

F1: A graveyard:

An expensive looking coffin lays in a freshly dug grave and around it stand a small party of mourners, all wearing black, and some fireman in dress uniform (but only two or three). At the head of the grave (behind the gravestone) stands a vicar, reading from some prepared material and looking solemn, but with no real emotion in his face – this service being a matter of routine. Amongst the mourners we can see a slightly built girl of about twenty-one, singled out from the group by her absolute lack of grief. This girl is NATALIE RYAN and although she does not appear overtly happy, she displays none of the signs of misery apparent in the other mourners. Clutching NATALIE's arm is her younger brother, who is the absolute opposite in manner to his sister. Not being of an age where he can accept the death of both parents, he cries freely, although not uncontrollably. Next to the vicar, stood on a stool is a photograph of the deceased (not visible in any detail in this frame). The rain sheets down.

CAPTION: George William Ryan was a valued member of the community and brave fire-fighter until his forced early retirement through ill health in June 1996.

F2: *Close-up of the photograph of George Ryan, a mid-shot of a heavily built man, wearing a lumberjack shirt and grinning. Perhaps the grin carries an air of uncertainty about it – not the warm, fatherly face that his write-up suggests. The rain strikes the glass of the frame and flows downward, culminating in a little puddle at the base of the picture.*

CAPTION: He continued to be a strong and loving father figure to his two children, Natalie and James, after their mother's tragic death in 1999.

DIALOGUE (Natalie): *Haunts me...*

F3: *This has all become too much for poor James Ryan, he begins to sob uncontrollably. He covers half his face with a handkerchief, trying to prevent the abundant tears from falling. Intensify the rain effect – if a tear did fall in this deluge, who would notice?*

CAPTION: Friend to many and father of two, the death of George Ryan is a blow to us all, he will be sadly missed...

F4: *Low(ish) angle shot, viewed from behind the gravestone and looking toward NATALIE. Her brother throws his arms around her and cries into her shoulder; although NATALIE does not return this mournful hug, she does react facially to her brother's distress. But behind her sobbing sibling, in the foreground, she can see the vicar's clasped hand begin to open and some earth begin to fall away, bound for her father's coffin.*

CAPTION: "I commit this body to the soil. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust..."

F5: *The earth strikes the coffin with more of a splat in this downpour, some muddied moisture thrown aloft as a result of the impact. There this glob of mud sits, a stain on the polished woodwork.*

CAPTION: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me..."

F6: *Close-up of NATALIE's face: she has become wide eyed – not shock, but fear. Still no tears, just the rain falling in front of her face (no impact).*

CAPTION: "For thou art with me..."

DIALOGUE (Natalie): *Haunts me...*