

PEACE CONVOY

Written by
Kai Whiston

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THE FOG OF LIFE IS NOT AN HURDLE,
BUT A REMINDER THAT QUIET CAN LIE BENEATH.

THE FOG DESCENDS, THE WORLD IS HUSHED;
IN SILENCE, WE HEAR OUR OWN HEARTS BEAT.

INT. TRAVELLER CARAVAN, JUNE 1994 - EVENING

The interior of a cramped, dimly lit caravan is bathed in the flickering glow of a single, weak light bulb. A worn radio, its antenna held together by duct tape, blares acid-house rhythms through its small cheap speaker from the corner. Cluttered countertops and makeshift shelves are filled with an assortment of personal items, photographs and trinkets, telling the story of life always on the move. An immense grey fog blinds most of the view out the window.

WELSH PHIL, 40s, unshaven with a scruffy beard and dishevelled hair, sprawls across a creaky bed with a stained mattress. His clothes, tattered and dirt-streaked, cling to his slender frame. He swigs red wine from a bottle, the dark liquid sloshing around his neck, as he exhales a cloud of Amber Leaf cigarette smoke that mingles with the haze already hanging in the air.

ROB, 30, a rugged man with a strong jawline and a five o'clock shadow, stands at a tiny sink, hunched over to fit into the confined space. His muscular arms, adorned with faded tattoos, work diligently as he washes dishes in the shallow, grimy basin. Water drips from his calloused hands, leaving droplets on his worn jeans and work boots.

JOSIE, 24, a tough but caring woman with a smattering of freckles across her cheeks, sits cross-legged on the threadbare carpet. Her auburn hair is pulled back into a messy ponytail, strands escaping to frame her face. She wears a faded floral dress from St. Nicholas' Market that has seen better days. Her eyes are a mix of determination and affection as she plays with baby **HOPE**.

HOPE, an infant girl with wisps of light brown hair, gurgles happily, her tiny hands reaching out to grab at **JOSIE**'s fingers. Her toothless smile and wide, innocent eyes are in stark contrast to the cold and rough life around her.

SENSEI, a scrappy English Bull Terrier, lies curled in a corner. His fur is matted, and his ears are pricked as he watches the scene unfold. His eyes flick from one person to the next, as if trying to keep up with the conversation that overlaps and constantly changes direction.

The energy within the caravan is chaotic, a whirlwind of movement and dialogue that never quite settles, reflecting the uncertain and tumultuous lives of its inhabitants.

WELSH PHIL

(raising the wine bottle in a toast)
Oi, listen. I just want to say, thank
you for having me here with you lot.
Everything's so fucking hectic down the
road, always some drama.

ROB

Don't mention it, mate. I don't know
how you put up with those lot down
there. I've been telling you to move up
here for good. Sort some cheap bus and
do it up like how your last one was,
come join us on the road life. I don't
know what Me and Jos' would do in a
council house.

WELSH PHIL

Yeah well, not everyone can have it
together like you lot!

JOSIE

(playfully)
Fucking hell I'm just trying to think,
how long has it been since we were all
together like this? Feels like ages!

WELSH PHIL

(grinning)
Would have been Castlemorton! Dancing
for days, not a care in the world. And
completely off our tits.

JOSIE

(laughing, smiling nostalgically)
I remember 3 buses having to tow me out
of that bloody mud. Those were the days
ay?

WELSH PHIL

(nods in agreement)
That's for sure. But here we are now,
together again with you beautiful
people. So thank ya.

ROB

Well, Phil, you're welcome here as long as you need.

WELSH PHIL

(voice becomes serious)

Fucking hell... You remember Lenny, right? Good-for-nothing Lenny? Found him dead, they did. Stone cold in a ditch, face all messed up with fucking axe in his head I think. Robbed his bus too, the heartless bastards.

PHIL's face contorts with disgust and disbelief as he relays the grim news, gesturing the axe motions. He takes another swig from the bottle, the wine a temporary salve for the pain of losing an old acquaintance.

ROB, still hunched over the sink, pauses in his washing, his hand gripping a chipped plate tightly. He looks over his shoulder at **WELSH PHIL**, his brow furrowed with concern, eyes squinting as he processes the news. The muscles in his jaw tighten as he grapples with the gravity of the situation, and the knowledge that danger is always lurking around the corner for people like them.

ROB

(nods, voice heavy with emotion)

Lenny, as in Lenny Lenny? Fucking hell, that's dark. Hadn't seen him in years. Poor Lenny, never thought his luck would run out like that.

ROB's voice trails off as he resumes washing the dishes, the sound of running water punctuating the silence that follows. Each scrub of the sponge carries with it the weight of their precarious existence, the knowledge that they too could face a similarly tragic fate.

JOSIE

*(cooing at **HOPE**)*

It's like every day something like this happens. No explanation, no nothing. Just thieving, disgusting cunts. Worse yet, something like this happens and everyone starts to snoop around. You'd never let anything like that happen to us, would you Rob?

WELSH PHIL's face reddens, veins bulging at his temples as he becomes overwhelmed with emotion. He flails his arms wildly, wine sloshing from the bottle and staining the threadbare carpet. He launches into a heated rant, his words tumbling out like a torrent.

WELSH PHIL

(angry, spittle flying)

You know what it is, don't ya? They're all out to get us, I tell ya! The polish, the immigrants, the tory pricks at Number 10, the whole fucking lot of 'em! They're the reason we're stuck in this mess, on the dole or homeless! And I'll tell you what, any of them wants to try and axe me in the fucking head they have another thing coming.

PHIL's eyes dart around the caravan as if he expects these imagined enemies to burst through the door at any moment. He continues his unfocused rant, his voice quivering with paranoia. THE CAMERA SWITCHES FOCUS TO **HOPE** DURING THE RANT.

WELSH PHIL (CONT.)

(voice rising)

Liars and criminals, all the way up. The amount of bankers out there now lining their pockets while we struggle to make ends meet! It's like we're trapped in a cage, and they're the ones holding the key.

ROB leans against the sink, shaking his head and sighing. He's heard this tirade many times before and is anxious about it escalating further. While he understands **PHIL**'s drunken fear, he knows that casting directionless blame won't change their situation.

ROB

(sighs, exasperated)

You're always so quick to blame, Phil. But pointing fingers at everyone else ain't gonna help us. It's a simple world. It's might not be simple times, but it's a simple world. My old man taught me to be a grafter.

ROB (CONT.)

(more relaxed)

You work hard, you survive. That's how it's always been, and that's how it's gonna stay. We've got each other, and a roof over our heads. Isn't that right Hope?

ROB's familiar words are a steady anchor amidst the storm of **PHIL**'s rant, a reminder that they can only rely on themselves in a world that seems determined to keep them down. The adults fall silent, **HOPE** continuing to gurgle happily. The tension hangs heavy in the air, as they each contemplate the harsh reality of their lives. As the tension in the caravan subsides, **JOSIE** gazes thoughtfully at her hands, her eyes distant and dreamy. She begins to speak, her voice tinged with hope and longing.

JOSIE

(softly)

You know, I've been thinking... I've got this idea for an art project. I want to use all the scraps and odds and ends we've collected over the years. Maybe collage them together and turn them into something beautiful. Like, turning them into something people would really want in their house or as a gift.

She pauses, her eyes shining with enthusiasm as she continues to describe her plan. She looks **ROB** and **PHIL** in the eye.

JOSIE

(more excited)

I reckon if I could create something truly unique, people would pay good money for that. Y'know, like for Valentine's, Mother's day ... We could have a little art gallery right here on the site to promote all of it!

WELSH PHIL

(in a mocking, drunk posh accent)

Maybe we could have a big opening, with, with, *chandeliers* and *champagne*.

JOSIE and **ROB** sigh, once again **PHIL** is taking the piss.

WELSH PHIL (CONT.)

(laughing)

We can't even get fucking the postman
'round here!

ROB and **WELSH PHIL** exchange glances, their faces reflecting a mix of fondness and scepticism. They recognize the cliché and unlikely nature of **JOSIE**'s ambition but are reluctant to crush her dreams.

ROB

(tentatively)

It's a nice idea, Jos'. But you know it's not that easy to make a living from art. Still, I like that you're thinking of ways to improve our situation. I know Lee said he'll have some work for me soon, it's just been hard the last few months that's all.

WELSH PHIL

(mocking slightly)

Yeah, maybe we'll end up in one of those fancy galleries someday. You never know.

JOSIE

(defiant)

I know it's a long shot, but I have to try, don't I? We can't just sit here, waiting for things to change. We've gotta make our own opportunities, for Hope and that. I don't want her missing school trips when she's older cus her mum's a bloody liability.

Her words hang in the air, a testament to her determination and optimism. Despite the unlikelihood of her dream, Josie's ambition offers a glimmer of hope in the face of their otherwise bleak existence.

The music on the radio is suddenly interrupted by a somber, yet urgent tone. The sound of a news jingle plays, signifying the beginning of a special news bulletin.

The voice of a **BBC NEWSREADER**, calm and professional, fills the airwaves.

RADIO - BBC NEWSREADER

Good evening. This is a special news update from the BBC. Today marks the eighth month since a particularly heavy spell of fog descended upon our nation. Scientists still remain baffled by the dense, supernatural mist that has left half of the United Kingdom shrouded in a dark eerie gloom.

As the newsreader continues, the atmosphere in the caravan grows tense, the music replaced by the grim reality of their situation.

RADIO - BBC NEWSREADER (CONT.)

Experts are unable to determine the cause of the phenomenon, which scientists have dubbed 'Fog Frances'. Residents in those affected areas are describing it as a cloud of despair, hanging heavy over our once-bustling towns and cities. The fog has brought with it numerous challenges, from widespread traffic accidents to severe health issues resulting from poor air quality.

CAMERA frames the massively vast landscape of the moor, the two caravans look dwarfed by the immense grey fog. The newsreader's voice takes on a sombre tone as they describe the emotional toll the fog has taken on the population.

RADIO - BBC NEWSREADER (CONT.)

The most striking effect of this catastrophe has been the silence. The once-vibrant streets have become eerily quiet, as fear and despair grip the hearts of our citizens. Some reports suggest that psychological concerns such as depression and anxiety have skyrocketed in recent months, with many feeling as though they are trapped in a never-ending nightmare.

RADIO - BBC NEWSREADER (CONT.)

In response to the ongoing emergency, the government has initiated a series of relief measures, including mandatory high-visibility clothing for citizens working and travelling in affected areas. The American medical company *RespiraTech* has accepted an £8million order from the British government to begin the manufacturing of their newly developed 'fog-removal machines', but the efficiency of these machines is still widely debated. Indoor activity centres in affected cities have seen a massive increase in customers looking to maintain their active and social lifestyles. Local communities continue to band together, forming support networks and crisis management groups to help their fellow citizens.

The news broadcast concludes with a message of hope, urging the nation to remain strong in the face of adversity.

RADIO - BBC NEWSREADER (CONT.)

As we enter the ninth month of this unprecedented crisis, we must remember that we...

(signal breaking up)

..through unity and resilience, we will find a way to navigate this blindness and emerge...

ROB bangs on the radio in a frustrated attempt to fix the poor reception.

RADIO - BBC NEWSREADER (CONT.)

(signal breaking up)

... Goodnight to all, and stay safe.

The broadcast ends. After a few seconds of silence the acid-house music resumes, its upbeat tempo a stark contrast to the somber news that has just been relayed. The caravan's occupants are left to contemplate their place in a world shrouded in darkness and uncertainty. The occupants of the caravan exchange uneasy glances, the weight of the news heavy on their minds.

JOSIE

(deflated)

It's like we're living in a nightmare that fucking never ends. It's torture. This fog... it's suffocating us.

ROB

(defensive)

It's no bloody worse than it usually is 'round here, I don't know what they're on about. It's not like we were out up to anything different anyway. We've got to stay strong, Jos'. We've survived worse than this.

(speaking affectionately)

We've had it worse than this haven't we Hope?

WELSH PHIL, now more lucid and serious after hearing the news, raises his wine bottle in a sarcastic toast, a sardonic grin on his face.

WELSH PHIL

(raises bottle)

Here's to the Tin Foil Jerusalem,

(bangs on the metal wall)

our little safe haven in Fog Frances.

Safe and sound, quiet as kept.

(glugs bottle)

JOSIE, her gaze focused on baby **HOPE**, nods in agreement, missing the sarcasm.

JOSIE

(fierce)

That's right. We've made this place our sanctuary, our own little corner of the world where we can ride out this storm together.

SENSEI, the scrappy dog gets up from the corner, whines and snuggles closer to **JOSIE**, sensing her unease and needing the comfort of their presence. The family huddles together, a small island of hope and resilience in the midst of an uncertain world. Their caravan, the Tin Foil Jerusalem, becomes a symbol of their determination to survive, no matter the environmental forces stacked against them. The atmosphere in the caravan is incredibly bleak.

ROB

(still anxious, filling silence)

We'll find a way through this, just like we always have. We've got each other, and that's all that matters.

WELSH PHIL

(smiling happily to himself)

Well well, I can certainly think of one way through it...

WELSH PHIL looks suggestively to **ROB**, and then to a small tin amongst the messy countertop of the caravan. As the weight of their existence presses down upon them, the adults in the caravan seek solace in a dark and treacherous escape. **JOSIE**, her eyes darting to ensure baby **HOPE** is preoccupied, hesitates for a moment before giving in to the temptation. She takes a seat next to **WELSH PHIL** who opens the small tin and begins to unwrap a small stash of heroin from its cling film. **ROB**, his jaw set in a grim line, watches the scene unfold. He knows that the drug offers a temporary reprieve from their struggles, but he can't shake the guilt that accompanies its use. Nevertheless, he eventually joins **JOSIE** and **WELSH PHIL**, the allure of oblivion too strong to resist. The air is thick with anticipation, and a sense of desperation hangs heavy in the room.

WELSH PHIL, his hands trembling slightly, meticulously prepares the heroin for use. The fine powder, a sinister shade of beige, is mixed with water in a tarnished spoon. The flame from a lighter dances beneath the spoon, as the concoction transforms into a sinister, viscous liquid. **JOSIE** watches, her eyes wide with a mixture of fear and longing. She clutches baby **HOPE** tightly to her chest, as if trying to protect her from the darkness that is about to envelop them all. **ROB**, his face etched with deep lines of worry, reluctantly rolls up his sleeve, revealing a patchwork of scars that tell a story of past indulgences and battles fought within himself. **WELSH PHIL** carefully draws the liquid into a syringe, the plunger emitting a sinister hiss as it fills with the drug. With practised precision, he finds a vein in **ROB**'s arm, the needle puncturing the skin like a venomous bite. As he depresses the plunger, the heroin courses through **ROB**'s bloodstream.

In a matter of moments, the torments of their reality begin to fade, replaced by a euphoric numbness that envelops them like a dark, seductive shroud. Their eyes glaze over, as if staring into another world, one where pain and despair are but distant memories. The caravan, once filled with the sounds of life and laughter, is now eerily quiet. The only sounds that remain are the buzzing of radio static and the soft, shallow breaths of the adults as they surrender to the merciless embrace of their addiction.

The once lively conversation has given way to a hazy silence. The adults, now under the spell of heroin, struggle to form coherent thoughts and sentences. Their movements are slow and deliberate as if swimming through a thick fog. Baby **HOPE** gurgles softly in the background, blissfully unaware of her surroundings.

WELSH PHIL

(slurred)

Y'ever... feel like... you just want to... vanish? Like... driftin'... far from all this... this chaos?

JOSIE

(drowsy)

Mmm... Yeah... Like... we're finally... untethered...

ROB

(slowly nods)

Untethered... That's... that's a perfect way to... put it... Like... Yeah... that's a good way to... describe it...

SENSEI, the scrappy dog, whines softly in the corner, sensing the change in the atmosphere but unable to comprehend it.

JOSIE

(whispers)

I wish... I could paint this... this feeling... Seize it and... and hold it close forever...

WELSH PHIL

(nods)

Yeah... We could... break away... whenever we... need...

ROB

(faintly smiles)

Wouldn't that be... somethin'... That would be... quite the dream...

Their voices trail off, their thoughts and emotions swallowed by the numbing embrace of the drug. The darkness of the caravan seems to grow heavier, and the shadows cast by the flickering candlelight seem to grow longer as if reaching out to claim them in their vulnerable state.

Through the window, we watch the dense fog swirl around the caravan, a sinister shroud that seems to suffocate the very air. The adults, numbed by their recent indulgence in heroin, are lost in their own world.

A distant rumble slowly cuts through the whistling hiss of the wind.

EXT. TRAVELLER CARAVAN, JUNE 1994 - EVENING

The rhythmic thunder of hooves grows louder, the ground trembling beneath their force. Emerging from the ghostly mists, a group of three male **RED COAT FOX HUNTERS** appear, their figures distorted and magnified by the fog.

Astride their powerful steeds, they cast imposing shadows, their red coats a stark contrast against the cold monochrome world. Their faces are hidden beneath the brims of their hats, their expressions unreadable. Like spectres of a bygone era, they embody a twisted sense of tradition and power. The baying of their hounds echoes through the night, a chilling chorus that sends shivers down the spine.

The **RED COAT FOX HUNTERS** circle the caravan, their steely eyes fixed on the inhabitants within, as if passing judgment on their very existence. The tension is palpable, the air charged with a sense of impending confrontation. In their presence, the caravan and its inhabitants seem small and insignificant. Their arrival marks a relentless reminder of the travellers' place in a world that has cast them aside, the beginning of a struggle that will test the very bonds that hold the family together.

INT./EXT. TRAVELLER CARAVAN, JUNE 1994 - EVENING

The **RED COAT FOX HUNTERS** dismount their horses and approach the caravan, their cold, steely eyes fixed on the inhabitants within. The adults, still strung out from their recent indulgence in heroin, struggle to shake off the haze that clouds their minds.

WELSH PHIL

(shouting, slurring)

Oi! What the... What the fuck do you
cunts think you're doing here...

RED COAT LEADER

(sneering)

We're here to remind you of your place,
Philly. Your kind isn't welcome on
these lands.

The **RED COAT FOX HUNTERS** surround the caravan, their body language aggressive and intimidating. **JOSIE** clutches baby **HOPE** protectively, while **ROB** steps forward, attempting to shield his family despite the disorienting effects of the drug. **SENSEI** barks at the **FOX HUNTERS** through the window.

ROB

(defiant, slurring)

You have no, you have no bloody right
to come here and threaten us.

RED COAT LEADER

(smirking)

Oh, we have every right. You lot are
nothing but a nuisance, a blight on our
land. Just looking to have a little
chat is all.

The confrontation escalates, the air crackling with tension as the **RED COAT FOX HUNTERS** and the travellers hurl insults and threats at one another. **JOSIE** begins to throw trinkets out of the window at the **FOX HUNTERS**. The fog grows thicker as if feeding off the animosity that hangs heavy in the air.

WELSH PHIL, enraged, pulls himself to his feet and exits the caravan, lunging at one of the **FOX HUNTERS**, his fists swinging wildly. A **FOX HUNTER** is hit, and the **RED COAT LEADER** retaliates by hitting **PHIL** in the back with a hammer, grabbing his arm and throwing him back into the caravan. The impact sends the caravan shuddering, and **PHIL** crumples to the floor. **JOSIE** and **HOPE** begin to cry and scream.

RED COAT LEADER

(furious)

Oh you've fucking done it now you
gypsies prick. You brought this on
yourselves.

The **RED COAT FOX HUNTERS** grab thin wooden planks they brought with them on horseback, boarding up the exit and windows of the caravan and trapping the travellers inside. The pounding of hammers thuds into the caravan's interior, each blow sending tremors through the fragile walls. As the caravan quakes, trinkets and mementoes that adorn the shelves shake and tumble to the floor, shattering into pieces. The destruction of these personal relics mirrors the disintegration of the travellers' past, their memories and identities crumbling away with each forceful strike of the hammer.

JOSIE

(crying, pleading)

Please, don't do this! We have a baby!

RED COAT LEADER

(turning away, coldly)

The consequences of your choices fall
on you. It's a pity your child will pay
the price.

WELSH PHIL stumbles to his feet, desperation driving him to action. He rummages through a pile of belongings, revealing a hidden firewood axe. As **PHIL** brandishes the axe, preparing to break through the boarded-up windows and escape, **ROB**'s eyes fixate on the bloodstained blade. Time seems to slow as the horrifying truth dawns on him, the grisly stain weaving a sinister tale of betrayal and violence.

ROB's gaze flickers between the bloodied axe and **WELSH PHIL**'s face, the full weight of the revelation bearing down on him. His heart hammers in his chest, a cacophony of emotions surging through his veins - shock, disgust, betrayal and heroin all competing for dominance. **ROB**'s hands tremble as he struggles to find his voice, to confront the man he had trusted and considered a friend. As the words finally break free, they are tinged with the bitter sting of betrayal.

ROB

(horrified, slurring)

Phil... What the fuck have you done?

Did you... Did you fucking kill Lenny?

At that moment, the world inside the caravan shatters, leaving them all adrift in a sea of uncertainty and fear, with the ghost of Lenny's murder lurking in the shadows. The room plummets into a heavy silence, as dense and suffocating as the fog that surrounds them. The weight of the revelation presses down on their shoulders, a palpable force that steals the breath

from their lungs. The travellers, already struggling with the disorienting, hazy grip of heroin, are now ensnared by the chilling tendrils of the shocking truth about their companion.

WELSH PHIL, once a whirlwind of desperate energy, is now a hollow shell of his former self, his voice stolen by the enormity of his secret. The adrenaline that once coursed through his veins, fueling his desire to break free from their fiery prison, has dissipated, leaving him numb and paralyzed.

The dim light in the caravan flickers, casting eerie shadows on the walls that seem to dance and taunt the trapped occupants. A cold sense of dread slithers through the air as if to remind them of the inescapable reality that now binds them together. The once chaotic, overlapping voices have been silenced, replaced by the slow, laboured breaths of the strung-out travellers as they struggle to process the horrifying truth. In this dark, confined space, the weight of their collective past and the enormity of their present collide, leaving them gasping for air, searching for a way to escape the nightmare that has consumed them.

JOSIE

(whispering, appalled)

You killed him, Phil? And you didn't say anything?

The atmosphere in the caravan grows even more tense and suffocating, as the travelers grapple with their horrifying reality. The burning need to escape the caravan is now overshadowed by the horror of what **PHIL** has done, making their situation all the more dire.

ROB's eyes turn wild. His body wracked with both the effects of the heroin and the crushing weight of betrayal, suddenly surges forward.

WELSH PHIL, equally unsteady from the drugs and his own guilt, instinctively tries to evade ROB's attack, but the confines of the small space betray him. They collide, their bodies entwined in a desperate struggle, their movements sluggish but fueled by raw emotion. They struggle over the axe, screaming in slurred cries.

JOSIE, caught in the crossfire, is swept up in the chaos of the fight. Her body is jolted by a forceful blow, the pain of the impact slicing through the haze of heroin. She stumbles, her vision blurring as she tries to steady herself.

Ignoring her own pain, she scrambles towards baby **HOPE**, her arms outstretched, ready to shield her precious child from the storm that rages around them.

As **JOSIE** reaches **HOPE**, she gathers her daughter in her arms and curls her body around the infant, forming a protective cocoon. Her breaths come in ragged gasps as she holds her child close, her love for **HOPE** a beacon of light in the darkness that surrounds them.

The crackling sound of fire becomes audible.

- 4 SECONDS OF BLACK -

INT. TRAVELLER CARAVAN 1998 - NIGHT

We are back around a minute later. The flames spread rapidly, licking the walls of the caravan and consuming the cluttered trinkets and personal items in their path. Smoke fills the confined space, making it difficult to breathe and see. The family, trapped inside, struggles against the fire's relentless advance, their movements sluggish and uncoordinated as the heroin's effects continue to cloud their minds.

JOSIE, her face streaked with soot and tears, cradles baby **HOPE** in her arms, shielding her from the inferno. Her eyes, filled with terror and desperation, dart around the caravan, searching for an escape route that doesn't exist.

ROB, his face and hands burned and blistered, staggers through the thick smoke, coughing violently as he tries in vain to find a way out. His strength, once a source of comfort and protection, is now diminished, leaving him powerless against the flames.

WELSH PHIL lies slumped against a wall, his breaths ragged and shallow as the smoke fills his lungs. His once fiery anger has been extinguished, replaced with a sense of defeat and resignation. He stares blankly at the encroaching fire, unable to muster the energy to fight or flee.

FADE OUT:

The caravan, once a sanctuary for the weary souls, is now consumed by a merciless blaze, its warm, inviting interior transformed into a fiery prison. The flickering flames dance with malevolent intent, their deadly grip tightening around the caravan, obliterating memories and dreams in a raging inferno. As the fire rages on, relentless and unforgiving, it devours the last vestiges of the family's struggle, leaving behind only the smouldering remains of their dreams, ambitions, and the love that bound them together. The haunting echo of baby **HOPE**'s cries lingers in the air, a chilling testament to the fragility of life on society's periphery, and the unforgiving fate that can befall those who dare to defy its conventions.

END .

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