

Holiday for the Poor
A Five Minute Short Film
Final Draft
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Inspired by true events.

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Asteroid Productions
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College

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EXT. TORONTO CITY SCAPE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING - A barren Toronto is shown; very grungy and dirty followed by another shot of an empty street. We hear the sound of a helicopter.

MEGAPHONE FROM HELICOPTER

Attention - the curfew is now in effect. By order of the RCMP, all citizens are to return to their homes.

Cut to another street. A shadowy figure runs across screen.

MEGAPHONE FROM HELICOPTER

Anyone found outside at this time -

We hear the man getting grasped (off screen).

MEGAPHONE FROM HELICOPTER

-Will be detained without question.

The man screams off screen.

CUT TO BLACK. FADE TO

EXT. URBAN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Dark backyard, surrounded by a fence. (Scene is seen through the doorway of a house.) JEFF AMIRO (32) jumps over a fence, clutching on to a MESSENGER BAG. He fumbles over a WOODEN TOY and runs up to the backdoor. He fumbles for his keys as a HELICOPTER APPROACHES, apparent by the sound. Jeff looks around frantically and manages to unlock the door and let himself in just as the lights from the helicopter pass over him.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The room is empty small, dark and furnished with broken cupboards, drawers and chairs to accompany a small table adorned with an OIL LAMP. To the side of the room sits a stove. Jeff looks out the window, looking for the chopper.

MARY

Where were you?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

JESUS!

Jeff is caught off guard and frightened at the sound of his wife, MARY AMIRO (30) in the doorway. Mary leans on the frame, arms crossed.

JEFF

Mary... you scared the shit out of me.

Jeff walks over to the table, drops his bag and searches it for a lighter.

MARY

Jeff, where were you?

Jeff pulls out his lighter, lights the lamp and walks over to the stove.

JEFF

I was just -

Pulls out a KETTLE from a cupboard above and fills it with water.

JEFF

I was at the shop.

MARY

Bullshit.

Jeff cuts the water and looks up at Mary.

JEFF

(Beat)

Woah, hey - calm down.

For a second the two of them just look at each other until Mary looks away. Jeff puts the kettle on the stove.

MARY

You've been running around past curfew for weeks! Obviously I'm going to be upset! You - risking your life like this.

JEFF

I'm not taking any risks! If you just listen -

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Honestly Jeff! You can't just...
(Beat) At least think of Helen's
future.

JEFF

That's exactly why I've been out
all these nights to begin with!

MARY

Well how am I supposed to know -
you've been so distant lately! I
mean, how is the shop even doing?

Jeff moves to approach Mary.

JEFF

You don't have to be so worried,
love. Everything's going to be
alright.

Mary stands a little taller.

MARY

Baby, at least try to understand
where I'm coming from. My boss is
sitting in a camp because his firm
failed, and now... I mean, you
haven't brought anything home
lately.

Mary nods to a jar on the counter (by a calendar reading
April 2020) with a small amount of money in it. Jeff looks
from the jar to Mary, upset. A short silence is broken by
the WHISTLING sound of the kettle. Jeff turns to adjust the
heat of the stove.

MARY

Jeff, I just - I don't want us
falling into the blacklist. I don't
want us to end up working in a
camp.

Jeff pulls a TEAPOT out from a cupboard above him. Mary sits
down.

MARY

Teaching Helen has been so hard on
me. I don't know if I'm teaching
her too much, not enough, the right
things the wrong things - I don't
know... I just wish we could put
her back in school.

(CONTINUED)

Jeff pulls out a box, opens it and pulls a scoop of dried tea leaves from inside of it.

JEFF
I'm taking care of that.

MARY (ANGRILY)
You're going to pay for school with the toys from your shop? Stop living in the past!

Jeff turns back in anger.

JEFF
Goddammit Mary! (Beat) I'm trying *really* hard here. I'm doing the best I can.

Jeff turns back to the counter.

JEFF
Look in the bag.

Jeff pours hot water from the kettle into the tea pot. Marry pulls out three TICKETS and looks at them in shock.

MARY
I don't believe you.

She drops the tickets and stares out with a blank look on her face.

MARY
You expect me to go through with this?

Jeff leans over the counter in annoyance, frowning.

JEFF
Mary, just think about this for a second-

Mary turns to look at Jeff.

MARY
Your own brother was taken by the RCMP for trying to get out, and now you want to risk our safety by going to Germany!?

JEFF
Woah that's completely different!

Jeff faces his wife again.

JEFF

Brandon tried taking a convoy down through the States! Americans are fucking ruthless! We're taking a cargo ship.

Mary is silent.

MARY

I know you think Germany is safer, but I can't - I can't just leave here. This is my home!

JEFF

Your "home" makes slaves out of the poor! Your "home" doesn't even exist anymore.

MARY

I can't leave my parents, my brothers and sisters. And besides, the trip alone - we'd risk being caught by the RCMP.

JEFF

Mary, if we stay, we'd be facing far worse.

Mary rests her head on the back of the chair, looking off to the side now. There is a long silence.

MARY

And what if I refuse?

Jeff swallows. Jeff's voice cracks, and Mary begins to cry. The moment is interrupted by the sound of a wooden toy HITTING the floor. Jeff and Mary turn to see HELEN AMIRO (7) standing in the doorway, her WOODEN HORSE at her feet. Helen is pouting. She waddles over to her mother. The girl is clearly shaken.

HELEN (crying)

The other girls are always making fun of me.

Mary looks up to Jeff as Helen throws herself into her mother's arms. She looks back down at Helen.

MARY

What! Why?

HELEN

They say we're poor because you teach me and because of daddy's toys.

(CONTINUED)

Jeff looks over at the wooden toy, still on the ground. Mary brushes Helen's hair back.

MARY
Don't worry, honey. Everything's
going to be alright.

Jeff pulls down a glass and begins to pour some tea.

MARY
Nothing is going to hap-

HELEN
I don't want to go to the camps. I
don't want to die.

Jeff drops the cup, and throws himself at his knees in front of his daughter, as the cup shatters, spilling tea all over the floor.

JEFF
No, no, no!

Jeff kisses his daughter's head and then lowers his own.

HELEN (CRYING)
I heard you and mommy talking.

Mary pulls her back close to her chest, hugging her.

MARY
Honey, daddy and I are here.
Nothing's going to happen.

Mary wipes a tear from her own face.

MARY
Please, go back to bed?

HELEN
I can't - he's going to get me.

JEFF
Who's going to get you? Did you
have a bad dream?

HELEN (CRYING HARDER THAN BEFORE)
The mouny, daddy. He was trying to
get me.

MARY
It was only a dream, sweetie.

Helen keeps crying. Mary and Jeff look at each other.

JEFF
Sweetie - hey, honey look at me.

Jeff wipes a tear from his daughter's cheek. He reaches for his daughter's hand and leads her out of Mary's lap.

JEFF
Don't- don't worry. This weekend
we're going on a holiday.

Mary is stunned.

HELEN (To Mary)
Are you coming too, mommy?

Mary is trying to hold back her tears. Jeff looks at Marry, waiting for some sort of acknowledgment from Mary until finally she speaks speaks.

MARY
I, um... I don't know.

Jeff is tormented with anguish.

JEFF
(Beat) Come on, honey.

HELEN
Will you wait for me to fall
asleep?

JEFF
I won't leave your side.

Jeff and Helen start waking out of the kitchen.

HELEN
Will you tell me a story, daddy?

JEFF
Yes, sweetheart. I'm going to tell
you the story of Helen,

Jeff bends down to pick up her fallen toy horse.

JEFF
The greatest horse-ride in all of
Germany.

Mary watches as Jeff leads Helen through the doorway, then shifts her focus to the shattered cup still on the floor.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

END.