

BROKEN - SAMPLE

Written by

Lewis Benjamin Peck

FADE IN:

INT. METAL CONTAINER - DAY

JOE, (35, muscular, quiet) wide-eyed and splattered with blood, breathes heavy.

A tool station is bolted on the wall behind Joe.

Joe looks down at his shaking and bloodied hands.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS AGO

BUUUUUUUZZZZZZZ -- The GATE opens as Joe walks into the car park, carrying two bin bags.

Joe takes a quick look around before spotting...

ETHAN (36, out of shape, stubborn) stands next to what was a very stylish car back in the early 00s.

Joe drops the bags and they hug.

ETHAN

Man is it good to see you.
(releasing the hug)
Where you staying?

I/E ETHAN'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Ethan looks over at Joe and takes a long, hard, happy look.

JOE

What?

ETHAN

Just, can't believe the day's finally here.

(beat)

We've got a lot of catching up to do... Plus, you are going to love me.

(beat)

I've got you a job.

Joe takes a long blink. SIGH.

JOE

Ethan, I--

ETHAN

--You need to get back on your feet.

JOE

I literally just got out.

ETHAN

This ain't no holiday Joe, this is the rest of your life we're talking about.

(beat)

My dad's looking for someone to help at the store.

JOE

I dunno.

ETHAN

Come on man, he needs someone and you need a job. Just go see him.

JOE

(beat)

Fine!... Fine.

Ethan continues to drive, he can't keep his excitement inside.

ETHAN

Joe and Ethan back at last!

Joe smiles as he stares out the window.

I/E. SEAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

SEAN (29, scrawny, creepy) in a cheap suit, drives his three door rust heap of a car.

Sean WHISTLES to the song on the radio.

EXT. ROSE FAMILY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front garden is immaculate, bright flowers and mowed lawn. Sean parks the car in the driveway.

Sean steps out of the car, blazer in hand. Continuing to whistle, he walks over to the boot with a real spring in his step.

Sean opens the boot and pulls out a heavy duffel bag. He shuts the boot and heads to the front door.

Sean raises the car keys above his head...

BEEP-BEEP -- the lights flash on the car as the doors lock.

INT. ROSE FAMILY HOUSE/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The wallpaper and the carpet haven't changed since the 90s. What used to be a cotton-blend is now a horrible faded yellow.

Sean's silhouette appears through the frosted glass on the front door.

Sean enters, shuts the door and hangs up his blazer.

Sean drops the duffel bag on the floor -- CLANK.

SEAN

I'm home.

Sean spots a red bloodstain on his sleeve. *TUT*. He licks his thumb and tries to rub it out.

INT. ROSE FAMILY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sun peers through gaps in the closed curtains, it sprays light over this retro room. An archway connects the room to the kitchen.

PAULA (66, decrepit, languid) sits in an armchair that faces a static television, her eyes glazed over.

INT. ROSE FAMILY HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sean walks in and opens a cupboard, everything is labelled and in a meticulous order. Sean grabs two mugs, starts to boil the kettle and make the teas.

INT. ROSE FAMILY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sean shuffles in with both mugs. He places Paula's tea on a side table by her armchair.

Sean grabs a bottle of Aricept from his pocket, takes two tablets and puts them beside her tea.

PAULA

The television's not working.

Sean grabs the remote.

SEAN

Let me see.

He changes the channel to a cookery program.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You had it on the wrong station.

PAULA

Thank you George.

SEAN

(unfazed)

Ma, it's Sean.

PAULA

Who?

Paula turns to Sean.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Sorry dear, my head's not quite on.

SEAN

Ma, I've got some great news.

Paula turns back to the television.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Someone's coming home.

No response.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(kneeling down)

You listening?

PAULA

This isn't my show.

SEAN

Ma?

PAULA

What's that George?

SIGH.

SEAN

Ma, it's Joe. Joe's coming home.

Paula snaps her head round to Sean.

PAULA
Don't you ever mention that name in
this house.
(hysterical)
Never!

SEAN
But--

PAULA
--That boy is dead to us!

SEAN
He's my brother.

Paula slaps Sean round the face, he drops his tea and holds the side of his face.

The tea spills over the floor.

Sean grabs some tissues and dabs the floor. Paula turns back to the television.

PAULA
This isn't my show.

EXT. ESTATE - DAY

Grimy and inhospitable. A group of YOUTHS in trackies and hoodies, lean against the building, smoking.

INT. JOE'S STUDIO FLAT - CONTINUOUS

A complete shit hole. The studio flat has a kitchenette and door to the bathroom. The walls are damp, with the beginning of mould. A stained sofa-bed and a coffee table is all that's in this bare room.

LANDLORD (O.S.)
Hope those adolescents haven't put
you off, it really is a lovely
neighbourhood... Beside a few
exceptions.

The front door opens.

The LANDLORD (40s, flamboyant and well-presented) enters. Joe follows, holding his bin bags.

The Landlord spins round.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)
What d'you think?

JOE
Is it... Just this room?

LANDLORD
This place has everything you need,
it's a spacious room for a bedroom
slash living room with a cute
little kitchenette in the corner--

The Landlord points to a door that leads to the bathroom.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)
--And through there is the
bathroom.

Joe heads over to the bathroom and peers inside.

INT. JOE'S STUDIO FLAT/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom is unclean, with a stained bath and scummy
shower curtain. Half a jagged mirror is nailed above the
sink.

INT. JOE'S STUDIO FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks into the kitchenette. He opens the oven and takes a
look inside.

INT. JOE'S STUDIO FLAT/OVEN - CONTINUOUS

It's rusted and stained.

INT. JOE'S STUDIO FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Joe closes the oven.

LANDLORD
Listen. I know this place isn't
ideal, but you could do a lot
worse. Trust me.

JOE
It's fine.

LANDLORD

This should've been cleaned before we got here, so I'll happily send someone over to give it a... Deep clean.

JOE

I said it's fine.

LANDLORD

Wonderful.

The Landlord heads over to the door. He clicks his fingers and spins around.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

The rent is at the beginning of each month, and there's some rules... Firstly, no redecorating--

He covers one side of his mouth as if to whisper a secret.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

--But, between you and I, go to town on this place--

He lowers his hand and reaches into his pocket.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

--And secondly, absolutely no loud noises after ten... Other than that, it's all yours.

The Landlord pulls the keys out from his pocket and jingles them in Joe's face. Joe takes them.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Any problems, you have my number.

The Landlord exits. The doorknob drops to the floor.

'Fuck it' Joe walks over to...

INT. JOE'S STUDIO FLAT/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters and heads over to the toilet, unzips and pees. He looks down at the skid marks still in the toilet. He finishes, zips back up and FLUSHES.

Joe walks over to the sink and twists the tap --
GUUURRLLGGGG.

WHACK! Joe punches the spout. Joe grabs his fist tight.

JOE

Fuck!

Joe takes a look at his grazed fist.

INT. ROSE FAMILY HOUSE/JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The lights are off in this typical teenage boy's room.

YOUNG JOE (17, skinny) cowers under a desk.

YOUNG SEAN (12) cuddles up next to Joe. Both shaking in fear.

WHAAATISSSHHH!!! -- a belt slaps against skin O.S.

Paula SCREAMS outside the room.

WHAAAATISSSSSH--WHAAAATISSSSSH--WHAAAATISSSSSH -- the belt slaps across skin over and over again. Every hit causes Joe and Sean to wince.

It STOPS. Silence.

FOOTSTEPS get louder as they head towards the door.

The door SWINGS open.

GEORGE (53, menacing features, aggressive) enters, his belt wrapped around his hand.

Sean tightly hugs Joe's arm. George stops by the desk. He crouches down to their height.

GEORGE

Why do you feel the need to disobey me every chance you get?.. I asked you to cut the grass... Did you?

(beat)

DID YOU?

Joe reluctantly shakes his head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(calm)

Get out here.

He grabs Joe by the arm and yanks. Sean keeps a hold of Joe's other arm.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Let go.

Joe nods to Sean. Sean lets go.

George drags Joe out and turns him onto his back. He pulls Joe's top up.

Joe cowers his head behind his arms.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You little shit.

WHAAATTTISSSHHH!

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You will respect me.

WHAAATTTISSSHHH!

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You will follow my rules.

WHAAATTTISSSHHH! -- he continues over and over again with a sadistic smile. Joe flinches but never makes a sound.

George stops.

He looks over at Sean.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Come here.

Sean shakes his head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Come on, I won't hurt you. There's nothing to be afraid of.

George reaches out his hand, Sean cowers away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
COME OUT!

JOE
Leave him alone!

Joe jumps on George's back, wrapping his arms around George's throat.

George stands up, he falls back into the wall, squashing Joe. Joe loses his grip and falls to the floor.

George pulls Joe up off the ground by his hair and SLAMS him face first onto the floor.

Joe writhes in pain. George kicks Joe in the stomach.

Joe crawls into the foetal position.

GEORGE
You will obey me.

INT. JOE'S STUDIO FLAT - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

KNOCK--KNOCK.

Joe walks out from the bathroom, with marigolds on. He pulls them off and throws them to the floor.

KNOCK--KNOCK.

JOE
Yeah, yeah.

Joe opens the door.

A PROBATION OFFICER (30s, male, snob) enters. Documents tucked under his arm.

He takes a quick look at the place and whistles.

PROBATION OFFICER
Morning mister...
(looking at the documents)
Rose, do you know why I'm here?

JOE
No.

PROBATION OFFICER
I'm the probation officer assigned to you, to make sure you adhere to the terms agreed for your early release.

The Probation Officer opens up the documents and takes a look.

PROBATION OFFICER (CONT'D)
I'm sure you want to settle in, however, it states here you have been instructed to look for jobs, right away.

JOE
Fine.