# BBC TASTER SHORTS - THE BREAK

### SYSTEM CYCLE

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SHOOTI NG SCRI PT 29/10/15

#### 1. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A dubst ep remix of Chopin's Nocturne plays. The dubst ep element should heighten the parts of tension.

We zoom in from the bonnet of a car, up to the windscreen, where we see XAVIER sat, eyes closed, in the driver's seat with his hands on the steering wheel.

#### 2. INT. CAR - NIGHT

The music now plays from the car radio, giving a tinnier sound. He is calm and focused, as if he just needs this moment to get himself together. Flashing blue lights can be seen from behind him, almost engulfing him

> XAVI ER Should be used to it by now

His eyes open.

XAVI ER (CONT'D) Them blue lights sneaking and creeping up on me

He looks into the rear view mirror.

XAVI ER (CONT'D) Should be used to it, but still makes me uneasy. Get that odd butterfly flutter by in my pit reminding me of him

His hands grip the steering wheel and then release.

We see his lips in the reflection of the rear view mirror, as if we were sat in the back seat with him

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

Dirty pigs

We open to see his whole face.

XAVI ER (CONT'D) That's what they called the boys in blue back in the day. Had it in for my postcode. A street of tired mothers, sick of their sons passing

in and out of the station. So it began - a battle between them and us

He adjusts the wing mirror from inside the car. He watches the blue lights in the mirror as he talks.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

But there was no war brewing in my house. Dad played by the rules, followed the law.

(Imitating his father)
'Don't go looking for trouble, and trouble won't find you.' 'Don't be bringing no shame to my door.'

He smiles, remembering.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

And if truth be told, I was more frightened of what the old man would do to me, than what any policeman ever could ... so I stayed well clear

He snaps out of the fond memory and his mood darkens.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

Never had any problem with them...
'til that day

He shifts and becomes almost childlike, fidgeting in his seat.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

Must have been about 10 ... sat in the back of dad's car. Wasn't long 'til we see the flash of blue lights ... we know the procedure ... nothing new. The old man pulls over. Paper work and pleasantries at the ready.

Something catches his eye out of the passenger's side window.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

'Afternoon officers.' 'I hope everything is okay.' And usually, after that, we're back on our way. Not that day. Dad goes in for a little joke. 'I've been stopped 3 times this week already, officer... the police must really like my car.'

Out of the rear passenger window we see 2 FI GURES.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

And just like that, everything changed

A flash of silver metal - handcuffs perhaps. SFX of a scuffle breaking out.

XAVIER (CONT'D) (Looks at back seat) Just a kid, sat powerless

The TWO POLICE MEN start to move to the back of the car. It's quick and clumsy. Xavier watches them The same sense of panic as when he was ten.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

Dad's pleading, 'l don't want my son seeing this.' But the officer drags me out of the car and tells me to watch and learn

There is a crackle from a police radio. XAVI ER snaps his head round and we see his eyes in the rear view mirror.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

There's this blast from his radio ... they get back into their car and drive off - like it was not hing. But it was everything. Leaving my dad standing there in front of his son, not able to look me in the eye

He sits a little taller.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

That day, I joined the boys from around my way ... joined the battle between them and us. I had to. Cos what else could I do?

His eyes dart to a bag on the passenger side floor.

The police car door slams.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

What else could I do?

The police car door slams again.

He looks in the right wing mirror. A pair of black police officer's boots. He looks in the left wing mirror, another set of black police officer's boots.

3. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We are outside the front of the car watching XAVIER sat

#### 4. INT. CAR - NIGHT

XAVI ER

Countless times, stopped by them ... treated like I don't matter

He looks into the rear-view mirror. A mantra he has to tell himself.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

I matter

There is a sense of urgency in his delivery, as if this mantra has spurred him on.

He looks behind him out the back window, and we see the OFFI CERS finish on the radio and approach

XAVIER (CONT'D (CONT'D)
A boy, becoming a man. Then a man, blessed with the birth of a boy. So when it's me being pulled over at the side of the road ... what's my boy going to be forced to see?

XAVI ER reaches over, opens his bag.

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

So I had a decision to make ... I could be that het up young man, giving them that aggression they want

He roots around the contents, trying to find something

XAVI ER (CONT'D)

Or ... I could change it, break the system - smash it to bits. I could blessed (CONT Doutgency)

## XAVI ER (CONT'D)

Go ahead