

Walk Away

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. RICH SUBURB - DAY

A run-down, rusty car cruises through a wall of massive, well-kept houses. It splutters to a stop outside one of the larger houses.

INT. CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

ROCKY SMITHERS (18) dressed in track-pants and a jacket, kills the ignition.

He looks at the house, sighs. He takes a slow breath in, before opening the car door.

EXT. RICH SUBURB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rocky slams the door shut, locks it. He inspects his car for a moment, picking at the rust. He continues his inspection of the car, deliberately taking his time.

Finally, he turns back to the massive house. He breathes in, again, makes his way through the front garden, careful not to damage the beautiful plants.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rocky stops outside the front door. He looks over his shoulder. No one there.

A tentative rap on the door.

The door opens. A plump MRS. HIND (56) an apron around her waist, stands before Rocky. She smiles.

MRS. HIND

Rocky! Great to see you! Come in, come in.

ROCKY

Thank you, Mrs. Hind.

MRS. HIND

Oh, how many times do I have to tell you, call me Margaret.

ROCKY
Uh... Thank you, Margaret.

Mrs. Hind ushers Rocky into the house.

INT. HALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rocky walks through the very fancy hall, Mrs. Hind right behind him.

ROCKY
Fred home?

MRS. HIND
He is, indeed. Just in his bedroom.
Probably playing x-box again.
That's all he ever does, these
days.

Rocky's left hand twitches. He blinks in quick succession.

ROCKY
May I see him?

MRS. HIND
Of course! I'll take you there.

Mrs. Hind is all smiles as she leads Rocky into the...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A dark room, illuminated only by the light from a small T.V. screen. An athletics game is being played by a LONE FIGURE, hunched pathetically over his controller.

Mrs. Hind walks right into the room, straight past the screen. Rocky stands awkwardly in the doorway.

MRS. HIND
Open the curtains, boy! Get some
light in here.

Mrs. Hind draws the curtains, the natural light showing the messy room. Paper litters the floor, dirty clothes spread among mountains of chip packets. On the window-pane, an assortment of coffee cups.

The Lone Figure remains motionless, only his fingers moving.

Rocky notices the wheel-chair the figure sits in. He looks down at his feet, guilty.

MRS. HIND (cont'd)
 Fred, there's someone here to see
 you.

No response.

MRS. HIND (cont'd)
 Fred. Pause the game and be polite.

The game on the screen stops. The figure is slow as he
 wheels himself around.

FRED HIND (18) greasy hair, still wearing PJ's stares in
 disbelief at Rocky.

FRED
 What's he doing here?

MRS. HIND
 He came to talk--

FRED
 Mum, get out.

MRS. HIND
 Fred--

FRED
 (louder)
 Get OUT!

Mrs. Hind hesitates. She glances at Rocky as she sneaks past
 him.

Fred has returned to his game.

FRED (cont'd)
 Sit down.

Rocky takes a seat on the bed.

ROCKY
 Good game?

Fred stares at the T.V. screen. His virtual athlete is
 competing in the 100 meter sprint.

FRED
 One of the best.

ROCKY
 Realistic?

Fred pauses the game, staring in shock. Rocky has touched a nerve.

FRED
Realistic? Realistic?! This game's
about as realistic as It'll ever
get, thanks to you.

ROCKY
Mate, I'm sorry--

FRED
I don't wanna hear it.
(beat)
You said you wouldn't drink. You
were supposed to be the sober
driver--

ROCKY
I stuffed up--

FRED
You put me in a wheel-chair!

Silence. Fred returns to his video game. He finishes last.

FRED (cont'd)
See that? Last place. Funny how
things turn out.

The video console is switched off.

FRED (cont'd)
I want you to leave. I don't ever
want to see your face again.

Rocky shoots a look at Fred; at his wheel-chair.

FRED (cont'd)
What you looking at?! Go. Just go.

Rocky gets up. With a tear in his eye, he leaves.

FRED (cont'd)
(tearful)
Walk away.

LATER

Fred watches as Fred's car pulls off.

FLASHBACK - EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - DAY

Fred stands on the field, dressed in athletics gear. He waves over to Rocky, who stands on the other side, a stop-watch in his hand.

FRED
(shouts)
Ready!

Rocky's hand goes up. Fred watches, waiting. The hand goes down and Fred is off, sprinting towards Rocky.

His arms pump, as he takes heavy breaths. He doesn't slow down.

MOMENTS LATER

Fred crosses the finish line, collapses to the ground. Rocky clicks the stop-watch.

FRED
Time?

ROCKY
11.58.

FRED
Yes!

ROCKY
Next Olympic champion, right here!

A shout of joy from Fred.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Fred sits in his wheel-chair, looking through photos. Fred running at full speed. Fred standing on a podium, first place. Fred holding an assortment of medals.

A tears rolls down his cheeks.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Rocky sits at the dining table. A half-eaten sandwich lies discarded in front of him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Fred throws the photos to the ground, crying.

EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - DAY

Rocky stands at the end of the old finish line. He smiles at the memory.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Fred has a knife in his hand. He rolls up his sleeve. The tip of the knife touches his wrist.

EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - DAY

Rocky starts the stop watch.

ROCKY
(to himself)
Come on, buddy.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Knife tip still at his wrist. Tears continue to roll down his cheeks.

FRED
(to himself)
I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - DAY

ROCKY
(shouting)
I'm sorry! I'm so, so sorry!

Rocky breaks down on the ground. A ball of emotion.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

FRED

Goodbye.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACKNESS

Silence. Mrs. Hind's scream rings out.

END.