

Miss Unknown

Written  
by

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FADE IN:

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EXT. STREET - DAY

POV from TRAY ALLISON, a boisterous young man. He is running down a hilly bank pushing his unresponsive disabled father in a wheelchair. The camera then focuses on the wheelchairs wheels and the heavy breathing of TRAY as he is running down the hill..

DISOLVE TO:

The young man is now bored and lightly moving on a swing with his father placed beside him. The young man realises his father has defecated - irritated he gets up to take his father home. On the way home he stops, turns his dad to face the other way and pees up a church wall. He passes a hairdressers. Stops outside. Watches a beautiful woman, RACHEL, aged 25, until she notices him. She waves, and Tray eagerly waves back.

INT. WELL LIVED IN LIVING ROOM

The room is full of evangelical trinkets and old pictures of deceased family members (Plymouth Brethren). Tray is feeding his father, and there is a knock at the door. A social worker is visiting for a carers assessment.

TRAY

Hello.

SOCIAL WORKER

Hi are you Tray? You are expecting me?

TRAY

Yeah kind of. Come in.

Tray makes some space for her to sit down, and continues to feed his father.

SOCIAL WORKER

You made a referral a while back for some extra support, firstly, can I apologise for the late response?

TRAY

I've been caring for my father for more than 7 years on my own, I asked for support a year ago, and you turn up now!

SOCIAL WORKER

I completely understand your anger at this point. Unfortunatly due to welfare issues and care cuts, one in three carers are recieving no practical support what so ever and carers UK is fully aware of this. We can't apologise enough for the delay.

Tray interupts, stops feeding his father, and puts the bowel of food down.

TRAY

Can I speak now? In my own home, can I actually speak? You do realise I've been doing this for two years? And what makes you think I need help now, what difference does it make? Do you think I need your support? No! You're here to be nosey. Here to mark me off on your records as either high risk or low risk as a potential abuser, and that's what you do. You go from place to place doing just that and you've now made your way to me.

Tray stands up with this air of power.

SOCIAL WORKER

I, I didn't mean to offend.

The social worker quickly gathers her things, and awekwardly gets up to leave.

TRAY

Thats right, there's the door.

The social worker quickly leaves, as if being pushed out by Tray's intimidating presence. Tray sits back down and becomes and continiues to feed his father trying to forget that just happened.

TRAY (CONT'D)

We don't need those doo gooders!

Tray lays his father down in bed to sleep, and then goes upstairs.

INT. TRAY'S BEDROOM

POV from Tray looking at his room full of china dolls all

placed around in a circle. He speaks to them in a woman's voice.

TRAY

One day I'll fly away. One day,  
I'll be free.

Tray talks to his dolls.

TRAY (CONT'D)

I love, no I don't. You're bloody dolls! Just dolls. I want to be out there. To feel the warmth of touch, the smell of flesh, the locking of a gaze. I need people, not bloody dolls.

His POV. He turns to the long length mirror. He is wearing a long wig and wearing womens clothes.

TRAY (CONT'D)

A stone is thrown at Tray's bedroom window.

RACHEL

Tray!

It's RACHEL, from the hairdressers. She's Tray's best friend. He has a big crush on her. Tray panics and quickly wipes away his make up and takes off his wig. He goes to the window.

TRAY

One minute!

Tray excitedly gets dressed back into his masculine clothes, checks himself over and rushes downstairs to let Rachel in. Tray opens the door. Rachel is stood there holding some shopping bags.

TRAY (CONT'D)

Rachel, hi!

Tray stands and stares in admiration.

RACHEL

You gonna let me in then?

She brushes past him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hello Mr Allison. I've brought  
your faverite - cottage cheese.

She gently pushes a tuffed of hair away from Mr Allison's

face, and then takes the bags to the kitchen and puts the shopping away, while Tray watches her in awe.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
How's he eating?

TRAY  
He's not eating great.

RACHEL  
Are you still taking him to the church?

TRAY  
No, he's been sleeping in.

Tray makes a face, and so that his father doesn't see, to suggest relief for not having to go to the church.

RACHEL  
I'm sorry I can't help you out more. Nearly finished my NVQ, but then I'll be working full time I guess.

TRAY  
Don't be silly, no need to apologise. We're doing fine.

Rachel takes Tray's hand, and looks him in the eyes.

RACHEL  
Yes you are Tray. And you're doing a great job. You deserve some you time.

She lets go of his hand, and flirtingly leans against the kitchen side.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Me and the girls are having drinks tonight, in the Boar's Head. You should come. Your dad will be fine on his own for a few hours.

Tray's eyes light up, but he hesitates.

TRAY  
I can't. I can't leave him. He's having real trouble breathing. He's getting worse. Really quick.

Tray looks out the window.

TRAY (CONT'D)

It's horrible to say, but I don't think it will be long now.

Rachel empathetically reassures Tray.

RACHEL

You're doing what you can, and you will always know you did your best and he had your love. He couldn't be cared for better by anyone else.

TRAY

Thank you Rachel. I know.

Rachel looks at her watch, and prepares to leave.

RACHEL

Jeeze, is that the time? I've got to get back. I'm always here for you though, Tray.

She kisses him on the cheek, and leaves. Tray, from the window, watches her walk away.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NEXT DAY.

Tray comes downstairs. His father is fast asleep. Or so it seems. Tray prepares some medication. Touches his dad's head. Realises something isn't right. Tray puts his hand to his dad's mouth to check for breath. He puts his head to his dad's chest. His dad isn't breathing. Tray frantically tries to revive him, but to know avail. Tray calls an ambulance.

INT. SALON WHERE RACHEL WORKS.

Rachel is doing her CUSTOMERS (a lady) hair.

RACHEL

No, when did this happen?

CUSTOMER

This morning. I saw the ambulance. And then they brought him out. Ya know, in one of those zip things.

Rachel is shocked. She stops doing the lady's hair, freezes for a moment looking in the mirror. And rushes out.

INT. TRAY'S LIVING ROOM. LATER THAT DAY.

Tray is now alone, taking the sheets of his dad's bed. Tray has accepted his dad's death but appears to be solumn, he's

not happy, and feeling numb. It's been a long time coming. Tray is again dressed as a woman.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rachel is frantically walking on her way to Tray's house. Time appears to be speeding up for Rachel.

INT. TRAY'S LIVING ROOM.

Time appears to be slowing down for Tray. He is still stripping the bed. He makes way with the bedding to the kitchen.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rachel is getting closer to the house.

INT. TRAY'S LIVING ROOM.

Again, time appears very slow as Tray makes it towards the kitchen. He hasn't quite made it to the kitchen yet.

EXT. OUTSIDE TRAYS HOUSE - DAY

Rachel sees the door is ajar. She slowly pushes the door open.

INT. TRAY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Tray didn't quite make it to the kitchen and Rachel unexpectedly walks in unannounced.

RACHEL

Excuse me, is Tray about?

Tray freezes, and is too mortified to turn around. He pretends not to hear and instead of entering the kitchen he walks upstairs. He quickly changes, and comes back down.

TRAY

Hi Rachel.

RACHEL

Tray, who was that?

TRAY

...my dads sister. She's here to help out.

RACHEL

Oh okay... I'm really sorry about your news.

Tray goes silent and starts putting things into boxes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You don't have to do all this now.

Tray sits down holding a religious emblem from the Plymouth Brethren. The camera focuses on the emblem for a few seconds. He stands up with his back to Rachel, and (with relief) puts the emblem into a box. He closes the box, and tapes it up as if he is gladly saying goodbye.

TRAY

Rachel, I want to tell you something.

Rachel moves over to him, she lovingly puts her hand supportively on his shoulder. He sadly looks down at her hand. She looks nervous but also courageous as she prepares to tell him how much she loves him. He braces himself for what she has to say, and the music plays as the the credits roll down.