

"The Little Ones Get Older"

EXT. MOOR - DAY

A wild and bleak expanse.

An expensive, large black car is parked half off a narrow, road. The open driver's door rattles in the wind. A smooth DJ announces from the car radio.

RADIO DJ  
..and I hope all of you out there have  
something beautiful planned for today -  
Valentine's Day..

EXT. MOOR - DAY

TARA, 20s, long bare legs, short skirt walks through the heather; she plays with a wild flower in her hands.

EXT. MOOR CLEARING - DAY

An OLD MAN's - 60s, business suit - bloodied head is scrunched down into the dirt, his eyes roll in his head and his mouth gagged tight with a tie.

WAYNE (O/S)  
Come here baby.

Tara's cowboy boots walk up to the old man's head.

WAYNE, 30s, handsome, scruffy sits on the old man's back. Wayne pulls the old man's head up, so that the old man is staring directly at Tara.

WAYNE  
You recognise her now?

The old man shakes his head and begins to sob.

Wayne sighs and gets up still holding the old man's head; he presses his knee hard into the old man's back. The old man protests more.

WAYNE  
Didn't you think that the  
little ones get older?

(O/S)Tara laughs out loud. The two men stop still, stunned and stare at her.

Tara covers her mouth and regains her composure, she leans down to Wayne.

TARA

Wayne, I'm not sure it's him.

Wayne's shoulders slump, he drops the old man into the dirt.

Wayne stands and puts his foot on the old man's back. Tara bites her lip and blinks back tears.

WAYNE

Honey, we've been following him  
for months.

Tara begins to cry. The old man grunts and moves. Wayne kicks him in the ribs, hard.

TARA

I can't remember properly.

WAYNE

We have to get this right, Tara.

TARA

But it happened years ago.

WAYNE

Did he, or did he not, do those  
things to you?

The old man is wriggling like a fish, Tara is rocking, sobbing, breaking down. Wayne pulls Tara in close to him; she covers her face and cries into his shoulder. He kisses the top of her head.

WAYNE

Okay. Okay, baby.

Wayne takes a gun from his belt, aims down and pulls the trigger. Tara screams.

INT. EXPENSIVE BLACK CAR - DAY

Tara, speckled with blood, gets into the driver's seat as Wayne, covered in blood, gets into the passenger's. Love songs on the radio. Wayne closes his eyes and leans his head back.

Tara turns the radio off and pulls Wayne's head towards her by his hair; she kisses him hard and whispers in his ear.

TARA

I love it. Love it when we pretend.

ENDS.