

# THE MAKE, BREAK & BETRAYAL

Pilot Screenplay

Created by Charlie Rudd

Adapted for Screen by Robyn Rudd, CRM – Our Media UK

Contact: [ourgrouppuk01@gmail.com](mailto:ourgrouppuk01@gmail.com) | 07918 004220

Website: [www.charlierudd.uk](http://www.charlierudd.uk)

FADE IN:

EXT. ST IVES HARBOUR – DAWN

Gulls scream above a pale Cornish sky. The tide smacks the rocks in rhythm. The harbour stirs — half beauty, half emptiness.

MARTY (15) watches from the sea wall, hoodie up, eyes distant. A kid caught between wonder and escape.

MARTY

Too small a place for a life this big.

INT. FAMILY KITCHEN – MORNING

His mother irons with silent fury. His father ' s coach keys jangle on the counter. The silence between them hums louder than the kettle.

MOTHER

You ' ll be late again.

FATHER

Work ' s work. Bills don ' t pay themselves.

Marty watches. Learns. Folds into the quiet like it ' s part of him.

EXT. ST IVES MARKET – DAY

The Army recruitment van gleams in the drizzle. Posters of soldiers grinning under desert suns. Marty stops, stares.

RECRUITER

You sure about this, son?

MARTY

I am.

A signature turns a restless boy into a soldier.

MONTAGE – TRAINING CAMP (PLYMOUTH BARRACKS)

— Boots pounding mud.  
— Rifles disassembled and reassembled blindfolded.  
— Drill sergeant ' s thunderous voice.  
— MARTY, pushed, broken, rebuilt.

INT. BARRACKS – NIGHT

Ben and Charlie — mates from back home — share smuggled crisps. Laughter under the hum of the heater.

BEN

We don ' t quit.

MARTY

We stick.

They toast with teacups. A small promise in a world built on orders.

EXT. DESERT – DAY

Dust storms. The sound of rotor blades. War hums in the air like a storm about to break.

JACOB

You ' re the quiet one. Quiet ones get left alone. Not by me.

Marty grins. They share a bond forged in the fire of fear.

EXT. PATROL ROUTE – DAY

The world explodes. The sound cuts out. Marty hits the ground, dust choking his lungs.

MARTY

Stay with me, Jake! Eyes on me!

Jacob ' s hand slips away. Silence where laughter should be.

INT. PLYMOUTH FLAT – NIGHT

Years later. Marty sits in a dim flat above a takeaway. Letters from Veterans UK stacked like unpaid debts. A plant wilts on the sill.

AISHA

We ' ll do UC first, then AFCS. I can ' t promise miracles.

MARTY

Miracles are banned.

She laughs. The first human sound in days.

INT. SAME FLAT – LATER

Marty stares at the kettle. Steam curls. He whispers to the empty room.

MARTY

If you live, I do.

EXT. PLYMOUTH HOE – SUNSET

The sea glows dull silver. Fireworks crack. Marty hits the ground, shaking. A child ' s laughter pierces the panic.

INT. FLAT – NIGHT

He writes: 'I ' m back. Settling. Don ' t worry.' The lie folds neatly into the envelope.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT.