

Fix Films Ltd.

ELEPHANT TRUNK

A short film

by

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(3rd Draft)

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BLACK SCREEN - OPENING CREDITS

Champagne bottle CRACKS open! Followed by CHEERS. Flow of liquid POURS.

VARIOUS VOICES (O.C.)

Well done, Matt. . . Lucky bastard,
Matt - knew you'd get it. . .
Congratulations Matt. . . Get that
down you, mate. Plenty more where
that came from!!

EXT. LEICESTER SQUARE - LATER THAT NIGHT

MATT SHERRY (27), handsome, suited-up professional stumbles through the square clearly hammered from a night of boozy celebration. Mobile phone is glued to his ear.

MATT

(on phone/slurring)

Vicki!! I. . . I was celebrating. I
got it. It's what we've worked so
hard for.

(listens)

Okay then! What I've worked for!

(listens)

Don't be like that. I'm on my way,
Vick! I'll make it up. . .

Phone is slammed on Matt. He sways like wheat in the wind. Phone RINGS. He answers.

MATT

(thinks it's Vicki)

What??!! I said I'm coming back!

(it's not her!)

Jeff. Thought it was. . .

(listens)

Spearmint Rhinos?? No, mate. No.
No. No. No. I just wanna home go.
Yeah, Monday. See you, mate.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - MATT'S JOURNEY HOME BEGINS

INT. UNDERPASS - NIGHT

PETE LANSON (mid-20s), a handsome busker strums the opening bars to his song. Matt stumbles past, throws in a few coins.

INT. /EXT. VARIOUS LONDON LOCATIONS - NIGHT

Matt's journey takes in a variety of locations on his way from Leicester Square to Waterloo station. WE find him in no specific order:

- on the escalator going up.
- on the escalator going down.
- running for and missing a train.
- entering the throng of Leicester Square station.
- asleep on tube, his head lolling against a fellow drunken traveller. They bump heads and wake up simultaneously.
- buying a hot-dog from a vendor.
- throwing up that same hot-dog in the next shot.
- wandering drunk about Waterloo station.
- his phone RINGS. He grabs for it but drops it.
- on the escalator going up.
- on the same escalator going down.
- taking a leak in a phone booth.
- falling asleep on the train again/nearly missing his stop.
- finally staggering off at Earlsfield, London - HIS stop.

EXT. EARLSFIELD STATION - NIGHT

Matt swerves along the platform toward the exit.

INT. EARLSFIELD STATION - NIGHT

Matt reaches the stairs. From his swaying point-of-view it's like staring down from the top of Kilimanjaro.

His hand reaches for the handrail. Grips it white-knuckle tight. A tentative foot reaches out. Then pulls back in.

Matt steps out and suddenly disappears from frame. Sound of his body BOUNCING and BUMPING down the stairs can be heard.

CUT TO:

Matt lying prostrate on the floor having fallen down the stairs.

He COUGHS. Tries to get up but his body falls down again. He sighs a DRUNKEN GROAN.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE ENDS

EXT. GARRATT LANE - NIGHT

Matt careens down the lane clearly disoriented from the fall.

Comes to a crossroads. Stops. Looks down it. Looks back down the lane. Scratches his face. Starts walking along. Lost it would seem.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

JEN DIAMOND (20) and MINA WHITE (18) - two extremely sexy girls, mini-skirted and blinged up. They drink from a vodka bottle.

JEN

Where's your Scott, then? I'm desperate for a fag.

MINA

He should be here now.

JEN

He's probably got a call from his ex. Giving her one before he sees you.

MINA

Scott ain't like that.

JEN

They're all like it, Mina. Dogs the lot of em. They fuck anything that moves. If it don't move they fuck it 'til it does.

MINA

He turned you down. He must have some taste.

JEN

Bitch!

They laugh.

JEN

I'd do anything for a fag. Where's Scott. Ring him.

MINA

My credit's rinsed.

JEN

Same 'ere. Gimme that. I'm cold.

Jen grabs the vodka bottle. Finishes it off.

JEN
(spotting someone off-
screen)
He's a bit of all right. What do
you reckon?

Mina and Jen share a devilish look. One that says trouble.

MINA
Mate!

Matt looks up and sees the two girls coming toward him.

JEN
You got any snout?

MATT
Sorry, I don't. . .

JEN
You sure?

Jen and Mina move toward Matt, pinning him against the wall.

MINA
We don't believe you.

MATT
I just want to get home. . .

MINA
We'll take you home, won't we Jen.

Jen and Mina start touching him on the arm and face.

JEN
We'll take you anywhere for a
packet of fags.

Female arms start caressing him all over.

MINA
(to Jen)
Two.

JEN
Two packets.

Matt's takes a deep breath.

MATT
Sorry. I've got. . .

JEN

Come on. We're desperate.

Mina's hand reaches toward Matt's crotch. Jen moves to kiss him. He summons the strength to push them off and Matt extricates himself from their clinches. Runs away.

MINA

Your loss, mate.

JEN

(shouting)

We'd've done anything.

MINA

(shouting)

Anywhere.

Girly GIGGLES then follow.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Matt stops out of breath. Leans over and BREATHING hard.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Like two fighting dogs Jen and Mina tear at the wallet they've stolen from Matt.

It falls on the floor. Mina grabs it. She takes out a business card.

MINA

Matt Sherry. Management Account
Trainee. Pierce and Pearce.

JEN

Fuck that. Any cash?

MINA

Blockbuster card. Credit cards.
Could try and rinse those.

JEN

He'll cancel them. Where's the
money?

MINA

(pulling several
banknotes out)

Enough for a gee from JB.

JEN

(holding up Matt's phone)
Sweet. Will JB take this for a
score? Latest Nokia.

MINA

Bitch! Where'd you get that.

JEN

Matey boy.

MINA

(checking phone)
Screen's fucked.

JEN

JB might buy it if I throw in a
picture of my tits.
(laughing - she hands
Mina the phone)
Go on!

Jen - back to camera - pulls up her top. Mina holds up the
phone. Jen beams a big smile. Mina takes a picture.

JEN

Let's have a look.

They crowd over the screen.

JEN

Send to all! Send to all!

Jen grabs the phone. Taps on the keyboard.

MINA

You can't. . .

JEN

(laughing)
Too late! Too late.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Matt zigzags along the pavement so drunk the physics of a
straight-line are beyond him.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT

Hold in front of a path leading to Matt's big red front door.
Matt staggers past the frame. Beat or two passes then he comes
back into frame, realising THIS IS WHERE HE LIVES.

Background MUSIC pumps from next door as a party plays out.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Matt's key hovers over the keyhole. It's pushed forward but doesn't fit the lock.

Matt tries another key. That key doesn't fit! He looks at the key. Looks at the lock. Tries again.

Suddenly the door opens and Matt is looking down at a very short man, RALPH FOSTER (30s). He's dressed smartly in a suit.

RALPH

What's your game? What are you
fucking doing!!

MATT

Sorry. . .

Ralph pushes Matt back. Matt towers over Ralph but the short man is terrier-like angry.

RALPH

What's your game? I live here!

MATT

Sorry. I thought. . .

RALPH

I'm trying to have a romantic night
in with my partner. Bad enough with
that racket next door.

MATT

I made a mistake.

RALPH

Too right! You chose the wrong
house to blag, pal!

Ralph punches Matt bang on the nose. Matt falls back and in the process his keys fly out of his hands. Through the air. Slide off the pavement and down the drain.

Matt lies unconscious on the pavement. Follow Ralph back into his house.

INT. HALLWAY - RALPH'S PLACE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ralph strides into the dining room and moves into the kitchen. From a gap in the door we see another MAN tied to a chair. The man wears a GIMP MASK.

Ralph puts on his GAS MASK and slaps Gimp Mask Man in the face again and again.

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

A vision of glowing beauty is in view. With a halo-like bright light behind her SOPHIE DANIELS' (27) beautiful face fills the screen.

MUSIC plays in the background as a party goes on.

Matt's eyes blink. He sees Sophie pretty visage.

MATT
Am I in heaven?

SOPHIE
No, you're in Wandsworth. I'm
Sophie. Designated Driver.

Matt tries to get up.

SOPHIE
Keep still. You've banged. . .

MATT
My head!

SOPHIE
What happened?

MATT
I . . . I . . . Don't know.

WE get a quick edit of Matt's evening from: the phone-call to Vicki; montage getting home; sexy sirens; and lastly Ralph punching him in the face.

She hands him some water. Matt sips it.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Is he alright, Soph?

SOPHIE
He's fine, Mark.

Standing in the doorway of the bedroom is MARK FLOWERS (26). He's a good-looking lad, cocky geezer type.

MARK
You alright, mate.

MATT
I think so. . .

SOPHIE
He's okay, Mark.

MARK
Well, elephant weren't ya, mate?
Soph found you in the street spark
out. Boat caked in claret. You
fancy a beer, man?

SOPHIE
No he doesn't.

Sophie pushes Tom's hair away from his face.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
He's had enough.

MARK
Can never have enough beer.

Sophie looks at Mark and mouths, "Fuck off!"

MARK
Alright, sorry to spoil the moment.

Mark leaves the room.

SOPHIE
Idiot.

MATT
Boyfriend?

SOPHIE
Ex-boyfriend. I'm very single at
the moment.

She looks at Matt, clearly attracted to him.

INT. GARDEN - NIGHT

The word "COCK" is being written on the leg of JACK STRONG (28) in large black felt pen by DOM MAGNER (27).

Jack is sprawled on the grass in his pants with similar expletives daubed all over his body. Shaving foam covers his head. The hair on his head has been half-shaved.

His mouth is open and fellow revellers, DOM, DAVE, SALLY, and SIMON (all in their 20) take turns throwing peanuts into his gob. An empty beer can mountain stands next to him.

SIMON
You tea-bag him, Dave.

DAVE
Fuck off, I did it last time.

DAVE
You do it Sime.

SIMON
My bollocks are going nowhere near his mouth!

SALLY
Eeeeuughhh! You guys are savages.

Mark enters the garden.

MARK
Alright guys.

SALLY
Where's Soph?

MARK
Looking after that lagging mug.

DOM
Is he alright?

MARK
Who gives a fuck. No one invited him.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

A seething Mark looks through the many party-goers and SEES: Sophie and Matt sitting at the patio table talking, smiling, laughing with each other. Fists clench tight as envy fills his whole body.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Matt drinks some water.

SOPHIE

Well done on the promotion though. It's great when the hard work pays off.

MATT

Even if the celebrations went a bit awry.

SOPHIE

Everything happens for a reason.

MATT

Thanks again for taking care of me.

SOPHIE

My pleasure. You going to get home okay? I could drive you.

MATT

I don't live far. I've imposed enough.

Mark walks in and grabs a beer from the cooler bucket.

MARK

-- Alright, Soph?
(to Matt)
Alright, mate.

MATT

Head hurts - but I'll live.

Matt finishes his fag. Blows the smoke in Matt's direction. Reaches for the ashtray BETWEEN Sophie and Matt. Mark then dips into his pocket and pulls out a couple of pills.

MARK

Neck those - Sort your nut out.

SOPHIE

What are they?

MARK

Paracetamol? It's all good.

Matt takes them and downs them with his water.

MATT

Thanks. I'd better go.

MARK

So soon?

SOPHIE

You sure you'll be okay?

MATT

I'll be fine. Can I use the toilet
before I go?

MARK

Through there on the right. Just
follow your bugle.

INT. TOILET - NIGHT

Toilet FLUSHES. Matt looks in the mirror and sees double
himself. Dizziness overtakes him. He blacks out.

EXT. PARK - DAY

BIRDSONG fills the air on a beautiful bright morning. JOHN WALKER
(40's) takes his dog, DUFF, out.

Duff approaches the FIGURE on the grass. It sniffs around and find
its Matt, naked, but for his boxer shorts. His whole body is covered
in black felt writing as he wears EXPLETIVES like tattoos.

Matt wakes up. From his point-of-view he SEES: Duff shagging his leg.

Matt stands up kicking the dog off. Stares up to heaven AND screams:

MATT

Aaaaaahhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Semi-naked Matt tiptoes across the road. A car passes.

DRIVER

(shouting)

Wanker!!! Put some clothes on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An envelope with Matt's name written artistically on it rests
on the mantelpiece.

Loud KNOCKING is heard at the door. The sound of BREAKING
GLASS is heard off-screen.

MATT (O.C)

Vicki. Let me in! Vicki. . .

PULL BACK slowly from the mantelpiece to reveal a room
completely empty of furniture and household items.

MATT (O.S.)

Shit!! I've been. . . Robbed!
My head!

Matt walks into the room.

Sees the envelope on the mantelpiece. Pauses before moving over and picking it up. His hand is bleeding. He winces as he opens the envelope. Matt reads the letter.

Blood drips onto the wooden floor.

MATT

(shaking his head)
Vicki. . .

VICKI TUDOR (20s), very attractive, professionally dressed female stands there.

VICKI

I'm sorry Matt. Don't take it as a rejection. I've just chosen someone else. Someone who was there for me. Maybe if you'd been around for me then what happened with. . . Well, it wouldn't have. . . I'm happy about your promotion and I see from the picture I received last night you had a big celebration. Spearmint Rhinos was it? Clearly not too concerned about me. It's a side issue. I was leaving anyway. The letter tells the story, Matt.

Blood drips onto the varnished wooden floorboards. Matt screws up the letter. Looks around and the room is empty. Vicki is NOT there. She was NEVER there. She's gone.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Blood washes down the plughole. Matt showers, trying to scrub all the inky profanity from his body.

On his back is written "GAYBOX" with an arrow pointing to his backside. He scrubs furiously removing a "MUG" then a "WANKER". He wipes away the soap and stops. WE DON'T SEE what he sees.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

On Matt's leg the word "SOPHIE" fills the screen along with her telephone number. Water drips onto the floorboards.

MATT (O.S)
(on phone)
Hi. Is that Sophie?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sophie lays on her bed. INTERCUT between the TWO on the phone.

SOPHIE
Matt! So pleased you called. I'm so
sorry about. . . Mark is such a wanker.
I tried to stop them but . . .

MATT
Don't worry. It's not your fault.
You don't know where my clothes are
do you?

SOPHIE
I'm sorry. They burnt them.

MATT
Jesus!! What a night!!

SOPHIE
Then again, I thought you looked
pretty good naked.

Matt's pauses. Smiles.

SOPHIE
You still there?

MATT
Yep. Brain-drain. Hungover.

SOPHIE
Do you fancy going for a drink?
Hair of the dog that bit you?

INSERT: Dog shagging his leg. BACK TO: Matt smiling.

MATT
Do you mind if we catch a movie instead?

FADE OUT: