

That's What I 'Eard

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FADE IN:

EXT. PLAYING FIELDS - DAY

A group of kids, aged 12, play football with jumpers for goalposts.

The ball is passed to IVOR, anxious and scrawny, who doesn't look too pleased about it. He approaches the goals. The keeper is GRANT, large and intimidating, who isn't fazed.

Ivor runs up to take a shot but is startled as he sees Grant staring threateningly and pounding his fist into his palm, and he botches the kick.

The ball flies over a garden wall, then unseen by the kids, miraculously bounces off a wall in the GARDEN into the KITCHEN, bounces off a wall into the HALLWAY, off the staircase into the LIVING ROOM and rolls under a table.

Back at the PLAYING FIELDS, Ivor stares open-mouthed in amazement. The other kids run up behind him.

ALL THE KIDS

Ivor!

Ivor looks worried and awkward.

EXT. GARDEN WALL - DAY

TOBY, scruffy, with baked bean stains down his top, is looking over the wall into the garden. On the other side of the wall, Grant holds him up on his shoulders.

GRANT

Anythin'?

TOBY

Somethin'.

GRANT

Is it the ball?

TOBY

Not the ball.

GRANT

What then?

TOBY

This.

Toby farts.

(CONTINUED)

ALL THE KIDS
Argh...Toby...

Toby giggles under his breath. He becomes alert as he spots the back door is open.

TOBY
Door's open. He musta taken it in.

Grant lets Toby down.

GRANT
(to Ivor)
You'll 'ave t'ask for it back.

IVOR
He won't give it back, he's a killer.

GRANT
A killer?

TOBY
(scared)
A killer!

IVOR
That's what I 'eard.

GRANT
Well, if the killer won't give it back, you'll 'ave to sneak in and get it.

ALL THE KIDS
Ooooooooooh...

IVOR
No way!

GRANT
You kicked it, you get it. Or are you chicken?

ALL THE KIDS
Ooooooooooh...

IVOR
Okay, okay. But not on my own.

GRANT
(mocking)
Not on my own.
(normal voice)
You can take two others. Take Toby.

IVOR
Not Toby, he'll smell'im a mile
off.

TOBY
Yeah, not Toby!

GRANT
Toby goes, else he gets beatings
for guffin' on my 'ead.

Grant threatens Toby with his fist.

TOBY
Toby goes.

GRANT
One more.

SARA (O.S.)
Me!

SARA, a tomboy in pigtails, much smaller than everyone else, steps bravely forward, pushing the boys aside.

TOBY
Not Sara. She's a girl!

SARA
(pushing Toby)
Wanna make somethin' of it?

TOBY
No.

GRANT
That's it then. You three go.

TOBY
And so the fellowship was formed!

Everyone just stares blankly at Toby, unimpressed.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Ivor and Sara, already over the wall, help Toby down. They walk towards the house. MR JONES, 65, with a face that naturally settles on a nasty scowl, appears in an upstairs window. Ivor drags the gang behind a wall, taking cover.

TOBY
(breathing heavily)
Did'e see us?

(CONTINUED)

IVOR
Nah, we're safe.

SARA
Wha' we scared of anyway? I bet'e
ain't so tough.

IVOR
He's a killer, trust me. They
say'e robbed a bank.

TOBY
A bank!

IVOR
Yeah, years ago. Him an'is gang.

INT. BANK - DAY - FANTASY

Mr Jones, dressed as an old-fashioned gangster but looking exactly the same age, pulls a gun on the room.

MR JONES
Nobody move.

His gang emerge from behind him. It's Ivor, Toby and Sara, in gangster clothes, holding guns, but still children.

IVOR
Yeah, nobody move.

SARA
Hands behind y'heads and down on
the ground!

TOBY
(wielding a large tommy gun)
Or I let it rip.

Toby farts (a real ripper). The customers and the clerks drop to the ground. Mr Jones rushes over to the counter.

MR JONES
(to Clerk)
Not you. Fill this up.

Mr Jones passes the CLERK a bag, and they start filling it with notes.

MR JONES
(to Ivor and Sara)
You two, get the car started!

Ivor and Sara rush out. Toby goes to follow.

(CONTINUED)

MR JONES

Not you.

Mr Jones raises his gun, and Toby is frozen with fear.
BANG!

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

TOBY

He shot 'is own man! Why?

IVOR

More loot for him I guess. But
some say, he just enjoyed the
killin'.

TOBY

That's it, I'm not gettin' shot
for a football!

Toby makes a run for it and scrambles over the wall. Ivor
turns to Sara solemnly.

IVOR

Looks like it's just you and me.

They exchange a look of determination.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ivor and Sara tentatively sneak in through the back door
and tiptoe into the HALLWAY. As they do, they hear
footsteps coming down the stairs. Panicked, they dart into
a CUPBOARD under the stairs.

Watching through a crack in the door, they see Mr Jones
enter the living room and also the ball under the table.
They look at each other, acknowledging they've spotted
their prize.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr Jones sits down in a chair, not noticing the ball. He
grabs the TV remote and flicks it on. It plays loudly.

INT. CUPBOARD - DAY

IVOR

We're stuck. What're we gonna do?

SARA

Stick it out. All we can do. So,
what happened next?

(CONTINUED)

IVOR
What?

SARA
In the story.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT - FANTASY

The car speeds along with Sara at the wheel, flashing police sirens blaring in the distance.

IVOR
What happened back there!

MR JONES
The clerk had a gun behind the counter, nothing I could do.

SARA
They're still on our tail. I'll drop you at the next bend, and you make a run for the woods with the loot. I'll try an' lose 'em.

IVOR
No, we stick together!

SARA
No. I've got this.

Sara gives a cool look of determination.

INT. CUPBOARD - DAY

SARA
She sacrificed herself?

IVOR
Yeah.

SARA
I think I know how we get outta this.

IVOR
How?

SARA
I've got this.

Sara bursts out of the cupboard into the HALLWAY, screaming at the top of her lungs, running into the kitchen, making for the back door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MR JONES
What the hell!

Mr Jones gets up and exits.

INT. CUPBOARD - DAY

Watching from the crack in the door, Ivor sees Mr Jones pass and pushes the door open.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Screaming as she goes, Sara runs for the wall and scrambles over.

Mr Jones enters from the back door. Looking around but seeing nothing, he grabs an old spade leaning against the wall and heads back into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ivor is inches away from the ball when he hears Mr Jones coming. His exit blocked, he darts for the curtains, hiding behind them.

He watches through a crack as Mr Jones enters, brandishing the spade as a weapon.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT - FANTASY

By the light of the moon, Ivor and Mr Jones dig a hole with spades.

IVOR
But why not just take it with us?

MR JONES
And get it taken from us if we're picked up? No, we'll come back for it once the heat's off.

IVOR
But--

MR JONES
It's the best way. Trust me.

Mr Jones gives a sinister smile as Ivor goes back to work. Behind Ivor's back, Mr Jones lifts his spade above his head to take a swing. THUD!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Mr Jones approaches, Ivor's terrified eyes peer out from behind the curtains.

MATCH CUT:

BACK TO THE WOODS - FANTASY

Ivor's terrified eyes stare upwards as he lies unconscious in the hole, soil being thrown on top of him.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Mr Jones pulls the curtains open.

MR JONES
What're you doing here!

Ivor is too terrified to speak.

MR JONES
Well, answer me.

Still too terrified to speak, Ivor glances at the ball under the table. Mr Jones notices and looks to the ball.

MR JONES
Is that yours?

Ivor is still unable to speak. Mr Jones notices the terror in Ivor's eyes and looks at his spade.

MR JONES
I must've scared you half to death.
(puts down spade)
You gave me a bit of a fright yourself mind.

IVOR
Y'not gonna kill me?

MR JONES
Why would you think that?

IVOR
Just somethin' I 'eard.

MR JONES
You don't wanna believe everything you hear.
(walks to ball)
I guess it's understandable you'd think me a bit of an ogre though.

(CONTINUED)

(picks up ball)
I don't get out much, not
since...
(looks at picture on table
of him and his wife)
Well, I don't get out much.

Mr Jones walks back to Ivor and hands him the ball, and Ivor gives him a look of sympathy.

IVOR
Well, maybe you could--

LOUD BANGING on the front door startles Ivor and Mr Jones.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Sara is pounding on the door, timidly backed up by the rest of the kids, who are gathered behind the front gate.

SARA
Let 'im out! We got the place
surrounded!

The door opens, and Sara stares up in terror at the ominous figure of Mr Jones. Grant goes to run away.

TOBY
Wait!

Grant stops, and everyone stares in surprise as Ivor appears from behind Mr Jones with the ball.

MATCH CUT:

EXT. PLAYING FIELDS - DAY

The ball is in the middle of the pitch. Mr Jones is taking the kick-off.

GRANT
Why we lettin' this old geezer
play?

TOBY
Yeah, it's not safe. 'Is
ankles'll prob'ly fall off or
somethin'.

Mr Jones takes an impressive kick, and the ball is soon passed back to him, and he starts making his way to the goal.

(CONTINUED)

GRANT
He's really good.

TOBY
Yeah, I 'eard he played for City.

GRANT
Yeah, that's what I 'eard.

EXT. CARDIFF CITY STADIUM - DAY - FANTASY

The kids and Mr Jones play in full kit.

MR JONES
Ivor!

Mr Jones passes the ball to Ivor. Ivor is again faced with Grant in goal. He runs up to take a shot. Grant again pounds his fist into his palm, but Ivor doesn't waver, kicks the ball, and it flies straight into the goal.

Everyone erupts in celebration and rushes to embrace the smiling Ivor and Mr Jones.

FADE OUT.

THE END