

# LOGAN 'S THIRD LAW

Written by

Paul Preston

**Email:** [lpaulpreston@gmail.com](mailto:lpaulpreston@gmail.com)

NOTE: This story takes place on **TWO** timelines; the **PRESENT** and the **PAST**.

The SOUND of police sirens echo in the distance as -

**INT. CAMPER VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT - PAST**

MARIA (35), with dry blood on her face and jumper, drives a camper van at high speed.

She appears panicked. The crime she has just committed was clearly not planned; it was impulsive.

And because of it -

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

She now stands in the dock, flanked by a FEMALE PRISON OFFICER.

Although Maria is a petite woman, it's evident that she can look after herself as she plays a daring game of '*who blinks first*' with the JUDGE.

Maria wins as the Judge finally looks over to the jury.

JUDGE

Can the spokesperson please step forward?

The SPOKESPERSON steps forward, holding a piece of paper.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Of the first charge of '*dangerous driving*'. How does the jury find the defendant?

**INT. CAMPER VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT - PAST**

The car chase continues as Maria swerves between the traffic.

She checks her wing mirror at the flashing blue lights in pursuit.

SPOKESPERSON (O.S.)

*Guilty.*

She's scared. They're getting closer.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

JUDGE

Of the second charge of  
'abduction'. How does the jury find  
the defendant?

Maria looks down and closes her eyes, almost praying.

SPOKESPERSON

Guilty.

Maria opens her eyes, fighting to hold back tears of anger -

MARIA

I just wanted to protect my son!

JUDGE

And of the third and final charge  
of '*attempted murder*'. How does the  
jury find - (the defendant)?

MARIA

(Interrupting)

No...

**INT. CAMPER VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT - PAST**

Beads of sweat drip down Maria's forehead.

She takes a blood-stained knife and throws it from the camper  
van's window.

Maria looks over to the passenger seat to someone -

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

- but now she looks over to the jury, almost reaching for  
them with her body language.

MARIA

Please!

JUDGE

(Regaining composure)  
Of the third and final charge of  
'*attempted murder*'. How does the  
jury find the defendant?

The Spokesperson appears nervous, looking back at the fellow  
jurors before looking down at the piece of paper.

Maria steps forward in the dock -

MARIA  
I JUST WANTED TO BE WITH MY SON!

The Prison Officer beside Maria attempts to restrain her as -

**EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT - PAST**

Maria is face down on the side of the road, restrained by a POLICE OFFICER.

From her POV, she sees her son's feet, LOGAN (12), being led to the nearby police car. He looks back at his Mum with tears of pity and sadness forming.

Maria smiles back through her own tears; she's proud of him and clearly loves him.

And back to Logan in SLOW MOTION, as he is placed in the passenger seat of the police car. He's not being arrested; he's being rescued.

The door slams shut, and we -

SMASH TO TITLE:

## **LOGAN'S THIRD LAW**

**INT. PRISON - PROCESSING ROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

Maria is led into the processing room by the Female Prison Officer from the court. She removes the cuffs from Maria as -

A MALE PRISON OFFICER behind a desk places down a ziplock bag, a possessions document, and a pen.

He does not say a word as Maria approaches the desk.

Realising what she must do, she removes the only item she has on her person - a small pebble.

She admires it for a moment before placing it in the bag. The Male Prisoner Officer shoots his colleague a 'wtf' look.

Maria proceeds to fill in the document and then -

She is searched...

...thoroughly.

Fingerprints taken.

Mouth swabbed.

FLASH! FLASH! Photos taken.

And finally -

Given a 'first night pack'.

**INT. PRISON - WING CORRIDOR - DAY**

Maria, holding the 'first night pack' is escorted down the prison wing and -

**INT. PRISON - CELL - CONTINUOUS**

- into her cell.

She looks around at her new home; the bare walls, the empty bunk beds, and the pot to piss in.

SLAM! The beginning of her sentence. It would be eerie silent if it wasn't for the lone shouting/screaming woman echoing from somewhere within the prison.

Maria's face remains emotionless.

**INT. PRISON - VISITING - DAY**

And it remains the same some days later, except for the black eye caused by her apparent violent induction into prison life.

She walks through her fellow prisoners seated at tables with their visitors and finds who she's looking for, JASON (Mid-30s).

However, it's clear by his attire and satchel bag that this isn't a friendly visit; it's professional.

Maria takes a seat opposite him -

JASON

Hi Maria, sorry it's taken a while.  
You know, these things can often  
drag out. How've you been?

Maria looks at him with a 'how do you think?' stare. The black eye really does answer the question.

JASON (CONT'D)

Look, I know this is hard in here  
and -

MARIA

(Interrupting)  
How do you know?

JASON

Pardon?

MARIA

How do you know it's hard? How much  
time you do?

JASON

Well, I didn't mean *literally*, I  
simply -

MARIA

(Interrupting)  
So what you're saying is; you don't  
have a clue how hard it is in here?

JASON

Let's just calm down a second.

This seems to annoy Maria as she rubs her face with her bruised knuckles; she's obviously been giving as good as she's been getting.

JASON (CONT'D)

So, as you know Maria, in cases of  
children of incarcerated parents,  
or...

(nodding at Maria)

*Parent*. The law is almost always in  
the parent's favour.

MARIA

Yeah I know - good.

JASON

However...

Maria braces herself for the incoming bad news.

JASON (CONT'D)

Seeing as though Logan was a victim  
of the crime, the courts have ruled  
that Logan's father - (is the...)

MARIA  
 (Interrupting)  
*Darren.*

JASON  
 (Keeping his cool)  
 The courts have ruled that *Darren*  
 is the sole custodian of Logan.

MARIA  
 And what does that mean? *Literally.*

JASON  
 It means that he has *sole*  
 responsibility of Logan, and that,  
 although he can bring him to visit  
 you if he so wishes, he is not  
 obliged to.

MARIA  
 What if Logan wants to visit?

JASON  
 It'd be up to his Dad.

MARIA  
 But that's why you're here right,  
 surely you guys have the power to  
 bring him to me?

JASON  
 You may think we do, but we don't  
 have those capabilities.

MARIA  
 Why not?

JASON  
 Because Darren hasn't done anything  
 wrong. And you -

MARIA  
 Yeah?

Jason takes a beat, considering whether to say it or not -

JASON  
 It's not my place to say.

MARIA  
 Say it.

JASON  
 Okay. Well, you've been convicted  
 of this twice.

MARIA  
 The first time, he tried to kill me  
 so I took our - (son)

JASON  
 Allegedly. Allegedly tried to kill  
 you.

MARIA  
 So you're taking his side? You  
 trust him?

JASON  
 I have trust in the system and the  
 way it works. The *first time* you  
 were found guilty of -

MARIA  
 I was protecting myself.

JASON  
 - GBH with Intent and the second  
 time...

Jason reads his notes before him.

MARIA  
 Yeah, we know.

JASON  
 Yeah, well, he's never been charged  
 with anything, let alone found  
 guilty. And, you, with your... *past*  
 shall we say, there's questions  
 around your mental state.

MARIA  
 (Laughing)  
 Is that what he told you?

JASON  
 No.  
 (Like a bullet)  
 Logan told me.

This catches Maria off guard.



JASON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news, I'm not judging you, really I'm not. But I'm also not here to speculate and argue whether or not you're of sound mind.

Jason begins to pack up his belongings.

MARIA

What if I get help? What if I speak to the therapist here? To prove that I'm fine.

JASON

Like I said, it'd still be up to Darren.

MARIA

Tell him for me.

JASON

I'll try my best.

Jason stands up to leave.

MARIA

*Try?* You need to *fucking* tell him. Aren't social services meant to protect kids?

JASON

You kidnapped him on his thirteenth birthday Maria.

MARIA

(Pleading)

Please, you - (need)

Jason turns and heads for the exit, and as he's about to leave -

MARIA (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

It was his *twelfth* birthday!

**INT. DARREN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT - PAST**

Sat in the passenger seat of his Dad's battered hatchback, Logan holds a birthday card with **12** on the front.

DARREN (O.S.)

Read it.

DARREN (35), baseball cap on his head, leans forward in his seat as he drives. He appears on edge, not in a nervous way, but rather in a one-too-many red bulls kind of way as he fiddles with the car's heating system. He can't keep still.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
You gonna read it then?

Logan opens the card to read -

DARREN (CONT'D)  
Sorry there's nowt in it yet son,  
I'll owe you twenty on Tuesday, and  
I said I'll sort you out with fifty  
after this job.

Logan reads the card, and *'admires'* the abysmal handwriting:  
**Happy Birthday Wingman, Love Dad :) x**

LOGAN  
Do we have to do this tonight?

DARREN  
Yeah, Moonhead has already done his  
bit. Look, we'll be back in less  
than an hour, and then you can do  
whatever you want. Seriously,  
Logan, It's a quick in-and-out job.  
The window is open, the sensor  
disabled at the far end. No messing  
about. In. Out.

Logan rereads the words in the card before closing it.

LOGAN  
... Okay.

He stares out of the window at a decrepit part of the city.

DARREN (O.S.)  
Remember, if in doubt, small and  
heavy. Make sure you keep as close  
to the window as possible. The  
sensors won't see you there. It's  
only when -

Darren looks to Logan, who clearly hasn't been paying attention.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
You listening to me?

LOGAN  
(Snapping out of it)  
Yeah.

DARREN  
Okay, so what did I say?

LOGAN  
Small and heavy. Because they  
likely have the most value and we  
can get loads of 'em.

Logan looks in his wing mirror at a blue and white camper van following behind.

DARREN  
I didn't say that, but yeah, you  
get the gist.

LOGAN  
We're being followed.

DARREN  
Huh?

Darren checks his rearview mirror.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
What you onnabout?

LOGAN  
The van behind us, it's following.

DARREN  
Yeah, and I'm following the car in  
front. It's called traffic ya mong.

But Darren's bravado is false as he checks his mirror again.

**EXT. DARREN'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

From the POV of the camper van, we see Darren's banger of a car pull off the main road.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - STREET - NIGHT**

Darren's car slowly pulls up to the side of the road. There are no houses here, just old battered brick warehouses and factories.

**INT. DARREN'S CAR (STATIC) - CONTINUOUS**

Darren passes Logan a cap.

DARREN  
Put that on.

LOGAN  
Dad... I don't want to do this  
anymore.

Darren looks to Logan, stopping the words from leaving his mouth.

DARREN  
What?

LOGAN  
I don't want you to get caught...

DARREN  
I won't get caught. Trust me.

Nothing.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
Do you trust me?

LOGAN  
Yeah, I do, but *if* you did, then  
what?

Darren thinks about this...

DARREN  
Okay.

LOGAN  
Okay?

DARREN  
Okay. I'll stop.

LOGAN  
You promise?

DARREN  
I'll stop Logan.

Darren holds his fist out for a fist bump -

DARREN (CONT'D)  
Wingman?

Logan bumps his Dad's fist.

LOGAN  
Wingman.

Darren takes the cap from Logan's hands and places it on his head.

DARREN  
Now let's make some memories.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - STREET - NIGHT**

We watch them from afar as they get out of the car.

With the engine still idling, Darren opens the boot before skulking to the side of an old brick warehouse with Logan in tow.

**INT. BRICK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

The SOUND of someone being heaved up from outside is shortly followed by Logan appearing through a small window.

Logan squeezes through and slowly lowers himself to the floor.

He looks around the storage room of a car parts garage. Although not an extremely large building, the tall storage racks in the dark make it feel larger than it is.

BZZZZZ! BZZZZZ! BZZZZZ! Logan takes his phone from his pocket - **Incoming Video Call: Dad.**

He answers, and Darren's face pops up on the screen.

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Right Loges, show me what's what.

Logan switches to his rearview camera as he begins to scan around the warehouse using his phone's flash as a torch.

DARREN (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Look left.

Logan looks left.

DARREN (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Yeah, there... *there*, what are them?

Logan moves over to the packages to show his Dad.

DARREN (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Closer mate, stop, what's that say?

LOGAN  
(Reading)  
Oil caps and breather pipes.

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Nope, get out of this aisle.

Logan quickly moves to another aisle and begins to slowly scan the packages.

DARREN (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
There, go back.

Logan retreats -

DARREN (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Stop. What's that say?

LOGAN  
(Reading)  
Drive belt tensioners...

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Now we're cooking with gas.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - STREET - NIGHT**

From afar, someone's POV as they watch the packages being thrown through the window to Darren.

Who begins to load them into his car boot.

**INT. BRICK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - PAST**

Logan throws the final package through the window.

LOGAN  
That's it, Dad.

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Okay, what else can you see?

LOGAN  
I think that's it, we should go.

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
 And leave free money? Are you -  
 (mad)?

Logan's phone goes dead.

LOGAN  
 (Sotto)  
 Shit.

Logan moves closer to the window.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 (Whispering)  
 Dad? My phone's gone dead. I'm  
 coming out -

DARREN (O.S.)  
 (From outside)  
 What?

LOGAN  
 I'm coming out.

DARREN (O.S.)  
 (From outside)  
 No! We have time; what else can you  
 see? Remember small and heavy.

LOGAN  
 There's nothing at this side -

DARREN (O.S.)  
 (From outside)  
 Have a look around, just one or two  
 more.

Logan quickly spins around in the dark and heads down an aisle.

He fumbles some of the boxes, feeling their weight, and picks up something covered in grease, instantly dropping it to the floor with a bang.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (From outside)  
 You alright?

LOGAN  
 Yeah...

Logan wipes his hands on his jumper.

DARREN (O.S.)  
(From outside)  
You see out?

Logan spots a pile of small packages a few metres away; he quickly heads for them when suddenly -

AN ALARM BEGINS TO BLARE!

Logan panics and runs back to the window.

He jumps up and can only just reach. Attempting to pull himself up, he struggles as his strength (and greasy hands) let him down.

LOGAN  
Dad!

DARREN (O.S.)  
(From outside)  
Find something to stand on! Quick!

Logan looks around and sees some large boxes at the bottom of an aisle.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Logan, crack on!

He grabs one, but it's too heavy and keeps slipping. He rubs his hands on his jumper again to get rid of the grease.

He tries to lift the box for a second time - still too heavy.

The alarm is deafening, and Logan, with increasing panic, runs back to the window to try again.

LOGAN  
You didn't think this through, Dad - help me!

DARREN (O.S.)  
Logan, listen, whatever happens, say nothing, okay. I'll come get you.

LOGAN  
Dad, wait!

DARREN (O.S.)  
You're not in trouble with me. You're my wingman; I'll come get you.



LOGAN  
Wait, you have to help me. Dad?!

Nothing.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
(Shouting)  
Dad?!

Logan listens. *Is that the sound of his Dad's car pulling away?* He can't be sure.

Logan jumps up to the window again, and with his feet scurrying up the wall and all the strength he can muster, he pulls his head to the window to see his Dad's car racing away.

Defeated, he collapses to the floor to await his fate.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Maria watches Darren's car disappear down the street, and as soon as it rounds the corner, she bursts across the road to the brick warehouse.

**INT. BRICK WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Logan, still seated on the floor as -

MARIA (O.S.)  
(From outside)  
Logan!

He looks up to see a hand tapping on the outside of the window.

MARIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(From outside)  
Logan, quick!

Logan stands up and jumps up to the window as Maria's hand/arm reaches in to help him.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Maria has pulled herself up to the window and, using her weight as leverage, leans back.

Logan appears, and once he has his body out of the window, Maria jumps to the floor, quickly followed by Logan, who lands awkwardly and yelps in pain.

MARIA

You okay?

Logan looks up at Maria, almost like he does not recognise her.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Son, you okay to run?

And with that, Logan is very aware of a police siren and the blue flashing lights in the distance barreling towards them.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Quick!

Maria grabs Logan's hand, pulling him across the street and towards a back alley.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

They head down the alley, but Logan is struggling; he can't keep up.

Maria stops, turns to Logan -

MARIA

You're going to have to run faster.

Logan attempts to pick up his pace, but the pain rises a lot.

And the sirens get LOUDER!

Maria acts fast and pulls Logan aside behind a large dumpster as a police car SCREAMS by.

But that's not the end of it, as a second car, with blue flashing lights but no sirens, skulks like a shark at the end of the alley, the officers inside clearly peering down...

Maria holds her breath as Logan pants heavily. The blue lights illuminate the alley.

The car remains for what feels like an eternity before eventually pulling away and leaving the alley in darkness.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - STREET 2 - MOMENTS LATER**

Maria and Logan walk down the street; well, Logan hobbles at best before stopping.

Maria stops and turns to Logan -

MARIA  
Son.

LOGAN  
I'm not your son.

MARIA  
Logan, it's me.

LOGAN  
I know who you are.

MARIA  
Okay, so what - (you saying?)

LOGAN  
(Interrupting)  
I'm not calling you Mum, so don't  
call me son.

This hurts. Clearly.

Maria takes a breath.

MARIA  
Logan...

LOGAN  
Maria.

MARIA  
Let us just get out of here, and we  
can talk properly.

Nothing.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Unless you want to get arrested on  
your birthday?

Maria heads off across the road, looking both ways for any  
sign of the police.

Logan watches as she crosses the road to a parked blue and  
white camper van.

LOGAN  
I knew you were following us!

Maria slides open the side door to reveal an unhealthily slim  
and tattooed woman, ASH (Mid-20s), sat waiting.

MARIA  
Have been for days.

ASH  
(Seeing Logan)  
Mission accomplished.

LOGAN  
Why?

MARIA  
To save you from him.

ASH  
(To Maria)  
Let's get him in here, and we can  
be on our way.

MARIA  
Get in.

Maria reaches inside for some bolt cutters.

LOGAN  
I'm not getting in there.

She raises her ankle up onto the side of the van and proceeds  
to cut off an electronic ankle tag.

MARIA  
Logan -

LOGAN  
No way, I've not seen you in -  
what?

MARIA  
Five years.

LOGAN  
No letters, no birthday cards, no -  
(nothing).

MARIA  
(Interrupting)  
I sent them, Logan.

She casts the ankle tag to the side of the road.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
He obviously didn't give them to  
you.

ASH

Prick.

LOGAN

Why? Why wouldn't he?

MARIA

Because he's a bad person, that's why. I bet he told you I was dead.

The police sirens can be heard again.

MARIA (CONT'D)

He did, didn't he?

LOGAN

He told me you're not right in the head.

MARIA

...

The sirens are getting closer.

ASH

You're both going to have to get in.

MARIA

Logan... get in the van.

LOGAN

No way. Never. I'd rather get arrested.

MARIA

You're going to if you don't come with us.

Logan turns and begins to hobble off as -

DARREN (O.S.)

(In the distance)

Logan?!

Maria looks to see Darren approaching on foot in the distance.

DARREN (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

Logan!

Ash looks to Maria and raises her eyebrows, and with that -

Maria grabs Logan from behind, gripping him in a bear hug as Darren begins to sprint towards them.

Although petite, she's much stronger than her twelve-year-old son -

LOGAN

Help, Dad!!

- as she quite forcefully smothers his calls for help and bundles him into the back of the camper van.

She slides the door shut on Logan and Ash and quickly jumps in the driver's seat as Darren gets closer.

Maria starts the engine and puts her foot down just as Darren arrives at the van.

Panicked, he attempts the door handle on the van - locked.

He looks Maria in the eye -

DARREN

MARIA! No! Pull over!

The van picks up speed as -

**INT. CAMPER VAN (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

- the SOUND of Darren's banging dissipates.

DARREN (O.S.)

(In the distance)

LOGAN!

Logan feels around for the handle on the inside of the door, but it has been removed.

He begins to kick the door and window with all his might, but he's not strong enough to do any damage.

LOGAN

DAD! HELP!

Ash just watches his attempts with amusement.

MARIA

Listen, it's okay, calm down.

LOGAN

HELP! Someone help!

MARIA  
Everything is going to be okay.

ASH  
(To Maria)  
I can see who he gets his temper  
off.

MARIA  
(To Ash)  
Just shut up a minute!  
(To Logan)  
Logan! I need you to listen.

Logan stops kicking as Ash attempts to suppress a laugh.

LOGAN  
I want my Dad. I want to speak to  
him.

MARIA  
You can, but not yet.

LOGAN  
When?

MARIA  
That depends on you, son.

LOGAN  
You're going to prison, you know  
that?

ASH  
We're not.

Maria thinks about this.

MARIA  
Not this time.

**EXT. MOTORWAY SLIPROAD - NIGHT**

POV of the camper van as it barrels down a motorway slip road  
and into the night.

And with that -

**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

We are back in prison, and more precisely, a group therapy session led by the prison therapist DR MOORE (40), a caring woman who, by the way she speaks, is clearly not from a privileged background.

Maria and several other prisoners are sat in a tight circle, Maria almost directly opposite Dr Moore.

Adjacent to Dr Moore is the fellow prisoner KELLY (Mid-20s), a rough-as-out lass who finds what she has just heard hilarious.

KELLY

So what, you were outta prison for like a week?

MARIA

Something like that.

KELLY

Bitch you're mad.

DR MOORE

Let's keep on track here.

KELLY

I'm just saying you must really like prison food to try that shit as soon as you get out. Either that or you're mental.

Kelly taps the side of her head.

Maria gives her a death glare and -

**INT. PRISON - WING CORRIDOR - DAY**

Immediately after the meeting, Maria follows behind Kelly (and her cronies) on the prison wing.

Maria picks up her pace and -

MARIA

(Calling after)  
Oi! Kelly...

Kelly turns around and -

WHAM! Maria lays into her, causing an instant scuffle.



**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY**

But back in the meeting beforehand, and Maria's death glare continues.

DR MOORE

Okay, okay. Maria, you were saying?

MARIA

I was saying that for the entire five years I was in for, I knew I was going to get him back.

DR MOORE

How?

MARIA

How what?

DR MOORE

How did you know?

MARIA

I dunno, mother's instinct.

DR MOORE

Okay -- And how did that "*instinct*" make you feel?

**INT. PRISON - WING CORRIDOR - DAY**

The fight continues with Kelly's cronies also joining in, giving Maria a beating.

But Maria is determined and angry!

She will not stop. WHAM! WHAM! ... WHAM!

**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY**

MARIA

I don't understand the question?

DR MOORE

What's not to understand?

MARIA

Are you a mother?

DR MOORE

I am, yes.

MARIA

And how would you feel?

DR MOORE

Well, regardless of how it would make me feel, I believe I have the ability to control my emotions. Which is what *this* is all about.

(Beat)

Did it make you feel angry?

MARIA

No. Prison made me angry.

**INT. PRISON - WING CORRIDOR - DAY**

A siren begins to blare, alerting prisoners to return to their cells.

But punches continue to fly in from every angle as TWO PRISON OFFICERS attempt to split the fight up.

**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY**

MARIA

(With growing anger)

The fact that I was sentenced to five years for trying to save mine and my boys' life made me angry. Knowing that every day I was in here whilst he was out there with my son made me angry. My parents, the people that should love you no matter what, abandoning me, full of hatred for each other, made me angry. But you're asking if my mother's instinct made me angry?

**INT. PRISON - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY**

Maria is manhandled into a solitary confinement cell with a bloody nose and bruised face.

The door slams shut, and all the noise instantly ceases.

Except for Maria's heavy breathing.

**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY**

Calming down, to an extent.

DR MOORE  
I'm just looking for an answer.

MARIA  
I didn't feel anger when I thought  
of Logan.  
(Pause)  
I felt love.

Silence -- and then Kelly breaks again, clearly finding all  
this hilarious.

KELLY  
Bitch you're not right.

Maria smiles at Kelly. She knows what's about to happen next.

**INT. PRISON - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY**

Maria, now calm, smiles as if looking at someone or thinking  
of something.

ASH (O.S.)  
*Psssssst.*

Maria looks -

**INT. CAMPER VAN (STATIC) - DAY - PAST**

- to a peacefully sleeping Logan.

ASH (O.S.)  
*Psssssst.*

And then to Ash, who is smiling a *'we did it'* smile.

**EXT. MOORLAND - CAMPER VAN - DAY**

An egg is flipped in a small frying pan atop a small camping  
stove - the yolk begins to break.

MARIA  
Shit...

Maria fumbles with the egg, attempting to flip it back over.  
It's a right mess.

Maria gets flustered as Ash steps in -

ASH  
I'll sort it.

Maria steps away and looks around at the vast expanse of deserted moorland. The blue and white camper van juxtaposed amongst the dark and barren land.

ASH (CONT'D)  
What's up?

MARIA  
There's no going back now.

ASH  
You've done the right thing; he'll be better off with us.

MARIA  
I know; I just thought he'd be more willing, ya know.

ASH  
Here you go.

Ash holds out an egg sandwich for Maria.

MARIA  
(Continuing her train of thought)  
Happier to see me.

Maria takes the sandwich.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

And with that, Logan steps out of the camper van, still groggy from the sleep.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
(To Logan)  
Son. I've made you some breakfast.

Maria holds the egg sandwich out for Logan, who walks passed her without saying a word.

He scans the land for any sign of... anyone... or anything.

Ash realising this could be Maria and Logan's moment, disappears back inside the camper van.

**EXT. MOORLAND - LAKE - DAY**

With the camper van parked up high in the distance, Maria and Logan stand nearby a small lake.

One - Two - Three - Four - SPLASH!

A stone skims across the lake as Logan lines up another.

MARIA  
Getting better.

Logan goes again, this time with a colossal pebble that violently splashes as soon as it hits the water.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
I wanted to be there for every  
birthday.

One - Two - Three - SPLASH!

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Did you want me there?

One - Two - SPLASH!

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Logan, you can't ignore me -  
(forever).

LOGAN  
(Cutting in)  
What do you think?

MARIA  
Well, I'd hope you did -

SPLASH!

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Can we just talk, ya know?

Logan turns and begins to repeatedly throw the pebble in the air and catch it. This helps him not have to make eye contact with Maria.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Do you remember what happened?

LOGAN  
Nope.

MARIA  
Nothing?

LOGAN  
Nope.

MARIA  
And what did he tell you?

LOGAN  
Not much.

MARIA  
I've been to prison, Logan.

No response.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Do you know why?

LOGAN  
Cos you're mad?

MARIA  
I stabbed him.

Logan looks to Maria, interested.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
But only in self-defence.

LOGAN  
Self-defence? My Dad didn't try to hurt you...

MARIA  
He did.

Maria nods.

LOGAN  
So why didn't he go down?

MARIA  
Because they proved I stabbed him.

LOGAN  
So you deserved to go to prison.

MARIA  
I couldn't prove that he had his hands around my throat and that I couldn't breathe. And, well, you know, that's the way of the world. If it can't be proved, it can't be real.

LOGAN  
Did you try to hurt me?

MARIA

What? No. I didn't. Is that what he told you?

Logan throws the pebble and picks up a handful more.

MARIA (CONT'D)

No one tried to hurt you, but I know that he will eventually with what he's doing.

LOGAN

And how do you know that?

MARIA

Look at what he had you doing last night. Next, you'll be involved in bigger stuff, drug deals, and then what? Where's that lead you, eh? It may not be physical pain, but that's not good for you, ya know. It's damaging. It's hurtful.

Logan turns back to the water and readies his next stone.

LOGAN

He loves me.

MARIA

I love you.

One - Two - Three - Four - FIVE - SPLASH!

Maria turns around to the Camper Van to see Ash beckoning her back.

As Logan lines up another large pebble - SPLASH!

**EXT. MOORLAND - CAMPER VAN - DAY**

Maria arrives alone back at the camper van and enters.

**INT. CAMPER VAN (STATIC) - CONTINUOUS**

Maria fiddles with a small DAB radio as Ash watches on.

She finds the station she was looking for, and in particular, a news broadcast.

It's a police press conference regarding Logan's disappearance. The voice we hear is that of D.I. CLAIRE KEY.

D.I. CLAIRE KEY (ON THE RADIO)  
 Twelve-year-old Logan Locke was taken against his will at around eight pm last night. He is around four-foot-two, with light brown hair, and we urgently appeal for any information regarding his whereabouts.

The SOUND of reporters clamouring to ask their questions disrupts D.I. Claire Key's flow momentarily.

ASH  
 This was quick.

MARIA  
 Always is when it comes to kids.

D.I. CLAIRE KEY (ON THE RADIO)  
 Although we don't have any descriptions at present regarding the possible culprit. We do know the vehicle used was a blue and white camper van.

Ash looks at Maria as she continues to stare at the radio.

D.I. CLAIRE KEY (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)  
 We would like to stress that if anyone sees Logan or the vehicle in question to contact the police immediately.

Maria turns off the radio.

ASH  
 Why do you think they didn't mention us? They must know you're involved by now...

MARIA  
 They won't want the public to have any sympathy for me.

Maria thinks for a moment -

MARIA (CONT'D)  
 We should get going.

**EXT. MOORLAND - CAMPER VAN/LAKE - DAY**

Maria heads back down to the lake towards Logan.



But as she gets closer, she realises it's silent.

She quickly picks up her pace and sees that Logan has gone!

MARIA  
(Shouting)  
Logan?!

No response.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
LOGAN?!

Maria begins to frantically scan around, but the small hillocks and mounds mean that her eye line doesn't extend very far.

Up at the camper van, Ash exits to see what's going on.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
(To Ash)  
He's gone!

Ash quickly climbs onto the roof of the camper van to gain a better vantage point as -

**EXT. MOORLAND - ELSEWHERE - DAY**

Logan runs as fast as his damaged ankle allows.

He looks over his shoulder as he hears the now-distant calls for his name. Happy that he's put enough distance between him and his captors, he sits down to catch his breath.

He takes his mobile phone from his pocket and attempts to turn it on -- battery dead.

He presses harder -

LOGAN  
Come on!

Still dead.

Logan stands up, and looks back to where he came from to see if he's being followed before heading off again as -

**I/E. CAMPER VAN (MOVING)/MOORLAND - DAY**

Maria slowly drives the camper van along a winding single-lane country road.

With Ash in the passenger seat, they scan the land for any sign of Logan.

MARIA  
Can you see him at your side?

ASH  
No.

MARIA  
He couldn't have gone far, surely.

ASH  
We'll find him. The little shit.

Drops of rain begin to hit the windscreen. Maria looks up at the darkening skies.

MARIA  
(Regarding the rain)  
Or he'll find us.

**EXT. MOORLAND - ELSEWHERE - DAY**

Hobbling all the more, Logan grimaces with pain as he arrives at a narrow country road.

Sensing the rain, he holds his hand out as he looks up to the sky - it's definitely starting to rain.

Not sure which way to head now, he looks around. There's nothing to the left, or the right, just... hills.

And then he sees it, appearing on the horizon and coming towards him - the camper van.

Logan quickly turns and goes to sprint.

But he does not get very far before the pain strikes again.

Giving up, he turns back and watches the camper van approach.

**INT. CAMPER VAN (MOVING) - MOORLAND - DAY**

Logan sits in the passenger seat as the wipers go back and forth quickly, sloshing away the heavy rain from the windscreen.

Maria drives as Ash gazes out of the window in the back.

The SOUND of the wipers eventually broken by -

MARIA  
You could have got killed.

LOGAN  
How?

ASH  
Panthers and shit.

MARIA  
It's just dangerous out here. You  
need to stay with us...

Logan ignores Maria.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
How's your ankle?

LOGAN  
Fucked.

MARIA  
(As a mother should)  
Ay! Do you have to swear?

Ash has a realisation.

ASH  
We need to ditch the van.

Maria shakes her head.

ASH (CONT'D)  
Why not?

MARIA  
Motshan will kill us.

Logan looks to Maria.

LOGAN  
What? Who's Motshan?

MARIA  
Mo', just call him Mo'. And he's  
going to help us, Logan.

LOGAN  
That's not what you just said.

MARIA  
He's going to keep us safe.

LOGAN ASH  
But that's not what you just said. I don't like him.

MARIA  
Forget it. This is his van.

Beat.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
He promised to help.

ASH  
LOL.

LOGAN  
Whatever.

MARIA  
(To Ash)  
You agreed to this.

LOGAN  
I didn't agree to anything.

MARIA  
(To Logan)  
Mo' is decent; you'll like him.  
He'll like you.

ASH  
Yeah, to be honest, he's okay if  
you can look past his drug dealing,  
sex trafficking, and obvious  
violent tendencies.

Maria ignores Ash's remarks, instead looking over to Logan, who is looking out of the window at the passing moorland.

LOGAN  
What kind of a name is Motshan?

Maria looks out ahead at the long and winding road. Although darkened by the skies and landscape, there's beauty in it. Worthy of a canvas.

**INT. PRISON - CELL - DAY - PRESENT**

Or a charcoal drawing that Maria is currently taking her time over.

She sits back, admiring her work alongside several attempts at the same drawing stuck up on her cell wall.

Some are better than others, some more twisted, but all clearly from the same spot.

It's like looking into Maria's psyche. Disturbing.

**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY**

Back in the group therapy room, Maria paces alone opposite a seated Dr Moore.

MARIA

I fucked up.

Dr Moore just watches Maria pacing, waiting for more.

MARIA (CONT'D)

We shouldn't have gone back to Mo'.  
Once his van was on the news, we  
should have dumped it, ya know?  
Burnt it there and then, gone  
somewhere else.

DR MOORE

You keep saying "we". Who do you  
mean? You and Logan?

MARIA

Me and Ash.

DR MOORE

And Ash, Did he - (help)?

MARIA

(Correcting)

*She.*

DR MOORE

Did *she* help you plan it?

MARIA

No. Yeah. I don't know, it was my  
idea, but she was supportive.

Maria continues to pace as Dr Moore watches on.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Am I going mad in here?

DR MOORE

We shouldn't use the term '*mad*'.

MARIA

But you know what I'm saying,  
right? This place, it's sending me -

Maria taps her head and whistles.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I'm scared I'm going to scramble an  
egg that can't be unscrambled.

DR MOORE

I'm sure you're feeling many things  
right now. This is why we're having  
these conversations, to see if we  
can make you feel better mentally.

Maria scoffs at this.

DR MOORE (CONT'D)

Tell me, why do you think you've  
not heard from Logan? Since you've  
been in here.

MARIA

He won't let him.  
(Off Dr Moore's look)  
His Dad.

DR MOORE

And have you written to him?

MARIA

No.

DR MOORE

How come?

MARIA

I'm not allowed to make contact.

DR MOORE

What about Ash? Have you spoken to  
her?

Silence as Maria continues to pace.

DR MOORE (CONT'D)

Tell me more about her.

MARIA

Like what?

DR MOORE

How long have you known her? When did she come into your life?

MARIA

She was in with me during my first stretch.

DR MOORE

And how would you describe her influence on you? In the beginning. Was she a sexual partner?

MARIA

No. Just a friend, I suppose, a bit of company.

DR MOORE

Would you describe her as a positive influence? Or a negative one?

Maria considers the question; remembering the past -

**INT. PRISON - CELL - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Ash smiles at us - at Maria.

**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY**

MARIA

Positive. At first.

DR MOORE

At first?

MARIA

Well, you know how things are; people have their own ideas, their own agendas and whatnot.

(Pause)

People change.

DR MOORE

Did Ash change?

MARIA

Yeah. In a way.

DR MOORE

In what way?

Maria thinks on this, remembering something -

MARIA

Have you ever heard of Newton's  
Third Law?

**INT. CAMPER VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT - PAST**

Maria drives the van at night; she's just been asked a question by Logan, who remains in the passenger seat.

Ash leans forward from the back, interested in what Logan is saying as he repeatedly throws and catches a pebble.

ASH

I've not heard of it.

MARIA

(To Logan)  
Go on.

LOGAN

It means that for every action,  
there's an equal and opposite  
reaction. So, for example, when I  
was skimming stones earlier, right?  
Well, the force of the stone  
hitting the water is matched by the  
water pushing the stone upwards.

He looks to Maria, who really is not following.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Until eventually, the force of the  
stone is less than that of the  
water, and then the water takes the  
stone. It was the only outcome.

ASH

You're so smart, Logan.

MARIA

And? What you saying?

LOGAN

That for every action you take,  
there's going to be a reaction.

(Beat)

This can only end one way. Here -

Logan passes Maria the pebble.



LOGAN (CONT'D)

To remember me by.

Ash leans back into the rear of the van.

MARIA

You really think I've committed a crime, don't ya?

LOGAN

(Laughing)

What? And you don't think you have?

MARIA

No.

LOGAN

Okay... So kidnapping me is not a crime?

MARIA

I'm your Mum.

LOGAN

You taking me to school on Monday? Because it's the law that I have to go to school, ya know...

MARIA

Do you want to go to school? Do you like it?

LOGAN

Yeah, I do, but that's not the point whether I like it or not.

MARIA

So what you on about?

LOGAN

You should make me go. It's not up to me; I'm still a child.

MARIA

You're thirteen.

LOGAN

(Correcting)

I'm twelve.

Maria grimaces to herself. Bad mistake.

MARIA

(Trying to recover)

Okay, so that's year what, seven? I can teach that.

LOGAN

You didn't even know who Isaac Newton was.

Ash leans forward again, taking in the surroundings through the front window.

ASH

We're here.

Logan leans forwards as the camper van enters through some steel gates -

**EXT. CARAVAN PARK - ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

- and onto a dark and ominous road flanked by tall trees.

**EXT. CARAVAN PARK - CARA'S CARAVAN - NIGHT**

Maria and Ash step out of the camper van and slam their doors shut.

They look around at the citadel of darkened static caravans. The only light source comes from a couple of nearby vending machines.

ASH

Where is he? You think he's around?

MARIA

He should be...

The silence is eerie.

ASH

Shall I do the horn?

MARIA

No...

Maria gestures to the caravans.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Guests.

ASH  
 Fuck 'em. They're probably all  
 empty.

And with that, the light is turned on within a nearby caravan.

Maria looks over to it as the door opens to reveal the silhouette of a young woman, CARA (Mid-20s), a cigarette hanging from her lips.

ASH (CONT'D)  
 Ey, you seen Motshan about?

**FROM INSIDE THE CAMPER VAN.**

Logan watches through the window.

MARIA  
 (From Outside)  
 Do you know where he is?

Cara shakes her head -

CARA  
 (From Outside)  
 He should be about. Somewhere.

MARIA  
 (From Outside)  
 I don't think I've seen you around.

CARA  
 (From Outside)  
 I'm new.

ASH  
 (From Outside)  
 Yeah, we gathered.

MARIA  
 (From Outside)  
 Are you working?

**OUTSIDE.**

CARA  
 Not right now, but yeah, Mo' is  
 looking after me.

MARIA  
 Right.

Maria looks left to see the silhouette of a hulking man walking towards them with a clear purpose.

ASH  
I think this is him.

CARA  
Uh oh.

ASH  
(To Cara)  
Get your head in. Muppet.

Cara returns to her caravan and closes her door as -

**INSIDE.**

Logan watches on.

Although MOTSHAN (40s) remains shielded by the darkness, it's clear through his size that he is big and powerful.

And Maria feels it as WHACK! Motshan hits her with the back of his hand, sending her to the floor.

Logan shuffles down in his seat, scared.

**OUTSIDE.**

MOTSHAN  
Can you please tell me why my van  
is all over the fucking news?

Maria rolls onto her hands and knees and begins to check her mouth for blood.

MOTSHAN (CONT'D)  
Eh?

ASH  
It's no big deal.

MOTSHAN  
(To Maria)  
I swear to god, if any police come  
sniffing around here, I'll kill ya.  
And I don't want to, Maria, but  
you've really taken the piss.

Maria begins to get to her feet.

ASH  
(To Maria)  
You okay?

Maria nods to Ash before standing up straight and sticking her chest out. She's a proud woman who won't be beaten into submission.

Noticing this, Motshan steps forward, almost squaring up to her.

Maria wants nothing more than to bite his face off, but remembering Logan is watching, she eventually buckles -

MARIA

Can we not do this here?

Motshan stares her straight in the eye; it's a game of intimidation - it works.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Please...

Motshan looks over Maria's shoulder to -

**INSIDE.**

Logan sat in the camper van.

He slowly begins to walk around to Logan's side.

*TAP. TAP. TAP.*

Logan fumbles for the lever before winding the window down halfway. Motshan considers him a moment, and then -

MOTSHAN

Man of the hour.

- he puts his ringed hand through the window to shake Logan's.

MOTSHAN (CONT'D)

Mo'.

Logan shakes Motshan's hand.

LOGAN

...Logan.

Motshan squeezes tight - smiles - winks.

MOTSHAN

I know your name, lad.

Motshan eventually lets go of Logan's hand and turns back to Maria and Ash.

MOTSHAN (CONT'D)  
Come and see me tomorrow.

**OUTSIDE.**

Motshan begins to head off.

MOTSHAN (CONT'D)  
You never know; things might look  
better in the cold light of day.

Maria and Ash watch Motshan walk away, and when he's far enough away, Maria looks at Logan

MOTSHAN (CONT'D)  
(Shouting back)  
Caravan Four A.

**INT. CARAVAN FOUR A - NIGHT**

Logan turns on a small lamp that illuminates the inside of the static caravan. It's beige, very beige, and the tungsten glow gives the place a homely feeling.

Logan stands alone in the centre.

And then he searches for food...

The fridge...

Cupboards...

Drawers...

The Bedroom...

Bedside Cabinets... nothing.

Logan collapses onto the sofa in silence. He closes his eyes, barely able to keep awake, when, something catches his attention, someone talking from outside the caravan -

**EXT. CARAVAN FOUR A - VERANDA - NIGHT**

Maria sits on a chair as Ash buzzes about her ear full of energy. They are both trying (and failing) to keep quiet.

ASH  
So why not?

MARIA  
No way, not now.

ASH  
You said...

MARIA  
I know.

ASH  
That you would *never* let a man hurt  
you again.

MARIA  
*I know.*

ASH  
So what was that?

MARIA  
What would you have me do? This is  
bigger than me now.

ASH  
You're embarrassing.

MARIA  
There's nothing I could have done  
then, nothing.

ASH  
So let's do something *now*.

MARIA  
Ha! You're speaking like we have a  
choice.

ASH  
We do.

MARIA  
Go on then...

Beat.

ASH  
We can do him. He's got money.

Maria shakes her head, but Ash continues -

ASH (CONT'D)  
We'll do him, take his cash and  
make our own way.

MARIA  
Own way where?

ASH  
Wherever we want. We've come this far; we don't need no help from anyone.

MARIA  
We needed his van, right?

ASH  
We'll take his van.

MARIA  
And then what? The money would run out.

ASH  
We'd find a way.

Maria thinks on this for almost eternity, and then -

MARIA  
Logan's third law.

ASH  
Ahhh, you don't believe that shit do ya? He's just a kid; what does he know...

MARIA  
Maybe he's right.

Maria places her head in her hands, squeezing her fingers tight on her skull.

ASH  
People do get away with stuff, ya know. I mean, look at cock head Motshan. He's been running all kinds of dodgy shit from here; not one single person batted an eyelid. Here look, look over there -

Ash points towards Cara's caravan in the distance -

ASH (CONT'D)  
That slut has probably got some gadgie coming to ride her tonight. She's two weeks away from being branded with a 'love is loyalty' tattoo, and who do you think is earning the money?

(MORE)



ASH (CONT'D)  
Cos it's not her I'll tell you that  
for thirty pence.

Ash leans into Maria -

ASH (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
We do have a choice.

Ash steps back and looks at Maria, but Maria is not looking back at her; she's looking at Logan standing in the doorway of the caravan.

Ash turns around to Logan as he looks back at his Mum -

MARIA  
You not tired?

LOGAN  
No.

MARIA  
Come sit out here with us.

Maria taps the seat next to her. Logan slowly walks over and takes the seat as Ash turns and enters the caravan.

But not before giving Maria a sideward smirk and shrug of the shoulders.

Maria and Logan sit in silence together, not saying a single word.

Nothing is exchanged between them as Maria looks over to Cara's caravan. She watches as the door opens again, and the silhouette of a businessman carrying a briefcase ascends the stairs and enters. Ash was right.

Maria reaches for Logan's hand and knots her fingers in his. Logan obliges and gently squeezes back as he looks at his Mum.

For the first time, he realises she looks sad and pitiful.

LOGAN  
Mum?

Maria pulls Logan close, and he rests his head on her shoulder.

MARIA  
Yeah?

LOGAN  
I'm starving.

**EXT. CARAVAN PARK - CARA'S CARAVAN - NIGHT**

Maria slots some money into a vending machine, and after scanning the sparse options from within, she hits a series of numbers on the keypad.

A packet of crisps begins to spiral out as -

She looks to Cara's caravan, the SOUND of sex coming from within. It's a bit over the top.

Back to the vending machine, and Maria hits some more numbers.

**EXT. CARAVAN FOUR A - VERANDA - NIGHT**

With cushions and blankets, Logan lays on the veranda, looking up at the night sky.

Maria returns with a selection of crisps, chocolate, and drinks.

MARIA  
This is all I could get.

She places them down and takes a seat next to Logan, who rabidly opens a packet of crisps and begins to munch -

Tsssss! He opens a can and begins to gulp -

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Easy...

Maria opens a bag herself and eats steadily; it's kind of awkward.

She looks up to the night sky, considering the stars.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Did you know that when you look at the stars, you're actually looking into the past?

Logan looks up -

**EXT. FIELD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

DARREN

You see, distance in space is often measured in light-years. The way you measure how far a star is, is by first finding out how many years it takes for the light from it to reach us if you know what I mean. So, if we see a star fizzle out now, that probably would have happened millions, maybe billions of years ago. Before any of us existed.

Darren looks to his side to Maria and places his hand on her belly -

DARREN (CONT'D)

Before our lad existed.

**EXT. CARAVAN FOUR A - VERANDA - NIGHT - PAST**

Maria looks to Logan -

MARIA

You already knew that, didn't you?

Logan looks to his Mum, considering her question; he shakes his head -

LOGAN

No...

Maria looks at him and smiles; she knows he's lying but likes the fact anyway.

MARIA

Can I ask you a question?

Logan nods.

MARIA (CONT'D)

What's your earliest memory of me?

LOGAN

I don't know.

MARIA

Just think.

LOGAN

I mean, I do have memories, but I don't know which is the earliest and...

Logan pauses. Maria turns to him -

MARIA

And what?

LOGAN

I don't even know if they're true.

Maria turns back to the sky... the stars... the past.

**EXT. CARAVAN PARK - RECEPTION BUILDING - DAY**

The next day and Logan follows behind Maria and Ash as they head through the caravan park.

In the morning sunlight, it looks less ominous and more like a typical (yet small) holiday resort.

They arrive at a small brick house/reception building.

**INT. RECEPTION BUILDING - DAY**

Maria, Ash, and Logan enter the building to the gentle SOUND of music from a time long gone coming from an old record player. Logan admires the relic as -

Motshan, sits behind a desk on the phone with a 'client' -

MOTSHAN

(On the Phone)

Well, you get the night in the abode, and of course, our absolute discretion goes without saying.

(Pause)

Well, Mr Peak has recommended us to you, and you to us, and well, let me say this, he's a very loyal patron; the girls speak highly of him.

(Pause)

Okay then, well you won't see me unless you encounter any problems.

(Pause)

You too, sir, bye now.

Motshan ends the call and walks over to the record player, removing the needle. The music was clearly for the client's benefit.

Coming across like a different person, he stands with a smile on his face to greet the threesome as if nothing happened between them the night previous -

MOTSHAN (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Business takes priority and all that. But here you are. How was your trip?

MARIA

It was alright.

ASH

Could've been better.

Maria shoots Ash a '*shut the fuck up*' look as Motshan turns his attention to Logan.

MOTSHAN

And how are you today, lad?

LOGAN

I'm alright.

MOTSHAN

Good stuff.

(To Maria)

Listen, I don't want you to worry about the van. We'll sort something out.

MARIA

I'm not worrying about it.

Motshan pauses, considering Maria's response.

After a moment, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out some change.

MOTSHAN

(To Logan)

Logan, do us a favour and go get us all a coke from the machine outside, would ya...

He holds the money out for Logan, who looks to Maria for approval - she nods.

Logan takes the money -

ASH  
 (To Logan)  
 Don't disappear again!

- and exits.

**EXT. CARAVAN PARK - RECEPTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Logan leaves the reception building and begins to head toward the vending machine...

He looks back at the reception building as he hears a slightly raised male voice.

**EXT. CARAVAN PARK - CARA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS**

As he heads towards the vending machine, Logan notices movement from Cara's caravan. It is the businessman from the night previous preparing to leave without so much as a 'see you later' to Cara.

As he arrives at the vending machine, Logan attempts to keep himself to himself and begins to insert the money.

Sensing he is being watched, he looks over his shoulder to see Cara sitting on her veranda. Although she is rough around the edges, and it seems like she has cut and dyed her own hair, Logan finds her alluring as she casually lights up a cigarette.

She looks to Logan, who quickly turns back to the vending machine to finish what he started. After the final THUD of a can being dispensed, he bends down to pick up the three drinks when -

CARA (O.S.)  
 Logan, is it?

Logan turns around and looks over to Cara, stumped.

CARA (CONT'D)  
 No need to be shy.

LOGAN  
 How do you know my name?

Cara ushers Logan over with a simple head movement. He slowly walks over.

CARA  
 (Whispering)  
 Everyone is looking for you.

LOGAN  
Who's everyone?

Cara takes a drag of her cig before slowly exhaling for dramatic effect.

CARA  
Your Dad.

LOGAN  
You know my Dad?

CARA  
Seems like a nice guy.

LOGAN  
How do you know?

CARA  
I have a TV.

Cara holds her hand out for a coke. Logan can't refuse as he hands her one.

CARA (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, though; your secret is safe with me.

She cracks it open and begins to gulp thirstily. And when she finishes -

CARA (CONT'D)  
Is that your mum you've run away with?

Logan looks over to the reception building before responding -

LOGAN  
Yeah.

CARA  
Ma-ri-a.

LOGAN  
That's right.

CARA  
Is she like, okay?

Logan considers this.

LOGAN  
Yeah, why wouldn't she be?

CARA  
They say she's dangerous. Among  
other things.

LOGAN  
Dangerous?

Cara considers her next words carefully, dotting out her cig  
on the table.

CARA  
Forget it.

And then she gets up and turns back into her caravan -

CARA (CONT'D)  
Nice to meet you, Logan.

LOGAN  
Do you have a phone charger?

Cara stops in her tracks.

**INT. CARAVAN PARK - CARA'S CARAVAN - DAY**

Logan stands in the middle of the caravan whilst Cara looks  
around for her charger.

It's much better than Caravan Four A; it's almost luxurious.

Finding the charger, Cara holds it out for Logan, he takes  
it.

LOGAN  
Can I charge it here?

Beat.

CARA  
She doesn't know you've got your  
phone, does she?

LOGAN  
Just for a few minutes, so it turns  
on...

They both stand in silence. And then -

Cara holds her hand out for Logan's phone and charger, he  
passes her them, and she plugs it into a nearby socket.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
What's your name?



CARA

Cara.

LOGAN

Do you live here?

CARA

For now.

LOGAN

Do you like it here?

CARA

It'll do for the time being, before  
the next thing.

LOGAN

What's the next thing?

CARA

I don't know yet. I've got time to  
figure that out.

LOGAN

Be careful.

CARA

Huh?

LOGAN

Life can pass you by whilst you're  
busy making plans for it.

Cara considers this and smiles.

CARA

How old are you?

LOGAN

Twelve. You?

CARA

Exactly double your age.

LOGAN

You look older.

*BZZZZZ!* Logan's phone begins to vibrate sporadically as a  
series of messages start to filter through.

CARA

(regarding the phone)  
You want it now?

LOGAN

Can I let it charge a little?

CARA

Of course.

An awkward silence again. And then -

CARA (CONT'D)

Do you want to see how famous you  
are?

**INT. CARA'S CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER**

Logan and Cara sit side-by-side on the small sofa watching the TV. It's a police press conference regarding his disappearance.

Conducting proceedings is D.I. Claire Key (40s), flanked by her colleague DI KOFI OSEI (40s). Sat down next to them is Darren, tears running down his face - Logan sees this, and for some reason, feels undeniable guilt.

D.I. CLAIRE KEY (ON THE TV)

We have some new information to share regarding Logan Locke's disappearance. We will now show you an image of a person of interest who we would like to speak to urgently.

An image of Maria from her first stint in prison appears on the screen. It's unflattering; she looks dangerous, unhinged, and angry.

D.I. CLAIRE KEY (ON THE TV) (CONT'D)

(Over the image of Maria)

This is Maria Hall, thirty-five years of age. She is around five foot seven, slim, with mousey blonde hair.

The image of Maria disappears.

The SOUND of reporters clamouring to ask their questions momentarily stops D.I. Claire Key in her tracks, but she quickly regains control of the room as she places her hands in the air.

D.I. CLAIRE KEY (ON THE TV) (CONT'D)

In order to remove all speculation regarding the suspect.

(MORE)

D.I. CLAIRE KEY (ON THE TV) (CONT'D)  
 I want to make it clear that  
 although Maria is Logan's  
 biological mother, she currently  
 has no custodial rights over Logan.  
 (Pause)  
 This is a kidnap case like any  
 other. Any questions?

The reporters' hands are raised, and D.I. Claire Key points  
 to one -

D.I. CLAIRE KEY (ON THE TV) (CONT'D)  
 Yeah?

REPORTER (ON THE TV)  
 There have been many cases in the  
 past of children running away with  
 one parent over the other. Why the  
 urgency with this particular case?

**INT. RECEPTION BUILDING - SAME TIME**

On the TV in the reception building -

D.I. CLAIRE KEY (ON THE TV)  
 Maria has a history of violence and  
 potentially undiagnosed mental  
 health conditions. We urge the  
 public not to approach her under  
 any circumstances but instead dial  
 nine-nine-nine.

The TV is turned off, and Maria's reflection stares back at  
 the now-blank TV.

Motshan, holding the TV remote, sits perched on his desk as  
 he watches Maria stand defiantly.

MOTSHAN  
 So you have a choice, don't ya?  
 It's either back to the clink, or  
 you can work your debts off here,  
 and then I'll give you these.

Motshan holds up two passports.

MOTSHAN (CONT'D)  
 You will soon be on your way to  
*Paris, Rome, Barcelona*, or wherever  
 the fuck you fancy.

Ash shakes her head.

MARIA  
How long for?

MOTSHAN  
Well, that depends on you. On the situation. On how quickly it takes for the police to stop looking for my van, or how quickly you replace it. Whatever comes first, I'm not fussed.

**EXT. CARAVAN PARK - RECEPTION BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Maria and Ash burst out of the reception building and begin to head back to Caravan Four A.

MARIA  
I have to!

ASH  
You can not be serious?!

MARIA  
You heard him.

ASH  
It will never end; he'll always use this against you, always! Whether you pay him back or not.

MARIA  
I know.

ASH  
Then why are we doing it?

MARIA  
There's no choice.

ASH  
We have a choice, though.

MARIA  
We're mid-fucking-kidnap!

ASH  
Precisely! We need to act fast and keep moving. If not, we're going back to prison for a long... long... time.

MARIA  
I can't go back. I can't.

ASH

I know.

**CARA'S CARAVAN.**

Without realising, they have both arrived outside Cara's caravan. Hearing the commotion, Logan and Cara step out onto the veranda.

MARIA

Son. What are you doing in there?

LOGAN

Nothing...

CARA

He asked to use the toilet. Are you okay?

MARIA

What the fuck's it to you?! Get your head in and keep away from my son!

Cara looks to Logan before turning and heading back inside her caravan, but before she does -

CARA

Take care of yourself, Logan.

Cara gives Maria one last look -

ASH

(To Cara)

Jog on.

- and leaves.

ASH (CONT'D)

You know what we gotta do.

Maria paces as she struggles to control her anger. It bursts out of her -

MARIA

FUCK!

**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

Maria continues to pace.

MARIA

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! I fucked up, I fucked up. I should never have listened to her in the first place; I should have left there and then and turned myself in.

DR MOORE

Maria, please sit down, take a moment.

Maria continues to pace, ignoring Dr Moore's advice.

MARIA

We tried to kill him.

DR MOORE

Sit down, and we can talk about it.

Maria paces a few moments longer before taking a seat.

Sensing Maria is calming -

DR MOORE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell the police of Ash's involvement?

MARIA

I can't. I couldn't.

DR MOORE

Why not?

MARIA

I'm not a grass. I could never... ya know, stuff like that doesn't go down well.

DR MOORE

But you took the blame alone. You were charged and found guilty. Alone.

MARIA

It's not that simple.

DR MOORE

Maria, I want to find out what else has gone on so I can help you.

Maria remains seated; Dr Moore can sense she wants to say something but doesn't.

DR MOORE (CONT'D)  
Remember, these conversations are  
confidential; whatever you say to  
me here is strictly between us,  
okay?

Nothing.

DR MOORE (CONT'D)  
I want us to explore the  
possibility that this may not have  
been your fault.

Beat.

MARIA  
Of course, it was my fault. It's  
why I'm here.

DR MOORE  
But Ash's role was important in  
this, I think you'd agree.

MARIA  
Yeah, but she didn't have a gun to  
my head.

DR MOORE  
She may as well have done.

Maria stands up again, this time picking up the chair and  
throwing it across the room -

DR MOORE (CONT'D)  
Maria! STOP!

Dr Moore stands up.

Maria looks at her, weighing her up. She likes her.

DR MOORE (CONT'D)  
I want to help you. Please, just  
breathe!

Hearing the commotion from outside, a Prison Officer bursts  
in, holding a baton.

DR MOORE (CONT'D)  
(To the Prison Officer)  
It's okay. We're fine.

The Prison Officer remains, unsure of what is going on.

DR MOORE (CONT'D)  
(To the Prison Officer)  
We're fine!

The Prison Officer leaves, albeit reluctantly.

DR MOORE (CONT'D)  
(To Maria)  
Let us take a breath. Please sit  
down.

Maria slowly walks over and picks the chair back up; she places it down and takes a seat.

After a moment -

DR MOORE (CONT'D)  
I want you to take your time; this  
is important. I want you to tell me  
everything leading up to your  
arrest. Every detail and every  
emotion.

Maria simply nods.

**INT. CARAVAN FOUR A - BATHROOM - NIGHT - PAST**

Currently in the process of applying makeup in the small bathroom, Maria looks in the mirror to Logan sitting in the living area of the caravan. She offers a smile, but when she looks at herself again, the smile disappears.

Maria focuses and continues to apply the makeup.

**INT. CARAVAN EIGHT B - NIGHT**

Now done up with make-up and wearing expensive-looking clothes, Maria looks uncomfortable with herself as she sits on the edge of a bed within a luxurious caravan.

Maria stares blankly ahead in almost silence, except for the SOUND of rain hitting the caravan's roof.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Maria snaps back to reality, gets up, and heads to the door as -



**INT. CARAVAN FOUR A - NIGHT**

- Logan watches through the curtains as he sees Motshan enter Caravan Eight B.

**EXT. CARA'S CARAVAN - VERANDA - NIGHT**

Logan frantically bangs on Cara's door as the rain comes down heavily.

She opens it -

CARA

Logan? It's pissing down.

LOGAN

I've come for my phone.

**INT. CARA'S CARAVAN - NIGHT**

Logan sits and turns his phone on -

CARA

I turned it off. Didn't think you'd want people ringing...

LOGAN

Did anyone try?

CARA

A couple of people.

LOGAN

Who?

Cara shrugs and -

Logan's phone turns on. Despite the many notifications that have since come through (and continue to do so), Logan quickly composes a message for his Dad -

**Dad, I'm okay don't worry!**

Logan clicks 'send'.

He quickly begins to compose another -

**I think Mum needs my help -**

But before he has the chance to press 'send', his phone begins to vibrate -

**Incoming Video Call: Dad.**

Logan answers it, and Darren's face pops up on the screen -

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Logan! Where are you?

LOGAN  
Dad...

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Are you okay?

LOGAN  
I'm fine! Listen...

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Ring the police, Logan! Tell them  
where - (you are).

LOGAN  
(Interrupting)  
Dad! Listen! I can't, not yet...

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Logan!

LOGAN  
(Shouting)  
Listen to me!

Beat.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm worried about her.

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Who?

LOGAN  
Mum.

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Forget her for now. I want you to  
come home.

LOGAN  
I need to stay to make sure she's  
okay...

DARREN (ON THE PHONE)  
Then ring the police! Logan,  
please!

(MORE)

DARREN (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

The best way you can help her is for the police to find her, to bring you home. It's for your -(own safety).

Cara snatches the phone from Logan's hand and ends the call.

Logan looks confused as Ash holds her finger to her lips in a 'Shhhhh' way.

She points to the window.

**INT. CARAVAN EIGHT B - NIGHT**

Maria remains seated on the bed as Motshan stands over her; he isn't threatening; instead, he's being earnest and professional.

Moving to the door -

MOTSHAN

You greet the client. They're paying a lot for your service, so you're working the moment they climb those steps.

Moving to the bed -

MOTSHAN (CONT'D)

Also, there's a panic button by the bed; press it if you feel you need to. It's important to me that you, the others, and the clients feel safe.

And finally -

MOTSHAN (CONT'D)

Under no circumstance do you - (allow the client...)

The BLAST of a car horn suddenly gets Motshan's attention -

He moves over to the window and pulls back the curtain to see a dark saloon car parked up.

He watches as the car doors swing open and out step DI Claire Key and DI Kofi Osei.

**INT. CARA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS**

Logan and Cara peer through the curtains as the detectives stand looking around the park -

MOTSHAN (O.S.)  
(Shouting)  
Excuse me, can I help?

Motshan has appeared on Caravan Eight B's veranda.

DI Claire Key motions for her colleague to wait by the car as she makes her approach to Motshan -

**INT. CARAVAN EIGHT B - CONTINUOUS**

From inside the caravan, Maria listens to the goings-on outside -

DI CLAIRE KEY (O.S.)  
(From Outside)  
Hi, we're looking for a Motshan Dan-  
i-or...

MOTSHAN (O.S.)  
(From Outside)  
*Dane-wa.*

**EXT. CARAVAN EIGHT B - VERANDA - CONTINUOUS**

DI CLAIRE KEY  
Right. Is that you?

MOTSHAN  
It is.

DI CLAIRE KEY  
I'm Detective Inspector Claire Key,  
and we're investigating the  
disappearance of Logan Locke.

MOTSHAN  
Do you have a warrant?

This basically gives away Motshan, and the detective knows it.

DI CLAIRE KEY  
We're not here to search your  
premises, Mr *Dan-wa*. Not unless we  
need to.

**INT. CARA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS**

LOGAN  
They're going to find her...

CARA  
It could be for the best, though...

Logan looks at Cara inquisitively...

CARA (CONT'D)  
Maybe your Dad's right; she needs help.

LOGAN  
Maybe I can help her.

CARA  
You're a child, Logan.

Whilst continuing to look around the park, something catches DI Kofi Osei's eye. Movement from within Cara's caravan -

Logan pulls away from the curtain quickly as -

**INT. CARAVAN EIGHT B - CONTINUOUS**

Maria opens a drawer within the caravan -

DI CLAIRE KEY (O.S.)  
(From Outside)  
And your camper van, licence plate  
M-X-0-3-0-H-N, is that about?

- and takes a knife from it.

MOTSHAN (O.S.)  
(From Outside)  
It's knackered, has been for  
months.

**EXT. CARAVAN EIGHT B - VERANDA - CONTINUOUS**

DI Claire Key and Motshan face off on the veranda -

DI CLAIRE KEY  
And where is it now?

MOTSHAN  
In storage.

DI CLAIRE KEY

Can I see it?

MOTSHAN

And we're back to the issue of the warrant.

DI Kofi Osei gives a short sharp whistle.

DI Claire Key holds Motshan's gaze a moment before looking back to her colleague to see him signalling that he's seen something -

DI CLAIRE KEY

I'll be right back.

DI Claire Key turns and begins to head down the stairs and to her colleague, who in turn is making his way up to Cara's caravan -

**INT. CARA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS**

The SOUND of footsteps crunching on the gravel outside slowly turns to footsteps on the veranda's stairs -

CARA

Speak to them, Logan.

LOGAN

I can't...

Logan makes his way to the bathroom, and before he shuts the door -

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Please, Cara.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Logan shuts the bathroom door as Cara opens the door to the detectives.

DI KOFI OSEI

Hi, I'm Detective Inspector Kofi Osei. We're investigating the disappearance of a child, Logan Locke. We received a tip-off that he may be in the area. I don't suppose you know anything of that, do ya?

Cara pauses, looking over to Caravan Eight B. Motshan has gone.

DI KOFI OSEI (CONT'D)  
Miss?

CARA  
Yeah.

DI KOFI OSEI  
Yeah?

Beat.

CARA  
He's in here -

Cara steps aside, and the detectives step in and look around the caravan - it's empty.

DI KOFI OSEI  
Where?

Cara points to the bathroom -

CARA  
Here -

Cara passes Logan's phone to DI Claire Key -

CARA (CONT'D)  
- his phone. His Mum, she's not right, ya know. She's got some serious stuff going on.

- as DI Kofi Osei opens the toilet door.

Logan has gone!

And his means of escape is evident as the bathroom window remains open.

**INT. CARAVAN EIGHT B - CONTINUOUS**

Motshan stands looking at Maria; he's angry.

MOTSHAN  
It'd be easier to turn you in.

MARIA  
I'll work, I will. And don't forget...

MOTSHAN  
I aren't forgetting anything!

MARIA  
 Okay, but you're either holding me  
 against my will or...

MOTSHAN  
 Or what?!

MARIA  
 Or you've aided and abetted.

SMASH! Again, Maria feels the full force of Motshan as he punches her square in the face. She hits the deck violently.

Maria, on her hands and knees, feels her nose, blood pouring from it drastically...

...and her eyes begin to water.

The SOUND of the outside world becomes tinny and distant as she hears a 'Tap Tap Tap' sound.

She looks around - TAP! TAP! TAP! There it is again -

She looks over to the window to see Ash tapping on the outside of it...

ASH  
 Do him.

MARIA  
 (To Ash)  
 I can't do it. I can't.

Motshan picks Maria up by the throat, squeezing tight -

ASH  
 Stab him! For Logan!

Motshan notices the knife in Maria's hand -

ASH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Do it! Quick!

**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

Maria sits alone, again speaking to Dr Moore.

MARIA  
 "Do it. Do him. For Logan". That's  
 all she was saying.  
 (Pause)  
 And I listened... I don't blame her  
 though; she was probably right.  
 (MORE)



MARIA (CONT'D)

He would've held it over us for god knows how long. As far as he was concerned, I was his property, ya know. His *commodity*...

(Pause)

And right there, in that moment, he was proving his power over me. Police were on-site, and he didn't care. Call it stupidity; call it *narcissism*(?)... is that right?

(Off Dr Moore's look)

Yeah, call it whatever; to him, it was simply a show of power, a show of control. And right then - Ash probably saved my life.

**INT. CARAVAN EIGHT B - NIGHT - PAST**

Motshan's face suddenly contorts in pain!

MARIA (V.O.)

*I don't know how she got the knife from me, but there it was in her hand.*

Maria looks down to see Ash has thrust a knife into his stomach.

MARIA (V.O.)

*And she pulled it out and did it again.*

Ash pulls it out and rams it into him again.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Mum! No!

MARIA (V.O.)

*And Logan witnessed the entire thing.*

Logan bangs on the window.

MARIA (V.O.)

*You see, it wasn't Ash tapping on the window - it was Logan.*

**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

Maria remains seated, having finished her story - reflecting.

DR MOORE  
How did Ash get in the caravan?

...

DR MOORE (CONT'D)  
Maria?

MARIA  
I realised she was always in there.  
With me.

Beat.

DR MOORE  
Is she in *here* with you now?

Maria looks up...

To Ash pacing behind Dr Moore. Ash holds her finger to her lips in a 'keep quiet' motion.

MARIA  
No.

DR MOORE  
Maria, I can help you. You may be able to appeal your sentence, have a retrial and maybe... there could be a future for you and Logan. You're still young; you'll still be a reasonably young woman when you get out of here.

ASH  
It's a trap; ignore her. She wants you sectioned.

Maria struggles to hold back her emotion as the tears begin to form...

MARIA  
But I have to admit I'm nuts?

ASH  
What are you doing? Fucking listen to me!

DR MOORE  
It's not about admitting to anything, Maria. It's about accepting your circumstances.

ASH  
 Can you hear this shit? Let's do  
 her! Like we did him!

**EXT. CARAVAN EIGHT B - NIGHT - PAST**

Logan watches through the window as he sees Maria push Motshan onto the bed whilst still holding the knife.

Logan looks over his shoulder for any sign of the police. From where he's stood at the rear of the caravan, they won't be able to see him from Cara's.

LOGAN  
 Mum! We have to leave...

**INT. CARAVAN EIGHT B - CONTINUOUS - PAST**

Motshan clutches his stomach as the blood continues to pour through his fingers.

With his free hand, he struggles to take his phone from his pocket, and when he finally does, Maria approaches again with the knife...

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

LOGAN  
 (From Outside)  
 No, Mum, don't!

Maria holds her hand out for the phone...

MOTSHAN  
 I need an ambulance.

Maria steps forward; she's not messing about.

Clearly in pain, Motshan reluctantly hands her the phone.

MARIA  
 Where's the van?

**INT. CARAVAN PARK - CAR GARAGE - NIGHT**

The darkness is broken by the loud rattle of the garage shutters being opened.

The silhouettes of Maria and Logan enter the garage, and Maria quickly climbs into the driver's seat of the camper van as Logan walks around to the passenger's side -

Maria places the blood-stained knife on the dashboard and starts the engine.

She is ready to go, but Logan doesn't climb in; instead, he stands looking at his Mum -

LOGAN

We need to ring him an ambulance.

MARIA

He would have killed me.

ASH (O.S.)

Yeah, fuck him.

Maria turns back to Ash, sat in the back of the camper van -

MARIA

(Shouting to Ash)

Will you just shut up a minute?!

Logan peers in the back. There's no one there.

LOGAN

Who are you speaking to?

MARIA

Get in the van!

LOGAN

We can't leave him to die!

ASH

Yeah, we can.

MARIA

(To Ash)

Let me just talk to him alone.

LOGAN

There's no one there...

MARIA

Okay, if we ring him an ambulance, will you get in?

Logan nods - and Maria takes Motshan's phone from her pocket and dials **999** before chucking it on the passenger seat -

MARIA (CONT'D)

Tell them it's for Norfirth Holiday Park. Caravan Eight B.

Logan climbs in, picking up the phone.

DI CLAIRE KEY (O.S.)  
 Maria! Turn the engine off and step  
 out of the van!

Maria looks up to see the two detectives standing in the  
 garage entrance.

Maria reacts quickly, putting her foot down!

LOGAN  
 What are you doing?!

ASH  
 Yes then!

The van rips past the officers with the wing mirror, catching  
 DI Claire Key on the shoulder hard.

Ash gives them the finger from the back whilst doing 'oink'  
 noises.

LOGAN  
 (Panicked)  
 Hi, sorry, we need an ambulance  
 quick! Norfirth Holiday Park, erm,  
 Caravan...

Logan looks to his Mum -

ASH  
 Nine C Seven F Eleven B.

MARIA  
 Eight B.

LOGAN  
 Caravan Eight B! Also, officer  
 down!

Logan ends the call, and Maria takes the phone from him and  
 throws it out of her window as -

ASH (V.O.)  
*You fucking grass!*

**INT. PRISON - THERAPY ROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

Maria is fighting off two prison officers with a chair as Ash  
 goads her -

ASH  
 (You fucking grass) - You've had  
 it, I hope you rot in here slut!  
 (MORE)

ASH (CONT'D)

It's for the best. You don't  
deserve anything!

DR MOORE

Maria, I'm going to get you help,  
okay? Please...

MARIA

I'm not nuts. I'm not.

ASH

You're not right in the head.  
Useless.

MARIA

(To Ash)

Leave me alone!

(To Dr Moore)

Tell her to leave!

DR MOORE

Maria. Listen...

Maria slings the chair across the room -

MARIA

I want her gone!

- and the prison officers pounce, aggressively man-handling  
Maria.

**INT. CAMPER VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT - PAST**

Maria has her foot down as the camper van races down a  
country road.

Blue flashing lights can be seen over the fields to the right  
in the distance. It's hard to say whether they're coming  
towards the van or going away.

ASH

Turn your headlights off.

Maria ignores her.

ASH (CONT'D)

Turn them off! Otherwise, they'll  
see us.

Maria turns them off.

ASH (CONT'D)

Wasn't hard was it.

Maria ignores Ash, focusing on the extremely dark road ahead of her.

Logan appears nervous as his Mum picks up speed, the MPH needle creeping up.

Ash begins to laugh...

MARIA

(To Ash)

What's so fucking funny? You might have killed him!

ASH

*Me?*

MARIA

You're mad. This is mad.

LOGAN

Mum, there's no one there. Who are you speaking to?! I don't understand...

Maria looks to Logan, taking her eye off the road momentarily. She tries to explain herself -

MARIA

Just speaking to myself out loud, ya know.

The left side of the van appears to leave the road slightly as it begins to shake violently -

LOGAN

The road!

Maria straightens the camper van up -

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's like you're having a conversation with someone.

MARIA

I'm not, I'm not.

LOGAN

Can you turn your headlights on?

Maria turns the headlights on -

ASH

Turn them off!

LOGAN  
And slow down?

MARIA  
For every action...

LOGAN  
You're going too fast! Mum...

MARIA  
There's only one way this is going  
to end, right?

The van picks up speed as Maria swerves between two cars.

Logan is scared; he knows this could be the end.

LOGAN  
Mum, please!

MARIA  
I'm sorry.

LOGAN  
This can end in the right way.

Maria struggles to hold back the tears now...

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Please slow down. I want to help;  
let me help.

ASH  
(To Maria)  
Are you crying?

MARIA  
(To Logan)  
I'm so sorry, Son.

But suddenly, in the distance behind them, the blue flashing lights appear in pursuit.

Logan checks the wing mirror -

LOGAN  
It's over, Mum. Stop, it'll be  
okay, I promise.

MARIA  
I can't go back to prison.

Beads of sweat drip down Maria's forehead as the police get closer.



ASH  
The knife!

MARIA  
Shit!

Maria takes the knife and throws it out the window.

LOGAN  
Mum, pull over.

Maria looks over to the passenger seat to Logan.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
It'll be okay; you'll get help, I  
promise, Mum. We'll be okay.

ASH  
Look, even your son thinks your  
crazy.

MARIA  
(To Logan)  
You think I need help?

ASH  
He's just like his Dad.

LOGAN  
No, yeah, I don't know!

MARIA  
I'm not crazy, Logan.

Maria checks her wing mirror.

LOGAN  
Okay, I believe you.

Logan looks to Maria -

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
I just don't want anything to  
happen to you.

MARIA  
But I've barely been there for you.

LOGAN  
You're still my Mum.

And with that, Maria looks at Logan. She loves him and can see that he loves her.

She takes her foot off the accelerator, and the camper van begins to slow -

She looks in the back. There's no one there.

MARIA  
I'm not crazy.

Logan reaches for his Mum's hand as -

**EXT. B ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

- The camper van slows to a stop.

**INT. CAMPER VAN (STATIC) - CONTINUOUS**

Maria sits holding Logan's hand as the sirens and blue lights arrive behind.

The SOUND of car doors opening and slamming shut, and then -

POLICE OFFICER  
(Shouting)  
Place your hands on the steering  
wheel!

A police officer appears at the driver's side, aiming a taser directly toward her -

Maria reluctantly lets go of Logan's hand and places her hands on the steering wheel -

- and as soon as she does, the door is pulled open by the Police Officer!

SMASH TO BLACK!

The CRACK of a cue ball hitting another -

PATIENT (V.O.)  
*Shot.*

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - GAMES ROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

Maria, dressed in casual clothes and looking a lot healthier, plays pool with another female patient.

Maria pots the final colour on the table, and she's now on the black, as is her opponent...

PATIENT

No pressure.

Maria lines up her shot. It's relatively an easy pot...

MISS!

Maria grimaces as a smug smile appears on the patient's face.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

You almost had me.

The patient lines up the shot -

POT!

MARIA

Good game.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DR BRENT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Maria sits opposite Dr Brent, a psychiatrist with a wealth of experience in mental health.

DR BRENT

How have you been feeling?

MARIA

Okay.

DR BRENT

Calmer?

MARIA

Yeah, a lot calmer. Almost dull, numb.

DR BRENT

It's your body adjusting to the medication. Of course, there'll be side effects, but once we find the right combination of tablets, we can figure out what the side effects are and see if we can manage them somewhat.

MARIA

(In agreement)

Hmmmm.

DR BRENT

And are the delusions still persisting?

MARIA

She's still there now and again.  
But she's quieter.

DR BRENT

And how does she make you feel now?

MARIA

I'm learning to ignore her, to not  
get angry and that.

DR BRENT

As long as you stay aware, remember  
that it's not real, that it's the  
illness, then it's just a matter of  
trying to manage each situation.

(Pause)

Keep up with the reading, the  
drawing, and any other distractions  
that help focus your mind.

MARIA

Will do.

DR BRENT

Okay then. Well, make sure you keep  
the nurses informed when they ask,  
and we'll review your situation in  
a couple of days and go from there.

Maria just sits, not realising the conversation is over.

DR BRENT (CONT'D)

Maria?

MARIA

Yeah?

DR BRENT

Is there anything else you'd like  
to know?

Maria considers this, then shakes her head.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Maria stands in the corridor holding a wired phone to her  
ear.

SOLICITOR (O.S.)

(On the phone)

Your appeal has been accepted under section forty-five of the mental health act.

MARIA

So what happens next?

SOLICITOR (O.S.)

(On the phone)

The Crown Court will hear the grounds for re-sentence and then decide where to go from there, but it's almost certain you'll have your time reduced due to your, errr...

MARIA

Schizophrenia with paranoia.

SOLICITOR (O.S.)

(On the phone)

Yes. You'll also likely serve your remaining sentence in a hospital rather than a prison.

Down the corridor, Maria sees the out-of-focus silhouette of Ash walking toward her.

She turns her back and faces the other way.

MARIA

And my son, did you make contact with social services? Just to let him know that I'm okay, doing better.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - MARIA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Maria's bedroom wall is adorned with sketches of her adventure with Logan, small moments like the ripples in a pond, the hills of the moorland, and the stars in the night sky.

On the bedside cabinet is a small pebble "*something to remember me by*" - resting atop a half-read book titled ***The Law of Motion***.

ASH (V.O.)

*You messed up. No one wants you to be happy. No one wants to see you.*

(MORE)

ASH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*And now you're trying to get rid of  
me.*

Maria closes her eyes.

ASH (V.O.)  
*You're going to die a lonely woman.*

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Maria opens her eyes to see a NURSE standing in the doorway.

NURSE  
You have a visitor.

It's clear by Maria's reaction that she wasn't expecting anyone.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Maria hastily walks down the corridor and into -

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

- a room with fellow patients watching TV.

She quickly scans the room for anyone who might be visiting her - no one.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - GAMES ROOM - DAY**

Maria enters the games room and sees Logan playing a pool game with his Dad, Darren.

Noticing Maria stood in the doorway, Logan stands awkwardly, not sure whether he's allowed to hug her or not.

LOGAN  
Hi.

MARIA  
Hi.  
(To Darren)  
Thank you.

DARREN  
It's okay, he insisted, wouldn't  
take no for an answer if you catch  
me drift.

Maria, despite the slight 'hostility', is still thankful.

MARIA  
Still, thanks for bringing him.

Regarding the pool table -

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Can I play the winner?

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - GAMES ROOM - DAY**

CRACK!

The balls scatter around the table as Maria steps back from breaking.

She doesn't pot. It's Logan's turn.

LOGAN  
Can I ask you a question?

MARIA  
Of course.

LOGAN  
So all that time we were alone  
together, you didn't think we were  
*alone?*

FLASHBACK TO:

**EXT. MOORLAND - CAMPER VAN - DAY - PAST**

Maria fries an egg in a frying pan. (No Ash)

**EXT. MOORLAND - LAKE - DAY - PAST**

Maria watches Logan throwing stones in the lake. (No Ash)

**INT. CAMPER VAN (MOVING)/ MOORLAND - DAY - PAST**

Maria and Logan sit in the camper van. (No Ash)

**EXT. CARAVAN PARK - DAY - PAST**

Maria and Logan walk to the reception building. (No Ash)

**EXT. CARAVAN FOUR A - VERANDA - NIGHT - PAST**

Maria and Logan star gazing. (No Ash)

BACK TO:

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - GAMES ROOM - DAY - PRESENT**

MARIA

At the time, no. But thinking back  
now, I knew we were.

Maria's turn at pool - CRACK!

LOGAN

Good shot.

Maria's turn again, she lines up her shot - CRACK!

MARIA

I am sorry, to you both, for what I  
put you through.

LOGAN

I'm glad you did.

MARIA

Huh?

DARREN

He really is, for every action and  
all that nonsense.

(Off Maria's look)

He's smart, ya know.

Maria smiles.

MARIA

I know.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Maria, Logan, and Darren walk down the corridor towards the  
hospital's exit.

LOGAN

I've been looking up at the stars a  
lot.



**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - BED ROOM - NIGHT**

Maria looks out of her window at the night sky.

MARIA (V.O.)  
*What, at the past?*

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY**

LOGAN  
It's not just the past.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - BED ROOM - NIGHT**

Maria, with tears and a smile, contemplates Logan's words.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
*Well, when I look at them, I think  
of you.*

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY**

LOGAN  
And the future.

They've arrived at the hospital exit. Logan and Maria stop and face each other.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
See you next week?

Maria looks to Darren -

DARREN  
(Nodding)  
Sure. Next week.

MARIA  
(To Darren)  
You're keeping him safe, right?  
None of the nonsense.

Darren points to the logo on his t-shirt; it's a company name, something to do with a Car Garage -

DARREN  
I'm working now.

LOGAN  
(To Darren)  
You still owe me twenty quid.

Darren scuffs Logan's hair.

DARREN  
I'll give you it payday.

MARIA  
Good, that's good, Darren.

LOGAN  
See you, Mum.

Logan and Maria embrace.

MARIA  
See you next week.

After a moment, Logan lets go.

- and leaves with his Dad.

Maria watches as they go, and Logan looks back to his Mum with a smile.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - BED ROOM - NIGHT**

Maria sits, with a big smile on her face.

Although it's just the beginning, she looks up to the stars.

And she sees the future.

**FADE TO BLACK.**