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Wreckers

By Dictynna Hood

Fly.

Fly.

You're beautiful, are you?

Yes, you are.

That's my boy.

Is that smile?

Is it?

Oh, you're the most precious infant in the world.

- Hauled it on the beach, walking by.

- Did you?

- Yeah. Been many years in the family.

- How long have you had it?

Since I was five.

It's amazing.

You're joking!

In my land said, they do a beautiful dance - fertility dance. And they had babies.

Here you go.

I was told to keep it warm.

Well, we should have the results in a couple of weeks.

Brilliant.

Hi.

Sorry, my husband is not here. He's...

Trying to rebuild this, eh?

Are you one of his students?

Think I have the right look, eh?

- Oh, you're Nick! Hi.

So I exist.

Yeah, I know, of course. I just wasn't expecting you, I'm Dawn.

Just thought I'd drop by.

I will let him know.

Hey, let's make it a surprise.

Oh no, I think I should.

Oh, go on then.

Thanks.

Oh. No, he's gone into a class. Do you want to...bring your stuff in? Come in.

- It's a bit of a bomb site.

- I feel like I'm home

I'll take down my things, shall I?

We had no idea you were coming.

We're not really set up for guests yet.

Oh, don't bring her too close to a hen hatch. She's not trained yet.

She's a reject dog. She was abandoned by her owners.

Reject...

You wanna put up some darn there.

Hi!

Bloody fucking hell.

Been on a sunbed, then?

I tried to call.

- How the fuck did you know I'd be here?

- Dog returns to its shit.

He's not very refined.

So what do you think?

- It's lovely.

- Yeah.

- It's lovely.

- It'll be beautiful.

- Beautiful, yeah.

Got all you want then?

This is from my family.

It must be hard out there.

You must miss home.

Oh, fuck those glasses.

I know they're here somewhere. We haven't really had the time to...

- Shame I was away.

- It was kind of low-key.

- It was only a register office.

- How did he behave?

- Oh well. He wasn't found shagging one of my braidmaids in the toilet, were you?

- Get back to the chopping, missus.

- She's changed you.

- Huh?

- You got all posh.

- Marriage is a constant process of negotiation.

- Yeah. We're signing our chains.

- How's Sam?

- Grand. She's-she's grand.

- And the kid?

- Dylan? Yeah, he - he's a bundle of fun.

Not mine; by previous.

- God, how do they cope with all the coming and going?

- They don't.

Thank you.

- Well, cheers.

- Cheers.

- So you didn't buy the farm, then?

- Ah, it's a wreck.
- Tell me.
- Your brother is a joke, huh? Why haven't we seen him?
- He's been in the army.
- And?
- He pushed our Mum down the stairs when he was a teenager.
- Oh my God. Why?
- Well, she could be a bit... a bit verbal.
- Still.

I burned my Mum with the curling tongs when I was sixteen.

And it wasn't entirely an accident.

She took me to a psychiatrist.

Yeah, well. Our Mum ended up in the hospital.

David!

- You hungry?
- I'm starving, just don't know what...
- Yeah?
- Eggs. Orange. Something to...
- All right, then.

You wanna take that back to bed, yeah?

What?

- I want a baby.
- Be patient.
- What's this all about?
- You buggered it in you sleep.
- You were sleepwalking.
- Oh shit. Shit, I haven't done that for a while.
- What, bugging lettuce?

Oh, thanks.

- Maybe it's because you haven't be able to relax.
- Maybe. I don't feel relaxed.
- Yeah, don't relax too much.
- When we were little, David and his mates - they made me a little obstacle course.
- How do you know? You were asleep! Dawn, what you have to do is talk really quietly...
- ...so I sleepwalked into the pond.

Grab some breakfast.

I'm all right here, thanks.

- I don't know whether we should've gotten that grime...
- Carefully we put a life in it.

David! David! David! You...

I can't believe you did that! It's not funny! It's not funny....

- So how long is it since you've been back home?

- Well, about six years since I've been back in these parts.

How come you and David haven't been in touch?

Davy was making his way in London; and he got kind of lost, didn't he?

Oh I love this sound. God. Fucking hell! Hello, mate!

-Fuck me!

- Back from the dead, eh?

- I can fucking sort you out, mate, I'm bigger now.

Now, you watch out for this one, Dawn.

- So you look after it for Sharon's dad now?

- Married her. He's dead, thank Christ

Don't tell her I told you that, eh, Dawn?

- You want one of them?

- No, I'm good, thanks.

Thank you.

Here you go. Thanks. All right, Miss Grate?

These are for you.

What? It's not bad. I'll tell you about being bad.

Number two, The Hastings. Cathy Histen hang herself;

nobody found her for a week 'cause nobody gave a fuck about Cathy Histen.

Number 3, The Hastings. Jacky Gross - beat his wife for twenty years.

But he wasn't a bad boy because he did all the football scores on the radio when he was driving buses.

Oh goody, old Forge! That's come up in a world.

They used to have all cobwebby windows and have, like, a horses hoof, right down there.

He was having sex with his daughter. He was.

Everybody knew about it.

Homely. Haha, Homely.

She had three kids and she drawn herself and the two of them in the quarry pond.

Don't know what happened to third, poor little sod.

- I met an evil spirit in this church, aye, when I was seven.

- You did not.

- I did.

Made me what I am. That and the army.

That will ward them off - the spirits.

Sweet to the sweet.

Go on.

Have a good day.

We all know the first line, OK? So when I count to one, two, three, I want you all to come in together.

I want the front line and the back line to come in together, OK?

Tell me.

He's so full-on, he's funny.

You tell me.

- One of my students is cutting herself.

- How do you know?

She told me. This is a shame, she's a bright kid.

- You have to report it.

- I don't want to get her into trouble. With her family I mean.

- You have to tell someone, David, it's a law.

- Yeah. Social services. Bit of a mixed bag.

She trusts me.

- I can't believe he hasn't brought you here.

- We did pass by once. When did David leave?

- When he was seventeen. God, it's a wreck.

- So which one was yours?

The one just around the front.

- How often have you dreamt about it?

- I've dreamt about it, all right. Watch out.

I left some old tobacco just here.

- Just look at that, oh my God, it's been there since I was fifteen.

- Aw, you can tell.

- So what was it like, you and David down the farm?

- Mixed bag.

My grandpa, he had these big shire horses, they were fucking huge!

But really gentle. Yeah.

- Yeah. Thanks for...um...for looking after us. Appreciate it. Obligated.

- No worries.

- Hey, stranger!

- Wow! Fancy that! How are you doing?

- Hey, Dawn.

- Hi! You okay?

- Yeah. Hi, Miss Hedges!

- Say, you won any medals yet?

- Yeah, the Purple Heart.

I just gotta....

- They spit in the food.

- I'm sure they don't.

- You'll see.

- So how were they? When you were teaching them. The Johnson boys!

- Flamey brats.

Poor little chaps. Sometimes you can't help them even if you want to.

Their father beat them. Flack-fleck-giddley-geck.

Not that you could see anything.

- David never told me.

- Where is he? I like clever boys!

- But you have been torturing her.

- What?! I - she used to torture us!
- Poor old pretty, she hasn't got any kids to look after her.
- Oh that's what kids are for!
- Remember Mister Dixon?
- Sure!
- He used to beat the crap out of us - well, the lads, that is.
- Of you, you mean.
- Yeah, because I took it up for Davy.
- Oh, come on.
- What did you do to him?
He was just always the one there when everyone else turned and run;
it was always him standing like: "What?! It wasn't me! It wasn't me! I
didn't do it!"
'Till he sent you away.
He had his pale impostor.
- Ten years ago, Dawn.
- Oh, give or take.
Far from the prying eyes of the state.
Banged his head against the wall.
Yeah, that's why I work looking after the troubled kids.
That's why I joined the fucking army.
- Hey, remember that time you held my head in the water trough? I tell you,
I almost choked.
- No!
- Yeah.
- Where was David?
- I remember that.
- I don't know, elsewhere.
You nicked my girlfriend.
- I? Nicked your girlfriend - I was thirteen, how could I nick your
girlfriend?!
- You looked at her.
- That day, I was dancing around my handbag, and someone all scrawny,
little scruffy...
- Me?
- Feller comes up to me. Aye, you - Nick -
...starts giving it the big-in coming on and the Mister Trustworthy here,
older lad, comes up and saves me.
You know they forced me to do that?
You Johnson boys! Oh, demand and the struggle.
Yeah, well, that's all over now.
Marriage is just so restful, isn't it, Dawn?
You don't have to choose anymore.
- Hello.

- Well, if you didn't laugh, you'd cry, eh?

Miss Hedges told me about your dad. That he beat you.

Who is that, Dad? He used to fuck us up the ass, eh?

He's too much.

- Well, you wanted him to stay.

- Did I?!

- Why didn't you tell me?

- Listen, not here, Dawn. All right, mate, can I have one more gin and tonic, please?

- Oh God!

- Shhh, come in.

- What are you doing?

- Come on!

- You go on!

- No, I can't, cause Gary won't have that.

Blimey, love!

Here.

Be careful, don't rip it.

Lent me this, Davy boy!

Come on, guys, move out of the way.

...Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow...

- Shoking!

...Or all the valley's hushed and white with snow...

...And be up here in sunshine or in shadow...

- Wah-wah!

...Oh Davy boy, oh Davy boy, I love you so.

Hateful!

- Dave, I hear someone in there.

- Hmm?

Think there's someone in there.

- There is! There is, David, look! Look!

- All right, all right.

- David, somebody in here! There's somebody in there, Dave, look!

Nick?

- It's over, mate, I was in there! When...when he got out of tank, he was all on fire, Dave! He was burning!!!

- Nick?

I pulled him away, I tried to save him, I was saying: Where's the fire brigade? Where are they?

But it was... there was nobody there! I tried to put it down, I jumped on top of him, like that.

But it went through, I couldn't save him!

- You all right.

- Look!
- Look at me, look....
- Look, no!
- It's all right. It's all right-look at me.
Don't. I've done enough.
Is he all right?
Poor Nick.
Why didn't you tell me about your dad?
Because I don't want to think about it.
Because.... because he was full of hate, self hate. Because I hate him.
- Why did we come here?
- Because I wanna do some good in the place that my dad was a tosser.
- Do you really like the country side?
- You are the one with the chickens.
- David....
- I love you.
Why has he come back?
- I used to hold him. That's all, I mean, you saw!
- Hold me like that.
He needs help.
You can't help Nick; can't save him.
Hello?
Nick. Have you thought about talking to someone? You know - about your experiences.
- We think you need professional help.
- We?!
- There's no shame in going off on one, you know; I can talk to someone. We all need help.
- You may do.
And you.
...I opened the door and I was suddenly in the ruined city;
it looked as it...as it... was bombed.
The ground was hot ash with dead bodys scattered everywhere...
Take a break, have a look at it; if it's one body, is this a "body" without the "S"?
And if it's plural, you put "ies" in there, now that makes "the bodies";
but that's brilliant, you've done that really, really well. Try to read down from there.
...The building... the buildings were all smashed to pieces....
So what do you know about professional help?
I was mugged, in London. David went in, that's how we met. I had some counselling after that.
- Oh. Well, he likes a barney.
- Really?

- I have not seen him fight except that one time.

- What was it like? Really?

- Better than sex.

Um...it's....um....it's like there's one of me out there, fighting and one of me here, um....and I can'tquite...make the two of them to....um....

I know

I can't have one record, see, that's.... that's the trouble.

-Should I get the bowl?

- Yeah. And put some towel on that.

OK. Can we just do guys, 'course the beginning... actually I just wanna hear them first of all.

- Dawn! All right?

- Yeah.

- You walking?

- Yeah!

- So how you finding it?

- Well...it's a big old church.

- It's beautiful.

- It is.

- Those angels are famous.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Churches make me feel sad somehow.

- Yeah?

- Uh-huh.

- Why?

....Wait for me to come and save you, do you remember?!

- You've frightened me earlier.

- Sorry. He gets to me sometimes.

I hardly know you, do I?

- We're trying for a baby.

- Nice.

- Yeah well, it's taking it's sweet time.

- Nick one. I'll do it for you.

- I was stolen, well - adopted.

- Really?

Well that worked out well, as far as I can see.

They're dead now. They were older. I miss them. Like you never really...

I had to shut up; my mistake. In the bar. I couldn't see.

- David!

- How did you know we were here?

- You've seen enough?

- It's a wreck, innit?

- Nick. Nick. Nick! It's all right. It's all right, it's all right, it's all right. It's all right, it's all right, it's all right, it's all right.

- Nick!

It's all right, it's all right, Nick.

What's happened?

That was wide open. He must've left it open in his sleep.

You did that!

Why would I open the hen hatch?

This is just like when you killed your rabbit!

He left the hatch opened in the middle of the night, let the dogs out, all in his sleep, when he was a kid!

- You did that, you opened the hatch door and you blamed it on me, you killed it!

- You bed-wetter!

- You little shit!

- Stop it!

Dawn. Dawn. Dawn! Dawn!!! Dawn!!!

You Johnson boys.

...Come on, Judy!...

- Bring them here.

Should we get rid of him?

- Where to?

- He's got mates. What about his ex?

David...Did you let the dog into the hen hatch?

Sorry. I was only joking.

Can you stand, please?

You awake now?!!

- Dave, I'm sorry. Dave! I'm sorry.Dave!

- Don't.

- Dave!

Don't! Get up. Get up!

You want it, do you? Do you? You want it!

I'll pay for that.

Why did you leave me that house?

Sorry about last night.

- That looks good. You mind if I have a slice of that?

- You made it, you cut it.

- Who wears the trousers in that house?

- She does.

- Hey, do you think we should go away in the end of term?

- Yeah, we could.

We got a house in Spain. Come there to us.

- It's an idea.

- I'll come to Spain.

Yeah, it's a shame you're leaving, Nick. We'll have farewell party on Saturday.

I'm gonna laugh it in the house. We'll have got a hell of the barbecue.

- Oh. Gonna miss you, Nick.

- Know when your time's up.

Yeah, Gary wants another kid. I just feel too young and I love all that, you know,

having a laugh and just be able to have drink. Yeah 'cause my Mum's not gonna be around forever.

And she can handle one, but having....to have two, I don't know.

And I don't want my tits sagging to the ground.

- Oh and here's the biggest one of them all.

- Biggest one of whom all, who's that?

- Kids!

- Oh yeah?

- Yeah, you.

Going to battle. With bloody flak jacket.

- I wish you were coming to hear me.

- Sod's law.

No.

- No!

- Bit funeral, huh?

- Yeah.

- What about this one?

- No!

- Dazzler, Bobbie dazzler.

- No, none of them. You're lovely as you are.

Where was Sharon tonight?

- Not her thing. David?

- PTA.

- Thank you. Oh, sorry.

- It's all right. OK?

- No!

- Stupid. Sorry.

- It's all right. Thanks for walking me home.

- Dawn!

...some food, eh? I think we need a wash, don't you, eh? I think you need a wash, don't you?...

It's a hard thing being a teacher but it's ever harder being pupil.

- It's not a closed book by any means.

In the first instance, you need to come back here for a second test to make sure it isn't just a blip.

- It's not a blip.

I'm sorry?

It's a... it's... it's not a blip, um... I... I had a previous girlfriend who was...trying for a baby and....

Stop crying.

It's my fault, stop crying.

Why didn't you just say?

You kept pushing it, your little project, I mean, why couldn't we just waited for a couple of years?!

- I was afraid it was me!

- Well it's me, you happy now?

Christ!!!

Could've guessed

I'm gonna walk home.

Dawn, please. Please don't leave me. I wouldn't be much without you, I...Ow!

Hello?

Dawn!

Hello?

It's Gary.

Oh God. I'm so, so sorry!

- I'll take the dog for a walk.

- Go on, then.

Come on, Judy. Yeah and thanks for making the bed.

Less of the chatter, please. Right. Make sure you get into a line.

Thomas, Ann, will you stop talking, please. Thank you.

Nadir and Sinead, will you please be quiet! You've got to do this in a week and none of you prepared, OK?

So you should start paying attention.

David. I want to get through this.

- We can have everything, we have whole life.

- Yeah, but you really want the child.

How do you know what I want?

If it was years, then we should go to the doctor.You lied about how long we've been trying.

You lied.

Oh God, I'm so ashamed.

David, David...I love you.

I want you to be happy.

- David.

- You go. I don't wanna. You go, Dawn.

I'm awake.

I was just admiring....

Nick.

- Hi!

- Hi, how're you doing? Hello little one, how are you? Come here!

She's sad, that's all. She can't have kids.

- What?!

- Yeah. David told me.

Ah, Dawn. Oh. I'm sorry.

It's him who can't.

- Oh, come on. I'm sorry, eh?

- It's all right.

- I'm sorry.

Hello? I know, it's Sunday. We're trying to help you daughter, so...

So you're leaving fourteen, going back? Say hello to the Taliban.

Blow bit few more talibs, eh?

Here, catch.

- Oh God!

- Is she alright?

- Come here, show me. Show me. Somebody get me some ice.

- She alright?

- Yeah, she's fine.

...A hot coal on me, David, you should get this fucking nut...

- All right, Dawn? Need some help?

- Thank you.

- Who you gonna fuck next, then?

- You all right, darling? Do you want some help?

- Yes please.

David! David. Give us a ball. Watch this. Hey, soldier boy! Catch!

He used to pay me to beat you up, did you know that?

What? What you can do?

- Stop it!

- Remember when you did this to me, eh? Do you remember when you did this to me?!

Baby, come here.

I fucked your wife.

- Gary! Gary, please.

- Get off me.

- Don't look at me like that, Dawn. I'm the saint one! He pushed our Mum down stairs!

- Nicki.

- Fuck me!

All the more, then. Gave her something to think about.

David! David!!! No! David!!!

Oh yeah, sure, we'll be in... that's fine, thank you.

He's gone AWOL.

- Did he tell you he was gonna run away?

- No.

- Has he been in touch, David?

- No.

- He dropped by this summer but we weren't that close since our parents died.

- Well. We....

- We think he might have mental health problems.

- You think he will come back?

- How should I know?

- You would tell me.

- He'll come to you.

Why did you lie to me about him pushing your Mum down the stairs?
She was hurting him. I was protecting him.
Missed you. Yeah, I did, I missed you.
No, don't go. Don't go, don't go.
Don't go, don't go. Please don't go.
All right, I stink.
I went to London but I couldn't... hack it.
Do you want a biscuit? Eh? Go on. Go on, have one.
They come from a back of the service station.
I've let all my mates down. I just can't....sleep. I just can't.

- How is Davy?

- I have to know...about you two.

Well..he loves me.

Dave looked after me, yeah?... 'cause of Dad... but he, kind of.. owned me.

- That's not love.

- He fucks you but he loves ME!

- He hates you!

- You have to go. I'll bring you money.

- Where could I go?!

- If you love him, you'll leave us!

- Where are you going?

- To choir.

I'll drop you if you like.

Nick?

Where were you? I was worried about you.

- Where is he? Where is he?

- Dawn?

- She will need a good bed rest. We'll keep her for now.

- Thank you.

Dawn... They say the baby is safe.
I didn't want to hurt you.
I want this child. I want you to be happy.

- Nick came back. I saw him.

- I know. I know.

- Hello!

- Hi!

Is that little Ben? Hello, hello. Oh, he's lovely.

- You must be proud.

- Yeah.