

DRAGON

By

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Produced as part of the BBC Student Director's Course 1989. Directed by Phil Young. Cast: GIRL Michelle Wade, MAN Anthony Allen.

INT - AFTERNOON - BEDROOM

Bedroom of a suburban house - pastels, floral patterns. There are stuffed toys and a record player. BOY and GIRL enter.

GIRL

My bedroom.

BOY

Very nice

GIRL

Look - you can see the garden

BOY

Oh yeah. Nice.

GIRL

My father's a very good gardener. He spends every Sunday working in it. He's very good with his hands.

(Pause)

We shouldn't be up here really.

BOY

Where is he?

GIRL

Who?

BOY

Your dad.

GIRL

Out. He'll be back soon.

BOY

That's alright then.

GIRL

This was my mummy's room.

BOY

Yeah?

He picks up a stuffed toy.

BOY (CONT'D)

These all yours, are they?

GIRL

That's Binky.

BOY

They all have names then.

GIRL

Binky, Bunny, Foxy, Horsey, Teddy. This is Jennifer.

BOY

Hiya, Binky, mate.

(Works it like a puppet - funny voice)

'Hello, Trev, how's your sex life?'

GIRL

(giggles)

Binky's the only one allowed to sleep on my bed. That's 'cos I've had him the longest.

BOY

Well, lucky old Binky. You sod.

He punches it playfully.

GIRL

Don't!

(She takes it)

Don't do that.

BOY

Just messing about.

He sits on the bed.

BOY (CONT'D)

Well.

GIRL

Do you want a drink?

(He shakes his head)

I could make a pot of tea if you like.

BOY

Seen you, haven't I?

GIRL

Have you.

BOY

Before.

(nods)

On the bus. I remember.

GIRL

You might.

BOY

You go to that posh school, right? With the funny hats. Seen you sitting with your mates.

GIRL

They're not funny. It's a uniform. What's funny about them?

BOY

Ugh. Wouldn't fancy that.

GIRL

Why?

BOY

Religious nutters. Nuns. Teachers are bad enough.

GIRL

Don't you believe in God?

BOY

Do you?

(He goes to the record player)

Stick on some music, shall I?

GIRL

If you want.

BOY

Got a boyfriend?

GIRL

Course. What about you?

BOY

Oh, you know. Nothing serious.

(Looks at the records)

Whose are these?

GIRL

What's wrong with them?

BOY

Nothing. Nothing - if you're into this stuff. Bit old for me though.

GIRL

I like them actually.

BOY

Sure.

GIRL

I'm afraid I don't listen to pop.

BOY

Well.

GIRL

I'm sorry but I prefer to hear music that's good.

BOY

Yeah. Maybe.

GIRL

Is she pretty?

BOY
Who?

GIRL
Your girlfriend?

BOY
Not bad.

She looks away from him.

BOY (CONT'D)
(grins)
Not as nice as you though.

GIRL
Do you think I'm pretty?

BOY
Mm, okay. Bet you have to fight 'em off,
don't you?

GIRL
(laughs)
When they don't behave.

BOY
Like when? What do they do?

GIRL
You know.

BOY
Tell me.

GIRL
You know.

BOY
What kind of things? Go on. Try to kiss you?

GIRL
That as well.

BOY

So how'd they start? Like this ?
 (touches her hair)
 Smells nice. Smells like . . .

GIRL

Apple. It's shampoo.

BOY

Apple, mm. You've got lovely hair, know that?
 You should be in those adverts.

GIRL

Never.

BOY

True. Make a fortune. Girl like you, your looks.

GIRL

You think I'm pretty?

BOY

Come on.

GIRL

Do you?

BOY

Me? I think you're . . .
 (kisses her)
 Very . . . very . . .

She kisses him back, looks at him.

GIRL

You really like me?

BOY

Course.

They kiss again, embracing. It is hesitant at first.

Slowly her kisses grow passionate, almost frantic. She clutches at him. He pulls away.

BOY (CONT'D)

Take it easy. We got time.

She gets up, moves away.

BOY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

GIRL

Would you like some tea?

BOY

Hey - I don't mean stop.

GIRL

I'll make a pot. It won't take long.

BOY

Forget the tea. Come here.

(He goes to her, puts his hands on
her shoulders.)

Nervy, aint you? It's alright. I was just getting
turned on, honest. You okay? Come and sit
down, come on.

(He leads her back to the bed.)

There, better. I'm sorry. I really am. Want to
know something? When I saw you waiting
outside that shop, I never thought I'd have
the nerve to chat you up. I thought, Trev,
she's probably going to take one look at you
and . . . But you never know, do you, unless
you give it a try. And here we are. How about
that?

(He laughs)

No-one's going to believe it.

GIRL

Who won't?

BOY

Uh, I mean I wouldn't have believed it. I've
seen you around. Often thought I should say
something. Just, I never expected - you'd ask
me back like this.

GIRL

Why?

BOY

Don't know. Great looking girl, like you. I mean, bound to have hundreds of blokes after her.

GIRL

Were you glad when I did?

BOY

Yes. Are you kidding? Yeah, I was knocked out. You?

(She nods)

Good. So then - where was we . . .

He begins kissing her neck.

GIRL

Will I see you again?

BOY

You bet.

GIRL

If I asked you to come here again? I mean, when daddy's not here?

BOY

Mm, sure.

GIRL

Do you promise?

BOY

Cross my heart.

GIRL

Alright.

(She stands)

Then you can if you want.

BOY
Eh?

GIRL
I don't mind.

BOY
What?

GIRL
Don't worry, I know what to do.

She begins unbuttoning her blouse.

BOY
What are you doing? Hey, hold on a bit.

GIRL
Don't you like me?

BOY
Yeah, course.

GIRL
You said you find me attractive.

BOY
Yeah, but look . . . What about your old man?

GIRL
He's out. Don't you want to?

She takes off her blouse.

BOY
Christ.

GIRL
Shall I help?

She kneels in front of him, begins to open his flies. Her movements are flat, passionless - not innocent.

BOY
Listen, don't you think . . . Are you sure? . . .
Jesus . . .

She pulls down his trousers and bends over him.

BOY (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus . . .

Through the window comes the sound of a car on a gravel drive.

BOY (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! Your dad's back. You hear me?

Stop . . .

(She ignores him)

Stop! Get off! Get off me . . . you slag . . .

He pushes her violently. She falls over.

BOY (CONT'D)

You bloody slag! What you doing? Trying to get me in trouble . . . ?

(He fastens his trousers hurriedly)

Yeah, I bet. I know your fucking game, darling.

She lies passively on the floor.

BOY (CONT'D)

Get dressed . . . Get your clothes on! For Christ's sake . . here!

He throws her blouse at her. She doesn't move.

BOY (CONT'D)

I said cover yourself . . .

He sits her up, pulls the blouse onto her roughly. He curses under his breath.

MAN (O.S.)

Tina? Tina, are you up there?

He fumbles with the buttons. The sound of footsteps on stairs. He moves away just as the door opens. MAN enters the room.

MAN (CONT'D)

Tina . . . Hello?

BOY

Hi.

MAN

Tina, what are you doing on the floor? Get up, please.

(She rises)

That's better. You'll make your dress dirty. Aren't you going to introduce me?

GIRL

My father.

BOY

My name's Trevor.

MAN

How do you do, Trevor?

BOY

Uh, fine . . . Thanks.

MAN

Tina looking after you?

BOY

Yes . . . Thank you.

MAN

That's good. Tina, have you offered your young friend any refreshment?

BOY

No, that's alright.

MAN

(ignoring him)

Tina? I said have you made tea yet?

GIRL

(mumbles)

No.

MAN

Well?

She leaves the room.

MAN (CONT'D)

You'll stay for some tea?

BOY

Kind of you . . . But I'm supposed to be meeting someone.

MAN

Yes?

BOY

Yes. Said I'd . . . Said I'd be there . . . You know . . . Otherwise I'd love . . .

He edges towards the door.

MAN

Oh?

BOY

Yes. Very nice of you . . . Well, I'm . . .
(he smiles)

Pleased to meet you. Sorry about that . . .

MAN

I see. Never mind. Perhaps we'll see you again?

BOY

Sure. Sure, absolutely. Had a great time.
Great. Nice place you've got.

(MAN looks at him)

Well . . . I'd better . . .

He gestures vaguely, bolts.

MAN

Goodbye.

The MAN looks around the room critically. Smooths the bedspread, replaces a toy. Goes out.

INT - EVENING - BEDROOM

The GIRL lies in bed with a large stuffed toy. The MAN enters carrying a tray with mugs of hot chocolate.

MAN
All tucked up?

GIRL
Yes, daddy.

MAN
And you've waited as I said?

GIRL
Yes.

MAN
Good girl.

He puts down his tray, sits on the bed.

MAN (CONT'D)
Well, quick then. We don't want it to get cold,
do we?

GIRL
No.

MAN
I'm waiting.

The GIRL gets out of bed. She wears a fleecy pyjama top and bottoms. She kneels by the bed, puts her hands together. The MAN bows his head.

GIRL
Gentle Jesus who knoweth all my sins. Look
with kindness upon me and help me to follow
thy ways. Bless my teachers and help me to
work hard at school. Bless my daddy, keep
him well and help me to obey him. Forgive me
for my weakness and for giving in to
temptation; lend me thy strength to resist the
devil and all his works.
(MORE)

GIRL (CONT'D)

Forgive me for the sins of the flesh,
especially those with are the rightful
punishment of Eve. Keep me from all desires
and wishes not in accordance with thy laws.
Amen.

MAN

Amen.

(A pause)

Go on . . . Tina? . . . Continue, please.

GIRL

For as I have sinned, I wish to gain thy
forgiveness. I confess . . . To being rude
about Sister Angela after she told me off for
being late to prayers. I confess to being proud
. . . to feeling too pleased with myself . . .
when I found out I'd come top in Chemistry.
And to laughing at Jane Carson for the funny
way she talks even though I know she can't
help coming from Bradford. I confess to not
doing the washing up and not making tea for
my father when he came home from work.

(rapidly)

For my thoughtlessness I humbly ask your
forgiveness. Accept my penitence out of thy
great mercy. Amen.

MAN

Amen. Is that all?

GIRL

Yes.

MAN

Tina, I'll ask you again. Is that all you have to
say?

GIRL

No.

MAN

Go on.

GIRL

I asked . . . I confess that I asked . . . a person to come home without asking my father.

MAN

A young man.

GIRL

A young man.

MAN

And what else?

GIRL

I confess to taking him . . . the young man . . . up to my room.

MAN

Even though ?

GIRL

Even though I knew my father wouldn't approve.

MAN

You know what we said.

(She nods)

What was it?

GIRL

Only in the sitting room.

MAN

Or the garden.

GIRL

The garden.

MAN

And in the sitting room only with the curtains open.

(a pause)

What did he do to you?

GIRL
Nothing. We talked.

MAN
Tina.

GIRL
He kissed me.

MAN
You kissed him?

GIRL
No. Yes.

MAN
And?

GIRL
That's all.

MAN
And?

GIRL
That's all. I promise. I swear on Jesus! You came back after that.

The MAN allows a heavy silence.

MAN
Very well, Tina. I believe you. If that's what you tell me happened.

GIRL
Yes.

MAN
God knows the truth. Jesus cannot be lied to.
(He stands)
Are you ready to receive your punishment?

GIRL
Yes.

Still kneeling she pulls down her pyjama bottoms.

MAN
How many?

GIRL
I don't know.

MAN
Count them, child. They're your sins.

GIRL
Six . . . Eight.

MAN
Only eight?

GIRL
Twelve. Oh god.

She begins to sob softly. The MAN approaches her.

MAN
Remember, Tina. Forgiveness must be earned. You must be truly sorry.

He beats her with his bare palm.

MIX/DISSOLVE:

It is over. She cries quietly.

MAN (CONT'D)
Cover yourself.

She pulls up her pyjamas, climbs into bed.

MAN (CONT'D)
Drink your chocolate. I'll be back later.

He goes out.

INT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. The GIRL is in bed. The MAN enters in a dressing gown. He comes to the bed, sits quietly.

MAN

I'm sad, Tina. I have to tell you. It makes me very sad when this happens. You know how much I love you, don't you? I don't enjoy punishing you. It's because I care that it has to be done. But there's someone else too. You realise that, don't you? We both know whose room this is - your mummy, that's right. Think about that, won't you?

(A pause)

Who can say your mummy isn't here somewhere. Watching over you. Looking at what you do. Don't you think it would make her sad? Perhaps she's crying this very minute. Even when she was sick, she still worried about you. Do you think she'd have liked the things you did today?

(A pause)

Don't cry, my darling. It's for your own good. All I want is for my little girl to be happy. For us to make each other happy . . . And we do, don't we?

(He pulls back the blankets.)

Just you and I together . . . By ourselves. We must both take good care of each other. Daddy will always be there for his darling, for his little princess with the bright shining hair. Daddy will always take care of her. She's the most precious thing to him ever . . .

It is very dark. The shape of the MAN is barely visible as he looms over the bed. Sound of muffled sobs, heavy breathing.

MAN (CONT'D)

Don't cry, my darling. Don't cry . . .

END