

THE ANGLES

Episode 1  
"The Angel"

by  
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Part of a 6x30 minute miniseries

**INT. DIRTY TRUCK - DAY**

GEMMA HARDACRE is jostled up and down by the rough road under her truck. It was never meant to be driven by a 22 year-old girl with sticklike arms.

The interior windows are spattered with indie-band bumper stickers; sparkly wind chimes bang together; the back seats are piled with a bedroll, portable heater, alarm clock, folding chair, a colorful backpack, and other junk.

Despite the heaving of the truck, Gem looks lost in thought.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

A CHAV in a turned up hoodie plods down the road with a worn canvas rucksack. He turns and sticks out his thumb when he hears the truck coming on.

**INT. DIRTY TRUCK - DAY**

Through Gem's glasses, the hitchhiker's just a blur. She's almost on top of him before she notices and swerves away with a gasp. She honks and brakes.

Uni student and chav stare at each other through the shaded glass.

He moves for the door but she accelerates suddenly and is away.

In the rear-view mirror, she can see him just staring after her.

**EXT. FARMED FENLAND - DAY**

The truck is a speck tethered to a huge parachute of sky.

It cuts across the fens and pulls up outside a ramshackle farmhouse with several storeys.

**EXT. UNDER TRUCK - DAY**

The truck door clicks open and Gem's boots and striped socks plunge into the mud. In the fresh tire tracks underneath the truck is a sodden, run-over ragdoll.

Her boots turn and, after the door slams shut, she walks up to the front door of the farmhouse, stops, then doubles back.

There's a clunk as the back door of the truck opens; she puts one of the boxes from the back seat on the ground so she can close the door, then makes her way back up to the house with it.

**INT. INSIDE FRONT DOOR - DAY**

Unlike the exterior, the inside of the farmhouse door is perfectly painted and homely. On the wall next to it, a calendar hangs with the date circled and "GEM HOME" written over it in red sharpie.

The doorbell rings. A dog starts to bark in the house. The doorbell rings again.

There's a sigh outside, a thump, and an aggressive knock. Barking.

MARION (O.S.)

Down, boy. Pumpkin, down! Oh for goodness... It's open! You know it's open! Shush.

Gem comes through the door in time for Marion, Gem's mother, to come waddling into the little mudroom in her bathrobe.

GEM

Mum!

A smile blooms on Gem's face then stops in its tracks. Her mother's face and eyes are red from wiping away tears.

GEM (CONT'D)

Mum?

MARION

Welcome back, honey.

They hug. Gem strokes her hair.

GEM

What's wrong?

Someone hushes the barking authoritatively and it settles. Gordon, Gem's dad, comes through the door.

GORDON (O.S.)

Well don't just stand there. Come through and make your dad a cup of tea.

He walks out. Marion pulls away from Gem and gives her a significant look, then she obediently walks after him.

Gem sighs tremendously. She doubles back and picks up the box she was carrying from the doorstep.

**INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY**

The open cardboard box dominates the center of the kitchen table. Gordon and Marion sit on either side, holding a copy of the *Journal of Social Development*, vol.CXIV.

Gem pours her mother a cup of tea.

MARION

Oh, sweetie. That's wonderful.

Marion's opened the book. Among the list of contributors on the first page is *Gemma Hardacre, M.Phil*, underlined in red sharpie, alongside her article: "Moral Reasoning in Violent Contexts in England: A History from the Angles on."

MARION (CONT'D)

That's you!

She looks up at Gem, who grins.

GEM

I know, mum.

MARION

Gordon, can you believe it?

GORDON

I don't know about you but I always gave her plenty of credit.

(to Gem)

Isn't that right sweetheart?

Gem is taken a little off guard. She looks for guidance from her mother, who leafs through the book, ignorant.

GEM

Yes, dad. Plenty.

She pours him a shaky cup of tea, spilling a bit on the tray.

GORDON

You should be proud of yourself. We sure are.

GEM

Thank you dad. I'm glad to be home.

GORDON

Yes, well ... the season isn't going so well for us farmers, you know.

GEM

I heard that too.

GORDON

Did you now? From all the way up in Norwich? That's a first.

(sighs)

It's worse than they say. It's getting harder and harder to find hands for the field. Guess benefits pay better. You remember Uncle Van?

Gem goes to find some biscuits in the cupboard.

GEM

Of course.

GORDON

Costs have gone so high, he's going to be out of business soon if he keeps paying his people what he does. If I were him, I'd have no qualms whatsoever getting Polish in for the harvest but even they're leaving. Moving back to Poland. Poland!

(pointedly)

There, or to the city.

Gem glances surreptitiously at the clock.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Anyway. As you can see, there's a lot of work to be done what with harvest approaching. We're both so glad to have you back. You know I in particular could use your help.

This gets Gem's attention fast enough. She frowns at her mother, who's suddenly adopted an apologetic face. Gem distributes the biscuits.

GEM

Maybe I can help mother around the house. I can cook and clean.

(to herself)

Oh God.

MARION

Don't be silly. Why don't you take a break for a little while? You've earned it.

GORDON

I don't think either of you are listening to what I'm saying.

GEM

Of course we are, daddy.

GORDON  
Fine. Then tell me.

Gem sighs.

GEM  
You're saying you want me to do something for the farm while I'm here.

GORDON  
Is that too much to ask?

GEM  
Dad... I just graduated a week ago.

GORDON  
You're changing the subject. I asked if helping your own family was too much to ask.

GEM  
(sarcastic)  
Come on. I have a Master's in Social Development. What am I going to do? Help you develop equal gender relationships? Yeah, like that's going to happen.

Gordon's eyes widen. He seethes.

GORDON  
I was thinking more along the lines of running the combine. Or is that above a city girl like you?

Gem shakes her head, amazed and disappointed.

GEM  
Great. So now I'm the son you always wanted.

GORDON  
No you're not.

The doorbell rings. The dog starts barking in the other room, filling a tense silence.

Marion, eyes wide with anxiety, takes this opportunity to get out of the kitchen. She slips off towards the mudroom.

**INT. INSIDE FRONT DOOR - DAY**

Marion pulls open the door. In it stands the chav. He slouches against the moulding and tries not to make eye contact.

CHAV

All right?

MARION

Is there something I can help you with?

CHAV

(mumbling)

Dunno. Work I guess.

MARION

Excuse me?

CHAV

Look, I'm not skiving like, if that's what you're thinking.

MARION

No, of course not. It just isn't a good time right now. I'm sorry.

The chav turns and looks out at the flat horizon. No houses for miles.

He spits ruefully and shakes his head.

CHAV

You must be a teacher or something. Telling me what I already know.

MARION

(surprised)

I am actually.

CHAV

(mumbling)

Fuck you then.

MARION

Excuse me?

CHAV

Are you deaf or something? Oh that's all right. I know English fucking sign language.

He flips her a V, then puts his hand down sheepishly when Gordon appears in the door.

GORDON

Who's there?

Marion sighs, already way too stressed. She knows where this is going.

MARION

A troubled youth who'd be better off in school. He's on his way there now because I can tell he's got a good heart underneath the foul tongue.

The chav snickers. This is when he spots Gem, who comes to the door with a nervous expression. She freezes. So does he.

She stares at the chav, guarded, across the threshold of the door. He grins and waves.

CHAV

Hello love. Nice truck.

GEM

What's he want?

CHAV

I just wanted to help out. Is that so hard to believe? I'll do it for nothing, just a place to stay, and tea now and again. I can get vexed never being asked in for tea, do you know what I mean? Guess you don't. Like teacher said, you don't need the help so I'll be off to school soon enough.

(at Gem)

Don't worry love, I'm not asking for a ride.

Gordon looks down at his wife and then at his daughter -- disappointed.

GORDON

In my experience, school is overrated.

GEM

(nervous)

Dad...? He said he's going elsewhere.

GORDON

Do you know anyone else who would be willing to help on the farm so voluntarily?

The chav cracks a knowing smile at Gem as she squirms.



GORDON (CONT'D)

(to the chav)

You can start first thing in the morning. It's not easy work. You'll be digging in the mud and carrying all day.

CHAV

Ace. Anything you say boss.

GORDON

Yes.

(pause)

You can sleep in the old grain store for the time being. You'll get up at four-thirty. Breakfast is at five.

GEM

Are you serious?

GORDON

If the alternative is being a joke, then I guess I'm serious.

He laughs uproariously. Gem doesn't.

GORDON (CONT'D)

(to the chav)

Forgive me. This is my daughter Gem and my wife Marion.

(whispering)

No sense of humor.

**EXT. OUTSIDE GRAIN STORE - DAY**

With difficulty, Marion pulls back the rusty gate and unbolts the small door in front of a squat, worn-down building.

She pushes the door open with her shoulder and goes in.

MARION

Come on now.

**INT. GRAIN STORE - DAY**

This old cement store building has been converted into a guest house, but it hasn't been used in a long time. The walls are rough and the floor is dirty. It's spacious though.

Marion beckons the chav inside. Gem follows behind, overloaded with a bedroll, portable heater, alarm clock, and folding chair from the back of her truck. The dog's been barking in the background for a while now.

MARION

Take his rucksack, would you honey?

Gem sighs as he adds it to her considerable pile.

CHAV

That dog of yours likes to bark.

GEM

He knows something's not right.

MARION

Oh, Pumpkin won't bother you in here.  
I know the place doesn't look like  
much but once we clean it out and  
get you some things it'll feel just  
like home.

CHAV

I hope not.

GEM

Me too.

MARION

Well, as you can see it's pretty  
spacious. The mains are right here.  
I'll, um, bring you two some tea  
while Gem gets you set up.  
(ironically, to Gem)  
Be nice.

Marion heads out, ever the peacemaker.

Gem dumps her stuff. The chav winks at her.

CHAV

Just you and me alone then innit?  
Anything could happen.

GEM

And no one would hear the scream.

CHAV

Aw come on, why do you have to be  
such a bitch? I'm good, really.  
I'm an angel.

Gem starts unrolling the bed and blankets, hooking up the  
heater, etc.

GEM

Well, I don't trust you. I don't  
know who you are.

(MORE)

GEM (CONT'D)

I don't know what you're up to. I don't know why you can't just claim your benefits and get a flat from the council like the rest.

CHAV

Angels don't live on the estates round here. Believe me.

GEM

Where's your family, then?

The chav shrugs, points upward.

CHAV

Heaven.

GEM

(quiet)

Oh... right. I'm sorry.

CHAV

Nahh. I'm an angel, remember? You know, heaven? Numpty.

GEM

(annoyed)

Fine. So why does an angel want to work on a farm for nothing?

The chav laughs.

CHAV

You do know I'm not really an angel, mate?

With a fierce look, Gem throws down the bed and blankets and starts to storm out.

CHAV (CONT'D)

Christ. Sorry. What can I do to make you like me?

GEM

Tell me the truth.

CHAV

(seriously)

Okay. Listen up. This morning, when you almost ran me over yeah? Remember that? You stopped and looked at me through the window, your eyes all big.

(MORE)

CHAV (CONT'D)

I fell in love, right there,  
hitchhiking on the road. What can I  
say?

Gem stops and considers him.

GEM

That was your last chance.

She leaves furiously, shaking her head.

CHAV

I'd write a letter if I could.

**INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY**

Gem storms into the kitchen. She slams down the alarm clock  
that she hadn't finished placing in the chav's room.

Marion, pouring tea, startles a little bit.

MARION

Honey!

GEM

That boy is up to no good. I can  
tell you that much. Having him around  
is at best dead weight and at worst...  
well he could do real damage around  
here. He could hurt someone, or  
steal something...

Gem screws up her face, guiltily fighting back tears.

Marion goes to her and takes off her daughter's glasses.  
She holds her, motherly. They rock back and forth.

MARION

Oh my baby. Shhh, there. Shhhh.  
You don't have to feel bad for coming  
back. You're not dead weight.

Marion starts to cry.

MARION (CONT'D)

You're not going to do any damage,  
or hurt anyone. No one's going to  
steal your place here, either. You're  
our girl. We love you so much.

GEM

(crying)

And how can you just let dad walk all over the way you do? The way he talks to you? It feels like this family's in the fifties. Where's your pride, mum?

MARION

Shhh, honey. Shhh. We're more alike than you know.

Gem shudders a little bit.

GEM

I don't want you to go out there with him alone.

MARION

Then come with me.

Gem looks really uncomfortable, her bluff called. She bites her lip.

MARION (CONT'D)

He's just a kid. When I was teaching at the high school, I knew hundreds like him. They lived at home, but they were all runaways in a sense. Have some compassion, love. We're stuck with him now, until Gordon gets tired of making a point, or you agree to take his place, one of the two.

Gem sticks out her chin.

GEM

Father's such a pig.

MARION

(pointedly)

He grew up around them.

GEM

Fine. If you want to play the housewife, go ahead. I've got a room to fill.

She grabs the alarm clock and the box of books that's still on the kitchen table and hauls them into another room.

Marion picks up a photo of their family from a collection on the countertop (Gem is just a girl) and smiles wistfully.

Pocketing in, she pours the last of the tea and picks up the tray.

MARION

Me too.

**INT. GEM'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

The alarm clock rings madly at 04:30. Gem squints at it from her bed, disoriented. She rolls her eyes, realizing it's still set for the chav, switches it off, then turns over in bed.

**INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING**

The kitchen clock reads 06:00. Gem creeps into the kitchen, sleepy eyed.

Marion cleans up dishes and pans from the table.

GEM

How was breakfast?

MARION

Fine. Can you believe the poor kid never had an English breakfast before?

Gem goes to the window and looks out.

She can see Gordon and the chav stood out in the field. Gordon is pointing and the boy is hefting stones out of the mud. The dog prances around them.

GEM

I guess dad doesn't trust him with the stone collector.

MARION

Rain all last week made the field too muddy.

Gem nods ruefully.

GEM

Even I know it'll take them days to do it that way.

MARION

I don't think he's going anywhere, honey.

GEM

No. That seems to be the idea.

MARION

Eggs?

GEM

He could have escaped from Wayland, you know. For murder. What if the police discover that we're harboring a wanted man?

MARION

Ha. You should have gone for one of those creative degrees instead ... Here, have mine.

She brings a plate of fried eggs and tomato to the table. Gem sits down. She grins.

GEM

What if he's a spy?

MARION

What, from your uncle's farm?

They laugh a little.

GEM

Or maybe he's a predominately normative deviant with maladjusted executive function.

MARION

So this is why you could never keep a boyfriend.

They laugh, but a little less.

A two-way radio crackles from the countertop:

GORDON (O.S.)

(on radio)

Marion, is Gem up yet?

Gem gets up and grabs the set.

GEM

I think so.

GORDON (O.S.)

(on radio)

About time. Ask her to join us out here when she's done. Tell her we'll make it fun or something. She listens to you more than me.

GEM  
Roger that, captain.

GORDON (O.S.)  
(on radio)  
... Gem? Is that you?

Marion gives Gem a sly look as she puts down the radio.

MARION  
You going to go out?

GEM  
No, but I'll take a radio.

She grins.

**EXT. WET FIELD - DAY**

The chav struggles through the mud with a wheelbarrow full of stones. It almost tips and falls over but he rights it at the last minute with a grimace.

Gordon drives by in a pickup, also full of stones. The farmer smirks at him and salutes.

**EXT. VEGETABLE PATCH - DAY**

Gordon and the chav pull spoiled sugar beets, Gordon one step ahead.

Gordon stops to take a breath and mop his brow. The chav smirks and powers past him.

**EXT. HEDGEROW - DAY**

The chav carries an armful of chopped timber out of the woods. He dumps it onto a grass buffer strip that runs by the field's edge.

In the distance, the dog suddenly starts barking and he looks up. Muttering to himself, he picks up his axe from the ground and heads back into the darkening woods.

GORDON (O.S.)  
(in the distance)  
Good boy. There, there, that's more like it. Off you go. That's a good boy.

**EXT. TWISTED TREE - SUNSET**

Exhausted, Gordon and the Chav walk back towards the farmhouse, side by side for the first time.



They pass a huge, gnarled tree on the field edge, and perhaps more conspicuously: all the young growth surrounding it.

**INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING**

The Hardacre family eat chicken, courgettes and bread together in silence. Gem and her mother exchange glances.

Gem's eyes wander to the chav, who smiles at her goofily. She gives him nothing in return so he goes back to eating.

She watches as he expertly pares the chicken with his knife. He's very, very good at it.

She swallows heavily.

**INT. GEM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Gem, chin propped up at her desk, stares past her laptop computer in mid-email, out the window, at Gordon and the chav. They're working in the field:

SEEN FROM THE WINDOW

Gordon measures a section of land with a tape measure. He gives the measure to the chav and then makes some marks on the ground with a charcoal stick.

Gordon points at a bucket of tools nearby and says something to the chav. The chav goes to the bucket while he grabs a shovel off the ground and starts to dig.

Instead of putting the tape measure back, the chav looks to make sure Gordon is distracted and puts it in his pocket. He begins to steal other tools from the bucket: a file, some gloves, knife sharpener, a chisel ...

BACK IN THE ROOM

Gem's stood up and is leaning against the window to get a better look. She pulls back a little and frowns to herself. A thought comes to her.

She puts on a coat, clips her radio, and goes out the door.

SEEN FROM THE WINDOW

The chav returns to Gordon with a hammer and a stake. Gordon brandishes the shovel like a spear and the chav brandishes the stake. They laugh together.

**INT. GRAIN STORE - DAY**

The rusty door to the chav's room cracks open and Gem peers in.

She sneaks through and, quietly as she can, begins to rifle through his things:

There's all the stuff that they gave him, a pick from the field, and some trash he's generated, and... bingo. His rucksack.

She unzips it carefully and begins to take stuff from inside -- a mashed chocolate bar, condoms, some cigarettes, an extra pair of smelly shoes ... the photo of their family from the kitchen ... a folding hunting knife.

Her expression becomes increasingly horrified. She unfolds the nasty-looking blade and scrapes a brown crusty substance from it onto her fingernail.

MARION (O.S.)

(over radio)

Gordon! Gordon! Come quickly!

Gordon! Where are you!

Gem drops everything ... except the knife.

**EXT. HEDGEROW - DAY**

Marion, gloved, a basket of berries in her hand, stares down at the corpse of their dog, Pumpkin, shoved ungratefully into the side of the hedgerow.

Gem comes running up.

GEM

Oh my God! What happened?

MARION

I don't know! I just found him here.

I ... I wondered why I hadn't heard him outside this morning.

Gordon and the chav come running up.

CHAV

Gross.

Gordon looks at the dog and goes purple in the face. He kneels over the corpse and pets it gently. He pulls away a hand smeared with old brown blood.

MARION

Do you suppose he was hit by a car?

GORDON

How the hell am I supposed to know?

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

He could have been caught in a fence  
or killed by another dog or maybe  
someone just took a dislike to him.

MARION

Who would take a dislike to him? He  
was such a good dog.

GORDON

(to himself)

He was the best.

Gem wrenches her eyes away from the corpse. They find their  
way to the chav, who returns the gaze. He cracks a smile.

GEM

I know who.

She takes the knife out of her pocket. The chav's smile is  
gone real quick.

GEM (CONT'D)

I went into our new friend's room  
and found this knife. It's covered  
in blood. You know, he never did  
like the dog.

She tosses the knife on the ground.

CHAV

You looked at my things?

Dour, Gordon takes the knife, unfolds it. Examines it.

GEM

He's a killer and a thief, here to  
take advantage of our generosity and  
our naivete, or maybe he just has  
some sort of sick agenda. I wouldn't  
be surprised. He said he was an  
angel. Yeah? The devil was an angel  
too.

GORDON

This is rust.

Gem blinks. She shakes her head.

GEM

But I... he had a photo of us. And  
I saw him stealing other things too.  
Tools. Out on the field with you,  
daddy. You have to believe me!  
Look in his pockets! You'll see!

CHAV

Just a sec. You're accusing *me* of stealing?

Gordon stands up and takes her firmly by the arm. Marion's eyes widen.

MARION

She's upset, Gordon. She isn't thinking straight. It's not her fault.

GORDON

Come with me.

He hauls her roughly away.

**EXT. TWISTED TREE - DAY**

Gordon pushes her towards the old tree and lets go. She rubs her elbow.

GEM

Ow!

GORDON

(shouting)

What did I do? What sin did I commit to be punished with you? Whatever it is: I'm sorry.

GEM

Daddy ...

GORDON

You mope around, whine about doing work, then start making crazy accusations when I move on without you ... why? Just because you're bothered by this boy? You're acting childish, and you call yourself a grown woman. You're a -

GEM

You like him more than me.

Gordon stops. Opens his mouth. Shuts it again.

GORDON

What?

GEM

It's obvious. But he doesn't care about any of us.

(MORE)

GEM (CONT'D)

He's a liar and a sociopath, daddy.  
My education might not be good for  
anything else, but I can recognize a  
sociopath a mile away.

GORDON

Well he's a good worker, and he's  
not done any harm to anyone yet.  
And yes ... I suppose I've taken a  
liking to the lad - but you I love.  
You hear me? I love you. You're my  
daughter. I can't change that.  
Neither can you.

Gem hangs her head. She's about to say something very  
uncomfortable.

GEM

You're right.

Gordon sighs. He scratches his head, wondering what he's  
going to do with her.

GEM (CONT'D)

(quietly)  
I'll work, okay?

GORDON

I'm sorry?

GEM

(loudly)  
I said I'll work, okay? I'll run  
the harvester and replough the field  
and do everything you wanted me to  
... if you let him go.

She peeks up through her hair to see his reaction. Gordon  
looks at his daughter like he never knew her.

GORDON

I love you sweetheart, but you're  
making an irrational demand. I'm a  
farmer. I have to do what's right  
for the farm.

GEM

You're a father, too.

GORDON

They're the same thing.

Gem is struck by this. She looks up at the tall, twisted  
tree, and down at the new growth, miserable.

The wind shakes them softly.

GEM  
Grain harvest soon.

GORDON  
Yes.

A slow, powerful, disturbing thought is coming to Gem. She takes a deep breath.

GEM  
Okay fine. I'll do the work for you anyway. I'm sorry I've been so rude.

She doesn't look terribly convinced, but Gordon overflows with a smile and nearly clobbers her with a hug.

GORDON  
Thank you. I'll do everything I can to make it fun.

GEM  
Wait, that wasn't part of the deal.

Gordon laughs a little, then so does Gem.

**INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING**

Marion stands at the sink, washing dishes and looking out the window with anxious eyes.

She leans forward, slowly catching sight of Gem and Gordon, walking arm in arm across the sunset.

She smiles to herself and gasps, all that anxiety just flowing out into relief.

FADE OUT.

**EXT. OUTSIDE GRAIN STORE - MORNING**

Gem pulls up in her truck. The chav is standing outside, his thumb stuck out.

**INT. DIRTY TRUCK - MORNING**

The chav gets into the car and proffers his usual smirk.

CHAV  
Thanks for the ride.

Gem sneers and accelerates the truck so he has to hold on.

**EXT. NEW GRAIN DRYER - MORNING**

They pull up outside of a new grain drying facility and get out.

**INT. GRAIN DRYER CATWALK - MORNING**

Gem leads the chav down the long catwalk that runs along the length of the main storage bay.

CHAV

Oh wicked.

GEM

Like you say. This is the bay where we'll dump the grain harvest. Turbines pump hot air through here. It dries the grain before it can rot.

CHAV

Oh yeah?

He puts his hand on her waist. She looks uncomfortable.

GEM

That's enough.

CHAV

Shut up. I thought you liked me now?

He gets close to her.

CHAV (CONT'D)

I thought that's why you brought me all the way out here?

Gem looks uncomfortable.

GEM

No.

She turns around and carries on. He shrugs.

CHAV

Just admit it. You'll miss me when I go cause I'm the only bloke's been into you for donkey's.

**INT. GRAIN DRYER CONTROLS - MORNING**

A different part of the facility. Gem points at the dryer's engines and their controls.

The chav isn't paying much attention; he's snooping around.

GEM

These generate the heat, and the fans push it through the grain while it churns. Understand?

CHAV

Let's turn it on yeah?

GEM

Not yet.

CHAV

Teacher's pet. Why don't you be naughty once in a while? You'd be good at it.

He peers through a man-sized gap in the wall that leads to a long metal corridor lined with lights.

CHAV (CONT'D)

Hey, what's down here?

GEM

That goes underneath the storage area.

The chav ducks in, starts whistling to hear it echo. Gem watches him go and shakes her head.

CHAV (O.S.)

(taking a break from  
the whistling)

This tunnel goes on don't it!

Gem goes to the opening.

GEM

Is there any light coming from the other end?

CHAV (O.S.)

Should there be?

Impulsively, she reaches up and slams the door shut.

She bolts it in place.

**INT. UNDER GRAIN DRYER - MORNING**

CHAV

Oi, the fuck?



He spins around. A heavy, rushing sound comes from the walls. His hair begins to move.

**INT. GRAIN DRYER CONTROLS - MORNING**

Gem is at the controls. The whooshing gets louder, not yet drowning out the sound of banging on the door.

CHAV (O.S.)

I said oi! Let me out! Help!

GEM

This dryer goes up to a hundred and ten degrees, but I doubt you'll get that far. Tell me why you're really here and we don't have to find out.

CHAV (O.S.)

I told you already! I love you!

Gem flips a switch and the engines behind her spin up and flare to life with tongues of orange flame.

GEM

This really is your last chance.

**INT. UNDER GRAIN DRYER - MORNING**

The chav reels from the vents and yells.

CHAV

Fuck! Okay! I'll tell you whatever. Just turn it off!

GEM (O.S.)

Go on.

CHAV

I'm here because uh ... I cut my dad, cause he was a dick and he was poor and he hit my mum so she drove me out here to the country where I steal from good people like you and kill dogs just for fun. I'm a murderer and ... and I'm the fucking angel of death, Gem. Believe me now? Gem? Gemma?! Do you fucking believe me now??

**INT. GRAIN DRYER CONTROLS - MORNING**

She closes her eyes and tears squeeze out. Her glasses fog. The jets behind her have turned blue.

The chav starts to scream.

She breathes faster and faster, in cadence with the screaming, until her eyes snap open. She punches a button and the whole thing winds down.

It's quiet. She looks anxiously at the door.

**INT. GRAIN STORE - DAY**

A door cracks open with a squeal, but it's not the door to the grain dryer; it's the heavy door into the chav's room. Gem sneaks inside, the girls' rucksack from her truck slung over her shoulder.

She goes right to his bag, unzips it and takes out the photo of their family.

She cradles it and tucks it away in her rucksack.

As she turns to go, she notices, scattered next to the folding chair, a bunch of the tools that the chav stole from the field, together with his knife and some wood shavings.

She looks closer and finds a chunk of chopped wood that he's started carving into the shape of a dog, along with the word "GEM."

She pauses and then, reluctantly, takes the photo back out of her bag, along with a copy of the *Journal of Social Development*.

She finds her article and tucks the photo into the journal there. She lays it down next to the carving.

**INT. DIRTY TRUCK - DAY**

From inside her truck, Gem gets a long last look at the farmhouse.

Marion appears in the kitchen window and notices her. Surprised, she waves brightly. Gem waves back, a sad smile on her face.

She turns the ignition.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

Gem's truck cuts across the fens, out past other farms and fields and houses.

A mileage sign says Norwich is in the other direction.

FADE TO BLACK.