

THE TUMBLER

written by

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A Film Short

INT. HOUSE LOUNGE - DAY

Curly black haired COLIN 40s sits at the table and searches the job opportunities section in the newspaper. He smokes a spliff.

His Pov: **WINDOW CLEANERS WANTED URGENTLY. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. 40K PER ANNUM. APPLY TO SHINERS INCORPORATED.**

He picks up his mobile phone and makes a call.

INTERCUT:

Phone conversation with his son MICHAEL 20s.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Michael's phone spins while it vibrates on his bedside table as he also smokes a spliff. Beside him, pretty blonde haired, blue eyed FIFI 21. She lies with her head on his chest with her leg thrown over his legs.

He tuts and turns to pick up the phone as he blows smoke rings that disperses before he speaks.

COLIN

You up?

MICHAEL

(on phone)

Yeah. What's up, Dad?

COLIN

You'll never guess what?

MICHAEL

What?

COLIN

I've found us both a job.

MICHAEL

Where?

COLIN

Shiners Incorporated. They need window cleaners to work in the city. Those big glass office buildings.

MICHAEL  
Window cleaning, uh?

COLIN  
Yeah. They're offering 40K per annum.

MICHAEL  
I've never cleaned a window in me life, Dad... apart from the bathroom shower glass. Plus you have to go a hundred feet up inside one of those cradles. You know I don't like heights, Dad.

COLIN  
Neither do I. It can't be that difficult though, can it? Leather and scrim, and a squeegee. I've seen how they do it. It's a doddle.

MICHAEL  
I know. I've seen 'em doing it meself. They use soap and water, and a squeegee to wipe it off.

COLIN  
Why dontcha come over and show me how to use it, then? And bring a leather and scrim. We'll practice together on my windows.

MICHAEL  
I haven't got a leather and scrim, Dad.

COLIN  
Well, there's a haberdashery' near you. They sell all that sort of stuff in there.

MICHAEL  
Alright then.

COLIN  
See you in about an hour or so.

MICHAEL  
See you in a bit.

END INTERCUT.

BEDROOM - CONT'D

Fifi looks up at him questioningly.

MICHAEL

He says they need people at  
Shiners Incorporated to clean  
windows in the city.

FIFI

That's good. Are you going for  
it, then?

MICHAEL

Yeah. It's 40K a year.

FIFI

That deserves a little treat.

He gasps as her head disappears under the quilt.

INT. COLIN'S BATHROOM - DAY

With a sponge, Michael covers the shower glass in soapy  
water, then quickly runs the squeegee over the glass using a  
an arc motion as he does so.

Colin stands back in awe.

COLIN

Blimey! You're a dab hand son.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I know. That's what Fifi  
says.

COLIN

Here, let me have a go.

Michael hands him the soapy sponge and squeegee. Colin  
attempts to do the same motion, but leaves smudges and soap  
lines on the glass.

MICHAEL

Use the scrim to wipe it off.

Colin wipes off the smudges with the scrim, and if by magic  
the shower glass gleams.

COLIN

Let's go in the kitchen. The windows are filthy in there.

MICHAEL

OK. I'll leather, you scrim, right?

COLIN

Yeah-yeah. Cool.

KITCHEN:

Michael leans out the window and leathers each pane. Colin gives him the thumbs up and grins knowingly.

MICHAEL

Hand me the scrim and I'll scrim it off meself.

Colin hands him the scrim and he cleans the glass until each pane gleams.

COLIN

You're a natural born shiner my son.

MICHAEL

What's a shiner?

COLIN

A fully experienced window cleaner.

MICHAEL

What's an inexperienced window cleaner, then?

COLIN

A tumbler.

MICHAEL

(chuckles)

How'd you know that?

COLIN

I read the literature, didn't I? It takes six weeks to become a shiner, after that your pay rises to 50K.

MICHAEL

Cool. I'll do the lounge next,  
then finish with the bedrooms.  
You can tell me how I've done  
when I'm finished.

COLIN

Oh, alright then.

Michael exits with a bucket and his clothes.

**SUPER: 10 MINUTES LATER.**

Colin sits at the kitchen table with a mug of tea. He smokes  
a spliff when he hears a loud SCREAM.

He quickly gets up and rushes towards-

BEDROOM 1:

He enters and stares at the wide open window.

He goes to the window and looks out, then down at the ground  
below.

His POV: Michael's body lies contorted with blood pouring out  
of his head to create a puddle beside him.

COLIN

MICHAEL!

FADE OUT.

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