

SOL

Written by

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Based on An Unexpected Bonus
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EXT. STREET-DAY

1

Amy paints her mouth with a worn designer lipstick. She wears a fake leather jacket with zippers in it and a stretch fabric mini skirt. Her legs are bare. She takes a deep breath, straightens her outfit and adjusts her posture. Hand on hip. Lips pouting.

A taxi pulls up. She walks to the driver's door. He's masturbating furiously. He mumbles something obscene, and grins. Amy's foot connects angrily with the car as it screeches away.

AMY

Fuckhead!

The peal of rubber on road recedes and Amy walks back to her spot on the footpath. She lights a cigarette. Her fingers are nicotine stained and dirty.

Roll titles

2

EXT. STREET - SAME DAY (CONTINUOUS)

2

A late model Town Car pulls slowly into the street. Amy walks hurriedly towards the footpath and opens the gate to a house, ready to make a retreat.

The car pulls up alongside her. She turns to look and when she sees it isn't occupied by detectives, she closes the gate and walks back out.

The back window glides smoothly down, revealing a small, frail seventy year old man, SOL, wearing a zip up grey cardigan. Sol smiles at Amy.

AMY (SERIOUS)

It's a hundred bucks for me to come with you.

SOL (GENTLY, SMILING)

What's your name?

AMY

Amy.

SOL

(smiling and extending his hand)

Hi Amy. Pleased to meet you. I'm Sol.

They shake hands. Sol opens the door and Amy slides in beside him, scanning the car interior. Sol motions for her to do up her seat-belt.

3 INT. CAR - SAME DAY (CONTINUOUS) 3

The car is being driven by a young man, TOM, about the same age as Amy. He examines her in the rear vision mirror.

SOL
Do you like ice-cream Amy?

Amy rolls her eyes then glances at the clock on the dashboard in the front of the car. She looks at Sol.

AMY
Sure, who doesn't?

They drive down the street and pull up outside a gelati bar. Tom gets out of the car and walks around to enter the shop. He stops at Sol's door. The window is lowered and Tom leans in.

TOM (TO AMY)
What flavour do you like?

AMY
Any flavour you want to get is fine.

Tom holds Amy's eye contact and waits.

AMY (CONT'D)
Chocolate.

He enters the shop.

4 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER 4

Sol's apartment building is 1950s government. Cold, noisy light from fluorescent tubes defines the texture of the glossy grey-green walls. There are two elevator doors. The up arrow beside one lights up, accompanied by a low toned ding.

The elevator door slides open. Tom steps out. Sol and Amy follow him. Tom turns a key in a solid green apartment door and holds it open. Sol stops in the doorway and faces Tom. He takes his wallet out, peels off a fifty dollar bill and hands it to Tom.

SOL
See you tomorrow Tom.

TOM
Yes Sol, see you tomorrow. Have a
nice night.

Tom closes the door after Sol.

5 INT. APARTMENT - TWILIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 5

Amy stands uncomfortably in the hallway while Sol locks the door.

SOL
Would you like some tea?

AMY
Have you got beer?

Sol turns to face her, holds her arms for a moment and smiles.

SOL
I don't have any beer Amy. I can go
and get some if you like.

Amy looks at his hands on her arms and then at his face.

AMY
It's ok. I'll have tea.

Sol walks into the kitchen, puts the ice-cream in the freezer, fills the kettle with water from the tap and turns it on. Amy watches Sol from the doorway. She notices a jar on the fridge, with notes of all denomination coiled in the bottom.

AMY (CONT'D)
Use your bathroom Sol?

SOL
It's down the hall.

SOL (CONT'D)
Milk and sugar?

AMY (O.S.)
Three. Thanks.

6 INT. APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS) 6

Two armchairs face a 1980s television, separated by a glass top timber coffee table. A crocheted blanket covers the headrest of one of the vinyl rocker recliners.

Beside it is a 1970s standard lamp. Newspapers are stacked on the floor near the front door, ready to take to recycling. Big windows with open curtains reveal the twilight.

Sol's lounge room has the distinct feeling he doesn't ever disturb more than the space it takes to sit in his chair and watch TV. Sol enters the loungeroom where Amy is standing warily, and offers her a mug of tea. He motions for her to sit and she does.

AMY

(after sipping her tea)
So do you often drive around
picking up working girls?

SOL (CHUCKLES)

Tom and I go for a drive every day.

AMY

That's kind of weird isn't it?

SOL

What's weird about meeting new
people?

Amy looks like she is going to challenge Sol but changes her mind. Instead she puts down her mug, gets up and walks to the wall unit which is laden with photographs. Sol turns to look at her. Amy picks up a framed print of Sol receiving some kind of award.

SOL (CONT'D)

That's at J Walter Thompson. I was
in the mail room for 43 years.

Amy examines the photograph.

SOL (CONT'D)

Never missed a day in 41 of 'em.

AMY

What happened in year 42?

SOL

I had these terrible pains. I
collapsed right there on the floor
(points). Couldn't get up, couldn't
reach the phone. My work record
saved my life, they sent someone
over when I didn't show up.

She puts the framed photo back on the shelf and notices a faded black and white wedding photograph.

AMY
You married?

SOL
I was. My wife died five years ago.

AMY
D'you miss her?

SOL
Not a day goes by I don't miss
breakfast with my best friend.

AMY
Sorry I brought it up.

SOL
It's okay Amy. I like remembering.
We had a great life. We used to go
to Atlantic City. I won some money
playing systems at the casino.

Amy walks to the window and looks out across the East River
and over the sprawling borough.

AMY
You have a beautiful view. Have you
lived here long?

SOL
Thirty one years.

AMY
I don't know anyone who's lived
anywhere more than six months.

Sol smiles at Amy.

SOL
Come and sit down.

Amy walks across the dimly lit room and sits opposite Sol.

AMY
D'you have children?

SOL
I have a daughter.

AMY
Do you see her much?

SOL
She has her own life now. She lives
in Chicago.

SOL (CONT'D)
Do you have kids?

Amy stands up and walks across the room to stand behind Sol's
chair. She rubs Sol's shoulders.

AMY
How about we start that massage
Sol?

SOL
Soon. There's no hurry.

Sol sips his tea. Amy, nervous, reaches up to turn on the
standard lamp then sits back in the chair.

AMY
How much money did you win?

Sol smiles and chuckles.

SOL (SMILING)
Enough not to have to work again,
and to be able to go for a drive
every day.

Amy looks at the clock.

AMY (SARCASTIC)
Are you ready for that massage now
Sol?

Sol puts his mug down on the coffee table between them.

SOL
Alright. Let's go to Sweden.

Amy stands up and holds out her hand for Sol. She leads him
down the hall.

7 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

7

SOL
It's my room in here.

Sol points to a doorway. Amy manoeuvres her way into the
room, still leading Sol. It is a small room with a big window
overlooking the scene Amy admired from the lounge room.

There is a single bed with another crocheted granny square rug on top, an old radio plugged in on the bedside table and last night's glass of water, illuminated by street light. Amy releases Sol's hand and takes her jacket off. He turns to face her.

SOL (CONT'D)
Don't take any more off.

Amy looks puzzled.

SOL (CONT'D)
Do you need medicine?

His question interrupts her impatience. She knows he's asking her about heroin.

AMY
No, I'm okay for a few hours.
What do you want me to do Sol?

SOL
I want you to hold my hand.

Sol pats the bed beside him. Amy sits down beside Sol. She begins to unzip his cardigan.

SOL (CONT'D)
You don't need to take that off.

Sol leans towards Amy and gives her a peck on the lips. He pinches her cheek.

Sol settles himself down on the bed and makes room for Amy to join him. They lay side by side holding hands, looking at the ceiling.

SOL (CONT'D)
Have you ever been to Sweden?

AMY
Sol I haven't been north of 14th
Street.

Sol and Amy are lying side by side under the crocheted, patchwork blanket. Amy opens her eyes, disoriented for a moment, then suddenly aware of Sol and of her withdrawals. She carefully removes her hand from his and turns back the blanket. She climbs out of bed and tiptoes into the hall. Sol doesn't move.

9 INT. APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS) 9

Amy tiptoes into the kitchen wearing her socks and carrying her shoes. She balances herself, leaning on the kitchen bench as she pulls them on. On top of the fridge is the jar with cash in it. Amy opens it.

10 INT. APARTMENT - SAME MORNING 10

Light streams through the window in Sol's bedroom. We hear a door close from out in the apartment. Sol opens his eyes and looks at the empty space where last night Amy lay beside him.

11 INT. APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS) 11

We hear the sound of the toilet flushing O/S. Sol walks out of the toilet and up the hall. He has a dressing gown over the clothes he fell asleep in. He enters the kitchen. Amy is preparing to cook food. She looks nervously at Sol.

AMY

I thought I'd make us breakfast.

12 THE END 12