

Give Me a Break

by
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EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The lot is deserted. Overcast skies hint of storms to come while the puddles and glistening gravel hint of storms past.

The side doors of the school open and MICHAEL and ANDREW (both 10) step out.

Michael, scrawny with a shaggy mop of hair, slings his backpack over his shoulder. Andrew, smaller than Michael, clings to the backpack straps secured tightly around his shoulders.

MICHAEL

Wanna come over and watch some TV?

ANDREW

I can't. I have chores.

Michael hops over a mud puddle.

MICHAEL

Oh, come on. Do 'em later.

ANDREW

My mom'll kill me though.

They reach the rack. Michael unlocks his bike, and they begin to walk towards the street.

MICHAEL

Just tell her-

WHAP! A large chunk of mud splatters across the back of Michael's head. He winces in discomfort and wipes the clump away.

They turn to see WES (12), a menacingly fat bully, flanked by two twelve-year-old cronies: ALAN and JEFF.

WES

Ha ha! Bulls-eye!

The cronies cackle.

MICHAEL

Yeah, very funny.

They turn to leave.

WES

Woah, woah, woah! Where do you two think you're going?

Michael stops and turns to face him.

MICHAEL

Home.

WES

Not with that you're not.

Wes motions to the bike. Michael looks at it, then over to Andrew for support. No use; Andrew's face is plastered with fear.

He looks back to Wes.

MICHAEL

But you don't want *this*.

WES

Don't tell me what I want. Only I tell me what I don't want.

Alan laughs.

ALAN

Yeah, only he tells himself what he wants.

JEFF

Heh, good one.

Andrew leans towards Michael.

ANDREW

(quietly)

Maybe you should just give it to him.

Michael's eyes go wide.

MICHAEL

But it's mine!

WES

Ladies...

The two look back to Michael.

WES (CONT'D)

Bring...me...the...bike.

(beat)

Now. Or do you want another mud pie?

Alan's already packing a clump of mud together. He smiles wide.

Michael looks back to his friend, but Andrew sheepishly looks down.

ANDREW

M-my mom'll kill me if I get mud on this shirt.

Michael sighs and slumps his shoulders.

MICHAEL

Fine.

Michael walks the bike over to Wes and hands it to him.

WES

Now see, wasn't that easy?

Wes turns and motions for the guys to follow him.

WES (CONT'D)

C'mon guys.

Wes hops on the bike, puts his foot on the pedal and begins to leave.

MICHAEL

Wait.

Wes puts his foot back down, and turns back to Michael.

WES

Yes?

MICHAEL

I want a chance to have my bike back.

The bullies laugh in response. Andrew watches on, worried.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

Wes's smile fades.

WES

What, you wanna fight me for it?

JEFF

Ha, that I'd like to see.

Jeff playfully hits Wes, who snickers at this.

MICHAEL
No. A race.

WES
A race?

MICHAEL
Yeah. On the bike.

WES
You think I'm gonna fall for that?
I let you get on this bike, you'll
just ride off.

MICHAEL
I won't be on the bike. You will.

Wes and the guys exchange confused looks.

WES
Huh?

MICHAEL
I'll race you on foot.

Pause.

Uproarious laughter erupts from the bullies, as they nearly double over.

Andrew steps forward.

ANDREW
We should just go.

Michael shakes his head, steadfast and tight-lipped. Wes recovers from his laughing fit, and wipes a fake tear.

WES
You're joking, right?

MICHAEL
You don't think you can beat me?

Wes looks to Alan, who just shrugs.

ALAN
Do it, man. He's 10 years old.

Wes looks back to Michael; all business.

WES
You're on.

EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The bike tire approaches a make-shift startling line, comprised of nothing more than a stick. In the background, Michael readies himself at the line as well.

Andrew walks over to Michael.

ANDREW

I hope you know what you're doing.

WES

C'mon, let's get this over with.

Alan steps in front of them.

ALAN

Ok, first one to the end of the yard.

Alan points to the end, far in the distance.

WES

Oh man, this is gonna be so easy.

Alan raises an arm.

ALAN

On your mark. Get set.
(pause)
GO!

Wes and Michael take off. Wes breaks ahead fast.

It's not even a competition; it's an absolute slaughter as Wes bolts far ahead, leaving Michael in the dust.

Wes hoots and hollers as he gains distance, his speed ever increasing. He turns back to see Michael far behind.

WES

(yells)
Looks like the bike is mine!

Michael stops and watches Wes race towards the finish.

MICHAEL

(yells)
Keep it! The brakes don't work
anyway!

Wes whips his head back in shock. WHAT?!?!?

He slams his feet backward, but nothing happens. Panicked, he looks forward to see he's approaching the biggest mud puddle in the lot.

Before he knows it, in he goes; bike and all, producing a monstrously large splash that covers him head to toe.

Alan and Jeff rush over to Wes's aid as Michael casually makes his way back to Andrew.

Andrew watches, mouth agape, as the two scramble to help Wes out of the puddle. Andrew laughs.

ANDREW

That...that was great.

Michael looks at his friend with a smile.

MICHAEL

Wanna go watch some TV?

ANDREW

Sure.

They begin to walk away.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You do realize your bike is wrecked now, right?

MICHAEL

It was worth it.

They leave the lot.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.