

BREAK

Written by

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FADE IN:

TITLE OVER BLACK:

BREAK

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

BRIAN (Jose, father) is alone, looking for someone out the window while listening to a REPORTER (Will) on the radio.

REPORTER

Thank you, Lindsey. It is just a lovely day for a parade. The Health and Safety Authority says, despite the drizzle, it's safe to be outside. Senator Durham's victory parade is proceeding down Broadway without a hitch. This marks the beginning of the senator's sixth term in office, as well as his 98th birthday. When asked for a statement, the senator offered his campaign slogan: "Nothing can stop Durham." Fireworks are expected later in the evening, so keep your eyes to the sky and cover your dogs' ears. Back to you, Lindsey.

Brian coughs violently, wipes his mouth, and paces the floor.

OSCAR (Juvan, son) enters, wearing a backpack, looking sullen.

Brian's jaw tightens. He stifles a cough and turns off the radio.

Oscar puts the backpack down.

Brian looks at the backpack.

BRIAN

Is it still live?

OSCAR

Should be.

Brian mops his face with his hand. He's tense and angry.

BRIAN

They made you? You had to run?

OSCAR

No.

Brian closes his eyes in resignation.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I couldn't do it, Dad.

BRIAN

Mm. We talked through this, I thought. But you fell to your doubts. A better future has no room for doubts.

Oscar nods, but does not look at Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

The future we want requires bravery and hard choices.

OSCAR

There has to be another way.

BRIAN

I have tried every other way, Oscar! Since before you were a fucking thought I tried all the other ways, for years. I went to the protests, the meetings, the rallies. I drafted laws. I sued. It's been what, thirty years of trying every which way, son. You know what I got for doing everything the right way? Nothing. Just failure and wasted time that I'll never get back. Your sister's drafted and gone, forever, and going through the proper channels did fuck all.

OSCAR

Don't talk about my sister.

BRIAN

Your mother got sick, and what help could I get for her? Now I'm sick with who knows what, there's no help for me. This--

Brian lifts the backpack.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

--is the only way things are gonna change.

Oscar is looking down, scowling.

OSCAR

Don't talk about my mother.

Brian puts the backpack down gently.

BRIAN

(softer)

You don't know what your childhood could have been like. When I was a kid, things were good. We had joy. We didn't worry about when our food was coming. It just came. The rain was so clean you could catch it on your tongue.

OSCAR

Oh, your youth was gold plated, wow, that looks amazing, good for you. My youth has been a miserable fucking waste, thanks to you.

BRIAN

Thanks to-- Everything I do is for you. All of it. So you can have that good life.

OSCAR

Fuck off. Just fuck right off with your fantasy bullshit. Stop using my dead sister and mother and your pipe dreams to manipulate me.

BRIAN

I never use their names to--

OSCAR

Every goddamn day you put the weight of every dead ancestor on me. You just take them right off your shoulders and put it all on mine. I'm not the Haltower mule. I'm not going to carry your guilt around for you.

BRIAN

Watch your fucking mouth, boy.

OSCAR

Or you'll what? Blow me up like a politician?

(MORE)

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Then maybe you can find some new kid to buy into your revolutionary bullshit and bomb your enemies for you, that could work. Anything to keep your own hands clean.

BRIAN

You have no fucking clue what I've done.

OSCAR

Whatever. No bomb in a backpack, terrorist for a son is going to bring your past back. It's gone. You want me to be a goddamn killer. Do it yourself.

Oscar pulls the remote out of his pocket.

BRIAN

I told you, I'm sick.

OSCAR

Liar. You ain't never been sick. Mom was sick for years and she died, like someone sick does. Not you. You've been sick and dying for years. Cough cough, but look at you. You're not wasting away. You're not spitting up blood. You're a coward.

BRIAN

Give me the remote.

OSCAR

You say you want a good life for me but you make me take a bomb to a parade?

BRIAN

It's necessary.

OSCAR

It's over!

Oscar throws the remote detonator on the floor--

BRIAN

No!

Brian lunges to shield Oscar from the bomb.

--Oscar steps on the remote.

The remote breaks.

Oscar realizes that destroying the remote like that could have set the bomb off.

Brian begins coughing uncontrollably.

Oscar exits.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Oscar walks out of the house.

DRONE SHOT: Pull out from Oscar to beauty shot of the house, Oscar, and the park he is walking towards.

FADE OUT.