

THE PHISHING POOL

FADE IN.

INT. BOAT

At one end, two thread bare seats are situated opposite each other, with a table between. The windows are blocked by grubby old curtains.

The other end houses a small kitchen area with broken cupboards and a few small steps leading to an exit hatch.

Two teenage boys sit facing one another. SAM is fair haired and of a smaller build. DEAN'S dark hair is cut short, his left cheek bares a small scar.

The pair hold playing cards, a small deck is stacked neatly with many more strewn across the table top.

Rain can be heard ferociously falling, banging down hard on the boats cabin.

SAM

Jesus, will it ever stop raining?

Dean places a card down on the table and replaces it with another from the deck.

DEAN

Well we're in the right place.
We won't drown in a boat.

SAM

Yeah but I wanna go home.

DEAN

What's the rush? There's nothing to do but listen to your parents arguing.

SAM

How do you know my parents argue?

DEAN

A guess.

Sam drops two cards and picks up two new ones from the deck.

SAM

It's getting worse, can you hear it?

Sam peers out through the curtains.

SAM

It's getting dark out now, maybe we should get going? I don't know why we had to come all the way out here anyway.

DEAN

Away from prying eyes, I already got a caution. Anyway I'm not going out in that, I'll get soaked. Lets just wait another half hour.

Dean slams down his cards.

DEAN

Lets see yours.

Sam reluctantly shows his cards.

DEAN

I win.

Sam looks at Deans cards, two sevens, a three, a jack and queen. He looks at his, two threes, two fours and nine.

SAM

No, I win.

DEAN

How do you? I got sevens.

Both look confused.

SAM

Maybe we should play snap.

They share a giggle.

INT. POLICE STATION / OFFICE

A large desk, papers stacked high on either side, sits in the small room. A computer and a coffee cup fight for space.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR TAYLOR sits with his feet up, his arms crossed and his eyes closed. He is mid forties, slightly overweight and in need of a shave.

The door bursts open and DETECTIVE NORRIS enters. He is in his thirties, wears a plush suit and clean shaven.

Taylor springs to life with a jolt.

NORRIS
Gov, wake up. We got another
missing kid.

TAYLOR
Another one.

Norris drops a file down on the desk.

Taylor yawns and stretches.

TAYLOR
I wasn't asleep thank you. I'm
just knackered, I was up all
night.

NORRIS
Working on the Osbourne case?

TAYLOR
Yeah, this now makes it six.
Well, that's if it's the same
guy.

Taylor picks up the file.

TAYLOR
Right what we got?

NORRIS
Fourteen year old lad from the
estate. He was reported missing
this morning by his mother.

TAYLOR
We got a name then?

NORRIS
Erm...Dean Auckland. Bit of a
trouble maker, expelled from
school and the like. It's all in
the file though Gov.

Taylor quickly flicks through the pages.

TAYLOR
Lets save some time, when and
where was he last seen?

NORRIS
Bout ten last night. He was with
a Samuel Wright, both were aboard
the Phishing Phool.

Taylor swigs his coffee and repels in disgust.

TAYLOR
Is that a boat?

NORRIS
Yeah Gov.

Detective Taylor stands and stretches.

TAYLOR
Where, the canal?

NORRIS
No it's not in the canal...

Detective Norris flicks a page of the file.

NORRIS
...It's in Scratten Woods.

TAYLOR
What the hell's a boat doing in
Scratten Woods? And more to the
point, what the hell are two
fourteen year old boys doing
there at that time?

NORRIS
Er, Samuel Wright's thirteen Gov.

TAYLOR
Don't split hairs Norris. Come
on.

Taylor exits. Norris grabs the file and the coffee cup.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Leave the coffee, it's cold.

Norris lowers the cup and leaves.

EXT. SCRATTEN WOODS - DAY

An old boat sits in a clearing, wedged upright between
wooden chocks. The surrounding trees camouflage it well.

The boat is old, a white hull and wood panel upper, the
name reads as the Phishing Phool.

Two police cars and a police van are parked nearby.

CONSTABLE PATTERSON, early twenties, stands by the boat in
his uniform. The bottom of his trousers and shoes are very
dirty.

A Land Rover emerges from the trees on a muddy dirt track
and stops in the clearing.

Detective Norris exits the passenger side and steps straight into a muddy wet puddle.

NORRIS
Oh Christ almighty!

He takes a step and slips, falling onto one knee, he steadies himself with his hand on the ground.

PATTERSON
Watch yourself Sir, it's as
slippy as hell.

NORRIS
(sarcastically)
Thank you. I'd never have
guessed.

Norris stands, his hand thick with mud and his trousers now filthy.

NORRIS
This is a nice suit.

The Land Rover door slams (O.S.)

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Was Norris, was a nice suit.

Detective Inspector Taylor wears a pair of very dirty Wellington boots.

TAYLOR
Always come prepared.

Taylor approaches the boat.

TAYLOR
This is it then, the Phishing
Phool.

PATTERSON
Yes Gov.

TAYLOR
I know, it was a statement not a
question constable. I can read.

Taylor points to the name plate and climbs aboard.

PATTERSON
Sorry Gov.

Taylor disappears into the boat.

NORRIS
How's the search going Patterson?

PATTERSON

No idea Sir. They headed off about an hour ago and ain't heard anything.

NORRIS

These things take time.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

They won't find anything.

Taylor's head pops out of the boats hatch.

TAYLOR

Too much rain last night, it'll have washed away any tracks and probably any evidence, if there was any. In here Norris.

NORRIS

Gov.

Norris enters the boat.

INT. BOAT

Playing cards cover the tables surface and sweet wrappers lay on the floor.

TAYLOR

What do you see Norris?

Norris scans the small boat.

NORRIS

Er...not much Gov.

TAYLOR

Exactly. There's bugger all here to help us. I guess the forensics have done the place over?

NORRIS

Yes Gov, nothing.

Taylor sits down and picks up a playing card.

TAYLOR

So...Dean and Sam were taking shelter from the rain.

NORRIS

Apparently so, according to Samuel's statement they were going to go home but stayed because of the rain.

TAYLOR

Makes sense. They must have planned to be here though, why bring cards otherwise.

NORRIS

And sweets.

TAYLOR

But what doesn't make sense, is why they didn't leave together. What did he say, he had to get home but Dean wouldn't go out in the rain?

Norris sits down opposite. Taylor fumbles with the playing card.

NORRIS

Yeah. Something about being scared of the rain.

TAYLOR

Scared of the rain? How can you live in this country and be scared of the rain?

Taylor flicks the playing card, sending it flying through the air at speed.

NORRIS

I don't know Gov.

Taylor stands and saunters into the kitchen area.

TAYLOR

Hmmm...well there's nothing to help us here Norris.

Taylor randomly opens a kitchen draw, removes a sealed pack of cards and places them in his jacket pocket.

Taylor exits the boat. Norris looks around.

NORRIS

What the hell is a boat doing out here Gov?

EXT. SCRATTEN WOODS - DAY

Norris exits the boat.

Taylor stands near Patterson.

TAYLOR

Erm...

PATTERSON

Patterson Gov.

TAYLOR

Patterson right, if anything shows up you let me know asap.

PATTERSON

Right Gov. Will you be back at the station?

TAYLOR

No, better let Detective Norris know of any news.

Patterson nods.

TAYLOR

Norris.

NORRIS

Gov.

TAYLOR

I'm gonna check this Sam's story, you head back to the station.

Taylor jumps into the Land Rover.

NORRIS

But Gov I...

Norris slips in the wet mud.

The Land Rover drives off.

NORRIS

...need a lift.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A large luxurious house with a beautiful garden. Neighbouring houses are equally well kept.

A Land Rover pulls onto the driveway. Detective Inspector Taylor exits.

INT. HOUSE / HALL

A number of pictures hang on the walls, they show a younger Taylor aboard a boat holding a fishing rod and an assortment of fish.

Taylor enters, throws his keys onto a table and enters the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Taylor fills the kettle and places a tea bag in a cup.

He takes a deep breath and exits.

BASEMENT

Darkness hides everything.

A door opens and illuminates the dusty room. Taylor enters, turning on a single bulb light.

Stairs run down to the basement, which is home to many large cardboard boxes. Each box has two differing letters etched on them.

TAYLOR

You useless little git.

Dean emerges from a darkened corner smoking a rolled cigarette.

TAYLOR

Why'd you let him go?

DEAN

He wouldn't stay any longer, I couldn't force him.

TAYLOR

Couldn't force him, your twice as big. Oh and see your smoking one of your exotic fags again.

Taylor sits on a box.

TAYLOR

Sit down. What was all that scared of the rain crap?

Dean tentatively sits on one of the boxes, he drops the cigarette and extinguishes it with his foot.

DEAN

I had to say something.

TAYLOR

I can't trust you with anything.
I've had enough, you almost
cocked up with little Jimmy
Goodridge and now this.

Taylor gently pats the box he is sat on, the letters J.G. are written on it.

Taylor removes the pack of cards from his pocket, unwraps them and removes the deck.

TAYLOR

I can't afford another cock up.
I've lost my boat now too, I mean
I can never get that back.
Idiot, I loved that boat.

DEAN

But you were late.

Taylor flicks his wrist, sending a playing card flying toward Dean. It hits him in the chest.

TAYLOR

I'm surprised you can tell the
time.

He flicks another card, hitting Dean in the face, causing him to flinch.

Taylor stands and throws the remaining deck at Dean.

TAYLOR

You're a liability! I should
have let them send you to that
young offenders place.

Taylor removes a pen from his pocket.

DEAN

I'm sorry.

Taylor shakes his head.

TAYLOR

How can I clean up the streets
relying on people like you.

DEAN

I'm sorry, I'll do better next
time.

Taylor walks to a darkened corner of the room. In the dim light he crouches and writes something on a box.

TAYLOR
We'll see Dean, we'll see.

DEAN
I should go home, my mum will
start to worry.

Taylor walks into the light holding a large cardboard box, he drops it to the floor.

TAYLOR
Oh, I'm sure she's already
worried.

He lifts the lid of the box, the letters D.A. are written on it.

TAYLOR
Your already missed Dean
Auckland.

FADE OUT.