

TOMORROW

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LOOSELY BASED ON  
A CHRISTMAS CAROL

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CUT IN:

1 INT. PETE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Knocking. PETE, 24, smart, rugged hair, hungover - answers the door. A MAN, 28, eccentric, bright yellow trousers, red overcoat with a black and white pinstripe shirt stands outside the door.

PETE  
(Gruntled)  
What?

MAN  
Percival? Pablo? Wait! Don't tell  
me...Parker!

Pete looks confused.

MAN (CONT'D)  
No?

The Man leans in and sniffs Pete. The Man gives a foul look as he smells pungently bad.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Uh-uoh. Ah Pete..u-uh..uh May I?

The Man brushes himself down.

PETE  
Ugh-

Pete closes the door, but The Man rams his boot in the door. Causing it to close on his foot.

MAN  
(Growls angrily)

The Man intrudes into the house.

CUT TO:

2 INT. PETE'S HOUSE - DAY

Man enters the pristine, spotless house. Ruffled, Pete follows and begrudgingly closes the door.

MAN  
Oo, drink?

Man looks at a EMPTY YELLOW MUG, on a BLACK COASTER sat on

the COFFEE TABLE. He gives it a look of disgust.

MAN (CONT'D)

Hmph, maybe not.

PETE

Wha- who are you-

MAN

Nevermind the drink. Come on darling,  
sit sit.

Man hurriedly sits Pete down on the sofa.

MAN

I'm not going to faff you around-

The man looks around at the room, seemingly disturbed by the very clean and tidy house.

MAN (CONT'D)

It seems you're in a spot of bother my  
good man.

Pete looks around the room, confused at why the Man is giving his room the eyes.

PETE

Am I?

MAN

We both know why I'm here.

PETE

I think you've got the wrong-

Man holds Pete firmly, leaning into him slightly.

MAN

No, you're the right chap - Pete isn't  
it?

PETE

-y..yea

MAN

Right, well - let's crack on  
then...are you sitting comfortably?

The Man brushes his hand over Pete's face. Pete's eyes get heavy and they begin to close, he starts to fall into deep

sleep.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'll see you tomorrow...

Sounds of partying: Pete starts to smile. Sounds of screaming - sounds of crying: Pete starts to scrunch his face up. The Man tauntingly laughs in his face. Echoes. Sounds become disorientating.

The sounds of drinking - screaming - car alarms - ambulance sirens.

CUT TO:

3 INT. PETE'S HOUSE - DAY

The sound of the letterbox wakes Pete. He is alone on the sofa - scruffy hair, in pyjamas. He stands up and walks toward the door.

A BUSINESS CARD is sticking out of the letterbox. Pete picks it up, scratching his head as he sits down on the sofa, picking up a BOTTLE OF AMARETTO. He starts to read the card.

MAN (V.O)

Know someone in distress? Convincing a loved one to drop their bad habits? Tomorrow Solutions: Making you live a better tomorrow, today!

Pete looks at the Bottle of Amaretto, he looks back at the business card - his eyes widen. He puts the bottle down - looking at the vast emptiness of his house. Bottles, mess, dust - his house is now a tip.

He closes his eyes - pain, he nurses his headache with his hand. His breathing is shallow. He sniffs, stands up and walks into the kitchen.

Sounds of bottles being placed in a bin bag.

FADE OUT

**END OF SCRIPT**