

Lost and Found

By

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INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A thirteen year old BOY sits on a sofa, playing on his laptop, engrossed in his game. His iPhone is on the armchair and his bag beside him.

The flash of lights through the closed curtains and the RUMBLE of a car passing the window draws his attention.

He pauses his game and waits in anticipation, his head turned towards the door.

He hears slow footsteps. He braces himself.

Eventually, his MUM opens the door and stands in the doorway, unable to keep a distraught FROWN from appearing on her face.

The boy looks up at her, as if asking a question.

Slowly, she shakes her head.

The boy can't keep eye contact. He looks down towards his laptop. He doesn't see his mum shut the door and walk into the living room.

The sounds of muffled sobs forces the boy to lift his head. His mum, sat on a different chair, is trying to hold back tears. She fails.

MUM
(muffled, quiet)
I don't deserve this.

The boy's not uncomfortable, but he doesn't know how to react, shuffling in his seat.

BOY
What did they say?

The mum dries her eyes. She speaks slowly in a broken voice with heavy breaths.

MUM
They couldn't do anything.

BOY
Can't they check their CCTV?

MUM
They can, but they said it'd be no good.

BOY

So you don't know for sure if it happened there?

MUM

Well, if it's not in the car, it had to have been. It's just so stupid.

The boy puts his laptop to the side and stands up.

BOY

Where are they keys? I'll have another look.

The mum motions towards the door. The boy finds the keys in the keyhole of the door and leaves.

Slowly, she gets up and wanders over to a cabinet with pictures on; the boy on his own, the boy & mum together and the mum & A MAN.

She picks up the one of her and the man and holds it tight.

As she looks back up, the MAN is walking through the living room towards the door, head down, holding a suitcase.

As he reaches and opens the door, he looks back at her. They hold eye contact. He leaves, shutting the door--

--but it opens back up straight away. The boy stands in the doorway. He frowns. An apology.

She starts to sob again.

BOY

(softly)

Mum, it's only a phone.

MUM

Oh, I don't care about *the phone*. It's a shitty little Nokia.

(beat)

It's the special texts. The nice pictures. It's all I had left.

The boy walks over to the armchair of the sofa and picks up his iPhone.

BOY

Do you want me to ring it again? Maybe it's...

MUM

It's not here. I left it in the basket. I just don't understand, it's not worth *anything*.

Her head drops. The boy walks over and gives his mum a welcome embrace. She holds him close.

Eventually they stop hugging. She gives the boy a thankful look and they both sit back day.

BOY

Just try not to be too upset. He's not worth any more of your time.

MUM

It's just tough.

BOY

(tentatively)

Maybe it's a blessing in disguise.

She looks at him, confused.

BOY

Now your phone's gone, it's like he's gone. You know, for good this time. You can finally move on.

His efforts are met with a slight smile.

MUM

I hadn't thought of it like that. It's just sad. It's all that I had left, except for this stupid house.

BOY

(with a laugh)

And the big fucking TV he left us.

MUM

Oi, language.

BOY

Sorry.

She lets out a small laugh.

MUM

Yeah, we'll always have the TV.

She grabs his hand.

MUM

Thanks.

(beat)

Well, I'm just gonna call Lindsay.
You know me, I need to have a good
cry and get things off my chest.

She smiles, leaving to go into the next room. The boy sighs,
leaning back into the sofa.

He grabs his bag and opens it up. He reaches inside--

--and pulls out an old NOKIA phone.

He looks towards the door his mum just walked through,
caught in decision.

With a big effort, and a hint of regret on his face, the boy
puts the phone back into his bag and zips it back up.