

THE LONG WALK HOME

Written by

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Based on, If Any

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

GRANT, 15, tall, skinny with floppy hair walks home dressed in his school uniform playing on his phone.

He's approached by BILLY, 20, and MARV, 17, who ride together on a small motorbike. Billy drives whilst Marv hangs onto the back of him.

Billy rides the motorbike up onto the path right in front of Grant, cutting him off and forcing him to come to a stop.

Billy cuts off the engine. Marv leaps off the back and instantly grabs Grant in a headlock.

Grant cries out, tries to free himself but can't.

MARV

Come on, try harder. Why are you so fucking weak?

GRANT

You're hurting me.

Marv bursts out laughing.

MARV

Then make me stop. Come on. Do something about it.

Billy stays sitting on his motorbike, watching, smiling.

BILLY

Come on boy, I thought you had more in you than that.

Marv keeps Grant in the headlock and now starts to pull him this way and that.

Grant continues to cry out in pain, continues to try and free himself but it's no good.

MARV

What a fucking wimp.

GRANT

Get off me!

Billy gives Marv a nod, a signal. Marv lets go. Red in the face Grant backs away from him.

BILLY  
(to Grant)  
How would you like to make a couple  
hundred?

Grant is in a state of shock. He doesn't know what to do.

GRANT  
I'm just going home. That's all I'm  
doing.

Marv sees Grant's phone in his hand. He reaches out and slaps  
the phone to the ground.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Marv points at Billy.

MARV  
(shouting)  
He's talking to you, listen.

GRANT  
I am. And I'm telling you I'm just  
going home. That's all I'm doing.

Billy reaches into his jacket's pocket. Removes his wallet  
and out from his he flashes some cash at Grant.

BILLY  
And you haven't given me an answer  
yet. How would you like to make all  
this money?

Grant looks at the cash, shakes his head.

GRANT  
I'm going home.

Grant reaches down for his phone that got slapped down to the  
ground. As he's about to grab it Marv kicks it away. Sending  
the phone skidding down the street.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
What the hell. My mum brought me  
that.

MARV  
Well tell her it's a shit phone.  
The money he's offering you, you  
could put it towards buying  
yourself a better one. You want a  
better phone don't you?

Grant races after his phone. Marv runs along with him. Yet again as Grant bends down to pick his phone up Marv kicks it away, again sending it skidding down the street.

GRANT

Stop it!

Marv bursts out laughing, he's having a great time.

Grant races out again for the phone. He picks it up. The screen once brand new is now all scuffed and covered in scratches. He's upset.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(muttering)

What the fuck. The screens ruined.

Marv turns to Billy laughing.

MARV

(to Billy)

Shall I kick it again?

Billy shakes his head.

BILLY

No, I've got a better idea. But we've got to be quick.

MARV

(still laughing)

Hold on.

Marv again races towards Grant. He grabs hold of him and easily throws him into a nearby green bush.

The force is such that Grant is almost completely inside the bush.

GRANT

(shouting)

What the hell?

MARV

(laughing)

Oh boy, you're too fucking funny to mess with. Too fucking funny.

Grant struggles to get himself out of the bush.

GRANT

Just let me go home.

Billy starts up his motorbike's engine, he gives Marv another signal. Marv runs over, gets onto the back of the bike and Billy rides them both off.

Grant gets himself out of the bush, puts his phone away.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Fucking bastards.

EXT. LIZZY'S HOUSE - DAY

Lizzy's beautiful, 16, long brown hair and heavy makeup. She stands at her front door, leaning casually against the frame.

Billy is parked up in front of her. Marv gets off the back of it. Gestures for Lizzy to take his place.

BILLY  
Come for a ride with me?

LIZZY  
Why would I do that? I'm just about to sit down and have something to eat.

Billy pulls out his wallet and again pulls out the cash. Waves it at Lizzy.

BILLY  
You come with me now and I'll buy you something really nice. How about that?

The sight of the cash makes Lizzy's eyes grow wide.

LIZZY  
Sounds to me like you're expecting me to do something for that money.

BILLY  
I am.

She shakes her head.

LIZZY  
And I don't like the sound of that.

BILLY  
Why's that?

LIZZY  
I'm not a whore Billy.

BILLY  
It's nothing like that. It's easy.  
But you need to come right now.  
Time is against me.

LIZZY  
You've got to tell me first.

BILLY  
You know Grant Owens?

LIZZY  
I know him.

BILLY  
You know he's got a crush on you?

She rolls her eyes.

LIZZY  
Don't make me sick. Why is it  
always the geeks and freaks that  
crush on me?

BILLY  
I need you to talk to him. And the  
cash is yours.

LIZZY  
That's it?

He nods.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
You're going to do something cruel  
to him aren't you?

Billy gives her a wink.

BILLY  
Get on and I'll explain on the way.

Lizzy closes her front door shut behind her. She skips on  
over to Billy and climbs onto the back of the motorbike.  
Billy revs the engine.

MARV  
(to Billy)  
What about me?

BILLY  
(smiling)  
You get to walk.

MARV

But..

Before Marv can say another word, Billy speeds his motorbike off and away with Lizzy holding tightly onto the back of him.

EXT. GRANT'S HOUSE - DAY

Grant reaches his front door. He takes out his house keys and is about to place them inside the lock when Lizzy, out of breath suddenly appears behind him.

LIZZY

Yeah. Grant. You OK?

He stops, turns around to face her. Already has a huge grin, it's obvious that he likes her.

GRANT

Oh Lizzy. Wow, yeah I'm good. How are you?

LIZZY

Do you maybe want to walk me home?

He frowns, thinking.

GRANT

Are you OK?

LIZZY

If I can get somebody to walk home with me I will be, and I'd like that someone to be you.

GRANT

Do you live around here?

She nods.

LIZZY

(lying)

Yeah. So how about it?

He puts his housekeys away and steps down to her.

GRANT

I'd love to walk you home.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Grant and Lizzy walk together, their shoulders occasionally rubbing together.

Lizzy's eyes are scanning back and forth, she's thinking of what to say, Grant still has his grin, can't believe his luck.

LIZZY

So, Grant, you really like school  
don't you?

He shakes his head.

GRANT

I hate school.

LIZZY

(confused)

But you always get good grades. I  
thought you loved the place.

GRANT

I might get good grades but I still  
hate school.

LIZZY

Do you mind if I use your real  
name, Grant? Does that sound weird.

GRANT

Well it's my name.

LIZZY

(chuckles to herself)

Well, it's just everyone at school  
calls you grandad. Sort of your  
nickname isn't it?

His face changes, his grin is gone. He looks hurt.

GRANT

It's not my nickname.

LIZZY

I'm pretty sure it is. I've even  
heard teachers use it for you.

GRANT

A nickname is something friends  
give to each other. None of my  
friends call me that.



LIZZY

So why do I always hear people call you grandad? Like, all the time.

GRANT

Because I was at school when I got told that my grandad died. I cried. I cried for the rest of the day. So people called me grandad to get me to cry again. But it never worked. But they still do it. They think it's funny. I don't. But I can't control what other people do can I?

LIZZY

(shrugs)

I don't know.

Grant comes to a stop. He's had a change of mind.

GRANT

You know what, I think you should just walk the rest of the way home by yourself.

She stops with him, taking a hold of his hand.

LIZZY

No please, it's just right around here.

She pulls him along, he lets her. Blushing, he's enjoying the fact that she's now holding his hand.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A rundown abandoned warehouse, doesn't look like it's been used in years.

Lizzy pulls Grant up towards its entrance. She gestures to it.

LIZZY

Just go in there for me. There's a bag, which should be on the floor. A big brown bag. Left in the middle of the floor. Just pick it up for me, and bring it out here OK?

She smiles sweetly at him, but Grant frowns, lost. He shakes his head, confused.

GRANT

I thought I was walking you home?  
What the hell are we doing here?

She keeps her sweet smile, keeping a hold of his hand as well.

LIZZY

You are. I Just need this bag to  
come with me.

GRANT

Your bag?

LIZZY

Not my bag, no. But it's a bag that  
I need.

GRANT

And why can't you get it?

LIZZY

It's heavy.

GRANT

Heavy?

LIZZY

Please. Just get the bag for me.  
Please? It's easy.

GRANT

A bag on the floor?

LIZZY

It should just be right in there.  
Just pick it up and come back out  
with it, that's it.

He laughs, nervous.

GRANT

Are you sure?

She nods.

He considers, then nods himself.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Well, alright. Just pick a bag up,  
I can do that.

He goes inside the warehouse. Letting the door close shut  
behind him.

Lizzy is now the one looking nervous, looking frantically around her.

Billy's motorbike rides up towards her, Billy drives with Marv hanging onto the back.

Lizzy lets out a long deep breath, relieved, she laughs to herself and waves at Billy as he rides his bike up to her.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A large open floor space. A build up of dirt, trash and rusting equipment.

In the very centre of the room, a large leather carryall. Grant sees it, smirks to himself.

GRANT

How can this be right? I must be the stupidest person in the world for agreeing to come in here for her.

He approaches the carryall. Stopping next to it. He sniggers to himself. Gently kicking the side of the bag. It's heavy, filled with something.

Grant shakes his head, annoyed.

GRANT (CONT'D)

This has got to be a prank.

He takes another look all around him. Seems to be all by himself.

GRANT (CONT'D)

If it's a joke, I don't get it.

Grant is getting upset.

GRANT (CONT'D)

What is this about?

He takes another look around, he's angry now. Returning to the carryall he gives it another much harder kick.

GRANT (CONT'D)

She sends me in here to pick up a heavy bag?

He lifts it up, and indeed it's heavy.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
OK wow, that is heavy. What the  
hell is even in this?

Suddenly several POLICE OFFICERS step out from their hiding places.

POLICE OFFICER  
Freeze. Stop right where you are.

Grant makes a run for it. Fear lighting up his face. He sprints back out the way he came, carrying the bag.

All those police officers giving chase.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Grant exits the warehouse, still holding onto the heavy carryall. He sees Billy, Marv and Lizzy all waiting by Billy's motorbike, the engine running.

He stops. Lizzy smiles at him, holding out her hands.

LIZZY  
Great, you got it. Hand it over.

Grant hugs the carryall to his chest, shakes his head.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
Just hand it over.

Grant shakes his head again.

Marv steps forwards, angrily approaching Grant.

MARV  
I'm not waiting around.

Marv punches Grant square in the face. Blood trickles out of his nose, but he manages to stay up on his feet.

MARV (CONT'D)  
Hand it over unless you want me to  
punch you again.

Marv holds his fist cocked back, showing that he's ready to throw out another hit.

Grant drops the carryall to the ground. He throws out a punch of his own, hitting Marv hard on his nose, CRACK, he breaks it.

Marv collapses down to the floor, bursts out into tears.

MARV (CONT'D)

My nose, my nose, you broke my  
nose. It's broken!

Marv scurries away, sobbing, crawling back to Billy and Lizzy.

GRANT

The police are coming. What the  
hell is in this bag?

Billy rushes towards Grant, both arms outstretched.

BILLY

Give me that bag you freak.

As Billy rushes towards Grant, the chasing police officers now gather at the door right behind Grant.

One of the police officers reaches out to grab a hold of Grant's neck.

But as Billy reaches Grant, Grant quickly sidesteps him, tripping Billy up and sending him crashing into the waiting police officers, knocking them all down.

Seeing the chaos Lizzy jumps onto the motorbike, attempts to ride it out of here.

Grant takes a couple of purposeful steps towards her, throwing the carryall with all his strength he sends it crashing against Lizzy and the motorbike, sending them both crashing to the ground.

Grant looks around, the only one still on his feet. He can't help but smile. Feeling pretty proud of himself.

GRANT

I just want to go home.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END