

SHAME

by

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1 **EXT. STREET. NEW YORK. DAY.**

1

From a distance-

A church hall, wedged between the bright red neon of a Korean grocery store and peeling railings.

The random ebb and flow of human traffic-

Time passes-

Suddenly, the steady seep of MEN spilling out of the hall. Some stop to talk, share a cigarette, other's move on, dissolving back into their day.

BRANDON[late 20's/early 30's]amongst them, throwing a wave in brief exchange before heading towards the subway, en route to work.

2 **INT. CUBICLE. MEN'S TOILETS. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.**

2

The flush of a toilet-

BRANDON stands, back to the door, finishing up in the bathroom, fingers reaching for the lock-

The scrape of metal as he slides back the catch, exits-

COLLEAGUE (O.S.)
(in passing)
Hey Brandon.

The sound of BRANDON turning taps, already lost in idle chat-

BRANDON (O.S.)
Hey Ryan.

The DEAD HUM of the dryer-

A peeling poster on the back of the cubicle wall informs workers to-

EMPLOYEES PLEASE REMEMBER TO WASH YOUR HANDS

3 **INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.**

3

The GREY BUZZ of an open plan office-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON, one hand extended, ready to greet a waiting CLIENT newly arrived.

CLIENT
You growing a beard?

Their conversation already drifting off towards a distant boardroom-

CLIENT (CONT'D)
Did you have a beard last time?

BRANDON's fingers briefly tap the keyboard of his Mac in passing, shutting it down-

BRANDON
You know we do this every time?

The dissolve of easy conversation as BRANDON and the CLIENT close the door of a glass boardroom. BRANDON's boss **DAVID** [early 40's] already waiting, stands to greet the CLIENT, the camaraderie spilling over.

Across the floor-

The back and forth of a distant scanner, **MARIANNE** [early 20's] the attractive PA, spoons yoghurt into her mouth, one finger just catching a drip as it blots her lip.

The TAP of a finger against glass, BRANDON mouths from the boardroom-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Coffee.

MARIANNE nods, the light of the scanner illuminating her face as she finishes up, hurrying to command.

Late afternoon sun, dissolving across a New York skyline beyond.

Dusk-

BRANDON walking towards the subway-

The SQUAWK of a YOUNG WOMAN's conversation, giggling, lost in a phone call on her cell.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Behind him the snaking trail of old railway tracks,
sprouting with stubby grass-

The STEADY DRONE Of the freeway, audible.

The wide grey of the Hudson beyond.

5 **INT. TRAIN. SUBWAY. NEW YORK. DAY**

5

The sharp SCRAPE of metal, wheels along a train track-

BRANDON, absently watching the flicker of a cluster of
grey grimy fluff caught between the panes of glass of
the subway window-

Suddenly the scrape of wheels come to a still on the
track-

The lights hover overhead, sinking into darkness-

BRANDON sits, heart lightly beating until-

The lights suddenly illuminates, life once more
resuming.

The train RATTLES on.

6 **INT. SUPERMARKET. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

6

BRANDON standing in line in a checkout, groceries in
hand.

Eyes silently catch on the CHECKOUT GIRL's face; blue
eye shadow and lips heavily lined on her over made up
face. Her long nails, painted with ornate leopard print
varnish, tap against the till keys.

The PEEP of a bar scanner. BRANDON loads groceries into
a bag.

7 **EXT. STREET. NEAR APARMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

7

Endless windows illuminated with TV's and PC screens-

BRANDON heading towards a distant elegant apartment
block, holding open a door for a YOUNG MOTHER bumping a
buggy down the steps.

8 CORRIDOR. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT. 8

BRANDON carrying a bag of groceries, fumbling for his keys along an endless faceless corridor. A door ajar, a NEIGHBOR just visible midway through a fight-

BRANDON keeps walking, sliding his key into a distant lock.

9 INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT. 9

The chink of beer bottles, banging up against one another as BRANDON opens the fridge door-

BRANDON peers in, considering the left over take away resting on the shelf. He takes it out, flipping open a bottle of beer in familiar move and banging the door shut with his back.

A flyer for an upmarket take out flaps under a magnet on the fridge door.

10 INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT. 10

A comfortable apartment-

BRANDON spoons Chinese take away into his mouth, sliding down in front an Apple laptop resting on his desk.

BRANDON looks up, the pad of footsteps, and scratching of a dogs claws almost audible in the apartment overhead.-

The bright serenade of his Apple laptop opening, BRANDON resumes, fingers absently tapping the keyboard-

A distant door slam-

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)
Baby...Baby..don't be like that-

From a far off landing, inaudible attempts of reconciliation between the NEIGHBOUR and his WIFE as BRANDON keeps working, face illuminated, with flickering colour from his laptop screen.

A distant whir of a car alarm, far off.

11 **INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

11

Later-

BRANDON, in the dark, still working at his laptop-

An inane '*Get thin, kick acne, find your inner I-Ching*' infomercial just audible on a television in another room-

The steady monotonous ring of a telephone close by, BRANDON barely wavers as it clicks onto answerphone-

The murmur of BRANDON's recorded message. The HEAVY DEAD TONE of the answerphone as the caller's message kicks in-

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWERPHONE

Hey...You up?...I know you're
up...Brandon?...Pick Up...Pick
up.....OK..OK...So I'll take it
you're at your pottery
class..This is me...calling
you..

BRANDON wavers, fingers hovering over the keypad, on the edge of picking up until-

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWERPHONE
(CONT'D)

(silence)

Fuck-

DEAD TONE-

The CALLER hangs up-

BRANDON resumes typing, the swirl of beautiful colour, playing across his absorbed face.

3 am, visible on the corner of his PC screen-

A window open, August hangs hot and heavy outside-

Beyond, the sounds of a city that never sleeps.

12 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DAY.**

12

A beautiful day-

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

BRANDON, newly shaved, passing-

A CUTE NEIGHBOUR hurrying to work, lost in conversation on her cellphone-

CUTE NEIGHBOUR
(in greeting)
Hey.

BRANDON
(nods)
Hey.

BRANDON juggling cellphone, keys and briefcase, heading off to work, watching the sway of her ass.

13 **INT. COFFEE SHOP. NEW YORK. DAY.**

13

A downtown BoHo coffee shop-

A COFFEE BARISTA punctured with piercings calls out orders-

COFFEE BARISTA
Double Americana with soy.

BRANDON smiles, picks up his cup, slides it on the side, rips open a sugar sachet, spills, stirs, sips. The breeze of an air vent close by, rustles the skirts of PASSING WOMEN, quietly yet almost inaudibly disturbing BRANDON's gaze.

BRANDON grabs his briefcase heads out, dissolving into the ebb and flow of human traffic rushing to work-

Life in the coffee shop ticks on-

14 **INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.**

14

BRANDON on the phone, a finger tapping his computer mouse, dragging a collage of windows across his Mac screen-

A farting Danish newsreader on You Tube...

A Viagra pop up-

An unfathomable spreadsheet.

Endless emails-

(CONTINUED)

A COLLEAGUE eats a sandwich at his desk, eyes tracking MARIANNE on a distant telephone-

COLLEAGUE
(hushed aside)
Beyonce six clock.
(singing)
Uh oh, uh oh, uh oh oh oh...

BRANDON ignores his COLLEAGUE, lost in work.

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)
I bet she says yes.

BRANDON looks up, eyes briefly grazing over MARIANNE, oblivious to his watching, lost in her conversation.

BRANDON's hand slaps against a pile of folders on his desk as a passing COLLEAGUE reaches for them-

BRANDON
Mine..mine..

The COLLEAGUE flicks him 'the bird' heading towards a distant coffee machine. Across the room, DAVID, BRANDON's boss, nods to him, already standing to greet-

A small group of CLIENTS, BRANDON hurries to get off the phone.

BRANDON, sits in a packed meeting room, a pitch just audible, a kind of white noise, and yet-

DAVID (O.S.)
I find you offensive..I find you
inconsolable..I find you
invasive..That is what the
cynics use to say..Companies
would take two steps
back..They'd say 'Do they have a
vaccine for that thing"?

The scratch of a pencil against paper-

DAVID(O.S.) (CONT'D)

Like it was a sinister thing,
fraught with doom, moving with
stealth amongst those you need
to affect, growing more numerous
so that it wins by sheer weight
of numbers alone. Some inane kid
snorting the entire load of his
mother's spice cupboard makes
its way on to You Tube. They
would watch as it would become
the buzzword amongst high school
kids, piggy backing its way
across hosts using their
resources to increase its tribe.

The steady sharpening of a pencil held between long
female fingers-

DAVID(O.S.) (CONT'D)

Growing exponentially..their
cynicism would turn to awe. It
didn't have to even
mate...Replicating again and
again with geometrically
increasing power, doubling with
each iteration..until in a few
short generations this virus
population has exploded its
message in every household
across America-

The slide of long female legs under a desk. High patent
shoes, catching the light.

The fall of a pencil sharpening floating,catching on
the nylon mesh of her stockings-

BRANDON hesitates, heart beating-

DAVID(O.S.) (CONT'D)

....And 5,000 kilos of Uncle
Ben's rice has been shifted with
a single click of a mouse across
52 states.

BRANDON sits, waiting-

The female legs move-

The pencil sharpening floats to the floor.

16 **INT. BAR. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

16

The thump of music-

BRANDON, DAVID and OTHERS wedged in a leather booth, several marguerites down, the table littered with beers. The slam of shots against a counter top. Cheers. Male camaraderie.

A couple of SUITED WOMEN kick back, a few tables, close by.

DAVID

OK...OK..Count me down...

DAVID slaps BRANDON's shoulder, already moving in for the kill. BRANDON looks on, DAVID falling into easy conversation with the SUITED WOMEN, looking over to BRANDON, indicating for BRANDON to join them at the bar.

BRANDON drinks, watches DAVID, smiles to himself-

17 **INT. BAR. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

17

Later-

DAVID nurses a drink, sitting close to one of the SUITED WOMEN. They are lost in flirtatious banter-

SUITED WOMAN

Blue or green?

The SUITED WOMAN closes her eyes, the flutter of her lashes oddly fragile, in waiting until-

DAVID

Blue..

(sudden change of
tac)

Green.

They spring open to reveal brown eyes-

DAVID hesitates, throws his arms up, resigned.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(gesturing to BAR
TENDER)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Here...Two more...Please....More
all round.

BRANDON slides down next to DAVID, back from the
washroom.

DAVID (CONT'D)

He nailed it...This guy nailed
it...

BRANDON

No I didn't..

DAVID

Your pitch, buddy...

DAVID headlocks him, offering smothering drunken
affection.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What colour eyes has she got?

The SUITED WOMAN snaps her eyes shut-

BRANDON smiles, moves in close, his finger catches on
the thin gold chain, skin brushing the dip of her
collar bone-

BRANDON

Brown..

The SUITED WOMAN flicks open her eyes, smiles. DAVID
concedes defeat, one arm sliding across the back of her
chair, gently caressing her back. BRANDON as ever has
nailed it. DAVID knocks back another drink.

INT. DANCE FLOOR. BAR. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

The pulsing thump of music, the latest cutting edge
sounds-

BRANDON, DAVID and OTHERS dancing like loons, eyes
wide, fingers twitching. BRANDON's gaze quietly
tracking the SUITED WOMAN, heading beyond the bar.

DAVID pulls her into dancing, at first playful and
funny. The SUITED WOMAN shoots a look to her FRIEND,
clearly ready to go. The SUITED WOMAN laughs, lips
brushing DAVID's cheek, offering her goodbyes-

DAVID is insistent, pulling her closer, drawing her
into a frenzied awkward dance.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

BRANDON looking on, the SUITED WOMAN's eyes grazing his, lingering on BRANDON as DAVID stumbles.

19 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE BAR. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

19

DAVID struggling to push his arm through the twisted sleeve of his jacket, pursuing the SUITED WOMAN and FRIEND up the street.

DAVID

Hey..hey..hey.hey..

DAVID catches up with the SUITED WOMAN, pawing her-

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lets just go have a coffee.

DAVID smiles, gently coaxing her in the opposite direction-

BRANDON

David-?

BRANDON waits with a taxi, several COLLEAGUES already inside-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

It's going uptown.

DAVID concedes throwing his arms up, jacket half on as BRANDON helps him into the car.

DAVID

Night, buddy.

DAVID paws BRANDON affectionately, stumbling into the taxi. The taxi pulls away-

DAVID looks back, the SUITED WOMAN and her FRIEND heading off up the street. She looks back, watching him, she laughs, moving on.

20 **EXT. STREET. NEAR HUDSON. NEW YORK. DUSK.**

20

A car glides close to the kerb-

BRANDON head down walking-

SUITED WOMAN

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

Hey.

BRANDON smiles, leaning up against the open passenger window.

SUITED WOMAN

You want to ride?

BRANDON smiles-

BRANDON

Only if I can drive.

The SUITED WOMAN smiles, quietly aroused by this.

INT. CAR. STREET. NEW YORK. DUSK.

BRANDON driving-

The SUITED WOMAN seated in the passenger seat-

The radio plays-

The SUITED WOMAN shifts in her seat, BRANDON keeps driving, increasingly aroused. Her legs easing apart, the slide of her hand between them, the slip of her fingers easing into her underwear as she plays with herself-

The PUMP of the radio-

The streak of traffic as BRANDON eases onto the freeway-

Unclipping her seat belt, the SUITED WOMAN reaches out a hand, unzipping his pants. BRANDON shifts a little, the SUITED WOMAN's hand slipping around his cock, masturbating him as he drives along the freeway.

The SUITED WOMAN's hand moves steady at first-

BRANDON grips the steering wheel staring ahead, shifting into fifth gear-

Outside dusk slipping into night-

The streak of lights dipping in and out, slicing across their faces, BRANDON's speed exhilarating-

BRANDON swerves, overtakes, the SUITED WOMAN down on him now, taking him in her mouth-

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

The screech of a car horns, dissolving into the night.

BRANDON accelerates, faster now, one hand caressing the fall of her hair, moving his lap-

The car suddenly sunk into darkness, as they pull under a heavy concrete bridge-

The car screeches to a halt, pulling over on the side.

22 **EXT. FREEWAY. BRIDGE. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

22

BRANDON and the SUITED WOMAN walking, searching for the shadows until-

The incessant drone of cars, steady overhead-

Vast concrete supports edging the highway-

Caught in the scissored half light, BRANDON pulls the SUITED WOMAN pressing her flat against the grit of the wall.

At once, they are reaching for one another, pulling at one another's clothes in a frenzy. BRANDON's fingers locking around her underwear, hooking them down as he enters her-

They move, with glorious abandon-

The slice of passing headlights casting fractured light across their writhing state until-

The SUITED WOMAN gasps, her body shuddering, leaning into his as they climax together, sweat beading skin.

BRANDON releases her, leaning against the cool of the concrete pillar behind. He turns, her shirt, hangs, open and gaping, revealing the curve of her breast

BRANDON

Thank you.

The SUITED WOMAN nods, leans back, sated. Reaching into her handbag, she lights a cigarette, offering him the pack. He takes one, lights, smokes.

They stand, the red glow of their cigarettes the only light in the endless dark.

They stand as if forever.

23 **INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DAWN.** 23

BRANDON, post run, butters himself some toast-

A damp patch of sweat blots the back of his T-shirt.

He stands by the fridge, eats, not moving until he has finished the slice, slowly coming down from his run-

The blood still thumping in his head.

24 **INT. STREET. ABOVE SUBWAY. NEW YORK. DAY.** 24

BRANDON emerging from the subway, heading with the swell of COMMUTERS into another day.

A DRUNK CRAZY WOMAN rants at no one, wheeling her shopping trolley of junk along the gutter.

 DRUNK CRAZY WOMAN
 My head is not only for hats you
 know.

25 **INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.** 25

The PING of the lift-

BRANDON exits, crossing the open plan floor of the office. DAVID, phone pressed to his ear, mid way through a conference call clocks him, throws some lewd gesture.

BRANDON smiles, throws up his hands, he's late. What can you do...

26 **INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.** 26

BRANDON stands, forehead pressed against the cool chill of a drinks machine, eyes absently watching the slow mechanical glide of cans.

The CLUNK of a can of Coca Cola lands. BRANDON picks it up-

 DAVID
 So-?

BRANDON drinks, walks DAVID on his tail.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

Got home. Did some work. Good night.

DAVID looks at him-

DAVID

Right.

DAVID smiles, knows he's lying. BRANDON smiles. Laughs. DAVID slaps him on the back, already moving on.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(taps can/walking
away)

You're kissing your enamel
goodbye.

BRANDON drinks, looks out across the office, the quiet cold monotony of his life, quietly overwhelming-

BRANDON hesitates, clocking his desk-

A bare space where his computer once was on his desk-

BRANDON hesitates, mid sip, heart thumping-

BRANDON approaches, clocking a replacement computer close by. A pink furry Gonk sticker stuck on the rim of the screen, irritating him instantly.-

COLLEAGUE

(in passing)

Some kind of virus. They took
your hard drive as well.

BRANDON looks beyond to DAVID, now back working in a distant office. BRANDON dumps his bag and jacket, a light sweat breaking out across his forehead.

BRANDON walking along an endless corridor passing a STOCKY IT GUY wheeling a trolley of IT gear.

BRANDON

Hey Brian.

IT GUY

Hey Brandon.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

So my computer-?

IT GUY

Yeah. It'll be out a week. We're servicing the whole floor.

BRANDON

Only there's a couple of files-

IT GUY

Oh..OK..You should be fine. We backed it all up. It's on the main frame. Just access it with your normal pin.

BRANDON

(beat)

Great...Great..

BRANDON looks on helpless, the IT GUY steady on his route, wheeling the trolley.

IT GUY

No worries.

DISTANT FEMALE LAUGHTER-

A COUPLE OF SECRETARIES lost in idle gossip, further down the corridor.

INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.

BRANDON sits, resumes working until-

BRANDON stands, heads out.

INT. CUBICLE. MEN'S TOILETS. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.

An empty cubicle.

BRANDON enters, sliding the bolt shut.

He stands, carefully tearing four sheets of toilet paper off the roll. He folds them resting them on top of the roll.

A distant conversation, just audible passing along the corridor until-

(CONTINUED)

Silence-

BRANDON unzips his trousers, one hand slips into his trousers as he begins to masturbate, closing his eyes until-

The curl of his toes, pressing against the leather of the tips of his shoes until-

BRANDON exhales.

The flush of the toilet. The slide of the bolt.

BRANDON exits, washes up.

The DEAD HUM of the dryer.

INT. DINER. NEW YORK. DUSK.

BRANDON sits in a diner, eating a piece of pie.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything more,
Sir?

The perky WAITRESS smiles, waiting-

BRANDON

I'm good.

The WAITRESS moves on, the wash of niceties audible-

WAITRESS (O.S.)

(to another diner)

Is everyone OK here?

Across the street, a cinema queue already building. An AMOROUS COUPLE stand, whispering intimate words as they buy tickets.

BRANDON considers until-

BRANDON

(to passing

WAITRESS)

Just the check please.

The pie half eaten, left on the counter top.

31

INT. STREET. NEAR HUDSON. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

31

The GREY DRONE of traffic, headlights skimming BRANDON-
BRANDON curses, at his futile attempts to flag down a
taxi, as another streaks past.

A TRUCK backs in his path-

BRANDON navigates around it-

DISTANT CAR HORNS-

The RATTLE of garbage dumpsters, being wheeled out from
the back of a heaving restaurant.

The THUMP of MUSIC and LAUGHTER spilling over from the
bar, caught fleetingly in passing-

BRANDON stops, leans up against the railings looking
out over the grey Hudson. The LAP of murky water,
audible.

The glittering lights of Jersey stretching wide beyond.

The trawl of a pleasure boat, lights glowing with a
party. BRANDON's eyes silently track it, watching
others lost in a good time.

Slowly the HONK OF CAR HORNS, BUILDING, UNREMITTING
now, drowning out the radio and stirring BRANDON's
curiosity, he turns, peers up, craning his neck.

Above, the tall, endless glass of *The Standard Hotel*,
scored with a honeycomb of windows, randomly
illuminated like tiny still lives.

A KID slaps his palms against the glass of a fourth
floor window, a FILIPINO NANNY ushers him away.

A MAN stares blankly out, clearly fresh in on a flight
and jet lagged, enjoying the view two floors up.

A MALE CLEANER just visible lost in the monotony of
pushing a hover back and forth across an endless
carpeted floor.

And then BRANDON sees her-

(CONTINUED)

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN stands, naked her body pressed against the floor to ceiling glass, high up, overlooking the Hudson. The steady back and forth of the MIDDLE AGED MAN behind her gradually reveals both are lost in a stand up fuck.

BRANDON hesitates, quiet fascination flickering across his face as for a brief flickering moment BRANDON's eyes lock with the MIDDLE AGED WOMAN's dead gaze, standing high above-

A CAR HORN LOUD UNREMITTING-

BRANDON turns, a MAN seated in a car on the freeway, lost in speakerphone conversation. BRANDON absently watches him, a quiet fury to the MAN as he rams his horn-

BRANDON's eyes flick back upwards, savoring-

The MIDDLE AGED COUPLE fuck on-

Darkness-

BRANDON in front of his laptop, several empty beer bottles resting close by.

Keys, wallet, jacket left in a trail where he dropped them marking his journey from door to desk.

The pink sway of colour, reflected on his face, slowly coming into focus as the images cut and change-

A WOMAN being fucked. A MAN his cock sucked, the hard thrusting images of internet porn.

BRANDON's flies are loose, one hand searches in his trousers, looking for a quiet yet much needed release, with growing agitation-

BRANDON throws his head back in sudden fleeting ecstasy as he comes-

BRANDON, lost in familiar routine, pours sugar into his coffee-

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MARIANNE

Hey-

BRANDON looks up, MARIANNE stands holding a tray of
takeaway cups to go-

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

You like your sugar.

BRANDON

(nods/ smiles)

I do.

BRANDON reaches for another sachet, tips it into his
coffee turns-

MARIANNE is still standing, waiting.

34 **INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

34

BRANDON, post shower, brushing his teeth. He flosses,
checking his gums, curses as they bleed. He rinses,
checks again, satisfied. He considers his reflection,
hurriedly moving on.

35 **INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

35

BRANDON, now dressed picking up the last of his things,
keys, wallet, cellphone until-

BRANDON exits-

BRANDON re-enters, changes his shirt, checks himself
once more in the mirror.

BRANDON exits-

36 **INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

36

BRANDON goes to exit, fingers grazing his answerphone
in passing, one message waiting-

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWERPHONE

OK...This is my fifth
call....I'm dying..I have
cancer...I have one week to
live..

BRANDON slides his wallet into his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWERPHONE
(CONT'D)

It's the very worse kind of
cancer. Of the vulva..I have a
vulva the size of a baboon.

BRANDON hesitates, exits-

The CLICK of the DOOR, BRANDON gone.

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWERPHONE
(CONT'D)

I know I'm sick...Call me,
huh....This is Sissy...You've
known me as long as I
was...whatever...I could die
tomorrow.

The DEAD TONE of the answerphone, puncturing the sudden
still of the apartment.

INT. CINEMA. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

BRANDON and MARIANNE, seated, immersed in the dark, a
big sloppy Hollywood Rom Com or the like playing-

Puncturing the darkness, random talking and the punch
of texting.

The light from several cellphones illuminating the
auditorium.

INT. RESTAURANT. NEAR CINEMA. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

BRANDON and MARIANNE seated at a table. A WAITER hovers
tweaking the cutlery around them-

WAITER (O.S.)

The soup of the day is tomato
with basil oil and parmesan
crostini. The special is
marinated swordfish, tabbouleh
and Moroccan Chermoula. It's
really good.

MARIANNE smiles, eyes darting to BRANDON, playful. The
WAITER oblivious, clearly on a roll.

(CONTINUED)

WAITER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We're also serving a DeBragga &
Splitler New York Strip with a
side order of fries. And the
salad is snow pea and radish
with a cider vinaigrette. Can I
get you water?

BRANDON nods-

BRANDON
Yeah.

The WAITER pours water-

WAITER
The wine menu's right under-

BRANDON pulls out a wine menu hidden under his bread
plate.

BRANDON
You want wine?

MARIANNE
Sure.

BRANDON
What? Like white? Red?

MARIANNE
Red maybe..

The WAITER hovers, pointing to a red on the menu-

WAITER
The Pinot's..light..If you like
it like-

The GLIDE of a napkin across BRANDON's lap, the WAITER
a constant presence, on the edge of irritating.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Would you like bread?

BRANDON looks to MARIANNE. She shakes her head.

BRANDON
No. We're good.

The WAITER smiles, at last moves off-

(CONTINUED)

They sit looking at their menus.

BRANDON steals a moment, eyes tracing over-

MARIANNE's fingers playing with the edge of her menu-

The flutter of her lashes-

The shape of her nipples just visible, ghosting her dress.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Someone told me Woody Allen shot
a movie here.

MARIANNE

Yeah?

(beat)

Which one?

BRANDON

....Maybe that one with that
tall actress.

MARIANNE

Mira Sorvino.

BRANDON

Is she tall?

MARIANNE

Pretty tall.

BRANDON

Yeah Maybe that one.

The WAITER returns-

WAITER

Just to say the crab comes in
the shell.

BRANDON closes his menu, reaches for his glass, drinks,
quietly nervous.

BRANDON

The lamb..It's says with
currants..Can I just have it
without the currants?

The WAITER scrawls it down on a pad, barely looking up.

(CONTINUED)

WAITER

No appetizer?

BRANDON

(looking to
MARIANNE)

You want-?

MARIANNE shrugs, closes her menu.

MARIANNE

I'm good with the Salmon.

WAITER

Any sides with that?

BRANDON hesitates, looks back at the menu.

BRANDON

Maybe some green beans.

(to MARIANNE)

Yeah?

WAITER

You like medium rare? The lamb?

BRANDON

More medium than rare.

WAITER

We recommend it pretty pink.

The WAITER waits-

BRANDON

Oh..OK.

The WAITER takes the menus.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You're not a New Yorker?

MARIANNE

No..

The WAITER reaches for the wine menu.

WAITER

Did we decide on the wine?

BRANDON hesitates, on the edge but-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON
Just..Yeah..The Pinot-

WAITER
Great.

The WAITER nods, at last moves off-

MARIANNE
Ohio.

BRANDON
Ohio..Ohio?

MARIANNE nods, smiles, shrugs.

MARIANNE
You-?

BRANDON
New Jersey.

MARIANNE
That must be nice.You can visit
easy.

BRANDON nods, shrugs-

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Your family?

BRANDON
Oh yeah..Yeah..
(beat)
My sister..my sister she went to
Ohio State.

MARIANNE
No? When she graduate?

BRANDON
Like 2005 maybe-

MARIANNE
(gesturing to
herself)
I grad 2006..

MARIANNE smiles. BRANDON nods-

BRANDON
What's her name?

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON hesitates, sips his drink.

Sissy.. BRANDON (CONT'D)

Sissy who? MARIANNE

Sissy no-one.. BRANDON
(beat)
Sissy my name..Brown...

MARIANNE hesitates, shakes her head.

No..I don't know her.. MARIANNE

HARSH MALE LAUGHTER across the room-

BRANDON inwardly recoils a little, eyes looking across the room to-

A table of BUSINESSMEN from out of town, a couple of bottles of wine down.

The WAITER pours wine, moving around them.

EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT. NEW YORK. NIGHT

A dirty grey street, brightened by the glow of BRANDON and MARIANNE seated inside the restuarant.

EXT. STREET. NEAR RESTAURANT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

A hot August evening-

A YOUNG TEENAGE COUPLE sit on their front step, flirting-

A MAGAZINE SELLER chats to a CUSTOMER in the open doorway of his stall.

A CHINESE COUPLE stand waiting by the subway, silent and bored.

This is my- MARIANNE

BRANDON nods, hovers by the subway, awkward and yet-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

Sure.

MARIANNE

It was a nice evening.

They stand heady from the wine and a little awkward.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

So..you don't mind..Cause we
like work in the same-

They separate letting a sudden influx of people
crossing the street, pass.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

..I wasn't sure..If you'd
heard....If like..someone had
said that I...I liked you..

BRANDON

No.

(beat)

Not at all.

MARIANNE

Good..Great..Because we should-

BRANDON

Yeah..Yeah..we should do this
again.

MARIANNE smiles, flushes, heart doing backflips.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'll call.

MARIANNE smiles, goes to kiss him, her lips touching
his, skin slowly peeling apart. BRANDON stiffens,
smiles.

MARIANNE

Great.

MARIANNE makes to go then stops-

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

...It's just if you say you
call..You will call?

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

I'll call.

MARIANNE

Because you know I don't want it
to be..weird now..

BRANDON

It won't be.

BRANDON smiles. MARIANNE smiles, delighted, inwardly skipping to catch her subway. Yet, once her back's turned BRANDON's face falls, familiar disappointment already flickering.

MARIANNE turns, checking. BRANDON still standing their, smile back on. She descends into the depths of the subway.

BRANDON looks beyond-

The bright NEON glow of a beautiful big assed pop star gyrating on a billboard overhead.

INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

A long string of horse piss, BRANDON stands peeing-

He flicks his dick, looking down, considering-

A tiny droplet hangs on the tip, precarious, like a perfect orb.

INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

Loud music pumping-

BRANDON indulging in some on line chat, he leans forward snorting up a neat chopped up line of coke off his desk-

A young scantily clad woman, caught on webcam, lies spread-eagled on a bed, fingering herself to his command.

BRANDON

Slip your finger in up under
your ass..Yeah that's right.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG WOMAN ON INTERNET

Oh yeah...

BRANDON

Now put them in your mouth then
yeah that good...move it up and
round your clit..

BRANDON's sits, hands in his trousers, eyes focused,
flicking between the webcam film of the woman.

A webcam of a couple fucking, open on another window-
The groans and moans growing louder-

YOUNG WOMAN ON INTERNET

Oh God...Yeah..

BRANDON

Can you tilt your head back?
Keep your fingers playing but
yeah..That's
right...Yeah..that's..

The glow of the PC on BRANDON's face, hands working his
cock in his jogging pants-

INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DAWN.

The seep of sunlight scissored through a half open
blind-

BRANDON sits, fingers still tapping, writhing bodies
still visible on the screen-

Exhausted, BRANDON keeps watching one hand reaching up,
pulling down the blind, shutting out the early morning
light, shutting out the signs of a dawn.

INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.

Midday-

The office is in full flow-

BRANDON crosses it, clearly worse for wear, unshaven.

COLLEAGUE

(in passing)
Slacker-

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

BRANDON heads towards his desk.

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)

David was asking where you were.

BRANDON hesitates, fingers lightly tapping his desk, trying to control a flickering panic.

45

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.

45

A tap on the door-

BRANDON puts his head around it, smiles-

BRANDON

Gonzo said you were looking for me?

DAVID barely looks up, lost in his work.

DAVID

You missed your nine o'clock.

BRANDON

Dentist. Root canal.

DAVID

Didn't I tell you? Who d'you see?

BRANDON

Gary..Gary Sher...The King's Practise. W57th street.

DAVID

You're stinging that company health care plan I hope.

BRANDON

Sure.

BRANDON waits, heart thumping.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

So my computer's still not back.

DAVID does not look up from his work.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Don't ask me. I only just
figured out how to work my
iphone.

BRANDON smiles, shrugs, makes to go-

DAVID (CONT'D)

Though there was a lot of shit
on your hard drive..I said to
Brian we got to tell whoever it
is to stop fiddling your fucking
account and calm down...It's
hardcore man...

DAVID keeps working, pencil scratching and amending
some incoming pitch.

DAVID (CONT'D)

In the mouth. Up the ass.

The SCRATCH of the pencil-

DAVID (CONT'D)

Think it's that intern?

DAVID finally looks up, holds BRANDON's gaze, with
discreet challenge until-

BRANDON

(beat)

On my hard drive?

DAVID nods, resumes working-

DAVID

Brian stripped what he could
but..You should tell him to
fucking cut it out. I mean what
dumb fuck has the time to do
that...I said to Brian we gotta
put a timer on it...Can you
image the money we're spunking
on that shit...

DAVID laughs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Must be a real sick fuck..

BRANDON laughs, nods, makes to go.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

DAVID (CONT'D)
Thursday? Broadman Brothers
coming in? You around?

BRANDON hesitates, nods-

BRANDON
Sure.

The CLICK of the door closed-

DAVID looks up, watches BRANDON heading back to his
desk, quietly considering.

46 **INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.**

46

BRANDON sits, resumes working, head down until-

MARIANNE
Hi-

BRANDON looks up, fingers on the keypad-

BRANDON
Hi-

MARIANNE hesitates, smiles, moves on-

MARIANNE
You're four o'clock's waiting?

BRANDON nods, smiles, resumes typing, his fingers
trembling, fucking everything he tries to type.

He stops, stands, heads out.

47 **EXT. STREET. PARK. NEAR OFFICE. DUSK.**

47

A hot early evening-

The DISTANT HUM of trawling traffic-

A FLY GIRL in a bright pink jacket, laughing with her
SASSY GIRLFRIEND in lemon hotpants, lost in some joke.

A SECURITY GUARDN stands smoking outside an office.

RED BULL DRINKING

(CONTINUED)

A gang of FRIENDS, sit outside a bar talking and drinking in the warm evening air.

BRANDON sits, sipping a can of coke, in a scrubby park.

Tiny details of female anatomy caught in brief tempting glance-

The fall of dress strap-

The sway of finger clenched around a wine glass.

The flutter of female lashes, crinkled in laughter-

The crease of butt cheeks in lemon hotpants.

BRANDON gets up, bins his can, keeps walking.

MAN'S VOICE

Hey..Brandon?

A CONSTRUCTION WORKER smiles at him, clearly familiar.

BRANDON

Mikey?

The CONSTRUCTION WORKER nods, smiles. BRANDON hesitates, smiles-

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

You know I see you all the time..Lonnie said I was going nuts when I told her..

BRANDON

Lonnie..You still with-

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Yeah. Got two kids now..

BRANDON

Wow.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

I knew it...I knew it was you..

BRANDON

Lonnie.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Yep.
(beat)
You.

BRANDON

Doing good..Doing great..
(beat)
No kids.
(beat)
Yet.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Sleep while you can.

BRANDON

That's what they say.

They look at one another, momentarily at a loss.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

I see you eating your lunch here
and..

BRANDON

Yeah.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

And I said to her
Friday..Brandon Brown eats his
lunch every Friday.

They smile, letting the silence hang.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (CONT'D)

Twenty four floors.

BRANDON follows the CONSTRUCTION WORKER's gaze, looking
up at a distant building half way through construction.

BRANDON

Watch you don't fall.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

You want to go for a drink? We
always go to Kelly's? Over on
12th.

BRANDON

Shit..
(beat)
I can't tonight.

(CONTINUED)

The CONSTRUCTION WORKER shrugs, smiles-

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
You're looking good, Brandon.

BRANDON
Feeling great. You still with
Lonnie.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
Married nine years this fall.

BRANDON
Two kids. Wow. That's great.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
Boy and girl.
(smiles/beat)
Six and four.

BRANDON sits at his kitchen table, finishing up his
supper.

A glass of milk rests on the table. He drinks it,
leaving a milk moustache.

He picks up his glass and plate and goes to the sink.

He stands by the sink, absently looking out of the
window.

Across the street, visible through a netted window, a
TEENAGE BOY sits at PC screen, doing his homework.

BRANDON watches him, rinsing his plate under the sink
until-

BRANDON opens up the dishwasher, slides them in, next
to several other similar plates and milky glasses,
clearly a familiar routine.

The DRIP DRIP of the tap audible.

BRANDON leans over, turns it off. BRANDON heads through
into the sitting room towards the bedroom.

49 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 49

A dimly lit street-

BRANDON just visible in his apartment block steady on the approach. He is dressed in running gear.

Pushing the glass doors open, BRANDON hesitates, bending down to tie up his running shoes. He stands, stretches, zips his top, pulling his hood up.

BRANDON slips his earphones on, moving off.

50 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 50

BRANDON running, passing window after window. TV and PC screens illuminate the darkness. BRANDON stays focused, running, music pumping in his head.

51 **EXT. ATHLETIC TRACK. NEAR APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 51

BRANDON's feet pounding the track, now dripping with sweat. He pushes himself on-

In the distance a floodlit basketball pitch, a rag bag team of TEENAGERS lost in a game.

BRANDON slowly comes to a still, leans forward exhausted-

He stands, a lone figure on the running track, half watching the distant game.

Beyond the glittering city-

He stands, momentarily coming down from his run.

BRANDON turns his back on it, heading home.

52 **INT. RECEPTION. APARTMENT BUILDING. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 52

BRANDON, still in running gear, unlocks his mail box, fishing out a pile of post. He turns, heads upstairs.

53 **INT. CORRIDOR. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 53

BRANDON padding along the corridor, reading his post-

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

He reaches for his keys, suddenly hesitating on-
The thump of music coming from his apartment-
The front door stands ajar-
BRANDON tentatively pushes it open-

BRANDON
(calling out)
Hello.

54 **INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

54

The quiet slide of keys down-
BRANDON enters his living room. He looks around,
nothing-
The turn of vinyl on decks on the side-
Rappers Delight by The Sugarhill Gang steadily
revolving on a turntable-
BRANDON picks up a baseball bat resting by the door,
heading into the kitchen.

55 **INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

55

BRANDON stands in his kitchen, heart thumping,
searching for anything out of place until-
A distant toilet flush-

56 **INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

56

BRANDON steadily approaches the bathroom door,
considers-
He shoves it open, hard, baseball bat at the ready-

57 **INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

57

BRANDON running, shrieking like a banshee, blinding
waving the baseball bat, slicing air-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON
(shouting out)
You mother fucker-

SISSY [mid/late 20's] leaps out of the bath, naked,
screaming and dripping wet-

SISSY
What the frick-

BRANDON stands, shaking staring at his naked startled
sister-

SISSY (CONT'D)
I thought we were being busted

BRANDON for a towel, shoving it towards her,
embarrassed.

BRANDON
Christ..Sissy-

SISSY wraps herself in a towel, a puddle of water
seeping across the floor-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Did you pop the lock?

BRANDON sinks down on the toilet exhausted and coming
down from the rushing of adrenaline-

SISSY
No..Yes..Jesus Brandon...Look at
me...I'm shaking-

BRANDON
Don't I always say ring me first
if you're coming into town?

SISSY
...Fricken mother fucking
hell...I've got fucking soap....

SISSY looks at herself in the mirror, her hair half
rinsed, lathered in shampoo.

SISSY (CONT'D)
What is this shit you put on
your hair?

BRANDON shakes his head at a loss,SISSY reaches out a
hand to touch BRANDON's shaved head-

(CONTINUED)

SISSY (CONT'D)

You going all Apocalypse Now on me..You were like Kurtz coming out the fucking jungle.

BRANDON laughs, conceding defeat. SISSY smiles, pleased she still knows how to play him-

SISSY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Can I get back in now?

SISSY drops the towel, sinking back in the water-

BRANDON

Fuck..Sissy..

BRANDON quickly looks away-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Lock the bathroom door next time. OK?

BRANDON goes to exit, rattling the lock on the door to demonstrate-.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

And don't use all the towels...

SISSY sinks down under the water. She lies fully submerged, eyes open until-

The slam of the door-

58

INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DUSK.

58

The turn of the turntable, *Rappers Delight* stuck in eternal groove-

BRANDON gently lifts the needle, blowing fluff, one eye catching on-

SISSY's bag stuffed with belongings slung across the floor; panties and bras spilling out across lino.

BRANDON flicks off the record player, sliding the record back in its sleeve.

Silence-

BRANDON stands considers-

59

INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DUSK.

59

BRANDON sliding whisked eggs into a pan of sizzling butter-

SISSY enters, wearing one of BRANDON's shirts, her hair wrapped in a towel. She opens the fridge, peering in-

BRANDON

There's some juice at the back.

BRANDON lays out a plate, cutlery, napkin-

SISSY fishes out a juice carton, drinking straight from it, pulling an old sausage from a bowl at the back. She eats.

SISSY

That new?

BRANDON shrugs, SISSY considers an expensive coffee machine on the side.

SISSY (CONT'D)

Wow.

BRANDON shrugs.

SISSY (CONT'D)

Do you ever use it?

BRANDON

No.

The murmur of a TV in the apartment above-

SISSY

Got to do something about that Mr Gecko.

SISSY looks up, eyes silently following the shuffle of footsteps crossing the floor overhead.

BRANDON

Enough with the Mr Gecko and your crappy film references.

BRANDON slides a plate down, in front of her.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Eat your omelette.

(CONTINUED)

SISSY suddenly kisses him, short and abrupt, flat on the lips.

BRANDON pulls away, uneasy-

SISSY
You've got grey.

SISSY slides into her seat, one leg wrapped close to her like a teenager.

SISSY (CONT'D)
...You think I got fat?-

BRANDON sits down, picking up the carton of juice, pouring her a cup.

SISSY (CONT'D)
Don't say no...Cause I look at myself everyday.....I look like Dad-

BRANDON looks at SISSY, hesitates-

BRANDON
Difficult, cause Mom always said the monkeys left you on the sidewalk-

SISSY smiles. BRANDON smiles, the tension easing, slipping into something more familiar-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
...in a Walmart sac. 'Look Mom, a real girl...' Can we keep her?

SISSY
(sudden/cutting in)
I need to stay-

BRANDON hesitates-

SISSY (CONT'D)
Just a couple of weeks.
...Richie Stu said he might have a place but-

BRANDON
Richie Stu-?
(beat)
Ah Sissy..

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON shakes his head, clearly disappointed-

SISSY

...I went to see it...It's a
dump...I don't want to live in a
dump...You don't live in a dump
so-

BRANDON sinks a little-

BRANDON

Did you break up again?

(beat)

Fuck...

(beat)

He's an asshole.

SISSY

Please-

BRANDON scratches his head, not wanting to but...

BRANDON

Sissy...Christ...girl....You get
the sofa and you get your ass
off it before I leave every day.

SISSY leaps on him smothering him with flat lipped
kisses all over his head until-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

OK..OK..Enough..Basta..

SISSY concedes, smiling, sinking back into her chair.

BRANDON's gaze falls on-

The pad of wet footprints glistening on distant lino-

A dumped towel discarded along the corridor.

BRANDON inwardly sinks-

SISSY eats.

SISSY

So good.

(beat)

I've been like living on fried
cheese for a week.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (3)

59

BRANDON smiles. She holds up her cup of juice, ready to chink his.

They chink.

The murmur of laughter and applause from the distant TV overhead.

SISSY looks up, considers.

She resumes eating. BRANDON sits watching her.

The TICK TICK of the clock on the wall.

60 **INT. PLATFORM. SUBWAY. NEW YORK. DAY.**

60

BRANDON and SISSY standing on the platform waiting for a train-

BRANDON

Do you need money?

SISSY

No..No..I'm fine.

The glide of the train in-

BRANDON

Cause if you need money.

SISSY

I'm fine..I've got some great gigs now.

BRANDON

Yeah.

BRANDON reaches into his wallet, slips a twenty dollar bill out of his wallet-

SISSY

I don't want your fucking money.

(beat)

You should come and hear me.

BRANDON

Yeah. I will.

BRANDON enters the subway, SISSY close behind, caught in the flow of COMMUTERS.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And that's when it just
popped..BAM! Like when an
exhaust backfires.... Hurt like
a mother fucker..Bent clean in
two..I got this broad, legs open
on a webcam, everything laid out
like on a yard sale..And she's
saying..'What's wrong? What's
wrong?'

Brief glimpses of the MAN, white, pudgy, ordinary, a St
Christopher nestled between chest hair, a well worn
wedding band on his finger.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I told my wife I did it playing
squash. Made me stay home,
brought me soup every day for a
week.The Thursday she went out I
was back on line.

The MAN looks away, staring blankly out of a window,
eyes stung with tears, suddenly loosing his thread-

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

My Pastor says 'pray it away'..I
try...I don't know if it
works...It'll be my third month
Friday...I cut up all my credit
cards... Everything gets run
through the joint account
now...I haven't been on line not
since- I don't go on, just do my
work and then shut it down..I
had one relapse two weeks in
but...I'm here..I tell my pastor
he's a cruel fucking
God....Anyone else? Penile
fracture like that, that's it,
days of screwing over..Me?
Fucking like a bunny rabbit-

The THERAPIST sits, letting the silence hang-

BRANDON's eyes silently travel over the THERAPIST, the
damp of her sweat sticking the strands of hair to her
neck-

The TURN of the FAN lightly moving the strands-

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

BRANDON closes his eyes, squinting in the sun, moving in and out of shade, caught in scissored light as the grubby blinds on a window TAP TAP against a window frame.

63 **INT. BAR.CLUB. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

63

A lively New York bar-

BRANDON with MARIANNE seated in a busy bar.

BRANDON
(kissing her neck)
You look beautiful.

MARIANNE flushes, surprised and yet-

MARIANNE
You're sitting on my dress.

BRANDON shifts a little, MARIANNE frees the silk of the skirt.

BRANDON
That's pretty.

BRANDON's fingers reach out, fingers lightly touching the thin gold chain around her neck.

MARIANNE
Thank you.

MARIANNE smiles. BRANDON smiles, drinks.

Behind them the glittering Hudson-

The endless trawl of lights, marking out the distant highway.

Beyond, the tall glass beautiful oddity that is *The Standard Hotel*-

64 **EXT. STREET. NEAR HUDSON. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

64

BRANDON leading MARIANNE, both giggling and tripping, his fingers lightly covering her eyes, taking her on a magical mystery tour.

BRANDON
Keep walking. Watch the step.

(CONTINUED)

MARIANNE smiles, quizzically, allowing herself to be guided and yet-

MARIANNE

Where are we going?

Suddenly, he removes his hands, MARIANNE gasps on what lies ahead-

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Here? You got a room here?

BRANDON is not listening, smiling, luring her to a distant hotel reception, visible through a wall of glass.

MARIANNE giggles, heady, all a blurry rush.

A couple of lines of coke chopped up and in waiting-

BRANDON snorts it quickly, pinching his nostrils tight. He looks at himself in the mirror, smoothing down his hair. He tilts his head up, checking up his nose, eyes wide, mood high.

BRANDON opens the door-

MARIANNE just visible, finishing up a phone call-

MARIANNE

(hushed)

OK..OK..

(beat)

Kiss him good night.

MARIANNE snaps her cellphone shut, deflects.

A dimly lit bedroom-

BRANDON pushes MARIANNE up against the glass of the floor to ceiling window, lost in kissing-

MARIANNE

No..Not yet-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON's hands slip under her skirt, fingers feeling for her-

BRANDON

Don't you want to?

MARIANNE

Yes but-

(beat)

Can we-

(beat)

...pull the drapes...?

MARIANNE's skirt slips to the floor, letting BRANDON lead her.

BRANDON

Turn around.

MARIANNE hesitantly turns, goosebumps flecking her skin, pressed closed to the glass looking out over-

MARIANNE

(giggling)

It's cold.

The glittering highway-

The Hudson, beautiful and shimmering, etched across the charcoal darkness beyond.

BRANDON

You know it's called 'the drowned river'-

MARIANNE shakes her head, hand shielding her modesty as BRANDON, kisses her back, her neck, unfastening her bra, letting it slip to the floor-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

..and it's not even a river.

It's an estuary. After the ice age the sea levels rose and swamped what was there..

BRANDON's gently pushes MARIANNE against the window, her panties slipping to the floor.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

When . discovered it, they say-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON loosens his pants, slipping his hands around MARIANNE's waist-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
...his crew mutinied and he was
cast out adrift in the bay. Body
never found.
(beat)
Open your legs..
(beat)
Like this-

BRANDON's hands gently parting her legs.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Is this what you want?

MARIANNE eyelashes brush the glass, her left cheek pressed to the glass.

MARIANNE
Is it what you want?

BRANDON enters her, eyes distracted by her reflection, looking at him, breath warm against the glass. BRANDON keeps on thrusting, but something about MARIANNE's face upsetting him. He looks away, coming too quickly-

BRANDON
Fuck..fuck...

BRANDON looks down at the trawl of traffic, gently moving back and forth, coming too quickly, humiliation descending-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Fuck-

BRANDON withdraws, cursing-

MARIANNE
It's OK..Brandon. It's OK..

BRANDON turns away, can't even bear to look at her.

They sit in silence.

The siren of horns, muted through the thick glass.

67

INT. BEDROOM. STANDARD HOTEL. NEW YORK. NIGHT

67

Darkness-

BRANDON lies away, caught in MARIANNE's embrace, spooned up behind him.

He lies, fighting a growing claustrophobia until-

BRANDON reaches for his iphone, scrolling up the Craigslist website on his phone, randomly trying to kill time in the dark-

VOICE ON IPHONE

God..fucking..God..yeah.fucking.
I fucking want your cock in my
mouth.

MARIANNE stirs, rolls away from him in her sleep.

BRANDON turns, waits. She reaches out a hand, lost in sleep. He waits, resumes watching, scrolling through the women seeking men list, eyes scanning over the women on offer-

Still awake and looking..3.30am..26 (Lower East Side),
Looking for my sugar daddy..20 (Brooklyn), If you Are
not a stupid nasty pig walk this way..39 (Queens)-

BRANDON scrolls through until-

College Girl looking for some fun, 18 (Lincoln Center)

BRANDON considers, he taps entering her site, reads-

I am a college girl that has a pretty boring summer ahead. Looking for someone I can have fun with. It is okay to be a younger or older. I am 5'5, 120 lbs, and athletic. Email me

BRANDON logs onto his emails, instantly replying to her-

68

INT. BEDROOM. STANDARD HOTEL. NEW YORK. DAWN

68

Sunlight seeping across the room-

BRANDON and MARIANNE sit eating room service-

MARIANNE smiles, hung over, long legs draping over the side of the bed as she cracks a boiled egg.

(CONTINUED)

MARIANNE

You like them soft?

BRANDON stands, mind elsewhere, already half dressed, drinking his coffee, looking out at the view below.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Your eggs?

BRANDON hesitates, nods.

A cigarette smokes between his fingers, coffee cup in the same hand.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

(with a smile)

Me too.

BRANDON smiles, mentally already leaving the room.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

So..I should pick up my kid...

BRANDON inwardly flinches-

BRANDON

Your kid?

MARIANNE

Yeah.

MARIANNE looks at him, the moment fragile.

BRANDON

Right..OK..You've got a kid?

MARIANNE

Yeah.

BRANDON

Great..great..

MARIANNE reaches for her clothes-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I'll walk you down.

MARIANNE

You don't have to.

BRANDON

Get you a taxi-

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

She smiles-

MARIANNE

OK.

MARIANNE enters the bathroom, closes the door.

BRANDON looks back out over the grey of the Hudson,
drinks his coffee.

The HUM of the traffic, audible through an ajar window.

BRANDON reaches his hand out, catching the breeze,
peering down, a man on the edge.

69 **EXT. LOBBY. OUTSIDE HOTEL. NEW YORK. DAY**

69

Seen through the glass of a slick lobby-

BRANDON clothes pulled on, flagging down a taxi.
MARIANNE clambers in. BRANDON waves her goodbye.

70 **INT. BEDROOM. HOTEL. NEW YORK. DAY.**

70

Late morning-

BRANDON caught in the half light, messing around on his
eyephone, eyes scanning down his emails, a series of
hits from women, hook ups on line-

He taps on one, headed PRETTY HONEY-

BRANDON considers, the series of explicit photos
flashing up on his screen, the images playing across
his face-

Beyond the endless 'sell, sell, sell' DRONE of a perky
infomercial-

A tray of room service congealing on the bed.

BRANDON taps back, emailing the girl-

What are you up to?

He presses send, waits absently watching the TV.

He turns off-

The hum of the air conditioning.

(CONTINUED)

The rise and fall of a distant lift.

BRANDON sits listening until-

He flicks the TV back on-

VOICE ON TELEVISION

*Are you depressed? Over half
million people in New York take
Tamifolan. If you have
experienced any side effects,
bloating, chest pain, shortness
of breath, discolouration of the
eyes-*

BRANDON flicks the TV back off-

He sits, considering-

A distant voice, a tap on a distant door-

VOICE (O.S.)

Room service.

BRANDON sits, the turn of the trolley moving on.

A tap on another distant door, less audible now-

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Room service.

The HUM of the air conditioning the only sound.

BRANDON sits, remote in hand, almost testing himself,
sitting in the still until-

BRANDON flicks the TV back on-

VOICE ON TELEVISION

*...Gas is a problem we all have
to deal with sometimes..But you
need to know you're not alone.
Over a quarter of a million
people in Ameri-*

BRANDON flicks over-

CHEERS APPLAUSE LAUGHTER, the drone of a game show
rolling on.

Suddenly the ping of BRANDON's email-

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

PRETTY HONEY replies-

Nothing? What's up?

BRANDON considers, on the edge of temptation-

71 **INT. BEDROOM. HOTEL. NEW YORK. DAY.**

71

BRANDON banging the life out of PRETTY HONEY, doggy style, tits pressed up against the glass of the window-

The DISTANT SCREECH of horns.

72 **EXT. STREET. BELOW HOTEL. NEW YORK. DAY.**

72

The trawl of cars-

The grey of the Hudson-

BRANDON and PRETTY HONEY just visible high above, caught full frontal in the window-

Life going on below-

A gang of MEXICAN MEAT PACKERS WHOOP and CHEER down below.

TOURISTS pass below oblivious, lost in using sat nav on their cell phones.

73 **INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DAY**

73

BRANDON close to climax-

A cold sweat beading BRANDON's forehead as he comes, face twisted before the slow seep of release.

BRANDON withdraws, wiping himself with a stray t-shirt.

PRETTY HONEY pulls her skirt down-

PRETTY HONEY
(in Eastern
European accent)
Oh fuck..Did it split?

PRETTY HONEY desperately searches the tangle of sheets on the floor for a lost condom.

(CONTINUED)

PRETTY HONEY (CONT'D)

I got it in the t-shirt. It's fine. It's fine. It's in the t-shirt.

PRETTY HONEY nods, pulling on her underwear. BRANDON watches her, fastening a cheap nylon bra and tiny tiger print thong. She looks up, stares at him.

BRANDON looks away, fighting back the cold flutter of shame.

BRANDON

You want a drink?

PRETTY HONEY hesitates, shakes her head. BRANDON goes to the bathroom.

The sound of BRANDON peeing.

EXT. SUBWAY. NEW YORK. DAY.

The grey snake of a subway coming up from under ground-

BRANDON sits, the last person in the carriage, heading home.

EXT. ATHLETIC TRACK. NEAR APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DUSK

The slam of a basketball across a caged court-

BRANDON running around and around the outer perimeter-

The ragbag team of BASKETBALL PLAYERS play on oblivious-

BRANDON's fingers touching the same bit of knarled tape wrapped around the green trellis wire of the court almost in a kind of penance.

BRANDON keeps running, refusing to let himself stop.

INT. STREET. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DUSK.

BRANDON, forehead pressed against the cool of his front door, coming down from a run-

He stretches his legs against the steps until-

The splat of spit, hitting BRANDON's head. He looks up-

(CONTINUED)

SISSY

You run like a girl.

SISSY, lent out of the apartment window, eating ice cream from an ice cream tub. She offers teasing smile, delighted at her perfect aim, irritating and yet-

BRANDON shrugs, concedes, wiping the spit off his forehead.

BRANDON

(calling up)

Don't lean so far out of the frickin window, Sissy..You'll land like dogfood.

SISSY leans further, enjoying BRANDON's quiet panic-

BRANDON considers, working up the spit in his mouth until-

INT. STAIRWELL. APARTMENT BLOCK. NEW YORK. DUSK

BRANDON racing up the stairwell, hands flat against the walls, with quiet playful fury-

SISSY's goading squeals just audible overhead.

INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DUSK.

BRANDON slams SISSY, hard against the wall, grappling her onto the floor, grasping her wrists in playfight, working up a ball of spit until-

SISSY

No...No..No..

BRANDON leans over SISSY, caught in an arm lock, allowing a slow fall of gob to land on her head. He smiles, rubbing it hard into her forehead until-

SISSY (CONT'D)

Brandon..Brandon..Get off..Get off-

SISSY shoves BRANDON hard. He releases his grip, laughing-

SISSY (CONT'D)

You're such a dick.

(CONTINUED)

SISSY heads off, unamused, wiping spit off her face. She swipes BRANDON hard across his head in passing-

BRANDON shields himself, laughter sobering, breath heavy and exhausted, sunk against the wall of his bedroom, amidst the chaos of SISSY's debris

BRANDON considers, tiny traces of SISSY everywhere, clearly moved in-

BRANDON looks up watching SISSY moving on, scooping up a tub of ice cream resting on the side.

SISSY's t-shirt narrowly skimming her tiny panties as she pads towards a distant living room-

INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

BRANDON

Where d'you find the ice cream?

SISSY keeps walking.

SISSY

Back of the freezer.

BRANDON nods, heading towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

BRANDON peers into his fridge, pulling out a bottle of water-

SISSY

You want to go out?

BRANDON drinks-

BRANDON

No.

BRANDON hesitates, heading out-

SISSY

Only I'm not playing til gone nine.

81 **INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

81

BRANDON slides his laptop onto his desk-

SISSY

We could go eat. You could come
and see me after. Hear me sing?

BRANDON boots it up-

BRANDON

Are you going to talk because if
you're going to talk-?

BRANDON heads out-

82 **INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

82

SISSY tailing BRANDON along the corridor-

SISSY

Don't you even want to see where
it is.

BRANDON

Sure.

SISSY

I'm doing that bar on fifth
avenue..You know the one that we
went to that time I cut my lip-

BRANDON lifts up a pile of newspaper as he walks,
dropping them on a recycle pile.

BRANDON

Yeah?

SISSY

The best is next week Sammy's
got me a gig-

SILENCE-

BRANDON stands sorting through newspapers, clearly not
listening-

BRANDON

Can you clean up your shit in
there?

(CONTINUED)

SISSY finishes up the ice cream, rocking back and forth on her heels, mildly irritated and irritating as BRANDON moves on to stacking a pile of recycle junk ready to go out by the door.

SISSY

Sure..Yeah...

BRANDON enters his bedroom. SISSY stands, oddly rejected. BRANDON suddenly comes back, ticked off with a real thought-

BRANDON

Have you called mom?

(silence)

You should call her.

(silence)

Tell her you're here.

SISSY

Why?

BRANDON

Because she'll worry...Because-

SISSY

You call her.

BRANDON reaches for a bathrobe, heading towards the bathroom, conversation prickling with tension.

BRANDON

I called her Easter.

SISSY laughs, dry and angry-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I called her for her birthday.

SISSY

You got the wrong day.

BRANDON

28th March.

SISSY

20th. It's the 20th.

BRANDON hesitates by the bathroom door-

BRANDON

I sent a card.

(CONTINUED)

SISSY hesitates, suddenly flipping-

SISSY
Screw you Brandon.

SISSY finishes up the ice cream, heading towards the kitchen-

SISSY (CONT'D)
It's you she always talks
about.

The BANG of the fridge-

The RATTLE of bottles-

BRANDON considers the empty ice cream tub resting on the window ledge-

BRANDON enters the kitchen in a fury, slamming the fridge door closed dumping the empty ice cream tub in the bin-

BRANDON
Really?
(beat)
Really?

SISSY stays silent, searching for the beer opener-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
That's crap.

BRANDON dumps the empty bottle in the trash can.

SISSY
No-?

SISSY starts to try and open the beer herself slamming it against the side of the counter, trying to lever off the cap.

BRANDON, irritation growing, retrieves the beer opener, holding it out to SISSY-

SISSY (CONT'D)
You're such a fucking cliché
Brandon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SISSY (CONT'D)

A nothing from New Jersey makes
it in the city with your fucking
expresso machine and all this
fucking crap-

SISSY takes the beer opener, her hands shaking a
little.

BRANDON

(with realisation)

You're high.

She smiles, holding his eyes with quiet glassy gaze.

BRANDON slams down the beer opener, moving with a fury.

INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

The bathroom, caught in the half light. BRANDON enters,
flicking on the light-

He flicks on the shower, irritated by a pink spongy
wash ball hanging off the knob. He yanks it off, dumping
it in the bin.

He turns to the sink, irritated, a trail of detritus
littering the bathroom; cosmetics, underwear, cotton
buds, face creams, toothpaste lids off.

BRANDON screws a lid back on with growing irritation,
shoving SISSY's things back into her wash bag.

BRANDON

What is all this shit?

BRANDON picks up her stuff, binning it with a growing
fury, slamming a tube of half used cream into the
trash.

SISSY

Give that to me you mother
fucker, asshole..You fucking
freak..

(beat)

That's \$40 dollars a pop.

SISSY kicks the door-

SISSY (CONT'D)

Fuck you..Fuck you..Fuck
you..Fuck you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

SISSY (CONT'D)

Brandon...Fucking righteous
fucking piece of fucking
nothing..You fucking...fucking
fucked up...fucking asshole.

BRANDON suddenly slams a hand out, gripping SISSY's face, moving her out into the hall-

85 INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT

85

SISSY claws at BRANDON as he slams her hard against the wall-

She screams, he covers her mouth, she bites, he shoves her back against the wall, releasing his grip.

BRANDON

(shaking hurt hand)
Shit..Shit..

They stand in silence, a mutual rising shame threatening until-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

BRANDON sucks the soft piece of skin between thumb and first finger, cursing, heading into the bathroom.

86 INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

86

BRANDON closes the door on Sissy, sliding the bolt across the lock.

BRANDON goes to the sink, washes his bleeding hand under the tap until-

SISSY (O.C.)

Brandon-

BRANDON stands, desperately struggling with something-

He closes his eyes, eyelashes fragile and flickering
until-

BRANDON opens them, reaches a hand out, almost mechanically, turns up the shower, the room now swirling in steam, trying to drown SISSY's voice out.

(CONTINUED)

One hand reaching out towards a bottle of shower gel resting on a ledge above the bath, BRANDON quietly turns the bottle to expose the label-

A naked woman caresses herself in luxurious bubbles, seemingly washing her cares away.

Unbuttoning his flies, BRANDON slips his hands inside his trousers.

A gentle tap at the door-

SISSY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Brandon-

BRANDON's fingers work around his cock, looking for relief until-

SISSY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

BRANDON's gaze teeters on the image of the naked woman on the shower gel label, on the edge of climax-

BRANDON

Just-

BRANDON closes his eyes, tears pricking-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

..just..
(beat)
Sissy-?

BRANDON exhales, one hand moving slowly away from his cock, stopping himself letting the moment slowly pass until-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Just give me five.

BRANDON's gaze falls back to the shower bottle. He reaches his hand out, turning the shower gel bottle label back to the wall.

BRANDON zips up his flies. He stands by the running shower, fully clothed.

SISSY walking back resigned-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON's laptop on and open on his desk.

SISSY approaches it, sinking down in front of the illuminated laptop.

She absently taps the mouse, opening up the internet, the shifting lights of the screen cast across her face.

Slowly SISSY's face changes, a blurred smorgasbord of porn sites, graphic and obscene, their colours reflecting across her face and body

SISSY exhales with shocked surprise-

SUDDENLY a hand reaches out, snapping the laptop shut.

BRANDON picks up the laptop and head into his bedroom.

The CLOSE of the bedroom door.

The DEAFENING WHIR of a fire alarm-

BRANDON sits, a lone figure in an empty office, working, unfazed until-

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
(calling over)
Sir-?

BRANDON does not respond-

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
(calling over
louder)
Sir?

BRANDON looks up. A SECURITY GUARD stands across the office, near a sign pointing to a fire escape-

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
You have to evacuate the
building.

BRANDON nods, continues working-

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Sir-?

BRANDON hesitates, nods, starts to pack up-

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
You can leave your bag.

BRANDON hesitates-

The alarm WHIRS on-

89 **EXT. SQUARE. OUTSIDE OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.**

89

The DEAFENING WHIR of the alarm through-

BRANDON watches a SECURITY GUARD stub out a cigarette on the lid of a bin, eyes briefly grazing on-

A chiffon skirt rustling in the breeze of an opened door-

The fall of a gold chain on a thin female wrist-

The swing of a handbag strap on a partially revealed shoulder-

BRANDON sits drinking red bull. He dumps it into the bin.

BRANDON stands, allowing the flow of COLLEAGUES and OFFICE WORKERS to drain from the street back into the building ahead-

90 **INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DAY.**

90

The thump of music-

BRANDON moving like a dervish through the apartment, a black bin bag in his hand, dumping pieces of paper, post it notes and business cards with hastily written cellphone numbers on the back.

BRANDON moves on, picking up anything he can find. An old jacket, elbows worn. A handful of old t-shirts.

He moves off down the corridor with growing frenzy, grabbing more crap along the way, one of SISSY's dirty thongs on the floor. He picks it up, moving on.

91 **INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. DAY.**

91

An open fridge-

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

BRANDON tipping bowls of old food and long past it sell by date mush into the bag.

Cans of red bull, crappy cereals, jam with mould on top, an old spliff, magazines all get dumped on route.

BRANDON heads out, picking up more detritus along the way, old pens, an old cellphone, a pair of defunked headphones-

A pile of porn mags, in a cupboard, pulled out as he heads down along the corridor.

92 **INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

92

BRANDON enters his living room. A pile of porn CDS resting on the side, also hurled into the trash. A couple of wraps of coke, one empty, one half used. He slips a hand down the back of the sofa pulling out a bag of hash, dumping it in the bag. A tub of empty pen cartridges and crap grabbed from off a shelf. Old cards and invitations quickly read then torn and added to the sac.

BRANDON strips the room, pulling out an old pair of sneakers smelling and cracked from under a chair. He peers up looks around the room almost bare bar-

His laptop resting on his desk. BRANDON stops, considers, initially resistant and then something finally compels him to do it-

He picks up the laptop, yanking the plug hard from the wall. Dumping it inside the garbage sac, he moves on picking up an ipod, a portable gameboy, a nanopod, wires and cables and stuff. Slapping a tangle of wires into the garbage, he drags the heaving sac of crap out into the corridor.

The SLAM of the front door-

93 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DAY.**

93

BRANDON heading down the steps of his apartment, heaving he swelled and dripping sack into a heaving garbage bin parked on the sidewalk. A pile of black garbage sacs already piled up along the street in waiting for collection.

(CONTINUED)

Further down the street, a FATHER hollers at his gormless TEENAGE SON irritated by the arrangement of trash sacs littering the sidewalk.

A SIREN goes past-

The DISTANT banter of a GANG OF KIDS.

BRANDON heads back up to his apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DUSK

Music, deafening, the volume up to the max-

Late afternoon sunlight casting shadows across the wall-

BRANDON dancing in a frenzy, trying to block everything out, peeling an orange, eating it while he dances.

BRANDON dances on and on-

The distant ring of BRANDON's phone.

The answerphone kicking in, just audible fragments of a message being left-

MARIANNE ON ANSWERPHONE

(silence)

....Brandon are you OK? I was just checking in. David said you called in sick.

(silence)

OK..OK give me a call.

The dead tone of the answerphone-

MARIANNE hangs up.

BRANDON keeps on dancing-

HEAVY THUDS on BRANDON's door-

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)

Hey turn that down...

BRANDON dances on.

INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

Night-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON lies wrapped under a sheet, caught in the bright glare of his side light-

He lies face pressed against the cool of the pillow-

A photograph, BRANDON aged six with SISSY aged four dressed as Cowboys or the like, smiling, stuck to the edge of the lamp-

BRANDON keeps staring at it, focusing on it, willing himself on-

The HUM of the air conditioning-

The DISTANT SOUND of a chopper circling low over the area.

BRANDON lies on his back, staring up at the ceiling, fingers gripping the sheets, turning his face to the wall.

He closes his eyes, tries to sleep until-

Suddenly BRANDON gets up in only boxers and bare feet.

The distant SLAM of the door.

A dimly lit street-

A million bin bags now banked all the way along the sidewalk, BRANDON stands momentarily defeated. Then suddenly he's pulling open foul smelling refuge sacs, filled with the entire neighbourhood's crap.

Five, six bags are ripped open, BRANDON rifles through them to no avail, clambering knee deep in amongst them, now hip deep, dragging those from the bottom up to the top.

He claws at another, soiled cat litter and shit spill across his bare feet, skidding in litter pebbles, sticking like rice crispies to his feet.

BRANDON

Fuck-

(CONTINUED)

But still he is undeterred feverishly tearing at plastic, fishing around amongst broken eggs, old tampax, cooking oil, the fluff from a hairbrush, a slick of cooking oil dripping, seeping into the gutter. He moves on, old nappies, pizza boxes half filled with take away. A pile of bank statements and old prescriptions flutter across the street. BRANDON is oblivious, lost in his search, dragging another bag from deep within the heaving swamp of bags. He is covered now in tomato sauce and baby shit and crap.

Suddenly BRANDON stops dripping with sweat, desperate on the edge of defeat.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Fuck.fuck..mother..fucking..fuck
..fuck..fuck-

BRANDON sinks down on the pavement, the stench of rotten food pervades, head in his hand, fury and despair overwhelming until-

A tiny sweet corner of a woman's vagina, a tongue licking her pussy on the page of a porn mag, just visible through a spilt in a sac. BRANDON exhales and at once he is smiling, tearing open the bag with relief, a hand diving amongst the mush of old food and electrical wires until at last-

BRANDON pulls out his laptop, dripping in household slime, meat sauce and cornflakes and yet it has never felt so beautiful in his hands-

He wipes the slick of sauce off the lid, turning at once to head inside. Though victorious, he leaves a trail of rotting devastation; a dog already licking at the crap left in BRANDON's wake.

The far off hum of a truck radio-

The distant pulse of a garbage truck, steady on the approach.

The HOLLER and BANTER of GARBAGE COLLECTORS escorting it either side as it drives, hurling garbage sacs banking the sidewalk into the truck's crushing teeth.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

A GARBAGE MAN jumps down from the back of the truck, surveying the wreck of bags BRANDON has left behind. He picks up the bags, shoving them into the truck-

The flutter of pages ripped from a porn mag, caught in the breeze. The GARBAGE MAN picks one up smiles, holding it up for the other COLLECTORS.

The PEEP of the garbage truck as it drags at a snail's pace off down the street.

98 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE SANITATION CENTRE. NEW YORK. DAWN.** 98

A lone garbage truck pulling into the wide yard of a sanitation centre-

The HURL of ABUSE and MALE BANTER of SANITATION WORKERS as they direct trucks back towards a giant tip-

The PEEP PEEP of the truck as it reverses into a wide squat buidling-

A LATINO SANITATION WORKER directs him in, hands heavy in grimy thick rubber gloves

99 **INT. WAREHOUSE. SANITATION BUIDLING. NEW YORK. DAWN.** 99

The RUMBLE and GRIND of metal as the truck tilts its load-

The slide of crap rushing down, spilling out onto an already vast pile-

A school of SANITATION WORKERS rifling through the rubbish, pulling out old mattresses and TV's dumped amongst the rubbish

Beyond a fork lift truck shuvels up the trash, tipping it into a crusher-

Beyond an open yard-

100 **EXT. YARD. SANITATION BUILDING. NEW YORK. DAY.** 100

Overhead seagulls SQUAWK and HOVER-

A wide tug boat, filled with crushed garbage loaded up on a distant tug.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

Beyond, the swell of the grey Hudson-

101 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. NEW YORK. DAY.

101

The glare of neon light-

BRANDON steadily buttoning up a shirt, fingers tracing down one by one until-

SALESGIRL (O.S.)

The cuff's meant to be-

(adjusting down)

Down-

BRANDON nods, takes in his reflection, aware of a SALESGIRL. She hovers, just out of view, her presence felt in the tiny touch, the rustle of sound-

SALESGIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's really nice. Really..You see the line here?.It's cut a little slimmer.

Her finger traces down the inside of BRANDON's shirted torso from just under his arm to hip-

SALESGIRL (CONT'D)

Very flattering.

BRANDON shrugs-

BRANDON

May I try it in the blue please?

SALESGIRL (O.S.)

Sure..Sure..Can I just get-

The SALESGIRL runs a finger around the back of the collar-

Goosebumps suddenly flare and pimple his neck as she pulls up the label, checking the collar size-

SALESGIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're an 8 right?

BRANDON nods, trying not to be distracted by-

The arch of the SALESGIRLS ankles as she crouches down, opening drawers pulling out shirts.

(CONTINUED)

A diamond engagement ring almost loose on her finger.

The fall of her shoes, revealing the stocking soles of her heels as she leans forward on her knees, close by.

BRANDON

She likes blue.

The SLIDE of a drawer, the SALESGIRL's fingers tapping the sides as she pushes it in.

SALESGIRL (O.S.)

That's so cute. It's for a date?

The SNAP of sales tags and rip of plastic as the SALESGIRL unwraps another shirt-

SALESGIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's 20% off until the end of May.

The SALESGIRL holds out the shirt to him-

BRANDON stands, now shirtless-

BRANDON

Thank you-

He takes the shirt, fingers brushing hers.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Which would you choose?

The SALESGIRL wavers, flushes, a hard on clear and visible in BRANDON pants.-

SALESGIRL (O.S.)

(looking away)

I'd go with the grey.

The SALESGIRL nervously tidies around him.

BRANDON nods, sudden humiliation seeping over him.

He pulls on the shirt, steadily buttons them up, considers with quiet intense reflection tweaking the cuffs, pulling the collar.

A brownstone apartment-

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

BRANDON waits on the front step in new grey shirt. He has flowers. MARIANNE smiles, on opening the door-

MARIANNE

Hey-

BRANDON

Hey.

They shyly kiss. MARIANNE lets him in.

103 INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE HOUSE. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

103

The DISTANT MURMUR of kids' cartoons-

BRANDON stands, newly let in.

Through scissored view-

MARIANNE just visible through an ajar door, talking to a TEENAGE BABYSITTER-

Spread-eagled on his front on the floor a **BOY** [5 yrs] sits silently spooning coco pops into his mouth, lost in watching TV-

MARIANNE (O.S.)

He gets ten more minutes then I want him in bed, OK.

BRANDON exhales, suddenly uneasy-

MARIANNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

OK baby?

The gentle graze of MARIANNE's hand across the back of his head.

The BOY wriggles as MARIANNE tickles his belly, smothering him with kisses. BRANDON looks on, face pulsing with a silent panic-

Suddenly, MARIANNE clocks BRANDON looking-

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

You want to say hello?

MARIANNE carries the BOY arms wrapped around his neck, his feet standing on the front of hers as she walks him playfully into the hall.

(CONTINUED)

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

This is Brandon.

BRANDON stiffens-

BRANDON

Hi-

A cartoon of Iron man visible on the BOY's t-shirt.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Iron man?

(beat)

You like Iron Man?

The BOY shrugs-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(beat)

Lets see your muscles-

BRANDON squeezes the BOY's muscles. MARIANNE smiles, clearly enjoying seeing this-

MARIANNE

OK..You heard what I said..Ten more minutes and then-

The graze of MARIANNE's fingers through the BOY's curly black hair-

The soft kiss of her lips against the BOY's forehead.

BRANDON

(sudden)

May I use your bathroom please?

MARIANNE gestures towards a distant door-

MARIANNE

Sure-

GIGGLES and LAUGHTER as MARIANNE and the BOY head back into the sitting room.

BRANDON grips the edge of the bath. He sits. Stands. Looks at his reflection in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

A dinosaur plaster pulled off and puckered still with the shape of a little finger resting on the sink, next to a kids toothbrush.

BRANDON splashes his face. He looks at himself long and hard in the mirror, a slow sense of decision seeping across his face-

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out his phone. He taps in a number-

He flushes the toilet, smooths back his hair, cheeks blotted with water, wiping them with his shirt.

He exhales, presses five, slipping his phone back into his pocket.

He exits.

105 **INT. HALLWAY. HOUSE. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

105

MARIANNE stands waiting her coat on.

MARIANNE

OK?

BRANDON nods, hesitates a little, the cellphone sunk deep in his pocket.

BRANDON

Ready to roll.

MARIANNE smiles

BRANDON follows MARIANNE out-

The MURMUR of kids cartoons play on-

106 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE HOUSE. NEW YORK . NIGHT**

106

BRANDON and MARIANNE coming out of the building, heading down the street.

BRANDON

He's cute.

MARIANNE smiles-

MARIANNE

Yeah-

(CONTINUED)

MARIANNE takes BRANDON's hand. BRANDON stiffens a little but smiles.

They walk-

Suddenly the vibrate of BRANDON's phone in his pocket. He takes it out, seemingly reading the name of the caller-

BRANDON slips it back in his pocket and keeps walking, hand in hand until-

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

You can answer it.

BRANDON

It's OK.

The phone rings on-

They walk until-

BRANDON reluctantly pulls the phone out of his pocket.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(answering)

Hello-

MARIANNE stands, waiting close by-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hi..OK..No I'm just..on my way out to eat.

BRANDON looks to MARIANNE, mouths apology-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(mouthed)

Sorry.

(on phone)

Babbo's..Well you've gone on about it so much so I thought I'd try it...Yes..With a woman..

MARIANNE smiles-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Can we move on please?...What?
Now...Do I have to?...Can't Ryan?

(CONTINUED)

MARIANNE looks at him, face flickering with concern-

MARIANNE
(mouthed)
David-

BRANDON nods-

BRANDON
(on phone)
Can you just hold a minute-

BRANDON covers the mouthpiece of the phone.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
He's panicking about the
Broadman pitch.

MARIANNE smiles, clearly disappointed-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I'll tell him I can't-

MARIANNE
No-

MARIANNE laughs seeing his face so filled with obvious
despair-

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
It's OK..It's OK..Really. It's
OK.

She kisses him-

BRANDON
...I promise you..We'll go
Friday..I'm so so sorry...Fuck..

BRANDON walks ahead a little-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
(on phone)
You owe me..yeah Yeah
Yeah...I'll come now....Calm
down..David just..Bye-

BRANDON turns walking back to MARIANNE, for a brief
second a voice audible, distant on the end of his
cellphone-

(CONTINUED)

CELLPHONE

*This is a delayed ringback,
please hang up...This is a
delayed ring back please...*

BRANDON flips the phone shut, heading back to MARIANNE-

MARIANNE

We'll do it another time.

MARIANNE smiles. They stand holding hands.

BRANDON

Friday. I promise Friday.

They kiss.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

OK?

MARIANNE

Great-

MARIANNE heads inside.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Really..It's..just fine.
(smiles)
Go..Go..

The CLICK of the door.

BRANDON stands waits, guilt flickering on his face. He turns heads off up the street.

The phone rings again-

He curses, answering-

BRANDON

*This is a delayed ringback,
please hang up...This is a
delayed ring back please...*

He heads off up the street, tapping at keys, cancelling the ring back.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Shit-

107 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 107

BRANDON walking along the street, heading towards his apartment. He stops, looks up, sees the light on his apartment. His heart sinks. BRANDON turns, retreats, heading back towards the subway.

108 **INT. CINEMA. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 108

Darkness-

A half full cinema auditorium.

BRANDON sits alone, popcorn in his lap. He shovels popcorn into his mouth, eyes watching-

A porn movie on his cellphone.

An action movie playing on the big screen overhead, some frantic car chase.

BRANDON barely looks up, eyes glued to the porn movie.

109 **INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NIGHT.** 109

The CLICK of the front door-

BRANDON slips his shoes on, hesitating on hearing-

The distant muffled MURMUR of the TV-

The thin seep of light from under the closed living room door.

BRANDON, carries his shoes, heading into his bedroom, closing the door.

110 **INT. TOILETS. OFFICE. DAY.** 110

BRANDON just coming out of a toilet cubicle.

He washes his hands.

111 **INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DUSK.** 111

BRANDON crossing his office, greeting arriving CLIENTS.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

DAVID
(calling over)
Marianne. Could we have some
water please?

MARIANNE smiles, goes off in search of water-

MARIANNE
Sure-

MARIANNE's fingers graze BRANDON's in passing. He
stiffens a little-

BRANDON follows the CLIENTS into the meeting room.

112 **INT. RESTAURANT. HOTEL. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

112

DAVID, BRANDON and CLIENTS seated in a leather booth-

DAVID
Oh yeah..Oh yeah..He's spinning
in traffic and then BAM!

A BEAUTIFUL WAITRESS in peach dress and heels passes-

DAVID (CONT'D)
He cut through the line of line
of them like chicken fat. Then
BAM
He's got a head an a half on
Harrington. Call ahead next time
and we can get you tickets-

DAVID nods to BRANDON-

BRANDON
Yep. No problem. We can get
tickets

113 **INT. LIFT. HOTEL. NIGHT.**

113

BRANDON, DAVID and CLIENTS travelling in a darkened
lift-

The glow of TV screens on either wall, projecting a
weird reel of eerie 'art'.

DAVID
Weird huh?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

The CLIENTS peer closer to the screen-

CLIENT

They got a bit of Michael
Jackson in there.

DAVID peers at a ghostly Michael Jackson dancing
amongst the weird scrolling images of heaven and hell.

DAVID

You stayed in the one in Miami?

CLIENT

No..Mike was saying it was
great.

BRANDON stands, watching the glow of floor numbers as
the lift ascends.

DAVID

Really. Check it out.

The doors glide open-

BRANDON, DAVID and CLIENTS exit into a rich warm,
orange world.

114 **INT. BAR. HOTEL. NIGHT.**

114

A beautiful bar, Metropolis meets Blade Runner, a
glittering New York skyline to the North of the room,
the grey endless black of the Hudson to the South.

The murmur of conversation-

The shake of cocktails mixed-

BRANDON seated with DAVID and the CLIENTS, at a far
table.

DAVID's fingers graze the arm of the stunning leggy
COCKTAIL WAITRESS, dressed in silky 1930's cigarette
girl costume.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

OK..Here you go..

The COCKTAIL WAITRESS smiles, slides their drinks down.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Excuse me for asking but..Your
accent? You've got to be from-

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Brazil.

DAVID

(looking around)
Didn't I say-? I'm guessing Rio.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Sao Paulo.

DAVID

I love that city.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

You've been there?

The COCKTAIL WAITRESS slides empty glasses on to the
tray-

DAVID

Once or twice.

The COCKTAIL WAITRESS turns her charm onto the rest of
the table.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Anything else I can help you
gentlemen with?

BRANDON's eyes skirting DAVID's finger touching her
fingers as she clears away.

DAVID

If you'd like to join us for a
drink later-

The COCKTAIL WAITRESS smiles, moving on, she's heard it
all before.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Maybe.

DAVID smiles, clocks BRANDON's look.

DAVID

What? They'd be pissed if we
didn't try.

(CONTINUED)

Laughter-

DAVID (CONT'D)
I was talking to Brandon with
regard to our conversation
earlier-

The fragile first bars of a distant piano-

CLIENT
We're sorta swayed at the moment
towards YDA-

DAVID and the CLIENTS fall back into conversation.
BRANDON sits, drinking, oddly distracted-

DAVID (O.S.)
No doubt about it. We've found
again and again YDA is
outperforming 37% maybe nearer
40% higher than fall 2009-

DAVID looks to BRANDON, passing the baton-

DAVID (CONT'D)
Brandon can expand on this?

A woman's voice, low at first but oddly beautiful-

BRANDON
Viral interface is astronomical
in its ability to transform a
staggered market-

BRANDON's keeps talking but something is unsettling
him, rippling just out of view of his periphery vision-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
...but we need to be real
careful how we asses these
figures. The last thing you want
is-

Across the room, the familiar fall of long dark punky
hair-

Sinewy fingers gently moving along the piano keys-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
...A marketing strategy that
just won't perform.

(CONTINUED)

SISSY lost in playing beautiful, bluesy music.

SISSY's voice is oddly haunting underscoring the bubble of conversation wavering a little on seeing BRANDON across the room. Their eyes lock.

DAVID

Brandon?

She smiles, with quiet surprise-

DAVID (CONT'D)

YDA is certainly a safe bet but-

BRANDON looks away, ignoring SISSY's gaze, not wanting to look at her. SISSY plays on, inwardly crestfallen, her fingers working across the piano keys.

BRANDON

...I'd look at the smaller sets
up-

DAVID leans back, letting BRANDON roll, eyes grazing over SISSY, a kind of white noise to SISSY's beautiful music-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Undoubtedly they are stimulating
some of the current phenomenal
trends. The hook ups they're
making with the larger
communication companies. It's
really very exciting.

The seeping first bars of 'New York New York' filtering through-

SISSY

(singing)

*Start spreading the news. I'm
leaving today. I want to be a
part of it. New York..New York.*

It's a familiar song but in SISSY's hands, every word punctures like an emotional fireburst-

SISSY (CONT'D)

(singing)

*I want to wake up in a city that
doesn't sleep. And find I'm king
of the hill, top of the heap.*

(CONTINUED)

SISSY's eyes dart back to BRANDON, seemingly lost in his conversation, but competing now with SISSY and her song-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
My little town blues-

Suddenly SISSY's fingers drop from the piano, her whole body curving into the microphone offering a blues vocal acoustic, slowly but quietly captivating-

*They're melting away. I gonna
make a brand new start of it.*

Even DAVID's listening now-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
In old New York....

SISSY's up moving now, she is completely lost in the song and the room is coming with her-

DAVID
Wow-

BRANDON concedes, looking back at SISSY, now holding the room.

SISSY
(singing)
If I can make it there-

A kind of hushed still has descended-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
*I'll make it anywhere. It's up
to you..New york, new york.New
York, New York-*

SISSY comes closer, walking between the tables, flirting and laughing and drawing the audience in until they are in the palm of her hand.

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
*I want to wake up in a city,
that never sleeps
And find I'm a number one-*

(CONTINUED)

SISSY grazes past BRANDON's table, eyes catching on BRANDON, singing for him now-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
*Top of the list, king
of the hill-*

BRANDON drinks, not looking at SISSY. She closes her eyes, tears stinging, reeling back into herself-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
A number one...

SISSY draws out the note, bringing the song momentarily to a silence-

SISSY's misty eyes open as BRANDON at last looks at her, the moment oddly fragile between them, brutal and yet tender. Even DAVID sensing something until-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
These little town blues-

SISSY turns, makes her way back to the piano, enjoying it now-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
Are melting away...

Fingers touching the keys once more, masterfully picking up and improvising with the last few bars-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
*I'm gonna make a brand new start
of it - in old
new york..*

SISSY leans back. She is on fire now, singing with every fibre of her heart and soul, like no other rendition heard.

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
*And if I can make it there, I'm
gonna make it
anywhere It up to you-*

(CONTINUED)

SISSY holds BRANDON with a voice, a sudden flickering emotion threatening to topple her, somehow in SISSY's hands this song is heartbreaking...

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
New york New york
(quieter now)
New York..New York..
(even quieter)
New york New york
(almost to a
whisper)
New york New york.

SISSY strikes one last note, lost deep within herself-

HUSHED SILENCE-

Slowly, SISSY smiles, comes back into the room-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(into microphone)
Thank you.

Sudden APPLAUSE, CHEERS, OVERWHELMING-

DAVID
Really Wow!

BRANDON looks away, eyes filling with tears.

DAVID (CONT'D)
She's good.

BRANDON nods,drinks-

BRANDON
You think?

BRANDON puts down his drink, blotting his coaster with the imprint of the deep red rim of his glass-

He's the only one not applauding.

Later-

SISSY tentative on the approach-

(CONTINUED)

SISSY

Hey-

DAVID is already up on his feet, CLIENTS close by-

DAVID

That was phenomenal. I mean
seriously. You were-

The CLIENTS smile-

SISSY

Thank you-

SISSY smiles, flushes, it is all oddly unexpected.

SISSY hovers, it is awkward.

SISSY (CONT'D)

Hey Brandon.

DAVID looks to BRANDON quizzical, trying to read the
situation-

BRANDON

This is my sister.

DAVID stands, already making room for her.

DAVID

You've got a sister?

SISSY flushes, smiles, looking to BRANDON.

DAVID (CONT'D)

May I please buy you a drink?

SISSY smiles, eyes darting to BRANDON. He looks away.

SISSY

I'm kind off-

DAVID pulls up a chair, SISSY concedes, takes the seat.
She nods to the hovering WAITRESS-

SISSY (CONT'D)

Whisky sour.

The WAITRESS smiles, move on-

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

DAVID
(to BRANDON)
Really?

LAUGHTER-

DAVID (CONT'D)
You sure you're related to him?

SISSY smiles, eyes dart back to BRANDON, seemingly joining in and yet-

SISSY
He'd play, I'd sing.

BRANDON smiles, stiffly, eyes watching SISSY falling into flirtatious conversation with DAVID.

SISSY (CONT'D)
OK..Give it up...Tell me more..

The tiny innocuous scene caught in the glass of the window beyond-

116 **INT. BAR. HOTEL. NIGHT.**

116

A wide curve of a window, floor to ceiling glass perfectly framing the Hudson bay-

BRANDON stands, drink in hand, looking out, SISSY laughing and a little drunk with DAVID and the CLIENTS caught in the glass.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
(in passing)
May I refresh your glass, Sir?

BRANDON shakes his head, the glass swilling in his hand. He presses his forehead against the cool of the glass, looking down twenty floors.

Far below, three huge security dogs, pace back and forth across a wide oil slicked haulage yard.

DAVID
Brandon..Come here..Come here-

BRANDON moves over to the table. SISSY is a little more flushed, a little looser, the CLIENTS nice and mellow now.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

SISSY raises her glass from the table, it tings against BRANDON's resting close by, making the glass hum.

BRANDON
(hushed aside)
You've had enough.

SISSY leans into him, seemingly tender, wrapping an arm across his lap-

SISSY
(hushed bite back)
Lighten up.

The fall of the chiffon of SISSY's sleeve revealing-

A cross stitch of scars, the trail of self harm laced up her arm. BRANDON looks across the table seeing a CLIENT clock this. He smiles. The CLIENT smiles, clearly unsettled.

117 **INT. LOBBY. HOTEL. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

117

The glide of the lift doors open-

DAVID, BRANDON and SISSY step out. SISSY's high, happy, gripping DAVID's arm, laughing.

SISSY
I don't believe you-

DAVID lifts his shirt, showing SISSY his rib cage.

DAVID
This one and this one. Punctured
by lung right here-

BRANDON inwardly recoils, watching SISSY flirt.

A DOORMAN hovers, slick and beautiful in 80's suit.

DOORMAN
Want a taxi?

BRANDON nods-

DOORMAN (CONT'D)
Where you going?

BRANDON
Downtown.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

The DOORMAN flags down a taxi, BRANDON helps DAVID in-

DAVID

Let me drop you guys.

SISSY already clambering in-

BRANDON

That's crazy. You're going in a
totally different direction.

The SLAM of the taxi door-

BRANDON stands helpless, forced to climb in.

118 **INT. TAXI. HOTEL. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

118

BRANDON wedged in the back of a taxi next to DAVID and
SISSY, lost in eating one another's faces.

BRANDON leans forward, pressing a finger to a touch
screech. How to Look Naked or the like hosted by
Jessica Simpson audible on the TV screen.

BRANDON looks out of the window.

DAVID and SISSY snog on. It's almost animal.

119 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

119

A dimly lit street-

BRANDON stands waiting for SISSY still in the taxi with
DAVID, the meter ticking on.

BRANDON hesitates, lightly taps the window. Nothing.

Finally SISSY steps out of the taxi, tripping up the
stairs, clutching her heels.

BRANDON is already ahead, letting himself into the
apartment block.

SISSY close behind, she tiptoes in her bare feet across
the sidewalk, high and giggling

120 **INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

120

BRANDON rifling through his cabinets finding-

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

A cannister of tea. BRANDON dumps tea bags into a mug.

He stands, restless, watching, waiting for the kettle to boil.

121 INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

121

SISSY spread eagled on the sofa, struggling to pull her dress off, caught in a tangle.

BRANDON

You're tearing it.

He slides a cup of tea down on the side.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Keep still.

Gently BRANDON untangles her long hair, caught in the buttons of her dress. He pulls it off gently.

SISSY

Thanks-

BRANDON nods-

He takes the dress, folds it neatly on the chair close by-

SISSY sips her tea, sunk like a newly born foal, all legs and silly high heels. Her make up smudged.

She sips her tea. It burns her top lip.

She looks up-

BRANDON just visible undressing in his bedroom.

122 INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

122

BRANDON lies in bed, in the half light-

SISSY

Brandon-?

SISSY flicks the light on, to bright-

BRANDON inwardly flinches. SISSY turns it off.

(CONTINUED)

SISSY (CONT'D)

Sorry...Sorry..

SILENCE-

SISSY enters, lies down on the bed, half undressed, a series of raw scars now visible criss crossing her arms and wrist.

SILENCE-

SISSY leans over picking up the photo of her with BRANDON as a little girl.

BRANDON

Sissy, I gotta be up and out by
7 am-

SISSY slides back the photo on the side-

SISSY

Sure.

She lies-

SILENCE-

BRANDON, face pressed to the pillow, heart thumping-

BRANDON

Will you get your feet off my
bed?

BRANDON sits up, flicks on the light-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Your feet are like black..You're
bringing in all the crap from
the sidewalk..Fuck..

BRANDON swipes down the bed, straightening up the
bedsheets.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

It's all over-

SISSY, laughs, still high, its all so sad and funny.

SISSY

(moving off)
You stupid fucking pervert.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

BRANDON is up and after Sissy in an instant-

BRANDON
What did you say?

123 **INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NIGHT.**

123

BRANDON on her tail now, Sissy padding towards the bathroom-

SISSY
That crap you watch on your
frickin' laptop day and night.

SISSY flicks him the finger heading into the bathroom.

BRANDON follows her in.

124 **INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.**

124

SISSY turns to close the door, BRANDON stands in her way blocking it. She considers, pulling her panties down.

He looks away-

SISSY sinks on the toilet. She urinates.

SISSY
Those ugly sad bitches, waxed
and plucked and fucked-

SISSY stands up, wipes herself, pulls her panties up-

SISSY (CONT'D)
What's that? That's shit off the
sidewalk Brandon. That's pure
fucking filthy scum.

BRANDON heads out, Sissy is behind him now.

125 **INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. NIGHT.**

125

BRANDON flicks the kettle back on, a fragile fury, on the edge of explosion .

SISSY
Can't you get a girl-

(CONTINUED)

SISSY rifles in the back of the freezer, pulling out a bottle of vodka. SISSY searches for a glass. She slams it down, pulling out the ice tray.

SISSY (CONT'D)

...and meet a girl-

She slaps the ice tray on the counter top, sending ice flyer. She slams a handful in her glass. She pours the glass to the top, drinking it in easy gulps.

SISSY (CONT'D)

...and fuck a girl-

She reaches out to touch him.

SISSY (CONT'D)

...and love a girl-? I mean is that what's fucking wrong with you? Huh?

SILENCE-

SISSY (CONT'D)

Brandon, fucking speak..Fucking say something..Just open your fucking mouth and say something please..It can't just be me..Talking..talking..Brandon?

He recoils, sharp and shocking, lashing out, slamming the boiling kettle in the sink.

BRANDON

Shut up..shut up..shut up..shut up...shut up..shut up..shut up..Shut up..Shut up...Shut up-

BRANDON enters his bedroom, fizzing with furious energy. He picks up his jacket and shirt dumped on the floor, brushing them down with his hands. He reaches for a hanger, hanging up his clothes, sliding them into the closet ignoring SISSY standing in the doorway-

SISSY

You'd play. And I'd sing and after-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON stands, his back to Sissy, not able to look at her, balling socks and banging them in his drawer.

Sissy (CONT'D)

Say it, you fucking mutant.

BRANDON holds the drawer slid half closed, teetering on its ballbearing roll.

Sissy (CONT'D)

Did Dad do to you what he did to me?

He just can't bear it-

Sissy (CONT'D)

(beat)

Brandon?

Then at last he turns, looking long and hard at Sissy, quietly challenging and yet revealing all, a heartbreak only Sissy would understand.

Sissy nods, tears rolling down her face, mascara caught like black bubbles on her lashes-

Sissy drinks some more-

BRANDON resumes balling socks-

Sissy exits.

BRANDON stops-

The rise and fall of his breath-

The distant CLUNK of the fridge door open-

The distant CHINK of ice slammed into a glass-

Sissy already onto the next drink.

BRANDON turns off the light. He stands in the darkness.

BRANDON sinks on the bed-

The HUM of the air conditioning, relentless-

BRANDON stands, exits-

128 INT. BAR. NEW YORK. NIGHT. 128

The FLIRTY GIRL giggles-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I like the taste. I like the way
it feels. I like the way it's
just me and it...I like to slip
my tongue inside-

The FLIRTY GIRL leans in closer, her lips blotting the
edge of a glass overfilled with beer.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
...just as you come.

FLIRTY GIRL
Then what would you do.

BRANDON
I'd fuck you.

From behind, the FLIRTY GIRL's MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
approaches-

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
Hey-

The FLIRTY GIRL deflects, hurriedly scooping up the
tray-

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)
You OK?

FLIRTY GIRL
Yeah.

BRANDON
I was just telling your pretty
girlfriend I'd like to fuck her.
I'd like to fuck her in her
sweet pussy and then I'd fuck
her even harder up her ass.

BRANDON drinks-

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
What-?

BRANDON turns, smiles provocatively, knows what's
coming next.

129

INT. STREET. OUTSIDE BAR. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

129

The slip and slide of BRANDON's shoes, his face smashed against the sidewalk. The MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND comes in hard again, kicking him, sharp in the ribs. BRANDON recoils yet almost seems to want more as he struggles to stand.

BRANDON

She said your dick tastes like
shit.

The MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND rounds on BRANDON smashing into his face, his chest, his ribs-

The skid of blood and smear of smashed glass across the sidewalk. BRANDON lies, barely able to focus, blood seeping out of his nose and ears.

Across the street the MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND shoves his FLIRTY GIRL along the street, back towards the bar-

BRANDON laughs, punch drunk and despairing, crouched foetal on the sidewalk.

130

INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.

130

BRANDON, his blacked and bruised face is a mess and yet he sits focused on work, fingers tapping the keyboard.

He looks up, eyes silently tracking DAVID heading towards his office.

BRANDON considers.

131

INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.

131

The end of a meeting-

BRANDON taps on the door-

DAVID (O.S.)

No..We said an hour French and
then Isabella will pick you up
while Mommy gets Nathan and then
you can go after-

DAVID sits in front of his PC working while he skypes his son, his voice just audible in the background.

(CONTINUED)

SKYPE SON

*I know..Yeah..But Mommy says I
can't-*

DAVID nods to BRANDON, barely looking up at him-

DAVID

OK, so I want you to go and talk
to mommy-

SKYPE SON

She's all the way down stairs.

DAVID barely wavers-

DAVID

Go and talk to mommy and tell
her Daddy says you can go play
at Jason's-

SKYPE SON

Ah-

DAVID

(more urgent)
Go on-

SKYPE SON

OK.
(far off)
Mommy-

DAVID visibly relaxes, but does not look up from his
work.

DAVID

Hey-

DAVID brief but unwavering in his look as he smiles-

DAVID (CONT'D)

What happened to you-?

BRANDON

(shrugs)
Nothing-

DAVID hesitates, eyes quietly searching until-

DAVID

Get some ice on it.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

DAVID smiles, resumes working-

DAVID (CONT'D)
...My wife says I'm not to go
out with you again.

DAVID smiles to himself-

DAVID (CONT'D)
....I always have too good a
time. That sister of yours
however-

DAVID whistles between his teeth, still not looking up
from working-

DAVID (CONT'D)
Can I get her number?

BRANDON inwardly recoils-

BRANDON
Sure-

From beyond-

SKYPE SON
Daddy...Daddy...

BRANDON exits.

DAVID
OK...What did she say-?

A child's painting stuck to the wall behind DAVID.

132 **INT. BATHROOM. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.**

132

The BAM OF A DOOR hard against the wall, BRANDON in.

BRANDON goes to enter a cubicle hesitating on seeing-

A PUERTO RICAN CLEANER changing toilet roll at a snails
pace.

BRANDON stands agitated looking down the long line of
cubicles until-

BRANDON heads for the last cubicle at the end of the
line, several doors down.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

BRANDON enters.

133 INT. CUBICLE. BATHROOM. OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY.

133

BRANDON slides the lock across the door, turns, ready to start the familiar ritual. Reaching for the toilet roll, BRANDON hesitates-

An empty roll.

BRANDON considers with brooding fury-

The ring of BRANDON's phone-

BRANDON looks at caller ID - SISSY. BRANDON ignores it flicking his phone off-

The absent singing of the PUERTO RICAN CLEANER audible-

The steady back and forth, shuffle of feet, swing of doors, tampering of toilet roll holder drawing closer until-

BRANDON
(calling out)
Excuse me.

BRANDON waits, the PUERTO RICAN CLEANER sings on oblivious until-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Excuse me.

Nothing-

The shuffle and door swings continue until-

BRANDON exits, leaving the swing of the door behind.

The PUERTO RICAN CLEANER looks on. He goes back to his broom cupboard, opens the door. A mountain of toilet rolls stacked up against the wall. He pulls a six pack of rolls down to reveal-

The wall behind plastered with graphic porn images of beautiful Black and Asian girls.

The PUERTO RICAN CLEANER moves on, moving in and out of the cubicles, refilling the toilet roll.

134

EXT. STREET. NEAR BAR. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

134

A illuminating a dimly lit street-

MARIANNE waiting inside the bar, seated, with a drink, clearly there for some time.

BRANDON stands watching from a distance. He smooths down the collar of his shirt, checking his reflection in a store window for the third time. He looks back, makes to cross the street-

A gang of TEENAGERS pass-

BRANDON instinctively hangs back, hating himself, the moment once more missed. He brushes fluff off his jacket, waits. Brushes a second time, pulling at a loose thread on his button.

BRANDON's eyes dart back across the street, a quiet agitation growing-

MARIANNE just visible, eyes checking the room, with quiet concern.

BRANDON makes to cross, hovering on the edge of the gutter until-

BRANDON starts trembling.

He tries again but again he stops until-

BRANDON turns keeps walking frustrated yet defeated leaving MARIANNE far behind, visible in the cafe window, all alone.

The DRONE of taxi's streaking past-

Suddenly BRANDON is crying, the tears flowing slow at first until they rush, like floodgates opening. He reaches for breath, trying to stifle the howls emanating from his body, inconsolable now, flooded with emotion-

Two WOMEN seated outside a bar, drinking and eating sushi, lost in their laughing conversation oblivious-

BRANDON walks on-

A YOUNG MAN with a satchel roughly brushes past him-

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG MAN

Sorry man-

The YOUNG MAN wavers on seeing BRANDON is crying, moving on-

BRANDON's face is a mess of snot and tears, head down wanting to get away.

A rush of TEENAGERS and MIDDLE AGED COUPLES spilling out of a cinema-

The LAUGHTER of a TEENAGER on a cellphone, waiting for her date.

BRANDON walking, disorientated, jaywalking through the traffic.

The ring of his cellphone, the caller ID flashes up - MARIANNE. BRANDON ignores it, several messages now waiting-

The SCREECH of horns-

BRANDON ignores them, he crosses streets, traffic, darting off the sidewalk into the road, when human, dog or buggy gets in his way until-

BRANDON takes a left, then a right, then a left, completely disorientated, sobbing and hysterical-

The street is suddenly empty-

BRANDON sinks squat to the ground, buckled in two, body shuddering with tears.

BRANDON sits coming down from crying-

Above, a WOMAN in pink foam curlers sits on a deck chair watching TV on her scrubby balcony-

She stares at him.

A car exhaust BACKFIRES far off-

BRANDON stands.

He retraces his steps, finding his way back.

135 **EXT. STREET. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 135

BRANDON walking past a blur of yellow Neon and glow of shop signs-

A CHINESE SHOP BOY packs tubs of fruit with ice on the sidewalk.

Across the street, a snaking queue of MEN wait in line outside a club.

BRANDON pushes his way into a heaving bar-

136 **INT. BAR. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 136

BRANDON seated at a bar-

Above, a bank of TV's pumping out baseball and basketball games.

The YELL and CHEER of a group of OFF DUTY CONSTRUCTION WORKERS lost in the game-

BRANDON sits nursing his drink, watching the game, the images flickering across his face.

A ROUGH SKINNED WOMAN, late 40's sits at the end of the bar, flirting with her DRUNK PICK UP.

BRANDON considers, drinks, nods to the BARMAN-

137 **INT. WASHROOM. BAR. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 137

BRANDON stands by a urinal-

The cold grey steel of the salt stained splash back reflecting his shadowy form.

He pees-

138 **INT. BAR. NEW YORK. NIGHT.** 138

BRANDON, several shots down, dancing to THUMPING music.

The SHRILL talk of the ROUGH SKINNED WOMAN grating-

BRANDON smiles at a LONE WOMAN close by, dancing close to her.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

She's a little drunken, swaying close to him, her arms caressing around his neck. He moves in closer, body pressed close to hers, a little rougher now-

LONE WOMAN

Hey

BRANDON keeps dancing, spooning her as he grinds.

BRANDON

We're only dancing.

BRANDON grapples a little with LONE WOMAN-

139

EXT. OUTSIDE BAR. STREET. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

139

The PULSE of music, muffled now-

BRANDON escorted onto the sidewalk from the bar by a couple of nonchalant BOUNCERS-

BRANDON

Nice..Thank you..

BRANDON elbows them off-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Screw you. And your mother..

He skids on the oily sidewalk, rights himself-

He stops checks his back pocket, feels for his wallet, still there. He stumbles a little-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Fuck-

He looks down at his shoes, sticky crap on his shoe. He absently scrapes the soles, then resumes walking, heading off, going somewhere, nowhere.

He keeps walking, eyes scouring, seeing the city as he sees it-

A world of scum and filth-

TEENAGERS loiter, in oversized clothes, sunk under caps and hoods-

A KOREAN WAITRESS argues with her lover on a cellphone. Her eyes absently graze over BRANDON walking, consumed by her fight.

(CONTINUED)

A lively bar; a couple of HOT GIRLS entering-

BRANDON considers, goes to enter, barred by BOUNCERS, who point him back along the cue-

He stands in line-

Across the street, a THICK SET GUY eyes him. He stands smoking outside a heaving bar. BRANDON looks away-

A GANG OF GIRLS pass, BRANDON hovers-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Hey can I get in with you?

They look at him, dishevelled, laughing-

GIRL

No-

The BOUNCERS let them in with ease. BRANDON reaches for his eyephone, curses, sees the battery drained of juice, the phone just closing down-

He taps the phone against his leg, sinking it back in his pocket. He stands waits in line until-

The THICK SET GUY over the street, flicks out his cigarette, eyes grazing over BRANDON as he re-enters the heaving bar opposite.

BRANDON considers, hands sunk deep in his pockets.

Through the glass a heaving bar. BRANDON considers, on the edge until-

He suddenly crosses the street, narrowly avoiding a taxi streaking past.

Fluorescent light skimming the thick black darkness like a beam on a lighthouse-

A heaving dance floor of BUTCH BEARS, SKINNY BOYS, and THRUSTING TRANNIES, arms raised, dancing to the pulse of music-

BRANDON stands by the bar, the music pumping up through his feet.

(CONTINUED)

He places his glass on the bar. It judders a little, vibrated by the music. BRANDON quickly drinks, clocking the THICK SET GUY across the floor, watching him.

The THICK SET GUY turns, walks away, waiting for BRANDON to follow.

BRANDON hesitates, puts down his glass, picking up the scent.

Passing through a low hung door, BRANDON moves along a dark labyrinth of corridors, eyes grazing over-

Dimly lit crevices, MEN caught briefly in light, lost in fellatio and stand up fucking-

BRANDON keeps walking, drawn towards a dark doorway-

An endless darkness, punctured with groans from dark cubicles-

BRANDON hesitates, foot slipping on the moist floor.

Suddenly a hand reaches out, drawing him into the dark cubicle-

The THICK SET GUY presses BRANDON up against the wall, kissing him, tongue searching his mouth, rubbing along its roof, hungry and urgent.

BRANDON pulls away, hands gently yet forcefully pushing the THICK SET GUY down on his knees.

BRANDON looks beyond-

A THIN BOY down on his knees sucking a cock through a hole between walls.

BRANDON stands, legs splayed letting the THICK SET GUY take him in his mouth.

The palm of BRANDON's hand pressed against the side of the cubicle. He stands, fucking the THICK SET GUY in the mouth-

The PULSE of music heaving, the club rocking, punctured by groans and grunts of rough sex from deep within.

142 **EXT. STREET. NEW YORK. DAWN.** 142

A slow GLIDE of a street cleaning machine along the side of the sidewalk-

The straggle of late night CLUBBERS spilling out of the club-

BRANDON just visible, far down the street, heading away.

143 **EXT. SQUARE. OUTSIDE OFFICE. NEW YORK. DAY** 143

BRANDON sits drinking from a can of Red Bull on his mid morning break-

Above, the rustle of leaves-

BRANDON looks up, the sun speckling his face-

A ripple of female laughter-

BRANDON's eyes graze over-

Two FEMALE COLLEAGUES passing-

FEMALE COLLEAGUE

Hey Brandon.

BRANDON nods a greeting-

BRANDON

Hey.

The FEMALE COLLEAGUES smile, moving on.

BRANDON sits, drinks from his coke, eyes falling back on the sway of their ass, the fall of their hair, the curve of their lips.

He bins the can, heading inside-

The ring of BRANDON's cellphone, caller ID flashes up - It is Sissy for like the tenth time. BRANDON ignores it, waits-

144 **INT. LOBBY. OFFICE BUILDING. NEW YORK. DAY.** 144

A wide glass office-

(CONTINUED)

The GLIDE of the ESCALATOR, BRANDON heading up,
listening to his messages-

ANSWERPHONE

(from MARIANNE)

Hey Brandon..You OK..I'm still
waiting...Shall I just
order?...Brandon...Call me...

(from SISSY)

Brandon..Please will you fucking
call me Brandon...Please..

(from SISSY)

You're driving me nuts
Brandon...I really need to talk
to you..Brandon-

BRANDON hesitates, flicks the phone off-

The glide upwards, BRANDON trying to compose himself-

The tap tap of BRANDON's fingers across a keyboard-

COLLEAGUE

You seen that titty pop up, Tom
posted...

The COLLEAGUE thumps his shoulder with familiar male
camaraderie-

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)

I'll send you the link.

BRANDON smiles-

BRANDON

Great.

The COLLEAGUE already moving on with a knowing smile.

Across the office, BRANDON clocks MARIANNE, carrying
paperwork, heading towards the boardroom. Their eyes
briefly meet. MARIANNE looks away, with sad accepting
disappointment.

BRANDON steadies himself, resumes working, some inane
spreadsheet.

BRANDON keeps working until-

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

He picks up the phone, dials a call. It rings on the other end of a distant line until-

ANSWERPHONE

Hey it's Sissy..leave a message..Don't if you're a dwarf-

BRANDON hangs up, resumes working.

Around him the familiar HUM of office life-

146 **INT. PLATFORM. SUBWAY. DAY**

146

BRANDON stands on a platform. It's not the rush hour yet.

The RATTLE of the subway pulling in-

BRANDON boards the train.

147 **INT. TRAIN. SUBWAY. NEW YORK. DAY**

147

A packed carriage-

BRANDON sits-

A COLUMBIAN WOMAN across the carriage, head lent against the window, half asleep, clearly at the end of a long shift.

Above a poster of a sunny shiny family advertising a Suburu-

BRANDON's eyes graze over the poster-

He stands his reflection mirrored back at him, preparing for his stop-

A VIOLENT JOLT!

The train SCREECHES to a sudden still-

Wheels SCRAPING along the track-

The COLUMBIAN WOMAN wakes-

A YOUNG STUDENT plugged headphone on, looks up from reading her book.

BRANDON inwardly curses, sits back down.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

The train sits in the dark tunnel-

The silence at last punctured by the SHRILL hum of the intercom-

INTERCOM

*Ladies in Gentleman we are held
in this tunnel due to a person
under the train. We would
appreciate your cooperation at
this time.*

The long low PING of the intercom fading out-

They wait. And wait in silence.

BRANDON leans his head against the glass, closes his eyes, a hangover kicking in.

148 **INT. SUBWAY. NEW YORK. DAY.**

148

The DRAG of the train backwards-

The YELL and HOLLER of ENGINEERS now working down on the line-

A LARGE BLACK WOMAN sits talking to a POLICE OFFICER giving a statement-

Several ENGINEERS stand further down the platform surrounding a TRAUMATISED DRIVER-

Two PLATFORM ATTENDENTS talk to POLICE OFFICERS.

BRANDON moves along the platform, almost as if in slow motion, passing fleeting glimpses of life unfolding-

SUBWAY WORKER

(calling out)

Keep walking...Keep walking
please-

BRANDON moves on, passing a shocked BUSINESSMAN in suit, just sitting, face stained with tears.

POLICE OFFICER

(calling)

Nothing to see...Move on...Move
on..

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON climbs the stairs, filing out of the subway,
eye catching on-

A WOMAN's shoe, strappy and discarded on the platform.
BRANDON picks up his pace.

The intermittent WHIR of sirens-

BRANDON emerging from the subway, already reaching for
his cellphone-

Beyond the glow of an ambulance-

BRANDON keeps walking, heading off up the road quietly
distracted. He taps the keys pressing the cellphone to
his ear.

The PULSE of a distant phone ringing-

The answerphone kicks in-

ANSWERPHONE

*Hey it's Sissy..leave a
message..Don't if you're a-*

BRANDON flicks it off, slips it back in his pocket.
BRANDON picks up his pace.

He flicks out his phone again. Tries again-

ANSWERPHONE (CONT'D)

*Hey it's Sissy..leave a
message...Don't if-*

BRANDON is running now, heart beating fast now, breath
quickenning, a seeping panic threatening to unleash-

He tries again, fumbling with the phone now as he runs-

ANSWERPHONE (CONT'D)

*Hey it's Sissy..leave a
message...Don't-*

He tries again.

ANSWERPHONE (CONT'D)

*Hey it's Sissy..leave a
message...-*

(CONTINUED)

And again.

ANSWERPHONE (CONT'D)
Hey it's Sissy...leave a..

He tries again.

ANSWERPHONE (CONT'D)
Hey it's Sis...

And again.

ANSWERPHONE (CONT'D)
Hey it's...

BRANDON grips the phone, with sinking realisation-

He tries again-

ANSWERPHONE (CONT'D)
Hey it's...

And once more.

ANSWERPHONE (CONT'D)
Hey...

He calls again.

ANSWERPHONE (CONT'D)
Hey it's Sissy-

BRANDON stalled by PEOPLE a sea of COMMUTERS, STUDENTS, LOVERS waiting at a crossing. He stands amongst them running on the spot-

SUDDENLY he makes a dash for it, weaving through them, jaywalking through the traffic.

The SCREECH of HORNS, BRANDON running the wrong way up a busy street, scissored in skimming light from passing cars.

The flat palms of BRANDON's hands skimming the walls as he climbs the concrete stairwell, exhausted but still running, taking steps two at a time.

151 **INT. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. DAY.** 151

BRANDON heading along the faceless corridor, reaching his front door.

He is already pulling out his keys and pushing them into the door with growing dread-

152 **INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. DAY.** 152

BRANDON stands-

Beyond, the living room door now open.

BRANDON moves through, pushing open doors, desperately searching for her until-

The sound of running water from the bathroom. BRANDON stops with relief, leaning his forehead against the bathroom door-

BRANDON

Sissy-

SILENCE-

BRANDON hesitates, a seeping concern pricking his skin-

153 **INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. NEW YORK. DAY.** 153

BRANDON pushes the door open, freezing on seeing-

SISSY sunk on the floor wedged between the bathroom and the toilet-

The pump of blood gushing from her wrists, already seeping across the floor-

BRANDON

Fuck-

BRANDON reaches for SISSY gripping her wrists, deep slashes scissoring the veins, the flap of skin, flaying-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Sissy..No...

BRANDON pushes the fat of his thumb on each slash, blood seeping between his fingers-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON looks at her wrist, every time he moves his fingers, he releases the pressure the blood flows.

BRANDON grips them tighter, a quiet determination to stop the bleeding-

Suddenly from nowhere-

SISSY
(eyeing his
battered face)
What happened to you-?

BRANDON recoils, laughs, relieved, SISSY's ashen face sunk yet still flickering with life-

The skid of blood underfoot, BRANDON cradles her in his arms, grappling with his phone, desperately calling 911.

BRANDON
(into phone)
Hello..HelloHello..Yes we need
an ambulance..West
23rd..Yes...It's my sister..No
she's still breathing but..

BRANDON desperately holds her, cradled between his legs, his fingers pressing her wrists, temporarily stemming the flow of blood, the phone wedged between shoulder and chin.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
There's blood everywhere..She's
cut her wrist..No I don't
know..If she took
anything..Sissy did you take
anything-?

The slip of SISSY's wrist through BRANDON's fingers. He slams down the phone, struggling to hold her in his grasp. She slips again.

For a moment it is as if BRANDON will let her go, despair overwhelming him-

Then suddenly BRANDON jerks her towards him, shaking her awake, her eyes flicker open, their faces reflected in one another, his looking willing her to stay with him, to not let go-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON's thumb and fingers tighten around her wrists, once more determinedly stemming the flow of blood.

And she breathes, the warmth of her breath, faint but reassuring, close to BRANDON as he cups her between his legs, hands clenching her arms, willing her to live.

Just audible, a voice on BRANDON's phone, thrown across the floor-

PHONE

Hello..Sir..Sir..Are you still there?..Sir...

*

BRANDON sits heart beating, together clinging.

The front door still open-

Beyond the sounds of the city. Of distant lives rolling on.

A MUSCULAR MAN briefly glimpsed, seated deep in his seat, wide hands splayed in his lap-

MUSCULAR MAN (O.S.)

I had porn from when I was-

A THIN HISPANIC MAN interjects, tatooes lacing up his arm, skin bristling with fine hairs-

THIN HISPANIC MAN (O.S.)

Can't use that as an excuse man.

BRANDON sits, listening, emotionless-

MUSCULAR MAN (O.S.)

...six, seven..My father..it was like a regular thing to look at it..He'd just leave the magazines lying around..With my brothers, with me..It was normal to want women in that way, to see them in that way..

Fingers silently knit in the MUSCULAR MAN's lap-

(CONTINUED)

MUSCULAR MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It didn't seem so weird that
he'd want me to jerk him
off...She'd be in the living
room..she'd just check out front
of the TV..Th0at volume would go
up ..The slide would go on that
lock. And I'm kneeling on the
bathroom floor-

(struggling)

...his cock in my mouth and with
the other hand..You could hear
him turning pages...

The MUSCULAR MAN exhales, chest visible sinking,
lowering a row of pens neatly line in his shirt pocket.

MUSCULAR MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm not making excuses but...

BRANDON closes his eyes, eyelashes fragile, flickering-

MUSCULAR MAN(O.S.) (CONT'D)

..Remediation of the mind? I'm
working on it 24/7.

BRANDON opens his eyes, a look of total silent
understanding.

MUSCULAR MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Know what I'm saying?-

A ripple of understanding, laughter-

The MUSCULAR MAN hesitates, laughs, rich and deep.

The THERAPIST leans forward in her chair, calmly
assessing the MUSCULAR MAN as his laughter sobers to a
silence-

THERAPIST

Anybody else-?

(beat)

Brandon-?

BRANDON hesitates-

From a distance-

(CONTINUED)

A church hall, wedged between the bright red neon of the Korean grocery store and peeling railings.

The random ebb and flow of human traffic-

Time passes-

Suddenly, the steady seep of MEN spilling out of the hall. Amongst them, BRANDON.

The PEEP of a lorry, slowly backing into view.

THE END