

THE STOWAWAY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON. PUTNEY - DAWN

We drift over that affluent area of SW15 sandwiched between Upper Richmond Road and the River Thames.

INT. PUTNEY. THE KIDD FAMILY HOME. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

JIM and ANN KIDD, 40s, lay asleep entwined, savouring those last few minutes of slumber before the first shafts of sunlight creep through the curtains.

From somewhere outside, THUD!

Jim opens his eyes. Aware, Ann pulls him to her.

ANN

The cat's knocked something over.

INT. THE KIDD'S HOME. KITCHEN - DAY

A nightdress wearing Ann picks up the kettle and turns on a tap. As she fills it she looks out of a window at Jim. He stands in his bath robe looking down at a bundle.

EXT. THE KIDD'S GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Ann, holding two cups of coffee, hesitantly nears Jim.

ANN

What is it, Jim?

JIM

You haven't ordered an Indian for breakfast per chance, have you?

ANN

Indian? For breakfast? Shit, Jim!

JIM

(looking skyward)

Then a stowaway has dropped in.

The bloodied, mangled body of a sub-continent looking youth wearing a small rucksack lays crumpled on the lawn.

ANN

Oh, fuck! Again? I'll call 999...

LATER

Two PARAMEDICS lift the broken corpse onto a stretcher.

Jim gives the rucksack to a POLICE OFFICER, then smiling, discreetly pockets a handful of blue Indian diamonds.

FADE OUT.