INT. Hallway. BOTTOM OF STAIRS. AFTERNOON.

MOTHER is shouting at bottom of stairs to son OLLY, upstairs. She’s wearing red coat, scarf, gloves, black trousers. She has short brown hair. Middle aged – mid 30’s.

MOTHER

Olly hurry up, it’s time to go.

OLLY

(Shouting)

Alright alright, i’m coming for god sake

5 seconds pass.

MOTHER

C’mon we havn’t got all day.

MOTHER walks out door quickly, leaving it open. Olly slowly walks down stairs, mumbling as he walks. Grabs his coat and quickly walks towards the MOTHER.