

'Mr Sensitive'

written by:

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INT . SHAWN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

At a cluttered long wooden table, ROBERT, 48, sits with DANNY, 21. The kitchen is messy. Pots and pans piled up in the sink. Old newspapers on the counter. The whole place is in need of a good clean up.

Robert leans back in his chair. Points up.

ROBERT

I can't protect Shawn forever. And a kid like him, well, this world. It's just going to chew him up and spit him out.

Danny nods.

DANNY

Chew him up.

ROBERT

He needs something. Someone. I can't always be there for him.

DANNY

No Dad, no you can't.

ROBERT

He's weak. Took him two hours to get home last night. Said he couldn't walk the normal way home because a dog was blocking his path. And was barking at him.

DANNY

I would have just booted the dog into the road. Would have sent it flying.

Robert scowls.

ROBERT

No, you wouldn't.

Instantly Danny caves in.

DANNY

No, I wouldn't.

ROBERT

I've got to do something. And fast. I'm just glad his poor mother isn't

around to see how he turned out.

DANNY

But Mum's looking down on me right
Dad? You said God had given her a
special telescope to look down at me
at all times.

ROBERT

Sure. Only fair. She gave me two
special sons to look after.

Danny beams.

DANNY

Do you really think I'm special Dad?

Robert breathes a heavy sigh.

ROBERT

In all kinds of ways.

INT . SHAWN'S HOUSE - SHAWN'S BEDROOM - DAY

A bright and colourful room. Neat and tidy. In contrast to
the rest of the house.

A neatly made bed. SHAWN, 19, stands at the window. He
paints. A large canvas. A vase is full of bright flowers. He
paints theses.

There are other paintings. Similar. Pinned up on the walls.
All around him. Very good. He's got a talent for sure.

Sad music fills the air. A sad love song.

Shawn paints and cries at the same time.

Robert enters the room. He sees him. Disappointed.

Turns the music off.

ROBERT

Jesus Christ. Crying. Again?

Shawn turns to face his Dad. Wipes the tears away. But is
smiling.

SHAWN

It's a sad song Dad.

ROBERT

I want you to stop.

SHAWN

Well, I'm almost finished.

Robert can't wait. Takes the paintbrush from Shawn and takes a hold of his wrist.

ROBERT

You're coming with me. And I mean now.

SHAWN

Dad! What's wrong? You can share your feelings. I mean, I've known you my whole life. You can talk to me. I'm a good listener. And a good crier.

Robert rolls his eyes.

ROBERT

Other words. You're a pussy.

SHAWN

A pussy cat?

ROBERT

That doesn't make it better.

SHAWN

In ancient china one of the most fears martial arts was that of the cat style.

ROBERT

I think you mean tiger style.

Shawn shakes his head. Goes into doing an impression of a cat. Playfully pats his 'paws' against Robert's chest. He purrs.

Robert yanks him hard out of the room. He's had enough.

SHAWN

But I'm not finished.

Robert doesn't care.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

On the high street, there's a popup table. Join the army.

REBECCA, 21, in full army uniform, stands. Paperwork on a clipboard.

She's calling people over. Recruiting. But so far doesn't seem to be having much success.

Robert, still with a hold of Shawn continues to drag him.

SHAWN

Dad this is silly. Let go of my wrist
and I can walk properly with you.

Robert gives in. He stops, lets go of his wrists.

ROBERT

Fine.

Shawn reaches down and holds Robert's hand. Smiling.

SHAWN

We used to walk like this all the
time. It's nice to walk like this.

Robert snaps his hand free. Looks around nervous. Hoping no one saw that.

ROBERT

Will you just listen. You can't stay
at home forever. And I can't just send
you out into the world like you are.

SHAWN

I like who I am.

ROBERT

Well, I don't.

Shawn 's face falls. Hurt.

SHAWN

Ouch.

ROBERT

The world is a cold nasty place.

SHAWN

Says you. But when was the last time
you stopped to smell the flowers that
grow all around you? Said hello to a
stranger? Danced even though there's
no music playing?

Shawn starts to dance. Alone. Very sexual.

Robert reaches over and slaps him across the chest. Getting him to stop.

ROBERT

I've not done any of those things. I'm trying to help you. You're joining the army.

SHAWN

What?

ROBERT

You need to be toughened up.

SHAWN

I'm tough.

ROBERT

You cry constantly.

SHAWN

Then I'll stop.

ROBERT

You can't.

SHAWN

Try me.

Robert reaches over and pinches Shawn on the hand.

At this Shawn starts to cry.

ROBERT

You do this or you're out of the house. On the streets and living alone.

SHAWN

You want me to learn how to kill or you're making me homeless?

ROBERT

Precisely. You'll thank me one day for this.

Shawn has to turn away from him. Can't ever look at Robert right now.

SHAWN
Somehow I doubt that.

ROBERT
Well, like always. You do what I say
and that's the end of it.

CUT TO:

EXT . HIGH STREET - DAY

Shawn now stands at the army recruitment table. He smiles at Rebecca. A big over the top grin.

She can't help but laugh and smile back at him.

REBECCA
Well, you're the happiest person I've
seen today.

SHAWN
Really?

REBECCA
And the first person who's come over.
So thank you.

SHAWN
People don't want to join the army
anymore?

REBECCA
No, they do. They just don't want to
speak to a female recruitment officer.
If I was a man I'd have a cue of
people. But the rules are different
for women.

SHAWN
So why have they got you doing this?

She laughs. Shakes her head.

REBECCA
You're not going to believe this. But
I was given this award. Toughest woman
in the UK. I was overseas. I saved
some tourists from a burning car.
Someone filmed the whole thing. The
army thinks I'm famous. But the video
only got like a hundred thousand

views.

SHAWN

That's a lot.

REBECCA

Well, today on the train ride up here.
I watched a video of a dog twerking.

Shawn laughs.

SHAWN

Oh yeah. I think I know that one you
mean. I watched it like ten times in a
row.

REBECCA

Ten million views when I saw it.

SHAWN

But I doubt a twerking dog would be a
good army recruiter. That would just
be sending out weird messages.

She shakes her head, confused.

REBECCA

You don't seem like the type of guy
who'd be looking at army life.

SHAWN

My Dad's idea.

REBECCA

Oh?

SHAWN

Says I cry too much.

REBECCA

Why's that?

SHAWN

Can I show you? I live literally ten
minutes from here.

REBECCA

I can't leave.

SHAWN

You must have a break?

REBECCA
With a stranger?

SHAWN
My name is Shawn. My favourite colour is blue. My first crush was on a girl called Bella. Everyone in school called her smeller. She's married now. Crazy. I want to be a painter. And I love flowers. There. I'm not a stranger anymore.

She laughs. Taken by him.

REBECCA
I'm meant to be here all day.

SHAWN
I'll have you back before anyone notices you're gone. I promise.

She gives in.

They both smile at one another. There's a connection between them. No denying it.

INT . SHAWN'S HOUSE - SHAWN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Shawn shows Rebecca inside his room. She sees all his painting. Impressed.

REBECCA
You did all these.

SHAWN
Yes, you like them? Oh please say you do?

REBECCA
Well, I do.

He gestures to the flowers.

SHAWN
I just love flowers. So pretty. But don't last for long.

REBECCA
You're like no other guy I've ever known. But I don't know if the crying is good for you.

SHAWN

You're kidding right. A good cry is so good for you. Cleans you out. People who don't cry are miserable. Funny right. Those who cry are happy. Those who don't cry are depressed. You would think it would be the other way around.

REBECCA

I can't remember the last time I cried.

SHAWN

Would you like to paint? That always gets me going.

Rebecca reaches into her back pocket. Pulls out an army contract.

REBECCA

You sign here and you're in the army.

SHAWN

Oh.

REBECCA

But I don't think you should.

SHAWN

I can't say no to my Dad.

REBECCA

Try it. Practice on me. Just say the word.

SHAWN

No?

She rips the contract up.

REBECCA

You need to paint.

He smiles, happy.

SHAWN

Yes.

REBECCA

But I've got to go.

SHAWN
Will I get to see you again?

She nods.

REBECCA
I'd like that.

He leans in and kisses her gently on the lips. She grins.
Enjoys it.

SHAWN
Tomorrow?

REBECCA
Maybe. You're not going to cry the
second I leave are you?

He shrugs.

SHAWN
Maybe.

She exits. He smiles. Doesn't cry. Returns to his painting.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END