

# THE HOMECOMING

Written by

Andrew Anthony

45 Thirty-Sixth Street  
Toronto, Ontario  
M8W 3L1  
[www.andrewanthony.ca](http://www.andrewanthony.ca)

**EXT. MACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

A poorly kept house on a rough looking street. The lawn is dead and there's a single light in one window on the ground floor.

We hear a WINCE.

**INT. MACK RESIDENCE - KITCHEN**

There is a round table in the middle of the kitchen littered with beer bottles and a full ash tray. A chair has been pulled to the fridge.

Standing on the chair is NICHOLAS(6), shirtless with grass-stained jeans. The freezer is open; he's resting his head on the floor of the ice box.

Sudden ROARING from ENGINES outside can be heard getting louder as they settle in front of the house.

NICHOLAS stands straight and looks to the NOISE. He licks his swollen lip and squints through a black eye before closing the freezer door and hopping down to replace the chair at the table.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

CKACKLING and YELLING from outside the house is heard in exchange from the ENGINES that turn off one by one.

NICHOLAS runs up the stairs and goes into his bedroom, closing the door.

**INT. NICHOLAS' ROOM**

An untidy room with very few toys. There is a bed, clothes on the ground, and in the corner is a blanket fort made of sheets with stars on them.

NICHOLAS lies face down at the door, peeking under the crack that spills light on him.

VOICE1 (O.S.)  
Get him on the couch...

VOICE2 (O.S.)  
Pussy...

The VOICES downstairs multiply and are all of the same gruff nature, men HOLLERING and GRUMBLING between bursts of LAUGHTER - They are suddenly SHUSHED, and there is SILENCE.

CREAKING up the stairs. NICHOLAS goes to bed and gets under the sheets.

The light from under the door disappears with a final CREAK.

The door opens and light spills in, this time wrapping around a new figure: MACK (35), a bear of a man; leather clad and swaggering slow.

MACK

(Beat)

You awake?

With no response, he grabs at the blanket fort and collects the sheets. Wooden clothing pins SNAP away - the fort is destroyed.

Nicholas' eyes are still closed. MACK notices the black eye and smirks. Before leaving, he gently examines NICHOLAS' hands. There are no injuries on the knuckles.

MACK rolls his eyes and leaves the room, shaking his head and SCOFFING.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM**

There is someone lying on the couch, we cannot see them fully. Their BREATHING is weak and interrupted by painful GROANS.

BURKE (40) and IZZY (30's) are sitting in the room as well.

They are also leather clad. BURKE is filled out the most and has a dark tan, long beard, and sunglasses. He is flipping through a book.

IZZY is bald, scrawny, and sports many tattoos.

IZZY

...How you even reading that book  
in here with shades on? Yo, Burke.  
BURKE! Well, fuck you too, man...

MACK comes back downstairs. IZZY sees him and hushes up. BURKE smirks, remaining quiet.

MACK

(Soft)

'The fuck I say?

MACK drops the blanket on the MAN curled on the couch. MACK sits near and speaks soft to him:

MACK (CONT'D)  
You're gonna stay here a while;  
Lick your wounds, figure things  
out.

The Man COUGHS and SPLUTTERS. We don't see his face or what comes out, only MACK's reaction.

MACK (CONT'D)  
Izzy, bowl.

IZZY gets up.

MACK gives the man rough SMACK on the back...

MACK (CONT'D)  
Get it out, buddy, that's it...  
(Beat)  
When a bone breaks, it heals  
stronger than before. Your body's  
swollen meat begging to bleed and  
your bones ache and burn enough to  
make you wanna die, I know. I know.

IZZY is back with a bowl. Man HEAVES over it and we see a bit of blood SMACK the bottom with a tooth.

MACK (CONT'D)  
Sometimes the break comes from  
friends, more often than not,  
enemies. Damnit, that's what makes  
the it so good; like a bone, I know  
my life is gonna be stronger and so  
much better than the thing that  
came along to do the damage.

Man is BREATHING steady now. MACK lights a hand rolled cigarette.

MACK (CONT'D)  
(Exhaling smoke at MAN)  
We're not a family and we aren't  
friends. We're bones. We broke you  
tonight so you could mend along  
with us; growing together. That's  
why you can stay here. Bones  
outlast everything and are all  
that's left behind.

IZZY and BURKE get up and ready to leave. We notice their knuckles are bruised and swollen - MACK's as well.

MACK (CONT'D)

But every bone belongs to a big old fuckin' dog, you know? And I can get along with you just fine until I...

(shrugs)  
don't.

IZZY and BURKE are heading out the front door and we see the uniform emblems on the back of their leather jackets.

The emblem is a three-piece stacked patch:

Patch one: "NOMADIC VOLKI"

Patch two: It is wolf with handlebars coming out its back.

Patch three: VALHALLA

IZZY and BURKE close the door on their way out.

MACK puts the cigarette into the Man's mouth - he COUGHS on a drag. MACK turns the lamp off and stands in the darkness.

MACK (CONT'D)

There ya go...okay. Rest easy.

In only darkness we hear BREATHING.

ENGINES ROAR outside and motorcycle headlights BLAST into the living room casting MACK as a monstrous silhouette standing over the Man.

The cigarette smoke curls, clouds and puffs around him - it diffuses the light as we pass out along with the Man, slowly into

BLACK.

FADE IN:

**EXT. MACK RESIDENCE - THE NEXT DAY**

It's a pale blue morning. The grass and windows are glazed in dew; birds CHIRP; the road is dead, and there is no foot traffic outside.

**INT. NICHOLAS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

NICHOLAS gets out of bed, shivers and hugs himself as he makes for the door.

**INT. HALLWAY**

He tip-toes to the banister and peeks through at: an empty couch down below.

TRICKLING PISS is heard through the bathroom door right next to him. NICHOLAS retreats to his room again.

The bathroom DOOR opens and a weight CREAKS past his room and back down the stairs..

NICHOLAS comes out from hiding and makes for

**INT. BATHROOM**

NICHOLAS closes the door and assumes his position on a foot stool in front of the sink so he can brush his teeth.

He bends to spit out toothpaste and catches sight of the toilet: unflushed, with blood and urine.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

NICHOLAS is peeking from the upstairs banister: He tries to get a good look at the MAN on the couch.

The front door suddenly BURSTS open. MACK and IZZY enter behind a very large, very simple looking brute, DYLAN (30).

DYLAN flops on the couch and we hear Man YELL in pain - DYLAN gets off him, and IZZY helps MAN up off the couch to limp into the kitchen.

NICHOLAS sees only DYLAN in the living room now, sitting on the couch, GUFFAWING with LAUGHTER at the cartoons he CLICKED on the TV.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Being seated at the kitchen table, fully visible for the first time, is the man: JAKE (Late 20's).

JAKE's eyes are swollen; his lip is cut, face bruised; there is coagulated blood matting his hair in places. He manages to open his eyelids enough to see the glass of water MACK sets in front of him on the table.

MACK

(feigns introduction)

Jake, you remember Izzy from last night.

IZZY, sitting across from him, gives a fast, jovial shadowbox  
- JAKE flinches.

IZZY

(smiles)

Yeah, you remember me...Showed your courage, man. Did your part.

MACK

Drink.

JAKE struggles a sip, and suffers a swallow.

NICHOLAS runs down the stairs, past the kitchen doorway, and we hear him sit with DYLAN to watch cartoons.

MACK (CONT'D)

(beat)

That's Nicholas; little Nick. He's mine. He and Dylan like the same cartoons.

Simple DYLAN can be heard especially enjoying the antics on TV.

IZZY

(proud)

Dylan's the one that done stomped on your head last night, he's my brother. Sweetest, most gentle soul you'll ever meet.

We hear DYLAN LAUGH as childlike as NICHOLAS, in the other room.

MACK puts a mobile phone down on the table next to the water.

MACK

This is for you to use while we're in this city. We have work to do and might be out of the house a couple days. Make sure Nick eats something. We brought your bike back with us last night - not that you can ride let alone walk worth of shit for a while.  
Izzy: Load up with Dylan out front, and can you grab Jake's shit from the truck, yeah? Bring it in?

IZZY

Yep.

IZZY gets up and leaves. We hear him fetch DYLAN, who sounds disappointed to leave the cartoons.

MACK sits with JAKE in the silence they leave behind.

MACK

Can you talk?

JAKE CLEARS his throat with pain, and attempts to say something-

MACK (CONT'D)

Nah, don't worry. Your jaw's swollen to shit. Keep drinking; move when you can, and then make yourself useful. When I come back, there'll be work.

We can hear the TV, a loud moment of zany CARTOONS.

MACK (CONT'D)

Nick's fine. He keeps to himself.

MACK and JAKE sit silent to the score of distant CARTOONS, now. He studies JAKE.

MACK (CONT'D)

(breaking from his stare)

Okay...

MACK pats the table and leaves the kitchen.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

MACK

Hey, monster.

MACK sits and plants a kiss on the NICHOLAS' forehead; he lets his fingers graze the hit eye.

MACK mimics the CARTOON NOISES and playfully swats and tickles NICHOLAS, who joins in on the fun.

NICHOLAS mimes a charged energy blast at MACK, who receives it and plays dead for a moment. As NICHOLAS climbs on him to confirm the kill, MACK springs to life and scares him.

They enjoy the moment as IZZY comes back through the door and loudly FLOPS down a heavy, black duffel bag.

MACK has NICHOLAS' attention still, and they've stopped playing - the game is over, and he tells him with a frown.

MACK holds up his open hand, NICHOLAS follows suit.

MACK slowly closes his hand into a fist.

MACK (CONT'D)

(serious)

Like *this* next time, okay? Those other kids won't bother you again.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

JAKE is sitting with his water, listening to everything in the living room - We stay on him.

MACK (O.S.)

And you keep the thumb on the outside. Got it?

IZZY (O.S.)

We rolling out?

MACK (O.S.)

Just a sec...

NICHOLAS(O.S.)

Do yo want to watch more Duck Tales with me?

MACK (O.S.)

No, I have to go. Remember what I said, okay? Show me.

IZZY (O.S.)

Nice guns, kiddo!

JAKE works on achieving another sip of water.

We hear SHUFFLING and FOOTSTEPS. The front DOOR opens.

IZZY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(calling over to JAKE)

I brought your bag in.

MACK (O.S.)

(calling to JAKE as well)

Don't burn the house down.

They leave, and after the DOOR closes, we are left with only the sound of CARTOONS.

JAKE stands after a moment and limps the glass of water to the sink, dumping it - he is luckily more sore than broken, but occasionally moves a hand to his ribs.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

We follow JAKE limping to the living room: The CARTOONS are on, but NICHOLAS isn't there.

JAKE drags his heavy bag to the couch, sits down, and UNZIPS it.

He flops some first aid items on the table, takes off his shirt, and tends to his ugly bruises and pavement scratches.

NICHOLAS comes down the stairs not looking at JAKE. He goes to a pile of mis-matched and torn shoes, trying them on in no particular order - he begins to fuss with one.

NICHOLAS  
(noticing JAKE watching)  
I'm trying to see if it still fits.

NICHOLAS is now wearing two different shoes, but they fit.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)  
(gestures to his face)  
I got in a fight. Did you get in a fight?

JAKE  
(beat. Clenched jaw.)  
Something like that.

Before leaving, NICHOLAS holds up his hand at JAKE, who does the same to wave good-bye.

Nicholas, however, closes and demonstrates a fist with his hand. He leaves.