

FADE IN: INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE IN on a PAIR OF WATCHFUL EYES. Deep brown irises, long lashes. Wide open. Awake. Alive.

Stillness. A clock TICKS. The eyes BLINK, staring off at -
-the first fingers of dawn, creeping round a gap in the curtains. Through the gap, a LIT STREET LAMP glows against a smudged pink sky. Blackbirds CHIRP in the trees.

The sky brightens imperceptibly, illuminating these eyes, this face of TREVOR. Tight black hair, coffee coloured skin, thick pursed lips, stubble. His expression is blank.

Still he gazes out the window. Watching. Waiting. Then -

The street lamp WINKS OFF, redundant in the morning light.

Trevor's eyes flicker away from the window, refocus on the room. The ceiling WHITE PLASTER NUBS and CRACKS. The WALL CLOCK hands point to 7.30. BOB MARLEY grins back through a cloud of marijuana smoke from the POSTER opposite.

From within the house, GENTLE SNORING echoes...

...then splutters to a stop at a MOBILE PHONE ALARM BEEP.

Silence. The MUFFLED PADDING of FEET. A door CREAKS open.

Into view stumbles RAINE. Blond, curly haired, adjusting a PAIR of ROUND GLASSES, yawning loudly, scratching himself.

RAINE

Morning, bruv. Sleep OK? No?

Trevor lies motionless in bed, heavy blankets pulled tight up to his chin. The Blond Bloke tugs the covers back.

RAINE (CONT'D)

Too hot under all this clobber?

Trevor's body is slowly revealed. His arms hang limp, hands semi-curved into claws. Beneath loose pajama bottoms peeks a THICK NAPPY-LIKE PAD. Between his legs, a FOAM BLOCK attached above his knees with VELCRO STRAPS.

RAINE (CONT'D)

It's these paper-thin curtains.
How's a man to sleep with the sun
beamed right into his face?

He yanks the curtains closed. Trevor stares at them, eyes widening. Raine reaches behind the bed, raises the back rest. Trevor rises with it, sits up.

Gaze still fixed on the window, his stomach tenses, his face slackens. His HEAD JERKS, air explodes from his throat, forcing his lips back, part-smile, part-grimace.

TREVOR

HA!!

Outside, the excited jabber of BIRDSONG rises in the air.

RAINE

That's better, eh, bruv? Big day today. I'll put some music on and we'll make a start, OK?

He rummages through a stack of CDs, pulls out two, holds one in each hand in front of Trevor.

RAINE (CONT'D)

So, which is it, Trev? Some of my soothing classical Mahler or...
(reading the sleeve)
Terry Callier?

Raine cheekily holds the Mahler CD a little closer. Trevor slowly gazes to his left hand. Raine sighs, slots it into the corner GHETTO BLASTER.

The jaunty summer soul of TERRY CALLIER'S 'ORDINARY JOE' fills the room. Raine nods, clicks his fingers.

RAINE (CONT'D)

Tune!

He raises the height of the bed. CLOSE ON Trevor, sitting slumped in silence as the morning routine begins...

TERRY CALLIER (CD)

For my opening line / I'm not
trying to indicate my state of mind
/ Turn you on / Tell you that I'm
laughing just to keep from
crying...

Raine carefully UNPEELS the Velcro straps, removes the foam block. Feels the pad under the PJs...

RAINE

All clear, nice one bruv!

BENDS Trevor's KNEES up and down, exercising his joints, MASSAGES HIS HANDS to loosen him up.

Slides OVERSIZED SOCKS up his splayed feet...

Rolls him side to side to put on his TRACKSUIT BOTTOMS...

Works his arms into a loose-fitting T-shirt, leaving his head half inside the neck hole. Stands back, waiting.

Trevor's head lolls back. It pops through the hole.

RAINE (CONT'D)

Well done, Trev!

He wheels in the HOIST - a white crane on wheels. Struggles to wrap a hammock-like SLING under Trevor's legs...

WRESTLES to attach it to the hoist above. He presses the electric button, RAISES Trevor up above his bed...

Trevor, DANGLING in the hoist, is HEAVED across the room to a waiting WHEELCHAIR...

Raine gingerly brings in TWO STEAMING COFFEE MUGS. Sips one, puts the other down on the table...

Measures out a PICK 'N MIX OF NINE DIFFERENT TABLETS...

Gently places a tablet inside Trevor's slack mouth, closes it, mops a trail of spittle from his lips...

CLOSE ON Trevor's face, reflected in the LOW MIRROR, cheeks and chin lathered in SHAVING FOAM. Raine leans in, delicately swiping with the DISPOSABLE RAZOR...

A TOOTHBRUSH prods at Trevor's mouth, revealing INFLATED, RAW-RED GUMS, like airbags puffed up around his teeth...

Raine brushes Trevor's hair, stands back, admires him. Trevor stares glassily away from his own reflection.

RAINE (CONT'D)

Looking good, bruv, looking good!

He dips his finger in the lukewarm coffee. Nods. He stands behind Trevor, clamps his hand under his chin, head against his stomach, TILTS his head back, pours in a trickle.

TERRY CALLIER (CD)

I've seen a sparrow get high / And
waste his time in the sky / Don't
you know he thinks it's easy to fly
/ He's just a little bit freer than
I...

Raine rummages through some FILES, packs some up in his bag. Trevor sits quiet, propped up in his wheelchair.

RAINE

OK, bruv, we're good to go.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Trevor parked in his wheelchair next to a compact, van-like RENAULT KANGOO. Raine opens the boot, pulls down a RAMP, expertly attaches the BELTS to the chair.

TWO PRIMARY SCHOOLGIRLS and a MUM walk past, staring, rapt.

SCHOOLGIRL 1

He's dribbling everywhere! I'm
gonna be sick!

SCHOOLGIRL 2

Mummy, what's wrong wiv him?

MUM

He's...ill, of course. Now come on,
stop asking stupid questions else
you'll end up the same way.

Raine ignores them, wipes drool from Trevor's mouth, pushes the chair up the ramp into the car.

TERRY CALLIER (CD)

Down here on the ground / When you
find folks are giving you the
runaround / Keep your game uptight
/ And if you must just take your
secrets underground...

INT. RENAULT KANGOO (MOVING) - DAY

Raine weaves through early morning traffic, tapping the steering wheel to the music. Checks the mirror. Behind him Trevor sits, eyes fixed in the distance.

RAINE

Nearly there, bruv.

INT. SOCIAL WORKERS HQ - DAY

Raine wheels Trevor down a busy corridor. Two MEN - one officious, middle-aged, the other wizened and with HUGE MAGNIFIED GLASSES - emerge in deep conversation -

- and straight into the oncoming chair's METAL FOOT PLATES. The elderly man YELPS in pain, HOPPING, rubbing his shin.

OFFICIOUS LOOKING MAN

Watch where - ah, it's you Raine.

RAINE

Sunny. Dr. Mangalesh, are you OK?

DR. MANGALESH

(through gritted teeth)
Let's just get going, shall we?

SUNNY

(to Dr. Mangalesh)
You need... a doctor or anything?

Dr. Mangalesh HARRUMPHS, LIMPS ahead, Sunny in tow. Raine wheels behind, stifles a smile, pats Trevor's shoulder.

INT. BOARDROOM, SOCIAL WORKERS HQ - DAY

Raine paces a narrow room, browsing his files. Across a long table, Sunny, Dr. Mangalesh and a LARGE LADY confer.

Trevor, parked on the other side, stares out a high window. Outside two blackbirds perch atop a bare tree.

TERRY CALLIER (CD)

Now I'd be the last to deny / that
I'm just an average guy / and don't
you know each little bird in the
sky / is just a little bit freer
than I ...

Music FADES. Sunny clears his throat, checks his notes.

SUNNY

So, shall we begin? I'm Sunny
Bharappa, Manager at Islington
Social Services. This is Wendy
Richards, our speech therapist. And
you know Dr. Mangalesh, who's taken
time out from his busy schedule to
attend this Annual Review for
Trevor here. And for the record,
you are...

RAINE

Raine. O'Rourke. Trevor's keyworker
for 18 months.

SUNNY

And Trevor, 32, is a lifelong
epileptic who has been wholly
incapacitated by his current
condition for... 14 years?

DR. MANGALESH

Correct. Until age 18, he had
perfect physical and cognitive
function. A most unusual case.

SUNNY

Mmm-hmm... So, how are you Trevor?

Silence. Then Trevor's head suddenly JERKS BACK, slamming into the chair's headrest, making it VIBRATE.

An AWKWARD PAUSE. Sunny turns to Raine, who carefully lays out a selection of neatly labelled folders. The panel look on, bemused. Raine picks up the first one.

RAINE

Right, well... let's start with
'Health'. Trevor's eyesight and
hearing are both still good. The
big news is that his fits seem to-

SUNNY

We prefer the term "seizures".

RAINE

Uh, OK... his seizures seem to have
decreased in frequency.

(MORE)

Raine (CONT'D)
 For example, he's only had two this whole month. When I started with him, it was at least two a week.

Silence. Sunny turns to Mangalesh, who realises he's on.

DR. MANGALESH
 I see. May I see the charts?

Raine hands them to Mangalesh. He thumbs casually through.

DR. MANGALESH (CONT'D)
 I would need more detailed statistics over a longer period. We don't want to overreact to an anomaly, neh..? Let's see what the next few months bring.

SUNNY
 Excellent... Now, from a social point of view, how are Trevor's 'Cultural Needs' being addressed?
 (Raine looks confused)
 Well, I read here that... "Trevor has lots of Bob Marley CDs and posters. And seems to express pleasure with these." Is that still the case?

Raine
 Uh, yes, I suppose it is.

SUNNY
 Excellent.

Sunny marks a HUGE TICK in the "Cultural Needs" box on his clipboard Review Assessment Form.

TREVOR (O.S.)
 HA!!

Trevor's head SLAMS the chair again. A beat. No encore.

SUNNY
 Anyway, onto 'Financial Support'.

As Raine reaches for another folder, Sunny quickly cuts in.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
 If I may..? I...we have ensured that Trevor gets all the benefits due to him, including personal transportation - right, Raine?

Raine
 Uh, it took a while but, yes, we're getting there.

SUNNY
 And how's the new electric hoist working out?

(MORE)

SUNNY (CONT'D)
 (to Dr. Mangalesh)
 It's state of the art, you know.

WENDY
 (pure West Country)
 Indeed. The budget would certainly indicate that.

SUNNY
 I know what you mean... What do you think, Raine? Anything we can perhaps do without at a push?

RAINE
 Uh, not that I'm aware of, Sunny.

SUNNY
 Right. Well, we can always put our thinking caps on, never fear.

More awkward silence. Trevor's head FLOPS FORWARD. Raine strokes his folders nervously, opens a new one.

RAINE
 'Communication'. Here there's been some great news. Recently, with the help of these...

Raine whips out some DOG-EARED COMMUNICATION CARDS - words like "Yes", "No", "Hot", "Cold" written in bold on them.

RAINE (CONT'D)
 Trevor has been able to relate his thoughts on things like his clothes, his music, his meals -

WENDY
 Sorry to interrupt - where did those cards come from?

RAINE
 I, er, made them myself. But Trevor absolutely understands them. We use them in pairs...
 (he holds up two)
 And he looks at the one he wants.

A beat. Wendy turns to Mangalesh. Wry smiles all round.

WENDY
 That's quite some progress.

DR. MANGALESH
 Yes, considering Mr... O'Rourke is still so new to the job.

SUNNY
 (reading his notes)
 "Trevor has profound and multiple learning difficulties as well as the physical ones...He is incapable of communicating."

DR. MANGALESH
And hasn't shown any sign of this
over the past few years.

RAINE
Well, over the past few months,
he's shown plenty of signs.

A long beat. Wendy delves into her satchel.

WENDY
Perhaps Trevor wouldn't mind
demonstrating some of this to us
now... Would you Trevor? We'd love
to see it!

She pulls out TWO BIG POLAROIDS. Stuck on card. LAMINATED.
One of a TOY DOG; the other of a PLASTIC FIRE ENGINE.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Now Trevor, can you tell me which
one is the doggy?

CLOSE ON Trevor's face, eyes boring straight ahead. A beat.

Raine glances ruefully over. Wendy gently FLAPS the Toy Dog
card as encouragement. Sunny sighs, sits back. Nothing.

Then suddenly -

Trevor FIXES THE CAMERA - THE AUDIENCE - WITH HIS GAZE.

TREVOR
The doggy. The fucking doggy? Are
you taking the piss?

CLOSE ON Wendy, Sunny, Mangalesh, Raine in turn. Their POV:
Trevor still stares implacably ahead, dribbling slightly.

But to us - and ONLY us - he glares back.

Wendy gestures one last time with her cards, then lowers
them. She looks at Raine, face etched with sympathy.

WENDY
Never mind. Bad luck.

TREVOR
(to Wendy)
Luck? You're lucky I don't slap
your smarmy Cornish face.

Sunny puts a large CROSS in his 'Communication' box.

Trevor glances at Raine, who slowly puts his cards away.
Raine turns. His POV: Trevor still gazes vacantly ahead.

INT. CORRIDOR, SOCIAL WORKERS HQ - DAY

A disconsolate Raine wheels Trevor towards the exit.

Again Trevor looks to camera - as he will every time he talks, only the audience able to hear.

TREVOR

I felt a bit bad for him, all excited with his cards. But I couldn't hack it. Roll up, see the freak in the wheelchair speak with his eyes. Raine's not used to failing. At least he tries.

Raine spies Dr. Mangalesh leaving, wheels up fast behind him. Mangalesh jumps back warily from the chair.

RAINE

So I'll make a follow-up appointment for what, six weeks time?
(Mangalesh nods)
And I'll bring more detailed stats next time...

Sunny approaches Raine and Mangalesh.

TREVOR

Unlike other arse-lickers I can mention...

SUNNY

Just remember, I'm on your side.

Sunny ostentatiously holds the main door open for them, bends to shake Trevor's limp, hooked hand, eyes elsewhere.

EXT. CAR PARK, SOCIAL WORKERS HQ - DAY

Raine loads Trevor and his wheelchair into the Kangoo.

TREVOR

Notice Sunny didn't ask me one question direct after my head flipped that first time.

INT. RENAULT KANGOO (MOVING) - DAY

TREVOR

It's just a reflex, you understand? When I get vexed, my bloody face don't always show it. Then my stomach muscles go all tight and the face muscles go all loose and the explosion of anger from down there shoots up...

INT. SHAFTESBURY PUB - DAY

Trevor sat in his chair across from the bar. His body CONVULSES, head flips back with a loud -

TREVOR

HA!!

TREVOR (V.O.)

...and from the look on my face,
someone's bound to say...

SHIRLEY

Ah, look! He's laughing! He loves
seeing his old mate Shirl!

SHIRLEY, dress of HUGE ORANGE FLOWERS, clamps Trevor's head
between her arms and generous bosom, kisses him wildly.

TREVOR

(buried in her bosom)

Well, you got to get it where you
can, innit? Even with these bloody
Triffids coming at you!

Shirley releases him, taps Raine's shoulder as she goes.

SHIRLEY

Does he want anything else?

TREVOR

Why? You paying?

RAINE

(rubbing his sore back)

We're fine, thanks. Coffee's just
the right temperature.

TREVOR

(to Raine)

Not for me, it isn't.

(to camera)

He's scared of scalding me, which
means it's bloody freezing by the
time I get to drink it.

Raine moves over, faces Trevor, cups the back of his neck
with one hand, holds the cup to his lips with the other.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(cup prodding his lips)

Now at home, my head would be
clamped to his stomach, you
understand? But that's a little
undignified for the Shaftesbury.
Though now it looks like he wants
to snog me, which is worse,
innit..? This is my Hilfiger top, I
don't want no spillage. Come on,
concentrate...

Raine pours. Trevor SPASMS, his head SHAKES, sending coffee
all over his Hilfiger top, his face - and Raine's.

Raine whips a TISSUE out like a magician, wipes his
splattered glasses and mops Trevor's dripping face.