

ACT III

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Fades into an open casket at Mark's funeral. Loved ones continue to say their goodbyes to Mark. ATMOSPHERIC SOUNDS OF PEOPLE QUIETLY CHATTING.

P.O.V. OF MARKS PERSPECTIVE, LOOKING UP AT THE ACTION FROM THE CASKET.

An older couple, what could be an aunt and uncle to Mark, are looking down at him with pity in their eyes.

AUNT

(She whispers into the ear of her husband)

Mary would never tell me, but I've heard off of the girls that- and don't repeat this. Apparently it wasn't a suicide, it was a sex game that had gone wrong...how shameful, you've got to feel sorry for Richard and Mary.

UNCLE

Yes, just awful. He always was a bit off. Wasn't he? Even as a child.

AUNT

Oh gosh, here they come.

Enters Mark's parents into the frame.

MARY

Thank you for coming all this way for Mark. He...ummm...

She looks down at her son losing her train of thought.

RICHARD

He always did love his fishing afternoons with his favourite uncle.

UNCLE

Yes, yes. Well, we better leave you two to it. It was great seeing you.

AUNT

Yes, and sorry for your loss.

Mark's aunt says this as she is nudging her husband, so they

can leave the conversation as quickly as possible.

Mary's expression has been locked on Mark's face for the duration of their conversation.

MARY

(Whilst holding back tears, she says with anger)

How could you?- How could he?

She looks at her husband for answers.

MARY (CONT'D)

Embarrass me like this. Richard, what did I ever do? I was a loving mother, even in his difficult years. We were *good* parents.

RICHARD

(Looking down with disappointment)

He never wanted our help, Mary. Come on now, lets not make a scene.

He holds onto Mary's shoulders, and they leave.

Clare enters into Mark's view. Dressed almost too prim and proper.

CLARE

She leans in closer to Mark's body.

Hi there, sweetie. You're looking a lot better since last time I saw you. I see they've patched you up quite nicely now, haven't they.

She touches his neck, where the bruises once were.

And you're welcome by the way. When they were dressing you, I gave them your favourite tie to put you in. Let's just make it a little tighter, the way you like it.

She tightens his tie.

CLARE (CONT'D)

There you go, baby.

She kisses her finger tips a bit too intimately, then uses

them to touch Mark's mouth.

A young man comes out from behind her. He looks awkward and out of place.

MARK'S FRIEND

Hi Clare... not really sure what I'm meant to say to him right now...

CLARE

Oh well, I truly don't know if it even matters. It's not like he can hear us now is it.

MARK'S FRIEND

(He laughs nervously)

Yeah... I guess you're right. Well, see ya Mark. I think it's time I have to go back to Stonebow now anyways. I might see you there later?

CLARE

Yes, you better be back before 1 o'clock. Don't want them to be thinking you've done something silly like Mark here, do you? And no, I don't work on your ward Tuesdays, James, you should know that by now.

Mark's friend goes to leave as Clare stops him to tighten his tie.

CLARE (CONT'D)

There you go, that looks better already. You look so handsome when you clean up.

She kisses him on the cheek.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Go on then, don't want to stay longer here than you have to. See you soon!

Clare looks back down at Mark.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, darling. You were always my favourite.

FADES TO BLACK