

THE BREAK II - THE PACKAGE

By

Maya Sondhi

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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INT. CAR - [EVENING 1]

ALI, British-Pakistani taxi driver is pulled up. The windows of his cab are heavy with condensation. He is eating from a box of tupperware and singing his heart out to Adele's 'Rolling In The Deep'.

ALI
*We could've had it aaaaaalllll,
rolling in the deeeeeeeep -*

His phone rings, he looks at the caller ID, quickly flips the music over to a grime track on the radio, and answers...

ALI (CONT'D)
(On phone)
Bro! Was happenin? Nah on a break.

He listens.

ALI (CONT'D)
I don't know man, gotta do an
airport run then get back for Jaz's
party. Bruv I can't be late. Mum's
doing gol-guppa!!

He shovels food in his mouth.

ALI (CONT'D)
What? Again?

He shakes his head.

ALI (CONT'D)
(Playful)
You need to go easy on that stuff -
it's mashing up your brains -

But he is cut off.

ALI (CONT'D)
Nah I didn't mean -

He is serious now, back tracking.

ALI (CONT'D)
Nah bruv I weren't saying that.
Course I am. You're my brothers.

Beat.

ALI (CONT'D)
Tell your guy I'm on Solomon
Street. Has to be a quick drop
though yeah? Okay I'll hang here.
Safe bruv.

2

INT/EXT. CAR - [NIGHT 1]

ALI hangs up and looks at his food. He chuck's the remainder out the window. He leans back against the headrest and waits, impatiently. He flicks through radio stations trying to find one that isn't too crackly. He looks at the time on his phone.

A few moments later, a FIGURE in a hooded sweatshirt, baggy trousers and trainers approaches the car. ALI, relieved, winds down the window as if to receive something.

ALI
Alright -

To his surprise the FIGURE gets in the back of his cab on the driver's side. ALI tries to crane his neck round but it is awkward so he looks in the rearview instead.

ALI (CONT'D)
What is this? Door to door
delivery?

The FIGURE shrugs. ALI turns back to the wheel.

ALI (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Shit must be good.

He starts up the engine and drives. Another grime tune comes on.

3

INT. CAR - [NIGHT 1]

ALI
Tune!

The track on the radio goes very crackly and the radio suddenly turns off completely. He tries to fix it.

ALI (CONT'D)
(Mutters)
Piece of shit radio.

Beat of silence. ALI's eyes keep darting to the rearview mirror expecting some kind of chat from the FIGURE but he gets nothing. ALI shifts uncomfortably.

ALI (CONT'D)
Bruv put your belt on.

They don't. There is an uncomfortable moment.

ALI (CONT'D)
No joke. Ain't risking my licence.

The FIGURE clicks the seatbelt in.

ALI (CONT'D)
Safe.

The car turns silent again. The FIGURE reaches into their pocket - is it a weapon? Before we find out, ALI swerves and a box on the backseat slides towards the FIGURE. They move it away. ALI catches this in the wing mirror.

ALI (CONT'D)
Woah. Careful bruv.

The FIGURE pulls their hands away quickly.

ALI (CONT'D)
Take a look. Go on. Check it.

The FIGURE does nothing.

ALI (CONT'D)
Open it.

The FIGURE's pale white hands reluctantly pull themselves out of the end of the sweatshirt sleeves and open the box to reveal a girly birthday cake - a copy of Disney's Princess Jasmine but a cheap version. The FIGURE turns their head to look out the window. ALI smiles to himself, pleased.

ALI (CONT'D)
For my little sis. 13 today. We
call her Princess Jaz.

ALI's car pulls up outside an urban terraced house.

The FIGURE slowly pulls their hood down. It is a young white GIRL, not much older than 13/14. ALI is stunned.

He properly takes her in: shocked by how young looking she is. Now he's not really sure how to talk to her. She looks away out the window avoiding eye contact. ALI is uncomfortable.

ALI

It's cool. You don't need to say nothing. I mean I don't touch it myself. Or the booze. But I don't judge man I don't judge. End of the day, it's like my dad always says: 'Uhnaan dey kammaan witch ussee kyoon pungay ley-I-yay' - if people's business doesn't concern you then don't be concerned by their business.

Beat.

ALI (CONT'D)

People got to make money.

He watches uneasily as an Asian man emerges from the house, lights up a cigarette and pulls out his phone. Both ALI and the GIRL are uneasy. She pulls out a cheap lip balm from her pocket and nervously applies it to her lips. There is a moment as ALI desperately scrabbles for something to say. He gestures to the cake.

ALI (CONT'D)

Think it looks fake?

The man spots ALI's car and makes a move towards it.

ALI (CONT'D)

Cos the proper Disney one was a rip off man. Like 15 quid -

The GIRL is taking her seat belt off but stops when she sees two more Asian men emerge from the house. She has her hand on the door handle but is frozen.

ALI clocks the anxious look on her face.

ALI (CONT'D)

Got a coat? Gonna be -3 tonight.

The GIRL, aware she has been seen, gets out of the car and heads towards the men. One of them gives ALI a nod.

ALI (CONT'D)
(Under his breath)
Brothers be brothers.

A beat. ALI starts turning the car around to drive off but not before clocking one of the men running his hand down the girl's back. He is silent now. He drives for a few moments but he can't convince himself that what he has seen is okay. He tries to distract himself by fiddling with the radio again but it doesn't come on. He stops the car and bangs it in frustration. A beat. He reaches for his phone.

ALI (CONT'D)
Mum tell Jaz I'm gonna be late
yeah.

Beat.

ALI (CONT'D)
Got to pick up the cake.

He hangs up the phone, takes a deep breath, turns the car around and drives back towards the terraced house. The crackly radio suddenly kicks in again as we...

FADE TO BLACK.