

Indoctrination

By

AJ Lovell

Copyright 2020

waveudavey@safe-mail.net

FADE.IN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A normal suburban street, with cars parked either side of a narrow road. DEAN, early 20's, well groomed and smartly dressed is walking with JOSH, same age and just as well groomed.

DEAN
Right I'm off.

JOSH
OK, see you tomorrow.

Dean heads off down a side street while Josh continues along the road. Deans walks for a bit then notices two figures up ahead on the other side of the road. They both pull their hoodies up and cross over.

DEAN
(to himself)
Shit.

Dean puts his head down and quickens his pace slightly, the two figures have stopped and appear to just be talking. Dean approaches nervously. As he nears them one of the men, late teens black and well built, steps in front of Dean.

MAN #1
Got the time bruv?

DEAN
No sorry.

Dean tries to walk past but the second man, also late teens, black, pulls his hood down and steps in front to stop him.

MAN #2
Give us your fuckin' phone then.

Dean looks down to see the glint from a large knife. Dean tries to stay calm but the fear on his face tells a different story.

DEAN
I... I don't have one.

The two men grab him and throw him against a wall, the knife is pushed against his belly as they hold him still.

MAN #2
I'll fuckin' cut you bruv.

DEAN
OK OK, please don't hurt me. My phone
is in my back pocket.

Man #1 puts his hand in Deans pocket, pulls out his wallet
and holds it to Deans face.

MAN #1
We'll have that as well.

Man #1 reaches in his other pocket and takes out his phone,
then rummages through his pockets taking all his change. A
few coins fall to the floor and Man #1 bends to pick them up.

MAN #2
Fuckin' leave it.

The blood drains from Deans face as he fears for his life.

DEAN
Please, that's all I've got.

MAN #2
Fuck off then innit.

The two men turn Dean towards the way he came and release
him.

MAN #1
Yea fuck off white boi fore we urt
yer.

Dean runs for his life, his breathing is heavy as he runs and
runs. He arrives back at the high street, he sees a kebab
shop with the lights on. Dean runs to the shop and pulls on
the door, it's locked.

EXT. KEBAB SHOP - NIGHT

We see a man behind the counter wiping it down with a cloth,
he looks up at Dean

KEBAB MAN
We closed.

DEAN
Please, I've been mugged.

Dean keeps looking over his shoulder as he fears the men might be heading his way.

KEBAB MAN

Closed!

Dean runs off until he comes to a Chinese takeaway, he pulls the door and it opens.

INT. CHINESE SHOP - NIGHT

It's a typical Chinese takeaway, with the usual Chinese ornaments and some lanterns hanging from the ceiling. There are a few chairs against the window and menus on the counter. A CHINESE LADY, early 50's stands behind the counter smiling.

CHINESE LADY

Can I help?

Dean is breathing heavily and still in a panic.

DEAN

Please can I use your phone, I need the police.

CHINESE LADY

Police?

DEAN

Yeah I've just been robbed at knife point.

CHINESE LADY

No trouble, you go, no trouble here.

DEAN

But...

CHINESE LADY

(Shouting)

You go, get out my shop.

A CHINESE MAN enters from the back and he and the Chinese lady start shouting at each other in Chinese. The man walks around the counter and starts pushing Dean towards the door.

CHINESE MAN

You go, go now, get out.

Dean is pushed out of the door and the man locks it and turns the sign round to CLOSED! as we see Dean run off.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The front door opens, panicked and out of breath Dean enters. He closes the door and leans against it with his back then slowly slides to the floor.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Dean is laying in bed, still in his clothes. Next to the bed is a small cabinet with a lamp an alarm clock and a modern house phone nestled in it's dock. The alarm beeps at 6:30am. Dean keeps staring at the ceiling, puts his arm over and hits the button to silence the alarm and closes his eyes.

The phone rings, he looks to see it's Josh, he ignores it but notices the time on his phone, 11:30am.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is tidy with no clutter, three pictures hang on one of the walls. Dean is sat at the dining table with his laptop on. He Googles "Knife attacks". Dean clicks some links and we see NATIONAL FRONT, BNP, IMPERIAL FASCIST LEAGUE. The light from the laptop shines on his face as he is reading on the internet.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dean opens the fridge and takes out a beer, he opens it, takes a long swig then returns to the laptop.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

A brown package comes through the letter box, Dean takes the package and unwraps it. It's a Nation Front book. Dean looks at it then returns to the living room.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dean is laying on the sofa reading the book, empty beer cans are on the floor. His phone pings, he ignores it.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

O.C banging on the front door. Dean peers through the curtains to see Josh at the door. Josh walks off.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Another book is delivered through the letter box.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Deans unkempt hair and unshaven face is illuminated by his laptop as he reads more fascist web sites. We see a banner on the screen promoting a meeting in a LOCAL PUB.

DEAN
(To himself)
16th? that's next Tuesday.

END MONTAGE

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - DAY

SLOW MOTION:

The room is dingy with the curtains drawn. There are rows of chairs with all white males sitting on them. There are UNION JACK flags and a red flag with a SWASTIKA on a white circle behind a table.

A middle aged man is shouting and gesticulating while the crowd wave their fists hatred etched on their faces. Dean is standing at the back, full beard with a black jacket zipped up to his chin.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - DAY

TITLE CARD READS: Following Week.

SLOW MOTION:

Same room with the same layout and flags. A younger man, early 30s is shouting and gesticulating, he throws a couple of NAZI salutes.

Dean is seen sitting near the front and he is joining in with the shouting. Anger and hatred on his face as he does a NAZI salute.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is untidy, beer cans and takeaway containers on the floor and table. Fascist books and flyers next to his laptop. Dean removes the three pictures from the wall and we see him putting Union Jack, St George and Swastika flags in their place.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

We hear banging on the door, Dean opens it to see Josh standing there. Josh is shocked to see Dean looking so rough. He has a full beard and his hair is unkempt, dressed all in black.

JOSH
What the fuck?

Dean turns and and walks off leaving the door open. Josh enters and follows him.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Josh enters the living room and puts his hand over his nose, the smell hitting him like a smack in the face. The room is poorly lit with the curtains drawn.

Josh pulls the curtains open to allow some light in revealing the posters on the wall.

JOSH
(to himself)
Fucking hell.

DEAN O.S
You wanna beer?

JOSH
No.

Dean comes into the room, pushes brown paper and envelopes off the sofa and sits down. He throws a can of beer to Josh who is sitting in the arm chair.

JOSH (CONT'D)
What's happened to you?

DEAN
What you mean?

JOSH
This place, it's a mess, you're a mess. What's with the posters?

DEAN
I woke up, that's what happened me. I got mugged, no one would help me so fuck em, fuck em all.

JOSH
Mugged? Did you hear about the
stabbing yesterday?

DEAN
Where?

JOSH
In town.

DEAN
Bet it was blacks.

JOSH
Why?

DEAN
It's always blacks.

JOSH
That's ridiculous.

DEAN
Is it, why?

JOSH
Not all blacks carry knives.

DEAN
If they're under 30 the chances are
they carry.

JOSH
Wow!

DEAN
It's true.

JOSH
I spose they're all muggers as well.

DEAN
Pretty much.

JOSH
You're actually serious.

DEAN
One of my best mates at school was
black...

JOSH
(interrupting, laughing)
He probably still is.

Dean couldn't help but laugh at Deans silly humour.

DEAN
He was a good kid, never carried. He
could have a scrap though, probably
why he never felt the need to carry.

JOSH
So why you anti black now?

DEAN
Because I'm sick of all the crime
associated with them. Stabbing, drug
dealing, mugging.

JOSH
Oh come on Dean, I spose all Muslims
are terrorists.

DEAN
Not all Muslim are terrorists but all
terrorists are Muslim.

JOSH
Fucks sake that's so racist.

Dean knocks back his beer squashes the can, throws it on the
florr then opens another gulping down half the can.

DEAN
Good, I'm fucking sick of it, fucking
black bastards with their knives.
Pakis stinking the street with their
curries. Chinks, Turks and all the
polacks taking all the work.

JOSH
This is not you talking.

DEAN
Fuck off Josh.

JOSH
You for real?

DEAN
I'm off, let yourself out.

Dean puts his jacket on zips it up to his chin and leaves.
O.C we hear the front door slam shut.

EXT. KEBAB SHOP - NIGHT

Two workers are inside behind the counter, Dean stares at them for a bit then kicks the door open obviously drunk.

DEAN

Open now are you? fucking Turk cunts,
fuck off back to your own country.

INT. CHINESE SHOP - NIGHT

Same Chinese shop as before, same Chinese lady behind the counter.

CHINESE LADY

Can I help?

DEAN

No you fucking can't, when I needed
your help you kicked me out you
fucking chinky slag. FUCK YOU!

Dean clicks his heels and gives her a Nazi salute, he holds it for a couple of seconds then turns and leaves the shop.

EXT. CASH MACHINE - NIGHT

Dean inserts his card and checks that no one is around. He sees a man on the opposite side of the street, DAVE TAYLOR early 40s black, casually dressed.

DEAN

WHAT!

DAVE

Sorry?

DEAN

What the fuck you looking at you black
bastard.

DAVE

Fuck you.

DEAN

No fuck you nigger.

Dave shakes his head and walks off as Dean turns back to the machine, enters his PIN and removes cash. Just as he puts the cash in his pocket we see the flash of a knife as he is stabbed in the back and thrown to the floor banging his head.

Deans P.O.V, as his eyes open he sees a blurred Dave pulling at his his jacket. His eyes close then open again, His vision is now clearer and Dave is still manhandling him as his eyes close once more.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Dean is in private room in bed with a drip in his arm and an oxygen tube in his nose. There are machines and monitors next to the bed on one side, a single chair sits next to the bed on the other side.

By the door sitting in a chair is PC DHAR, Indian early 30s, looking through his note book. A NURSE enters the room, Chinese, early 20s.

NURSE

Dean... Dean.

Dean opens his eyes to see the reassuring smile of the nurse.

DEAN

What happened?

NURSE

Don't you remember?

Deans brow furrows as he tries to remember.

DEAN

No I... Yeah yeah I do. I was at the cash point. Some black bastard hit me from behind then went through my pockets.

NURSE

I know you are upset but you can't speak like that.

The police officer walks over to the bed. Dean raises his eyes as he sees PC Dhar and sighs.

DEAN

Oh here we go.

PC DHAR
Please watch your language.

DEAN
(to nurse)
Can I get a drink?

NURSE
Not just yet, I need to take your
sats. Then the surgeon will see you.

DEAN
Surgeon?

NURSE
Yes you were stabbed and needed
surgery.

DEAN
Stabbed?

NURSE
Yes, just relax, you're going to be
fine.

The nurse connects a monitor to his finger and puts a blood pressure cuff on his arm. The door opens and in walks Dave, he has a carrier bag with drinks and snacks.

DEAN
(to PC Dhar)
That's him, that's who stabbed me.

PC DHAR
That's Mr Taylor, his swift actions to
stem the flow of blood from your wound
meant probably saved your life. He
flagged me down and showed me which
way your attacker went.

DEAN
Really?

PC DHAR
Yes Dean, without him I may not have
caught him.

DAVE
(to Dean)
How you doing?

DEAN

Bit shocked but pretty good considering.

DAVE

You had me worried there for a while.

DEAN

I remember seeing you but thought you were robbing me.

DAVE

I felt like smacking you but not robbing you.

Dean grimaces as he laughs.

DEAN

(to PC Dhar)

You caught him?, is he black.

PC DHAR

No Dean he is actually a 17 year old white boy.

DEAN

Really?

PC Dhar nods.

DR KHAN, early 50s dark skinned with black hair and beard enters the room and looks at Deans chart.

DR KHAN

You're a lucky young man.

Dean looks around at all the people who have helped him, PC Dhar, the Nurse, Dave and Dr Khan. Tears runs down his cheeks as his emotions get the better of him.

DEAN

Thank you all.

DISSOLVE.TO

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

TITLE CARD READS: 1 Week Later

Dean is standing in front of the wall with the Union Jack and Swastika posters on. He pauses for a moment taking it all in then finally begins ripping them off the wall and tearing them up violently.

DEAN
Fucking cunts.

He grabs a book from the table and starts ripping pages out before picking up the next one doing the same.

DEAN (CONT'D)
(crying)
Fucking brain washed me... BASTARDS!

Exhausted Dean sits on an armchair with his head in his hands as the tears flow.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dave opens the door to see Dean, clean shaven and well groomed, standing there with a bottle of Rum in his hand. Dave's face lights up seeing Dean looking so well.

DAVE
Hi man.

Dean says nothing, he leans in and gives Dave a huge hug patting and rubbing his back. Dean pulls away and smiles at Dave.

DEAN
Got any coke?

Dave stands to one side and gestures for Dean to come in. The door closes as Dean steps inside.

FADE.OUT