

I will never give up on you

Screenplay sample
Scene 1-3

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Medical text: Helen Laird

Sudden rumble of thunder. Lightning.

1 EXT. PARK BUS STOP - DAY

1

CU TRACKING SHOT MONTAGE

Dark.

Rain.

Street lights glimmer on the rippled surface of a puddle.

Water drips from a drenched, fluffy paw. Teardrop flickers in the eye of a teddy bear whose other paw is clutched in a small trembling hand. Tiny, anxious fingers are holding on tight.

Water trickles down the wrinkles of a blue raincoat. From beneath the dripping hood, worried eyes peek from behind a curtain of curly locks looking up at her mother.

The young woman's torn clothes barely cover bruises.

Lightning flashes. Thunder rumbles.

A thin stream of blood creeps slowly from her ear down to her neck. Her blood-flooded eyes are frozen in deep shock.

A barely perceptible nod and sound of a cracking bone.

She swallows, trembling.

SOUNDS OF DRUNK MEN SHOUTING ON THE STREET FADE IN, THEN FADE INTO THUNDER.

Lightning.

THUNDER RUMBLES INTO...

2 INT. HOME - DAY

2

A peculiarly vivid lovely colourful home.

Every bit of the living room and open plan kitchen looks like a playground for a creative child and her parents. The decoration is made of happy drawings, sculptures and all kinds of results of passionate moments, quality time spent together in the realms of imagination both child and adults. The adult pieces reflect medical studies, the childish pieces mostly reflect an adult's passion for the same subject.

In the living room, socks and panties are hanging from a TV and video gaming set pushed aside in the corner with the little prince and his planet drawn on the screen in vivid crayon.

The couch faces the two winged glass door of the garden with bird and squirrel feeder outside and a bowl for foxes.

KAY (O.S)

...remove the retractors, close the dura with sutures, replace the bone flap and secure with titanium plate and screws. Consider placing a drain at this point, then suture the muscles, scalp and skin back together. Place a soft adhesive dressing over the area.

AMY(5), the same quiet, introvert girl in vivid, fluffy clothes sits on the couch watching the garden. KAY(35), the same but still lively young woman, suddenly picks her up saying...

KAY (cont'd)

Gotcha!

...and flies her around the living room holding her up high. They spin a couple of times, then Kay sits Amy onto the kitchen counter and finishes packing the lunch in happy boxes while both playfully pecking from the plates around them.

Kay is cheerful and chatty. Amy is silent but aware.

KAY (cont'd)

Where was I?

Amy points at her own head.

KAY (cont'd)

Oh yes!

The neurocranium protects the cerebrum which is...

Amy points at her head again, Kay pauses, Amy mimes opening the top of her skull and points inside.

KAY (cont'd)

...the brain, and the viscerocranium forms the faciem which is...

Amy mimes to open her face and points inside. Kay bursts into laughing.

KAY (cont'd)

(cheerful confusion)

No, you silly, the face is..., it's the same ins..., there's no such thing as inside the face!

Kay opens Amy's head and smacks her brain.

KAY (cont'd)
I love your cerebrum.

Amy points at her cheeks.

KAY (cont'd)
No! Yuck. Close it!

Amy closes her face with a key and Kay smacks it loudly then turns to the kitchen.

KAY (cont'd)
It would be much easier if you could be the same in school as home... although I'm not sure they would appreciate the same jokes. But that's on me I guess...

Aaahyyy lav ya!

While Kay packs all the food away, Amy remains frozen looking up at the top of her head.

KAY (cont'd)
I know it's not easy for you. Let's go soften your boss.

Kay puts her coat on and opens the door.

KAY (cont'd)
Come bunny.

Amy is still sitting on the counter frozen looking up.

KAY (cont'd)
Oh. Sorry. At least we let some fresh air in.

As Kay approaches to put a lid on Amy's brain, she fakes an enormous juicy sneeze aimed at her brain.

KAY (cont'd)
(dry)
Oh. Sorry.

Kay takes a tissue, wipes off the juice, blows on the brain, picks off some lint, polishes it, asks for the keys, finds the right one, locks the skull and gives the key back to Amy. Then looks inside Amy's head through her eyes.

KAY (cont'd)
(bit louder)
All good in there?

Amy opens her mouth, Kay holds her ear to it and imitates the sound of breeze.

KAY (cont'd)
Ventilation is on. Good. Let's go!

Amy skips, takes her coat and Teddy and they leave the house while Kay goes on reciting the medical text.

KAY (cont'd)
Caudally, the neurocranium and the calvaria, encases the cerebellum and the orbits. The Calvaria consists of the frontal, parietal, temporal and occipital ossis. Ossis are fused by the coronal...

The door closes when harsh and loud sounds of the city and an approaching siren take over.

DOOR SHUTS TO BLACK

3 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

3

FLUORESCENT LIGHTS FLICKER TO

Unfriendly waiting room outside the office of a nursery school principal. Long lines of development charts labelled with children's names cover the walls.

Contradicting the rigid environment, Amy in her vivid outfit, draws in a colouring book. She's completely immersed in the work while her teddy bear is sitting next to her with a piece of crayon behind its ear.

Muffled heated conversation comes from behind her through the glass wall that separates this waiting room from the office, where Kay stands in front of and leans on the desk of the principal, MS MOLINO(68), who sits lying back on the chair completely ignoring Kay's upset mood.

MS MOLINO
(well practised)
We've tried everything. This is the next step, Mrs Knight.

KAY
Why are you bureaucrats so obsessed with adding my name to every sentence? Do you think I'll be more relaxed hearing my Mother-In-Law's name?

MS MOLINO
First of all, I'm not a bureaucrat. I'm a pedagogue.

Kay suppresses a remark.

MS MOLINO (cont'd)
Second of all, will you calm down,
please?

KAY
Will you be reasonable, PLEASE?!

Beat.

MS MOLINO
Mrs Knight...

KAY
Yes, it's much better in front.

Beat.

MS MOLINO
Here are the contact details of our
educational therapists. They expect
your call.

Fluorescent light flickers. Kay ticks.

KAY
What?! You've consulted them
without my approval?

MS MOLINO
We don't need your approval.

KAY
Have you paid any attention to her
at all?

MS MOLINO
We pay attention, Mrs Knight, and
this is what we can see.

KAY
We?! Who is that we and exactly
what can you see?

MS MOLINO
She is far behind her classmates.

KAY
By whose measure?

MS MOLINO
This school has a standardised
evaluation system...

KAY

Standardised evaluation system?!
They are human children, not car
tyres.

MS MOLINO

The system has served its function
very well for almost forty-two
years now.

Kay accidentally pushes a chair that shrieks and roars like
thunder. Fluorescent light flickers. Kay ticks. Mean
obsession swipes through Ms Molino's face.

KAY

You are aware that you've since
wandered into the 21st century,
right?

Beat.

MS MOLINO

I don't get offended easily, Mrs
Knight, if that's what you are
aiming for. I've dealt with much
worse.

KAY

I bet you have. You can bring out
the worst in people, right?

It slipped out. Kay regrets and chuckles awkwardly.

Beat.

KAY (cont'd)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend
you. Again. I'm just saying that my
daughter may be different, yes, but
it does not mean that she needs
therapy. It might just mean that
she needs more time or a different
approach. We just need to figure
out which.

MS MOLINO

And that's what the educational
therapist is for.

On the other side of the transparent glass wall, in the
waiting room, Amy turns a page in the colouring book and
starts drawing instead of colouring again.

TIM(5), another introverted student dressed sharply, hair
flat and combed to one side, watches her while sitting at the
other wall with his mother, MRS MORRIS(28) who stares at the
plain wall in front of her frustrated.

KAY

She doesn't need a therapist. We just need to be there for her, listen to, watch and support her.

MS MOLINO

WE don't, Mrs Knight. Ninety-eight children come to this school every day. None of us here can spend the whole day sitting next to Amy waiting for a sign of prodigiousness among all the things she has proven to be behind at.

KAY

I know you meant to be sarcastic, but there's actually something in her I can't really put my finger on yet, but it's there, I can see it.

MS MOLINO

Well, we don't employ mediums at this school. We can see only through our eyes, and what we see is her holding the others back.

Kay is speechless. Fluorescent lights flicker. Kay ticks. Ms Molino's obsessed. Ms Morris ticks. Tom watches Amy. Amy looks at the lights. Light stops flickering.

MS MOLINO (cont'd)

Just look at her. She is five, and still cannot colour inside the lines.

Ms Molino points through the window towards Amy, who definitely does not colour inside the lines.

KAY

Inside the lines?! Really?! Most of the greats in history did not "colour inside the lines". That made them great!

MS MOLINO

Maybe.

KAY

Maybe???

MS MOLINO

We don't gamble with children, Mrs Knight. We follow a specific method that has been proven to be highly effective in raising successful adults.

KAY
 Successful adults??? What are you,
 a robot? She is five, for god's
 sake! Who knows who she'll become
 if we let her bloom at her pace?

MS MOLINO
 (sarcastic)
 Yes. Who knows.

KAY
 Oh, come on!

Calms herself down.

KAY (cont'd)
 We just need to be patient. Maybe
 this is her personality, her
 process. Every kid goes through
 multiple phases.

MS MOLINO
 (snaps, raises her voice)
 Maybe this is a phase, Mrs Knight,
 maybe not.

KAY
 I'm not taking my daughter to a
 psychologist as if she were
 defective.

Amy puts down the crayon, closes the book and grabs her coat
 and bear perf...*

KAY (cont'd)
 Maybe I'll teach her.

MS MOLINO
 (smug)
 Good luck with that, during your
 medical studies.

Kay freezes for a second hearing the highly inappropriate
 remark but then lets it go.

KAY
 I can take her to another school.

MS MOLINO
 (stone cold)
 A special one, maybe.

Kay is stunned again.

KAY
 Ffffffffffff...!

*...ectly at the right time to grab Kay's hand, who storms out of the office into the waiting room.

KAY (cont'd)
Come, Bunny.

They stop before the exit.

KAY (cont'd)
Put your coat on.

Kay helps Amy with the coat while Tim and his mother take their places. The principal roars from the office.

MS MOLINO
Mrs Morris!

Tim doesn't let go of his mother's hand.

MRS MORRIS
Honey, I'm not leaving you alone.
I'll be in there with Ms Molino,
ok? Sit here and practice baby.

Tim doesn't seem to react. Mrs Morris leans towards the office door nervously.

MRS MORRIS (cont'd)
I'm sorry Ms Molino, I'll be there
in a second.

At the same time, facing the door already, Kay lets go of Amy's hand to button her own coat.

Time slows down for the adults. While they are moving in slow motion and don't pay attention, behind their backs, Amy leans the bear against her mother's legs, steps to Tim and while looking deeply into each other's eyes, she reaches a red crayon towards him.

Tim takes the crayon, then Amy picks up the bear and grabs her mother's hand.

Time speeds up to normal. Tim releases his mother's hand and sits down in front of Amy's book. Mrs Morris goes into the office to talk to Ms Molino. Their muffled conversation seeps out. Mrs Morris's tone is far more humble than Kay's was.

MRS MORRIS (cont'd)
I'm sooo sorry Ms Molino!

Tim, with the red crayon in his hand, opens Amy's book and slowly tears out the pages.

The principal jumps up from her seat, hits the glass and shouts.

MS MOLINO

Stop! Stop it! Stop it, Tim, or
I'll...!

(to Mrs Morris)

Will you please ask your son not to
destroy my school?!

As Tim arranges the pages on the table, a big, rainbow-coloured, girly-decorated human skull shows up on the nine organised pages. Amy's drawing outside the lines just made sense.

Tim is about to put the last page in place when Mrs Morris suddenly takes the pages, puts them back into the book, takes the crayon out of Tim's hand and puts a boring piece of lined paper and an oversized black pen in it.

MRS MORRIS

Practice the alphabet, honey.

She kisses Tim on the head and gently strokes his hair while zoning out for a brief second.

She recovers quickly and takes the book to the office.

Behind Tim through the window:

MRS MORRIS (cont'd)

I'm very sorry, Ms Molino, I'll pay
for the damages.

Ms Molino lifts the paper bin and makes Mrs Morris throw the colouring book in it.

Tim starts writing boring black letters following the lines while Amy is still watching him as she's moving further away in the corridor.

Tim looks at Amy when the

FLUORESCENT LIGHTS FLICKER TO

4

EXT. NURSERY BUS STOP - DAY

4

The sun shines gloriously on Amy and Kay standing hand in hand at a bus stop sign. Some people wait around them, others are just passing by. Kay is still upset and worried. She suddenly squats to Amy.

KAY

Do we care about what others think?
Yes, exactly. We don't give a
single muffin what they think.