

GO HOME JOEY

Written by

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EXT. DAY - PARK BENCH.

JOEY sits alert, fidgety, scraping his hands through his unwashed hair. A bin bag rests next to him, a few scraps of clothing inside of it. He mumbles to himself. An animated, pissed off mumble. You'd give a wide birth if walking past.

JOEY:

"Go 'ome." "Go 'ome." "Why don't you just go 'ome Joeseph" Why don't you just fuck off Anne. Nosy old bint - an it's Joey...not bastard "Joeseph"... "I hear Sophie's had a fall".

*(prolonged eye roll)*

**(To camera)**

Sophie didn't fall. I kicked her. No honestly like - a full blown "This is Sparta" kick. She went flyin'. She weren't even doing owt' - I just...she dances to this song everyday after school and LOVES how much it pisses me off - how it pierces my ears over and over. She's my Dad's new slag's offspring right. Mum were dead, two month maybe? Her dressing gown still hung on the bathroom door even - in comes **Dianne** and the devil child. They got comfy, very quickly. Only it was clear I wasn't part of their plan. Two fucking months...

*(beat.)*

I timed it just as they got in from work. Precious little princess was hurled up on the floor, me above her. In the split second I looked up - I caught my Mum's picture on the mantle piece. Dianne allowed daddy dearest to keep the smallest one we had of her - behind this shitty school photo of Satan. Next thing I remember is waking up in Dad's car. My head pounding from the good hiding he'd just given me. Not a clue where we were or how we'd got there. Never looked at me. Not once. Just shoved this *(bin bag)* on my knee and said "Get out" Eh? I said. "You heard". I did.

**(MORE)**

JOEY: (CONT'D)

I did hear - because everything about him had been screaming them two words at me my whole life. I don't think I was ever part of his plan. And the only person who even tried to understand me...who listened...so many peodos, rapists, but no...let's take her. Let's take her life. So forgive me for not just "going home".

END.