

Marvin and Me

by

Steve Miles

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stevemiles80@yahoo.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. DRAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Simple and practical. A dining plate peppered with crumbs sits on a table. TV APPLAUSE filters in from a

LOUNGE

On a TV: ANTHONY SWALLOW, mid 60s, a silver fox of prime-time television. He stands centre stage, soaking up the audience applause.

SWALLOW

Ladies and Gentlemen where there's
love there's war...

Watching from a sofa, ANN DRAKE, 60s, stuffed into a floral print dress. If she's enjoying herself it doesn't show.

An empty plate rests on her lap. Behind her the doorway to the kitchen can be seen.

KITCHEN

At the table, MARVIN DRAKE, late 60s. Exudes the worldly despair of a man who's known plenty of one and seen little of the other.

SWALLOW (O.S.)

...lets find out who's been making
what, it's time for liars, cheaters,
affairs--

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

OH MY!

SWALLOW (O.S.)

Lets welcome to the stage Fancy!

Marvin stares at the plate. Not a flicker of emotion as the audience CLAPS and CHEERS.

SWALLOW (O.S.)

Fancy, why don't you tell us about
that no good fella of yours.

EXT. DRAKE HOUSE - FRONT GARDEN - DAY

A row of houses bearing the no-frills uniformity of an urban council estate.

A TV blares from inside the house as Marvin waters a small patch of grass. A KNOCK on glass finds his attention.

A hand (Ann's) waggles a cordless phone through an open ground-floor window. He backtracks to collect it.

MARVIN

(into phone)

Hello?...speaking.

He listens. Mud bubbles to the lawn's surface under the hose's neglected stream.

INT. MARVIN'S CAR - DAY

Marvin drives. His face set with a grim sense of urgency.

INT. HOSPICE - DAY ROOM - DAY

A warm, peaceful place. A hint of sterility beneath chintzy decor and plastic flower arrangements.

A picture on a wall. Abstract, all shape and colour.

Marvin looks away unimpressed. He finds a window looking out onto the hospice grounds; watches as a NURSE, 30s, guides an elderly FEMALE RESIDENT to a seat and helps fix her oxygen mask into place.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Drake?

The voice draws Marvin back.

MOMENTS LATER

At a table out of the way sit Marvin and MATRON. A prim and proper woman in her late 30s. He listens as she rifles through a file.

MATRON

She had no family. Yours was the only name she mentioned.

She pulls out an envelope and slides it across the table.

MATRON

Wanted you to have this, insisted.

He makes no move to take it. She gives him a moment, sensing his apprehension.

MATRON

There's a place she used to go.

He looks up, abashed yet grateful.

EXT. WOODLAND TRAIL - DAY

BIRDSONG fills the air. A cutting aside the trail presides over a vista of rolling countryside.

Marvin stands before a bench. He studies a brass plate on the backrest inscribed:

"In memory of Miss Georgina Daniels. Pattinsal Women's Hospice."

MOMENTS LATER

Marvin, seated on the bench. He opens the envelope and pulls out a photograph.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

A b/w of himself and GEORGINA DANIELS, both early twenties. A cigarette dangles from his lips. The stone faced bruiser offset by the bashful innocence in his arms.

He turns it over, it reads: "Marvin & Me, Brighton, 1965."

BACK TO SCENE

Marvin, the brass plate in the space beside him. Echoes of that stone faced youth in his expression.

INT. MARVIN'S CAR - DAY

The muffled, relentless hum of the city.

Through a windscreen: an office building sits the other side of a busy road. A steady stream of individuals come and go from the entrance.

A GRAY HAIRE D MAN exits and makes his way to a waiting black cab. His head down, face unseen.

Marvin starts the engine. He watches as the cab pulls away.

EXT. SIDE-STREET - DAY

The cab idles the curbside before a bar. The Gray Haired Man closes the rear door and waves it away.

INT. MARVIN'S CAR - DAY

Marvin draws to a halt. Eyes tighten, bitter, resolute.

INT. BAR - DAY

An up-market establishment, private, discreet. All deep stained hardwood and leather trim.

The Gray Haired Man reads a newspaper at the bar. ALISTAIR, early 20s, tends.

Marvin takes a place at the other end. He regards the wines and liquors on offer: expensive, refined -- not like him.

ALISTAIR
Something to drink Sir?

MARVIN

You do tap water?

ALISTAIR

Not generally.

MARVIN

Not generally as in never?

Marvin meets him with a look of brooding impatience. Alistair squirms. The Gray Haired Man/Swallow, glances up from his paper; his face still powdered from filming.

SWALLOW

I'll keep an eye on him Al'.

Alistair forces a smile and disappears into a back-room.

Marvin turns his attention to Swallow. He keeps it there, much to Swallow's growing discomfort.

SWALLOW

I was merely jesting.

Marvin holds his ground. Swallow flashes a winning smile.

SWALLOW

You're a new member?

MARVIN

No.

SWALLOW

Well then, enjoy the water. And yes I'm--

MARVIN

Tony Swallow. I know who you are.

Swallow bristles. He folds his paper, angles to get a better look at this stranger. Marvin obliges.

MARVIN

Marvin Drake.

SWALLOW

Do I know you?

Marvin produces the envelope, taps it on the bar.

MARVIN

I've some bad news. A dear friend
of ours has passed.

Swallow's attention travels from the envelope to Marvin.
Curiosity lights his eyes.

EXT. EMBANKMENT - DAY

Marvin and Swallow keep step on a pathway alongside a
river. The envelope swings in Marvin's grasp.

SWALLOW

Georgina?

MARVIN

Daniels.

SWALLOW

You knew her well?

MARVIN

Was married. Least for a little
while.

SWALLOW

Been there a few times. Jolly
expensive business.

MARVIN

Yeah well, she left me truth be
told. Had a better offer. Can't say
I blame her. I could be difficult.

Swallow steals a glance at his watch, only half listening.

MARVIN

I wanted to, not just her. But she
was happy, an' lord knows that girl
deserved it. I give her my word.

They draw level with a bridge spanning the river. Another few steps takes them into the shadow of an

UNDERPASS

Marvin stops, holds out the envelope. Swallow takes it, keen to get this over with.

MARVIN

Long as the light was in her eyes.

He pulls out the photograph -- his jaw drops, eyes flicker to Marvin in guilty recognition.

WHUMP! Marvin catches him with a deft right jab. Swallow sinks to the ground clutching his nose as Marvin shakes his fist free of the sting.

Shielded beneath the bridge it goes unnoticed. Marvin turns and walks away, leaving the photo beside a reeling Swallow.

INT. MARVIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A wisp of smoke rises from a toaster as filtered APPLAUSE drifts through from the lounge.

Marvin's fist rests on the table. A row of swollen, off-set knuckles beside a clean, waiting plate.

SWALLOW (O.S.)

It's time to meet our first guest
and find out who's been up to no
good and downright dirty on liars
cheaters, affairs--

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

OH MY!

SWALLOW (O.S.)

Let's welcome to the stage Ramona!

Swallow's words become lost in the APPLAUSE. Marvin stares into nowhere, eyes wet with the sting of memory.

FADE OUT