

CIGZ

(DRAFT EIGHT)

by

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Voices bubble, glasses clink, bassy music swirls and hums; nearby the night crickets chirp; the distant city siren yells, the dog barks, and the motorway roars.

And then - rain. Hissing, beating against the trees and the stone. The voices, yelping, laughing, wet footsteps-

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Silhouettes lumber towards the indoor light - SAM slowly jogs...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The party's cacophony bubbles with new energy as the drenched come in, stopping at tables and counters. Sam carries on forward - left, up the stairs, right, into the landing, right, to a door-

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the rain outside, milky, muffled. Sam opens the door, and wavers, as if to close it again. There, bathed in a warm glow from the wood-burner, sit ETHAN, CHARLIE and BEA.

SAM
(panting)
Anyone got a cigarette? A lighter,
I mean - I've got a cig.

He wipes some water from his brow.

ETHAN
Not on me, man.

BEA
(to Charlie)
Boy-scout?

CHARLIE
I'm a boy-scout, man, I don't have
a *lighter*.

Beat.

SAM
...So you got any matches or..?

CHARLIE
Yeah I got matches. Boy-scout
matches.

SAM
 Could I get a boy-scout matches,
 perchance?

CHARLIE
 But of course...

BEA
 Did you say *perchance*?

Sam shuffles over, meeting Charlie's hands with his own,
 lighting the cig between.

CHARLIE
 Or you coulda just used the fire...

SAM
 Ah. Guess I'm not a boy-scout.

CHARLIE
 Nobody's perfect...

SAM
 Reckon I could dry off for a sec?

BEA
 Not our fire, man.

ETHAN
Amen, brother.

BEA
 Should we add another log?

ETHAN
 Life's a highway.

BEA
 (to Charlie)
 Boy-scout?

CHARLIE
 Hey man... you do what you want.

Charlie pulls his hand away. Sam lowers himself to the floor,
 then drops down between Charlie and Bea.

SAM
 I dunno if they'll want us smoking
 inside...

ETHAN
 Who's they?

BEA
What, Marvin?

SAM
Yeah, Marvin. You know Marvin?

BEA
Think we all know Marvin.

SAM
Yeah, no, that would make sense,
actually.

He lifts his cig-hand... it's out.

SAM (CONT'D)
(to Charlie)
Oop. Do you reckon I could..?

Charlie chucks the matches into his lap.

Sam opens the matchbox. He tilts his head and shakes it -

Two matches tumble into his hand.

Sam strikes a match - *it breaks*. He stares at it for a second... and chucks it into the fire.

ETHAN
Hey Bea...

BEA
Wot...

ETHAN
Can I get a chip?

BEA
When you call it a crisp.

ETHAN
Well, cos, I'm actually starving...

BEA
Suck my dick.

ETHAN (O.S.)
So give me a chip.

CHARLIE
(to Sam)
I mean - you see it, right?

Sam looks up. Nods sort of, smiles sort of. He goes back to tentatively lighting his cig. Ethan's hand appears above - making a '*gimme*' motion. Bea's hand passes the bowl over.

ETHAN (O.S.)
You weren't even eating 'em - ya greedy bastard.

Sam takes a drag, and leans forward.

He lifts up his hand - cig extinguished. He stares at it for a moment...

He looks up. The fire gallops behind the glass, soundless. The rain still falls.

BEA (O.S.)
Fuck, um... I never added the other log.

ETHAN (O.S.)
Are there even any left?

BEA (O.S.)
Yeah, a couple. But I think it's alright, actually.

ETHAN (O.S.)
Yeah.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Looks fine.

ETHAN (O.S.)
You know, tonight... tonight I'm gonna sleep out there, *under da stars*.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
(*"girly" voice*)
Care to join me Bea?

ETHAN (O.S.)
...If it stops raining I guess...

BEA (O.S.)
(amused/bemused)
What was *that*?

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Oh, I've been rehearsing actually...

Sam's eyes are drooping. Tiredness, or something else.

ETHAN (O.S.)
Did I show you the photos?

BEA (O.S.)
 Let's see the photos.

Ethan laughs, and stretches his hand over, in it a small stack of prints. Sam looks at them as they pass him...

A bird, flying in the orange-blue void of the sky.

BEA (V.O.)
 Nice, nice.

Two statues, embedded in an old stone wall.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
 Lemme see.

BEA (V.O.)
 Yeah, you can have that one.

An orange moon hanging low in the blue night.

Luridly lit city streets, a neon tunnel stretching far away.

Forested hills, the sun just dawning a turquoise sky.

BEA (V.O.)
 Yeah... really pretty.

A clear summer sky, crowded by curtains and plants.

A cloudy sky reflected in the back window of a car.

Train tracks spanning off through a Mediterranean town.

A dead-grassed field passing under a blue sky.

Deeply green mountains.

A majestic cloud seen from the passenger seat.

Streaks of white, in the clear blue void.

A dusk-moon seen through the bracken.

A dusk-moon hanging above an industrial complex.

A dog leering in a tight yellow hallway.

A fire.

A wok-fire.

Curtains, glowing with light of the hidden day.

A young man wearing a paper-mache alien mask, hands up in a peace sign, surrounded by a knowingly gawking group of teenagers.

BEA (V.O.)
Okay, what's this.

ETHAN (V.O.)
Oh what, the alien one?

BEA (V.O.)
(duh)
Yeah, the alien one.

ETHAN (V.O.)
Yeah, just... don't worry about that. Class project.

BEA (V.O.)
And that's you in the middle?

ETHAN (V.O.)
Yup.

BEA (V.O.)
Cute...

A moment...

BEA (V.O.)
And what about this one?

ETHAN (V.O.)
What one?

BEA (O.S.)
That one - this one...

Bea passes a photo across, past Charlie, into Ethan's hand. Ethan looks at it.

ETHAN (O.S.)
...What about this one?

BEA (O.S.)
It's weird, innit?

ETHAN (O.S.)
I dunno... not really.

BEA (O.S.)
What is it?

ETHAN (O.S.)
You really can't tell?

BEA (O.S.)
Oh, what, so I'm so...

ETHAN (O.S.)
Charlie!

He holds it up to Charlie, who takes a glance.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Bell-end.

ETHAN (O.S.)
Bro, okay.

He holds it to Sam.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Okay. Litmus. What do you think.

Sam tilts it to himself with a forefinger, giving it a thin stare. Ethan loosens his grasp, and Sam takes it in his hands-

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - THE NEXT MORNING

The sky is blue. White clouds fade into grey and fall away into the horizon.

Overhead branches glow in the light and float in the wind...

Ethan blinks awake.

He's lying down on a bench cornered by bushes. His head is on a blue pillow, and a black-and-white patterned blanket is drawn over him.

He looks up.

ETHAN
(sharp whisper)
Yo!!

He stands up and, walks over to... Sam, lying down on the grass, head on a white pillow with an intricately patterned reddish-brown blanket over him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Cock-a-doodle-doo, motherfucker.

SAM
Mm? Mm. Morning, man.

Sam wobbles to his feet, the blanket falling off of him. He dusts himself off, brushes his ass with a hand. He extends the hand to Ethan. He quickly takes it back, extends the other.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'm Sam.

ETHAN
(taking it)
Ethan.

SAM
Nice to meet you.

ETHAN
Yeah, nice to meet ya.

Ethan trudges forward.

SAM
Oh, uh...

Ethan stops.

SAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You want your picture back?

ETHAN
Oh. Yeah. Gimme.

He stretches out a hand, making a grabbing motion. Sam places it there. The two carry on up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A couple pillows and glasses lie where they sat, deserted.

SAM
Where d'you reckon they are?

ETHAN
I don't know. Sleepin' in a bed,
probably.

Sam laughs.

SAM
But it's a lovely morning.

ETHAN

It *is*. A fine, fine morning,
dude...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They approach front door.

SAM

Is this the bit where you tell me
you're an actual alien and kill me
with your blaster?

ETHAN

Huh? Oh...

He laughs...

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I dunno, man...

Ethan reaches for the doorknob.

*AND SWIVELS AND DRAWS HIS FINGER GUN BUT SAM IS QUICK,
GETTING HIS IN ETHAN'S FACE JUST WHEN ETHAN RECOILS-*

And they both go down.

All silence,

Except for the sounds of the city.

CUT TO BLACK.