

STAR CROSS

By

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1. INT: BEDROOM, DAY

The display on a digital clock says 09:00. An alarm is going off, the bleeps getting louder and louder.

CONOR, a young lad in his early twenties with a shaved head and tattoos, pulls himself from sleep looking annoyed. A letter from the Probation service sits on the bedside table. His appointment's at 9:15 am.

He reaches for the clock, rubs his eyes. Then he sees the time.

CONOR

Shit.

Conor scrambles out of bed and into his trousers. He stumbles towards the bedroom door as he tries to dress.

2. EXT: ESTATE, DAY

Conor walks down the street, coming past the sign for his road: STAR CROSS. He looks unkempt and tired and he's rushing. He drinks milk straight from the carton as he walks.

3. INT: PROBATION OFFICE, DAY

Conor sits at a desk opposite PAUL, his probation officer. Conor is looking at the floor, a sullen look on his face.

PAUL

Well? You gunna explain why you're late again?

Conor shakes his head, not looking up. He'd rather be *anywhere* else right now.

PAUL

Conor, I'm trying to work with you here, but you're not helping. (beat) I need you to understand that this is a breach. You do it again and you could be locked up.

Conor shrugs. He doesn't want to engage.

PAUL

Conor?

CONOR

Fine, yeah, I get it. Now can we get on with it?

(CONTINUED)

Conor finally looks up. The two men stare each other out for a moment.

PAUL

You want to end up where your brother did? Down for life?

CONOR

I don't want to talk about my brother.

PAUL

You're taking the same path, lad.

Paul grabs a form from behind him and swings it onto the desk.

PAUL

How about you consider our education programme again? Get your key skills behind you? You're a bright lad.

CONOR

No fucker's gunna give me a job. There's no jobs anyway. What's the point?

PAUL

Fine. You better go and sign up for summat. Cheers for the paperwork, again.

Paul waves at Conor to leave. The lad gets up. He's holding his body and mouth with a load of attitude but, actually, his eyes are welling up.

#### 4. INT: CORRIDOR, DAY

There's a scrum of people around a noticeboard on the wall, writing on some kind of document. Conor joins the back and tries to get past other lads but is pushed away. One bloke turns and GLARES at him and Conor backs off.

The crowd begins to clear. Conor finally gets to the list. It's a sign up sheet for the Community Service jobs. Everything is full except for litter picking and the Care Home.

Conor stares at the list.

CONOR

Fuck's sake.

(CONTINUED)

Conor glances over his shoulder. He looks back at the list, fidgety and annoyed. Finally he signs up for the care home and storms away from the board, muttering.

CONOR

I'm not fucking cleaning up after  
no one.

5. INT. CARE HOME, DAY

The room is dotted with old people, sitting around in chairs. Some are chatting, a couple play a board game in the corner. The furniture and carpet are very old-fashioned. Someone's thrown up next to a chair. Conor walks over to the mess, scowling with a mop and bucket.

He cleans and scrubs at the vomit. He turns away, holds his nose. Heaves. Then gets back to work.

HOLLIE walks into the room. About his age, her hair tied back, big eyes and pretty. Conor looks up and sees her. Stares.

Hollie is humming to herself as she works, oblivious to Conor, who can't take his eyes off her. She dusts and smiles at the residents. She helps an old man find the page he wants in his book. She smiles and glows.

Conor can hear his own heartbeat. BOOM.

6. INT. CARE HOME KITCHEN, DAY

The kitchen is small and pokey. Conor stands in the door watching as Hollie makes a cup of tea and hums to herself. She looks up and catches him. Smiles.

HOLLIE

What you gawping at?

CONOR

Sorry.

He looks away, sheepish and embarrassed. But Hollie grins at him. She walks over and touches a hand to his cheek.

HOLLIE

You're sweet, little boy.

She struts out of the kitchen but turns as she goes through the door and throws a wink in his direction.