

GETTING AWAY

Getting Away 7/22/2020

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Opening Titles play over black as we hear...

MUSIC CUE: "We Found Each Other in the Dark" - City & Colour

FADE IN:

INT. WEAVER HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING

Sunrise streams through the slit windows bringing a warm glow to the dark, dank basement.

In the middle of the small space sits a young, White man, BRADLEY WEAVER (21.)

Pushing his ever-present, curtain of jaw-length black hair behind his ear, Bradley cuts pieces out of magazines with orange-handled FISKARS.

Waves. Palm trees. Sand.

He organizes them into stacks on an orange and yellow floral TV tray.

He sits in a beach chair, inside a box of sand, Hawaiian shirt, shorts, sunglasses, beach sounds playing on a BOOM BOX, a fan blowing sea salts toward his face.

He approaches the wall we haven't seen yet, applies a loop of scotch tape to the back of each of the pieces, meticulously picks its spot and presses it against the wall.

And another piece.

And another.

A hint of a smile as he admires his work.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Bradley!

OH SHIT! His peace is broken. Fear in his face. Panic.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Bradley! Where are you?

He grabs the stack of magazines, opens a drawer and shoves them in, rips off his Hawaiian shirt and shoves it under.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Bradley! I am starving! Are you trying to kill me?

BRADLEY

I'm coming, mother!

He throws on a long sleeve shirt, puts jeans on over the shorts, slips on his shoes and runs up the stairs...

We finally see what he has been working on. About three-quarters finished, a mural. A beach scene made from cut outs from magazines. Tiny trees making up the wall-sized trees, water for water, sand for sand. It's beautiful, serene.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. EVANS HOUSE: DINA'S ROOM - MORNING

This room is a wreck. Music posters adorn the walls at odd angles, clothes strewn around.

She rolls over toward the wall, covers over her head trying to banish the sunlight but outside her door the sound of her large, catholic family waking up makes sleep impossible.

Kids yelling and screaming, mom & dad yelling for them to get their shoes and socks on, etc...

Her door swings open (yeah, no lock, poor thing) revealing ALDO "DAD" EVANS (50ish), Black, overweight, balding, wearing a weathered and stained blue polo and khakis.

DAD EVANS

Hey. Kiddo. Get up, you have class today.

An indiscernible groan comes from under the covers.

Just then, CALEB EVANS, Dina's 9 year old brother who has worn a stethoscope around his neck 24/7 for the past 6 months, starts to run past. Dad intercepts him.

DAD EVANS

Hey doc. Looks like we've got an emergency situation. Our patient is non-responsive.

DINA

(head in pillow)
Don't!

DAD EVANS

Her vitals are failing. The only person who can save her is Doc Caleb!

Caleb puts his stethoscope in his ears, runs into Dina's room and jumps on her bed.

CALEB

CLEAR!!!

He jams his hands into her ribs, tickling her. She spasms involuntarily, screaming.

DINA

Stop it!

She convulses and grabs Caleb who is already laughing uncontrollably. She tickles him back, which turns his laughter into hysterical fits.

DAD EVANS

Uh oh. I think Doctor Caleb needs assistance. Daisy! Nate!

Dina springs up in bed, her short, dark hair standing on end, her eyes still closed.

DINA

I'm up!

CUT TO:

Slippered feet running down stairs... but we're not at the Evans house anymore...

INT. WEAVER HOUSE: DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Bradley rushes out of the basement, locking the door behind him and closing it gently.

He runs out the front door, grabs the newspaper off the porch and walks back inside.

INT. WEAVER HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

In her ever-present, floral housecoat, MOTHER WEAVER, (55) an overweight, gray-haired lady sits on a well-loved, sickly yellow, velour La-Z-Boy adorned with home-made doilies. The worn out arms and headrest show rarely leaves this spot.

The living room itself is papered with puke-green wallpaper and peppered with pictures in "fancy" frames. Circular, rectangular... portraits of long-dead war heroes, a black and white family picture from the '30s. A picture of a young Mother and 8 year old Bradley with a mustachio'd mystery man who, we can only assume, is Bradley's absent father.

In front of mother is an old TV set with rabbit ears on top.

She has a hand-woven blanket over her legs.

A white TV tray with flowers and brass legs sports the remnants of last night's snack and bedtime tea.

Bradley walks over, puts the paper down on the TV tray, kisses her on the cheek and clears the dishes.

BRADLEY
Good morning, mother.

MOTHER
Why were you in the basement?

BRADLEY
Finishing up some homework.

MOTHER
(scowling)
Honestly, Bradley. I wish you wouldn't be so lazy.

BRADLEY
(flinches)
I'm sorry, mother.

He walks into the kitchen.

MOTHER
Toast. Two slices with the butter melted. Two poached eggs and tea.

INT. WEAVER HOUSE: KITCHEN - DAY

Bradley nods and gets to work.

He stirs the water and drops the eggs in.

Puts 2 slices of toast in the toaster.

He looks at the clock.

Tries to will the food to cook faster but it won't.

Looks at his watch.

"Come on, come on."

MOTHER
What's taking so long?

The toast pops up.

He puts the on the plate, fishes the eggs out of the water and places them next to the toast.

He brings them in the other room, but stops to look at the clock.

INT. WEAVER HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He puts Mother's breakfast on the TV tray and starts upstairs.

MOTHER
What is this?

Bradley has the look of an abused dog who is about to be beaten by his master.

MOTHER
What am I supposed to do with a cold lump of butter on toast? How can you despise the woman who gave birth to you?

She SMASHES the plate to the floor. He rushes to clean it up.

BRADLEY
I'm sorry, mother.

She clutches her chest in pain. Bradley's eyes go wide with fear.

BRADLEY
I'll get your pills.

MOTHER
No. I'll be fine
Just do it again. Correctly this time. Try not to kill me.

A PLATE drops onto a TABLE but, once again, we've switched locations to...

INT. EVANS HOUSE: KITCHEN - MORNING

The plate has toast on it. Black toast. OLIVER EVANS (13) frowns at it.

OLIVER
This is burnt.

NINA "MOM EVANS", Black, 50ish, short, belly pushing against her stained apron, her disheveled hair struggling against the bun on her head, drops a butter knife next to Oliver. He sighs and starts scraping the burnt part off the toast.

MOM EVANS

Kids! The bus will be here in ten minutes. That means shoes on, WITH socks and out the door in EIGHT minutes. The timer is set! Last one out does the dishes tonight!

She drops a wind-up kitchen timer shaped like a rooster on the counter set to 8 minutes.

Dina enters and grabs one of Oliver's pieces of freshly scraped toast.

OLIVER

What the f--?

MOM EVANS

Do not finish that sentence, Oliver Evans!

Mom drops another piece of burnt toast on Oliver's plate. He sighs and gets to work, scraping.

DINA

Can I take the car to class today?

MOM EVANS

Kyle needs it for work.

DINA

Ugh. I don't want to take the bus.

OLIVER

Toughen up, buttercup. I have to take the bus every day.

DINA

Shove it, Oliver.

MOM EVANS

Maybe if you ask him nicely, he'll drop you off.

From the look on Dina's face, *"not likely."*

DAISY (8) flits into the room.

DAISY EVANS

Mom! I haven't even eaten yet! How am I supposed to go to school in this condition?

Daisy wears glittery sunglasses, pink bows in her hair, a pink dress, her pink, glittery, bowed zebra-striped slippers, a pink glittery purse, and Big Bird yellow feather boa around her neck.

Mom Evans reaches for more toast. As once again we...

CUT TO:

INT. WEAVER HOUSE: KITCHEN - MORNING

Bradley burns his finger as he fishes the toast out of the toaster, once again, puts eggs on the plate and brings it to mother.

MOTHER

Well it's burnt now but I guess it
will have to do unless I want to
starve.

The toast is brown, far from black. Most people would consider this perfect.

He kisses her on the cheek and heads toward the stairs.

MOTHER

You know what would make this
charcoal more palatable?

He stops, turns and looks inquisitively at her.

MOTHER

Cinnamon and sugar.

He runs into the kitchen, pulls down a shaker that should have cinnamon and sugar but it's only got a few flakes.

He looks at it, disappointed, and peers around the corner.

BRADLEY

We're out.

MOTHER

That's ok.

He ducks back into the kitchen to put the shaker back.

MOTHER

It's easy to make more.

Bradley looks at the clock.

EXT. EVANS HOUSE - MORNING

The door flies open. KYLE EVANS (22), looking half-asleep walks out in pajama bottoms, slippers, an "Ozzy" t-shirt with the arms cut off, long black hair tangling its way out of his "Judas Priest" baseball hat and carrying a sippy cup with coffee in it. I mean, it's probably coffee.

Dina follows. He plops down on the front steps and lights a cigarette.

DINA

Come on, Kyle. It's ten minutes away. Please?!

KYLE

Sorry, sis. I'm just, soooo busy today.

DINA

You don't even have to be to work for, like, two more hours!

KYLE

But I hate being in a rush. I like to take my time in the mornings.

DINA

You are so full of shit. Come on. Don't make me take the bus.

KYLE

The bus builds character.

DINA

Then why don't you take the bus?

KYLE

My character is about as built as it's going to get.

DINA

Come on, Kyle. Stop being an asshole.

KYLE

Calling me names is no way to win me to your side. Now, you'd better get going or...

The bus drives past the house.

KYLE

Oops.

Kyle stamps out his cigarette and turns to go back inside.

DINA

How am I supposed to get to class
now?

He motions with his head at Daisy's pink, glittery bike.

KYLE

You don't want to be late!

He opens the door as we transition to...

EXT. WEAVER HOUSE - MORNING

Bradley grabs his BICYCLE off the porch, runs down the stairs and rides away as fast as he can, his hair still wet from his shower.

The Weaver House sits on a large yard, far from the neighbors. It shows signs of neglect over the past 10 years. Paint peeling, rotting wood in some places, the grass is mostly crabgrass, though obviously, Mother keeps Bradley on a schedule for mowing.

EXT. LAKE EDEN, MN: STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Bradley races as fast as he can through the streets of Lake Eden on his bicycle.

MUSIC CUE: "Better Half" by Frank Turner

Lake Eden is a picturesque small town in Minnesota. Brick buildings from the early 20th century. Big, rugged, well-used trucks. Tractors, farm equipment, etc...

The leaves on the trees are starting to turn yellows and oranges.

He turns around a corner at breakneck speed and almost runs into the SHERIFF MILLER (65), Native American, tan sheriff's outfit, name embroidered on one side of his chest, a shiny star badge on the other, a mustache that is the envy of the town (he thinks) and a cowboy hat.

He's in the middle of writing a speeding ticket.

SHERIFF MILLER

Whoa there, Bradley.

He screeches to a halt.

For the whole script, contact me

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