

TIED

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Written By

Alex Dearle
Thomas Faulkner

info@novumfilms.com

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A woman, ANGELA, is seen walking around a large house. Angela, who is into her late thirties, is wearing a baggy hoodie and jeans. The house is decorated in a very traditional manner, 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

INT. BECKY'S KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

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 doing 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 average height. Her dark 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 lets out an exhausted huff.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
Sorry, it's not great.

They sit quietly and eat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
So, how's college treating you?
Enjoy your course?

Becky shrugs.

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

JOHN
Making new 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
dinner.

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. Just wanted to get out.

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, O.S.)
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's back 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
P.A.

He turns to Becky.

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

He is interrupted as Harry kicks the ball away once more
as Becky and Claire watch.

BEN (CONT'D)
Oh for fuck sake.

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

EXT. STREET - SUNSET

Streetlights begin to flicker on as the sun is beginning
to set with a golden tone. Becky, Harry, Claire and Ben
are silently walking down a suburban street.

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 (O.S.)
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. 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.

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

Ben and Becky watch as the two discuss.

HARRY
Come-on, Claire, what's the worst
that could happen? Any other
ideas? At least go check it out.

Claire sighs.

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

Harry walks off with Ben. Claire sets off, turning back to
Becky with a shrug. Becky reluctantly follows.

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 keep a look
out.

CLAIRE
Well who's going to go in then?

HARRY
I, personally, see this as a
golden opportunity for the new
girl.

BECKY
Wait, what?

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.
She pulls out her phone to escape his gaze.

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

Becky puts the phone away, noticing Harry is still staring
at her intimidatingly.

BEN
Hey, what have you done recently?

CLAIRE
More than you have.

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

Ben and Claire stop arguing. 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 encouraging herself into breaking in.

She approaches another window and with a forceful pull, opens it. She readies herself and then heaves 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 stumbling 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 center 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

Becky 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.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben, Harry and Claire are stood outside the house, idly standing around. Ben is shivering.

CLAIRE

Is not actually abandoned is it?
What you playing out?

HARRY

She's gotta do something for us.
Rather send her in than one of
us.

BEN

You're such a tosser.

Harry smirks.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Becky 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

Becky begins to leave when Angela appears from the room. Becky freezes. She tiredly props herself up against the door, 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! 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 Becky approaches the window 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

(MORE)

ANGELA (cont'd)
seen you lurking around. 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 lived
here.

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. Her hand is shaking.

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-

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The rest of the group are still stood around outside.
Harry is staring the house whilst Ben and Claire stand
behind him, facing away.

BEN
Fuck this. I'm off.

Harry looks over his shoulder.

BEN (CONT'D)
She's been gone ages, it's cold
and I'm sick of your shit, Harry.

CLAIRE
 Yeah, I'll come with. I'm not hanging around when the police get called.

Harry turns around.

HARRY
 Knew you'd both do a runner. You're always so boring, it's just a bit of fun.

BEN
 Fun?

He and Claire turn and walk away.

HARRY
 Fine. I'm keeping whatever she brings out. Dickheads.

Harry is left alone as the other two turn a corner and leave. Harry, stares up at the house.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA
 That's no concern of an intrusive little girl.

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!

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.

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
 (frustratingly 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
 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 (CONT'D)

They don't care about me now.
Their own Mother. I tried. I
tried and tried. It's not easy
being a mother.

BECKY

I get that, but it can't have all
been bad?

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

Becky stares at Angela.

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 Becky 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. No way. Not listening
to the new girl.

BECKY
(shouting over him)
Harry! There's someone-

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

HARRY
(interrupting)
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.

He 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. Look what
you've done. Fuck.

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

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)
You fucking weirdos. Fuck this.

He grabs his bag and clambers out of the window. As he does, the bag drops to the floor. He leans back through the window, but Angela has grabbed it already. Harry panics and darts off away from the house. Becky, in shock since Harry grabbed her, turns and runs towards Angela.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Harry is seen power-walking away from the house, his clothes disheveled and blood down one side of his face. His movement is sudden and unpredictable as he mutters to himself whilst dabbing blood from his face. He tries ringing Claire and Ben but neither answer.

HARRY
(screaming)
Fuck!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is still in tatters. Becky is perched on an arm rest, holding a glass of water, her clothes stretched and messy from the earlier scuffle. Angela is picking through the mess, grabbing the photos and placing items back onto the shelf.

ANGELA
I'm not leaving you round here
near boys like him. Lets go. I'll
get you home. We can use the
front door this time.

Becky nods and smiles. They leave for the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angela grabs a coat and opens the door for Becky. Becky takes a step before Angela grabs her shoulder. She readjusts her jumper and jacket hood before stepping out behind her, shutting the door.

FADE TO BLACK.