

THE INFINITE WISDOM OF A PARENT'S CHILD

Written by

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**EXT. SIDE STREET - TOWN - DAY**

Two FIGURES, dressed in long, white, conical hoods with small holes cut for eyes, stand with their backs to a white wall.

FIGURE ONE

Not my fault. It's this thing-

FIGURE ONE tugs at the hood, hand in white glove.

The eye holes move down, revealing a bristly moustache that confirms the dour man suggested by the whiny voice of above.

The hood shuffles back up and settles on two dark eyes.

FIGURE ONE (CONT'D)

Every fucking year.

FIGURE TWO scans an unseen horizon.

FIGURE ONE (CONT'D)

Not one day can she give us? And those lame friends of hers-

**EXT. AVENUE - TOWN - DAY**

Packed in and surrounded by a crowd of white robes and hoods, five little white robes and hoods force a free space for themselves by throwing bang snaps onto the floor in loud POPS and CRACKS, LAUGHTER fizzing round their little snap-banging and white-robed heads.

**EXT. SIDE STREET - TOWN - DAY**

Figure One and Figure Two both scan the unseen horizon, hands-in-white-gloves shielding their eyes against the sun.

FIGURE ONE

(despondent)

God knows.

Figure Two turns and looks at Figure One.

FIGURE ONE (CONT'D)

Even still. Suppose I'll...

Figure One peels off and moves away from Figure Two.

Figure Two sighs, bows its hood and steps off, out onto a wide avenue procession of white robes, hoods and idols.

God knows.