

THE BREAK IV: CLEAN

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INT. QUEENS QUARTER FLAT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A buzzer rings urgently in a darkened hallway. A door is thrust open to reveal -

INT./EXT. QUEENS QUARTER FLAT - NIGHT

A half cut and bedraggled KERRY (19), leaning unsteadily in the doorway, dressed as a Giant Pickle. She steps back and exclaims, with the energy of a balloon deflating -

KERRY
Surprise?

MATT (20) bleary eyed and clearly just out of bed, glowers.

KERRY (TO US)
No. This isn't the worst booty call
in the history of EVER.

Matt spins around, storming off. Kerry follows in hot pursuit-

KERRY (TO MATT)
Babe! I didn't take my keys, no
pockets -

INT. QUEENS QUARTER FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kerry stops in the doorway.

KERRY
So I was in a bit of a pickle -

She simpers playfully. Matt ignores her, slamming into bed.

KERRY
No? Ach! Come on! That was good!

Matt turns away. Kerry is momentarily stung. She scopes his cold back as she creeps towards him, guiltily.

KERRY (TO US)
Now would probably be a sensible
time to tell him about Jamie -

She signals the pickle costume.

KERRY (TO US)
But do I look 'sensible' to you?

INT. QUEENS QUARTER FLAT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bounding in, Kerry locks the door behind her. She laugh-gasps at her absurd reflection in the mirror. Her smile fades...

KERRY

I just want to get myself clean-

She sets the bath running and tries to fumble her way out of the costume, contorting.

KERRY

- get the evidence off of me. Get my jammies on. Get into bed. And tomorrow, this'll all be -

She's interrupted suddenly by her garish ring tone. Kerry winces, fumbling for her phone. Matt groans loudly outside -

KERRY (TO MATT)

Sorry, sorry!

Kerry reaches into her bra and pulls her phone out. She freezes on seeing the caller ID. She hesitates, then answers.

KERRY

I'm home now... with my boyfriend.
No. Don't come. Just leave it!

Kerry hangs up, frustrated. She glimpses her reflection.

KERRY (TO US)

I wasn't thinking straight when I called.

IMAGINED REALITY: Kerry's reflection transforms into a more vulnerable version of herself, on the phone, outside a party.

KERRY

It was me speaking, but it wasn't -

Kerry struggles to look at her Mirror self, finding her own vulnerability excruciating.

KERRY

- Like an echo in a tunnel. These strange words come out of me -

MIRROR KERRY

I've been raped -

The overwhelming enormity of this dawns on Kerry.

KERRY

It sounds terrible when you say it
out loud like that doesn't it?
Massive. I don't want people to run
out of words around me... I can't
go from "class craic"

Kerry's eye's linger on her reflection.

MIRROR KERRY

- to "victim".

Kerry is on the verge of tears. She bucks up, making light -

KERRY

Fuck it. I'll just switch Uni.
Begin a new life as a sombre,
damaged woman. Start wearing high
necked stuff and disappear. Close
my facebook, twitter, instagram...

A sudden realisation phone in hand.

KERRY

Are they gonna take my phone?

Kerry cringes. She quickly unlocks her phone. She freezes as
she's confronted with 11 missed calls and 3 texts from Matt.

MIRROR KERRY

You have to tell him

KERRY

No! He'll only go all -

Kerry mockingly assumes a brooding, masculine physicality.

KERRY

(mimicking Liam Neeson)
"I will look for him, I will find
him... and I will kill him... Now
where's my cosh?" Aye, make
yourself feel better big man.
That's what I need.

A new thought occurs, taking the breath from her.

KERRY

I've only ever...with him. What if
he thinks I'm ...

MIRROR KERRY

Ruined?

Kerry burns with a deep shame. BLUE FLASHING LIGHTS beam through the bathroom's frosted window. A look of stomach drop horror crosses Kerry's face. The buzzer goes urgently again.

KERRY

I told them not to come here?

Peeping through the keyhole she sees Matt let in a POLICEMAN.

KERRY

Cause we all know what happens to
girls who talk to the peelers -

IMAGINED REALITY: The Policeman appears in the bathroom.

KERRY (VOICING POLICEMAN)

What were you wearing? Have you
been drinking?

Pickle Kerry gives us a knowing, exasperated look.

KERRY (TO US)

I was dressed as a giant pickle,
and I am dressed as a giant pickle.

Matt bangs on the door, bringing Kerry round.

MATT (O.S.)

Kerry? What have you done?

END OF I.R The Policeman remains, watching her every move.

Kerry perches on the tub's edge, water swelling behind her.

KERRY (TO US)

People close to me have this weird
habit of assuming I'm to blame.

IMAGINED REALITY: Kerry's scowling MUM (50s) appears.

KERRY (VOICING MUM)

I'll tell you what happened. She
was absolutely bloated and she
went upstairs with those boys
alone. What did she expect?

Kerry shakes her head in disbelief.

KERRY (TO US)

My Mum. She's actually said that
before. Thinks we're all just silly
wee girls.

Kerry's Mum raises an eyebrow at the costume.

KERRY

So I deserve it then? We all
deserve it? Just because you lot
took it, doesn't mean we have to.
It's *my* body, mum.

Kerry gazes into the bath, searching.

KERRY

Aw, who am I kidding? Nothing's
changed. We live on the Island
where a rapist's name trends over
#Ibelieveher.

Kerry fights her way out of the costume, stuffs it in the bin

SFX: PING! GRAPHIC: SPOOFER! SHE WAS ALL OVER HIM!

Kerry grabs her phone and points it at the Policeman.

KERRY

Go on. Might as well take it now.
Spare me the slut-shaming.

Kerry pushes her way to the bath. Mirror Kerry watches on.

MIRROR KERRY

You have to report him -

KERRY

And choose this? Why would I?

MIRROR KERRY

But he could hurt someone else -

KERRY

Don't put that fucking guilt on me!

PING: SHE JUST REGRETS IT! HOORBEG!

MIRROR KERRY

You have to protect other women!

KERRY

Do I? I literally can't even
protect myself -

PING: DIDN'T FIGHT? DIDN'T SCREAM? SHE WANTED IT!

Kerry quickly strips down to her underwear. The Policeman and
her Mum are horrified. She shifts self-consciously, exposed.

KERRY (TO THE ONLOOKERS)

Yes, this is a thong!

PING "JUST ANOTHER BELFAST SLUT!" The PINGS continue.

An infuriated Kerry pulls off her underwear.

KERRY

Why should I be left with all the
horrible, fucked up, painful bits.
When he gets to be free of this?

She closes her eyes, digs deep. She climbs in, lowers herself down. Everything slows, pings stop, the room falls silent.

There's only Kerry's voice now, in the bath eyes closed.

KERRY (V.O.)

This way, I don't have to be a
'victim'. Just be me. Funny, silly
Kerry. I can be clean.

She bathes. It's bright, serene, cleansing, healing... until, she notices a hand print shaped bruise on her inner thigh.

She freezes, cranes her neck and brushes it with her fingers. A PAUSE. Kerry shifts uncomfortably, fixated on the bruise.

KERRY

I came round to this sharp, dry
pain. So I clenched -

She rubs at the bruise, dousing it in water.

KERRY

An involuntary, protective impulse -

She tries again, a little more frantically this time.

KERRY

But that clenching... he *groaned*.

Kerry curls into herself, suddenly aware of how naked she is.

KERRY

Nothing can prevent men from taking
what they want.

She panics, struggling to breathe. She gasps, and gasps.

END OF I.R: Kerry's still standing by the bath, still torn. She looks around herself, she's totally alone. MIRROR KERRY is gone. She sees her wearied reflection.

KERRY

I can't go out there, tell them
everything? Give up everything?
(MORE)

KERRY (CONT'D)
 I'm not brave enough. But if I stay
 quiet I won't ever be clean enough.
 I don't have the strength.

INT. QUEENS QUARTER FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kerry now in her bathrobe, opens the door. Matt frowns at her, disgruntled. Two Police look on.

KERRY
 Whatever I decide to do....

Kerry's eyes flit back to the bath.

KERRY
 ...either way I'm fucked.

She flashes us a look, expressing all of her vulnerability, inner pain and conflict.

THE END