

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

A voice calls from downstairs.

CASSIE (O.S)
Helen, tea's ready.

Helen is taken aback and begins to gather everything on Daniel's floor into the bin bag. She attempts to pick it up but the weight of the contents causes the bag to tear. Clothes, electrical parts, odd coins and other knick knacks spill out.

HELEN
Bleeding cheap bin bags!

Helen hears footsteps on the stairs. She tries to gather the pile off the floor as CASSIE (23), Liverpudlian who looks sure of herself, enters the room. She is carrying two cups of steaming tea.

CASSIE
Hmmm

Cassie makes a clucking noise with her tongue, places the tea on the bedside table, nudges past Helen and looks at the torn bin bag incredulously. Helen falls back onto the bed, her head in her hands. Cassie slouches next to her.

HELEN
It needs to be perfect.

Cassie takes one of the mugs off the bedside table and pushes it into Helen's hands. Helen winces slightly from the heat of the mug.

CASSIE
Perfect for who?

HELEN
He'll be home soon.

Cassie takes a sip from her cup of tea and steam floats out of the corner of her mouth like she's smoking a cigarette.

CASSIE
We don't know how soon.

HELEN
Still, it needs to be clean, tidy.
Only the best for my boy.

CASSIE

You keep telling yourself that
love.

Helen stands up and slams her mug so hard on the bedside table that some of the tea spills on the photographs. Cassie just looks at Helen.

HELEN

I have always done what I thought
was best.

CASSIE

And look where it got him.

HELEN

What have you ever done Cassie? You
waltzed into his life with a
hundred and one problems of your
own.

Cassie stands up, mug still in hand.

CASSIE

And we pulled each other through.

Helen walks over to the pile at the end of the bed and goes to pick it up again. Cassie groans.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You really think that's gonna help
eh?

HELEN

Like I said, we need to get this
clean and tidy for when Daniel gets
home.

CASSIE

Do you really think Dan's going to
care what his bloody room looks
like?

Helen pauses and briefly shoots Cassie a dirty look before sorting through the pile again.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Forget the clothes, forget the five
year old chewing gum. Forget the
old pictures. All he needs is us
looking out for him.

Helen's gaze remains on the pile but she pauses her sorting.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Fine.

Cassie picks up both mugs of tea and Helen listens to her footsteps going down the staircase. Helen looks around the room, lost.