

**THE BREAK II - SPECIAL DELIVERY**

By

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

1     **INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - [NIGHT 6]**

In fantastic SLOW-MO, double doors fly open as RAHEEM bursts through. Big and imposing, he careers desperately down the expansive hallway. His expression anguished as he clutches his side. A stitch? Wound? Hard to tell...

                    RAHEEM (V.O.)  
            Always knew one day I'd end up  
            here...

The DISTANT BEEPING of a monitor as RAHEEM comes to an abrupt stop. His face - pained, breathing hard.

                    RAHEEM (V.O.)  
            Just never thought it be like this!

A sudden LOUD SCREAM O.S.

CUT TO:

2     **INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING AREA - [NIGHT 6]**

RAHEEM's hand goes to open the door of a DELIVERY ROOM.

CUT TO:

3     **INT. LIVING ROOM - [NIGHT 1]**

RAHEEM, incredulous, staring directly at us.

                    RAHEEM  
            It even mine?

On LISA's FACE - if looks could kill. She slaps RAHEEM hard.

CUT TO:

4     **INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING AREA - [NIGHT 6]**

RAHEEM's hand stops just as it's about to open the doors.

CUT TO:

5     **INT. LIVING ROOM - [NIGHT 3]**

Darkness. RAHEEM's face is illuminated by the glow of a laptop playing what sounds like a woman giving birth to a monster of a baby. It's excruciating. He almost pukes.

CUT TO:

6

**INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING AREA - [NIGHT 6]**

RAHEEM cannot bring himself to enter the delivery room. He looks at us rather uneasily.

RAHEEM

Probably best to give her minute  
and that, eh.

He takes a seat. We notice he's dressed in a full postal uniform.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)

4 weeks prem, this is one delivery  
that's caught me unawares.

He wipes his brow.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)

But now I'm here - we're here -  
about to... And it's nuts. The more  
I think on it, it's just nuts. I  
mean, me? A father?!

RAHEEM suddenly seems unsettled.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)

What can I possibly know about it?  
Coming from what I did. The same,  
tired story. Wondering if every  
Black man I passed in street could  
be him. At ten, mum sat me down.  
Made me promise if one day I's ever  
to have a child, never to abandon  
it. So I did... I promised.

FLASH IMAGE: One large and one small finger locked together.

CUT TO:

7

**INT. KITCHEN - [DAY 5]**

Alone, on his laptop, RAHEEM studies fastidiously a wikiHow step-by-step guide of how to hold a baby.

RAHEEM (V.O.)

Five months later, she too was  
gone.

By his side is a large packet of FLOUR.

RAHEEM (V.O.)

Some people just ain't built to be  
parents.

8        **INT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER - [DAY 5]**

RAHEEM, cradling the packet of flour, when suddenly it slips through his arms, crashing to the floor. A plume of flour sweeps across his hands and stunned face.

CUT TO:

9        **INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING AREA - [NIGHT 6]**

RAHEEM looks imploringly at us.

RAHEEM  
Babies bounce, right?

He puts his head in his hands for a moment.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)  
They definitely rinse funds. I mean, one moment you're saving for new creps, the next... a new life. A third mouth to feed. It's a lot to take in - to get your head around. Enough to make you question, like, even if it's the right thing to be doing...

RAHEEM looks up at us, gravely.

CUT TO:

10       **INT. BATHROOM - [DAY 2]**

LISA - her back against the closed door. Eyes red and raw.

RAHEEM (V.O.)  
Told Lisa, "I don't feel ready".

11       **INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE BATHROOM - [DAY 2]**

RAHEEM, his head resting against the other side of the door, taps gently on it.

RAHEEM (V.O.)  
"Timing ain't right".

CUT TO:

12       **INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING AREA - [NIGHT 6]**

RAHEEM looks at us. From his expression, we sense he still doesn't really feel ready for fatherhood. He stands. Paces.

RAHEEM

Sleepless nights start from then.  
To have her next to me, so close,  
but, at the same time, distant! A  
new fear sets in. I couldn't lose  
her.

RAHEEM stops at the delivery room door.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)

I mean, look...

Through the door's glass pane we see LISA, propped up on a  
bed, sweating and panting as if she were possessed.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)

Be mad to give up on that. Saved my  
life. She laughs when I say it, but  
it's true. Straight. Ain't no  
future for man on road.

Close on the deep scar running across RAHEEM's chin and neck.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)

No good one, anyway. Then she came.  
(Takes in work clothes)  
Showed me a new way to be. Provided  
a purpose.

**FLASH IMAGE:** LISA's soft hands fixing the collar of RAHEEM's  
work shirt. Her eyes sparkle. He can't help but smile.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)

A smile I never owned before... You  
don't give up on that! You dig  
deep. Try find the same belief  
within that she holds for you.

CUT TO:

13

**INT. HOSPITAL. EXAMINATION ROOM - [DAY 4]**

CU of 12 week scan.

RAHEEM (V.O.)

Seeing our baby for the first time,  
up on the screen... tiny... the  
size of a *blueberry*...

RAHEEM, staring at it in awe. His eyes moist.

RAHEEM (V.O.)

Man! Nothing prepares you!

LISA, propped up on a bed, takes his hand and squeezes it  
softly - the two now back as one.

14

**INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING AREA - [NIGHT 6]**

RAHEEM looks slightly more relaxed now.

RAHEEM

Soon after, we start playing the name game. She straight up vetoes anything that could be mistook for a rapper.

He chuckles to himself in reverie.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)

Lisa's always got jokes. 'Cept when I said I want a girl. Told me, for parents - father in particular - "Girls are a headache that lasts a lifetime". I'm like, "Cool, it's a price I'm willing to pay". She can't understand why, keeps harassing me to explain, until finally I cave and say...

(Finally, the root of all his fears)

With a girl, there's less chance of her taking after me... me and mine.

RAHEEM looks back through the door's glass pane.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)

Lisa kisses me and says, somehow, she don't think it work like that.

(Contemplates for a moment; resolute)

It don't matter anyway, does it? Like, the only thing that matters is that our baby is healthy. Right?

Suddenly, a gut churning scream from LISA sounds. Panic sweeps across RAHEEM's face and, without hesitation, he charges into the delivery room.

15

**INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS [NIGHT 6]**

RAHEEM's face - an array of emotions whirling across it - panic, excitement, confusion, terror...

LISA gives him a look - "where the fuck have you been?". RAHEEM worries he's blown it. LISA reaches out to him, he takes her hand. With one last big effort, she screams agonisingly.

RAHEEM

I can see the head - the head.

(To LISA)

Come on baby, one more push. Push! Push! Push...!

Then, a deafening silence.

RAHEEM's face - eyes welling. Amazed.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)  
Lis... you did it!

He smiles. But the continued silence is unsettling.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)  
Wh-why there no sound? There should  
be crying...

RAHEEM turns to look directly at us.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)  
(Beseeching)  
Shouldn't there?

Everything slows right down. Colour and sound start to blur and fade as a MIDWIFE tends desperately to the concealed newborn.

On RAHEEM's face - crestfallen.

RAHEEM (V.O.)  
A sadness of life, it's only when  
we fear we might lose something we  
finally realise how much we really  
wanted it in the first place.

Slowly, a relieved smile starts to form. Then, a sudden, sharp burst of a BABY CRYING. It's never sounded so good.

CUT TO:

16

**INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM - LATER [NIGHT 6]**

RAHEEM sits in a chair next to LISA's bed, holding their baby in his arms as if it were the most natural thing to him in all the world.

BLUE makes a gurgling sound. RAHEEM looks down at him. BLUE's tiny fingers suddenly latch onto RAHEEM's little finger, interlocking. He smiles proudly. RAHEEM, moved by the significance of the gesture, shakes his newborn son's hand ever so gently.

RAHEEM  
My little boy 'Blue'.

And as RAHEEM beams at his son we...

FADE OUT.

**THE END.**