

THE BOY WITH THE ORANGE

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EXT. STREET - SMALL TOWN - DAY

A Lent carnival eases down a tight street, all colour and drums and masks and trumpeted cheer, a float trundling along at its centre from which the MAYOR (60s, genteel and plump) speaks to his crowds via microphone and grand amplification.

MAYOR

- prosperous year ahead!

Before the float marches a tight group of *Gilles*, in white feathered headdress and bright tunics, smiling and tossing lucky oranges into the watching, waiting townsfolk.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

- sacrifice and participation -

In the middle of the *Gilles* is LUCAS (19, pale, his *mammie's* boy), orange in hand, terrified, trying his hardest to disappear into the white fluff around him.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

- finest citizenship here today...

From inside the white pluming cloud, Lucas eyes the spectators, watching, catches the eye of a boy around his age who gives Lucas a smile, all full lips and young sparkle.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

The handball team coach, MR. BERG!

The mayor swings out an arm, indicates one of the *Gilles*, a man in his forties, who salutes the crowd and cheers!

Lucas locks into the boy, all around him melting off away...

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Owner of FOOTE'S FOODS, MR. BAKKER!

Another wave from the mayor and another man, athletic, fifties, smiles from inside the clump of the *Gilles*.

Lucas tosses the orange, watches it arc past billowing white -

MAYOR (CONT'D)

And the group chair of -

The orange lands in the hands of Lucas' boy. *Elation* -

MAYOR (CONT'D)

- OUR LADY'S YOUTH, LUCAS VISSER!

And the boy with the orange is gone.