

JASPER SPICERO

Centry School

Opening: 17th of March, 5-8 pm

Exhibition period ends: 23rd of April

Gallery opening hours:

Wednesday – Friday 11 am-5 pm, Saturday 12-4 pm

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY - MARCH 17, 2014

CLOSE UP The back of a young boys head. A scar creates a trail through his induction style haircut. It reaches from the frontal bone of his skull, down the back of his neck and into the cape of his blue-grey cadet uniform. Subtle ink residue from a surgical site marking runs parallel the scar. This is 12-year-old CHANCE FERA.

TITLE OVER: CENTRY SCHOOL

Four boys march up the snow covered hillside. The order in which they walk tells us about each boy:

Chance leads, the naturalist by birthright, carving a smart pathway in the snow while whistling "Bethany's Prayer";

TRINITY next, the easy going cadet, feeling no need to assert his authority. Snow compacts gently beneath his shoes UNIFORM CLASS C.

SAM and NATHANEAL HORTON advance despite their instinctive trepidation; Lagging also because of their inexperience with cold weather.

INT. WINDOWED CORRIDOR – SUNSET

Two male sentries guard the lengthy corridor marching together in unison from one end to the other. They lead us to MARTHA sitting in a grey plastic chair. She is located near one of many person sized windows that line the sterile hallway. Outside spans a pale landscape of dead trees and snow.

Martha is wearing a robe draped over a spinal brace that looks like scaffolding. The brace creates protrusions on the outer surface of the thin hospital fabric.

She lifts a pair of binoculars to her marble-like eyes and directs them out the window.

CLOSE UP a stellar jay perched on a tree branch.

MARTHA

Unusual for this area and time of year.

STELLAR JAY takes flight. Martha follows the bird until it escapes her magnified view. She then scans the valley to discover four boys surrounding a damp, smouldering fire.

EXT. CAMPSITE – DUSK

Chance, Trinity and THE HORTON TWINS stare blankly into rising smoke. The fading sunlight reflecting on sheets of snow casts an admiral blue glow on their faces flush with cold.

CHANCE

My surface may seem smooth but my surface is my mask.