

Forsaken Youth - Draft 2

written by

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1 INT: PRISONER PROCESSING DESK, DAY

XANDER is stationed in the back room of the prisoner belongings warehouse. His job is to catalogue each prisoner's possessions and place them in the appropriate boxes. His hair is unkempt and greasy, and his face is scarred and etched with wounds. He performs his job with confident reluctance. The soundtrack to his monotony is provided by a television, on which the PRESIDENT is giving another speech to the nation, filled with alleged rhetoric of hope and optimism.

PRESIDENT

People of the New World. I am once again afforded the executive pleasure of delivering to you a statement of good news. I am delighted to report that a further 100 spaces have been found in Camp Liberty!

A huge cheer is heard, off screen, from the PRESIDENT'S mob of followers. He smiles, with assurance, and beckons for them to settle down. They swiftly fall silent. As the crowd cheer, XANDER gives a vocal exhalation of disapproval. This does not go unnoticed by the INTAKE OFFICER, who turns around from his post to address the disobedience.

INTAKE OFFICER

(with aggression)

What was that?

XANDER

(flatly)

Nothing.

The INTAKE OFFICER whips around, and stalks towards XANDER, menacingly.

INTAKE OFFICER

Put a sir on that, and I may forgive the insolence, boy.

XANDER

(through gritted teeth)

Yes sir. Nothing sir.

After an inordinate silence, the INTAKE OFFICER returns to his post. As his back turns, XANDER flips his middle finger up at the guard. Fortunately for him, this goes unnoticed. Meanwhile, the PRESIDENT drones on in the background.

PRESIDENT

100 more detainees means 100 fewer dangerous gutter rats off your streets, my people. 100 fewer crimes, 100 fewer slugs sliding through the cracks of authority.

Another cheer rises from the crowd.

INTAKE OFFICER

Hear that, boy? We'll be working overtime.

XANDER

Great news, sir.

INTAKE OFFICER

All thanks to our benevolent leader.

He kisses the forefingers of both his hands, then points them to the sky. He turns to XANDER, expecting him to repeat the gesture. With reluctance, he complies.

INTAKE OFFICER (CONT'D)

(wryly)

Chin up, boy. There'll be plenty more of your sort coming through those gates, lots more friends for you to mix with.

XANDER

Lots of fun, sir.

INTAKE OFFICER

Lots of what?

XANDER

(clearing his throat, rehearsed)

Lots of compliant and obedient non-committal familiarity with other inmates, sir.

INTAKE OFFICER

Too right. We'll drill that into you some day, boy

The PRESIDENT continues to drone, as XANDER continues his monotonous work.

2 INT: LUNCH HALL, EVENING

The hall is silent of chatter, with the only sound coming from the clanking of cutlery to plates. XANDER is queuing up to receive a measly portion of barely edible food. From across the room, he clocks LAINA. She gives a half-smile in his direction, and sticks her tongue out. He rolls his eyes at this, and smiles. The eye contact breaks, and the two continue with their evening routines.

3 EXT: CAMP COURTYARD, NIGHT

Head up, alert, XANDER heads back in the direction of his bunkhouse. As he strides, his eyes dart from side to side, clocking the guard positions. The minute they are looking in another direction, he diverts swiftly from his path, and sprints away from their eyeline, heading for the bridge.

4 EXT: THE BRIDGE, NIGHT

XANDER stands on the bridge, keeping an eye out towards the direction of the camp. After a moment or so, footsteps catch his attention. He slips into the shadows, just in case it isn't who he is expecting. Fortune favours him this time. LAINA paces towards the bridge, looking around for him. He waits for her to pass his hiding place, then ambushes her.

XANDER

(jumping from the shadows)
Out wandering?

LAINA

(taken by surprise)
Fuck! Don't do that to me, Xander.

XANDER

(chuckling)
What's new then?

LAINA

What's new?

XANDER

Yeah, y'know, what's going on with you?

LAINA

Not much. Surviving. There's never much else to talk about, is there?

XANDER

I guess not.

XANDER leans up against a wall, and puts his hand deep into his pocket, pulling out a crumpled cigarette.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Smoke 'em if you got 'em.

LAINA

(beaming)

How'd you get that?

XANDER

You don't wanna know.

LAINA

(smiling)

Whose dick did you have to suck this time?

XANDER

(with an accepting sigh)

Don't joke, that's what landed me here in the first place.

LAINA

I know, I was only playing.

XANDER

Want a drag or two?

LAINA

Oh, go on then.

XANDER sparks up, and LAINA comes to stand next to him, grabbing the cigarette from his mouth and taking a drag.

LAINA (CONT'D)

(noticing a scar on his hand)

Is that fresh?

XANDER

No, that was last week. Didn't I tell you?

LAINA

You might have done, I dunno, it's hard to keep track of your injuries if I'm honest.

XANDER

Yeah, that's fair. It was that fuckin' scumshit of a shower guard with his taser. I was scrubbing my scrote and the fucker tried to electrocute my nob. Just managed to block it.

He indicates towards the back of his hand.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Would rather a scar there than...well, y'know.

LAINA

I don't. Sounds painful though.

XANDER

It's the little things like that, y'know? They build up and grind ya down. I just want to scrub my dick in peace. Is that too much to ask?

LAINA

Not really. But you can't rise to it. Don't give them the satisfaction.

XANDER

I've gotta say something though.

LAINA

Why?

XANDER

Well, I mean, it's not fuckin' fair, is it?

LAINA

Nah, it's not. But that's life. We just have to deal with it.

XANDER

(anger rising)

Why? Why the fuck should we?

LAINA has heard this all before.

LAINA

Don't start.

XANDER

No, I mean it. We can get out of here.

LAINA
(stoically)
Xander, no.

XANDER
There's ways we haven't explored. That
little crack in the west fence-

LAINA
(shooting him down)
Is being fixed next week. Besides, the
west fence is littered with pigs.

XANDER
We can deal with them. Together.

LAINA
No.

XANDER
(desperate)
Together, Laina.

LAINA
I've said no, Xander. I'm not risking
my fucking life for this stupid whim.

XANDER
What life? This ain't no life, this is
a slow fuckin' torturous death. If I
die here, I'll be so pissed.

LAINA
(mocking)
Oh sure, rolling in your grave, you'll
be.

XANDER
D'you know what I mean though.

LAINA
(sighing)
I do. I'm just not taking that risk.

XANDER
Well I'm not leaving without you.

LAINA
You won't be leaving at all, Xander.
We both know that.

XANDER

Why are you so set against this? Don't you wanna see what Britain is really like?

LAINA

If it's anything like this, not really.

XANDER

It's not. There's mountains, lakes, forests. Everything you were promised when you arrived on the shores. There's so much more than this.

He gestures at the grim surroundings. LAINA smiles, yearning.

LAINA

I'd like that.

XANDER

I know you would.

5 EXT: CAMP COURTYARD, NIGHT

LAINA and XANDER, aware and alert, dart back into the camp. Wordless, they split up, and head towards their respective bunkhouses. We follow XANDER, as he turns a corner, and bumps into a PATROL GUARD.

PATROL GUARD 1

Oi!

XANDER tries to run, but is cornered by another PATROL GUARD. The two guards drag him, kicking and violent, away from his bunkhouse.

6 INT: DETAINMENT CENTRE, NIGHT

XANDER is thrown into a dingy room. There is only a chair, and some rope. The two guards strap XANDER to the chair, and begin hitting him with batons. He spits blood onto the floor. Eventually, they get tired of the beating, and leave him to recover, briefly.

PATROL GUARD 1

Leave Scott to deal with him.

PATROL GUARD 2

(shouting)

Scott! Git y'r arse in here.

The door is unlocked, and a tall, lean man steps through the doorway. He walks with an air of arrogance, a swagger. He beckons for the two PATROL GUARDS to leave, and slams the door behind them. He takes the baton from his belt, and lightly presses it into the back of XANDER'S head. XANDER winces in pain.

SCOTT
(from behind him)
What were you doing out after curfew?

XANDER
(mumbling)
Fuck yourself.

SCOTT cracks him across the back of the head with the baton, hard, and walks around the chair to face him.

SCOTT
(bending down to get on his level)
What were you doing out after curfew?

XANDER spits in his face, leaving a trail of his own blood on SCOTT'S chin.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(wiping it away)
OK. We'll ask your little lady-friend then.

XANDER lifts his head, his eyes spelling anger.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Little midnight shag eh, troublemaker?

XANDER
(sarcastically)
Relations of any kind are strictly forbidden, sir.

SCOTT
Well, that shouldn't stop you should it? Hm? Just because something is forbidden, doesn't mean it's wrong.

XANDER
I went for a walk, sir.

SCOTT
Alone?

XANDER
Of course, sir.

SCOTT
Hmm. We'll see about that.

SCOTT kneels on the floor in front of XANDER, uncomfortably close. He twirls his baton around in his hands, playfully.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You could find far better places to store that cock of yours than that dirty foreign rat.

XANDER
(anger rising)
I'm not fucking her-

SCOTT
I know, I know. You're on a different track, from what I hear. I've read your file.

XANDER remains silent, steaming.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Such a rebel.

SCOTT pushes the tip of his baton into XANDER'S crotch. XANDER makes a clear face of discomfort.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Such a naughty boy.

XANDER tries to shift his body away from the guard, but he is tied to the chair. SCOTT puts his hand over XANDER'S mouth, and unbuttons the prisoner's jeans.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
That door is locked. Nobody to disturb us. You must have missed it.

SCOTT pulls off XANDER'S belt, and ties it around his mouth, silencing XANDER. He begins to untie the young man from the chair.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Just a harmless little fuck, XANDER.
Nobody will know. It gets lonely here.

XANDER tries his best to shout and resist, but the belt is

tied around his mouth. SCOTT fully unties XANDER'S arms and legs, and whispers in his ear.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Shhh. You know what'll happen if you scream. And neither of us want that, do we?

Carefully, SCOTT removes the belt from XANDER'S mouth, who is panting furiously. SCOTT continues to shush him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Shhh, shhhhh.

SCOTT plants a kiss on XANDER'S lips, backs slightly away, and smiles. XANDER takes his opportunity, and spits in the guard's face. Taken aback, SCOTT backs away slightly, and XANDER takes the moment to plant a kick into SCOTT'S stomach, sending him flying across the room. Steadying himself, XANDER gets up from the chair, still numb from the beating, but aware from the aftermath. SCOTT, however, is ready for him. The guard springs to his feet, and removes his baton from his belt, cracking XANDER across the forehead with a brutal swing. XANDER is sent flying backwards, falling over the chair, and landing hard on the floor. SCOTT walks up to him, and with full force, slams his baton into XANDER'S groin. XANDER lets out a large exhale of pain, and a little bit of vomit sneaks out of his mouth.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(with venom)

Waste of a good cock, this one.
GUARDS!

The door flies open, and the two PATROL GUARDS storm in.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The fucking queer tried to get his cock out and have his way with me.
Dirty little fucking rat.

The guards stride over to XANDER, and we cut away before anything worse happens to him.

7 INT: HOLDING CELL, NIGHT

Beaten and bloodied, unable to stand, XANDER lies against the wall in a holding cell. The walls are covered in tally marks, and someone has etched a drawing of a tree. From out of the shadows, XANDER hears a whisper.

LAINA

Psst.

His eyes focusing on the darkness, XANDER manages to spot LAINA in the next cell.

XANDER

Laina.

There is a large cut over her eye, stretching down her face. She looks terrified

XANDER (CONT'D)

It'll be OK, we'll get ourselves out of here, they can't keep us forever, OK?

LAINA

(with weight)

Xander...they're taking you to see the headsman.

There is a long silence.

XANDER

Just me?

LAINA

I think so, I only overheard them talking, I wasn't-

XANDER

You'll be fine, they'll let you free in a week or so. It's me they have to punish.

LAINA

I'm sorry, it was me that wanted us to meet last night, I should've-

XANDER

No. Don't blame yourself. We all need a friend sometimes. Whatever the cost.

We cut between XANDER giving his speech, as voiceover, and XANDER being escorted to the HEADSMAN'S room.

8 INT: CORRIDORS, DAY

XANDER is marched through the clinical corridors, towards a small room, brightly lit, like a dentist's office, with a

chair to match.

XANDER (V.O.)

In places like this, times like this, the most important thing for us is to stick together. If we lose what makes us human, we lose our purpose, we lose our will to keep fighting.

XANDER is strapped into a chair, and the HEADSMAN, wearing a face mask, begins to shave the hair from his head. As the hair drops to the floor, XANDER takes a deep breath, and closes his eyes, bracing for what is to come. The door closes, and we do not see the process.

9 INT: HOLDING CELL, NIGHT

XANDER finishes his speech.

XANDER (V.O, CONT'D)

You keep me sane.

He gives a pained smile, which she returns.

10 INT: PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS ROOM, DAY

Weeks later. THE PRESIDENT is giving another rousing address to the nation. He has been speaking for a while, and is bringing his speech to an end.

PRESIDENT

Since the beginning, Camp Liberty has been a haven for the forsaken youths of our society.

11 EXT: THE BRIDGE, NIGHT

LAINA and XANDER run across the bridge, laughing. As they run, we cut between the action, and THE PRESIDENT'S speech.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

A space for the uninhibited waste to co-exist peacefully, without disrupting the true citizens of our United Kingdom. With crime rates at an all-time low, poverty levels swiftly shrinking, I am delighted to announce that the initiative will be expanded.

They both have backpacks on, and XANDER has his hood over his head. There is the sound of gunfire in the distance, but they

don't look back. They find a crack in the fence; it has been cleanly cut.

PRESIDENT (V.O, CONT'D)

Over the coming months, the Camp will no longer be exclusively youth-focused; Camp Liberty's gates will be opened to their parents and grandparents.

Before disappearing through the hole, XANDER looks back. He pulls his hood down, revealing the word "FAG" carved into his shaven head, scarred. He gives a wry smile, and sticks his middle finger up, aimed at the camp, before disappearing into the undergrowth.

12 INT: PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS ROOM, DAY

PRESIDENT

Our aim is to create a safe haven for the scum of society, regardless of age, to co-exist peacefully, without disturbing the good, hard-working people of this great nation.

THE PRESIDENT stands for a moment, smiling into the camera.

PRODUCER

Aaaand cut.

THE PRESIDENT'S smile wipes immediately from his face, and turns to a malicious grimace. The cameras are off, and his true face is being worn.

13 EXT: FOREST, NIGHT

XANDER and LAINA run, far away from the camp. They are free, and have tasted freedom, as brief as it may last. LAINA stops briefly, in awe of the moon as it glows through the canopy.

14 INT: PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS ROOM, DAY

AIDE

(fearfully)

Sir, a word, if I may?

THE AIDE whispers into THE PRESIDENT'S ear. His face red with anger, and he turns to face his AIDE, fury in his eyes.

PRESIDENT
(determinedly)
Hunt them.

THE END