BRYN

EPISODE 2: "BREATHE"

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INT. MARSH ORPHANAGE - BRYN'S WORKSHOP - MORNING

The room is dark, lit only by a few dirty bulbs and flickering power sources that glow blue.

BRYN is covered in soot and dirt, her goggles askew and clothes in disarray. She wears only some overalls and a ratty shirt. Her jacket is draped over a chair to the side.

Bryn grunts as she hoists the ROBOT onto her workbench, shoving off other items that CLATTER and CRASH to the floor. She slumps over the motionless form of the Robot and groans.

BRYN
(to herself)
You better be freaking worth it.

Distantly, a bell RINGS. Bryn looks up as a stampede of FOOTSTEPS echo above her head.

Bryn lunges and grabs a clock from a side table. She rubs its face against her shirt before looking at the time.

BRYN (CONT'D)
Crap. Breakfast already?

Bryn grabs a cloth and scrubs her face, cleaning off the worst of the grime.

She grabs her jacket as she runs out of the room.

The lights in the workshop remain on. Bryn runs back and claps twice. The lights all turn off.

INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING

The cafeteria tables are all full. Children chatter as they eat their orphanage slop.

Bryn, still grimy around the edges, grabs a tray and heads toward MISS CASSIE, 30, kind-faced with a blue shawl, who serves the food.

BRYN
Hey, Miss Cassie.

MISS CASSIE
No food for you, Bryn.

BRYN
What? Why?

Miss Cassie leans over and whispers sternly to Bryn.

MISS CASSIE
Did you forget that you're banned from meals for a week?

BRYN
I didn't think that was serious! I can't --

MISS CASSIE
Does the old bat seem like the joking type to you? What were you thinking?

BRYN
They tried to take my jacket.

MISS CASSIE
Bullshit. They try to take that thing every week. You've never done their faces in for it before.

Bryn remains silent.

MISS CASSIE (CONT'D)
Fine. Don't tell me. I just hope that raggedy thing is worth the pain of a week without food.

Bryn nods and picks up her empty tray. She turns to leave.

MISS CASSIE (CONT'D)
Wait.
(beat, sighs)
Look, I'll leave the kitchen door unlocked. Maybe you can find something in the bin to tide you over.

BRYN
Thanks, Miss Cassie.

MISS CASSIE
Yeah, yeah. Now go sit down and look suitably miserable.

BRYN
Business as usual, then.

MISS CASSIE
(amused)
Of all the cheek.

Bryn shares a small smile with Miss Cassie, before she takes her empty tray and sits at a table, alone.

The door SLAMS open as OWEN, SEAN, and BRADFORD enter. The three of them grab lunch trays and approach Miss Cassie.

OWEN
Go on, fill 'er up.

Miss Cassie scrapes the pan and puts a weak scoop of sludgy porridge and a thin slice of bread on each boy's tray.

OWEN (CONT'D)
What, that's it? That's pathetic! C'mon, two more scoops and a handful of raisins, each.

MISS CASSIE
That's all that's left. That's what happens when you sleep in - all the good stuff gets taken.

Owen slams his hand down on the counter between him and Miss Cassie. She flinches. Owen puts his finger in her face.

OWEN
Listen here, bitch; you don't speak to me like that. You may be the adult, but we're the ones with the real clout around here. We could easily make your life miserable if you don't watch. Your. Tone.

The cafeteria is hushed as Miss Cassie holds eye contact with Owen for a long moment.

Bryn stands up and takes a step toward the altercation.

Miss Cassie glances at Bryn and slightly shakes her head. Bryn freezes as Miss Cassie drops her gaze and swallows.

MISS CASSIE
I'm sorry, but that's all we have left.

OWEN
All we have left, what?

MISS CASSIE
All we have left... Mr. Owen.

OWEN
Very good. Was that so hard?

Owen smirks meanly as Sean and Bradford snigger. Owen picks up his tray and nods as he turns to leave.

OWEN (CONT'D)
That'll do for now. After all, if there's nothing you can do, there's nothing you can do. Have a good day, Cassie-girl.

MISS CASSIE
It's Miss --

Owen turns back around and takes a threatening step toward Miss Cassie.

OWEN
What was that?

MISS CASSIE
(beat)
Nothing.

OWEN
Good girl.

Owen, Sean, and Bradford turn away and head toward the tables. Bryn sits down, fists clenched. She takes deep breaths as the chatter in the cafeteria picks back up.

YOUNG VOICE (O.S.)
Hey!

Bryn's head snaps up. Bryn focuses on DANNY, 12, sickly and frail-looking, wearing big glasses with a crack in the right lens, who sits a few tables down from her.

Owen has Danny's food tray held above his head, with Danny reaching fruitlessly for it.

OWEN
Look at that, boys, he's even got raisins! I don't think it's fair, Danny-boy, that you get all the good stuff, and we don't. Do you?

DANNY
Yes I do! I got here first, so I got the raisins. That's the definition of fair!

OWEN
Oh, you're absolutely right. But that's not what I'm talking about.

DANNY
Wh-what?

SEAN
You see, Danny, we're growing boys. And growing boys need lots of food.

OWEN
And it's not really fair that growing boys should get less food than you --

BRADFORD
A sickly little runt who ain't gonna live to see puberty.

OWEN
Exactly.

DANNY
But I will!

OWEN
Oh, really? Did you somehow find the money to pay for your medicine in the pages of all those books you read? Wow. And all this time I thought they were just old and useless pieces of shit.

DANNY
No --

OWEN
No, what? No, they're not useless pieces of shit, or no, you didn't find any money? One or the other; they can't both be true.

Danny bows his head and clutches his chest. His breaths start to wheeze. Owen pats him on the head.

OWEN (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. Well, as a dumb-ass orphan who can't breath right in a smoke-filled world, you won't be needing this, then.

Owen turns away with Danny's tray. But he's forced to a stop by Bryn, who was behind him. She glares at the three boys.

BRYN
Give it back.

MISS CASSIE (O.S.)
Bryn, no --

OWEN
And why should I?

BRYN
Cause if you don't, I punch your teeth in.

Owen laughs. He reaches back and pulls Danny in front of him. Owen shoves Danny's tray into his hands.

OWEN
Go on, get out of here. I'd rather make Bryn eat her words than eat your cold slop.

Danny scurries off as Owen, Sean, and Bradford step toward Bryn. Bryn raises her fists.

BRYN
Really? You wanna do this again? Didn't really work out so well for you last time, did it?

Bradford growls and lunges at Bryn, but Owen holds him back.

OWEN
I heard you're one infraction away from the Pit.

Bryn pales and remains silent. Owen nods.

OWEN (CONT'D)
That means that, while Finch's interest might protect you at the junkyard, here, we could literally beat you to death and Caretaker Marsh would probably give us a medal.

SEAN
And if you fight back, we'll say you attacked us.

BRADFORD
And then it'll be the Pit for you.

Bryn stares at them for a moment, her fists lowering. Then her gaze shifts to look over and above their shoulders. Bryn's eyes widen, scared and plaintive.

BRYN
Is that true, Caretaker Marsh?

The three boys whirl around, but Caretaker Marsh isn't there. They turn to face Bryn again, but she isn't there, either. The far door shuts behind Bryn as she runs away.

OWEN
After her!

INT. HALLWAYS - OUTSIDE CAFETERIA - DAY

Owen, Sean, and Bradford burst out of the cafeteria doors. They look for Bryn.

SEAN
There!

Sean points to the right. Bryn disappears around the corner. The boys run after her.

INT. HALLWAYS - CLASSROOM CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Owen, Sean, and Bradford round the corner at a full run. The hallway is lined with doors that lead into classrooms.

With a significant head start is Bryn, who is reaching the opposite end of the hallway.

OWEN
You can't run forever!

Bryn ignores the jibe and runs around the corner.

The boys approach the corner and run around it.

INT. HALLWAYS - OUTSIDE BASEMENT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Owen, Sean, and Bradford run down the hallway. They pass a big, ancient-looking door with chains around the handles, holding it shut.

They run down the hall and around the next corner.

OWEN (O.S.)
Where did she go?

SEAN (O.S.)
She was right in front of us!

Bryn pushes the door open just a crack. She peeks out. No-one is there.

Bryn reaches through and replaces the padlock on the chains. She locks it with a key on a string. Then her hands disappear, and the door falls shut.

INT. BRYN'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Bryn claps twice. The lights in the workshop flicker to life. Bryn replaces the key around her neck and tucks it beneath her shirt.

Bryn grabs a wrench and moves toward the Robot.

BRYN
Alrighty then. Since I'll be hiding down here all weekend, may as well see if we can get your memory core booted up. First, the easy remedies.

Bryn bangs on the head of the Robot. With a WHIRR, the Robot's eyes light up and project an image into the air above it. Bryn yelps and jumps back.

BRYN (CONT'D)
No freaking way. That never works!

The image continues to play. Bryn jumps into action and turns the Robot until it's facing the wall. The sideways image comes into focus, but there's no sound.

Bryn scrambles to open up the back of the Robot's head. She pulls out a fried circuit. Bryn turns and yanks open a drawer. She rummages until she pulls out a new circuit.

As soon as Bryn replaces it, sound floods the workshop.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
-- yoo-hoo! Anyone in there? Of course not, that's the point --

Bryn jumps onto the workbench and lays sideways next to the Robot. She claps twice. The lights in the workshop turn off. Bryn's face is illuminated by the projection.

END OF EPISODE