

# MASCULAR

MAGAZINE  
Issue No. 2 | Summer 2012



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# MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

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## CELEBRATING MASCULINE ART AND THE MEN WHO CREATE IT



Welcome to the second edition of *Mascular Magazine*. We are very pleased to be building on the extremely positive response we had to our launch issue. Based on the feedback we've had and the thousands of downloads of the magazine, it would appear that *Mascular Magazine* has struck a chord. Our readers enjoyed the broadly diverse selection of works we included as well as the opportunity to better understand the artists who created them.

We decided to construct the second edition of *Mascular Magazine* around the theme of nature. Somehow the natural world seemed to be making itself known this past spring - showing us the extremes... The natural world inspired our artists, and most of them created new works specifically for the Magazine. That is perhaps the greatest compliment we could hope to have. So what have these men been up to over the summer?

*Woodsmen* was inspired by a long tradition of pairing the human form in a natural setting. The theme is explored in the earliest photos through the war years, the hippy experiment through to Bruce Webber's idyllic *Bear Lake*. I decided to update the theme and introduce a modern quality to it. I wasn't searching for a long lost age of innocence and freedom in my photos. Rather, I wanted to evoke the electricity and beauty of the modern male form having fun in or simply enjoying a beautiful natural setting.

Discovering Craig Calhoun's un-tethered exploration of form and visual poetry was very exciting. He would have us believe that everything is a bit of an accident, and that nothing he does is planned or deliberate. What I see is a brave approach to experimenting and deft use of composition that combine to express a unique vision. In *Singing Fictions*, Calhoun makes us consider loneliness. He creates familiar spaces, places and environments with elements like a windowsill or shower door, but they aren't comforting. There's a lot in each one of his

beautiful images, and the more I look, the more I am confronted with uncomfortable truths.

Spanish Born Manel Ortega selected a location and model to create a stunning primeval world. This world is profoundly organic, overgrown and natural. Into it, Ortega introduces a sinuous masculine form. He is born out of this environment. Pure, strong and primal. I love the timeless quality of this series. Ortega's technical skill subtly reveals detail and form beautifully.

Kit Perren was lucky enough to grow up in the countryside. His childhood spent in familiar woods. In *Within Nature* Perren rediscovers the landscapes of his childhood. As a grown man, he takes us to the fields and forests he grew up in. We can picture the youthful Perren in the shade of the trees, and now as a man, the peace he derives from the natural surrounds he knows so well.

Jason Carr explains that his painting is a form of *Therapy*. A study in semiotics, namely bulls and birds inform and inhabit his paintings. These elements link his works to universal themes that transcend culture and time, though his paintings have a spare and urgent feel to them. Can you see in them his efforts to work out his issues?

David Goldenberg was inspired by the park near his home in north London - a place he visits often and loves. It's a place where he can gather his thoughts and get away from it all. In *Sleeping*, he considers themes around isolation, vulnerability and peace - all within a setting that evokes the vastness of the natural world and contrasts it with the smallness of the individual.

In his highly original self-portraits, Jerome Oren's vision of nature comes through loud and clear. It's not an inviting place. In this environment, he is exposed. He is laid bare. He interjects himself into places he does not belong, where he is not allowed or welcome. Oren's 'nature' is not beautiful or green.

Man's effect on his natural surroundings is felt through his compositions. His is not a romantic view of nature. Even so, we see beauty, humour and character in his self portraits.

In a second body of work, Oren collaborates with his partner Pat Malo to create a pictorial story. A surreal story that blurs the lines between humanity and nature, man and tree and industrial and pastoral. The principal characters in the first part of the story (you can see the rest of the story on Oren's Flickr page) involves a young man and a dead tree.

Bobshaw Pete's delightful series made me smile the moment I saw it. He's taken "animals" in the form of his little figurines and set them in landscapes sculpted out of the human form. His skillful use of depth of field and composition impart a dreamlike quality to his photographs. They are, in a word, beautiful.

I have been following Blue Rain's work ever since I discovered it five years ago. He creates poetic nude portraits within his native Korean landscapes. His forms range from energetic and dynamic to subdued and full of loneliness. At first glance we are attracted by the forms and beautiful surroundings. The landscapes themselves are stunning. But Blue Rain lives in a country where his sexual identity is a source of shame. He creates these images, in a sense, to confront his having to hide who he really is. The love he shares with his partner, as seen in some of his other work, is sensitive, sensual and beautiful, but must remain hidden and anonymised. In that respect, these photos belie an incredible sadness.

Juan Antonio Siverio's *Mirando a la Gomera* invites us to enter and become a part of the scene he has painted. The familiarity and warmth, the colours all of them work together to compel us forward and to share the gaze of his subjects. But there's something that makes me hold back, and rather than join in the spectacle, to contemplate the figures in the painting themselves. Are they lovers, father and son, strangers? What will happen next? This tiny moment in a scene that is played out every day is at once familiar and full of potential. Perhaps Siverio's trick is to provide us with various clues but to let us conjure up the crime.

Vincent Keith discusses his approach to photographing trees. Something that at first glance is such an easy thing to do throws up some interesting challenges all the same. Trees have enough in them to be worthy of portraiture, but capturing the character of a tree in a two dimensional surface has kept him striving for what may not be achievable.

Jon Eland has been a supporter of Mascular Magazine ever since it was first being considered. An accomplished photographer and master of composition, we were interested to see what he would make of the "Nature" theme. Not one to disappoint, he's taken the subject and turned it inside out. In *Un|Natural* he explores man's efforts to control, codify, catalogue, pacify and repackage nature into more palatable and comforting portions. His work shows us at once the futility in that endeavor and how poor we are at imitating the real thing.

Roger Thomas's screen play *Refracted* appeared in the first edition of Mascular Magazine, and we are happy to present the conclusion to this meditation on relationships, loss and self-realization. Thomas has surprises in store for you.

Architect Kevin Leadingham appeared in the first edition of Mascular Magazine, but as a model in the photo series "A Portrait of Intimacy." This time Kevin gives us a master-class in the key elements that inform what he considers to be great architecture, and for Leadingham, great architecture starts with rules and proportions taken right out of the natural world. His series "The Hidden Structure of Beauty" he concentrates on four themes and effectively shows how they work together in the design process. He's presented his essay in an engaging way with the help of photographer Andrius Norkus.

Kevin Sonnichsen and Jeffrey Henderson have submitted an essay with accompanying photographs that show how a powerful reaction to a landscape became the genesis for a film project, *Pintauro Road*. Pintauro Road's link to nature extends beyond Sonnichsen's encounter with a fog filled valley. In fact, it's as if it were the fourth character in the film. Pintauro Road is a raw and compelling observation of a tangle of relationships brought to a head by a death and the California coast.

We are delighted to have the beautiful photography and conceptual poetry of Conrado Raphael Maleta. Rather than contrast man and his form with natural surroundings, he blurs the lines. His photos show a man trying to commune with nature, to be a part of it or indeed to be one with it. The vastness of it all seems so hard to capture and the natural world is made of so many and differing elements, where is one to begin? Maleta doesn't concentrate on distinctions or limitation. His vision of nature is full of potential, communication and a sort of inter-connectedness that links all living things from the smallest particle to the stars.

Finally, in his second submission to the Magazine, *The Last Days of Summer*, David Goldenberg presents us with a playful and intimate portrait of two men enjoying the fading light of the end of this season. Is it a metaphor of some kind?

So, there's a lot to see, read, think about and digest in our second edition. The artists who contributed to the magazine have clearly made the best of this summer. If you find anything in the magazine particularly interesting or thought provoking, or if you would like to explore these themes more with the artists, please feel free to reach out to them. Contact details are all to be found on page 3. Don't forget the Magazine is interactive with tons of links that will take you to more amazing content.

Like the artists who have contributed, Mascular Magazine craves feedback - so please write to us with comments, suggestions and views. For those of you interested in contributing to Mascular Magazine, the next issue will explore RELATIONSHIPS. The deadline for submissions is November 12. Go to page 173 for more details.

I hope you enjoy the latest edition of Mascular Magazine.

Vincent Keith  
Summer, 2012



## LETTERS

We were very happy with the feedback we received from the first issue of Mascular Magazine, and wanted to share some of it with our readers. In future, this section will include other mail and letters, so please write to us.

*Obviously, I have not had a chance to read through the articles in depth as I have only just downloaded it to my iPad. What I have seen though is quite incredible and exciting. I am glad that the magazine covers a range of subject matter which is inviting and is presented beautifully. I will look forward to reading this on my commutes to work!*

Z. Rathore  
Manchester, UK

*Great work on the magazine. I have to admit that I pretty much spent most of the day reading it, while at work lol. Really liked that you have focused on showing good quality work and not just a soft porn magazine. I am sure it will be a hit.*

L. Saenz

*MY GOODNESS. My feeling is that you have a great deal to be proud of! It is a beautiful, sexy, moving collection of images and words. What gorgeous physicality/spirituality are present in these images... God love the male body! Simply beautiful and quite inspiring. I am not surprised but so pleased and excited by the quality of your introductory writing. How lucky these men are to have you supporting their work, and them.*

K. Frederiksen  
London, UK

*Hi,  
I'm wondering about your magazine. Where can I buy it? I live in Sweden so an ordinary store can be a problem. :)*  
Your sincere

K. Andersson  
Sweden

*Fantastic collection of contributors and their amazing images.*

D. Ashton  
London, UK

*Thank you, Vincent and all who contributed to such a fine publication. And thank you for sharing this wonderful work.*

Rob  
Newcastle, Australia

*Great project... and amazing work, as usual, David! Really liked the Pembroke Ruins pics and the "On photography" article is very inspiring. Keep spoiling us! ;-)*

S. Catolfi  
(Location unknown)

*Vincent, I just downloaded the magazine. Wow! Stunningly beautiful photos and intelligent writing! Congratulations, my friend!*

M. McCall  
Georgia, USA

*An amazing collection of art and photography. Outstanding!*

Scott  
Houston, Texas

*I love the whole thing and think it is just gorgeous and classy and very great to see some gay artwork and a magazine with this much integrity for those Gay men all over the world who are not into the Sissy type and twink aspects that the Gay media always shoves down our throats! I would like to submit some work possibly and get a subscription too...but, dont know how to do it from over here in the states! Can you help me or should I contact Vincent?*

*Thanks so much and all the best to you in your 50th year now as who you are!*

Jimbo  
USA

*I absolutely love "The Ghosts of the Pembroke Ruins"! Amazing! But the rest of the publication is just as inspiring! :-)*

Urs  
Köln, Germany

*Muy buen trabajo....una obra de arte!*

(Unsigned)  
San Juan, Puerto Rico

*Well done to all those who thought of this magazine / contributed... just been reading through and am already impressed...thought and art has gone into this...good to see a decent gay-oriented magazine as opposed to the usual "quick-flick-through party pics stuff. Full support my end :)*

A. Leo  
(Location unknown)

*I loved it! thanks so much! Its great to see John C Fry work there, I love his work!*

R. Ayala  
Cancún, Mexico

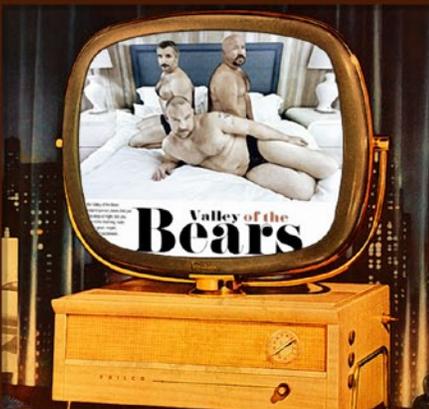


GUIDE FOR THE  
**MODERN BEAR**

A FIELD STUDY of BEARS in the WILD  
 By Travis Smith and Chris Bale



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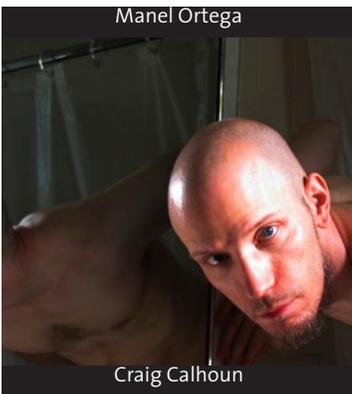
David Goldenberg



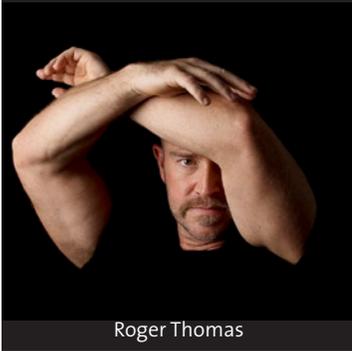
Blue Rain



Manel Ortega



Craig Calhoun



Roger Thomas

**David Goldenberg** I was born in a beach town near Tel Aviv, Israel. I spent most of my childhood and my teens on the beach, gazing at the beautiful sunsets, causing trouble and trying hard to make my parents very uncomfortable. I was not your usual boy, I was on a never ending quest to change the world wherever I could and if not that at least to shake some of its pillars. After mandatory army service and some damaging war experiences, I spent my early 20's experimenting in doing all the wrong things and loving most of it. The best part of my late 30's and early 40's I spent in North America gazing at beautiful sunsets and being gorgeous, first in Florida and later in beautiful Vancouver. I moved to London, immersed myself in teaching, working, photography and experimenting in whatever came my way. For the last four years I have been living with my beautiful partner and my greatest inspiration, Louis, in north London, together with our chocolate Labrador, Brusky. I am now a bit older and have calmed down but have never lost my quest to change the world and make people feel uncomfortable, and yes, I'm loving every minute of it.

**Blue Rain** BlueRain (1973 birth year) lives and works in Seoul, South Korea. He was born and raised in rural Korea - a place that influences his photographic vision and sensibilities.

**Craig Calhoun** was born and raised in the state of New York. He attended S.U.N.Y. New Paltz from the Fall of 1989 to the Fall of 1994, graduating with a BFA in metalsmithing. He attended The School of The Art Institute of Chicago (thanks to a full tuition scholarship) from the Fall of 1996 to the Spring of 1998, graduating with an MFA in fiber. He first started manipulating digital images with Photoshop in June of 2004. He currently lives and works in Chicago.

**Roger Thomas** - After a brief year in Lee Strasbourg School of Method Acting, I realised my talents lay behind the camera and began to hone the techniques of TV, theatre and film script writing. More years ago than I care to remember I won The Times/Time Out Magazine 'New Script Writer of the Year' for my short film 'ANGELS AT MY BEDSIDE' about two angels supervising the last minutes of a dying woman, trying to figure out if she'd go to Heaven or Hell. I then wrote 'FLY FISHING' a comedy feature film about a male escort who, having given up the 'job' and falling in love with a primary school teacher, has to think on his feet when he discovers his new lover's mother was one of his clients. Several years in the wilderness followed with none of my work finding a production company willing to put money where its cameras were until I won another 'competition' to create a film script for the St. Martin's final year drama students. 'LIFT' told the story of six people participating in 'group therapy' finding themselves stuck in a lift which falls several floors once they get inside it - their predicament proves more productive than the last several weeks of therapy once they know their lives are hanging in the balance. Since then I've had a couple of short films produced and my 12 episode 'mini soap' "PERSONA" was filmed last week ready for viewing in July which is exciting. I am currently waiting for three more feature films to be considered for production 'REFRACTED', 'YOUNGER THAN MADONNA' and 'DRAG VIGILANTE'. I'm still doing the odd 'go-go dancing' gig and recently read the news for 'PINKSIXTYNEWS' which I hope to continue doing in my spare time.

**Manel Ortega** - was born in Granada, Spain and was fascinated by photography from an early age. During his military service as a sub-mariner, he bought a camera with his first pay cheque which confirmed his destiny. He then moved to Barcelona where he became an assistant photographer, laboratory manager and then established his own commercial studio in the heart of the city which is now run by his business partner. His work has been featured in Spanish Vogue, Arte Fotografico and La Vanguardia, 10 years ago he moved to Brighton, UK where he has held several successful exhibitions exploring his creativity through collaborations and a wide range of media. He was also commissioned to produce work for anti-discrimination campaigns, World AIDS Day, The Terrence Higgins Trust, NHS and numerous cover shoots for G-Scene. He is renowned for his interpretation of light, his portraiture and his interpretation of the male form. He is now settled in Brighton with his partner Ross and their whippet, Basil who is an expert and patient model.

**Bobshaw Pete** - I was born in Yorkshire in the front room during an episode of Dixon of Dock Green, a popular Saturday evening TV police drama. This year for my 50th birthday my sister surprised me with the first photograph I ever took. When I was a baby, I accidentally pressed the shutter of the family Kodak Instamatic and snapped a photo of my mother standing at the cooker of our holiday caravan. A slightly out of focus picture of a familiar subject at a quirky angle. I have made little progress since that day. Please forgive me.

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Kit Perren** - I was born in deepest, darkest Cheshire in 1973. I took a degree course in design and silversmithing at High Wycombe. Fifteen years ago I started my own furniture restoration business; very much following in my grandfather and fathers footsteps, as they had both been trained cabinet makers. I've successfully exhibited my paintings locally and always been drawn to natural forms and nature as my inspiration, the countryside and landscape that I've grown up in, remains one of the biggest influences to my artwork and photography. It wasn't until 2003 that I picked up my first very basic digital camera and found a new love and artistic outlet in photography. A natural step was into self portraiture. Friends encouraged me to go up a level and I bought the first of my beloved Canon SLRs. My thirties have been the period of greatest change in my life, I was finally able to be comfortable and open about who I am. I also met my partner in 2007, and we now live together in Cheshire. In between antique restoration, painting and photography, I'm also working on my first novel. The self portraits I take reflect the slow changes about me, the day to day and funny ideas that go through my head.

**Jon Eland** - A Yorkshireman by birth and heart, Jon Eland's photography career started with a first camera arriving when he was nine. He trained in the visual arts, learning darkroom and film techniques but his photography really bloomed when, in 2006, he got his first digital camera and brought together his creative ideas, understanding of composition and skills in the digital darkroom. Nowadays much of his time outside of the office is spent in photo-related activities - among the local camera group he started (Exposure Leeds), he also imported the 'Photocamp' un-conference concept from the states, makes fine art photographic images under the name 'Strawbleu' and has a separate male portraiture practice - But I Like It, which specializes in narrative-led imagery and 'real' men. He is currently in the middle of several personal portraiture projects, so he chose this opportunity to try out the combination of pop-art style still life and inky urban desolation you see in his Masculine photo essay, 'Un|Natural'. (Yorkshire is a region in England. Jon believes everyone should already know this.)

**Conrado Rafael P. Sarid-Maleta** - Born in Santiago de Cuba, Cuba in 1979, and now lives with his wife in Tel Aviv, Israel. Architect, painter and photographer.. never happy at all but always walking.

**Jérôme Oren (Jéren)** -French photographer born in Paris in 1966. In his youth, numerous trips abroad with his parents gave him a taste for discovery and adventure. His father, himself a keen photographer, gave him his first SLR camera for his 16th birthday, and taught him the basics of technique and practice of photography. To this day, he retains a nostalgic love for analog photography but has long since converted to digital for most of his work. However his old Rolleiflex is never far away. A graduate of the Institut d'Etudes Politiques de Paris ("Sciences Po"), he lived in the U.S. for more than a year in Boston, MA and in the mid-West, where he discovered American culture. He did his military service in the French Navy. His ship was on a world tour and undertook various missions in support of indigenous peoples, allowing him to discover remote lands and islands, but also instilled in him military values such as , determination, sense of leadership, solidarity and male friendship. After his military service, he became involved in the family business situated on the French Riviera, where he has lived ever since. He also becomes involved in professional lobbying., culminating in the role of head of a major union. Photography had been a hobby among others, but the discovery in 2008 of a social network dedicated to photography (www.Flickr.com) and meet other fans encouraged him to go further in this process, by devoting more time and seeking always greater control.. Today he's been exploring themes around the relationship between man and nature; conceptual humour; and portraits. All of which can be seen on his Flickr page.



Conrado Rafael Maleta



Jon Eland



Bobshaw Pete



Kit Perren



Jérôme Oren

## CONTRIBUTORS



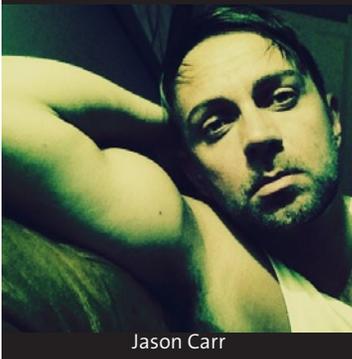
Kevin Leadingham



Andrius Norkus



Juan Antonio Siverio



Jason Carr



Kevin Sonnichsen

**Kevin Leadingham** - Born in a small seaside town in Scotland in 1969, I grew up spending half my time at the family beach house and the other half on building sites. During my 5 years at Architecture study in Glasgow I was able to drive my syllabus towards the more modest, vernacular, traditional, people friendly area of design and study. I still have a passion today for Architecture which defers to human scale, to street scale, to local materials and to local style. After spending a few years in Manchester working on system built offices and apartment blocks I finally landed a job with English Heritage in London. My job there was to wander around cathedrals, castles, priories and country houses making measured hand drawings of carvings, cloisters, fireplaces, doors, windows, etc. I work now for a firm of traditional Architects who pride themselves on well proportioned design, which is built by traditionally trained builders and fitted out by skilled craftsmen. My job requires an eye for authenticity, when I visit the building site nothing should shout out as being out of place, everything should sit in its correct order in my minds eye. It is part of this hidden order that I touch on in the four pages I have presented.

**Andrius Norkus** - Originally from Lithuania, has lived in London for a few years now. He currently works in the construction industry but his main passion in life is photography. The type of images he strives to capture are those unseen, candid street shots. This will find him walking the streets of London most weekends with a keen eye out for those elusive split second moments.

**Juan Antonio Siverio** - A native of Tenerife, lives and works in Denmark and Berlin. He creates contemporary images with the delicate mediums of pencils and watercolors always leaving the visible pencil grid beneath the paintings. His work is very detailed and refined, with complex shadows and lights. One can discover the architecture of each of Siverio's works by looking closely onto the surface of each of his paintings. Siverio lets the viewer see images mainly of me, especially masculine men and their particular beauty. He unveils a clear and realistic look. His work is honest and he believes this is what makes it beautiful and sensitive. He brings out the inner feelings of the person he draws, their soft and vulnerable sides.

**Jason Carr** - I paint figurative images using mainly acrylics, mediums and acrylic spray paints. I have a degree in Visual Arts (Wanganui NZ) and a Diploma in Character Animation (Freelance studios, Auckland NZ) where I was taught figurative drawing by John Ewing (Disney animator for 101 Dalmatians and The Jungle Book), upon graduating I moved from New Zealand to London in 1999 to become an animator but in turn became a freelance illustrator working for various publishing houses. I had always painted as a hobby but could never really find my style until I went through a particularly rough patch in my life 2 years ago and through that found my painting mojo and since then have been riding the wave of a re-discovered lust for creating. The pieces included are from the Pride London 2012 group exhibition. I am currently working on 10-15 new pieces for my forthcoming solo exhibition in late summer 2013 called 'In our wildest moments' which will explore the people behind their daily uniforms and the masks behind their faces. I am also available for commission work, go to [facebook.com/jasoncarrartist](https://facebook.com/jasoncarrartist)

**Kevin Sonnichsen** dreamed about making movies ever since he knew what movies were. Saturdays spent on the couch watching "creature features" with his mom and an abundance of "behind the scenes" television shows and specials further fueled his interest in film and, in particular, special effects. After receiving his BA in Theatrical Design and Production, Sonnichsen realized that the effects industry had moved into the digital realm and he followed by studying at Mesmer Animation Labs and later, Gnomon School of Digital Effects. His career, however, took a seven-year detour into interface development and e-commerce before his passion led him to Los Angeles and the film industry. While in Los Angeles, Sonnichsen found work as a previs artist and worked on feature films including "Eragon" and "Journey to the Center of the Earth". He found that he missed San Francisco and returned to the Bay Area where he began making his own films. He started with a dark take on office culture, "Staff Infection". "Pintauro Road" marks Sonnichsen's fourth short film and a return to his theatrical roots with a nod to his favorite playwright Joe Pintauro. Sonnichsen maintains a day job as a user interface consultant and directs whenever he has the opportunity including music videos, corporate films and shorts.

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Jeffrey Henderson** has been honored with several awards in the areas of communication, videography and public relations and has extensive experience in event planning, public outreach, program and project management as well as presentations to community and special interest groups. Henderson's experience includes his ongoing work as a producer for Upper Market Entertainment (UME) in San Francisco. As a producer at UME, Henderson has provided support for a wide range of projects and produced short films. He continues his work with UME developing a documentary about a Communist defector turned famous American sports figure. Other notable periods of Henderson's career include his work as an organizational consultant with his own firm, NeatFreak, in Long Beach; Executive Director of the Bixby Knolls Business Improvement Association (BIA) in Long Beach; Account Executive with Adler Public Affairs in Long Beach; General Manager of a small full-service advertising agency in Santa Monica, California, Cutler Enterprises; and as a Financial Development/Corporate Relations Specialist for the Orange County Chapter of the American Red Cross in Santa Ana, California. A Montana native, Henderson earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in communication arts, with an emphasis in mass communications, from Montana State University, Billings. Currently, by day, Henderson is an Account Executive with IMA Interactive in San Francisco; and, by night, he blogs with one of his oldest and most dear friends, visit [www.jeffandjanelle.com](http://www.jeffandjanelle.com).

**Luis Saenz** - Having grown up in Parral Chihuahua Mexico, among a catholic and machista society, he often finds himself trying to defy with his photography the boundaries of what's wrong and what's right, but then who is he to determine that? Luis Saenz has always had a passion for art, and it is not until he grabbed his first camera that he found a way to express his feelings and the way he sees the world. Economist by trade, and a self taught photographer by passion. "...Always having a vision for beautiful and obscure things, I have found that capturing moments in suspended animation is the voice that drives my photography." He often finds himself involved in social activist causes and tries to use his photography as a way to communicate better or help others. While he and his partner Kevin lived in Las Cruces, NM., Luis taught photography and Photoshop techniques at Las Cruces NM juvenile center, as a way to rehabilitate young lost kids and provide them with a passion in life, something to hold on to, while in there; he is in the works of putting together a similar program in Oklahoma City where he and his partner live now.



Jeffrey Henderson



Luis Saenzs





WOODSMEN 1 | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODLAND | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODSMEN 2 | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODSMEN 3 | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODSMEN 4 | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODSMEN 5 | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODSMEN 6 | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODSMEN 7 | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODSMEN 8 | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODSMEN 9 | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH

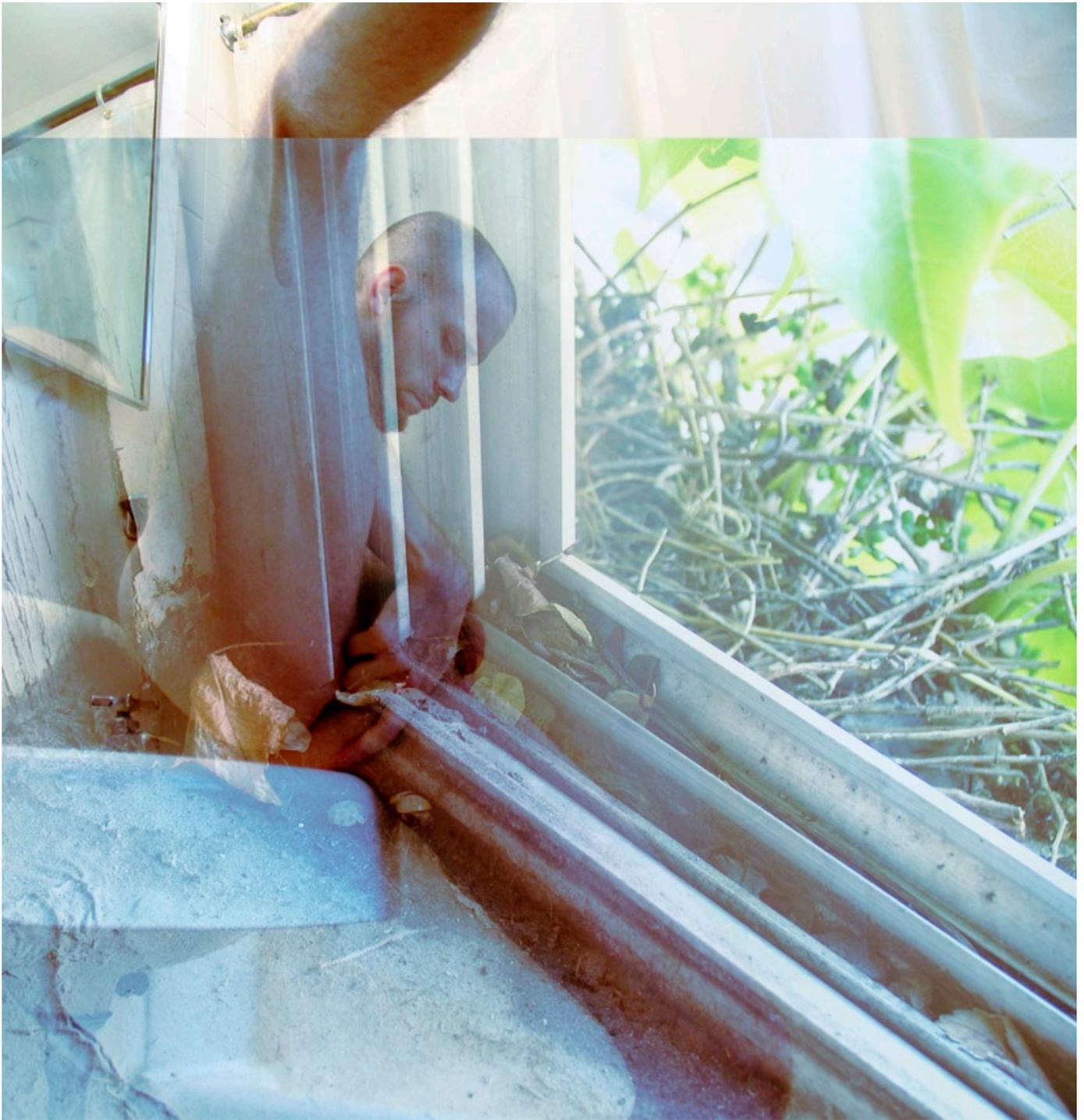


WOODSMEN 10 | 2012  
VINCENT KEITH





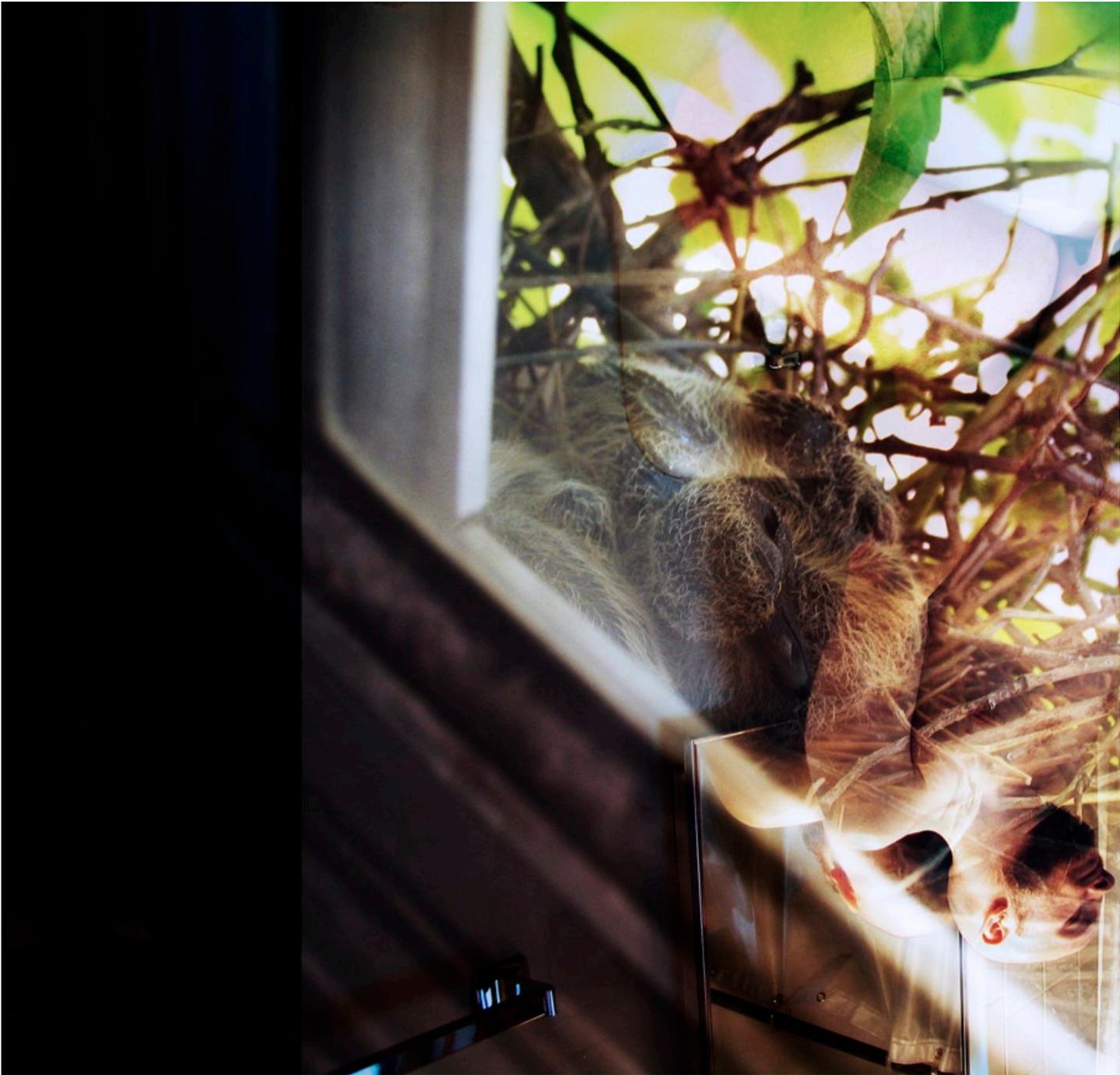
SHEL-TER No. 69 | 2012  
CRAIG CALHOUN



SHEL-TER No. 66 | 2012  
CRAIG CALHOUN



SHEL-TER No. 70 | 2012  
CRAIG CALHOUN



SHEL-TER No. 72 | 2012  
CRAIG CALHOUN



SHEL-TER No. 72 | 2012  
CRAIG CALHOUN

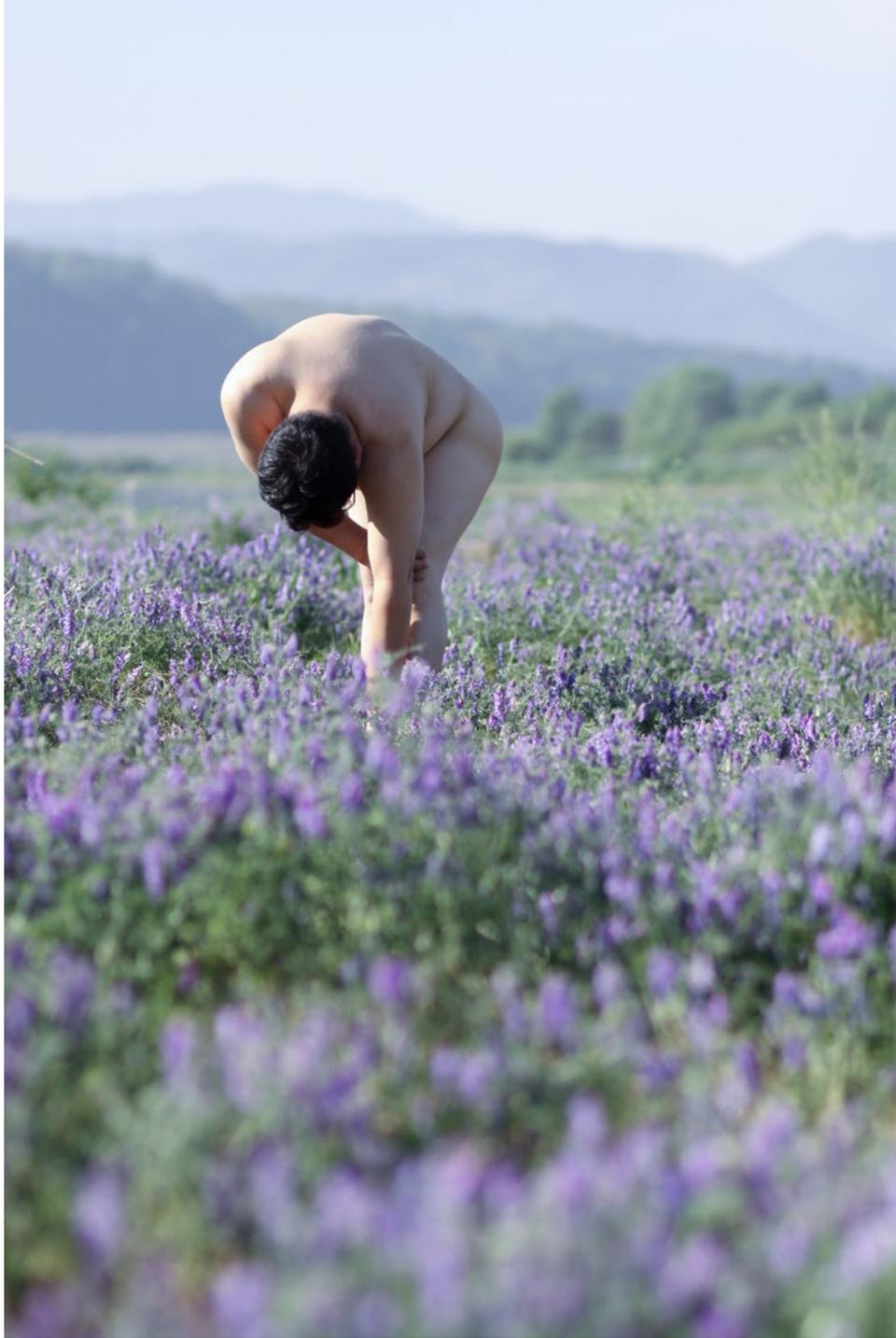








UNTITLED I  
BLUE RAIN



UNTITLED II  
BLUE RAIN



UNTITLED III  
BLUE RAIN



UNTITLED IV  
BLUE RAIN



UNTITLED V  
BLUE RAIN



UNTITLED VI  
BLUE RAIN



UNTITLED VII  
BLUE RAIN





SLEEPING SERIES (1) 2012  
DAVID GOLDBERG



SLEEPING SERIES (2) 2012  
DAVID GOLDBERG



SLEEPING SERIES (3) 2012  
DAVID GOLDBERG



SLEEPING SERIES (4) 2012  
DAVID GOLDBERG



SLEEPING SERIES (5) 2012  
DAVID GOLDENBERG

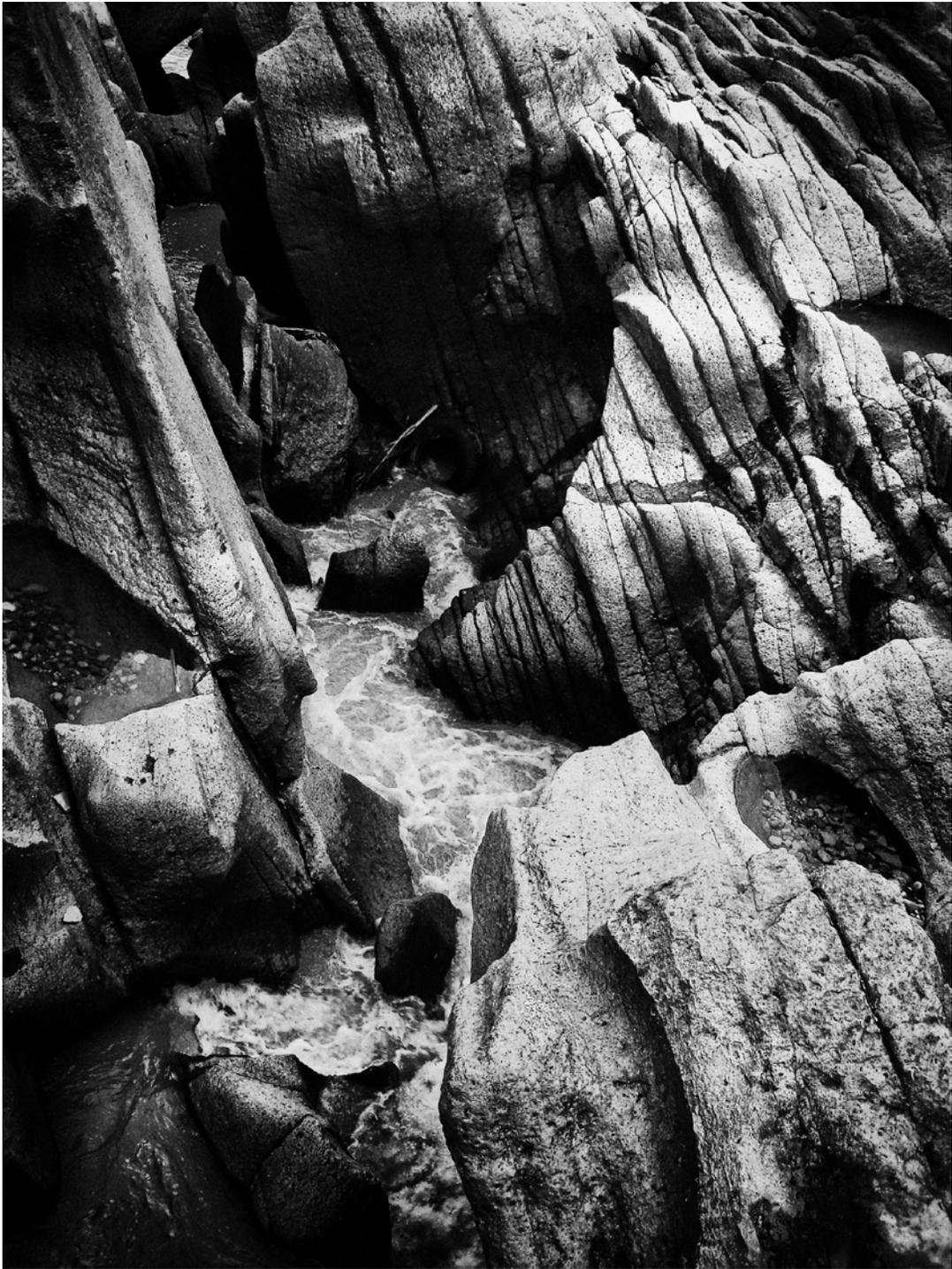


SLEEPING SERIES (6) 2012  
DAVID GOLDBERG

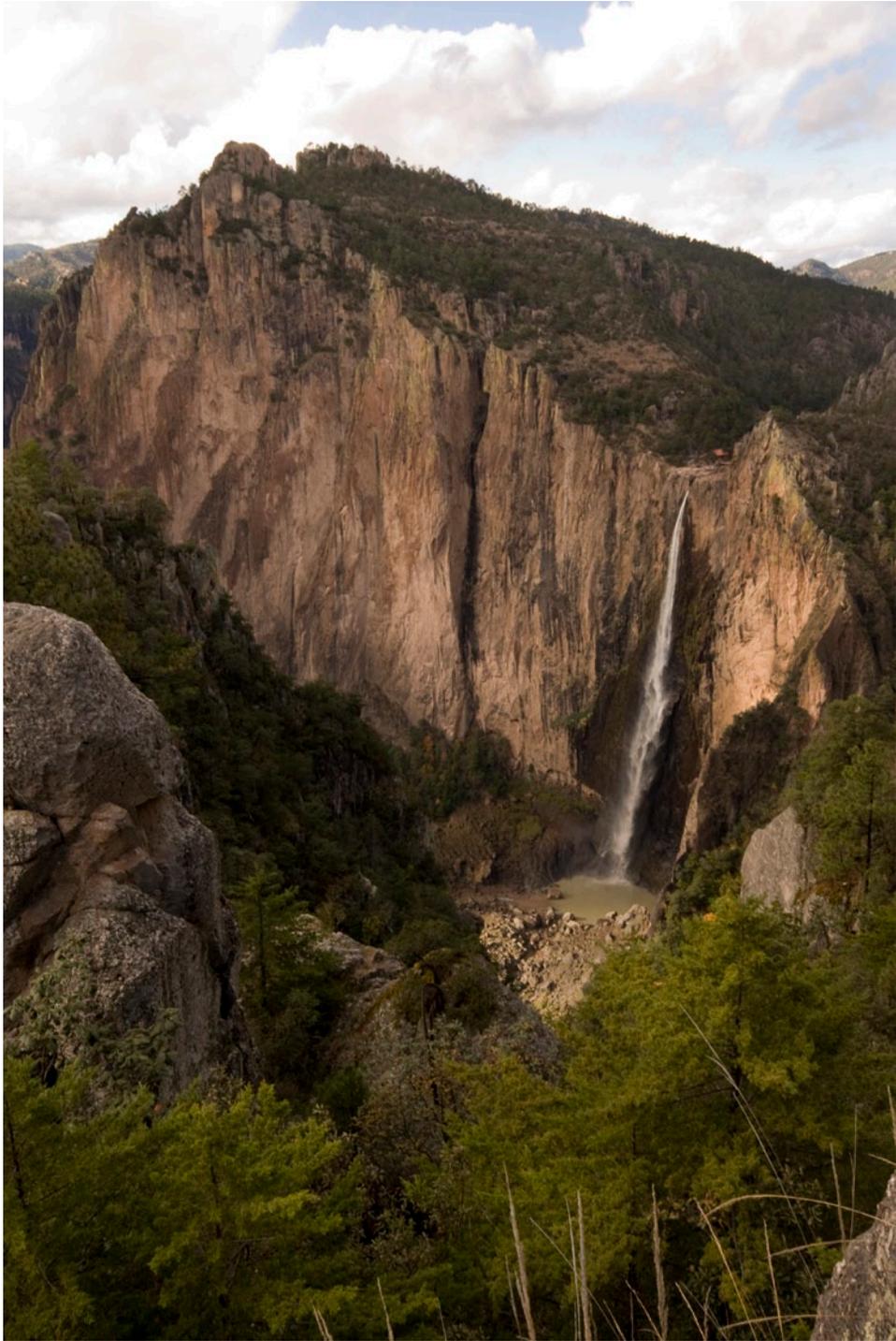


SLEEPING SERIES (7) 2012  
DAVID GOLDBERG





WATERFAL  
LUIS SAENZ



BASASEACHI  
LUIS SAENZ



ASPENS  
LUIS SAENZ



NEW ZEALAND  
LUIS SAENZ



CARCAS  
LUIS SAENZ





OREGAN MOUNTAINS  
LUIS SAENZ





THE OPPOSITE OF ALCHEMY  
2012  
JASON CARR



CHOICE Pt.I  
2012  
JASON CARR



CHALLENGING THE BULL  
2012  
JASON CARR



CHOICE PT.II  
JASON CARR



CONTROL  
JASON CARR





FROZEN TREES IN WALES  
VINCENT KEITH



WINTER TREES IN WALES  
VINCENT KEITH



FROZEN TREES IN WALES (2)  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODLANDS IN WALES (1)  
VINCENT KEITH



WOODLANDS IN WALES (2)  
VINCENT KEITH





AT REST | 2012  
KIT PERREN



IN THE LONG GRASS | 2012  
KIT PERREN



LONG GRASS | 2012  
KIT PERREN



PROTECT ME | 2012  
KIT PERREN



STORM | 2012  
KIT PERREN



REACH | 2012  
KIT PERREN



CLIMB | 2012  
KIT PERREN



STILL | 2012  
KIT PERREN



FERN | 2012  
KIT PERREN





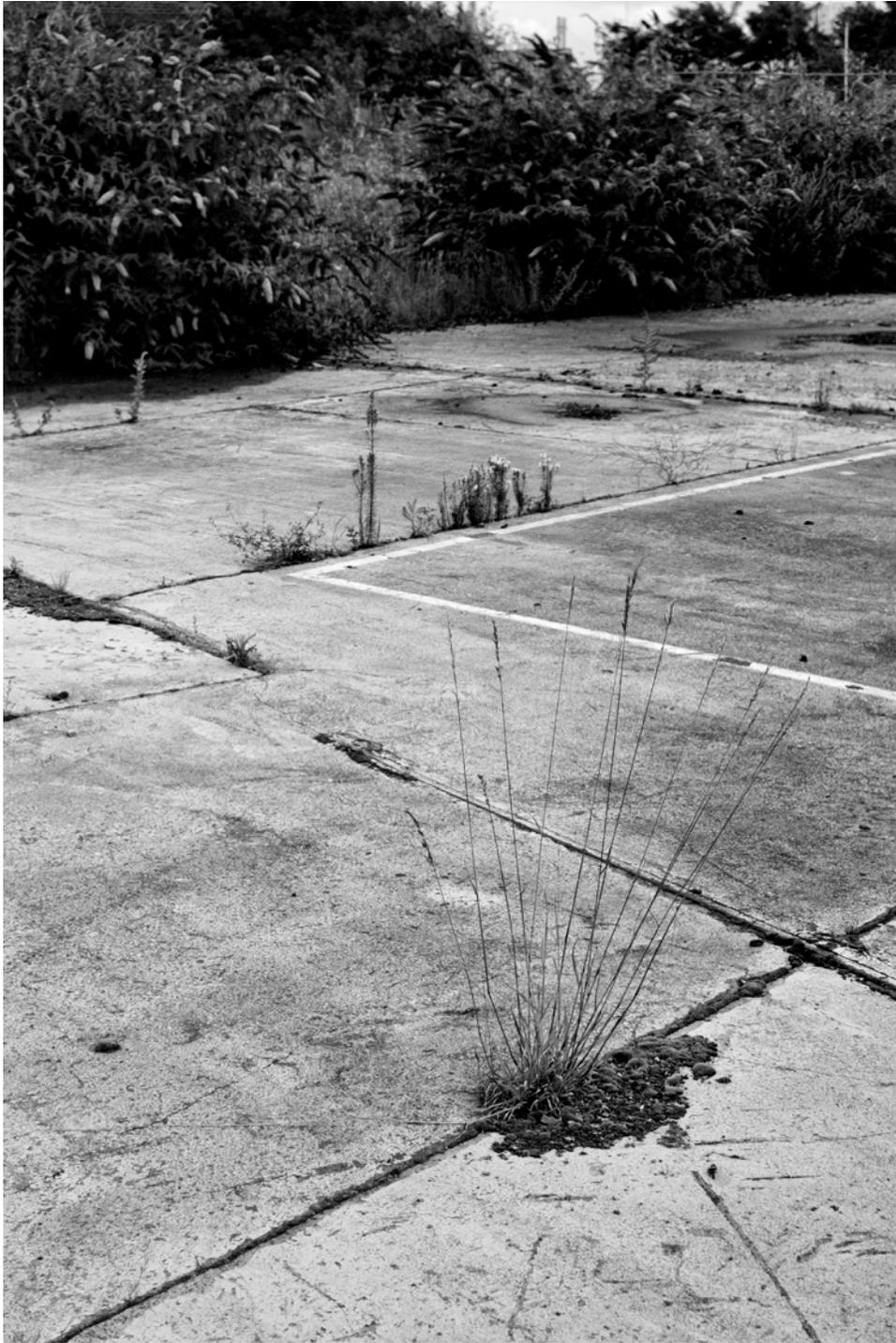
UN|NATURAL | 2012  
JON ELAND



UN|NATURAL II | 2012  
JON ELAND



UN|NATURAL III | 2012  
JON ELAND



UN|NATURAL IV I | 2012  
JON ELAND



UN|NATURAL V | 2012  
JON ELAND



UN|NATURAL VI | 2012  
JON ELAND



UN|NATURAL VII | 2012  
JON ELAND



## REFRACTED

by  
Roger Thomas

### INT. CAFE - DAY

Later. DANIEL continues to stare at his phone. The rain has stopped and the sun shines. DANIEL studies a photo of PETER'S happy smiling face on his phone. There is a sudden loud sound of steam being shot into a cappuccino jug, which is also rattled loudly perhaps on purpose.

DANIEL 'wakes up' and looks to the woman behind the counter. She looks at him rolling her eyes. DANIEL looks down at his phone. The picture is actually not a happy one with Peter seeming annoyed at it being taken. The time on the phone indicates DANIEL has been at the cafe for over two hours.

DANIEL jumps to his feet and quickly retrieves some money to pay for his now stone cold coffee and curly edged sandwich.

### EXT. STREETS - DAY

Late afternoon. DANIEL pauses briefly to scan the street ahead of him - it seems to him a mile long. Some yards ahead a couple push a pram, an old lady looks in an Oxfam window, the postman empties the

letter box. It's raining on the other side of the street, but on DANIEL'S side it is bright and dry.

DANIEL looks at his watch, where has the time gone? After pushing past the couple with the pram and the old lady looking in the window DANIEL finally reaches the end of the street.

DANIEL pant for breath and wipes the sweat from his lip as he looks back down what now seems a relatively short street. The postman jumps into his van and glances at DANIEL. DANIEL looks at the time - it's four thirty already.

### INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL quickly closes the door behind him. FRANK is nowhere to be seen.

DANIEL spots the cup still full of now cold tea next to a bowl of cornflakes with a bottle of milk next to it. There is a note propped against the tea cup.

'Dear Dan, not sure where you gone but here's some breakfast and a cup of tea for you.'

DANIEL mentally kicks himself and returns the milk to the fridge. He looks at the large carriage clock on the mantle, it says five thirty. DANIEL frowns, how could he have been gone so long?

DANIEL walks over to press his ear against the bedroom door before quietly opening it.

### INT. BEDROOM - DAY

DANIEL stands in the bedroom doorway. The room is silent, FRANK is sound asleep in bed, the blankets and sheet neatly tucked under his arm, his face turned away from DANIEL.

DANIEL follows FRANK'S chest rising and falling as he breathes deeply. DANIEL continues to watch his father for few more moments, smiling contended to himself.

DANIEL gently closes the door behind him.

FRANK'S eyes are open and staring ahead into the darkness.

### INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL dreams as he lays in bed, twitching in his sleep.

### INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

A teenage DANIEL is being restrained by two male nurses in his hospital bed as another attempts to put a length of tube down his throat. As they hold his arms against the white sheet of the mattress we can clearly see that both arms from the inside wrist to the inside elbows are covered by a dozen or more self-inflicted cuts/scratches - some old with pale scars, some more recent - pink, bloody and sore. DANIEL'S distressed MOTHER observes before being ushered away in tears by another nurse.

The hospital bedside cupboard with another crystal duck is kicked and the duck topples to smash on the hard floor below.

DANIEL'S MOTHER crouches to pick up the snapped off duck's head. She clutches it so tight blood trickles out of her fist. As DANIEL struggles he catches his MOTHER'S eye as she is escorted from the room.

DANIEL'S troubled uneasy breathing is the only sound during the images in his dream.

### INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT.

DANIEL now sits at the dining table lit only by the flickers of dying flames in the fireplace. He has tear tracks beneath his reddened exhausted eyes. He holds his own intact crystal duck by its stumpy glass legs his eyes fixed on the flickering light from the fire forming odd shapes and dark rainbows as it passes through its prisms.

DANIEL'S tears subside as his fingers clutch the duck so tightly his hand turns white and a trickle of blood seeps out between his

You can follow Roger Thomas and his work at [script-2-screen.tumblr.com](http://script-2-screen.tumblr.com)

knuckles - the painful grip perhaps preferable to the memories.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

DANIEL lies beneath the bathwater, he looks up at FRANK above him and smiles. FRANK smiles back and waves at DANIEL beneath the surface.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL, asleep at the dining table wakes with a start. Daylight shines around the edges of the closed curtains.

FRANK stands emotionless at the fire place.

DANIEL spots his father immediately remembering their fight. FRANK becomes more animated and smiles at DANIEL who notices how washed, shaved and presentable his father is.

DANIEL

Dad?

FRANK

Didn't want to risk lifting you, so... left you sleep there.

DANIEL isn't sure what to say. He rubs the dried tears on his cheeks.

DANIEL

No.. Good, you shouldn't have risked it.

DANIEL pulls back the curtains, the bright yellow sunlight floods the room.



FRANK

You want a tea? - or is it coffee you have in the morning?

DANIEL rubs his stiff neck.

DANIEL

No, sit - I'll do it. Sit.

DANIEL awkwardly sidles past FRANK, who then sits at the chair

DANIEL vacated.

DANIEL fills the kettle clicking it on to boil. He looks at the kitchen,

it's neat and tidy.

DANIEL

Did you tidy up?

DANIEL takes a big breath.

DANIEL

Dad...the other night - not sure what happened -

FRANK

- What happened? In the bathroom? I stuck my hand in the nurse's knickers and you... made me wish I hadn't. In a nutshell...

FRANK'S tone is not aggressive, just informative.

DANIEL

...in a nutshell.

FRANK

Probably deserved it - me, I mean, not you- or her!

DANIEL is taken aback by his father's apology not knowing how to respond.

FRANK

Come on, I've been a miserable old shit since I got here.

DANIEL

You're .. not well..

FRANK

Well or not, I was well out of order with that nurse, I'd have been pissed off with me too.

DANIEL

I lost my temper.

FRANK

Good! Every fucking right to! Treating you like a f -

DANIEL lowers his head.

FRANK stops mid flow. He shakes his head and takes a breath.

And you know one other thing? - I swear too fucking much.

DANIEL can't stifle his smile, followed by a relieved laugh.

DANIEL

Dad.. if you feel the need, you can shout out as many 'fucking fucky fucks' as you bloody please.

DANIEL takes FRANK'S face in his hands and kisses his forehead.

FRANK

Eh?

DANIEL

What you want for breakfast? Good fry up?

FRANK

Nurse said I need to stick to fruit and -

DANIEL

- Oh 'fuck' what she said.

DANIEL opens the fridge door.

DANIEL

- we've got everything.

DANIEL excitedly fetches fresh eggs, bacon, and sausages from the well stocked fridge.

FRANK

Then I'd love a sausage... Maybe I'm on the turn?

FRANK stares at DANIEL waiting for him to smile and laugh. DANIEL'S face drops and he glares hard at FRANK for a long loaded moment.

DANIEL

Take more than a sausage...

DANIEL finally laughs, allowing FRANK to relax and laugh loudly with him.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL comes out of his bedroom looking about for his shoes.

FRANK sits at the dining table watching DANIEL.

FRANK

What you looking for?

DANIEL finds one of his shoes next to the sofa and the other remains undiscovered. He holds out a shoe for FRANK to see.

DANIEL

You seen my shoe? The other one like this?

FRANK

Where you off?

DANIEL

Shop.

FRANK

Why?

DANIEL is busy searching and doesn't answer right away. He puts on the one discovered shoe.

DANIEL

Cos we need food and... there's lots of stuff we need.

FRANK

What stuff?

DANIEL

Stuff! Tea bags...loo roll...

FRANK

Well there's plenty of loo roll – could wipe your arse till Christmas, the amount you got in there... don't know why you got so much.

DANIEL

We still need... food.

FRANK

The fridge is full - unless you want to eat everything in one sitting. Be needing that loo roll if you're thinking of doing that.

DANIEL huffs and goes through the kitchen cupboards, he realizes they are indeed pretty full. He checks the fridge and again its fairly well stocked.

FRANK

See? Perhaps you just want to get out of here for a while. Getting on your nerves a bit, am I?

DANIEL

Don't be daft.

FRANK

Then sit down, I don't need anything. Switch the telly on. I'll wash up if you want a bit of space.

DANIEL

Dad, I'm not twelve. Why you being so reasonable?

FRANK

Fine, I'll be a miserable git again if you want -

DANIEL

No! No...no. I'll keep this...new 'you'. Thanks.

DANIEL takes a relaxing if quizzical breath and after a moment of thought sits down on the sofa.

DANIEL

May as well take this off then.

DANIEL removes his one shoe. FRANK gets up and walks to the fireplace. DANIEL spots the photo of his mother back in its original place.

DANIEL

The photo's back?

FRANK

Found another frame in your room.

DANIEL

Oh. Well done. Looked weird without Mum's up there.

FRANK

So young.. Die young, stay young.

DANIEL joins FRANK at the fireplace.

DANIEL

Like Marilyn Monroe.

FRANK

No.. Lady Di.. more a saint than a show girl. Your mum..

DANIEL

Bet they're both having their roots done right now... tin foil dreadlocks, Cosmo on their laps.. rubbing their wrists on the perfume page.

FRANK smiles as he reaches for the photo, but quickly pulls his hand back. DANIEL smiles at his father and takes down the photo so they can both see it clearly.

DANIEL

Those boots! Talk about Nancy Sinatra.

FRANK

1985, Poole.

DANIEL

Oh? Where was I?

FRANK

Mumps.. or Measles... something. Your mum was three months gone with Graham so you were shipped off to your Nan's.

DANIEL

Yes, Bournemouth. Been wanting to fix that old projector - there's film of Bournemouth on there I think.

FRANK

That old thing? Thought your mother chucked it?

DANIEL

She gave it me. First thing she trusted me with.

EXT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY

Same cine footage. DANIEL'S GRANDMOTHER is holding a furious four year old DANIEL in her arms, DANIEL red faced and screaming as they both wave to his parents through the French windows.



FRANK (OOV)

Bournemouth - not as if you were a million miles away. Though you'd swear it was, the way you screamed your Nan's house down.

FRANK as he is now, appears outside the French windows still within DANIEL'S memory.

FRANK

You still got to see y'Mum... from a distance.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL has a moment of clarity.

DANIEL

That's why I was stuck indoors! Of course. I've had that image in my head for years. Had dreams about it.

FRANK looks at the projector, he picks it up giving it a shake.

DANIEL

Thought they were messages... symbolic signs.. messages from beyond the grave. But it was just me with measles...

DANIEL smiles and laughs to himself.

FRANK

Wasn't funny... Yowled your Nan's ears off for six days. Smashing

everything.. escaping.. She pulled you back through the cat flap once - by the ankles. You kicked her right in the nose.. Didn't baby sit for ages after that.

DANIEL

(laughing)

Really? ... shit... awful.

DANIEL and FRANK laugh. DANIEL replaces the photo on the mantle.

There is a knock at the door.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

The NURSE is at the front step. It's raining and slightly breezy. She frowns at the grey clouds above.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

FRANK is immediately concerned. DANIEL pulls the curtain across the window a few inches - shielding himself from the bright sunshine outside.

FRANK

Tell them to sod off.

NURSE (OOV)

Mr Thomas! It's Nurse Jenkins. Come to look in on your father. Hello?

DANIEL

She's back?! Thought she'd have sent someone else.

FRANK

Definitely tell her to sod off.

DANIEL

Dad?

FRANK

Don't let her in.. - probably wants revenge. Please Dan.

DANIEL looks concerned at his father's anxiety. He approaches the door but doesn't open it. He puts his hand over the key hole.

DANIEL

Hello.

FRANK

I don't want to see her!

DANIEL

Any chance you could... come back in an hour?

FRANK

Not today. Please!

DANIEL

Or tomorrow?

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

The NURSE frowns attempting to peer through the key hole but sees nothing.

NURSE

I want to check his blood pressure! Purely routine.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

FRANK peeks out behind the kitchen wall. DANIEL is confused at how his father is acting.

The NURSE knocks the door hard, the NOISE reverberating through the room, making DANIEL flinch.

DANIEL

He's - asleep right now.

NURSE (OOV)

(oddly aggressive)

I need to see him!

DANIEL winces at her voice.

DANIEL

(worried)

I really don't want to wake him. He is fine, honest. Come back tomorrow, yes?

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

The NURSE rubs her arms against the cool air, it's spotting with rain behind her.

NURSE

(calm and polite)

Um...okay, I'm sure it's...fine. But may I take his blood pressure by tomorrow latest?

DANIEL (OOV)

Yes. Sorry...See you tomorrow.

NURSE

...tomorrow then.

The NURSE walks down the steps, takes one more concerned glance at the front door, then hurries through the light rain to her car.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL presses his ear to the door until he's convinced the NURSE has left. He peeks around the half closed curtain. He turns to FRANK.

DANIEL

What was that all about?

FRANK is sheepish.

FRANK

I don't want her coming in here poking me about. You heard how angry she was.

DANIEL

It's only blood pressure.

FRANK

Yeah, so she says!

DANIEL

Well, she's coming back tomorrow, so you'll have to see her.

FRANK

I don't and I won't. So you can bloody well turn her away then as well.

FRANK walks briskly to his room, hardly using his stick.

DANIEL shakes his head and shouts after him.

DANIEL

Your walking's improved. That might make her more pleasant...

FRANK (OOV)

No!

FRANK slams the door behind him. Daniel hears the chimes rattle loudly.

Fucking chimes!

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL has set up the chess board on the small table between himself and FRANK. The chess set appears much more 'matched' and the board less tatty.

FRANK hides his nerves ready for a fresh attempt at the game.

FRANK stretches his hand toward the Knight. DANIEL doesn't dare breath.

FRANK'S hand closes in on the piece, his fingers almost within reach. FRANK'S eyes concentrate as he grips, lifts and triumphantly moves the Knight to its new position.

FRANK looks DANIEL in the eye raising an eyebrow with content satisfaction.

DANIEL can't hide a relieved wry smile.

Chess piece after piece are moved with increased ease as they continue their game.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL and FRANK sit on the sofa listening to football on the radio with the chess game on-going between them.

FRANK is leaning forward engrossed in the match while DANIEL studies the chess board with a frustrated expression.

A goal is disallowed, FRANK is furious.

FRANK

Come on, Ref! Ray Charles could see that was a foul!

DANIEL shakes his head with no interest either way as he's concentrating on the chess game.

DANIEL

It's on the radio dad - can't see anything.

FRANK

He was fouled!

DANIEL

The fuss. Ball goes one way - ball goes the other way. Who cares..?

FRANK slowly turns to DANIEL with a look of total disdain.

FRANK

'Who cares?' What are you, an alien?

DANIEL

Can we just play this?

FRANK

Stadiums are full every week.

DANIEL

Yes and look what they're full of..

FRANK

Hey, me and your brother used to enjoy going to the match now and then.

DANIEL

You're welcome to it.

DANIEL picks up a Rook and contemplates placing it down on a square further down the board. FRANK coughs.

FRANK

You're leaving your Queen exposed.

DANIEL replaces the Rook and thinks again.

FRANK

Couldn't drag you to a match - rather watch Bionic bloody Woman on telly.

DANIEL

Better than football...bores me rigid.

DANIEL picks up his Bishop. FRANK coughs again a little louder.

FRANK

Bishops can only move diagonally.

DANIEL growls with frustration as he replaces his Bishop.

FRANK

I won't be going to another match for a while. You'll not take me.

DANIEL

Too right.

DANIEL pauses a moment trying to suppress his frustration with the chess game.

DANIEL

I can't move! Every time I try I leave myself...

DANIEL can't remember the word.

FRANK

- Vulnerable?

DANIEL

- Vulnerable. Bugger!

DANIEL stands up.

DANIEL

Going to make a sandwich?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

DANIEL opens the kitchen cupboard and takes down a plate and turns to retrieve a loaf from the bread bin. As Daniel turns back to the plate he sees that it has two slices of bread on it with one slice buttered and cheese waiting to be grated on a smaller plate next to it. DANIEL stares at the plate and the loaf of bread still in his hands.

DANIEL shakes the moment off.

DANIEL leans on the wall looking at FRANK. FRANK studies the chess board. DANIEL stretches and yawns.

DANIEL

Did you ever play chess with Graham?

FRANK

No. He'd never sit still long enough.

Graham's got his dogs now anyway...

DANIEL finishes the sandwich and cuts it in half. FRANK continues to study the board.

DANIEL

What dogs? When did Graham get dogs? Sue'd not have dogs in her precious 'show home'. Got to take your shoes off at the bottom of the drive as it is...

FRANK

His dogs, for dog fighting - all that fuss...

DANIEL thinks to himself but remains confused.

DANIEL

What are you talking about?

FRANK

That illegal...'dogging' thing he was caught doing. The thing that's caused all this trouble, with Sue.

DANIEL realises his father's total misunderstanding of his brother's 'troubles' and has to turn away to stifle his grin and attempt to remain serious.

A stony faced DANIEL places the sandwiches on the dining table but FRANK can see something is 'amusing' him.

FRANK

What?

DANIEL doesn't know how to explain things to FRANK.

FRANK

What?

DANIEL

Don't know if I should.

*Continued on page 154*







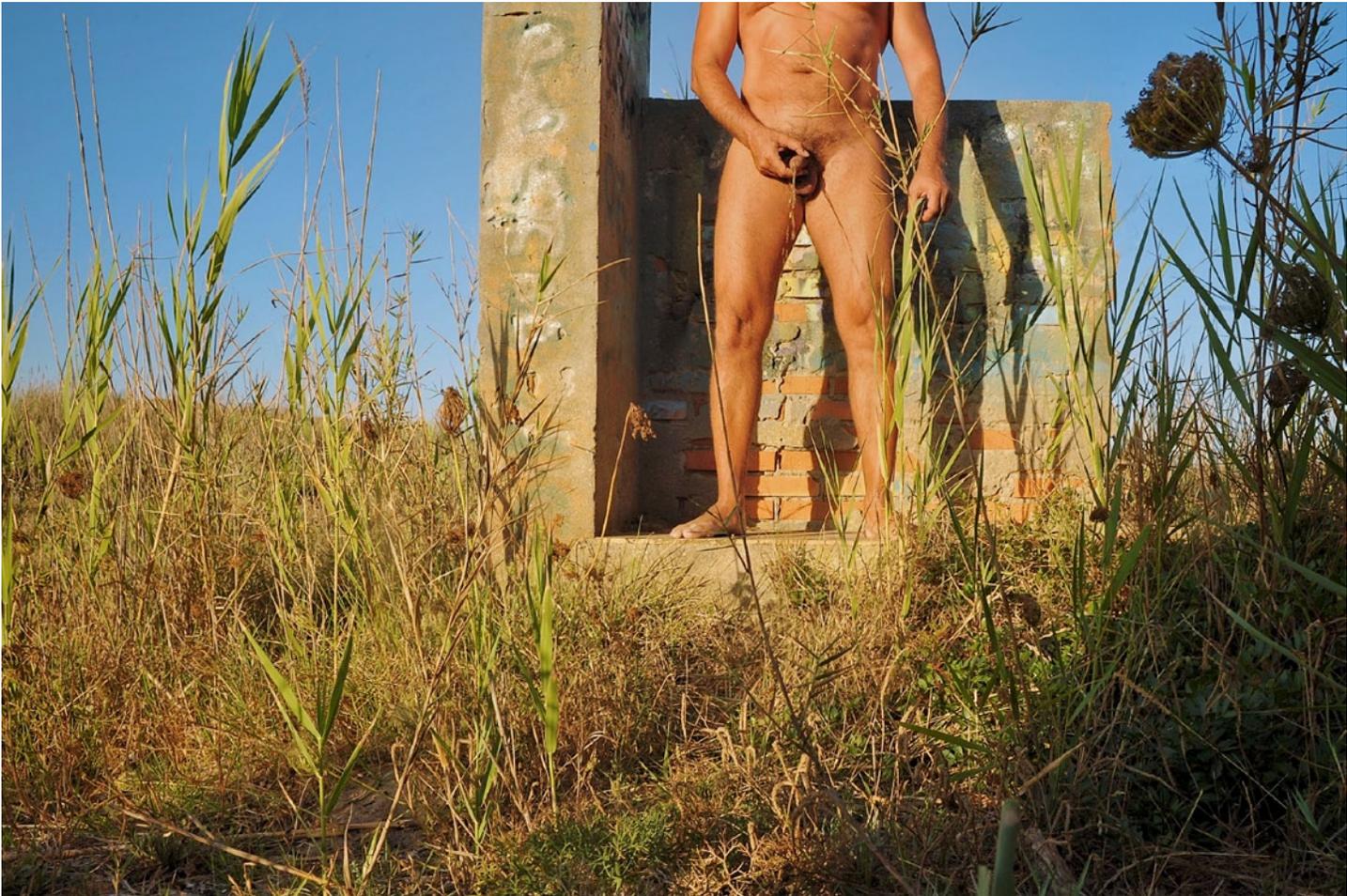
PAUSE CHAMPÊTRE (1) | 2012  
RURAL BREAK (1) | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN



PENSEZ BIO | 2012  
THINK ORGANIC | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN



SOYEZ BIO | 2012  
BE ORGANIC | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN



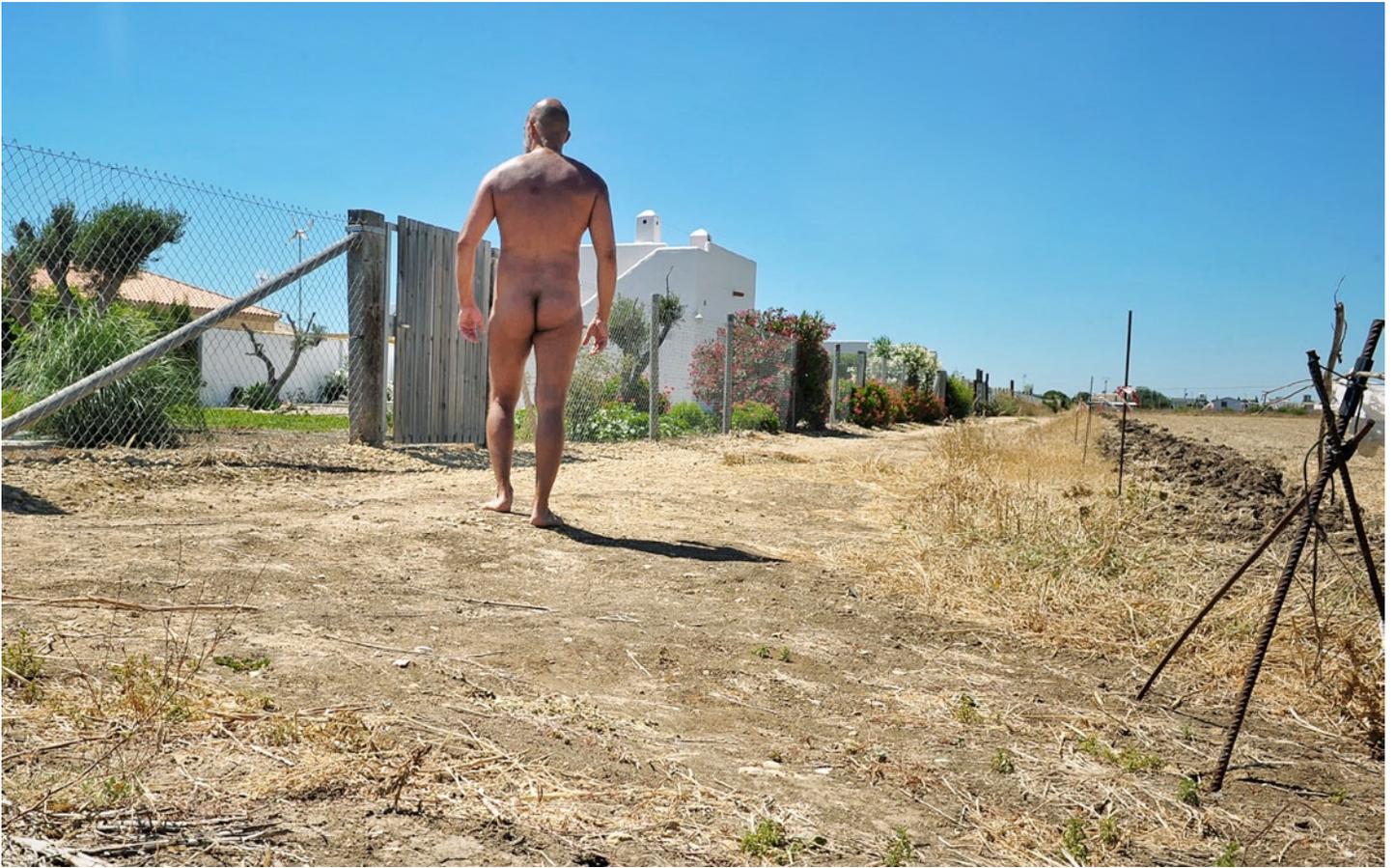
AU NATUREL | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN



PENSÉE ALTERNATIVE | 2012  
ALTERNATIVE THINKING | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN



AUTO PORTRAIT À L'ABREUVOIR | 2012  
DISPIRITEDNESS | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN



JE MARCHE SEUL | 2012  
I WALK ALONE | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN

NATURE MORTE | 2012  
STILL LIFE | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN  
*NEXT PAGE*





## MUSIC REVIEWS

by  
Sprechhund

We are fortunate to have Sprechhund as our music editor. He is intimately involved in the music industry and hugely knowledgeable about the contemporary scene. He has chosen three recently released and noteworthy albums to review for this edition of Mascular Magazine.



### MY HEAD IS AN ANIMAL Of Monsters and Men

This is the first album from the Icelandic six-piece band who are expected to do great things this year.

These guys have been touring the US and Europe building an ever-growing following and are making a massive splash at the moment.

The second single from the album 'Little Talks' is currently being played all over UK radio, so you would need to be living on the moon not to have heard this. Check out the crazy video on Vevo that has over 17 million hits.

Sounding like a mix between Mumford and Sons and Arcade Fire meets The Beautiful South, there is something here for everyone – the vocals are delivered superbly by singers young Ragnar and Nanna and the album is packed full of great singalong tracks that will keep you happy for some time – no filler tracks here.

Tracks to download – Dirty Paws”, “King and Lionheart”, “Mountain Sound”, “Little Talks”, “Your Bones”, “Lakehouse”

#### *LITTLE TALKS VIDEO*

ITUNES  
SPOTIFY



**THE SILICONE VEIL**  
Susanne Sundfør

This is the second album from Norwegian chanteuse Susanne Sundfør. If you like Massive Attack, The Cocteau Twins and the voice of Elizabeth Fraser you will adore this album and the magical vocals from Susanne on this album.

I discovered the video for the track “White Foxes” on YouTube and have been mesmerized by the magic of this album ever since – so far it has sold in excess of 40,000 in the singer’s native Norway and will no doubt do well over here once everyone hears it.

Tracks to download – “White Foxes”, “Can You Feel The Thunder”, “Among Us” and “The Silicone Veil”.

**WHITE FOXES VIDEO**

iTUNES  
SPOTIFY

**SOLO PIANO II**  
Chilly Gonzales

Just to keep all you culture vultures out there up with the latest contemporary classical artists I have included the latest release for the genius that is Chilly Gonzales.

Solo Piano II is the second solo piano from the Canadian maestro Jason Beck better know as Chilly Gonzales. In the past Gonzales has been compared to the likes of Erik Satie.

Most of Solo Piano II is very upbeat, full of playful flourishes and takes you back to Gonzales’ jazz background and you will find White Keys to be a refreshing and summery little number.

Minor Fantasy, meanwhile, brings to mind images of grand buildings, high-ceilinged drawing rooms and evening wear and Chilly could almost be Chopin at his most cheerful. Othello is also sweepingly romantic, full of gentle trills and runs.

Most of all, the pleasure of Solo Piano II can be summarised by a sentence included in the liner notes to the first volume: “Although they say the piano can create the most colours of any instrument, it is actually black and white, much like an old silent movie.” This set is a welcome throwback to simpler, gentler times. It breaks no rules, but these days, coming from a star of so-called ‘alternative’ music, this is arguably as revolutionary as it gets.

iTUNES  
SPOTIFY





LIKE NATURE I | 2012  
BOBshaw PETE



LIKE NATURE II | 2012  
BOBSHAW PETE



LIKE NATURE III | 2012  
BOBshaw PETE



LIKE NATURE IV | 2012  
BOBshaw PETE



LIKE NATURE V | 2012  
BOBshaw PETE



LIKE NATURE VI | 2012  
BOBshaw PETE



LIKE NATURE VII | 2012  
BOBshaw PETE



LIKE NATURE VIII | 2012  
BOBshaw PETE



LIKE NATURE IX | 2012  
BOBshaw PETE

# FINDING PINTAURO ROAD

by

Kevin Sonnichsen

Photography: Jeffrey Henderson



The story began with a drive. My father had met a young country singer in Seattle who was interested in making a music video. I was keen on exploring some locations near the Russian River in Northern California, and to use a canary yellow '65 Ford Thunderbird owned by Lon, the co-producer of my first film, Staff Infection, as a central image in the video.

It was a beautiful sunny day and Lon suggested that we take the Thunderbird on the scouting mission. After exhausting the locations I had in mind for the video, he suggested that we take a drive out to the coast.

That passage was through Coleman Valley Road, where the landscape changed from evergreen rain forest to something very different... rolling hills covered with scrub grass interrupted by huge rocky outcroppings and scarred with barbed wire fencing.

As we approached the coast, the fog began to appear, first clinging to the hills in the distance, but soon surrounding the car - the landscape desaturating before my eyes into near black-and-white.

VIEW  
PINTAURO ROAD

You can see more of Jeffrey's photos on his Flickr page [here](#).

THUNDERBIRD  
JEFFREY HENDERSON



COLEMAN VALLEY ROAD  
JEFFREY HENDERSON

The balmy Northern California summer day had somehow become something that felt a lot more like Northern England in a matter of miles. I could understand how Hitchcock felt that Northern California was his home away from home and why he chose to shoot so many of his films here.

My tank top, while more than adequate for tooling around along the Russian River on a summer's day wasn't substantial enough for this weather. Lon turned on the heat, but with the top down, it barely managed to warm my shins before dissipating into the fog.

Lon offered to pull over and put the top up – at the very location that we would film nearly a year later. I helped him wrestle the primitive convertible top into place and then surveyed the landscape. There's a story in this. I could tell.

The inside of the white convertible top was black, and I quickly felt like we were floating along this alien landscape in a claustrophobic bubble. The juxtaposition between this cocoon and the open air a few moments earlier was shocking to say the least.



MIWAUK BEACH  
JEFFREY HENDERSON

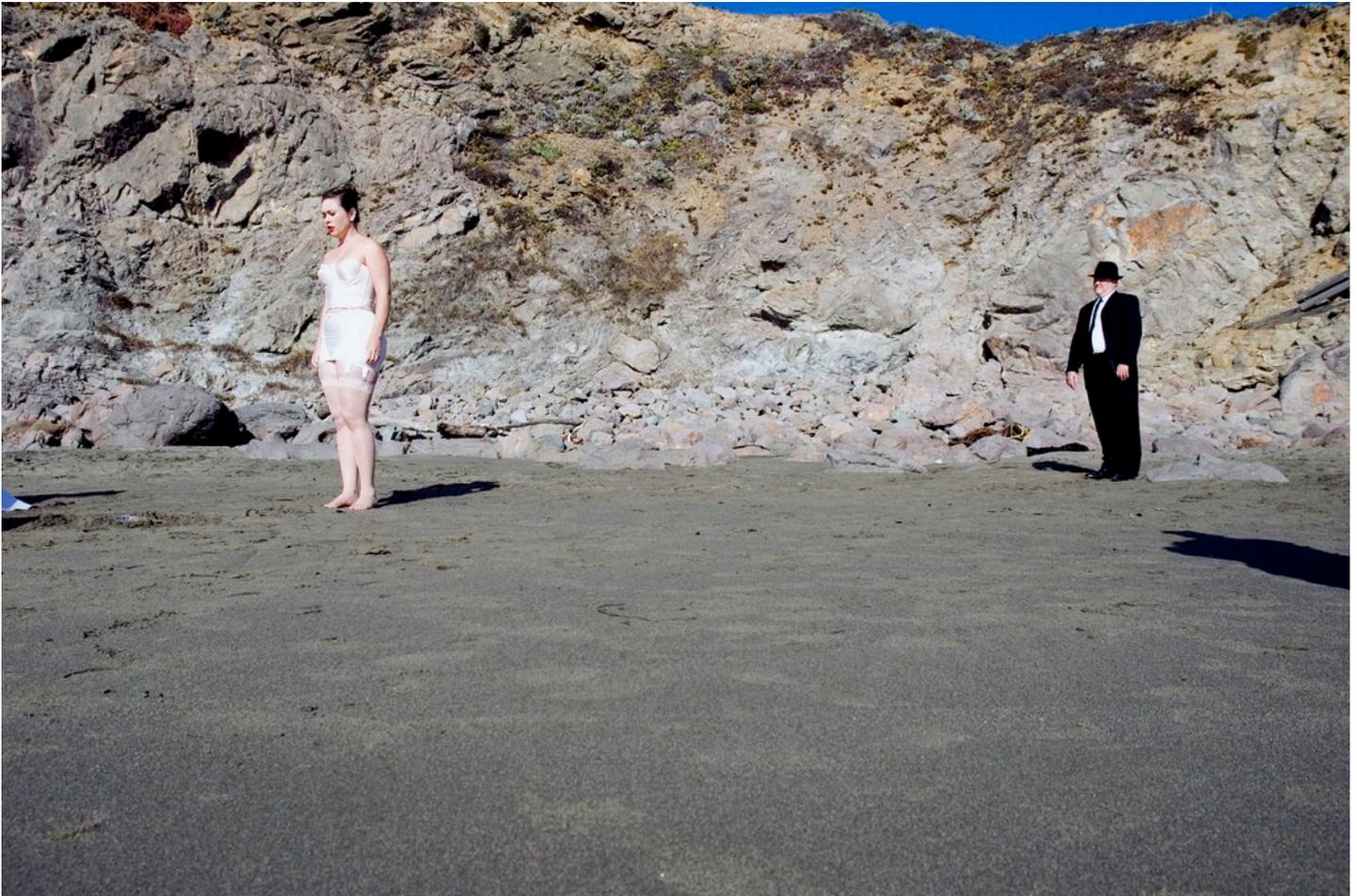


FILMING PINTAURO ROAD | 1  
JEFFREY HENDERSON

Finally, we reached Highway 1 and made the turn South towards Bodega Bay, where Hitchcock filmed the Birds. I wondered how many times he traveled on this same road searching for locations or maybe making the mundane journey to and from the seat each day.

The ocean made its voice heard above the Thunderbird's engine and my attention was drawn to the surf some 20 yards down a rocky cliff face from the road upon which we traveled.

Lon noted my interest and suggested that we pull off at one of the beach access areas ahead. The car was hardly in park before Lon was halfway down the wooden stairs that led to the beach. I hung back and took in the scene... An improbably jaunty canary yellow vintage Ford Thunderbird parked atop a sea cliff shrouded in fog. I stepped back with my camera to capture the image, but not before impulsively opening the driver's side door. This was a scene from a movie – an Alfred Hitchcock suicide scene. Perhaps the owner of this car was Grace Kelly? But why was she here?



FILMING PINTAURO ROAD | 3  
JEFFREY HENDERSON

I made my way down the stairs and joined Lon on the beach. I was immediately drawn to a large rock formation in the surf, through the center of which was carved a near perfectly round hole. Subtle, eh?

An image came to me... A woman in a black cocktail dress on this beach. Incongruous, indeed, but she must have something to do with the car on the cliff and the foggy coastal road we had just left.

As we drove back to San Francisco, I reflected on the inspirations that the road, the landscape, the beach and the ocean had all contributed. There was a story there to be told, and it was up to me, and the playwright I worked with, to find it. We found it, and it became Pintauro Road.



FILMING PINTAURO ROAD | 2  
JEFFREY HENDERSON





WITHIN NATURE SERIES (I) | 2012  
MANEL ORTEGA



WITHIN NATURE SERIES (II) | 2012  
MANEL ORTEGA



WITHIN NATURE SERIES (III) | 2012  
MANEL ORTEGA



WITHIN NATURE SERIES (IV) | 2012  
MANEL ORTEGA



WITHIN NATURE SERIES (V) | 2012  
MANEL ORTEGA



WITHIN NATURE SERIES (VI) | 2012  
MANEL ORTEGA



WITHIN NATURE SERIES (VII) | 2012  
MANEL ORTEGA



WITHIN NATURE SERIES (VIII) | 2012  
MANEL ORTEGA



WITHIN NATURE SERIES (IX) | 2012  
MANEL ORTEGA

# THE HIDDEN STRUCTURE OF BEAUTY

by  
Kevin Leadingham

Science arose from practice, when time, change the things on a higher level as friends.

Proportion relates almost wholly to convenience, as every idea of order seems to do; and it must therefore be considered as a creature of the understanding, rather than a primary cause acting on the senses and imagination.

EDUARDO BURN

COMFORT IN STRUCTURE

Because something is unseen does not mean it is not there.

Many natural objects and man made structures are controlled by the unseen golden ratio.

This familiar proportion is something which traditional Architects still use today.

1  
2  
3  
5  
8  
13  
21  
34

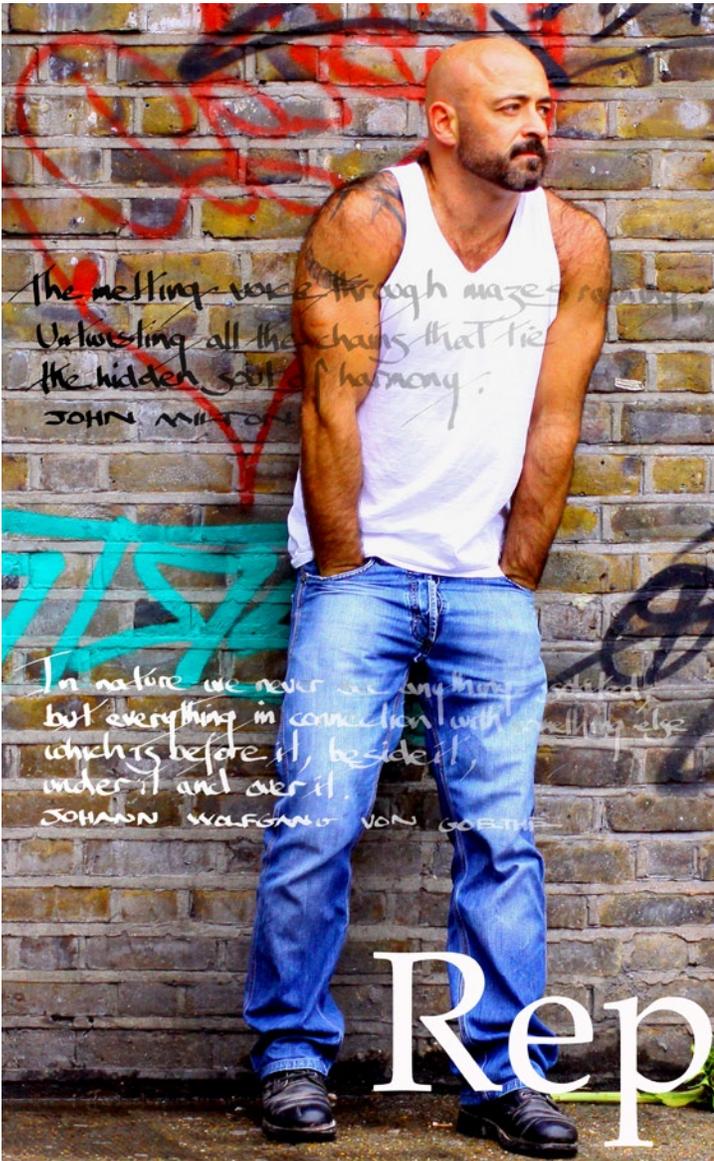
89  
144  
233  
377  
610  
987  
1597  
2584  
4181  
6765  
10946  
17711

# Rhythm

The candid photographic style of Andrius was tempered slightly with posed images, but the intention was to capture how natural the subjects, discussed in the presentation, sat together visually. The presentation here represents a visual thought process. It contains facts, figures, thoughts, influences and images. Some drift in and out, some are more prominent than others, but all lead to the conclusion.

Photography by Andrius Norkus.

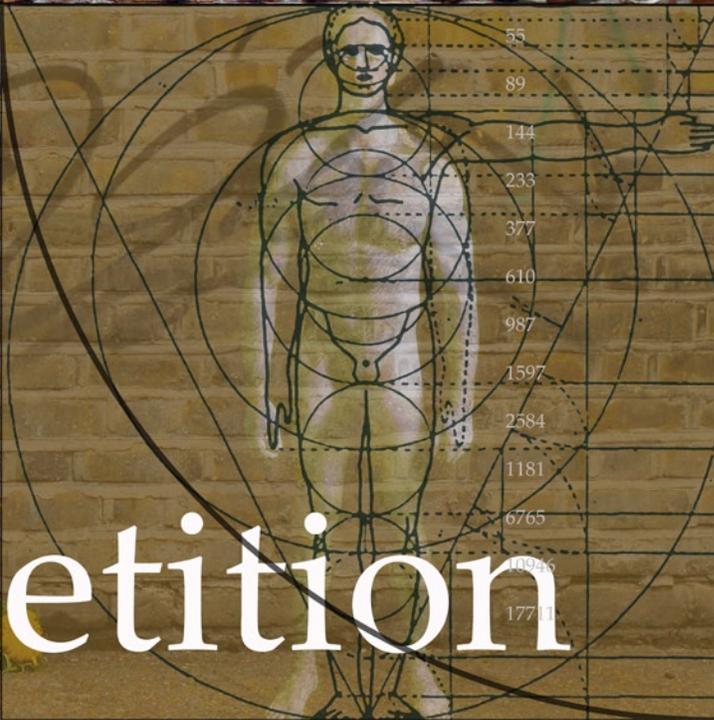
You can see more of Andrius's work at: [www.flickr.com/people/andrius\\_norkus/](http://www.flickr.com/people/andrius_norkus/)



The hand has 5 fingers, each with 3 joints. Average sizes are 2, 3, 5cm.

From the head to the base of the skull head is a golden ratio of head to the pectorals, which is a golden ratio of head to the navel which is a golden ratio of head to fingertips, which is a golden ratio of height.

The foot as a unit of measurement is 1/15 of the height. This has been standardised into 12 inches.



# Repetition



Goal order is the foundation of all things  
EDMUND SPENCER

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of this world  
and makes familiar objects be as if they were for the first time  
FERLY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The brick and block module used in todays construction is based on the old 9inch brick.

Horizontally the brick and block meet and vertically they meet.

When panels are created using the correct setting out they fall into the pattern of the golden ratio.

These then form openings and facades visually satisfying.



- 112.5
- 225
- 337.5
- 450
- 562.5
- 675
- 787.5
- 900
- 1012.5
- 1125
- 1237.5
- 1350
- 1462.5
- 1575
- 1687.5
- 1800
- 1912.5
- 2025
- 2137.5
- 2250

# Rationale

I call Architecture  
frozen music  
JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

The unnatural...  
that too is natural.  
JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Traditional Architects today still use the golden ratio to set out facades and openings on buildings.

This invisible constraint should imbue the building with a known sense of calm, without being obvious why this is.

Imbue the building with the same hidden structure as the flower, the hand, the body - where nature is a relative of manufacture.

900

1350

1800

2025

2250

2700

3150

3600

4050

4500

4950

5400

5850

6300

6750

7200

7650

8100

8550

9000

9450



# Relation





IF IT IS NOT REAL THEN WHAT OTHER THINGS CAN BE A WORLD IS A WORLD AND NOTHING CAN CHANGE THAT  
2012  
CONRADO RAFAEL MALETA



I AM FOR YOU A VISUAL ICON FOR WHAT THE OTHERS CALL COSMOS  
2012  
CONRADO RAFAEL MALETA



THERE IS SOME ANIMAL PAIN AND SILENT LAMENTATION IN THIS LANDSCAPE OF SIMPLE NATURE  
2012  
CONRADO RAFAEL MALETA



DUST. LIFE IN MINOR SCALE. SCALE FOR THE WHOLENESS OF A NATURAL ENJOYMENT THAT IS CALLED LIFE  
2012  
CONRADO RAFAEL MALETA



POEM ABOUT THE INCREDIBLE EMOTIONAL RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN A CLOUD AND A \_ELD OF SAND DUNES  
2012  
CONRADO RAFAEL MALETA



AND THERE WAS ALSO WATER, BUT NOT COMMON ONE. WATER THAT WAS FULL OF FECUNDITY AND PURENESS  
2012  
CONRADO RAFAEL MALETA



IT IS TREE WITH A STRONG ROOTS. IT IS A SEED FULL OF POWER AND ALSO A SMALL GARDEN UNDER THE SKIN OF THE PLANET  
2012  
CONRADO RAFAEL MALETA





HOMO ARBOR (1) | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN



HOMO ARBOR (2) | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN



HOMO ARBOR (10) | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN



HOMO ARBOR (3) | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN



HOMO ARBOR (6) | 2012  
JÉRÔME OREN





LAST DAYS OF SUMMER | 1  
DAVID GOLDBERG



LAST DAYS OF SUMMER | 2  
DAVID GOLDBERG



LAST DAYS OF SUMMER | 3  
DAVID GOLDBERG



LAST DAYS OF SUMMER | 4  
DAVID GOLDENBERG



LAST DAYS OF SUMMER | 5  
DAVID GOLDBERG



LAST DAYS OF SUMMER | 6  
DAVID GOLDBERG



LAST DAYS OF SUMMER | 7  
DAVID GOLDENBERG

# REFRACTED

by  
Roger Thomas

*Continued from Page 103*

FRANK

Should what? What's he done now?

DANIEL

Right, - but don't get all bloody... - Don't go over there and punch him. - Not like we even know where he is...

FRANK

I'll punch you in a minute!

DANIEL

'Dogging'...it's not...dog fighting.

FRANK

What is it then?

DANIEL

It's...Jesus.. Graham was caught... in a lav-by. He was in his car with...



another woman.

FRANK

Another woman?

DANIEL

With his lights on.

FRANK

His lights on?

EXT. LAY-BY - NIGHT

A car parked alone in a rural lay-by. We slowly move closer to the car. There are lights on inside the car illuminating the interior against the night outside.

DANIEL (OOV)

The inside lights...inside the car.

As we get closer to the car, we see it gently rocking.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL and FRANK sit on the sofa.

FRANK

Well that was bloody stupid, no wonder he was caught. Anybody could have seen them!

DANIEL

Yeah.. That's the point. That's what 'dogging' is.

FRANK is shocked and his jaw drops. DANIEL hesitates, but continues.

DANIEL

People who do this... they.. kind of want to be watched... doing whatever they're .. doing.

EXT. LAY-BY - NIGHT

The car's windows are open. People are emerging from the thicket nearby and close on the car as it continues to rock.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK is shocked.

FRANK

I don't believe it. Dirty little. I tell you, I'm shocked... it's bloody shocking.

FRANK and DANIEL sit in silence, DANIEL allows his father to absorb what has just been told to him.

FRANK

Maybe this woman.. forced him.. wouldn't take 'no' for an answer?

DANIEL

...yes that's the danger of stone-wash stretch denim - makes you a target for all sex-hungry women..

DANIEL rolls his eyes in reaction to his own sarcasm.

FRANK

- And Sue's brother caught them?

DANIEL

- Sue's brother and a dozen others - giving them marks out of ten no doubt.

FRANK

What was Sue's brother doing there?

EXT. LAY-BY - NIGHT

Through the window of the car, we see a man's white, large backside with the jeans and underpants pulled down in between a pair of woman's legs. A hand appears on the glass of the lowered passenger window. Another person's hand appears next to it. Shadowy

faces looking through at the couple having sex inside the car.

FRANK and DANIEL are sitting in the front seats of the car, while GRAHAM and the WOMAN remain entwined on the back seat.

When FRANK and DANIEL speak, their lips move, but the sound is from their conversation in the sitting room.

FRANK (OOV)

Watching him doing it. Why?

DANIEL (OOV)

Graham wanted him to watch! - okay not him in particular...

DANIEL pretends to retch at the suggestion. A man's grinning face sticks his head inside the car. His grin drops.

MAN

Graham?

GRAHAM looks up to see who called his name and recognises the MAN as his wife's brother. GRAHAM takes a gasp in shock. The MAN calls to the woman underneath GRAHAM.

MAN

Sue, its Kevin, your brother.

A woman's face appears next to GRAHAM'S. She looks annoyed.

WOMAN

I ain't Sue! And unless you got a bigger dick you can fuck off!

All three stare at each other in silence. FRANK and DANIEL shake their heads in judgment.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL and FRANK sit in a similar position still looking at each other on the sofa.

DANIEL

They leave the lights on and windows down so -

FRANK

Yes-yes, I get it.

FRANK isn't impressed, even though he's trying hard to understand.

DANIEL can see his father's discomfort and is ready to leave the subject.

FRANK

Have you ever done this doggying?

DANIEL

(cringing)

Dogging! And no, I have not. It's what you lot do.

FRANK

I've never done that!

DANIEL

Not you! Straight people.

FRANK

Why?

DANIEL

(exasperated)

No idea...

FRANK

- Your mother didn't even want the light on in the bloody bedroom -

DANIEL

(pulling a face)

- enough, don't want to hear about...that...

FRANK

(ignoring him)

First time I saw her fanny was when she gave birth to you and only then cos the mid-wife made me cut the biblical cord...

DANIEL

(embarrassed)

'Umbilical'...I don't want to know.

And so we're clear - I've never dogged - doggied...

DANIEL struggles to find the correct conjugation.

DANIEL

- Done...been.. dogging?

DANIEL pauses and decides that conjugation will do.

DANIEL

And that's all we need to know. Graham did it, you haven't done it - and neither have I - subject closed.

DANIEL takes a breath and busies himself with the tea cups.

DANIEL swats a fly away from his face, he's hot, bothered and embarrassed.

DANIEL

Sodding flies!

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL is asleep on the sofa bed.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL is messing around with his THORAZINE tablets, placing them one by one under his top lip to make it look like he has massive teeth. FRANK sits on the side of the bath shaking his head and laughing at the faces DANIEL pulls. DANIEL laughs spitting out the pills into the sink, turning on the tap and washing them away.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL wakes up with a start. He listens, wondering if he heard his father's voice.

DANIEL throws back the covers and walks silently to FRANK'S door.

DANIEL hears nothing and a smiles with relief.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

DANIEL is at the end of the bath holding FRANK'S ankle massaging his calf muscle.

DANIEL

Don't know why your legs are so tired - not as if you walk anywhere.

FRANK winces as he watches DANIEL, gripping the sides of the bath.

DANIEL

Too hard?

FRANK  
No. No. Keep going.  
DANIEL continues.

DANIEL  
Thought about what you'll do when you're better? You're coming on great guns every day.

FRANK  
Don't know. Go home I suppose.

DANIEL  
Well, no hurry - enjoying the company to be honest.

FRANK huffs but smiles.

FRANK  
Shush, soft arse...

DANIEL grins.  
FRANK'S eyes widen as he nods at DANIEL. DANIEL doesn't understand what his father is trying to say. FRANK eventually tells him.

FRANK  
Other leg?

DANIEL smirks taking FRANK'S other leg to massage it.  
FRANK rolls his eyes but doesn't hide his contented face. FRANK hums Rod Stewart's 'I Am Sailing' as he closes his eyes to enjoy the massage.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL is in a deep sleep on the sofa bed. He is dressed and still holds the towel.  
FRANK watches him from the entrance to the kitchen with a blank expression.

EXT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY

DANIEL dreams. Outside the French windows at DANIEL'S GRANDMOTHER'S house. The sky is grey and stormy. The chimes silently clatter in the wind.  
DANIEL'S GRANDMOTHER battles to unpeg the washing on the line - the sheets billowing out of control in the wind. The sheets suddenly part to reveal GRANDMOTHER'S face turning to terror as two filthy hands with broken dirty nails grab her by the throat.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Early evening. DANIEL wakes up with a start. He spots FRANK sitting at the dining table. FRANK'S expression turns from blank to animated as DANIEL wakes.  
DANIEL quickly sits up.

DANIEL  
Shit! What time is it? Why didn't you wake me?

FRANK  
You needed sleep. All that massage knackered you out.

DANIEL looks at the closed curtains.

DANIEL  
What time is it for God's sake?

FRANK

You'd not slept much the last few nights, so thought I'd leave you.  
DANIEL gets out of bed and switches the light on.

DANIEL  
Sitting there with the curtains closed. What you like?!

DANIEL looks at the clock on the wall.

DANIEL  
It's six o'clock!

DANIEL quickly pulls on a pair of sweat pants.

DANIEL  
Bet you've had nothing to eat have you?!

FRANK  
Not fussed.

FRANK points to the dining table. The Super 8 projector is upright and pointing at the far white wall. The crystal duck sits next to it glinting.

FRANK  
I fixed the projector.

DANIEL  
That nurse will have my bloody balls. You fixed it?

DANIEL glances at the projector in confusion.

DANIEL  
Was gonna throw it.

DANIEL shakes his head and shrugs before hurrying to the kitchen to see what there is to eat, shaking himself awake.

FRANK  
I was an electrician - brain's not completely gone...

DANIEL  
Right, what do you want? Slept so heavily...

FRANK  
I'm not hungry! Stop fussing man.

DANIEL  
You must want something, what about beans on toast? Bit of cheese on top - you like that?

FRANK  
Yes, anything to stop you fannying on. We can watch a home movie.

DANIEL retrieves a tin of beans from the cupboard only half listening to FRANK.

DANIEL  
You haven't been outside since the park either... need fresh air.

FRANK  
I can lean out the window.

DANIEL  
You need exercise. Stuck in here all day.

FRANK  
What you want me to do, take a spin round the block?

DANIEL

The nurse said -

FRANK

- bloody nurse...

DANIEL

It's in the folder.

FRANK

(mimicking)

'It's in the folder...'

DANIEL

Hey, I'm supposed to be looking after you. Do you want me to get in trouble?

FRANK

You're looking after me just fine. We don't need her...

DANIEL

Well when she comes...-

DANIEL pauses to think.

DANIEL

...should have come by now.. Has she been and you've not let her in?  
- Or not answered at all?! Is that why the lights are off?!

FRANK

No..

DANIEL doesn't believe his father and sighs with frustration.

DANIEL



Oh, Dad. I'm gonna be in so much trouble...

FRANK

We'll say we were out...exercising.

DANIEL notes his father's sarcasm and gives him a glare. FRANK

looks away innocently.

DANIEL open the front door and looks outside for any signs of the NURSE having visited.

DANIEL notices a WOMAN standing on the other side of the street with a dog. She stares curiously at him. DANIEL stares back a moment before closing the door.

DANIEL

She didn't leave a note...

DANIEL returns to the kitchen. He shakes the beans on the hob.

FRANK

You worry too much.

DANIEL

Then stop giving me cause.

FRANK

Always was your problem.

DANIEL half listens whilst continuing to prepare the food.

FRANK

Same as a kid. Worrying about everything.

Even worried about your imaginary friends.

DANIEL

They'd stopped talking to me!

DANIEL makes the sound of a drum roll and a cymbal being tapped a-la joke punch-line.

FRANK

I'm right.

DANIEL

Okay, whatever.

FRANK

Just saying...

DANIEL

Yes, I know you're 'just saying'. It's sorted itself out, so...

FRANK

Yes, I know it's sorted.

DANIEL stops as he's about to put the bread in the toaster.

DANIEL

It is sorted. Why do you want to bring it up?

FRANK

Everyone has ups and downs...

DANIEL

Yes, and?

FRANK

And...we were there for you.

DANIEL

So you're saying it's my turn?

FRANK  
No -  
DANIEL  
You don't think I'd look after you anyway?!

FRANK  
I didn't say that!

DANIEL  
You make it sound like I'm being forced to have you here by that...  
sodding nurse!

FRANK  
You were hardly overjoyed when you heard it was two weeks..

DANIEL throws two slices of bread in the toaster.

DANIEL  
So it is what you think?

FRANK  
No! God you're hard work. Look, we've all of us had problems but we  
know we can lean on each other. That's all I'm saying. Blimey..

DANIEL calms from anger to a sulk.

DANIEL  
Well...you're here cos you're my dad. End of.

FRANK smiles warmly to himself.

FRANK  
And I appreciate it.

FRANK looks at DANIEL straight in the eye.

FRANK  
I do, Daniel. Really.

DANIEL smiles.

The toast pops up. DANIEL quickly butters the toast and pours the  
beans over it. DANIEL carries the plate to his father at the dining  
table. DANIEL moves the projector and the duck to the side.

DANIEL  
Here you go...

FRANK  
You're a good boy. Good to your dad.

DANIEL  
Shush...

FRANK picks up his knife and fork and begins to eat.

DANIEL quickly enters the kitchen, immediately returning with a  
bowl. DANIEL takes FRANK'S knife and fork from him and places the  
bowl over the food. FRANK looks confused.

DANIEL  
Come on.

FRANK sits bewildered. DANIEL fetches the wheelchair.

DANIEL  
We're going around the block!

EXT. DANIEL'S STREET - NIGHT

DANIEL helps FRANK down the last step and into the wheelchair.  
FRANK gets comfortable.

FRANK  
And we're outside because...?

DANIEL  
You've not had any exercise today.

DANIEL begins pushing his father down the pavement.

FRANK  
You're the one pushing the chair.

DANIEL  
You also need fresh air.

FRANK shrugs as he takes in the scenery. The street light flickers, but  
FRANK doesn't acknowledge it.

DANIEL slowly pushes FRANK down the street. It's a very still night,  
the street is calm, clean and clear.

DANIEL  
I am better, just so you know.

FRANK  
I know.

DANIEL  
Yes, but wanted you to hear it from me. So you know those 'epi-  
sodes' and all the other... 'business' is behind me.

FRANK  
You can say the words you know...

DANIEL  
- anorexic schizo nutcase? .

FRANK rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

FRANK  
Don't. It's history. Over.

DANIEL tries to smile.

FRANK  
I'd not be here if they thought you weren't capable.

DANIEL  
mmm...suppose...

FRANK  
'Suppose'..

DANIEL continues pushing FRANK in the chair. They continue in con-  
tented silence. They complete the circuit of the block and return to  
the steps below DANIEL'S flat. The WOMAN with the dog is walking  
towards them.

DANIEL smiles to himself, it's been a pleasant night in the warm  
calm air. DANIEL bends to secure the brakes of the wheelchair.

FRANK ruffles DANIEL'S hair.

FRANK  
(poking fun)  
Phew, I'm knackered...

DANIEL pulls away, but smiles then stands and ruffles his father's hair.

FRANK

Watch it - ain't got much left...

The WOMAN and dog appear next to DANIEL. Her smile looks curiously concerned. She pulls her raincoat around her to keep out the chill.

She doesn't acknowledge FRANK.

WOMAN

You okay love?

DANIEL



Yes... all good. You?

The woman nods and continues walking, occasionally turning to look at DANIEL, squinting through the rain which now falls quite heavily.

DANIEL nods again to the WOMAN and prepares FRANK for the steps to his flat.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK holds the door while DANIEL carries in the wheelchair.

FRANK removes his dressing gown and sits at the dining table while

DANIEL takes off his coat and shoes.

DANIEL

Finish your dinner.

FRANK removes the bowl from this plate.

DANIEL begins to return his bed into a sofa once more.

FRANK

Leave it down, we'll see what's on the projector and stretch out.

DANIEL

Okay, just don't fall asleep. I'm not carrying you to bed.

FRANK

I won't...

DANIEL

Have you snoring in my ear...

FRANK

I'm not going to sleep!

FRANK continues to eat.

DANIEL

I know you. You'll get comfortable and next thing you're twitching and snoring...

FRANK speaks with his mouth full.

FRANK

I won't go to sleep!

FRANK feigns a sulk.

FRANK

Poor old dad can't even have a kip now, even after a stroke. My leg is sore too.

DANIEL laughs, FRANK pushes his plate as he finishes his food.

DANIEL

All right. Sit... before you collapse.

FRANK switches on the projector. Immediately the far wall is illuminated with a large white scratched square. Images of DANIEL'S MOTHER and a much YOUNGER FRANK appear on the wall.

FRANK hurries to the sofa bed and practically jumps on it like a child. DANIEL and FRANK are bathed in the light and the images reflected from the wall - they sit engrossed by what they see.

The YOUNG FRANK and his late wife are playing in the sand joined by a four or five year old DANIEL at Bournemouth. DANIEL'S GRAND-MOTHER joins them. All smile intermittently at the camera, squinting and making funny faces whilst being filmed.

DANIEL and FRANK continue to watch, they smile, their faces illuminated by the light from the projector. The noise of the projector whirring is the only sound.

DANIEL leans forward as he concentrates on the images. FRANK'S face turns blank and expressionless.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL is fast asleep. FRANK'S face is illuminated by the light of the projector, but the film has long finished.

A fly lands on the white-lit square on the wall, FRANK'S face remains expressionless.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

DANIEL'S head and shoulders being pulled out then pushed underwater over and over rapidly. FRANK'S head and shoulders being pulled out then pushed underwater over and over rapidly. Both are gasping and trashing about madly.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL is asleep on the sofa - the bed now put away. He stretches and wakes. FRANK is awake and watching TV, he's concentrating hard. The TV is on 'mute'.

DANIEL  
Oh...shit. Done it again, haven't I?

FRANK  
You were only gone five minutes. Barely closed your eyes.  
DANIEL stretches and yawns.

DANIEL  
What's this?

DANIEL nods to the TV.  
FRANK frowns trying to decipher what he watches.

FRANK  
Not sure. Some... woman talking to... a man... about... something.  
DANIEL rolls his eyes.

DANIEL  
(sarcastic)  
Glad I woke up!

FRANK  
I think that bloke there, him there...has been collecting blind dogs  
for the guides or something.

DANIEL  
(translating)  
Guide dogs for the blind. Yes...

FRANK doesn't notice DANIEL'S correction and continues to speculate.

FRANK  
Think he's getting an award or medal... hard to tell.

DANIEL  
Do you think it would be easier with the sound up?

FRANK  
Was seeing if I could lip read - 'case I went deaf...

DANIEL doesn't have an answer. DANIEL watches his father as he stares intently at the TV.

DANIEL  
Ever wonder where you'll be in ten years time?

FRANK  
If you start off now we'll see, shall we?

DANIEL  
You know what I mean. Got to wonder what we're doing here.

FRANK  
Well, I'm watching shite TV with the sound off - what are you doing?

DANIEL  
Dad...

FRANK  
I'm serious. What you doing? Stuck in here with me, should be out  
there with your friends - meeting a nice girl -  
DANIEL glances at his father.

FRANK  
- nice boy...

DANIEL is surprised by the acceptance of his sexuality.

FRANK  
What happened with - what's his face? He didn't look too interested  
if you don't mind me saying.

DANIEL  
God...Peter. Forgotten about him...

DANIEL loses himself in thought.

FRANK  
Was it my fault? Wasn't exactly pleasant to him.  
DANIEL slowly comes out of his thoughts.

DANIEL  
No, no. Should call him, I suppose.

FRANK  
You never talk about being a...you know, being.. a gay.  
DANIEL smiles awkwardly.

DANIEL  
Not something I feel comfortable talking about to be honest. To you.

FRANK  
You talked to your mother about it.  
DANIEL is taken by surprise.

DANIEL  
She told you?

FRANK  
'Course. Hell, you don't think something like that would be ignored,  
do you? You were only fourteen.. we were worried sick. You having  
to cope with that as well as everything else..

DANIEL  
Neither of you said.

FRANK  
We were talking about you, not to you. Talked about everything. She  
had her opinion, I had mine.

DANIEL  
We knew what yours was...

FRANK  
Mine was mine cos you never talked to me -

DANIEL  
You were always too angry.

INT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY  
1993. FRANK marching after a fourteen year old DANIEL through  
their house. DANIEL storms into his bedroom.

DANIEL  
You don't understand anything!!  
FRANK (OOV)  
- all I'd get was a door slamming between me and an angry face...

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK and DANIEL are chatting on the sofa.

DANIEL

You'd have had a calm conversation with me?

FRANK

Not straight away...

DANIEL looks smug.

FRANK

But eventually we could have. If your mother had been there. Maybe she's here...?

DANIEL looks at his father curiously.

FRANK

We're talking aren't we?

DANIEL smiles.

DANIEL

And no punches have been...swung...

DANIEL smiles but remembers the fight they both had in the bathroom.

DANIEL

All got... out of hand... the other night.

DANIEL looks guilty.

FRANK

I must be losing my touch, though.

DANIEL doesn't know what FRANK means.

FRANK

Not a bloody mark on you!

FRANK smiles at DANIEL, relieving the tension. FRANK shoves DANIEL and laughs. DANIEL smiles sheepishly.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

The TV is on, but the screen simply reads 'Programmes start again at 5:30'.

DANIEL is asleep on the sofa. DANIEL'S eyes begin twitching then suddenly open. Next to his face on the arm of the sofa is a filthy hand, nails dirty, gnarled and bitten.

DANIEL gasps and sits bolt upright. The hand is gone.

DANIEL rubs his eyes and calms his breath. DANIEL takes a moment then bravely looks over the arm of the sofa.

There is nothing there. DANIEL is relieved and takes another calming breath.

INT. SITTING ROOM - MORNING.

DANIEL stands on a stool near the kitchen. He holds a rolled up newspaper in his hand and tries to reach a fly on the wall. He slams the wall with the paper, but misses the fly.

DANIEL

Y'little .. bastard!

FRANK comes out of the bedroom and stares at DANIEL.

FRANK

What are you doing?! All I've heard for the last twenty minutes is slam, slam, slam and bastard, bastard, bastard. Thought Gordon Ramsay was on.

DANIEL

There's a load of flies in here.

DANIEL keeps his eye on one fly, preparing to slam it with the newspaper.

FRANK

Open the window.

DANIEL

That's how they're getting in! I think..

FRANK

Where?

DANIEL looks around the room and points at one or two flies.

DANIEL

There! Look! Buggers everywhere...

FRANK

They're only flies!

DANIEL

(swatting)

Going to get that sticky paper. Can't stand them buzzing around my head...

DANIEL gets off the stool and walks to his bedroom. He returns putting on his coat.

DANIEL

All right on your own a couple of minutes?

FRANK tenses.

FRANK

On my own?

DANIEL

Gonna nip out.

DANIEL opens the front door.

FRANK

I'll come with you!

DANIEL

It's raining. I'll be back in two minutes.

DANIEL steps outside and is about to close the door, when FRANK grabs his arm.

FRANK

What do you want to go out for?!

DANIEL

For the fly paper!

DANIEL tries to close the door, but FRANK steps out onto the step barefooted, still gripping DANIEL'S arm.

FRANK

They're only flies!

DANIEL becomes concerned.

DANIEL

Dad, I'll be two minutes.

FRANK

Five minutes! You can't reach the end of the road in two minutes!

DANIEL

What's wrong? Do you want the doctor?

FRANK

No, I don't want the fucking doctor!

DANIEL notices the WOMAN with the dog on the other side of the road watching them. DANIEL ignores her curious stare and ushers his father back inside.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL moves FRANK to the dining table pulling out a chair but he refuses to sit. FRANK quietens but remains panicked.

FRANK

I don't feel...safe. Not on my own.

FRANK finally sits at the table. DANIEL sits next to him.

DANIEL tries to speak calmly softly.

DANIEL

You're perfectly safe here.

FRANK stands up, marches to the front door and locks it.

FRANK

What if I had a turn? Or tripped over?

DANIEL

Dad...

FRANK

What if that nurse comes back? What would I say to her?

DANIEL

Just chat till I get back. She's not going to make you do anything.

FRANK

And if you're held up, talking to someone?

DANIEL

I'm coming straight back.

FRANK

I don't want to be here on my own!

DANIEL takes a breath, stares with concern at his father then take-soff his coat.

FRANK sits on the sofa and holds his face in his hands.

DANIEL

I'm sorry. It was those stupid flies...

FRANK

I don't know what's wrong with me.

DANIEL sits next to his father.

DANIEL

It's all right. I'll stay in.

FRANK smiles, trying to look composed. DANIEL puts his arm around his father's shoulder.

FRANK

It's just a couple of flies...

DANIEL rubs his father's shoulder pretending all is well again.

DANIEL

Just stupid flies...

Father and son sit in silence.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL sits at the dining table watching another home movie on the projector unconsciously fiddling with the crystal duck. On the wall ahead DANIEL'S mother dances in the back yard holding her new-born son GRAHAM. Her bleached blond hair shining in the sun as she dances in and out of the 'whites' hanging on the washing line. The glass wind-chimes glint in the background.

FRANK stands at the mantle-piece looking at the photo of his late wife. He is illuminated by the projector's light.



DANIEL stretches but is content to let the images flow over him but his face becomes serious.

DANIEL

Did you ever blame me?

FRANK doesn't understand.

DANIEL

I stressed her out, with all my 'stuff'.

DANIEL joins his father at the mantle piece. The images now re-lected onto both of them.

DANIEL

Used to think she was faking it, the way she'd flop down on the sofa...

INT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY

DANIEL'S childhood sitting room. His MOTHER, looking tired, sits down heavily on the sofa. Twelve year old DANIEL throws his school blazer and bag on the easy chair. He shouts in the face of his mother, but there is no sound.

DANIEL'S MOTHER mouths the words but it's DANIEL'S voice.

DANIEL (OOV)

'You wear me out, Dan,' she'd say. 'Haven't the strength ...'

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK and DANIEL at the mantle-piece..

DANIEL

And she didn't...

FRANK

We agreed not to tell you...and that's the way it was.

DANIEL

If I'd known -

FRANK

You didn't cause her tumour.

DANIEL

But if I'd have known. Understood why you were so...preoccupied. Thought you didn't give a toss about me.. my problems.

FRANK sits at the table and pauses the home movie. On the wall DANIEL'S mother is suddenly frozen with a sheet she's partially pulled over her face coyly.

FRANK

You were having a hard time...

DANIEL

But she died so fast.

FRANK

Yes...didn't see that coming. Not even the doctors. You turned the corner, medication was working, eating again, playing outside. Remember when you were late home from school?

INT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY

DANIEL'S childhood kitchen. DANIEL'S MOTHER is wearing a scarf over her head, having lost all her hair, thin eyebrows thin and ashen skin. Fourteen year old DANIEL comes in, he has chocolate on his lips and is licking his fingers.

DANIEL'S Mother looks worried and grabs his arm as he walks past her.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

Where've you been? Been worried sick!

DANIEL

Been with mates, haven't I.

DANIEL'S MOTHER looks at DANIEL'S face. She grabs a tissue and wipes the chocolate from his face and dabs her tongue on it.

DANIEL

Mum! That's gross..

DANIEL'S MOTHER

Chocolate?!

DANIEL pushes his mother and her tissue away and huffs off like a typical teenager out of the kitchen.

DANIEL'S MOTHER claps her hands and laughs as she grips the tissue to her face.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK and DANIEL at the mantle-piece.

FRANK

Best birthday present she'd had in ages.

FRANK takes a big breath.

FRANK

Reckon she stopped worrying after that.

DANIEL thinks very carefully about what his father has just said. His face turns serious.

DANIEL

So my problems kept her alive?

FRANK

(frowning)

May have given her something to... cling to...

FRANK stares seriously at his son.

FRANK

But she'd not have clung on forever! Never think anything other! Understand?

DANIEL stares back at his father and switches on the movie again. His mother suddenly alive and once more dancing in and out of the washing on the line.

FRANK

Daniel?!

DANIEL nods but is still lost in the images of his mother. FRANK watches him blank faced.

INT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY

Cine footage. GRANDMOTHER holding a four year old DANIEL in her arms, both waving to DANIEL'S MOTHER through the window. DANIEL straining to get to his Mother, struggling and screaming to get away from the grip that holds him back.

His mother looks at him with a wry smile. She holds a new baby to which she dangles the crystal duck. She turns her back on DANIEL to walk away with the YOUNG FRANK.

YOUNG FRANK smirks unkindly at the now 'present day DANIEL' looking at him as they leave. DANIEL reaches out vainly to them.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL suddenly wakes, he is covered in cold sweat and gasping for breath.

DANIEL quickly switches on the gas fire, a low yellow glow fills the room.

DANIEL looks confused and half asleep but senses something watching him.

DANIEL creeps towards the window. His hand slowly reaches and grips one of the curtains. DANIEL holds his breath and pulls the curtain back.

DANIEL is horrified as a haggard, disheveled face, with matted hair and dirty beard glares back menacingly through the condensation covered glass.

DANIEL releases the curtain and scrambles backwards onto the floor away from the window trying to catch his terrified breath.

DANIEL in an extreme state of panic looks about him. The room is filled with flies, the photo of his mother lies smashed on the hearth, the chess board is a mess with the Knight still broken in two.

The dining table is covered in rotten food, the dusty crystal duck lays on its side, the blue neon light from the open fridge door gives the kitchen a ghostly air, old rancid milk slowly drips from the fridge door splashing in a growing lumpy stalagmite on the floor below. The super 8 projector sits in its box on the sofa. A shadowy figure appears in the bedroom doorway. DANIEL'S breathing quickens with panic until he can hardly draw breath.

FRANK

Daniel?

The sitting room light is switched on and DANIEL is shocked but relieved to see his father standing in the bedroom doorway.

The room is normal again - no flies, no mess on the dining table, mother's photo intact on the mantle, chess board perfectly set up in the corner, projector on the dining table next to the glinting crystal duck.

DANIEL takes a relieved but confused breath.

DANIEL

The worst nightmare...

FRANK

Oh?

DANIEL

Gran and.. Mother. Some horrible man at the window..

FRANK

What you doing on the floor?

DANIEL gets up feeling foolish.

DANIEL

Get back to bed. It's late.

FRANK

Nah. I'm up now. Want a brew? Look like you need one..

DANIEL

I'll make it. Sit.. so bizarre..

DANIEL enters the kitchen and FRANK sits at the dining table. A fly lands on FRANK'S hand, then another and another.

FRANK looks at the three flies with a blank expression, but doesn't swat them away.

INT. SITTING ROOM - MORNING.

DANIEL is asleep at the dining table, with his head face down in the crook of his elbow. The curtains are closed but light shines through the edges into the room.

There is a knock at the door.

DANIEL'S head remains buried in the crook of his arm but he slowly starts to stir.

Another knock, harder this time.

NURSE (OOV)

Mr Thomas! Mr Thomas? Will you let me in! It's nurse Jenkins. Please!

DANIEL raises his head.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

The NURSE stands on the doorstep trying to see signs of life inside.

NURSE

Mr Thomas! Please let me in...

The NURSE looks to the road. There is a police car with a male and female officer standing next to it. The POLICEWOMAN is talking to the same WOMAN with the dog DANIEL met in the street.

The NURSE nods to the officers.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL stands, concerned by the commotion outside his door. His chair topples noisily backwards onto the floor. DANIEL stands fixed to the spot. The photo of his mother is smashed on the hearth but another also stands intact on the mantle. Images of his mother dance on the wall but the projector is still in its box on the table. DANIEL stares curiously around him. FRANK enters the room.

DANIEL

Dad! That nurse is outside!

FRANK

Let her in then.

DANIEL

What?... But you didn't want to see anyone!

FRANK

When?

DANIEL is still confused and closes his eyes to concentrate a moment. DANIEL opens his eyes and FRANK is now sat at the dining table. DANIEL'S confusion is interrupted by more knocking at the front door.

DANIEL

You wouldn't let me open the door -before?!

FRANK

That? Ah, we need to forget that.

FRANK heads to the door, but DANIEL holds him back.

DANIEL

Don't!

FRANK

Its time to open the door Daniel.

More knocking.

NURSE(OOV)

Daniel? You must let us in!

DANIEL stares at his father, looking for answers.

DANIEL

What shall I do?

FRANK

Let them in.

DANIEL paces around trying to find answers. Flies buzz around.  
FRANK enters the sitting room from the bathroom and sits at the dining table.

DANIEL

I'll say I was helping you...in the bedroom!

FRANK

Why?

DANIEL

- the bathroom then!

DANIEL remembers something about the bath.

DANIEL

In... the bath...

FRANK

Up to you Daniel. It's always been up to you.

There is another knock at the door.

DANIEL grips his father's arm.

FRANK

Now now. Time to stop all this.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

The NURSE is moved away from the door by the two POLICE OFFICERS.

POLICEMAN

Mr Thomas! Have to let us in now Mr Thomas.

You have one minute.

They all wait a few moments for some response. The POLICEWOMAN nods to the POLICEMAN.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL backs away from the door.

DANIEL

I'm scared, Dad.

FRANK

I know.

DANIEL

We're okay though, the two of us, yes? You like it just being us, don't you?

No answer from FRANK.

DANIEL

Just us two.

FRANK smiles then looks to the door.

POLICEMAN (OOV)

Move away from the door Mr Thomas.

DANIEL looks to his father for answers.

FRANK

It will all be over soon Daniel.

DANIEL is more confused and hugs his father tight.

There is a loud crash as the door is smashed open. The two police officers stand in the doorway. The NURSE stands behind them.

DANIEL stands with his arms wrapped tightly around himself alone. DANIEL is dressed in a dirty pair of jogging bottoms and heavily sweat stained vest. He is filthy - black long half bitten nails, grey unwashed hands, hair matted and several days of beard growth on his gaunt, sunken eyed, haggard face - the same face that frightened him the window when he pulled back the curtain.

The dining table is a mess with rotten food and dirty crockery and cutlery everywhere. The fridge door is open with rancid rotten food hanging out of it riddled with flies, a stalagmite of fetid milk on the floor where it had dripped for days. Filthy dishes pile up the sink, left dried and blue with mold. The projector sits its box on the sofa. The dusty crystal duck tipped on its side.

The photo of DANIEL'S mother lies smashed on the hearth and the chess set is once again a mismatched mess with the Knight broken in two.

The POLICE OFFICERS step further into the room, they hold their hands up to their mouths and noses to quell the stench. The POLICEWOMAN wafts several flies from her face.

POLICEWOMAN

Mr Thomas, where is your father?

DANIEL unwraps his arms from around himself, he is very confused.

The NURSE steps tentatively into the room. She looks around the sitting room then approaches the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The NURSE gently pushes open the door. The room is dark, the light switch fails to work. She is momentarily startled, as the glass wind-chimes rattle. They settle and the Nurse steps further into the room and switches on the bedside lamp.

The room fills with with a low yellow-orange light. She looks around and spots FRANK'S pyjamas in a pile on the floor to the side of the bed. The bed is a mess with dirty linen, drawers pulled out, wardrobe doors open, revealing a clothes half hanging, half thrown in a pile inside. FRANK however, is not inside.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

The POLICEWOMAN approaches DANIEL.

POLICEWOMAN

What happened, Daniel? Can you tell us what happened here?  
Where is your father Daniel?

The NURSE returns from the bedroom, she shakes her head to the POLICEMAN.

The NURSE approaches the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The NURSE slowly pushes open the door. The room is dark and she feels around for the light pull-cord, finally finds it and pulls and the bright light fills the room.

She looks at the dirty sink. Above it, the mirrored cabinet door is open. The empty THORAZINE pill bottle sits with its lid off. She reads the label and the date and places it in her pocket.

She looks to her left, the shower curtain is pulled around the bath. Her nostrils flare and she puts her fingers to her nose to stop the

smell. She can hear and see sickening shadows of the countless flies that buzz behind the curtain

She bravely reaches out, gathers her strength and quickly pulls the curtain back.

The NURSE gasps with shock and horror at the spectacle before her.

The contained flies scatter like a black nightmarish cloud revealing the nightmare they'd been drawn to. She puts both her hands to her mouth to stop her scream.

FRANK is in the bath, both his feet and ankles jut out of brown rancid bath water, the rest of FRANK'S body is submerged and barely visible through the rank translucent soup-like water. FRANK'S skin has a brown stained swollen quality resembling over boiled chicken - dead and soft.

The NURSE slowly reaches out to touch FRANK'S dead foot but immediately pulls away fearing she may throw up. The NURSE quickly leaves the room.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

The NURSE comes out of the bathroom looking sick and disturbed. She takes off her glasses to wipe her face.

NURSE

He's... in there. Dead.

The POLICEWOMAN enters the bathroom.

NURSE

Your father, Daniel. What happened? He's dead Daniel.

DANIEL sits down slowly at the table, he is more confused than upset, he tries to remember.

DANIEL

No-no. We were just talking...

The POLICEWOMAN comes out of the bathroom and approaches the NURSE.

POLICEWOMAN

How long has he been dead do you think?

NURSE

At least a week. Maybe ten days, difficult with him being underwater so long...

DANIEL hears them talking.

DANIEL

Stop whispering about him... he was just here talking...

Tears slowly roll down DANIEL'S face.

DANIEL

.. about my dream...

NURSE

What dream, dear?

DANIEL

We're... father and son. Properly. Getting along so well.

DANIEL smiles at the NURSE, hoping she'll understand.

The NURSE crouches before DANIEL and rubs his hand.

NURSE

Was it an... accident? In the bath? Did he slip?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Flashback. DANIEL massages FRANK'S calf.

DANIEL

Don't know why your legs are so tired, not as if you walk anywhere.

FRANK is submerged under the water, dead. DANIEL holds a lifeless leg smiling as if FRANK is alive and well.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

The POLICEMAN returns from the bathroom. He leans in close to speak privately to the POLICEWOMAN, who then nods to him. The POLICEMAN then speaks into his radio.

POLICEMAN

Ambulance please. Adult male, dead a week - ten days. Drowning..

She holds up the pill bottle.

NURSE

When did you finish these Daniel?

DANIEL

To keep my weight up.

DANIEL then cups his mouth to whisper privately to the NURSE smiles.

..- and to stop those silly people talking in my ears. Dad called them my 'imaginary friends'..

DANIEL winks at the NURSE.

DANIEL

I took the last one yesterday - before you came... day before...

NURSE

I not been here for over a three weeks, my love...

DANIEL frowns in confusion.

DANIEL

No, Dad'll tell you...

NURSE

Your father's dead, darling...

DANIEL panics.

DANIEL

Oh stop! He was just here!

DANIEL stands up suddenly. The NURSE stands.

DANIEL

Tell you himself.. Dad! Dad!!

The POLICEWOMAN steps forward and grips DANIEL'S arm.

POLICEMAN

Settle down, Mr Thomas.

DANIEL

You have to speak to him!

The NURSE looks concerned fearing DANIEL may lose control.

POLICEMAN

Its best you come with us, Mr Thomas.

Nurse? Does he need sedation..?

DANIEL doesn't struggle but continues to look around the room for his father's whereabouts.

The NURSE shakes her head sure that DANIEL won't cause trouble.

The POLICEMAN cuffs DANIEL'S wrists and gently leads him to the front door.

NURSE

I'll wait here for the ambulance.

DANIEL

No! Dad needs me here, he'll be worried where I am.

NURSE

Go with the nice policeman, Daniel. I'll see to your father.

The POLICEWOMAN joins the NURSE. The NURSE shows the pill bottle.

NURSE



Schizophrenia medication. Would have run out weeks ago going by the date..

POLICEWOMAN

Woman few doors down - says she saw him about a week ago.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Flashback. DANIEL pushes an empty wheelchair down the street. DANIEL is filthy with dirty hair, hands and beard, he meets the WOMAN with her dog. She looks at him curiously as he pushes the empty chair stopping at the foot of his steps.

WOMAN

You all right love?

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

The POLICEWOMAN is talking to the NURSE.

POLICEWOMAN

Looked a bit odd talking to an empty chair but he wasn't doing any harm. - Bless her, felt awful for not calling us herself but said he'd have been dead a while by then so nothing she could have done...

Will you come to the station later, we'll need a statement as you found him.

The NURSE smiles sadly and nods.

The POLICEWOMAN follows DANIEL, led by the POLICEMAN, to the front door.

DANIEL looks to the NURSE for answers but all she can do is give a sympathetic smile.

DANIEL is led to his front door.

EXT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY

DANIEL steps out through the dazzling French windows into his GRANDMOTHER'S full bloom Summer garden and into the brilliant sunshine.

DANIEL'S face turns from confused sadness to amazed relief. He looks around him at the beautiful garden, the apple trees, the slightly overgrown grass and wild flowers, the pollen catching the light as it floats on the breeze. His eyes get suddenly drawn to the glass wind-chimes as they clink in the breeze just outside the French windows.

DANIEL closes his eyes and sighs smiling to himself, breathing in the summer air.

DANIEL opens his eyes once more, his face clean and shaven, his hair neat and combed. He looks down at his clean and manicured hands.

POLICEMAN (OOV)

Come on, son.

DANIEL hears the POLICEMAN'S voice and looks up at his face. It is not the POLICEMAN'S face that smiles back but his father's. FRANK'S hand is in the place of the handcuffs.

FRANK wearing his fresh green striped 'day-jamas' leads DANIEL further into the Summer garden. FRANK points ahead waving to DANIEL'S MOTHER who waits for them at the garden gate. DANIEL smiles, tears in his eyes then glances back to the house. DANIEL'S GRANDMOTHER stands in the French windows, she smiles and waves him off. DANIEL smiles back at her then grips FRANK'S arm as they continue on.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

The NURSE joins the POLICEWOMAN at the front door. Through the drizzle they watch as the POLICEMAN and DANIEL walk toward the police car. They both look on curiously as DANIEL looks on smiling contentedly with happy tears in his eyes.

EXT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY

The sun shines brightly as DANIEL and FRANK approach the garden gate to where DANIEL'S MOTHER waits with open arms.

END



A FILM BY KEVIN SONNICHSEN

# PINTAURO ROAD

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**RELATIONSHIPS**

# MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 3 | Autumn 2012

**PARENT  
LOVER  
PRIEST  
FRIEND  
ELDER  
BOSS  
ENEMY  
SLAVE  
SUPERVISOR  
NEIGHBOR  
ONE NIGHT STAND  
MODEL  
HEALER  
WARD  
SUPPLIER  
SERVANT  
EGO**

Issue No. 3 of Masculine Magazine will explore RELATIONSHIPS. We are asking photographers, writers, designers, architects, musicians, sculptors, poets - artists of all kind to consider and reflect on the important relationships in their lives. How were they formed? How do they work? What do you get from them? We and our work are formed and informed by our relationships - both positive and negative. Are relationships changing, and if so, in what ways? Issue No. 3 of Masculine Magazine wants to hear what you have to say about the relationships in your life.

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 3, please contact Masculine Magazine at: [submissions@masculinemagazine.com](mailto:submissions@masculinemagazine.com)

Deadline for submissions is November 12, 2012.