

Running

MARCUS is a teenage boy. He has been brought up by his father, who has been involved in a series of violent robberies. Marcus is unaware of his father's past criminal activities. One day, he returns home to find that his father and dog have been murdered. He tries to inform the police but disturbs the killers and has to run for his life. In this scene, Marcus is in hiding, trying to make sense of what is happening to him.

MARCUS: *(Runs in. Trying to catch his breath)* I think I've lost them for now. But they'll find me... they'll find me. I need to keep moving. *(Looking around)* I hope I'll be safe here for five minutes. I can't run any more for now.

(Covering his face) Now I know why my dad would never tell me what he did for work. Well, I guess I still don't know. And he can't tell me now.

(Looking around) What was that? They can't be here already... Surely not... *(Moves around the room, peers from behind the door)* No, nothing... I must have imagined it... But they'll be here soon. They're not going to stop now. *(Looking around)* What a weird place for me to end up. Something just told me to run here... My old school! This place has been abandoned for years, boarded up, but I figured I could just squeeze through one of those windows. So here I am. Hiding in Mrs Robertson's classroom... with a bunch of killers after me.

(Drawing in a shuddering breath) I was away over the weekend with friends. Camping. I was a bit mad at Dad though and didn't really want to see him when I got home. *(Covering his face again)* He'd been strange with me lately. Really, really strict. Always trying to tell me what to do – it was annoying. And as usual, he wouldn't tell me anything about what was going on in his life. We had a big fight about that and shouted at each other. I told him he should treat me like an adult, like an equal. He should be honest and let me into

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his world. And he said something... I'll never forget it now. He said "You don't want to be part of my world." He looked really sad when he said that. *(Almost crying)* And then I went away for the weekend. I can't believe that the last time I saw him, I was mad at him. I'll never be able to fix that now.

I came home. I walked from Andy's house because it's just around the corner. Our house was all dark and then... I saw the dog. Dead, on the front steps. And then I saw that the front door was open... I rushed inside... and Dad... *(Choking)* It was pretty obvious that he was gone... I called the police and told them what happened. And a second after I got off the phone with the police... I heard the first gunshot. Right there in the kitchen. The bullet broke the window and went past my head. I ran out the back door and started climbing the fence. When I looked back, there were at least three of them... dressed in black and with the biggest guns I've ever seen in my life, even in the movies. I was in shock but I jumped over the fence and just ran... What am I going to do? Dad, I wish you were here!

(Raises head quickly as though he hears a door slam) They're here.

by Clarissa Aykroyd