

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT

A mantelpiece. Photographs of KYLE (now 13) displayed: baby photograph, smiling school photograph.

On a television screen, sound off, images of a burning building, in front of which YOUNG boys stand, looted items in hand. Kyle, hood up, can be seen.

MEREDITH (60), Kyle's gran, sitting on the sofa, stares blankly, one arm wrapped around her stomach. Ash from her cigarette tumbles to the floor as -

ON SCREEN

Buildings collapse; fires blaze uncontrollably.

KYLE (O.C.)

Gran?

Meredith's eyes blink rapidly. She rubs her face, notices that the cigarette is near its end and stubs it out. She turns to look at Kyle. A blank expression.

Kyle's face. Eyebrows raised - questioning.

Meredith's face. Emotion sets in. Tears fall.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Gran?

He moves up the sofa towards her, but she stands up.

MEREDITH

Why?

Kyle covers his face with his hands, head shaking.

Meredith watches him. She looks down. A frown.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

For those...?

Kyle looks up at her, then down to his feet, on which he has new trainers. He draws his feet back, ashamed.

Meredith walks calmly out of the room. Kyle turns to look. A pause.

MEREDITH (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Police, please.

Resigned to his fate, Kyle slumps back against the sofa.

FADE OUT.