# THE BREAK II - SPECIAL DELIVERY

By

Nathaniel Price SHOOTING SCRIPT

## 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.) Al ways 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.

### 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.

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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 I MAGE: One large and one small finger locked together.

CUT TO.

INT. KITCHEN - [DAY 5]

Alone, on his laptop, RAHEEM studies fastidiously a wiki How 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.

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

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. I said I want a girl. Told me, for parents - father in particular -Grls are a headache that lasts a lifetime". I'mlike, "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 RAHEEMs face and, without hesitation, he charges into the delivery room

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

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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 agoni si ngl y.

> 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) Shoul dn't there?

Everything slows right down. Colour and sound start to blur and fade as a MDWFE 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.