopeful. Vulnerable. On a promise and just 14.

He gargles mouthwash and spits forcefully. Too forcefully. He rinses the sink, polishes it with a towel. And the taps. And the mirror. There's something odd about Thomas.

He licks his wrist and sniffs it. Another glug of mouthwash.

INT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

DAD enters. Hands MUM a bunch of roses.

DAD:
Happy Valentine's.

He sits, opens a paper. Mum admires the blooms and kisses Dad on the top of his head. He doesn't bother to look up.

THOMAS: (O.S.)
Bye!

The sound of the front door slamming. Dad jumps up.

EXT - FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Mum and Dad throw open the front door. Thomas heads down the path. He has an awkward gait and his too short trousers reveal gleaming white socks. He's holding a bunch of cheap flowers.

DAD:
Back here.

Thomas stops in his tracks. Ambles back to the front door.

DAD: (CONT'D)
Where you going?

THOMAS:
Seein' a mate.

Mum and Dad look at the flowers and then each other.

MUM: A mate? DAD: A mate?

Thomas rolls his eyes and blushes.

THOMAS: (CONT'D)
Honey.

DAD:
Honey...Fisher?

Thomas nods. Mum and Dad panicky.

DAD: (CONT'D)
It's late. Come on in and have tea
with me and your mum.

MUM:
It's chops. And grilled tomatoes.

Thomas crumples as Dad signals for him to step inside. He stares at Mum pleadingly. She shoots Dad a look. He understands.

MUM: (CONT'D)
Have fun. She's a lucky girl.

Mum reassures Dad as Thomas barrels out of sight.

INT - SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

HONEY FISHER stands waiting in a shop doorway. A vision - every school boys' wet dream.

Thomas shuffles up to her, crippled with shyness.

THOMAS:
Er...hiya.

Thomas proffers the flowers and Honey's face lights up with a smile. Thomas grins back goofily.

Suddenly the sound of pounding feet and - BOOF!

A flour bomb explodes on impact with Thomas' head. BOOF!
Another. COOL LAD comes into view and snatches the flowers from Thomas.

COOL LAD:
Freeaaaakkkk!

More cackling youths appear. Honey high fives them victoriously. Cool lad kisses her hard on the lips. Thomas lopes away as the gang bay. Crushed.

INT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The sound of a key in the lock. Mum appears. The door opens. The sorry sight of a flour dusted Thomas. Defeated. Mum opens her arms wide. He falls into them. She cradles his face, gazes into his eyes and plants a kiss on his forehead. One that tells him he is loved beyond measure.