

THE COMMONER

Written by

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1.INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CHRIS, a darkly handsome, un-kept man in his late 20's, is sleeping, next to his girlfriend TULLY, on a mattress on the floor of a tired-looking, Victorian terrace house, in Melbourne's inner north.

The room is sparsely decorated but for a few items: a desk, an expensive computer and speakers, a turntable and a stack of records. An old wooden wine box is filled with succulents and hung on the wall above is a cheaply framed Brett Whitely print: 'Self portrait in the studio' 1976.

Chris's phone is plugged into the charger next to the bed. It begins to ring, reverberating loudly against the wood floors. TULLY begins to stir in her sleep.

TULLY
Chris...Chris.

TULLY uses her body to push CHRIS toward the sound of the ringing phone.

CHRIS
Hello?

With the phone pressed to his ear, Chris lays back down but can still be heard talking.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yep. Yeah mum, nine, I remember.
I'll pick Carol on my way. Ok. No,
I won't be. See you soon.

Chris looks at the time on his phone and plugs it back into the wall charger. He nestles to TULLY who is faced away from him.

TULLY
Fuck, Chris. Your feet are
freezing.

CHRIS
Sorry.

TULLY
You'd better get in the shower.
You'll upset your mum if you're
late today.

CHRIS gets out of bed, in a visible huff and walks out of the room.

2.INT. BATHROOM - DAY

CHRIS is attempting to wash himself under the dribbling facet, in the dingy bathroom. Suddenly the door flings open with TULLY bursting in. She sits on the toilet, panting in her haste. Her breath is visible in the chilly morning air. Even the hot shower hasn't managed to warm up the bathroom in their poorly insulated house.

CHRIS

Really?

TULLY

Sorry. I was busting.

CHRIS angrily pumps soap from an expensive looking bottle. It is nearly empty and hardly anything comes out.

CHRIS

We're nearly out of this shit.

TULLY

I know, but Jane and I love it and it's expensive. Eighty bucks a pop.

CHRIS

Do you not see the irony in buying eighty dollar soap, when there is enough of your hair gathered in the drain, to donate to the cancer council for wigs and the bottom of this shower curtain is a shade of green I've never even come across before?

TULLY pretends not to hear CHRIS, wipes herself and puts the lid down on the toilet without flushing. She climbs into the shower with CHRIS. He is visibly annoyed with this encroachment upon morning ritual.

TULLY

Are you sure you don't want me to come with you today?

CHRIS

You never really met Trev. I don't see the point.

TULLY

I did. I met him at Christmas last year.

CHRIS

He was there for about five minutes, before mum had to take him back to the hospital.

TULLY

Well I've met your mum plenty of times. I know how much Trevor meant to her. I'd like to be there for you too.

CHRIS

I'm fine, Tulls. Trevor and I weren't ever particularly close. I'm sad for mum, but it's not like this came as any sort of surprise.

TULLY

That's lovely, Chris.

CHRIS

I just don't think the occasion warrants you taking a day out from uni. You have your graduate show next week.

TULLY

Don't act as though you're doing me a favor here.

CHRIS

There will be enough for me to deal with today. I don't want to have to run interference between you and my family.

TULLY gets out from the shower, wraps a towel around herself and walks out of the bathroom.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Wait, Tuls?

Hopeful, Tully sticks her head back around the bathroom door

TULLY

Yeah?

CHRIS

Could you grab me a towel?

After a moment, TULLY comes back into the bathroom with a folded dry towel. She places it on the closed toilet seat and walks back out, without looking back at CHRIS.

3. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room of CHRIS and TULLY's place is dimly lit. The pressed metal ceilings, once white, are now a sickly yellow from years of the couple and their housemate, JANE, smoking inside.

The furniture is mismatched, collected mostly from op-shops or donated from family members. There are two half empty bottles of red wine on the coffee table, next to an ashtray, full to the brim with cigarette butts.

A big, fat cat is sleeping on the arm of the couch on top of a folded pile of clothes.

Chris shoos the cat and picks his suit pants from the pile. Without much success, he attempts to smooth out the creases and brush away all the cat hair.

CHRIS

There's fucking cat hair all over my suit.

TULLY (O.S.)

Why didn't you hang it up?

CHRIS

I forgot. I got home from work late last night.

TULLY

I think there's some sticky tape in the kitchen. Wrap it around your hand and use it like a lint roller.

CHRIS

I don't have time for this. It stinks in here. I think Jane left her rank vegan cheese out again.

TULLY

Their.

CHRIS

What?

TULLY

Their. I think Jane left their cheese out. You have to start using the proper pronouns. It's tense enough between you two.

CHRIS

I'll use the proper pronouns when they come up with ones that are grammatically correct.

CHRIS angrily dresses himself. Muttering under his breath as he buttons his shirt. His suit doesn't quite fit him anymore. His trousers appear to be too small and he struggles to button them up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Fucking cat. Fuck this. Fuck.

CHRIS fiddles with his sleeves and when he is satisfied with the state of himself, walks into the kitchen and reappears with an apple between his teeth.

CHRIS leaves the apple in his mouth and uses his hands to fumble for his keys and wallet. He slurps audibly as spit starts to gather around the sides of his mouth.

TULLY appears in the doorway of the living room. She hands CHRIS his phone.

TULLY

Monty called when you were in the shower. He asked if you can be at the bar tomorrow morning in time for the delivery.

CHRIS

Jesus. Here I thought sleeping with the bosses sister would afford me a few perks.

CHRIS smiles playfully as he takes a bite from the apple.

TULLY

Will I see you there tonight? Do you want me to pick you up?

CHRIS

Thanks, but I'm not sure what time everything will finish up.

TULLY

Ok well, tell your mum how sorry I am and that I wish I could be there.

CHRIS

Will do. See ya.

4. INT. CAR - DAY

CHRIS'S car is a run down, 90's model Toyota Carolla. The interior is messy. Empty coffee cups roll around on the floor. There's an old MacDonald's soft drink container, in the cup holder with cigarette butts floating in it.

Chris fastens his seatbelt and sniffs. He notices a rank smell. He opens the glove compartment and reaches for a deodorant can. He sprays the air in the car, but this seems to only add to the stench. Chris recoils from the thick mist of Rexona he has unleashed, but has no time to fuss. He turns the keys and takes off.

RADIO DJ

You are listening to Melbourne's 3
triple R.

The exterior can be seen from the window. The streets are lined with colorful shopfronts, young, fashionably dressed people walking or riding bikes. Every now and then the ding of a tram can be heard.

A remarkably bad, garage band begins to blare from the radio. Chris endures only a few seconds before turning it off.

The car travels over a large concrete bridge stretching a few kilometers. There is hardly any traffic traveling in Chris's direction. The cars are bumper to bumper heading the opposite way.

Chris reaches the other side of the bridge and the terrain outside is starkly different from where he started: telephone towers, grey industrial buildings and factories, the occasional fast food restaurant and far reaching, empty paddocks with nothing but dying grass and dumped furniture and bags of garbage.

He passes a road sign that reads: 'Welcome to the West'.

Blocks of red brick houses begin to take shape in the distance.

CHRIS pulls up in front of a grim looking block of units. A kids bike is rusting on the nature strip out the front.

CAROL, a woman in her late 60's is waiting by the brick letter box. She moves slowly towards Chris's car. CAROL is a large woman. Her weight seems to make it difficult for her to walk. CAROL is clutching a large, beige Tupperware container.

(CONT.)

CAROL gets into the passenger side of CHRIS'S car. She beams a big smile in his direction and despite his effort, CHRIS can't help but mirror her expression. Her demeanor is infectious.

CAROL
Pheew. It's pong-y in here,
Christopher.

Chris rolls down the window.

CHRIS
Yeah, sorry about that aunty Caz.
I'm a grot and I haven't had a
chance to sort myself out. I've
been working so much lately.

CAROL
At the pub?

CHRIS
Yeah, at the pub.

CHRIS cringes slightly in shame.

CAROL
And you'd better get rid of this
before we get to your mum's place.

CAROL gestures at the cigarette butts festering inside MacDonald's cup.

CHRIS
Yeah, I'll stop at the servo. I
need to get some fuel anyway.

5.INT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

CHRIS precariously throws the MacDonald's cup in a near buy bin.

He hits the pre-sale button on the pump. He sets it to twenty dollars.

CAROL can be seen coming out from inside the service station, clutching two Cherryripes. When she reaches the car, she slides one over the roof in CHRIS'S direction and gets back into the passenger side.

CHRIS is still pumping the remain few cents of petrol and bends over to look through the drivers side window, waving the Cheeryripe.

CHRIS

Thank you.

CAROL looks straight ahead and smiles.

6.EXT. DEBORA'S HOUSE - DAY

CHRIS and CAROL pull up in the driveway of DEBORA's (Chris's mother) house.

It's a small, relatively new looking house. The garden is neatly maintained and plentiful for winter time.

CHRIS turns off the engine and gets out of the car. CAROL stays in her seat, waiting patiently for CHRIS to return with her newly widowed sister.

7.INT. DEBORA'S HOUSE - DAY

CHRIS WALKS DOWN THE HALLWAY OF HIS MOTHER'S HOUSE. FAMILY PHOTOS LINE THE WALLS. HE STOPS NOTICING HIS MOTHER IN THE BATHROOM, WASHING HER HANDS.

THE SHOWER CAN BE SEEN, FITTED WITH SPECIAL RAILING AND A SEAT. THE KIND YOU SEE IN HOSPITALS AND NURSING HOMES.

DEBORA

When you're late, it tells everyone else, that you think yours is the only time that matters.

CHRIS

Sorry mum. I got stuck behind an accident on the bridge.

DEBORA doesn't respond, but flashes CHRIS a look of disbelief.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Well, Trevor isn't in a hurry.

Again, DEBORA doesn't respond and walks into the kitchen to collect her things.

DEBORA(O.S.)

I'll meet you in the car.

CHRIS
Can I help with anything?

DEBORA
Just get in the car, Chris.

8. EXT. CHURCH - DAY

CHRIS is smoking, by himself out the front of the church as people start to arrive. CAROL walks up to CHRIS and he instantly knows she's about to tell him something he doesn't want to hear.

CAROL
Your mother wants you to come in
for a viewing before the service.

CHRIS
She wants me to look at a dead
Trev?

CAROL
Just go in there, Chris. Your mum
asked.

CHRIS
For fuck sake. I know what he looks
like.

CAROL
Chris there's no need for language.
Just do this for your mum, would
you?

CHRIS stamps out his cigarette and walks into the church,
following CAROL.

9. INT. CHURCH - DAY

All the guests are seated. The service has begun. CHRIS's
brother DAVE is giving the eulogy.

DAVE is in his early thirties. He has broad shoulders and a
thick neck like a rugby player. He is shorter than Chris, but
his presence is far more imposing.

DAVE
Trev was like a second father to
me.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

He barracked for Cartlon and drank like a girl. But we'll forgive him for that.

The crowd lets out a soft collective chuckle.

CHRIS's eyes remain fixed on TREVOR's sister, Susan, begins to wail. She tries to muffle her sobs with her hands.

A gaggle of older women, sitting behind Susan attempt to console her with reassuring pats on the back.

10. INT. THE BAR OF THE LOCAL FOOTY CLUB/ THE WAKE

Chris is standing by the corner of the bar. It's the kind of dingy pub that probably needed a renovation even in the 70's. The carpet was a deep maroon that poorly disguises the sticky, beer stains. The barmaid is in her early fifties and looks as though she is not being paid enough to preside over this sort of crowd.

There is a treacle table with a huge tin of International Roast, next to a metal cater's hot water urn. There are white-bread ham and cheese sandwiches, cut into small triangles. There's a box of Tetley tea, milk and a tray of Arnott's Assorted biscuits.

Carol walks over to Chris and elbows him in the side.

CAROL

Make yourself useful and take Susan a cup of tea.

Chris walks over to the refreshments table and fixes a styrofoam cup of tea. He fishes himself a Delta Cream from the packet of biscuits. He takes a bite and an avalanche of crumbs fall down the front of his shirt. Chris fails to notice.

CHRIS

Cup of tea for you, Susan.

SUSAN

Oh no, I couldn't have one at this time of day. I'll be up until midnight.

Beat.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I've had the worst trouble with my sleep.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I found out around this time last year that I've got sleep apnea. Hereditary, apparently. Which I'm not sure is true, because neither mum or dad ever snored.

Chris pretends like he is interested

CHRIS

Oh, right.

SUSAN

The doctor says, if I lose some weight, it's likely to go away. The apnea that is. But I've tried everything. Those celebrity shakes? You know the ones with that girl from Master Chef on the ads?

CHRIS

Yeah, I know the ones.

SUSAN

Oh, well they taste just horrible. I only made it to lunch on the first day.

CHRIS

They must be pretty gross.

SUSAN

You can say that again. And you know, with my knee I can't exercise. The doctor suggested I try swimming, but there's never any parking at the pool.

Chris nods at Susan, but hasn't heard much of what she has said. He is watching his brother Dave over Susan's shoulder, who is talking to the barmaid. She laughs and touches his arm in a flirty way.

Susan oblivious to Chris's disinterest, continues to ramble.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm trying to get my insurance to cover lap-band surgery, but my friend Kerri got the worst infection after hers..

CHRIS

Susan, sorry. Could you excuse me for a second?

CONTINUOUS

DAVE
Christopher.

CHRIS
You never rang me back.

DAVE
What are you talking about?

CHRIS
Friday. I called you on Friday
afternoon and left a message.

DAVE
Oh yeah, sorry mate. Work has the
business has been going flat stick.

CHRIS
I was calling to arrange a present
for mum. A sympathy gift. Some
flowers or something nice.

DAVE
Oh well, Pat and I have already
arranged for mum to come to Bali
with the kids and I next month.

CHRIS
Wonderful. Well you could've let me
know. Now I look like an asshole.

DAVE
Why do you need my help to get mum
some flowers?

CHRIS
Well, I didn't exactly budget for
Trev carcing it this particular
week.

DAVE
Jesus, Chris. Grow up would you?

The barmaid places 4 large pints of beer on the bar next to
Dave. He grabs all 4 of them with his large hands.

Chris motions to the barmaid for one more.

CHRIS
Thanks.

CONTINUOUS

Dave carries the beers over to the FOOTY LADS. A group of three balding, overfed, red faced men standing by the flat screen watching the football game.

Chris follows after Dave in an attempt to continue their discussion.

DAVE

Here we go, fellas. There's a tab open under my name, so go for your life.

HARRY, the youngest of the three who looks like he might've been attractive at one stage in his life, unlike the other two men, acknowledges.

HARRY

Chris, long time no see, how are you mate?

CHRIS

Hi Harry. Yeah not too bad.

MARK is the president of the footy club. He dons the teams colors on his tie. He is a humorless, self important kind of man.

MARK

You still playing football, Christopher?

CHRIS

Ahh no, no stop playing when I was about 16. Was never much of a player.

MARK

You're a long streak of pelican shit, you are, but you were a decent ruckman from what I remember.

GEOFF is the most unsightly of the three men. He is overweight with a long brown curly beard.

GEOFF

You played with Peter Wittman, right? He was just drafted at North Melbourne.

CHRIS

Yeah, he also date raped three different women, but who is keeping track?

GEOFF

Yeah, they all come out of the woodwork when there's money to be gained.

MARK

So what are you doing with yourself these days Chris?

CHRIS

Oh, I help my girlfriend's brother run a pub in town.

HARRY

Whereabouts?

CHRIS

Fitzroy.

HARRY

Oh Matt works on that side of town. Says it's full of junkies. I thought you were studying?

CHRIS

Taking some time off.

HARRY

Matt wanted to take some time off when he was studying. I told him "mate, you'll never go back. Better to get it over and done with now, you can travel when you retire."

CHRIS

That's one way to look at it, I suppose.

HARRY

He's been working as a paramedic for the past two years now.

Beat.

CHRIS

Thank christ he isn't a firefighter. Matt started a fire in the gym at school once, trying to light his own fart.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Everyone knew he did it, but he never got the blame. See he followed through and all the kids at school made so much fun of him, I think the principle just felt sorry for him in the end.

Harry takes no notice of Chris's interjection.

HARRY

He has been in Sydney this past week on a medical training conference.

CONTINUOUS

The group of men collectively nod at one another exchanging impressed glances. Chris doesn't know what to say at this point so skulls the remaining dreggs of his beer.

HARRY

He should be here soon, actually. Him and Jen are on their way back from the airport.

GEOFF

Punching above his weight with that lovely lady.

DAVE

You can say that again. Anyway, must be my shout.

MARK

He's a good bloke your brother.

CHRIS

First I'm hearing about it.

MARK

Trev never stopped talking about how proud of you boys he was. Dave's sparky work must be going well?

CHRIS

Must be.

MARK

2 young kids, a wife and a business. You'd better pull your finger out mate.

CHRIS
Trying my best, Mark.

Carol walks over as Dave rejoins the men with a fresh round of beers.

CAROL
Your mum wants a few photos.

CONTINUOUS

CHRIS
She what?

CAROL
With you, Dave and the grandkids.

CHRIS
She realizes we're at a wake,
right? Is this really memory she
wants to look back on?

CAROL
Come on Chris. How often are you
guys all together, dressed up like
this?

CHRIS
I don't know. How often does her
husband fall off the perch?

There is a beat as Chris's comment sinks in. Chris, grimaces at his own insensitivity.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Fine. Fine. Give me a second to
take a leak.

CONTINUOUS

Chris walks over to the bar.

CHRIS
Could I have a scotch please.
Double?

BARMAID
We've only got Bundy.

CHRIS
Not even remotely close, but sure.

BARMAID
Coke?

CHRIS
Don't make this worse than it has
to be.

The Barmaid doesn't respond. She looks unimpressed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Just straight thanks.

Chris gulps down the rum in one hit.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Pop this on my brother's tab for
me.

10. EXT. FOOTY OVAL

Dave's two kids Will and Jason are running around, kicking
about a football between the goalposts.

CAROL
Come one kids. Stand in front of
Dad and Chris.

CAROL (CONT'D)
That's it. One, two, three..

Debora stands and presides over Carol's photographic skills
silently.

CAROL (CONT'D)
There we go. Handsome boys.

DEBORA
Now one of Chris and Dave.

CAROL
You heard the woman.

CHRIS
Mum, really?

Carol flashes Chris a look of contempt.

DAVE

Come on pretty boy. You love it.

DEBORA

Can you get one of me between the boys?

Debora positions herself between Chris and Dave. The two men dwarf her.

CONTINUOUS

Carol takes the photo and Debora walks back towards her to inspect whether its up to her standard.

Once satisfied Carol and Debora walk back into the proceedings leaving Chris and Dave out on the oval, with the two young boys who have resumed their football game.

JASON

Chris, where's your giiiiirlfriend?

CHRIS

She's..

DAVE

What do you mean? He's a poof. Look at him

CHRIS

Nice, Dave.

Jason kicks the ball to Chris which he marks with the relative ease.

Dave charges at Chris, tackling him to the ground.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You fuckwit. Get off.

DAVE

You big girls blouse.

Chris begins to walk across the oval, back inside. The two younger boys watch a little stunned, in silence.

The sun has began to go down and the street lights have come on, beyond the carpark.

Chris's long legs cover a large distance across the oval in a short time.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Going inside to change your tampon,
 mate?

The younger boys and Dave can no longer be seen at this point, but still heard.

WILL
 Why is uncle always Chris grumpy?

DAVE
 He cross because you play footy
 better than him, buddy.

The two younger boys can be heard laughing and continue to play there game in the distance behind Chris as he angrily walks back inside.

11. INT. THE BAR OF THE LOCAL FOOTY CLUB/ THE WAKE

Chris is back over at the bar. He has 2 empty pint glasses in front of him and is polishing off another double Bundy, no coke.

He has grass stains down the front of his shirt from his brother's tackle.

Chris takes out his phone from his pocket. 2 missed calls from Tully. 1 message: 'Hey babe, how's it going? How's your poor mum? X'.

Chris slides his phone back into his pocket.

Will wanders up to the bar, with his football tucked under his arm.

WILL
 Two raspberries please.

BARMAID
 Sure thing, darling. What lovely manners you have.

WILL
 Thank you

CHRIS
 Hey buddy

WILL
Hi uncle Chris

CHRIS
You know I didn't mean to get angry
at your dad, right?

WILL
Yeah..

CHRIS
It's just sometimes big brothers
get on your nerves.

WILL
I know. This morning Jason ate all
of the Cocopops and got to ride in
the ute with Dad. I had to go in
the car with mum and she makes me
sit in the backseat.

CHRIS
It's a hard life, hey?

Will just nods and tries to juggle his football and the 2
glasses of raspberry lemonade.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Can I help you with that.

WILL
No thanks.

Will carries the drinks over to his brother, spilling most of
the liquid on the journey. Jason is standing over by the
refreshments table, shoveling ham and cheese sandwiches into
his mouth.

Chris is a little drunk at this point and feeling a bit
sentimental watching his two nephews, happily interact.

12. CONTINUOUS

He wanders over to Dave who is bragging to the Footy Lads
about his electrician business.

DAVE
Finished having a sook, have we?

CHRIS
Give it a rest.

DAVE

I was just telling these guys how flat out the business has been. It was a tough slog in the beginning, but the hard work eventually paid off.

CHRIS

Please. The only reason you aren't in debt is because you robbed your last boss.

DAVE

I was hurt on the job. He had insurance. I was well within my rights. I was out of work for month. I still don't have any feeling in the right hand.

CHRIS

You electrocuted yourself! I wouldn't trust you to screw in a fucking lightbulb.

DAVE

Who asked you, Chris. Why don't you get some air, hey? I think your a bit missed mate.

CHRIS

Get fucked you dumb bogan.

MARK

Alright boys, that's enough.

Sullen, Chris walks back over to the bar.

Debora walks up behind Chris as he is trying to get the attention of the barmaid.

DEBORA

I'm going with Pat to drive Susan home and drop the boys with Pat's mum. Please don't start anymore arguments with you brother while I'm gone.

CHRIS

Of course it's my fault

DEBORA

Chris please and maybe stop drinking. I thought you were going to drive Carol and I home later.

CONTINUOUS

CHRIS
I'll organize a taxi.

Debora looks at Chris disapprovingly and walks away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Pint of draught please.

13. CONTINUOUS

An attractive woman in her late 20's approaches Chris.

JEN
May I have one too please?

BARMAID
No worries, hun.

JEN
Chris, right?

Chris is a little flattered.

CHRIS
Yeah, how'd you know?

JEN
I'm Jen, Matt's fiancé. He was telling me on the way here, that one of Trevor's step sons stole his girlfriend back in high school. I took a wild guess.

CHRIS
He's still mad about that?

JEN
It would appear so.

Beat.

JEN (CONT'D)
Sorry for your loss.

CHRIS
Thanks, but it was a long time coming. I'm actually a little relieved for mum

Jen looks a little alarmed by Chris's nonchalance.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

No, no. I loved Trev and he was good to mum. He was just so sick towards the end. It turned mum into an old woman, before her time.

JEN

Yeah, I guess I can understand that.

CHRIS

So, whens the wedding?

JEN

Well we are hoping the perhaps the end of next year.

CHRIS

Oh?

JEN

Yeah, I'm spending six months with doctors without boarders.

CHRIS

You're a doctor?

JEN

Indeed I am.

CHRIS

Christ. Matt is batting out of his league.

JEN

Matt is a good guy.

CHRIS

I know. It's just..

JEN

Yeah, I know.

They both take a sip of beer and stand in silence, watching on as Matt interacts with Dave and the Footy Lads. The men all look like a carbon copy of one another (balding, overfed, red faced) Matt is the youngest and neatly dressed with expensive clothes, but it really is the only distinguishable difference.

They all scream at the footy match

DAVE, FOOTY LADS, MATT
BALL!!

With this Chris turns to face away from them. He catches a glimpse of himself in the reflective surface behind the bar. He sighs and takes another big sip of his beer. He is definitely drunk.

CONTINUOUS

JEN
These days are always difficult.
Never for the reasons you think.

CHRIS
Again, you're marrying Matt
because?

Beat.

JEN
Smoke?

CHRIS
You read my mind.

14. EXT. CARPARK - DUSK

CHRIS
Shit. I think I left my lighter on
the bar. Do you have one on you?

JEN
I don't smoke.

15. EXT. CARPARK - EARLY EVENING

Debora and Pat pull up in a new model Ford 4XD. Pat helps Debora out of the passenger side door, as it is quite a large step down.

Chris and Jen, emerge from around the corner. Jen adjusting her stocking and Chris more disheveled than he already was.

DEBORA
Chris, I think it's time for you to
go home.

CHRIS
Mum, I'm fine. It just got a bit
heated before with Dave and I, but
it's fine. I'm fine. Come inside.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Let me get you a cup of tea. They just put some party pies out. I haven't seen you eat all day.

Chris ushers his mother inside, while Jen lingers in the carpark, pretending to fiddle with her phone. Pat seems oblivious to what has transpired in their absence.

16. INT. THE BAR OF THE LOCAL FOOTY CLUB/ THE WAKE

Chris hands Debora an paper plate with an assortment of party pies, sausage rolls and finger sandwiches.

CHRIS

Here mum, have eat something.

Beat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Please.

DEBORA

Really Chris, you should go.

CHRIS

Mum, I want to stay. Honestly.

DEBORA

Where's Tully? Have you guys broken up? She's such a nice girl, Chris. I hope you weren't nasty to her.

CHRIS

No, mum. We are still together. She has her graduate art show next week, so she couldn't make it. She has too much uni. She sends her love though.

DEBORA

That's a shame. I would've liked her to come today. Even though Trevor only met her the once, he said to mentioned he liked her. He said, 'I can tell, for better or for worse, she loves that boy'.

CHRIS

She wanted to come, mum. She is just really hard working.

DEBORA

Well that's good. I've always admired people with strong work ethic. It's a highly undervalued quality. Still, it would have been nice of her to come. Family is important.

Debora begins to well up. This is the first instance of emotion she has displayed all day.

Seeing his mum cry is too uncomfortable for Chris to manage, so he stands up and places his hand on Debora's shoulder.

CHRIS

I'm going to go to the loo, mum.
I'll be right back. Do you need anything else?

Debora pulls a tissue out from her sleeve and dabs at her nose. She doesn't say anything, she shakes her head ever so slightly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You'll be right, mum.

Chris walks to the bar.

17. CONTINUOUS.

CHRIS

Can I have another please?

BARMAID

Your brother settled the tab.

CHRIS

How much for a pot?

BARMAID

Three dollars

CHRIS

Hold on.

Chris digs in his pocket for some change. He comes up short.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Can I put it on my card?

BARMAID

There's a 10 minimum spend .

CONTINUOUS.

CHRIS
I'll have two pints then.

BARMAID
Ok, but this is your last round.
Your brother told me to cut you off
three beers ago.

CHRIS
Thanks for the concern.

18. INT. MEN'S BATHROOM

Chris staggers up to the urinal trough with his two pints. He places them on the ledge, to free up the use of his hands.

He begins to sob uncontrollably. Chris is a mess at this point. He suit is ill fitted and covered in beer and grass stains, his hair is greasy and a large, yellow puss filled pimple has began to form on his chin.

Dave comes out from the toilet stalls and stops as he adjusts his belt.

DAVE
Aren't you a sight?

CHRIS
Fuck off, Dave.

DAVE
Get a load of you, hey.

CHRIS
Fuck.off.

DAVE
A sight to behold. My baby brother
ladies and gentlemen.

Chris picks up one of the pint glasses from the ledge of the urinal and throws it at Dave, narrowly missing his head.

Dave charges at Chris and grabs him by the scruff of the neck. Dave is furious but restrains himself from beating the snot out of his brother. Instead, Dave throws Chris down in the puddle of piss on the urinal floor. Dave walks out of the mens room.

Chris doesn't move, but yell out after Dave.

CONTINUOUS.

CHRIS
I hope your kids know what a sack
of shit you are!

At this moment, the other cubicle door opens. It's Will. He looks frightened at the sight of his uncle and runs out in the direction of his father.

Chris continues to sit in the puddle of piss. He begins to weep again. He is a sorry sight of a man.

19. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CAROL
Chris! What's happened to you?
You're all wet.

CHRIS
Yeah, I know. Hey, Caz can you do
me a favor?

CAROL
Fine, but I won't help you bury the
body. I've got a bad back.

CHRIS
Can you tell mum I'm not feeling
well and that I had to go?

CAROL
Why can't you tell her yourself?

CHRIS
Look, I don't want her to see me
like this. I've made enough of a
dick of myself today.

CAROL
Trust me, no one is looking at you
Chris.

CHRIS
Please Carol?

CAROL
Ok, ok.

CHRIS
Thank you.

19. EXT. TRAIN STATION

Chris sitting alone on a bench on the platform of the train station.

An announcement comes over the loudspeaker.

TRANSPORT WORKER (O.S.)
Your next FLinders Street service
will arrive in approximately 25
minutes.

CHRIS
Great.

He lights a smoke and pulls out his phone. It has run out of battery.

A group of four scantily clad teenage girls enter the platform.

GIRL 1
Cut it out. No, I'm not going to.

GIRL 2
Come on.

GIRL 1
Fine.

Girl 1 sheepishly walks over to Chris.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)
Can I bum a smoke?

The other three girls are watching their interaction. Hopeful and giggling.

CHRIS
Are you old enough?

GIRL 1
Yeah.

CHRIS
Then why don't you buy your own?

GIRL 1
We ran out.

CHRIS
Here..

Chris smiles as the girl removes the cigarette from the carton.

GIRL 1

Gross you creep. I'm 14.

The girl snatches the entire carton and runs back to her group of friends.

Chris shrugs off the interaction and passes the time by kicking an empty, crushed can of solo back and forth.

20. INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Chris is sitting alone on the train, staring out the window. He is alone on the carriage, except for a homeless man sitting at the opposite end.

The homeless man is muttering inaudible things to himself. Chris continue to stare out the window, looking sorry for himself.

HOMELESS MAN

What are you looking at?

Chris doesn't respond. The homeless man repeats himself, louder this time.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

WHAT are you looking at?

Chris continues to ignore him.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

You're staring at me aren't you?

Chris keeps his eyes fixed out the window.

CHRIS

I'm not looking at anything.

HOMELESS MAN

You're looking at me. You're looking at me. You want to have sex with me don't you. You think I'm seeeeexy.

CONTINUOUS.

The homeless man gets up from his seat and starts to walk towards Chris.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR
Now arriving at South Kensington
station

Chris gets off the train before the man can come any closer.

20. EXT. TRAIN STATION TAXI RINK

Chris hails a cab and climbs in the back seat.

TAXI DRIVER
Prepay

CHRIS
Beg your pardon.

TAXI DRIVER
Prepay.

The taxi driver points to the sign on the back of the seat.

It reads 'All journeys after 7pm require prepayment'.

CHRIS
Fine. How much?

TAXI DRIVER
Depends where you're going.

CHRIS
Fitzroy.

TAXI DRIVER
That should be about forty five
dollars.

CHRIS
Wonderful. Here.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Do you want my left nut too?

TAXI DRIVER
Pardon me, sir?

CONTINUOUS.

CHRIS
Never mind.

21. INT. CHRIS & TULLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris comes through the front door wearily and is greeting by the meowing fat cat ARCHIE.

CHRIS
Look, could you not? It's been a long day.

22. INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chris is in the shower, trying to wash away the day. He again pumps at the expensive soap bottle, but it is well and truly empty.

Chris pour shampoo into his hand and uses it in placement of soap.

23. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris is sitting eating a toasted jaffle on the couch.

He sits with a towel wrapped around his waist, having failed to dress himself since the shower. Archie sits next to him and purrs loudly.

Chris mindless flicks through channels with the remote and takes a bite of his jaffle.

Molten hot tin spaghetti spurts out the back end of the sandwich and onto Chris's bare chest.

CHRIS
Ow. Fuck.

23. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sits at the key board in the corner of the room. He begins to play 'God Only Knows' by The Beach Boys.

As the song comes into the chorus, Chris begins to sing. He has quite a lovely voice.

CHRIS
(singing) God only knows what I'd be without you.

CONTINUOUS.

Chris's phone begins to ring.

CHRIS
Hey babe, I just got home. Yeah,
I'm on my way.

24. INT. MONTY'S BAR - NIGHT

Tully spots Chris the moment he walks in the door. She runs over and hugs him fiercely.

TULLY
Oof. I have been thinking about you
all day.

CHRIS
I couldn't wait to see you.

TULLY
Monty, could you pour Chris a beer?

Monty nods from across the bar

MONTY
Here we go. Sorry to hear about
Trevor.

CHRIS
Thanks mate.

Tully spots their housemate Jane coming through the door. She runs over to greet them.

Jane wears a long, stylish coat, an oversize white shirt and beige pants. Jane's hair is shaved short and bleached platinum blonde. Jane is a tall and ethereal presence.

MONTY
I tried to get your shift covered
for tomorrow, but Cat had her
wisdom teeth out today and Jess and
I leave at 6am.

CHRIS
S'alright.

MONTY
Are you going to be alright while
I'm gone?

CHRIS
I'll cry myself to sleep every
night.

MONTY
Thanks mate, appreciate it.

Jane and Tully approach Chris.

JANE
Sorry to hear about your stepdad,
Chris.

CHRIS
Cheers.

Tully holds up her beer glass.

TULLY
To Trev.

THE GROUP
To Trev.

25. EXT. MONTY'S BAR - NIGHT

JANE
Crowdfunding is my version of
communism in a capitalist society.

CHRIS
I cannot listen to this dribble any
longer.

JANE
Oh what's that? A white man having
a problem with someone else
expression an opinion.

CHRIS
Sincerely Jane, fuck off.

JANE
Eloquent.

TULLY
Chris, a little uncalled for.

CHRIS
Are you serious? How long do we
have to indulge her phony penis
envy? I'm BORED of the constant
diatribes.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You've got a cunt, not a cock and I'm sorry, Jane, I don't make the rules.

TULLY

Hey now, Chris enough.

CHRIS

Oh and while we are on the subject Monty didn't leave you for Jess because your ideas are "too progressive", he left you because you are fucking insufferable. Happy fucking Sunday everyone, I'm out.

Chris storms off down the road. Tully chases after him.

TULLY

HEY

CHRIS

Leave it alone Tulls.

TULLY

No, I will not leave it alone.

CHRIS

You have no idea the day I've had. I can't stand there and listen to that shit, she needed to be told.

TULLY

No you need to be told, Chris. You're a fuck up and it's no one's fault but your own. Aren't you exhausted? Aren't you tired of being angry at the world because you aren't who you want to be?

CHRIS

That's right pile it on. You don't think I hate myself, enough?

TULLY

No, I believe that. You just can't pull your head out of your own ass long enough to see that not everybody else does.

TULLY (CONT'D)

You're such an arrogant asshole. You presume to know what everyone sees in you, but you are too much of an idiot to understand that no one is looking. What does your man Foster Wallace say "You'll care far less of what others think of you when you realize they seldom do". Yeah I fucking read it. That book so described as a little "out of my reach".

CHRIS

Well Tulls, you've got it all figured out. Are we done here?

TULLY

Yeah, Chris. We're done here.

Chris walks off down the street and Tully back towards Monty's.

A taxi is park up ahead. Chris get inside. The passenger seat this time.

26. INT. TAXI - NIGHT

TAXI DRIVER 2

Prepay.

Chris has his credit card at the ready.

CHRIS

Way ahead of you.

THE END.