

EXT. SHEFFIELD GRAVEYARD. MORNING. 1951.

Against a grey sky, a small group of people stand by a grave where a Priest is reciting verses from the bible.

Two children, SALLY, age 10, and AMANDA, age 6, stand holding hands. They stare at the grave in front of them, and tears stream from their eyes.

There is very little interaction between the adults and the two children.

The wind blows the leaves in the trees, and people walk away as the service ends but Sally and Amanda remain standing motionless holding hands, staring at the gravestone.

Insert:

Gravestone in front of girls reads:

William and Isabella Bryant. Loving father and mother. 1951

CUT TO:

INT. FOSTER HOME. DAY. A FEW MONTHS LATER.

Sally and Amanda sit in a bleak hallway. Child size suitcases sit at their feet, and Amanda clutches onto a ratty looking teddy bear, and her big sister's hand.

In a tiny office off to the side of the girls, are the figures of a man, MAN, and a woman, WOMAN, talking animatedly to a younger woman, MS STRAITHARN, who sits at the desk in front of them.

WOMAN

What do you mean they can't be separated? Of course they can. One goes there, the other... somewhere else.

MAN

Aye, somewhere else.

Ms Straitharn leans forward.

MS STRAITARN

It was the wishes of the family, that the girls stay together.

Woman's looks over towards the hallway, and her face goes from ticked off to full blown pissed off.

Sally looks down at her little sister, and moves the stray hairs from in front of her face, then smiles at her.

Woman comes barging out of the office, carrying two pieces of paper in her hand. She doesn't stop to look at the girls, but yells over her shoulder on her way out of the door.

WOMAN

Come along then you TWO, we don't do tardy in this household.

Man, walks briskly - or as briskly as he can at his age, behind her, giving a gruff "come along" gesture as he passes the girls.

FADE OUT.

TITLES:

FADE IN:

INT. SHOE FACTORY. OFFICE. MORNING. 1958.

A pokey, dismal office, with drab walls, and dusty windows. It's a post-war 9-5 hell hole.

The office is stuffed to capacity as a walking heart attack of a man, MR. MCALLISTER, 50's, stands addressing the group. He is far more animated than he should be, and sweat pours from his forehead as he talks at a rapid pace.

MR. MCALLISTER

...And this year's profits are poised to be our best post war ones yet. It just shows the economy is on the up and up, and I'd like to thank you all for being a part of that.

People applaud half-heartedly as he waves, then waddles out of the room.

A voluptuous woman, CAROL, 20's, sits at a desk piled with papers.

At the desk right next to her sits an attractive, but very plain, young lady, Sally, now 17.

CAROL

(mocking) And I'd like to thank you all for being a part of it.

(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)

If he really wanted to thank us he  
could give us all a pay rise.

She turns to her desk, and picks up two pieces of paper work  
and compares them.

CAROL (CONT'D)

What was it we needed double orders  
of? Black?

Sally picks up a piece of paper from her desk.

SALLY

I have brown.

Carol looks puzzled, but then tosses her paper on her desk.

CAROL

I'm sure it's the black. Go ask on  
the floor, will you?

SALLY

You go ask! They always look at me  
like I have no head.

CAROL

I went last time.

Sally sighs in defeat, grabs her clipboard and exits.

Carol yells after her..

CAROL (CONT'D)

I'm sure it's the black.

INT. SHOE FACTORY. PRODUCTION FLOOR. MORNING.

Sally navigates her way between big machines, and a sea of  
people dressed in dirty overalls carrying boxes, and tools.

She spots a cantankerous man, SMITTY, 30's, talking to a  
group of men on the floor and runs up to him.

SALLY

Smitty! Smitty! Can I just have a  
word with you?

Smitty spots her and immediately tries to walk away from her.  
Not this girl AGAIN!

Sally doubles the pace behind him, finally catching up to him  
and grabbing his arm.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Smitty! Wait, I just need-

He spins around to face her, and looking as uninterested as possible.

SMITTY  
-Make it fast doll, I've got a  
factory floor to run.

SALLY  
I just need to double check these  
orders.

She flips through her clipboard nervously.

Smitty rolls his eyes. Where do they get these employees?

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Oh yes, here it is! Double order of  
the brown, top grain, right?

Smitty stands silent for a moment, staring at her.

SMITTY  
Can you office girls do anything?  
Perhaps if you listened when Mr  
McCallister was talking - instead  
of filing your nails, or whatever  
it is you girls do - you wouldn't  
have to come down here and annoy  
hard working people like me.

Sally starts to interrupt him -

SMITTY (CONT'D)  
Let me get my clipboard.

Smitty walks off in a huff, and Sally stands smiling at  
whoever passes by.

She notices ADA, 30's, an abrasive woman, who wears figure  
hugging clothes and way too much makeup, standing talking to  
a few factory men. She waves but Ada pretends not to notice.

Sally walks up to her.

Sally's cheerful demeanor is not welcomed by Ada.

SALLY  
Ada! Hi! It's Sal.

Silence. Complete and utter silence. Sally tries to jog her  
memory.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
We work upstairs together...

Ada continues to look at her, puzzled as to why this commoner is addressing her. She waves her off and turns her back to Sal, continuing to flirt with the workers.

The friendly smile on Sally's face melts away, and she slinks back to the other side of the floor just as Smitty arrives back, with his clipboard.

SMITTY  
(reading from the list)  
Double order brown top grain  
leather. Sizes seven to eleven.

Sally checks her paperwork, checking things off.

SALLY  
Right, that's what I have here.  
Thanks for your time.

Smitty rolls his eyes at her as he walks off.

Sally quickly walks up the staircase to the offices, pausing a moment to stare back at Ada on the floor, who is in full on flirt mode now.

INT. SHOE FACTORY. CANTEEN. LUNCH TIME.

The mundane canteen is a buzz with workers from both the offices and the floor eating and chatting.

In the middle of the room Sally and Carol sit at a table. Carol applies lipstick while looking in her compact mirror, then admires her handy work, and Sally is still fuming from her failed interaction with Ada.

SALLY  
I don't get it. She acted like  
she'd never seen me before..

CAROL  
She's just a hard person to get to  
know, that's all.

A copy of the local paper, The Sheffield Daily News, sits on the table between them, and Sally starts rifling through it in an agitated state.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Don't let it get to you. Some  
people just can't be explained.