

THE BREAK II - ETCHING

By

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

PINK AMENDS 29/11/16

1 **INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - [DAY 1]**

Local radio station playing music in the background. LUCY is sat on her bed. She is holding a dried bloodied T-shirt with a distinctive logo.

2 **EXT. URBAN ESTATE - [DAY 1]**

Front door slams shut. Male footsteps, trainers, walking to the local nearby shop.

3 **INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - [DAY 1]**

LUCY presses the timer on her digital alarm clock - counting down from five minutes - urgent and determined.

LUCY
Five minutes fifty-eight seconds
...that's all I got.

She pulls a hold-all from under her bed. She shoves the blood-stained T-shirt into the bottom of the hold-all.

LUCY (CONT'D)
C'mon Lucy use your nous focus,
focus c'mon.

We hear the radio in the background (established as subtle diegetic news - a local weather and traffic report).

She anxiously looks around her room.

We see unwashed plates, mugs on a tray as if they have been here for a while.

There are desperate etchings/carvings done with a knife... her name carved artistically into the door... 'Lucy is ere', 'Here Lucy is', 'Is Lucy ere?', 'Lucy, Lucy, Lucy,'

Breaking the fourth wall she talks to the camera:

LUCY (CONT'D)
Sez I got crap going on in ma
head...

She rushes to her draws and pulls out essentials i.e. clothes and underwear.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Connor, me big brother, shouting
"you don't use your nous Lucy, not
sure what's going on in that head
of yours, you don't know what's
good for ya, there's crap hammered
into that head of yours".

We see a St. George flag hanging on the wall and racist leaflets from 'Britain's Front' a local white extremist group, all over her bedroom floor. A photo of LUCY and CONNOR during happier times on one of the 'Britain's Front' marches they used to attend. LUCY is wearing the (clean) T-shirt that she was holding in the beginning.

She stops suddenly as she hears a police siren outside her window, too close for comfort. As the police siren fades into the distance she, relieved, carries on packing, speaking to camera as she does so:

LUCY (CONT'D)

Then he locks me in house cos he's scared shitless! Well, he's going to have shock of his life cos its him who hasn't got any brains... it's him who actually doesn't know what's good for him, I'm telling ya!

She checks the timer: 3:15, 3:14... continues to pack:

RADIO

... Following this weekend's disturbances the hunt for the killer of Mohammed Karim continues. Police are unable to confirm if the murder was a racially motivated hate-crime sparking off the disturbances/

LUCY abruptly switches the radio off.

LUCY

Only so much background noise you can handle.

Smiles nervously. She continues to pack talking to camera.

Referring to the etchings/scribbles on the door.

LUCY (CONT'D)

These past few weeks I starts doing that again, in ere, trapped in these four walls... as if this time I'm etching me way out of here, forever, like I used to, carving me name into walls out there...

(Reflecting)

I'd scrape me name carefully, slowly using a pen-knife, deep into the concrete, so idiots see when they'd walk past, etched into this land, my land... my flag...

BEAT. Back to the moment. Looking at the etchings on her door.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Does send you loopy being ere in
all the time though!

She packs her precious pencils, colours, and paints.
Frantically starts looking through her art work wanting to
pack her favourite pieces - we see dynamic sketches of the
Union Jack. As LUCY flicks through they tell a story of
awakening via her college art course from her nationalistic
view to a more multi-cultural landscape.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I loved doing Union Jack, only cos
it's like this big star - dynamic
like. Sabi, me tutor she sez why
not try colours, different
contrasts, dint want to listen to
her, but I did cos she was me tutor
like, even though she's foreign,
she were right.

We see a Union Jack in different colours and shades. She then
shows a painting of an inner city multicultural crowd -
portraits of diverse faces.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Never thought I'd do anything like
this.

INSERT: (INT. CLASSROOM - DAY): We see a glimpse of SABI
hover over the shoulder of LUCY as she draws. We see LUCY
decorate her hand with Henna.

Then she looks at her sketch of SABI - her influential tutor
(Asian female 45ish), with a quote written on it: "standout
firmly for justice, even as against your parents or your kin -
"

She quickly packs the sketch in her hold-all. Looks at the
photo of her and CONNOR.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I hate the party, these marches,
shouting what we do, it warps you
mind, makes you sick! Maybe if I'd
not let him borrow my T-shirt, but
he dint have anything clean.

(Beat)

Sabi, me tutor only person in the
world whose ever given me time of
day.

INSERT: (INT. HALLWAY / STAIRCASE - DAY): LUCY on the phone.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Only thing I could do was call her.

INSERT: (INT. HALLWAY / STAIRCASE - DAY): LUCY on the phone talking to SABI.

LUCY (CONT'D)
"I got something to tell you,
really important. Mohammed Karim,
know who done it. I'm suffering
family honour abuse, like you did,"
she, SABI sez

INSERT: (INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY) ECU of SABI's mouth:

SABI
"Use your head Lucy, just like I
had to".

Finished packing she zips up her hold-all and takes a moment.

We see the timer on the clock: 00:30, 00:29...

LUCY
You know when you spend time on
your own like this, like a long
time, like weeks that become
months, focuses your brain. I know
every sound and rhythm, **I know his
routine**, I know Connor's footsteps
like the sounds and beats on the
digits of the clock. What each
differing car sounds like.

*
*

A car pulls up in the distance outside her window.

LUCY (CONT'D)
So I uses me head, like everyone
sez, I knew I got to get evidence,
timing him, as he's nipped out to
get a pint of milk, I found it, the
T-shirt.

INSERT: (INT. KITCHEN - DAY) LUCY finding the T-shirt hidden
in a bin bag underneath the kitchen sink. We hear CONNOR with
a BUNCH OF LADS in the background.

LUCY (CONT'D)
It takes him approximately five
minutes to get a pint of milk.

The alarm goes on the timer she had set at the beginning at
five minutes.

She reads the quote she's memorized from SABI to herself:

LUCY
"standout firmly for justice, even
as against your parents or your
kin"

Throws her bed-sheets attached to a St. George flag, out of her window as an escape rope, she takes her packed hold-all, using this, she climbs out of her bedroom window...

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4. EXT. URBAN ESTATE - [DAY 1]

She lands in her urban estate. Looks back at the house. Then at the camera.

She runs to the car. SABI (Asian, 45ish, western clothes) gets out of the car and they hug.

SABI ushers LUCY into the car they drive off.

END.