

the drunk

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY

A chair. We see it from behind, someone is standing on it, moving.

WE PAN OVER: The hand of the man, takes a bottle from the table, he drinks. Then he puts the bottle back on the table. WE ZOOM OUT to see the face of OLIVER ROODE, in his early teen years.

We hear the door. STEPHEN, about 13, slim, big eyes, comes in. He sits on a chair in front of Oliver.

Oliver gives him a look.

OLIVER

(drunk)

What are you doing here?

*
*

STEPHEN

You need to stop drinking.

OLIVER

Why?

STEPHEN

Because...it makes you look and act completely strange.

OLIVER

I know. That's the only reason I'm drinking. I got bored of this. Of everything. I cannot move on, I'm lost.

STEPHEN

Getting drunk will not help. It's just a way for weak people to forget about their problems.

OLIVER HITS THE TABLE WITH HIS FIST.

OLIVER

(yelling)

I'M NOT WEAK FOR GOD SAKE !

Oliver gets back to his drunk attitude. He feels bad for his reaction.

STEPHEN

You are not recognizable. You've changed a lot.

Oliver takes another drink from the bottle.

OLIVER

We all change. Some earlier. Some later. I'm a late bloomer. Or at least, that's what my father said when he was dying. That lazy bastard, he drank until he died, even in his last living hours, can you believe it? He died drunk. He was a Godless son of a bitch.

Oliver takes another drink.

STEPHEN

(worried)

Please, stop drinking. It doesn't help you. It makes you even worse.

OLIVER

It makes me even worse? What do you mean? Makes me even worse. I mean seriously, who the hell do you think you are? You are a kid, a motherless kid and also a bastard. You live here, because of me, because I was kind enough to offer you a place where to sleep at nights. Listen to me very carefully. If you wanna still have a place with a roof over your head, don't you ever, ever dare to talk to me like you just did. Okay?

STEPHEN points his view down on the ground.

STEPHEN

(nods)

Yes.

OLIVER

(drinking again)

That's not enough. I want you to say, to tell me what do you think about me. A simple exercise. Describe my personality.

STEPHEN

Really?

STEPHEN smiles.

OLIVER

(getting closer to
Stephen)

Do I look like a funny person to
you? You describe me or you leave.
I can throw away in one second. You
clap and you are out.

STEPHEN nods. He is scared.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Now describe me.

OLIVER drinks again.

STEPHEN

I think you are a good person...when
you don't drink.

OLIVER stops drinking...

OLIVER

Really? So now I'm not a good person?

STEPHEN

I didn't said that.

OLIVER

Then what you just said?

STEPHEN

I said that...I don't like you when
you drink. You change yourself
completely.

OLIVER looks in Stephen's eyes. He smiles then he takes
another drink.

OLIVER

I change myself when I drink?

OLIVER HITS THE TABLE WITH HIS FISTS. STEPHEN'S HEART IS
PUMPING VERY HARD.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

(irritated)

You are not my fucking father to
describe me! Okay? You have no
fucking right to do that? You
understand that?

STEPHEN

But you said to...

OLIVER

It doesn't matter what I said before, answer to the god damn question. Do you have the right to describe me?

STEPHEN

No.

OLIVER

It's "no sir" to you. I'm a sir to you, because of me you have a roof above your brainless head. Now answer again.

STEPHEN

No, sir.

OLIVER

Are you kidding me? "No, sir" what? No to what? Are you hungry?

STEPHEN

No, sir.

OLIVER

Then why do you eat words? Will you give me the long awaited answer? Today or tomorrow?

STEPHEN

I have no right to describe you, sir.

OLIVER

(nods)
Apologies to me.

STEPHEN

I'm sorry for describing you.

OLIVER

(HITS THE TABLE WITH HIS FIST)
I'M SIR TO YOU! HOW MANY FUCKING TIMES TO YOU WANT ME TO REPEAT, YOU GODLESS BASTARD?

STEPHEN'S HEART IS PUMPING VERY HARD.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

(beat)
Now, say it.

STEPHEN

(trembles)

I'm sorry for ... describing you,
sir.

OLIVER

(sighs)

I don't like it, I don't like it at
all. Are you stupid? Do you have a
brain? Answer to that.

STEPHEN nods.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I didn't yelled at you because you
just described me, you described me
in a very awful manner. I'm your
God, you can even call me God.
Without me and without my house you
would be homeless. How do you thank
me? You call me a drunk, not direct,
you just...

OLIVER gets even more drunk....he can barely speak.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

....i don't know.

STEPHEN

(with tears in his
eyes)

Please, can't we just go to sleep
and talk in the morning?

OLIVER

(smiles)

No, we cannot do that. A bastard
like you should be sleeping outside,
in the mud or maybe with the dogs,
so when they'll be hungry, they will
be getting some meat without waking
me up. That would be....majestic..

Oliver gets another drink. OLIVER gets up, he gets pale...he
falls down like a corpse. Stephen gets to him and tries to
take him in his back, but he is too big. He starts dragging
Oliver to his room.

As we FADE TO BLACK

THE END