

FIVE YEARS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Holding onto a pregnancy testing kit, AMANDA (18) in a long flowing dressing gown sits on the closed lid of the toilet. She stares down at the '1-2 weeks' positive test in disbelief. But equally happy and nervous at what she's seeing too.

With her eyes locked on the test she calls out as loudly as she can, almost cheering.

AMANDA
Mark get in here. Mark, Mark. Mark
get in here.

A gentle knock on the bathroom door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Come in,

MARK (17) opens the door and steps in cautiously.

MARK
You best not be taking a shit or
anything fucking gross like that.

She laughs at him, standing up from the toilet she holds the pregnancy test out for him to take a look at.

He looks at it but at first just precisely what it is, isn't registering with him.

AMANDA
Well?

MARK
Well what?

She laughs at him again.

AMANDA
What do you think that is.

MARK
(guessing)
You're pregnant?

AMANDA
Ding, ding, ding. Right answer.
We're having a baby.

He's stunned.

MARK

Wow.

AMANDA

Are you happy?

MARK

(checking)

We're pregnant?

She wraps her arms around him and kisses him on the lips.

AMANDA

I love you so much.

MARK

So this thing I'm holding is covered in your pee?

She rolls her eyes, still smiling.

AMANDA

Don't ruin the moment.

He tries to give the pregnancy test back to her. But she rushes out of the bathroom.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Don't let go of it just yet.

MARK

Where are you going?

AMANDA

To get my phone, I need to get a picture of this.

MARK

Alright, but don't show it to anyone.

AMANDA

Are you kidding, I want the whole world to know.

She leaves. Mark's alone, he sits down on the closed lid to the toilet. Now he stares down at the pregnancy test, the reality of it finally seeming to hit.

MARK

(muttering)

Shit.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

A broken down dirt bike. LARRY (16) ginger hair and a face covered in grease and dirt works on it's engine. All kinds of different tools scattered around him.

Mark leans against his work bench, a can of beer in his hand, he drinks.

LARRY

I'm happy for you. I really am.

MARK

What I need now is money. Lots of money.

LARRY

Don't we all.

MARK

Are you not going to drink with me?

LARRY

I really need to get this working otherwise my dad is going to kill me.

MARK

I forget your still just a kid.

Larry laughs at him.

LARRY

Hey dumbass, we're basically the same age. If I'm a kid then so are you.

MARK

Well I'm about to become a father.

LARRY

Eight months to go yet, a lot can happen.

Mark nods, with this point he agrees.

MARK

I can't be broke.

LARRY

Then get a fucking job.

A beat.

MARK

I need money but I don't see the point in working for it.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

On a coffee table is a ski mask, duffel bag and handgun. All carefully placed.

Mark sits all in black, joggers and a black hoodie. He's on edge, sitting on the edge of the sofa and waits.

In walks Amanda, smiling happily. Her large stomach, she's heavily pregnant and ready to pop. Impossible to hide it.

But her good mood is cut short when she sees Mark, the ski mask, bag and the gun.

AMANDA

(disgusted)

What the hell is that?

MARK

It's a means to an end.

AMANDA

You bring a fucking gun into my house. Have you lost your fucking mind?

MARK

No. I've actually been thinking clearly for a change.

She shakes her head at him.

AMANDA

I'm about to give birth to our son and you're sitting there with a fucking ski mask and gun laid out in full view. What the fuck is going on?

He stands up. Holding his hands out to her, pleading.

MARK

The best job I can find around here pays £19,000 a year. That's the best I can find. After ten years, if spend nothing that would give me £190,000. That's not even enough to buy a decent house around here.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Let alone all the other shit you're going to need.

Amanda begins to cry. The stress of the situation too much.

AMANDA

What the fuck are you talking about?

MARK

If I rob one jewellery store I can make close to three quarters of a million pounds. £700,000 at least. That's enough to buy you a nice house. And to make sure you never have to work ever again. To make sure our son has the best start in life. Do you have any idea how long I would have to work to make that money right out. No. I wouldn't, that's the thing. I'd have to work for 100 years. And I can't do that.

AMANDA

So you're going to rob a jewellers? Have you heard yourself?

MARK

Yes.

AMANDA

Think about it.

MARK

I'm thinking about it.

AMANDA

And I'm thinking about you being sent to prison and me being left alone, a single mother.

MARK

A single mother with £700,000.

AMANDA

Why would they let me keep it?

MARK

Because no one else has to know. I'll tell the police I threw it in the river. Or that I have mysterious partners who never existed. I'll lie.

AMANDA

And they'll throw you in prison for it.

He nods.

MARK

Four or five years. Nothing more than that.

AMANDA

They could give you life.

MARK

Only if someone dies. And I'm not going in there to kill.

AMANDA

So what's the gun for?

MARK

To show them that I'm serious.

AMANDA

I can't listen to this.

Mark puts the ski mask and gun away, hidden inside his hoodie. He stands up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Wait, you're going now?

He nods.

MARK

I can't let you talk me out of this. But I also need you to know, the money, I'm going to bury it in your back garden. I've already got a buyer lined up for the jewels. All you have to do is sit on the money. And spend it slowly and carefully. Then when the time is right. You can buy a house. Set yourself up. I love you. You'll never have to work another day again. And all you have to do is wait for me. Five years, max. Men go off into the army, the Navy, the air force. Work on oil rigs for longer.

She gets in his way, trying to block him.

AMANDA

I'm not going to let you do this.
I'm not gonna let you leave.

MARK

I'm doing this.

AMANDA

You think you can survive in
prison? Five years of it?

MARK

For three quarters of a million
pounds I think I can survive pretty
much anything. There is no other
way to make that kind of money. I
promised you a better life. I want
our son to have the kind of
upbringing and life me and you
never had. And for that to happen
we need money.

AMANDA

You're not a criminal.

MARK

And that's why this is going to
work.

He eases her out of the way.

Mark exits, out of the door. She turns to watch him in
Disbelief. Her knees are shaking, she has to sit down.

AMANDA

Mark...

No answer. In the distance we hear the front door opening and
closing shut behind him. Amanda puts her head in her hands
and weeps.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Mark walks quickly, the ski mask on, the gun in one hand the
duffel bag in another. He breaks out into a run.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

The duffel bag is unzipped, money and jewels pour out across
the coffee table, filling it up then spilling out onto the
floor around it.

Amanda sits on the floor resting against the sofa, her eyes transfixed on the loot. Mark stands over it, smiling proud.

He waves the empty bag at her before tossing it over to an empty nearby chair.

MARK

Here it is. If everything is right, that's what a quarter of a million pounds looks like. Cash and Jewels.

AMANDA

What have you done?

Mark breaks out laughing.

MARK

Pretty awesome right?

She snaps, exploding.

AMANDA

What have you done?

He stops laughing, his smile melting away. He looks across at her, utterly serious.

MARK

I've changed both our lives for the better.

AMANDA

So you rob jewellery shops now? What's next, a fucking bank?

MARK

Do you not see all that fucking money in front of you?

AMANDA

And what am I supposed to do with all this?

MARK

You sit on it and wait. Spend little and be smart. I've got to do something else first.

AMANDA

What?

MARK

Hand myself over to the police.

Now it's her turn to laugh.

AMANDA
You've lost your mind.

Mark kneels down and starts hurriedly stuffing the money and the jewels back inside the duffel bag.

MARK
(disappointed)
I thought you'd be happy.

AMANDA
You don't know me at all do you?

He shakes his head, doesn't know what to say back to that so says nothing. Focuses on filling the bag back up. Amanda doesn't help, she just watches.

EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Armed with a large shovel Mark digs out a hole by a large apple tree. The ground is wet so he makes easy work of it. A large hole, he's a natural at this.

Out of breath and drenched in sweat he's soon done. He turns to face her.

MARK
The police will come and talk to you.

AMANDA
Great. Aren't I lucky.

MARK
I'll be out in five years. Then we can be happy.

She shakes her head, looks utterly disgusted.

AMANDA
You don't have a clue.

MARK
Give it time, and you'll understand. And you will be grateful.

She looks shellshocked.

AMANDA

You're the worst criminal in history. I can't believe I'm carrying your child.

MARK

I thought you'd be impressed.

She continues shaking her head, words fail her.

Mark drops the bag inside his dug hole then makes quick work of filling it back in again.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The kettle boiled, Amanda makes two cups of tea, but her hands are shaking. TERRY (21) stands with his arms crossed watching her. Spilling the boiled water he frowns concerned.

TERRY

What the hell is going on, are you OK?

Amanda gives up, both cups only half filled. No sugar and they're not even stirred. She turns to face him.

AMANDA

I don't know what I'm doing. I need to get away. Far away.

TERRY

Is it that pig headed man of yours. Jesus Amanda, you could do so much better.

AMANDA

I need to get away from him.

TERRY

Well don't ask me to fight him, that's not my style.

AMANDA

I just want you to help me.

TERRY

You're finishing him?

She nods.

TERRY (CONT'D)

It's over?

She nods.

AMANDA

But...

TERRY

But what?

AMANDA

I still love him.

Terry almost falls over when she says this.

TERRY

Oh my god, how could you be so stupid.

AMANDA

Please don't lecture me right now.

TERRY

Did he cheat on you?

AMANDA

No.

TERRY

Drugs?

AMANDA

No.

TERRY

Gambling addict?

AMANDA

No.

TERRY

Well he doesn't have a job. He's thick as shit so I'm sure he's riddled with debt.

She scoffs.

AMANDA

Actually no.

TERRY

Then what the fuck did he do?

AMANDA

Do you want to see?

Terry puts a hand on his chin, she's got his attention now.

TERRY
What the fuck is this?

AMANDA
Get ready.

EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Amanda brings Terry over to the freshly dug hole. She gestures down to it.

AMANDA
Dig.

He laughs in her face, showing her his freshly manicured fingernails.

TERRY
Excuse me, but I don't dig.

Amanda hits him playfully but hard in the back with both her hands.

AMANDA
Dig Terry.

TERRY
What is this. What did he do? Did he kill somebody? What is this?

She hits him again, a little harder this time.

AMANDA
Just dig Terry, for the love of god.

TERRY
Ouch.

AMANDA
Do you want me to hit you again, just dig for fucks sake.

TERRY
Abusive much? Fucking hell, fine I'll dig. Next time I'll bring a fucking dog with me.

Terry gingerly gets down onto his knees, he starts to move away the fresh dug out earth. With out much effort he finds the bag, pulls it out.

AMANDA

Open it.

Terry gives her a bored look.

TERRY

What the fuck is this? A prank?

AMANDA

Open it dickhead and you'll see.

Terry unzips it, not expecting much.

TERRY

Remind me to never come around your
fucking house ever again.

He reveals the money and the jewels. His eyes get big, his
mouth salivating.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Oh my fucking god, your rich.

AMANDA

I need to get far away. Will you
help me?

TERRY

Where the fuck did he find this
shit?

AMANDA

He stole it.

TERRY

Wow, maybe he's not so fucking
useless after all.

AMANDA

I don't want to be a part of this
new life he's creating for himself.

A beat.

TERRY

I'll help you.

AMANDA

Find us somewhere to go. Tell no
one.

Terry zips the bag back closed. Places it back into the hole
and covers it with the fresh soil. He stands up, wrapping his
arms around her.

TERRY

I'll take care of everything. I'll take us away someplace where he can't find us.

Amanda beams.

AMANDA

Thank you.

Terry can't hide his excitement, his eyes still on the mound of earth. Eyes wide and hungry.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A small table, two uncomfortable looking chairs on either side of it. Mark is already sitting, waiting.

A FEMALE OFFICER, (32), no-nonsense and stressed out. She enters with a stack of paperwork. She sits down opposite him, already looking annoyed.

FEMALE OFFICER

Yes.

MARK

Hi.

She rolls her eyes, a long deep breath.

FEMALE OFFICER

And how can we help you today?

MARK

I've come to hand myself in.

FEMALE OFFICER

And why's that?

MARK

I want you to arrest me.

She shakes her head.

FEMALE OFFICER

Well, I'm not going to be doing that, and in fact no other officer is going to either. You're free to go. We've already made our arrests.

He doesn't understand, can't believe what he's hearing.

MARK

But I'm guilty. I robbed the place.
I did it. By myself. I can tell you
everything.

FEMALE OFFICER

Can you tell me where the money and
jewels are?

MARK

I got rid of it all. Threw it into
the river.

She stands up, shakes her head at him.

FEMALE OFFICER

Of course you did.

MARK

I'm the one who did it. I'm guilty.
Arrest me.

FEMALE OFFICER

And I'm telling you, I just don't
believe you. Now unless you have
something else, I really don't have
time for this.

She exits the interview room, leaving Mark alone at the
table. He's lost, what the hell does he do now.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amanda packs a couple bags with her clothes, taking her time
to pick out which clothes she wants, folding them neatly.

EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Terry sneaks through the back garden closely followed by
DEAN, (21), tall, skinny and holding onto a large never used
before shovel.

Terry brings Dean over towards where the money is buried.
Terry points down to the mound of earth.

TERRY

(ordering)

Dig.

Dean shakes his head, can't help but chuckle.

DEAN

This is fucking crazy.

TERRY

Just dig. I'm paying you £100 to dig a hole. So do it.

DEAN

And that's fucking crazy.

TERRY

Easiest £100 you've ever made.

DEAN

Well, that depends how deep you want me to dig.

TERRY

No more than a couple of inches.

DEAN

And that's fucking crazy.

TERRY

Get on with it. I want that hole dug in the next three seconds or I'll go and find someone else. You're here because I need a hole digging, now dig.

DEAN

Fine.

Dean digs. He only needs a couple of movements with the shovel before the buried duffel bag is revealed to them.

Terry reaches down and snatches the bag up, hugging it to himself.

TERRY

Lets get out of here.

DEAN

Where's my money.

TERRY

Oh relax.

DEAN

How do I even know you're good for it?

TERRY

I'm wealthy now.

Dean reaches out to the duffel bag, attempts to snatch it out of Terry's hands.

DEAN
What the hell is even in this?

The two men wrestle for control. Yanking it back and forth between them. A fight.

TERRY
Let go!

DEAN
What the fuck is in this?

TERRY
Let go you fucking idiot!

The bag rips, the money and the jewels spilling out of it.

TERRY (CONT'D)
No!

DEAN
What the fuck? Is that real?

Terry picks out £100 from the spilled pile.

TERRY
Here. Like I promised. Take it and fuck off. The rest is mine.

Dean swings the shovel and smashes it across the top of Terry's head. Cutting his head open, Terry crumples onto the ground, dazed.

Dean collects up as much as he can, stuffing money into his pockets and using the ripped bag to hold the rest. He makes a run for it.

Terry tries to stand but collapses back down to the ground. More and more blood oozing from his head.

TERRY (CONT'D)
No. Please. No.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Amanda sits on the bottom step of the staircase, her packed bags down by her feet.

The front door opens, she stands smiling. But in walks Mark. Amanda's smile is instantly replaced with a frown. She sits back down.

MARK
What's going on?

AMANDA
I was expecting to see somebody else.

MARK
What are you doing?

She kicks out at the bags.

AMANDA
I'm leaving you.

MARK
I want the money then.

She scowls.

AMANDA
I thought you were giving yourself up to the police?

MARK
I tried. They didn't want me.

AMANDA
That makes two of us.

EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

The fresh dug out hole in the ground, open and showing that the bag is no longer there. Mark and Amanda look down into it.

Amanda folds her arms, tears gently rolling down her face.

Mark looks heartbroken.

MARK
(to Amanda)
Where is it?

She shakes her head.

He turns to face her, getting close. Raising his voice, shouting.

MARK (CONT'D)

What the fuck have you done?

Amanda wipes the tears from her face, composes herself then screams back at him.

AMANDA

I was leaving you behind.

MARK

What the fuck have you done?

AMANDA

I just wanted us to be together. To have a child. A family. All of this is your fault.

MARK

Who the fuck did you give the money to?

AMANDA

Terry.

MARK

Your brother?

AMANDA

Yes.

Mark shakes his head, enraged.

MARK

Then he needs to give it back.

AMANDA

I'm not sorry it's gone. You shouldn't never have done what you did in the first place.

MARK

Tell your brother to return it or I'll hunt him down.

She turns away from him, marching back inside her house.

AMANDA

It's over Mark. I don't want nothing to do with you anymore. Never come near my house again, or I'll make sure that the police arrest you next time.

He chases after her.

MARK

I did this for us.

She forces out a laugh.

AMANDA

How can you not hear me. I never wanted this. Do you understand. All of this. You've ruined what we could have had. This wasn't for me. Lie to yourself if you want, but don't lie to me.

She enters back inside the house. She tries to close the back door shut behind her. Hoping to keep Mark out. But Mark is too quick and too strong. He forces the door open. Keeps on top of her.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

With shaking hands Amanda clumsily picks through several different kitchen knives, pulling out the largest and sharpest that she has. She holds it out in front of her. Aimed at Mark's throat. She poses, ready to strike if needed.

Mark slams the back door shut behind him.

MARK

A quarter of a million and you just let your brother just take it.

AMANDA

I didn't let him.

MARK

Then how the fuck did he know?

AMANDA

I told him where it was.

MARK

Then you fucking let him.

AMANDA

I wanted him to take me away.

MARK

Where's he gone?

AMANDA

I don't know.

MARK
You're lying.

AMANDA
Get out of my house.

MARK
I did this for us.

AMANDA
Get out.

Mark's rage begins to quell. Now growing emotional, there's nothing he can do to stop his own tears from forming and falling.

MARK
I just wanted the best life for us.

AMANDA
We already had it, you were just too greedy and stupid to see it.

Mark shakes his head, he falls backwards against the backdoor.

MARK
But I love you.

AMANDA
Well, I don't love you. Now get out of my house.

MARK
You still love me.

AMANDA
Get out.

MARK
You couldn't hurt me. You love me.

He slowly reaches out a hand, hoping to touch her face.

Amanda slashes the sharp knife wildly out in front of her. The blade catches Mark's hand, cutting his palm open. A wide and deep cut. Blood dripping to the floor.

Mark pulls his hand back, startled that she actually did it.

MARK (CONT'D)
Why?

AMANDA

Get out of my house. Don't make me
kill you, because I will.

He's too stunned to think.

Amanda slashes the knife out again in front of his face,
barely missing him.

Mark opens the back door, reaching blindly behind him. He
stumbles out of the house.

Once out, Amanda slams the back door closed and hurriedly
locks it. Now she's alone, dropping the knife it clattered to
the floor. She puts her head in her hands and weeps.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The blood from his hand continues to drip down, leaving a
trail behind him. Mark looks lost, heartbroken.

He drags his feet exhausted . Doesn't know where to go or
what to do.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END