

TIED

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INT. HOUSE - DAY

A woman, ANGELA, is seen walking around a large house. The house is decorated in a very traditional way, with old wooden bookshelves and furniture. Pictures and artwork adorn the walls. Angela drifts between rooms seeming somewhat detached. She moves upstairs into a bathroom. She begins taking off jewelry and removing make up. She stares directly into the bathroom mirror.

CUT TO TITLE
CARD

INT. BECKY'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The kitchen is large and open plan with a modern look. The setting sun casts a golden light into the room. Black counters are covered in messy plates, cutlery and empty food packaging. Cardboard boxes form a pile in the corner of the room. A large family dinner table is haphazardly set in the centre of the room with two plates and a vase of half dead flowers. JOHN is rushing around the kitchen whilst talking on the phone. John is middle aged, wearing a smart white shirt with no tie with suit trousers and formal black shoes. He is frantic as he rushes between a beeping microwave and a boiling pot of water. John sounds frustrated as he struggles to balance his phone conversation with his domestic responsibilities.

JOHN

I'm coping fine, alright? It's always stressful but we'll get it done, always do. Right I need to go, yeah, yeah. I'll call you on my way to the office tomorrow. Right, bye.

JOHN hangs up the phone as BECKY walks into the room. Becky is a young girl, 17, of slightly smaller than average height. Her brown hair is tied behind her head. She is wearing a baggy grey jumper, jeans and a pair of trainers. Becky picks up a spoon from the floor, turns off the hob and slumps into a seat at the table. John leans on the counter, exhausted but smiling.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Becky doesn't respond as John plates up two meals and sits down at the table. The meal looks basic and is burnt in places. Becky picks at it with her fork.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Sorry, it's not great.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know I'm not your mother, but I'm trying so can we just have one meal together this week?

They sit quietly and eat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So, how's college treating you?
Enjoy your courses?

Becky shrugs.

BECKY

Yeah yeah, bit boring but it's fine
I suppose.

JOHN

Making friends?

BECKY

Some...yeah.

John nods, acknowledging Becky's privacy.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Some of them invited me out
tonight. Might go meet them after
dinn-

Becky is cut off by the sound of John's phone beginning to ring once again. He raises his index finger to Becky and answers.

JOHN

What's up? I said we'd speak
tomorrow?

John turns to the side. Becky, frustrated, leaves the dinner table and the kitchen.

She walks down the corridor nearly tripping over a large brown cardboard box and takes a coat.

EXT. BECKY'S NEIGHBOURHOOD - EARLY EVENING

Red bricked terrace houses line the street. The sun is getting low but it is still predominantly daylight. The street is quiet, with only a few cars parked up and no one but Becky walking. She is now wearing a jacket over her jumper, hands in pockets. Becky checks her phone and rounds a corner onto an area of green grass.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Dog walkers and runners circle the park. A group of 3 teenagers are in the centre, kicking a ball and laughing.

Becky approaches. One of the group, CLAIRE, sees Becky and comes to meet her. She is similar in style and size to Becky and smiles as she heads over.

CLAIRE

Hey! Thought you weren't going to come.

She hugs Becky, who half-heartedly returns the welcome.

BECKY

Yeah well, thought I should get out of the house a bit.

Claire smiles. The pair walk over to the other two of the group. Two boys, BEN and HARRY. They're both around 6 foot with short dark hair. BEN is wearing a hoodie with slim jeans and some trainers whilst Harry wears a worn in track jacket with jeans and trainers. He has a rucksack on. As they're heading over, Harry kicks the football across the park. Ben chases after.

BEN

(shouting, off screen)

Prick!

Harry is giggling to himself as he approaches Claire and Becky.

CLAIRE

Harry!

HARRY

(still smiling)

I didn't think he'd actually chase it.

He turns his attention to Becky

HARRY (CONT'D)

Well hello.

He sarcastically bows to Becky. Claire slaps his back.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Becky yeah?

He begins circling her, checking his pockets.

HARRY (CONT'D)

A new girl. Exciting. Where did you come from? Why did you move? Did your boyfriend come?

Claire slaps Harry again.

CLAIRE
Harry you fucking creep. Leave her
alone. Sorry Becky.

Harry just laughs.

HARRY
Ben. Fags. Where are they?

Ben arrives back with the ball.

BEN
(out of breath)
I dunno. I'm not your fucking PA.

He turns to Becky.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm Ben by the-

He is interrupted as Harry kicks the ball away once more.

BEN (CONT'D)
Oh for fuck-

He heads off across the park once more. Harry, now with a
cigarette in his mouth, smirks.

EXT. STREET - SUNSET

The sun is beginning to set with a golden tone. BECKY, HARRY,
CLAIRE and BEN are silently walking down a suburban street.
Streetlights begin to flicker on.

Harry seems distracted from the others, deep in a thought.
Without changing where he is looking, Harry goes into his
pockets and pulls out his home keys. As Becky watches, he
drifts towards a car and scratches the paint as he walks
along the side. Claire notices and grabs his hand and pulls
him back.

CLAIRE
You can't do that!

Harry wakes up slightly.

HARRY
Oh leave me alone. I'm so bored.
Sick of this shitty town.

Becky looks squinted at Harry. Harry is playing with his keys
when he looks up quickly.

BEN
You're doing a great job of
welcoming Becky mate.

HARRY

Wait, shut up. You've just reminded me of something sick.

The three of them look at Harry, hoping for an end to their small town boredom.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Josh's brother was telling him about this abandoned house. There's an open window but no one in there apparently. Josh was saying about going this weekend, but fuck it why not now? Get ourselves a souvenir? Little welcome gift for Becky?

BECKY

How do you know it's abandoned?

HARRY

Well Josh said its been still for months-

BEN

And what if it's not? Why would there be anything decent if they've moved out anyway?

CLAIRE

I dunno, I'm not fully convinced. It's getting dark too.

HARRY

Come-on, Claire, what's the worst that could happen? Any other ideas? Here, he said it was over down Rydale Street, at least go check it out. If it's dark no one will see us anyway.

Claire sighs.

CLAIRE

Yeah...I'm not going in though.

Harry walks off with Ben. Claire sets off. Becky looks at her and sets off too.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE. - LATE EVENING

They approach a large detached house, illuminated only by the pollution from the nearby streetlights. The front garden is messy and the windows are dark. BECKY, HARRY, CLAIRE and BEN are stood a few doors down.

HARRY

If that is not an abandoned house...what did I tell you? Who first then?

BEN

Could all go in?

HARRY

Oh Ben. You novice. One goes in, we all stay here and watch for neighbours and that.

CLAIRE

(pulling a face)

Well I'm not doing that shit, Ben could? Or you Harry?

HARRY

Woah woah woah. I, personally, see this is a golden opportunity for the new girl.

BECKY

Wait, what?

HARRY

Well I know the streets over here better than anyone and you'd much rather have me looking out for you than yourself or these two idiots, wouldn't you? Go on.

BEN

I'll go.

CLAIRE

(interrupting)

No you won't, Ben. You won't even make it to the top of that path.

BEN

Yeah I will, I-

Becky notices Harry staring at her as the others argue.

CLAIRE

(interrupting)

It would be pointless sending you, you're still crying over your fucking grazed knee from last week. Wet wipe.

BEN

Hey what have you done recen-

CLAIRE

More than you ha-

HARRY
(aggressively looking at
Becky)
For fuck sake, someone go already!-

BECKY
(shouting)
Fine I'll go. Fuck sake.

Ben and Claire stop arguing, he sarcastically mocks Becky's snappy response. Harry smiles and points to a window on the side of the house. Becky goes up to the window and tries to pry it open but it is locked. She turns around and goes back to Harry.

BECKY (CONT'D)
(nervously)
It's locked.

Harry tries to think.

HARRY
(confidently)
Well he said something was
definitely open. Back window? Just
go look.

The three of them stare at Becky with wide eyes. Becky frustratingly sighs and turns back to the house. Pacing along side of the house, almost egging herself into breaking in.

She approaches another window and with a forceful pull, opens it. She turns back to the group for support, but they seem oblivious of her. She readies herself and heaves herself through the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The interior of the house is dark, with only small trails of the outside light piercing the drawn curtains, revealing the prevalent amount of dust in the house.

BECKY, crouching slightly, shuffles through the room. She pulls out her phone to see a missed call her father.

She swipes it away and turns on the light on the back of the phone. The narrow cone of light catches on the furniture in the room. Becky moves across the room and begins thumbling along a cabinet until she reaches a lamp and floods the room with orange light.

Traditional, wooden furniture lines the room, a bookcase in one corner, a heavy chest of drawers in another, both adorned by artwork and photo frames. The photos are of two young girls, at school photo days through to graduations.

Small items of sentimental value are scattered about the cluttered room. In the centre of the room is an old sofa, worn in and faded, it faces a nice, modern television and entertainment centre.

A coffee table has a single empty bottle of wine on it next to a vase of dead flowers. Becky stares around the room for a moment, admiring the photos of the happy family. She begins opening drawers, revealing unopened post and other junk. The envelopes are stamped with "urgent". Becoming more at ease, she strolls around the house with confidence, turning on lights as she goes.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She inspects a kitchen, as traditional as the living room. Mess surrounds the work surfaces, with more empty bottles and unopened post. She arrives at the foot of a stairwell, looking back across the living room she can see the open window, curtains flapping in the wind. She stares out, considering her options before heading upstairs in the darkness.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Now enveloped in darkness, Becky begins to sneak around once more, wincing with every creaky stair. As she reaches the top of the stairs, she looks up and down a landing with multiple doors leading to different bedrooms.

Becky pauses before heading into a room straight down the hallway.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She slowly pushes the door and sneaks in. She moves towards a lamp on a counter and turns it on. It gives out a purple light.

The room is spacious, with a double bed in the middle, a wardrobe in one corner and a desk in another. The room is decorated neutral tones with pink and purple highlights in the duvet and trinkets on the desk. Becky, in a state of mild shock, walks past the desk towards the bed. She grabs a small teddy bear and sits on the end of the bed. Becky scans from left to right across the room, basking in the life of another teenage girl, a stranger.

She clutches the toy bear and falls back onto the bed. The duvet puffs around her and she stares at the ceiling, looking content for the first time. She lays silently for a moment before turning to the left and looking down the corridor.

A light is on in a far room. Becky's face drops to one of horror as she panics.

She drops the bear and quietly mutters to herself. She looks out the window of the room before deciding to just make an exit back downstairs.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

She begins to leave when a woman, ANGELA, appears from the room. Becky freezes. Angela (40) is wearing a baggy hoodie and jeans. She tiredly props herself up against the door, her weathered face staring directly at Becky.

ANGELA

Leave. Get out. I wont call the police. Just leave me alone.

Angela is holding a bottle of prescription drugs in one hand and a bottle of wine in another. She points down the stairs with the hand holding the pills. Becky is still stood frozen.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Just go! Take any friends you've got with you. I'm sick of all of you. Sick of it all.

Becky begins to run downstairs and towards the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As she approaches she looks back into the house and sees the life that Angela once lead, now buried under clutter and wine bottles. She pauses again, considering her options, clearly worried over Angela's intentions if she was to be left alone. Becky takes a breath and with her heart racing, reluctantly heads back upstairs. Angela has moved into a large bedroom.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angela's bedroom is tastefully decorated, but like most of the house, is in a mess. The large double bed is not made and the floor is littered with clothes and rubbish.

ANGELA

(laughing, hints of hysteria)

You kids. I can change my mind about calling the police. I've seen you lurking around, all week you've been out there. I'm not stupid, I know what you're all like.

BECKY

(nervously stuttering)

It's not me. I don't want to be here. We thought no one liv-

ANGELA
Why? Why would you think that?

BECKY
I don't know...I'm new...I just.
They're not my friends out there.

The two are moving around the bedroom. Becky stops and stares at the pills in Angela's hand.

ANGELA
Ah so that's why you're back.

Becky doesn't answer at first.

BECKY
(growing with confidence)
Well I couldn't just leave someone
to do that to themselves.

ANGELA
I haven't drank this.

Angela lifts up the bottle of wine then the pills.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
And I haven't taken these-

BECKY
(interjecting)
But you were?

ANGELA
(raising her voice)
What a woman, a mother, a wife,
does in the privacy of her own home
is of little concern to a little
girl.

BECKY
It is when it's... that.

Becky's pauses, dancing around saying suicide.

ANGELA
(patronising)
Oh darling.

Becky looks down to the side of Angela before suddenly lunging for the bottle of pills.

Angela hits Becky away. She trips backwards hitting the wall behind her.

Becky's strong body language quickly fades as she realises the unpredictable nature of Angela.

BECKY

(upset)

You can't just do that to yourself!
You can't just throw it all away
like that. Please just give me
them.

(begging)

Please!

Angela, realising what has happened, feels guilt for Becky.

Becky watches as Angela puts the pills in her pocket and then reaches out for her.

ANGELA

(apologetic, soft)

Sorry, I didn't mean to...

Becky doesn't show any response. She grabs Angela's arm and stands up.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(stressing)

Oh god. I'm just...I've never been
the mothering type.

BECKY

(interjecting)

Just relax. It's fine.

Angela takes a deep breath, to calm herself.

ANGELA

Are you okay? You should never have
seen this.

Becky closes her eyes and sighs. Becoming more comfortable around Angela.

BECKY

I shouldn't have come in. But your
house...

ANGELA

How did you even get in?

BECKY

(continued from last line)

...your life.

ANGELA

No. Memories. That's all there is
now.

BECKY

What ha... why...

Becky tries to think of the right words.

BECKY (CONT'D)
I saw the pictures downstairs.

ANGELA
(dismissively)
Ha, the happy family?

Angela closes her eyes and swallows and walks into the girl's bedroom.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She stares towards the bed and the teddy that Becky previously dropped.

ANGELA
It was hard. All of it.

BECKY
I know how tough...family can be.

ANGELA
(interjecting)
You don't understand.

BECKY
I've never really had a Mum and I barely know my Dad. You're a Mum to two girls and this is how you lead your life now?

ANGELA
I was a Mum. They're off living their lives. They don't care about me now. Not them, not their Father. I tried. I tried and tried.

Becky is stood by the window.

BECKY
(interjecting)
And this little cocktail you were making is supposed to make it all okay?

ANGELA
Look at this.

Becky turns from looking out of the window and scans the room. Angela is clearly upset.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Do you think this is the bedroom of a child who suffered? Because it isn't. Everything I did for them. The house, the holidays, the university.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

They didn't care once it came down to me or him. They just didn't care.

(beat)

And that's why I'm like this now.

Becky stares at Angela, almost confused at how a mother can talk in such materialistic terms.

BECKY

(somberly)

You can't just stop being a Mum.

The two stand in silence. Angela, clearly upset from Becky's accusation, bites her lip and wipes a tear. She sets the bottle of wine down on the side.

ANGELA

(sniffling)

God. Look at me.

Angela puts her hand to her face.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(Under her breath)

She's just a little girl.

Angela begins to leave the room and heads back to the bathroom. Becky is left in the room alone. She grabs the bear, out of the corner of her eye she sees Harry climbing through the downstairs window. Panicked, she runs down to confront him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As she arrives downstairs, Harry is inspecting the room and throwing anything of value into a rucksack. He is throwing the photos and sentimental items onto the ground.

HARRY

Took your fucking time!

BECKY

Stop it, get out!

Harry ignores her and starts piling DVDs into the bag.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'm serious, leave it alone.
Please.

Becky begins trying to pry the bag away from Harry. He pushes her away, keeping her at arms length.

HARRY

Hey, what's your fucking problem?
We got bored of you pissing about
in here, what were you even doing?

BECKY

It doesn't matter, just leave the
stuff alone and go back to Ben and
Claire.

Harry stops and turns to Becky.

HARRY

(laughing)

Fuck off, you think you can just
move here and tell us what to do?
No way. Not happening.

BECKY

(shouting over him)

Harry!

Harry is throwing photo frames onto the floor. He grabs a
large photo of Angela, her husband and the two girls.

HARRY

Fucking go home, little Mummy's
girl.

Harry drops the photo onto the floor. Becky is infuriated by
Harry's comeback and his destruction of Angela's memories. As
Harry turns to begin filling his back again, Becky snaps and
lunges at him. Knocking them both to the ground. The broken
glass from the photos cuts into Harry's face, sending blood
pouring down one cheek. He is stunned and touches his face
and looks at this hand. Becky, almost equally as stunned,
backs away from the wounded Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(infuriated)

You fucking bitch. Claire! Look
what you've done. Ben! Fuck.

He drops his bag to the floor and charges for Becky,
violently grabbing the scruff of her jacket.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You fucking wait. Claire! Ben!
Fucking hell. I'll get them myself.

Harry is about to throw Becky to the ground when he sees
Angela stood behind her. He lets go and takes a step back.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is that?

Harry is pointing aggressively at Angela. He's more confused
and angry than scared.

HARRY (CONT'D)
That's why you were protective of
all this shit.

Harry lifts his bag into the air.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You fucking weirdos. Fuck this.

He grabs his bag and clambers out of the window. Becky, in shock since Harry grabbed her turns and runs towards Angela. They embrace and Becky, in tears, buries her head into Angela. Angela strokes Becky's hair, calming her down.

BECKY
(sniffling)
They'll come back.

ANGELA
I know, I know. I'm not leaving you
round here near boys like him. Lets
go. I'll get you home.

They pause for a second, letting the chaos of Harry's confrontation subside. Angela goes across the room and locks the window.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
You ready? There's a side door,
we'll go that way.

Becky nods and leaves behind Angela. They leave the house and exit onto a street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Becky and Angela are moving quickly down alleyways and across streets. They eventually slow down and walk side by side, knowing the rest of the group aren't in pursuit. They don't talk as they move. Becky looks up at Angela and smiles.