MRS. WILKINSON | Brought your things?  
BILLY | I don't know if they're right, Miss.  
MRS. WILKINSON | If they're special to you, they're right.  
BILLY | What are they for?  
MRS. WILKINSON | To give us some ideas for a dance.  
Come on, then. Let's see 'em.

*Billy delves into his plastic bag and brings out a Newcastle United strip, a football, a tape and a letter.*

MRS. WILKINSON | What's that?  
BILLY | It's a letter.  
MRS. WILKINSON | I can see it's a letter.

*Billy pauses.*

MRS. WILKINSON | It's my mom's.  
BILLY | *MRS. WILKINSON looks at him.*

She wrote it, for when I was eighteen.  
...but I opened it.  
Here.

*He gives the letter to Mrs. Wilkinson. She is not sure whether to open it.*  
*She does so tentatively. She looks at it with trepidation. She reads:*  

MRS. WILKINSON | "To my son, Billy."
"Dear Billy:  
I know I must seem like a distant memory to you.  
Which is probably a good thing."  
"It will have been a long time...  
...and I will have missed seeing you grow.  
Missed you crying, laughing and shouting and ..."

*BILLY takes over, having memorised the letter.*

MRS. WILKINSON | "... I will have missed telling you off.  
But please know that I was always there ..."

Mrs. Wilkinson joins him.

BILLY | "... with you through everything.  
And I always will be ..."

BILLY & MRS. WILKINSON | "... And I am proud to have known you.  
And I'm proud that you were mine.  
Always be yourself.  
I'll love you forever."

*MRS. WILKINSON checks to see if it's the end.*

MRS. WILKINSON | "Mom."
MRS. WILKINSON | She must have been a very special woman, your mother.
BILLY | No, she was just me mom.

*She hands the letter back.*