

INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE. FRIDAY. 7:45 AM

A small messy kitchen. Morning sunlight floods through the window. JORDAN CARTER (14) sits at the kitchen table while JACKIE CARTER (35), his mother, rushes around. JORDAN pours an almost empty milk carton onto his cereal, covering only about a third. He starts to eat.

JACKIE

I've gotta head off Jordan. I want you to head straight to school. No detours, alright?

JORDAN

Yeah, yeah...

JACKIE

Hey, look at me. I didn't take an hour off work talking to Mrs. Smith for you to let me down.
(pause)
Please Jordan.

JORDAN

Yeah, OK, I'll be there.

MISS CARTER grabs her keys, plants a kiss on JORDAN'S head and leaves the kitchen.

JORDAN watches her go. He looks at his cracked smartphone on the table. He takes an older Nokia phone out of his pocket. He places them next to each other and stares at them.

DISSOLVE

INT. MR REESE'S HOUSE. 7:45 AM

A large living room. MR DAVID REESE (35) and his girlfriend CHLOE (25), sit on the leather sofa together. CHLOE, her feet up, flips through a magazine.

MR REESE

I'd better get ready babe. You gonna get in touch with Tony about tonight?

CHLOE smiles and nods. MR REESE takes a last drag on his cigarette, gives CHLOE a kiss and walks out the door.

CARWYN JONES

INT. HEADTEACHER'S OFFICE. 8:45 AM

A large, spacious office. MR REESE, smartly dressed in a grey suit, sits across from the headteacher MRS SMITH (46).

MR REESE

What? Why is he returning so soon?

MRS SMITH

His mother believes it is safer for him to be in school at the moment.

MR REESE

What about the safety of our other students? Twice he's brought that stuff into the school, what kind of message are we sending to the kids by bringing him back?

MRS SMITH

David, his mother is worried sick about him. If he's in school, he's less likely to get dragged in to that lifestyle. He'll be in the isolation booth for a week. You and Mr. Johnson will always have an eye on him.

(pause)

However, you're right. If we find him selling again, he will no longer be attending this school.

MR REESE smiles.

INT. ISOLATION BOOTH. 9:00 AM

A drab room divided into booths by grey cubicles. JORDAN, uniform disheveled, walks into the room escorted by MR REESE and slumps into one of the booths. MR REESE, carrying a large thermos, sits down at the teachers' desk.

MR REESE

Right, hand it over.

JORDAN scowls at him but yanks his smartphone out of his pocket and holds it out. MR REESE snatches the phone up and places a pile of work in front of JORDAN.

CARWYN JONES

MR REESE

With all that you've been up to,
you would do well to keep your
head down and be quiet. You're
hanging by a very thin thread.

JORDAN grabs a pen and sheet and stares at the paper. MR REESE reclines back in his chair and starts some work of his own.

INT. ISOLATION BOOTH. 9:22 AM

JORDAN sits staring at his pile of work. MR REESE is leant back in his chair, work now untouched, tapping at his phone.

JORDAN

Sir, I don't understand this work.

MR REESE

Just get on with it Jordan.

JORDAN

I'm trying sir, it don't make
sense man.

MR REESE

Dunno why you're asking me, I
wasn't in the lesson. You should
have been listening.

INT. ISOLATION BOOTH. 9:48 AM

MR REESE is slumped in his seat, scrolling through his phone. JORDAN holds something under his desk, trying to quietly take bites of something. MR REESE suddenly notices this and stands up over JORDAN.

MR REESE

Give it here.

JORDAN

Come on sir, I barely had
breakfast today.

MR REESE

Whose fault is that?

JORDAN tosses the chocolate bar on the table. MR REESE throws it in the bin.