

*FINAL DRAFT (31/07/15)*

## **AFTER STEVEN**

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### CHARACTERS

*MUM, 33*

*DAD, 42 (Sounds a bit like Greg Davies)*

*AIDEN, Son, 10*

*EMILY, Daughter, 16*

**FADE IN:**

**INT. LARGE FAMILY KITCHEN - EVENING**

DAD, 42, nervous and shifty looking. Keeping a terrible secret from his wife.

MUM, 33, homely. Clearly worried about something.

**MUM**

Have you seen Steven?

**DAD**

You've just missed him, he's gone out.

**MUM**

*(disappointed)*

I've not seen him in days now. I'm starting to think he's avoiding me.

Mum exits.

EMILY, 16, the daughter, constantly distracted by her mobile, enters.

**EMILY**

Have you told Mum Steven's dead yet?

**DAD**

*(nervously looking around)*

No I haven't. And we're keeping it that way.

**EMILY**

If he's been dead since Sunday, how come his litter tray's been used?!

**DAD**

Ask your brother.

**EMILY**

*(disgusted)*

What on earth possessed him to do that?!

AIDEN, 10, the son, overdressed for his age, enters.

**AIDEN**

Dad did!

**EMILY**

I'm sorry, but that's disgusting.

**AIDEN**

I'm five quid up sis...

*(beat)*

... I'm going to be an entrepreneur, go on Dragons' Den.

Dad gives Aiden a look of bewilderment.

**DAD**

Woe betide I should crush your dreams son, but I don't think Dragons' Den are ready for a pitch about doing that kind of business.

Aiden's making himself a drink of squash.

**AIDEN**

The cat litter work's just a means to an end, helping me fund my big business idea.

*(beat)*

That's what I'm taking on Dragons' Den.

**DAD**

What's this big business idea of yours then son?

**AIDEN**

I can't talk about it right now, what with patents pending and all.

*(beat)*

And I know you running over Steven on the drive was a terrible thing dad, but it's opened up unexpected and welcome financial opportunities for me.

**DAD**

I sometimes wonder if you're even mine.

**EMILY**

Well I'm out.

*(beat)*

But if he's making money out this, then I'm making money out of it too.

**DAD**

What are you going to bring to the party then? Do think you could get up in the night, pop outside, and meow under our bedroom window for a bit?

**EMILY**

I was thinking, just not telling Mum?

**DAD**

*(annoyed)*

Hush money?

**EMILY**

And you're dropping me off at Chloe's party Friday night. And don't forget to tell mum you said I can be back at eleven thirty.

**DAD**

*(slow on the uptake)*

I've said no such...

*(beat)*

... I'm not going to be blackmailed young lady.

**EMILY**

MUM?!

**DAD**

*(shushing her & reluctant)*

All right, all right. Fine.

**EMILY**

That's a verbal contract. It'll be our little secret dad.

**DAD**

Please don't say it like that.

Emily exits.

Dad flicks the cat-flap in the backdoor, using the handle of the broom propped up next to it.

**MUM (O.S)**

STEVEN?!

Mum rushes in from the other room.

**MUM**

Is that Steven?

**DAD**

You just missed him again.

**MUM**

He's definitely avoiding me.

**DAD**

Don't be silly love, he's a cat. He's just got his own...

*(beat)*

Cat things to do.

**MUM**

Come on you, it's your bedtime.

**DAD**

*(optimistic whisper)*

Really?! This early?

**MUM**

Not you. I meant Aiden. Come on son, get up them stairs.

Aiden scurries off out of the kitchen.

**AIDEN (O.S)**

Night Dad.

**DAD**

Night son.

Mum exits.

**INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING**

Mum and Dad are sat up in bed. Bedside table and lamp on both sides.

**DAD**

Why don't I take you for a nice meal this weekend, take in a show?

*(beat)*

We could book into one of those swanky hotels you're always going on about, make a proper night of it. I'm sure Emily could babysit Aiden.

**MUM**

What about Steven?

**DAD**

I don't think they'll let a cat into a theatre.

**MUM**

I didn't mean that... But, not even to see cats?!

**DAD**

What?! No.

**MUM**

It seems like double standards to me.

*(beat)*

They're good enough to make millions out of, being in the musical, but they're not good enough to be allowed admission to watch it.

Dad gives Mum a glancing look of disbelief.

**DAD**

You do know there's no real cats in Cats the musical?

**MUM**

What do you mean?!

Dad rolls over and snuggles down, his back to her.

**DAD**

*(apathetic)*

Never-mind... Have a think about it and let me know in the morning. Good night.

**MUM**

Ok, night dear.

Mum rolls over and snuggles down, her back to his. They both turn their bedside lamps off.

Mum sits back up and turns her bedside lamp back on.

**MUM (cont'd)**

You haven't forget you're taking Steven to the vets tomorrow have you?

Dad has clearly forgotten...

**DAD**

No. No, of course not dear. Good night.

Mum turns her bedside lamp back off.

**INT. STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER**

Aiden creeping down the stairs, with a broadsheet newspaper tucked under his arm.

**INT. LARGE FAMILY KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING**

Mum's in a dressing gown, knelt emptying the litter tray.  
Dad's stood watching her, with a mug of coffee.

**MUM**

I don't know what Steven's been eating  
but this certainly isn't normal. Could  
you mention it to the vet?

**DAD**

Yes, mention it to the vet, of course I  
will.

Aiden enters. As he passes Dad, his Dad hands him a crisp  
five pound note.

**DAD**

*(whispered)*  
Remember, keep it discreet.

**MUM**

What was that?

**AIDEN**

Dad said I can have a new computer game  
this week.

**DAD**

I said no such thing!

Aiden gives Dad a mischievous knowing look, nodding toward  
the litter tray, and Dad reluctantly backs down.

Aiden takes his packed lunch off the side.

**DAD**

*(pointing at him)*  
It won't be an expensive one.

**AIDEN**

Thanks Dad.

Aiden exits.

**MUM**

Maybe I should change his food?

**DAD**

Aiden loves his smoked ham and fresh  
avocado Panini in his lunch box. He  
says it gives him a zest for knowledge.

**MUM**

Not Aiden's food, Steven's.

**DAD**

*(weary)*

Ahhh, we're back on the cat again, of course we are.

Mum gives Dad the tied-up bag from the litter tray.

**MUM**

Put that in the wheelie bin for me. I need to go and get ready for work.

Dad gives the bag a look of disgust, walking over to the back door.

**DAD**

Yes dear.

Mum exits.

Dad exits.

Off-screen, there's the CLUNK of the wheelie bin heard, and then the cat-flap being KICKED by Dad.

We then see Dad through the kitchen window, running away from the scene of the crime...

**MUM (O.S)**

STEVEN?! Mummy's coming.

**INT. HALLWAY: FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

A dozen brown boxes are stacked up in the hallway, with an empty cat carrier sat on top of them.

Aiden's carrying one of the boxes away upstairs.

Dad's letting himself in through the front door, out of breath from running around the outside of the house.

Mum comes back from the kitchen...

**MUM**

Where have you just been?

**DAD**

I went to have a quick look for Steven in the garden.

Mum begins to go upstairs.



**MUM**

He was just out the back. I missed him again, but he can't be far away. Good luck getting him in the cat carrier.

Mum exits.

**DAD**

Don't you worry. I won't have any trouble finding him.

*(whispered)*

I know exactly where to find him.

**MUM (O.S)**

Just make sure you let me say bye-bye to him, before you go.

**DAD**

Yes dear.

Dad picks up the empty cat carrier.

**DAD (cont'd)**

Where an earth have all these boxes come from? I haven't ordered anything.

Emily passes through from the lounge, into the kitchen.

**EMILY**

They're Aiden's.

**DAD**

What does a ten year old boy need with this many boxes of... Whatever all these boxes are?

**EMILY (O.S)**

Ask Aiden, I tried to open one, and he went bat-shit crazy at me.

**DAD**

Language young lady.

Dad puts the cat carrier down, and starts trying to peel the packaging tape off one of the boxes.

Aiden appears half-way down the stairs.

**AIDEN**

*(whispered angrily)*

Get your feline murdering hands off-of my boxes, or they'll be consequences.

**DAD**

I beg your pardon? Since when did it become ok to speak to me like that?

**AIDEN**

I'm gonna give you 3 seconds to cease and desist, or this bird's gonna sing.

**DAD**

What?!

**AIDEN**

One...

**DAD**

Calm down Son. There's no need for...

**AIDEN**

*(interrupting)*

Two...

**DAD**

I'm just interested in seeing wha...

**AIDEN**

*(interrupting)*

Three...

Dad quickly steps back from the boxes. Aiden comes down the stairs and carries off the partially opened box.

**AIDEN (cont'd)**

Thank you, and let this be the end of the matter.

Emily comes back out of the kitchen, texting on her phone.

**EMILY**

*(laughing)*

You got owned by a ten year old.

**DAD**

Be quiet and go to your room...

*(beat)*

... You're grounded.

**EMILY**

Grounded for what?

**DAD**

Disrespecting your father.

**EMILY**

Me disrespecting you? It's Aiden you should be talking to.

**DAD**

And I'm stopping your pocket money for a month, for answering back.

**EMILY**

I don't get pocket money.

**DAD**

And it'll be staying that way.

**EMILY**

Since my non-existent pocket money has just been stopped, now's an ideal time for you to hand over my next instalment of hush money.

**DAD**

I gave you five pounds yesterday!

**EMILY**

That's my day rate.

Emily holds her hand out to Dad.

**EMILY (cont'd)**

MUM?!

Dad opens his wallet to give her a five pound note, but he's only got a ten pound note.

**DAD**

Have you got change?

**EMILY**

No. You can pay me for tomorrow in advance.

Emily snatched the ten pound note out of his hand, and pushes it into her pocket.

**DAD**

*(whispered)*

At least the feral youth in the underpass last month, had the decency to wear a hoody when he robbed me!

Emily goes upstairs, already texting again. She passes Mum coming the other way.

**MUM**

What did you want Emily?

**EMILY**

*(not looking up from phone)*

Dad wanted you.

**MUM**

*(to Dad)*

Is everything alright dear? You look stressed.

**DAD**

What? Yes, stressed.

**MUM**

I knew it. You're worried about Steven as well aren't you?

**DAD**

Yeah... A bit.

*(beat)*

Anyway, I better find him, and get him off to the vets.

Dad picks the cat carrier up, and goes out the front door.

**MUM**

Don't forget, I want to give him a fuss before he goes.

The door slams shut. Mum's left stood alone in the hallway.

**DAD (O.S)**

STEVEN?

*(beat)*

Steven?

The sound of a CAR REVERSING off the drive in a hurry.

**MUM**

STEVEN?!

Mum rushes out of the front door, slamming behind her.

**FADE OUT:**

TO BE FURTHERED?

**FADE IN:**

**INT. LARGE FAMILY KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

Mum's washing the cat's bowls in the kitchen sink. Emily and Aiden are milling about. Emily's texting on her phone.

**EMILY**

Why are you washing Steven's bowls Mum?

**AIDEN**

That's the third time today Mum, you could eat your dinner out of them.

**MUM**

I just want everything to be perfect for when he gets back.

**EMILY**

*(under her breath)*

He's not coming back though.

**AIDEN**

*(drowning out Emily)*

Is there anything I can do to help out mum?

Aiden gives his sister a disapproving glare.

**MUM**

Ooh, you're an angel. Yes please. Can you go and grab me Steven's cushion off the washing line...

*(beat)*

... And then you could sweep the loose litter from around his litter tray for me as well.

**AIDEN**

Will Steven even notice?

**EMILY**

You know he won't, I know he won't, and Dad knows he won't...

**MUM**

He will.

**EMILY**

He won't!

**AIDEN**

Emily!

**MUM**

Look, today's really important for me.  
I haven't seen my little Stevey-poos  
for days now.

Emily looks over to the litter tray.

**EMILY**

In more ways than you know.

**MUM**

Your Dad's been ages. What time is it?

**EMILY**

It's time you knew the truth...

**AIDEN**

*(barked like a command to a dog)*

No!

**MUM**

Emily?!

**EMILY**

There's something I need to tell you  
mum. You might want to sit down.

**MUM**

If this is about the boy from number  
thirty four, on New Year's Eve, your  
dad and me already know.

**AIDEN**

Eww, not him! Really? Didn't he have  
that accident in assembly?

**EMILY**

He had food poisoning...

*(beat)*

You know about New Year's Eve?

**MUM**

It's ok Emily. I know his mother, she's  
got cats too...

*(beat)*

... And his father, he works for the  
Waitrose's, so you're Dad and me are  
fine with you dating him.

**AIDEN**

*(pointing)*

She's pregnant!

**MUM**

*(to Emily)*

You're what?

**EMILY**

Aiden?!

*(beat)*

Mum... I am not pregnant.

**MUM**

Well I'm shocked. His mother assured me that when she walked in on you both, it was only second base.

**EMILY**

Mum! It's got nothing to do with me, it's about...

**AIDEN**

Can I have a drink please mum?

**MUM**

Can you get it yourself please Aiden? Emily has something she needs to tell me.

The sound of the front door, trying to be opened without attracting attention, but failing...

**MUM**

We'll continue this conversation later missy.

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME**

Dad sneaks in through the front door, with the cat carrier. It contains what looks like a heavily bandaged cat.

**DAD**

*(whispered)*

I'm back.

**MUM (O.S)**

Steven?!

**DAD**

Bugger.

Dad dances left and right, panicking on his feet.

**MUM (O.S)**

*(baby speak)*

Where's my liddle-widdle Steven?

Dad hurries through to--

LOUNGE AREA

Mum follows quickly after him.

**MUM (cont'd)**

You were gone ages. I was beginning to worry about you.

Dad puts the cat carrier down on the coffee table, and stand between it, and his wife.

**DAD**

That'd be a first, you sure you're not getting me confused with Steven?

**MUM**

Don't be silly. Where is he then?

Mum's trying to see around her husband. He keeps trying to block her view of the cat carrier.

**MUM (cont'd)**

Let Mummy see her little baby.

**DAD**

Now don't panic dear...

*(beat)*

... But, he did have a bit of an allergic reaction during the treatment.

**MUM**

Oh my god, what's happened to my precious Steven?! You only took him to be wormed.

**DAD**

The vet said he'd be fine after plenty of rest.

Emily enters.

**EMILY**

What the...



**MUM**

Let me go and get his favourite cushion.

**DAD**

That's a good idea, you go and do that.

Mum exits.

**EMILY**

You've stole someone's cat?!

**DAD**

No!

**EMILY**

I know that cat carrier was empty when you left the house...

**DAD**

*(interrupting)*

Do you think I'd stoop so low as to grab the next door neighbour's sleeping cat off the lawn, and wrap it up with bandages from my car's first-aid kit, and then try to pass it off as our own recovering cat from the vets? Do you think I'd do that?!

*(beat)*

I donated ten pounds to the RSPCA last month in case you've forgot!

**EMILY**

That's what you've done, haven't you?

**DAD**

No. It's a stuffed cat. I found it in the charity shop off Main Street.

*(beat)*

Do you know how difficult it is to find a stuffed cat in this town?

*(beat)*

It's very difficult.

There's a KNOCK heard, from the front door in the hallway.

**MUM (O.S)**

I'll get it.

**DAD**

Ok dear.

**MUM (O.S)**

Give that to your dad.

Aiden enters, with the cat's favourite cushion.

**AIDEN**

Emily was going to let the cat out of the bag just before you got back, but I covered for you.

**DAD**

Good work son.

*(to Emily)*

And you, you, I paid your hush money in advance... And you're still a grass.

**EMILY**

And you're a cat killer!

**DAD**

It was an accident!

**MUM (O.S)**

It's Mrs Brown from next door. She wants to know if we've seen her little Tiddles in the front garden.

**AIDEN**

*(disgusted, to Emily)*

Grosse.

**EMILY**

Tiddles is her cat!

**AIDEN**

Ohhh.

**EMILY**

What did you think she meant?

The sound of the front door SHUTTING.

**DAD**

It doesn't matter what he thought, Mum's coming back, you pair scatter.

**EMILY**

I'm not missing this for anything, that's for sure.

Mum re-enters.

**AIDEN**

Me either.

**DAD**

Thanks a lot.

**MUM**

Mrs Brown's worried sick about her cat going missing.

**DAD**

I'm sure he'll turn up sooner or later.

**MUM**

I don't know what I'd do if I lost my precious little Steven.

*(beat)*

What on earth happened at the vets?

**DAD**

The vet said make sure he gets plenty of rest. So don't go poking at him right now dear. He's still quite woozy from the anaesthetic.

**MUM**

Anaesthetic?!

*(beat)*

He only went to be wormed!

**DAD**

He took a disliking to the vet, and got a bit bitey, so they had to sedate him.

Mum goes over to the cat carrier.

**MUM**

I don't care how woozy he is, I've not seen him for three days!

A very distinct MEOW is heard, from the cat carrier.

**MUM**

*(joyful)*

Steven!

Emily looks at Dad.

**EMILY**

*(shocked)*

Tiddles?!

Dad looks at Mum.

Mum looks at Dad.

**DAD**

Why don't I go and make us all a lovely  
cup of tea?!

Dad makes a swift exit.

**FADE OUT:**

THE END