

THE WRITER

Shooting Script - 19/4/21

Written by

Greg Davies

Based on *Der Tatortreiniger*, 'Traces', by Mizzi Meyer.

Studio Hamburg UK

5 Market Place, 4th floor

London W1W 8AE, UK

T: +44 (0)2071835628

Wicky walks up the driveway, he has his cleaning equipment in two storage cases. Wicky rings on the doorbell. The door opens slightly and a smaller man (40s) with immediately aggressive energy peers through the crack. This is TERENCE REDFORD. He does not even give Wicky the courtesy of eye contact.

TERENCE

No thank you.

He closes the door. Wicky looks confused and rings the doorbell again. The man again opens the door slightly.

WICKY

Alright. I'm...

TERENCE

My nerves are frayed.

A beat as the two man look at each other. Wicky looks at his book of appointments.

WICKY

Are you er... Mr Redford?

TERENCE

(staccato)

I'm deaf, I'm mute, my synapses are firing out of control. I can't think a single clear thought. I'm trying so hard to concentrate but every five minutes someone crashes into my space. If I don't accomplish something today I shall not be responsible for my actions.

He goes to leave

WICKY

Yeah... are you Mr Redford?

TERENCE

Mr Redford does not exist without his work. Why can't anyone understand that?

He slams the door shut. Wicky sighs and is about to ring the bell again when the man opens the door wide. He thrusts a book into Wicky's hand.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

There! A signed first edition. You have what you came for now I beg you leave me alone. I beg you!

1

CONTINUED:

1

He slams the door. Wicky immediately rings the door bell again. The man opens it in a dramatic flurry and is about to explode with rage when...

WICKY

This has got a spelling mistake on it.

The man looks baffled

TERENCE

What?! Impossible. You lie.

He snatches the book back.

WICKY

That's right. I just wanted you to keep the door open.

TERENCE

You are a...

WICKY

Did someone die here?

TERENCE

Yes.

WICKY

Then you might want to invite me in.

TERENCE

Ah so you are the cleaner?

WICKY

The crime scene cleaner. Big difference. Huge. "My work begins where others passed out in horror."

TERENCE

A tired cliché that I'm sure you've used a thousand times.

WICKY

I hate your beard and your glasses.

TERENCE

What?!

WICKY

Not a cliché was it? Now shall I come in?

TERENCE

Now is not a good time.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Wicky sighs and hands the man a clipboard.

WICKY

Alright. You'll need to sign this then, saying you don't want my services.

Terrence signs the form

WICKY (CONT'D)

Thanks. If there's blood and human remains in there you might want to clean it up quickly or you'll have some unwanted housemates. Goodbye.

He goes to walk away

TERENCE

Wait, what unwanted housemates?

WICKY

Bacteria.

TERENCE

(not bothered)

Oh, 'bacteria'.

WICKY

Rats.

TERENCE

(alarmed)

Rats!

WICKY

Maybe rats. A real vermin house party. Enjoy!

TERENCE

All right you may come in.

WICKY

No you're all right. Now I've got this signed I can go for a lovely beer. Good luck.

TERENCE

Please. I don't want a vermin house party. I have a deadline.

WICKY

Bummer.

He goes to leave.

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

TERENCE

Twenty pounds? I'll give you twenty pounds.

Wicky comes back. He smiles.

WICKY

I don't even like beer. (Beat) I do like beer.

2 INT. DINING ROOM. SLIDING DOORS - CONTINUOUS 2

Terence leads Wicky through the front room and through some sliding doors in to the dining area.

TERENCE

I shall be working in here please do not enter at any point for any reason.

He opens the sliding doors.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

There. As you can see the blood is extensive. I have covered it in newspaper because it's a little visceral.

WICKY

It's what?

TERENCE

It is triggering. I am writing a novel about lost love, I mustn't be mentally derailed.

WICKY

Everyone's getting triggered these days aren't they! Lot of triggering going on...

Wicky lifts a piece of newspaper and looks at the bloody stains and burn marks.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Not much left of him.

TERENCE

Her.

WICKY

Oh, right. What... (Happened)

TERENCE

(matter of fact)

Some kind of explosion they think.
That wood burner is linked to the
heating system. They think a
malfunction caused a gas back draft
incinerating the victim instantly.
She essentially burned to death
because she was too old to escape.

WICKY

Like a kebab. Awful.

TERENCE

And now the heating is not working
and I'm writing a novel set during
a Provence summer. I'm having to
wear 5 layers. It's hell.

WICKY

Were you here when it happened?

TERENCE

Thankfully no, I was at a reading.
The idea that my friend's shit
poetry saved my life...

(he laughs loudly)

Well the irony is not lost! Now if
you'll excuse me I must return to
Provence.

He goes to close the doors

WICKY

I've got a question.

Terence is immediately irritated.

TERENCE

Yes?

WICKY

Who was it?

TERENCE

Who was what?

He indicates the blood stains and burned patch.

WICKY

Who was that?

He is casual in his response.

TERENCE

Oh. My grandmother.

He politely smiles at Wicky to see if that will be all. Wicky is baffled.

WICKY

Right. Well, I'll... (get on)

TERENCE

Good.

WICKY

And I'm sorry.

TERENCE

What for?

WICKY

For your loss.

Terence is baffled

TERENCE

Why are you sorry? Did you kill her?

WICKY

I was just being polite mate

TERENCE

It's another worn out cliché. You are not sorry, you didn't know my grandmother so why would you be sorry she is dead? It's a bastardisation of the language.

Wicky shrugs

WICKY

No. No, you're right. I couldn't care less she's dead.

Terence smiles.

TERENCE

There, now doesn't that feel fresher. The clean air of honesty!

WICKY

It does a bit! Weird.

TERENCE

If we don't misuse language we all communicate better.

WICKY

Yeah! I'm glad she's dead!

TERENCE

Why would you be glad?

WICKY

I just got overexcited.

TERENCE

You are indifferent. You are indifferent about her death. We should be indifferent about most things, that's the problem these days: everyone opines. Either in favour, or against, everything. To most things, most humans should remain indifferent. It is not their business. You did not know my grandmother, you are indifferent to her life and death. That is proper.

WICKY

Sorry. About saying I'm glad. Not about her death.

TERENCE

(prompting Wicky)

About which you are...?

WICKY

Neither happy nor sad...

TERENCE

(prompting)

But you are...

WICKY

Indifferent.

Terence approves and closes the door. Wicky whispers to himself.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Fucking nutter.

TERENCE

I can hear you.

Wicky winces and considers his next word carefully.

WICKY

Sorry. (beat) But not about your dead nan.

He waits with baited breath. Typing starts and Wicky nods. All is well.

3

INT. FRONT ROOM - LATER

3

Wicky comes in with a bucket of water. He has changed into his white cleaning suit. He shakes his head in wonder and surveys the scene. A book shelf has a row of fiction on it and at either end a stuffed crow and a stuffed squirrel. There is a large sideboard and a series of vintage photographs framed and on the wall. Blood is on most surfaces. He starts to lift the newspaper. He scrunches up two pieces and places them in the bag. Through the doors we see the silhouette of Terence freeze. Wicky also freezes. Terence starts to type again and Wicky scrunches up more paper. Terence comes to the doors and aggressively slides them open.

TERENCE

I need quiet.

WICKY

I've got to move the paper.

TERENCE

Well move it silently.

WICKY

It's paper, it scrunches! It's known for it's scunchiness.

Terence takes the corner of one bit of paper and whisk it away as a whole sheet. He allows it to settle in a different part of the room. He looks up at Wicky expectantly.

WICKY (CONT'D)

It's going to take me ages to clear the area like that. Let me scrunch them all now. I'll speed scrunch.

TERENCE

I can't work next to scrunching regardless of the scrunch-rate.

WICKY

Well I don't like tippy tappy.

He mimes typing.

TERENCE

Tippy tappy doesn't affect your work. Scrunching affects mine. The fact that I'm using words like 'tippy tappy' and 'scrunch-rate' prove it. You're reducing my vocabulary to yours! Please. I beg you. I must have quiet.

WICKY

Fine!

Terence goes to leave

WICKY (CONT'D)
Although I know words you don't.

TERENCE
I very much doubt it with the
greatest of respect.

He goes to leave.

WICKY
Fluflurat.

He comes back.

TERENCE
What?

WICKY
Don't know that word do you?

TERENCE
You've clearly made it up.

WICKY
Yes. Didn't know it though did you?

Terence shakes his head and closes the door. Wicky's phone immediately goes off. It plays ACDC's thunderstruck. Wicky grabs it.

WICKY (CONT'D)
I can't talk now, I'm at the home
of a total Fluflurat.

The door slides open again.

TERENCE
Ok, you want to dance, let's dance.
My synapses are on fire. I am on
the verge of writer's block. I
don't suppose there is an
equivalent in the world of cleaning
so I'll try and put in such a way
that you understand. If I don't
finish this chapter today I'm going
to kill myself. Does that make you
understand? I will snuff out my own
life force. Then you'll have a
death you can legitimately tell
people you're sorry about because
you caused it! All you have to do
is clean and all I ask of you
within that most basic of tasks is
that you clean quietly. Do you
understand?

WICKY

Oh yes. I fully understand.

Terence leaves. Wicky sits down on a chair and puts his headphones on. He nods away to the music. Terence comes back in. Wicky sees him and takes the headphones off.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I've got cleaner's block.

TERENCE

(straight in)

You son of a bitch!

WICKY

It's a serious condition. I might be frozen here for days! I may get the vacuum cleaner and suck away my own life force!

TERENCE

It's money is it? That's what talks to you people isn't it? Hard cash. Twenty not enough to guzzle away? Fifty pounds if I don't here another peep!

WICKY

150 and I'll be like a mouse that hovers.

(he looks at Terence)

Yes, a hover mouse and don't even think about using that: I'm writing a children's book.

TERENCE

One hundred pounds. Cash.

WICKY

The only noise you will hear from this point is the tippy tap of your fingers.

TERENCE

Thank you!

WICKY

Thank you.

Wicky creeps around. Slowly moving objects so that he can get to areas of the floor that need cleaning. Every time he makes the slightest noise we see Terence through the frosted glass freeze at his keyboard.

Wicky becomes increasingly aware of this. A cat appears on the windowsill and starts meowing. Wicky silently shoos it away and it ignores him.

Wicky starts to move to clean a patch of book shelf and it collapses. There's some hilarious physical comedy as he tries to stay quiet. He supports the weight of the fallen shelves and puts his hand at the end to stop everything falling off the end. A book slips through his fingers and he just manages to save it from falling in some water with his other hand. Wicky opens the front cover of the book: it is signed by the author... Dylan Thomas. Woah, even Wicky has heard of him.

The cat meows at the window and Wicky walks over and shoos it some more. He eventually opens the window expecting it to run away but it jumps on to his face. In a beautifully choreographed scene he falls around the room eventually managing to pull the cat off, before tripping over something and dropping the book in the bucket of water. The cat runs in to the main house and Wicky begins to chase it, when he realises the book is wet. He opens the front page: the signature has totally smudged. His eyes light up in panic as he is aware Terence is coming back in. He puts the ruined book on the shelf. Terence appears. Wicky is defensive.

WICKY

I've been trying mate!

He has a massive cat scratch on his forehead.

TERENCE

You're bleeding.

WICKY

It's a shaving cut.

TERENCE

You shave your forehead?

WICKY

Sorry if I've got a hairy forehead.

Terence sits down. He seems friendlier than before. Wicky continues to clean.

TERENCE

I'm sorry about my frostiness, it isn't you. I'm burned out, on empty. I've been trying to describe someone climbing some stairs for nearly four days.

WICKY

Four days?! How big's the house?

TERENCE

No I've spent four days trying to find the right word. Floating is too ethereal, hurrying is too urgent. Mastering the stairs is too masculine, trudging too subservient. Striding up the stairs is pompous. His feet swallowed the stairs is sexualised, I liked "he staired up" for a while then I realised it was a nonsensical pun... skipping: childish, dancing: too fay. The other characters are waiting for him at the top of the stairs but I can't continue the story until I have the right word. It's a wolf in my mind, do you understand? A wolf that consumes my mind.

WICKY

Could you just say he went upstairs?

Terence laughs

TERENCE

Oh yes, he 'went', the stairs symbolise danger. He's making a journey into the unknown. He's not going to get a pint of milk in his fucking jogging bottoms.

WICKY

Stumble?

Terence scoffs again and then his face drops. Stumble might actually be it. He slopes off to add it to the book. Wicky, unaware, continues to scrub the book case of blood. Through the frosted doors we see Terence add the word 'stumble' and punch the air. He immediately comes back in to the room. He is smiling, unexpectedly pleased. Wicky stops and looks at him.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Stumble yeah?

TERENCE

Another part of the jigsaw of madness! I should get you a beer to celebrate.

Terence crosses and sits on a chair near him.

WICKY

No don't do that. I have a condition that means once I start drinking I can't stop.

TERENCE

A medical condition?

WICKY

Yes. It's called being an absolute legend.

Wicky expects to get a laugh but Terence just stares at him. He changes the subject. He is quite patronising.

TERENCE

So you are a crime scene cleaner?

WICKY

I am.

TERENCE

And what does that involve?

WICKY

Putting a saddle on a swan and riding it.

TERENCE

A joke. Very good. I asked you what you perceived to be a pointless question and you gave me a surreal answer. Enjoyable.

Wicky smirks incredulously. Terence picks up a bottle of cleaning solution.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

And what is this little cleaning agent.

He sprays some on to his hand and sniffs it.

WICKY

It's sodium hydroxide, it eats through flesh.

A beat of panic.

WICKY (CONT'D)

('gotcha')

Ahhhhh! Two jokes in two sentences. Should I become a writer?

TERENCE

Don't. It's mental torture.

WICKY

I won a writing award at school
once...

TERENCE

Go on?

WICKY

(shy)

...We had to come up with
advertising slogans for a product,
and- never mind, it's stupid.

TERENCE

Please, I'm interested.

WICKY

They all spent ages on complicated
slogans and elaborate descriptions
but my teacher said I had done the
task perfectly... simple and clear
and never forgotten.

TERENCE

Go on.

Wicky looks in to the ether and dramatically delivers

WICKY

Have a fag, have a drag.

Terence's face drops. His experiment in mixing with normal
people is over. He walks away to start writing again.

WICKY (CONT'D)

You can use it if you want?

TERENCE

No. I won't be using it.

WICKY

Someone could say it when your guy
gets to the top of the stairs. You
look stressed... have a fag have a
drag?

TERENCE

It's shit! It's the mindless
utterance of a cleaner to be.

Wicky walks over to him.

WICKY

(wounded pride)

I was joking. And I am not a
cleaner actually, I am a crime
scene cleaner.

TERENCE

Yes yes, pass in horror etc etc.

WICKY

Can I ask you something. A serious question?

TERENCE

Quickly please.

WICKY

Why aren't you sad about your grandmother?

TERENCE

What makes you think I am not sad?

WICKY

Well, usually people are affected by a loss. They cry. They're unable to function. You're just obsessed with a made up man walking up some stairs. What about your grandmother?

He is deadpan.

TERENCE

She was an extraordinary woman and her loss a fire in my soul.

WICKY

Tell your face.

TERENCE

Tell my face what?

WICKY

Normally, people cry.

TERENCE

I cannot afford to cry. I could break down now in front of you, rivers of tears and fall in to your arms and then what...

WICKY

You'd feel better. I'm an amazing cuddle. Seriously, I have lovely big old mum tits.

TERENCE

Then all of the emotion is used up, wasted! My grandmother is buried and I sit down to describe the pain and there's nothing left! Used up, cried away!

WICKY

You can't use everything that happens (in life) for a book. Sometimes you have to just... be.

TERENCE

I think my grandmother deserves more than a spontaneous howl of despair. She deserves a novella at least. So I shall push it down. I either cry or I write.

WICKY

It doesn't sound healthy to me.

TERENCE

It isn't. But I have been published in 28 countries and you... whilst you have a fag, have a drag.

WICKY

Well if you have to bottle everything up and become a bellend to write I'll stick to cleaning up blood.

TERENCE

One must be consumed by what one does. Dylan Thomas makes a very interesting point about it actually.

Terence crosses the room to find the book. Wicky's face a picture of panic. As Terence searches the shelf for the book

WICKY

There's no need to find it, I believe you.

TERENCE

No. It's an interesting passage I'll...

WICKY

I don't want to see it.

TERENCE

It's relevant to our discussion

WICKY

I'm not interested.

TERENCE

Ah! Here it is...

WICKY
(Shouting far far too loud)
Leave it!

He crosses the room and snatches it from Terence's hand.

WICKY (CONT'D)
I hate this book! I despise it.

TERENCE
Have you read it?

WICKY
Of course I've read it. I hate the
man! The most overrated writer to
come from...

He panics

TERENCE
Wales?

WICKY
Yes Wales! 'Oh I've got a small
doll with a big hat and my house is
covered in wooden spoons.' Get over
yourselves.

TERENCE
He's one of the 20th Century's
greatest writers.

WICKY
I hate the way he writes. His
writing makes my balls go up inside
myself.

TERENCE
You don't like his style? What
don't you like about it?

Wicky panics and looks around the bookshelf. He see's the
stuffed crow.

WICKY
It's er... It's just so... Pecky.

TERENCE
Pecky?

WICKY
Yes pecky! 'I'm Dylan Thomas listen
to my words... peck peck
peeeeecccckkkk.'

Terence is intrigued.

TERENCE

So pecky in terms of... the sharp,
disjointed nature of the prose.

(Wicky joins in with these words as he's saying them)

WICKY

Yeah. Exactly!

TERENCE

So by jumping from image to
juxtaposed image you feel like we
never really emotionally engage!

WICKY

Yes! The guy was a prick!

Terence doesn't register this and walks toward his room. He stubs his toe on a table on the way through and gasps. He breathes in deeply and doesn't let the emotion of the pain out.

WICKY (CONT'D)

You're holding your emotions in
again aren't you?

TERENCE

The pain I just felt will flow
across the next page.

WICKY

As long as it doesn't peck across.

TERENCE

No, not like that prick Dylan
Thomas.

They share a laugh.

WICKY

We're a pretty good team!

TERENCE

('no we're not' noise)

The doorbell rings. The two men look toward it. As Terence goes to get the door, Wicky spots the CAT skulking towards the kitchen.

*
*
*

Terence opens the door and there are two women standing there. One, MRS GATHERNOID, is old and small. The other is tall with a lazy eye. She holds a bunch of flowers in her hand that she thrusts forward. She does not speak throughout the exchange.

5

CONTINUED:

5

MRS GATHERNOID
Terence Redford.

TERENCE
Yes?

MRS GATHERNOID
We come with news.

TERENCE
I'm very busy.

6

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

6

Meanwhile, Wicky sneaks in to the kitchen in search of the cat. He looks around and then hears a meoww. He looks up and the cat is nestled on top of a kitchen cupboard. He sighs.

7

INT: THE HALLWAY - SAME TIME

7

MRS GATHERNOID
We know you must be consumed with
your next masterpiece but we bring
news of an important award.

He softens

TERENCE
An award. For one of my...

MRS GATHERNOID
'Slow the seconds to Midnight' has
been nominated in the best novel
category and I shouldn't say this
but my sources have lead me to
believe you are in a very
favourable position.

TERENCE
Goodness. And what is the award may
I ask?

MRS GATHERNOID
A very important one.

TERENCE
Which one?

MRS GATHERNOID
I'm not at liberty to say.

Terence's face is fixed in a rictus grin.

TERENCE
I see. Would you wait there.

7

CONTINUED:

7

He returns with a first edition.

MRS GATHERNOID

Wow. Is that a first edition?!

TERENCE

It is indeed.

MRS GATHERNOID

Would it be impertinent to ask for
a signature....

The two women gasps as he, smiling, takes a pen from his pocket.

8

INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME TIME

8

Wicky is reaching up for the cat and it walks (OOV if necessary) knocking various objects off the top of the cupboards. Wicky is having to catch them acrobatically. Eventually it jumps on him again and we see him start to wrestle with it.

9

INT: THE HALLWAY - SAME TIME

9

Terence talks to the women, a pen in his hand.

TERENCE

What are your names please?

MRS GATHERNOID

I am Mrs Gathernoid and this is
Miss Chant.

The big woman comes in quickly and has a very deep voice

MISS CHANT

Barbara Chant.

He smiles and finishes writing. He passes them the book and the small one opens it and reads.

MRS GATHERNOID

'To the small woman and the big
woman. Your lies are a disease that
will eat you?'

TERENCE

You are not from an award committee
you are desperate groupies and if
you waste another second of my time
I will destroy you! Now get back on
the train to...

9

CONTINUED:

9

MISS CHANT
Gloucester.

TERENCE
Of course Gloucester. A rock that
when lifted is teeming with
roaches.

He slams the door. Then opens it again and snatches the book
from the baffled women's hands. He slams the door again.

10

INT. DINING ROOM/ FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

Wicky, a new scratch on his head, roughly manhandles the cat
and throws it through the window. He composes himself as
Terence rants in the other room.

TERENCE
How dare they! How dare they use my
longing for recognition to their
own foul ends. They know I crave
the Booker, they know the Sunday
Times are blind to me. Every week
they come, the zombie army of
lonely housewives.

He starts to type.

TERENCE (CONT'D)
Well done you wretched sows, you
have just made the female
protagonist get lost at sea never
to return.

11

INT. FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

11

Wicky is cleaning the blood from the stuffed crow that
Terence is holding. He has joined him again after running out
of steam.

WICKY
You didn't push your feelings down
very well in there.

TERENCE
Because they took advantage of a
writer's biggest fear. It is about
leaving a mark. Leaving evidence
that you were here.

WICKY
But you've written the books. They
do that.

11

CONTINUED:

11

TERENCE

Not without recognition. They will rot and be thrown away. An award is made from metal, it will live on in a museum or at least in a loft. Don't you understand?

WICKY

No, if I do my job well there is no trace left afterwards. Like I was never here.

TERENCE

And that doesn't bother you?

WICKY

Nah. What will I care whether people remember me or not when I'm gone. I'll be dead.

TERENCE

But you could live on in people's minds.

WICKY

What good will that do? That's like someone drinking a pint I bought for them just before I had a heart attack. I don't get to taste it. And if I'm watching from heaven I'll be jealous. I love a pint me.

TERENCE

If you had one hour left to live what would you do?

WICKY

[A flippant joke answer to this question]

TERENCE

No. Come on. You've got one hour left.

Wicky thinks

WICKY

I guess I'd do a letter for my ex. There's a lot I never said... stupid...

TERENCE

You see. You would write.

He hands Wicky the crow and walks over to his typewriter.

12

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

12

Terence is in his room at the typewriter. The doors are now wide open and we can see Wicky steaming the room next door with a large industrial cleaner. Terence glances at him occasionally and Wicky keeps catching his eye. Eventually it bothers him so he turns the machine off and comes to the doors between the two rooms.

WICKY

Are you writing about me?

TERENCE

What do you care?

WICKY

I don't know what you're saying!

TERENCE

You're happy to disappear once you die so don't worry about it.

WICKY

'The large overweight man hoovered the floor' Not going to be your next best seller is it?

TERENCE

The most mundane of activities can be made interesting in the right context.

WICKY

Mundane?

TERENCE

Yes, tedious, of no interest, dull...

WICKY

Well if you're going to do it let me tell you some interesting things!

TERENCE

No you just carry on, act like I'm not here. I will capture the truth.

WICKY

How many books did you sell last novel?

TERENCE

Just shy of a million.

12

CONTINUED:

12

WICKY

Right, let me tell you some
stuff...

He grabs something from his bag.

WICKY (CONT'D)

This is daptrozone... it separates
blood from plasma and that...

He loses faith in it... and picks up a little pot.

WICKY (CONT'D)

This is a bad bin, it's wear any
body parts go. Like if I find a
finger or...

Terence wrinkles up his nose

WICKY (CONT'D)

What?! That's interesting! It's a
finger tin!

TERENCE

Not my genre.

WICKY

Hang on... I've got stories, I'll
tell you abut this guy that got his
legs eaten off by a chimp...

TERENCE

I thought you weren't bothered
about being remembered!

WICKY

I'm not, I'm just not having those
arseholes in the pub taking the
piss out of a boring character
that's clearly me!

Terence spies something in his bag.

TERENCE

What's that?

WICKY

My lunch.

TERENCE

May I?

Wicky takes it over to him. He opens the box for Terence who peers in.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

What is it?

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

WICKY
A sausage butty.

Terence lifts the top slice of bread off with a pen and peers in.

TERENCE
And this?

WICKY
Brown sauce?

TERENCE
No salad?

WICKY
Who puts salad on a sausage?!

Terence looks at him and then starts feverishly typing.

WICKY (CONT'D)
Are you writing about my sandwich?!

He does not look up.

TERENCE
Mmm hmm.

WICKY
I spend a whole day listening to
your madness and cleaning up your
dead granny, and you write about my
sausage sandwich!

TERENCE
It is the perfect metaphor, it is
both dead and alive
simultaneously...

WICKY
Have you put it's Wicky's sandwich?

TERENCE
No, it is a sausage sandwich lost
in time...

WICKY
It's my sausage sandwich!!

TERENCE
You don't care if anyone remembers
you, you don't seek meaning, it is
the universe's sandwich!

WICKY
Yeah?!

12

CONTINUED: (3)

12

He rams all of the sausage in his mouth at once. He tries to say 'fucking write this then!' but he can't.

Terence snaps

TERENCE

Please!

He indicates that Wicky should close the partition doors again.

13

INT. FRONT ROOM - LATER

13

Terence's printer spits out pages of prose and he puts his coat on to leave the house. The atmosphere between them has returned to cordial but clipped.

WICKY

In about 2 hours the fog will have gone and so will I.

TERENCE

Well. Thank you.

WICKY

You're not welcome.

Terence frowns

WICKY (CONT'D)

Didn't want you to think I was using insincere clichés.

Terence smiles, as does Wicky.

TERENCE

Well, goodbye...

He turns to leave.

WICKY

Terence. I've never read anything by Dylan Thomas.

He doesn't turn around.

TERENCE

I wouldn't bother. He's very pecky.

As he is about to leave he turns back to Wicky.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

I know you will think I am strange but I want you to know... One cannot always contain one's grief. Recently I cried for a week.

13

CONTINUED:

13

WICKY

Why?

TERENCE

It sounds so contradictory but...
my cat ran away. So silly it's just
a cat but... I miss him so much.
Who can know the triggers of the
heart.

Wicky looks uncomfortable. He glances to the back window.
It's nowhere to be seen.

WICKY

I'm sure you'll find away to grieve
for your grandmother too.

Terence smiles. He leaves. Wicky walks over to the printer,
he takes off one of the pages that is being printed out.
Looking out of the window watching Terence walk away from the
house we hear Wicky's voice reading the passage he has
written.

WICKY (CONT'D)

My grandmother was the most
beautiful woman in the world. She
stood in the small wood panelled
kitchen of her farm house cooking
sausages for my sandwich. "What is
a sausage gran?", I asked. She
smiled and ruffled my hair. Just
eat my love. Just eat."

Over the final credits we see Wicky spraying disinfecting fog
around Terence's room. Slowly the books and his typewriter
are engulfed and disappear.

END