

MUCK

By

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1

EXT. MOORLAND. DAY.

1

The wind scorched moors are vast and desolate beneath a heavy sky. It's raining.

BILLY, 20s, is digging a hole with his father - obviously bored. He is physically muscular but his body language is that of a child; rather introvert. He has learning difficulties.

MURRAY, also digs next to a dead sheep. He is in his 50s, a large weather beaten man. He looks up at Billy.

MURRAY

Come on lad.

They dig some more. Suddenly Billy throws a sod of earth at Murray's face.

MURRAY

Fucking hell!

Billy laughs with a wide mouth, throws his head back genuinely delighted.

MURRAY

Stop laughing you bloody shit.

Billy backs off, laughing as Murray, furious, throws a spade at him, which he dodges. He throws earth back at Billy, furthering his amusement. An excited dog barks and leaps around.

2

INT. BATHROOM. EVENING.

2

Billy sits in the bathtub, considerably cleaner than when we last saw him. His mother, BABS, scrubs at him with a sponge. She performs the task as if she is washing dishes. The scene is no more extraordinary than that.

Billy loudly sings "She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes"

BABS

He won't be speaking to you for days now you know...

Billy smiles to himself, splashes around in the water.

Murray bangs on the door angrily

(CONTINUED)

MURRAY

Hurry up, I'm covered in muck out here.

BABS

Right, finished, come on my love

She pulls out the plug and playfully wipes some suds on Billy's cheek. This makes him laugh as he brushes them away. He carefully gets out of the bath and stands on the mat as Babs begins drying him. He laughs at the tickling sensation

BABS

Come on, this never ceases to amuse does it... Billy!

Billy bounds out of the room completely naked and still covered in suds, past a still mud-spattered Murray, who steps out of the way to avoid being knocked down. He averts his eyes, embarrassed by the sight of his naked son.

3

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING.

3

Murray and Billy sit at the kitchen table waiting for dinner. They've both still got wet hair from their baths. Billy is hunched in his seat, he quietly watches Murray sitting opposite with his false teeth in one hand and a knife in the other. He picks small particles from between the teeth with the side of the knife. Babs puts a plate down in front of each of them.

BABS

Put them gnashers away Murray.

Murray pops the teeth back into his mouth and begins shoveling food straight away. Babs returns with her own plate. They eat in silence for a while; Billy doesn't touch his food, looks down into his lap.

BABS

You didn't take your boots off when you came in, there was shit all across this floor.

Murray looks up from his shoveling, doesn't say anything, slows his chewing, then back to his food. More silence.

BABS

You weren't long in that shower.

(CONTINUED)

MURRAY

There wasn't any hot water left was there.

BABS

Are you not hungry my love? You normally wolf down chops.

BILLY

I'm not that fussed about chops me.

He pushes at a greasy chop with his fork.

MURRAY

We don't want to be wasting food on you and all...

Babs flashes Murray an angry look

BABS

Speaking of chops you haven't fed that pig of yours

MURRAY

I'll do it before I go out.

Murray pauses for a moment, almost building up the courage to ask Babs.

MURRAY

Do you want to come?

BABS

No

Whilst Murray is speaking to Babs, Billy reaches across and steals his remaining pork chop - forces it into his mouth.

MURRAY

oi! You don't even like them - I bloody love pork chops!

Billy is laughing wildly with a mouth full of food.

BILLY

Here's news! I do! I love chops me!

BABS

Come on, give your dad one of your chops

MURRAY

I don't want the one's he's been
playing with

Babs skewers a chop off Billy's plate and transfers it to
Murray's

MURRAY

I've had enough of all this

Murray gets up and pulls his dirty boots on, walks to the
table and swigs down the remainder of his beer.

BABS

Don't walk around the house in
those shitty boots, and what are
you doing going out without
finishing your dinner?

MURRAY

I'll get some scratchings at the
pub

Murray slams the door shut

BILLY

Sorry mum.

Babs picks up the plates and takes them outside, scrapes
them into the pig's trough. It gobbles the scraps up
hungrily.

4

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

4

Babs sits by Billy's bed, stroking his hair. He's asleep.
The room is a large space, sparsely furnished with shabby
old furniture. The walls are stained from damp and some of
the paint is peeling. A dead plant stands on a table in the
corner. A fishbowl with a fish in it stands on the bedside
table.

Babs gazes at Billy sleeping; she's deep in thought. She
looks slightly strange perched on a chair that's too small
for her. A story book that she's been reading to Billy lies
in her lap.

The sound of a door slamming shut downstairs.

She looks round, waiting for Murray to appear.

(CONTINUED)

MURRAY
 (at drunken volume) Y'alright
 Babs!

Babs holds her fingers up to her lips to signal to be quiet. She turns the lights off and quietly pads across to the door, looks back at Billy before closing it.

5 INT. MURRAY AND BABS'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

5

Murray is getting undressed. He steadies himself on a chest of drawers as he slides his trousers off. He looks grotesque in his small y-fronts. Their bedroom is much the same as Billy's although it has more things in it. The main focus of the room is a big old double bed. On Babs's side is a pile of old paperbacks, a picture of the family. On Murray's there's only a magazine about pigs.

Babs enters, smiles at Murray, tries to shake herself out of the trance she's fallen into. Murray climbs into bed and reaches for his magazine.

BABS
 Many out down the pub?

MURRAY
 Just the usual faces. Les was asking for you. You should come next time, you might enjoy yourself.

BABS
 I'd rather be here than with sleazy old Les. God Murray, you stink of ale and fags... and you wonder why I don't want to come.

Babs undresses, puts a night dress on.

BABS
 I thought you'd given up and all.

Babs gets into bed and lies away from Murray, finds her place in her tattered book.

MURRAY
 Did you feed the pig?

BABS
 Yes

(CONTINUED)

MURRAY

You didn't give her chops did you?

BABS

Yes

MURRAY

That's a waste of good chops that is

BABS

Well you wouldn't have Billy's and he'd already had yours, what was I meant to do with them?

MURRAY

Rissoles.

There's silence again, Murray goes back to his magazine and Babs to her tatty paperback.

MURRAY

I think you spoil him you do.

BABS

I don't Murray.

MURRAY

You do. I won't be wasting any of them chops from the pig on him.

BABS

Maybe you should spend a bit more time with him Murray, instead of bothering that pig all day.

MURRAY

I have to be around him working all day, it's alright for you...

Babs refuses to rise to it.

MURRAY

Look, I know we've talked about it before, but maybe he could go somewhere where they could look after him, even if it's just for a couple of nights a week, so we can spend some time together. We haven't had any quality time for ages.

(CONTINUED)

BABS

Just listen to yourself Murray.
Maybe if you spent less time
getting pissed with a load of men
we'd see each other more. Billy's
not going anywhere.

MURRAY

We're not getting any younger you
know. We can't go on forever. Have
a think about it.

Murray takes his false teeth out and drops them into a glass of water on his nightstand, switches off his lamp. He tosses and turns for a bit before he gets comfortable. He puts his arm around Babs, feels for her breasts, tries to kiss her.

BABS

Goodnight Murray.

She switches her light off.

MURRAY

But it's a Friday night...

BABS

I said goodnight Murray.

Silence for a few seconds.

MURRAY

You never give me a bath.

BABS

Jesus.

6

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

6

Babs fries some bacon in a frying pan - Billy bounds past her excitedly

BILLY

Feed the pig! Feed the pig!

He's out the door before Babs looks up. She looks a bit concerned as she watches out of the window.

7 EXT. FARMYARD. MORNING

7

Murray is feeding the pig as Billy runs up, his loud shouts are obviously not doing Murray's hangover any favours.

BILLY
Feed the pig!

He picks up the bucket and empties more of the scraps into the trough.

BILLY
Enjoy your breakfast - you pig!

He's laughing, Murray spots his chance.

MURRAY
She's getting big isn't she? I think she's big enough to leave home now.

Billy's enthusiasm drops, he looks at the pig quietly.

MURRAY
It's just the way life is, everyone has to go away when they get big enough, it's part of growing up.

He gently puts his hand on Billy's shoulder; an awkward masculine gesture.

MURRAY
She's going to market later.

BILLY
Is she going to go and live with someone else?

MURRAY
yeah... Come on - let's get going - them sheep won't mark themselves.

Murray walks off across the yard - Billy looks sadly at the pig.

8 EXT. MOORLAND . DAY.

8

It's raining. A ramshackle sheep pen stands alone, miles from anywhere. The moors have been drained of their colour by the rain and wind.

The pen is crammed full of moorland sheep. It's noisy with all the bleating, even from a distance.

(CONTINUED)

Billy sits on the rickety fence of the pen as Murray marks the sheep with a big brush. Billy has his hood up to keep the rain off his face.

MURRAY

Am I going to paint these sheep
myself?

No response from Billy. He looks round at some birds.

MURRAY

Come on Billy.

Billy climbs down off the fence with his pot and distractedly marks some sheep.

BILLY

I don't want to go away

Murray looks at him and continues marking sheep.

9

INT. KITCHEN. AFTERNOON

9

Babs is baking as Murray pulls on his dirty boots.

MURRAY

Right, keep Billy inside yeah?

BABS

Do it quick will you?

MURRAY

'Course.

Murray exits into the yard, the sound of the door closing prompts Billy to come rushing out

BABS

Billy, will you give me a hand
sweetheart

BILLY

Feed the pig...

BABS

Not today love, come and help me
with this dough, it's gingerbread,
your favourite. Can you choose some
cutters you want to use.

Billy chooses a cutter as Babs rolls out the dough

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
Has the pig gone away?

Babs thinks for a moment as she rolls the dough

BABS
Yeah, she has.

BILLY
I don't want to go.

Babs pauses for a second, processing what Billy has just said. She flashes an angry look outside realising where this has come from.

BABS
You're not going anywhere
sweetheart, you're wanted here. I
love you so much, me and your dad

Billy looks happier, rushes to the door, opens it and runs out

BILLY
Dad! Dad!

BABS
Billy no!

10 EXT. YARD. AFTERNOON

10

Billy runs across the yard. He stops as he sees Murray with a knife standing over the pig in the sty, holding it by its ears.

Billy stands still - unable to process what's happening quickly enough.

BILLY
No, no, no

He picks up a shovel, runs at Murray, screaming.

11 INT. MURRAY AND BAB'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON

11

Murray is badly injured, bleeding from the head. He lies on the bed, blood smeared over the pillows. Babs tries to clean the blood and dirt off him. He winces in pain, his voice is strained. He has a bloodstained bandage over his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

BABS

Fine, you'll be fine my love

MURRAY

Jesus, get the doctor Babs, or call
an ambulance - my fucking eyes!

Billy cries quietly outside the door, foetal position.

BABS

No, we can't my love

MURRAY

Babs it'll be fine, as long as you
get me to the hospital. Please,
call... I feel sick...

Babs has tears in her eyes

BABS

I'll get a bowl, hold on if you can

Babs goes to the door, sees Billy on the floor. Billy looks
away in shame, Babs gets down on the floor with him.

BABS

Shhh now love,

BILLY

(through sobbing tears)
I'm going to have to go away

BABS

No you won't sweetheart, I promise
that isn't going to happen.

Murray cries in pain in the bedroom. Babs closes the door on
him.

12

EXT. YARD. DAY

12

Billy crouches in the sty stroking the pig. Babs comes out
of the house with a bucket of scraps, hands it to Billy.
Billy smiles as he empties it into the trough.

Billy looks slightly disgusted at the food.

BILLY

Smells dirty

(CONTINUED)

BABS

You wouldn't like that for your
tea?

Billy laughs

BABS

They'll eat anything sweetheart,
the like to eat anything.

As Babs walks away Billy strokes the pig. We see Murray's
false teeth amongst the dirt in the sty.

It's starting to rain.