

IN A REAL STATE

(Sold On Six)

by

ANTHONY SIOKOS

FIFTH DRAFT

JANUARY 2013

© ANTHONY SIOKOS, SEPTEMBER 2010

1 Ord Crescent, Sylvania Waters

NSW 2224, Australia

Phone: (61 2) 9522 9372

Mobile: 0414 264 364

Email: mail@anthonySiokos.com

FADE IN:

1. EXT. SYDNEY SUBURB. MORNING 1

The sun has drenched the normally lightless window dressed office in a glistening sheet. Cars are screaming past, while a bus pulls in to collect a group of seniors on pension day. The pedestrian crossing is audible in the background. An impatient driver can be heard abusing an elderly man who is late to cross the road.

Alex is walking on his way to the office.

ALEX (V/O)

I'm going to blow this. I can't do it. There's no way they'll give me the job. Who am I kidding? I've got no experience, never had a real job before. I'm so desperate. Will it show on my face? Oh God, I'm sweating already. He said he was a nice guy. I should relax. I can do this, come on. I've managed to get an interview, right? Yep, I did. Okay, breathe Alex, breathe... Shit, I forgot my belt.

CUT TO:

2. INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA. MORNING 2

Felicity is on the phone. She turns to hear the printer jam. Ellen comes screaming around the corner, irritated by the continuous beeping. Queues of customers are waiting impatiently in the reception area - it's full. Felicity is panicked by Ellen over her shoulder. All available lines on the switch are lit up. Felicity has run out of rental listing sheets. A female customer is tapping her nails on the counter waiting to be served.

Alex walks through the front door and nervously joins a queue.

FELICITY

(apologetically)
 Sorry to keep you waiting, darl.
 Are ya right?

FEMALE CUSTOMER

(irritated)
 Finally! Look, I need to speak to
 someone about your rentals. I'm
 after a granny flat, something
 cheap. Do you have anything?
 Preferably a long lease. I hate
 moving.

Felicity attempts to speak but is abruptly cut-off by Ellen.

ELLEN

Um, we're just in the middle of
 end of month. You're going to
 have to wait or come back, I'm
 sorry.

(hands on her hips)
 Have you heard of the internet?
 You can see what we've got
 available on there.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

(disgusted)
 Oh look, just forget about it.
 I'll go somewhere else.

Female customer leaves in a huff. Elderly couple move
 towards counter. Elderly woman looks at Ellen.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(softly spoken)
 Hello, we've got a house we'd like
 to rent out. It's vacant. We
 have the keys here in this
 envelope. We'd like you to rent
 it for us, please.

ELLEN

(flabbergasted)

Uh, everyone at once. Never rains but bloody pours.

(to elderly woman)

Look, you're going to have to make an appointment and come back. Did you ring and make an appointment? No, you didn't.

Elderly couple stand looking absolutely bemused.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You can't expect me to just drop everything for you.

Elderly couple turn and walk out followed by the rest of the waiting customers, except for Alex. Alex moves awkwardly to the counter.

ALEX

(nervously)

Ah, Hi. I'm here to see Ian. I have an interview with him at 10:30.

Ellen looks at her watch.

ELLEN

(to Alex)

Well, it's 10:29, sunshine. Take a seat, you're early.

Ellen turns over her shoulder.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Ian. Ian! Your 10:30's here.

Ian emerges gingerly from the back of the office.

IAN

G'day, Alex is it? I'm Ian. Come through, mate.

Alex follows Ian out of the reception area to the meeting room. As they pass Ellen, Alex receives a death stare.

CUT TO:

3. INT. OFFICE MEETING ROOM. MORNING**3**

The meeting room is small and sparse with a rectangular table and six chairs. Ian sits before Alex.

IAN

Have a seat. Are you nervous?

Alex sits down awkwardly in his chair with sweat running down his forehead.

ALEX

(croaky voice)

A little bit.

(clears his throat)

Just want to say the right things
- make a good impression, you know.
Keen to get a start.

Vic enters the meeting room in a whirlwind.

VIC

(robustly)

Hello, mate. I'm Vic, Vic Dolan.
I'm Ian's business partner. How
are ya, mate?

Alex notices Vic has leftover orange on the side of his mouth and he's spilt coffee all down his tie. He shakes his hand and says nothing but looks embarrassed for him. Ian slides a copy of Alex's resume across the table to Vic.

IAN

(to Alex)

Now listen, mate. I know these
things can be nerve-racking. Just
relax. What I'll do is tell you a
bit about myself first, and then
you can tell me a bit about
yourself.

Alex listens carefully, but can't avoid staring at Ian's protruding nose and thick black glasses.

IAN (CONT'D)

I used to be a mechanic. My old man had me slaving away in his workshop. I loved cars as a kid, still do. But I didn't want to spend the rest of my life under the bonnet of a dirty old Holden. I would rather spend my time tuning a blonde bird with big tits. Did you see our receptionist?

Alex laughs nervously with a look of surprise.

VIC

She's a good sort that Felicity. Ian picked her. Lovely girl.

IAN

She's a good worker too. It's important they look good out there at the front desk. I remember when I put her on. She answered some really tough questions in the interview. Surprised me, actually.

CUT TO:

4. INT. OFFICE MEETING ROOM. MORNING (FLASHBACK) 4

Felicity is wearing a white blouse with her cleavage ready to burst a button. Ian is ogling her breasts with his jaw wide open and unable to speak.

FELICITY

So, have I got the job?

Ian is mesmerised.

IAN

(still dazed)
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Can you start tomorrow?

CUT TO:

5. INT. OFFICE MEETING ROOM. MORNING

5

IAN

So, tell me a bit about yourself.
What have you done in the past?
Why are you here, mate?

ALEX

(softly)
Well, um. I haven't really had a
full-time job before but I'm
really keen. A few of my friends
are in real estate and it seems
like a good career. So...

Ian interrupts.

IAN

But, what do you want? To make
money, drive a nice car. Do you
want to own something really,
really expensive? Do you want to
get laid? What do you want?

Alex laughs trying to buy time to think of the right answer.

ALEX

I want to make heaps of money, be
able to afford the stuff I want.

IAN

Ah, there we go. Excellent.

VIC

You can make some serious money in
this game, mate. Six figures. I
remember when I first started.

Ian rolls his eyes.

IAN

(under his breath)
Here we go.

VIC

I had just left my first wife,
lost my job, and had no money
because the hussy took it all.
Got a start, went around door
knocking, and got a few sales away.
Before I knew it, I was back in
business. Go Vic!

Vic pumps his fist in the air. Ian interjects.

IAN

That's what you've gotta do, mate.
Get out there and door knock for
business. We'll give you some
training and show you how to get
them talking. Remember, they're
just people and you're playing a
game.

There's a knock at the door. Clay pops his head in.

CLAY

Excuse me.
(to Alex)
G'day.
(to Ian and Vic)
I need to go out to an appointment.
Sorry to interrupt but, can you
guys move your cars?

VIC

Excuse us for a minute.

Vic gets up and shuffles out after Ian.

CUT TO:

6. EXT. OFFICE REAR.

MORNING

6

Clay is standing on the driveway slowly guiding Vic out. Vic's four wheel drive barely misses the height of the tandem garage. Vic waits in the alleyway, while Ian reverses his shiny black late model AMG Benz out. Clay then jumps into his beat-up ute, reverses out and gives a wave of thanks before speeding off. Ian and Vic drive back in.

CUT TO:

7. INT. OFFICE MEETING ROOM. MORNING**7**

Ian and Vic walk back into the meeting room. Vic is puffed-out. Ian closes the door after Vic. Vic sits down trying to get his breath back. Ian sits looking at Vic with amusement. Ian turns to Alex.

IAN

Right! Listen, mate. We've had a bit of a chat and we think that you're the right kind of guy for the sales role we have available. But we're going to have to put you on probation for six months. Do you want the job?

VIC

(optimistically)
Yeah, do you want the job, mate?

Alex looks dumbfounded. They hardly asked him a thing and they're offering him the job.

ALEX

(enthusiastically)
Okay, yeah. Thanks!

IAN

Good stuff. We'll introduce you around the office.
(to Vic)
Let's show him around.

Ian opens the door. Vic trips over his chair on the way out. Alex walks out scared. Felicity happens to walk past.

VIC

(hastily)
Felicity, this is Rex.

IAN

(peevied)
Alex, Vic. It's Alex!

VIC

Ah, yeah.
 (turns to Alex)
 Sorry, mate.

Ian and Vic walk Alex into the property management department.

CUT TO:

8. INT. OFFICE PROPERTY MANAGEMENT DEPARTMENT. MORNING 8

VIC

Ellen, this is Alex.

ELLEN

(enraged)
 Can't you see I'm busy?

VIC

(turns away mumbling)
 He's starting with us in sales.

Ian leads Alex to the sales department. Vic follows.

CUT TO:

9. INT. OFFICE SALES DEPARTMENT. MORNING 9

IAN

This is where the money's made,
 mate.
 (points to the sales board)
 Your name will be up there soon
 with a six figure sum in the
 commission column.

Alex has a big smile on his face. Vic has taken a seat at his desk.

ALEX

I like the sound of that.

Alex notices Ian's commission total on the sales board.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(to Ian)
Is that your commission for the
year?

IAN

(serious tone)
The quarter.

ALEX

Oh, man!

IAN

(turns to Alex)
What car ya drivin' now, mate?

ALEX

(embarrassed)
Um, an old Honda.

IAN

Well, we'll have to get you a new
car then, hey?

Alex can't believe his luck. He can't wipe the smile off his
face. Travis races in.

TRAVIS

(overenthusiastically)
I've sold it! Oh my, God. I can
finally get the vendors from hell
off my back. That shithole was
doing my head in. I've had
nightmares of Judy screaming, "But
it's got four bathrooms." No one
cares, bitch.
(notices Alex)
Oh, hello there. What's your name,
gorge?

IAN

(quietly gestures to Travis)
Can you tone it down, Trav? For
God's sake.

Alex is taken aback by Travis' extroversion. He notices his fake tan, grey pinstriped tailor made suit, lilac shirt and matching tie.

IAN (CONT'D)

Alex, this is Travis. He's been with us for a while. Trav's our number one salesperson. He specialises in auctions.
(mockingly)
He loves an opening bid or offer.

TRAVIS

(eyeballing Alex)
I'll take an offer from you any time, kid.

IAN

Travis!
(shaking his head)
Alex is starting with us. I want you to show him how to sell.
(points his finger)
But behave yourself.

Alex is as white as a ghost.

TRAVIS

(looks at Ian)
Be careful what you wish for, Ian. This kid might just outsell you, the great Ian Dickson.

IAN

If he makes money, I make money. We're both happy.

TRAVIS

What kind of fantasy have you sold this kid?

ALEX

Ian said I'll be on six figures in no time.

Travis gets right up into Alex's face.

TRAVIS

Six figures. Really? And how do you plan to pull this off, young Al?

ALEX

Well, I...

Ian comes to Alex's aid.

IAN

Don't let him scare you. He's just marking his territory, like a pissing Pomeranian.

Felicity enters the room.

FELICITY

Ian, Benny's here to see you. He said you've got some letters for him.

IAN

I told him not to bloody come today.

(exasperated)

He's a can short of a six pack that bloke, honestly.

(gathers his thoughts)

But what I like about him is that he's loyal.

(assertively)

Nothing like loyalty in this business.

Ian follows Felicity to greet Benny at reception.

IAN (CONT'D)

(turns to Alex)

Come on, mate. Come and meet Benny.

Alex follows Ian out of the room.

CUT TO:

10. INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA. MORNING**10**

Benny is standing at the counter with his hat on backwards wearing a fluorescent yellow jacket over his ripped brown t-shirt and combat shorts. His glasses are held together with masking tape in one corner. Felicity can be heard on the phone.

IAN

Benny! How are ya old son?
 (slowly)
 I told you I don't have any
 letters for you today.

Alex hides behind Ian.

BENNY

(fretfully)
 Oh yeah, I know but, I thought I'd
 just come and check. Who's that
 behind ya?

IAN

This is Alex. He's one of our new
 salesmen.

BENNY

(optimistically)
 You got any letters for me?

Ian answers for Alex.

IAN

No, Benny! He hasn't started yet.

Ian explains to Alex.

IAN (CONT'D)

Benny used to work in my Dad's
 workshop with me. He's been doing
 my letterbox dropping for donkey's
 years.
 (whispering)
 He's a bit, you know, slow.

ALEX

(politely)
It's nice to meet you, Benny.

Ellen races up to Felicity, pushing Ian and Alex out of her way. Felicity pretends to answer a call.

ELLEN

(shouts)
Why didn't you tell me Data End called?

BENNY

Hi, Ellen!

ELLEN

(sweetly)
Oh, Hi Benny. How are you? Got some letters to pick-up, do you?

BENNY

(disappointingly)
Ian said he had some for me but I turned up and there isn't any.

Ellen looks at Ian with disgust.

ELLEN

That'd be bloody right. He's taking advantage of you again, isn't he?

IAN

(to Ellen)
Don't you have some arrears to chase, a tenant to evict, a burger and large fries to consume?

ELLEN

You're all class, Dickson. I've been watching my weight this week.

IAN

Just this week?

ELLEN

You're an asshole. I hope the next unsuspecting vendor you sleep with has syphilis and your dick is out of action for a year.

IAN

Charming. Speaking of dicks, how's your husband? Gettin' any?

Ellen turns red with anger.

ELLEN

(full of rage)
Fuck you!

Ellen walks away. Felicity has a big smile on her face. Ian gives her a wink.

BENNY

(eyebrows raised)
So when will my letters be ready?

IAN

Come back tomorrow after lunch, okay? I'll have a thousand for you to deliver.

Benny walks towards the front door and waves goodbye.

BENNY

(with gusto)
Thanks Ian. Thank you. Thanks Alex. Thanks! Bye Felicity. Bye love.

FELICITY

Bye bye, Benny.

Benny walks out. Alex notices Benny's scooter parked outside the office. It has a yellow and red checkered flag on the back.

ALEX

(puzzled)
Does Benny ride that thing when he delivers the letters?

IAN

(smiling)
You should hear his horn.

Benny promptly beeps his horn and waves goodbye from the footpath. Vic emerges with concern.

VIC

Ian, it's almost 11:00. Time for Safari. We can't be late!

Ian puts his right hand on Alex's left shoulder. Alex looks at Ian with anticipation.

IAN

Do you have somewhere to be, mate?

ALEX

Um, no. Not really. Why's that?

IAN

Come and I'll show you some of my listings.

VIC

And mine!

IAN

Yes, Vic. And yours.

VIC

Whose car we going in, mate?

IAN

The way you drive, old man. Mine.

Ian, Alex and Vic walk down the hallway to the back door and exit the office.

CUT TO:

11. EXT. OFFICE REAR. MORNING

11

Alex follows Ian down the back stairs to the garage. Vic closes the back door, triple checking it's locked and walks down the stairs.

IAN

Oh, Vic. Your car's behind mine.

VIC

Shit! Shit, shit, shit, shit,
shit.

Vic walks back up the stairs, unlocks the door and disappears to collect his car keys.

ALEX

(looks inside the garage)
Is that your car?

IAN

C63 AMG Benz. Only a month old.

ALEX

(with envy)
Wow!

IAN

You'll have one soon. Just stick
with me, mate. Trust me.

Vic comes racing out the back door, triple checks the lock then proceeds down the stairs carefully focusing on every step.

VIC

(passes Alex)
Sorry, mate.

Vic jumps into his four wheel drive and reverses out to the alleyway. Ian jumps into his car, Alex gets in the back. The brake lights on the black Benz light up, followed by the reverse lights. Ian backs his car out swapping positions with Vic. Vic parks and hops into the passenger seat of Ian's car. Ian plants the accelerator and speeds off. Suddenly, the brake lights light up. The car stops dead, smoke rising from the rear tyres. The reverse lights light up. The car is backed up to the driveway. Travis comes racing down the stairs and jumps into the back of the car. Ian drives off.

CUT TO:

12. INT. IAN'S CAR. MORNING TRAVELLING

12

TRAVIS

I can't believe you forgot me.
Actually, I can. Bastards!

IAN

Such a drama Queen. It's the same
time every week, Trav. And every
week it seems you're the last one
to know about it.

Travis shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

IAN (CONT'D)

Where's Elsa?

TRAVIS

She's meeting us at Bluegum Street.
You know she hates getting in the
car with you. You drive like a
friggin' maniac, Dickson.

IAN

You drive like an old lady bowler
with a blue rinse and a feather in
her hat.

TRAVIS

Don't you have a training CD to
put on?

(adjusts his posture towards Alex)

I hope you like listening to
middle-aged men tell you how to
make money, honey. Ian'll be
handing you out CDs like condoms
at Mardi Gras.

Alex takes a deep breath and grabs hold of his seatbelt.

VIC

Stop scarin' the poor kid.

IAN

Don't listen to him, Alex.

ALEX

Um, I don't actually have a CD player in my car.

TRAVIS

(laughing)

No CD player? What are you driving, a Leyland P76?

ALEX

It's a Honda Civic. A 1988 model. It goes all right but when it rains, the sunroof leaks.

Travis laughs uncontrollably.

TRAVIS

(gasping for air)

It leaks when it rains.

Alex is red with embarrassment.

IAN

Shut up, Travis!

(points to a house out the window)

Okay, this is it.

(looks into rear vision mirror)

Elsa's behind me. I'm going to park across the driveway so she doesn't park in the driveway. I keep telling her not to do that. It's unprofessional.

VIC

It is, mate. Bad habit.

TRAVIS

She doesn't like getting her Jimmy Choos dirty. Give the girl a break. She's a Princess.

IAN

You're the bloody Princess. Princess of Darkness.

TRAVIS
 (under his breath)
 Bitch.

Ian pulls up to the house. It is a single-level clad cottage with a white picket fence. An enormous auction signboard with Ian's face plastered across it overwhelms the property.

IAN
 Listed this last week. The vendors aren't home.

VIC
 That's good. I need to use the bathroom.

IAN
 Vic, you're not dropping a bloody turd in my vendors' toilet again. Last time it almost cost me the listing.

TRAVIS
 Disgusting old man.

VIC
 (defensively)
 Hey, it wasn't my fault. That bloody Chinaman from up the road spiked my sizzling pork because Clay called him up askin' him for his rent. Not my bloody fault. My guts were rotten for a week. Dirty chow.

Ian parks the car and gets out followed by Travis and Vic. Alex is the last to exit the car. Elsa approaches Alex.

CUT TO:

13. EXT. "BLUEGUM STREET" FRONT YARD. MORNING

13

ELSA
 (to Ian)
 Who's this? Did you pick him up from the lost and found?

Elsa looks down at Alex's crotch.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Where's your belt?

Travis laughs. Alex is speechless. He cannot take his eyes off Elsa. She is tall with blue eyes and brown hair. She is wearing a navy suit with pencil skirt and shiny high heels, immaculately presented. Alex has never seen such beauty.

IAN

Alex, this is Elsa Graham.

Ian leads his sales team to the front door of the house, grabs a set of keys out of his pocket and lets them in. He pulls Alex aside.

IAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I've got to teach you a thing or two about women. Later.

Alex nods at Ian. Ian winks and walks inside. Alex closes the screen door with a look of sheer terror.

CUT TO:

14. INT. "BLUEGUM STREET" LIVING ROOM. MORNING 14

The living room has polished floorboards and is noticeably over furnished. There are family portraits all over the feature wall, which is painted burgundy red.

TRAVIS

(sarcastically)

Oh, this is nice. Really nice.

(points to the large family portrait)

Look at the beard on this freak,
he looks like Bigfoot.

Elsa laughs.

VIC

What's it worth guys? It's the only auction listing we've got. We ought to get this one away, surely.

IAN

Let them have a look through first, Vic.

Vic brushes past a knee-high table decorated with porcelain ornaments and family heirlooms.

VIC

I reckon it's worth...

Vic knocks the table. One of the larger ornaments falls and smashes onto the floorboards.

IAN

(startled)
Can't fuckin' take you anywhere!

Travis and Elsa are giggling in the background. Alex can't control his laughter.

VIC

Oh, sorry mate. Shit, I'll clean it up.

IAN

Have a look in the laundry for a dustpan or something. God, Vic. How am I going to explain this to Sue and Bob? My clumsy excuse for a business partner can't bloody see.

VIC

Me? You're the one with the glasses.

IAN

Laundry, Vic.

Vic disappears to find a dustpan.

IAN

We need to get a rental figure on this for prospective investors. Cranky pants is doing end of month.
 (looks over at Travis)
 Trav, get Lindy on the mobile. See where she is. Ask her to come down and give us a price on this.

TRAVIS

What's wrong with your mobile?

IAN

Just do it, Trav. Ellen'll get the shits if I call her assistant today. She doesn't need to know about it.

TRAVIS

Seriously, Ian. When are you going to get rid of that fat cow?

Alex walks through the hallway trying not to listen. He enters the main bedroom. Elsa follows him in.

CUT TO:

15. INT. "BLUEGUM STREET" MAIN BEDROOM. MORNING

15

ELSA

So, Alex. What makes you think you're going to be able to sell? I mean, you're just a kid. This industry's not for little boys.

Alex blushes, overwhelmed by Elsa's presence. He looks at the King size bed then at Elsa and quickly to the floor. He cannot make eye contact.

ALEX

Um, um. Well, I. Ah, I'm quite mature for my age.

ELSA

I bet you are.

Travis walks in.

TRAVIS

What are you two up to? Giving him an initiation, are we Els?

(smiles at Alex)

Watch out, Al. She's a man-eater.

(sings)

"She's a man-eater, makes you work hard, makes you huh huh, wish you never ever met her at all."

Elsa turns to Travis.

ELSA

(vigorously)

I am not a man-eater.

TRAVIS

Yeah, tell that to your list of exs in rehab.

Elsa looks shocked. Ian enters the room.

IAN

(to Travis)

Did you call Lindy?

TRAVIS

Yes!

IAN

And?

TRAVIS

And? And, she said she can't come now because Ellen's got her folding statements or something.

IAN

The last day of every month is always a shit fight in that bloody department.

Vic walks in.

VIC

I cleaned it up, guys.

(to Ian)

Tell the vendors I'll replace it.

IAN

Yeah, well, you better hope it's replaceable. If I lose this listing because of it, you'll be one step closer to the retirement home.

VIC

Maybe you can tell them Alex did it.

Alex looks alarmed.

IAN

What?

VIC

You know, blame the new guy so it doesn't make us look bad.

ALEX

Us?

IAN

(to Alex)

He means the business.

(to Vic)

And no, I'm not going to blame the new guy for yet another one of your mishaps, Vic.

VIC

Just a thought.

(turns to Alex)

Thanks for taking one for the team, mate.

TRAVIS

Are we going to just stand around in Bigfoot's bedroom or are we going to get out of here?

Travis looks at the bed suit.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(softly)

Ah, to think they made little
Bigfoot's in there.

Elsa sniggers and shakes her head.

IAN

Come on. Have a quick look around
inside and out the back. We've
got to get to Vic's new one and
the two-bedder I signed up last
night before 12:00.

Ian leads everyone out.

CUT TO:

16. EXT. OFFICE REAR. MORNING

16

Ellen is puffing away on a cigarette at the bottom of the
stairs. She looks extremely stressed. Lindy opens the back
door and stands on the landing looking down at Ellen.

LINDY

(shouts)
Um, Ellen!

ELLEN

What?

LINDY

We've run out of letterhead.

ELLEN

What?

LINDY

We've run out of letterhead for
the printer.

ELLEN

So? Get some more out of the
cupboard.

LINDY
Didn't Vic tell you?

ELLEN
Tell me what, Lindy?
(mumbles)
Can't I have a friggin' drag in
peace?

LINDY
You know how Vic's in charge of
all the office supplies?

ELLEN
Yeah.

LINDY
Well, he's decided to put a
padlock on the stationary cupboard.
All the letterhead's in there.

ELLEN
You're fucking joking!

LINDY
Sorry, Ellen.

ELLEN
Why would he do that? Stupid old
prick.

LINDY
He said that we're wasting too
much paper and that letterhead's
expensive. So, he wants to
monitor it.

ELLEN
It's end of month today.

LINDY
Yeah.

ELLEN
Where is the old tight arse?

LINDY

On Safari with the sales team and some new guy. They've been gone a while.

ELLEN

Did you ring him?

LINDY

No.

ELLEN

Don't. I'll get you the letterhead.

LINDY

How, Ellen? The cupboard's padlocked.

CUT TO:

17. INT. OFFICE GARAGE. MORNING

17

The stationary cupboard is located at the back of the tandem garage. Adjacent is Clay's workbench with an assortment of power tools fixed to the back wall. The hand-held circular saw is noticeably missing. Ellen is wearing a pair of clear protective glasses, sawing the padlock off with sparks flying and an ash drawn cigarette in her mouth.

ELLEN

(roaring)
How do you like that, Vic?

CUT TO:

18. INT. "PRINCE STREET" LIVING AREA. MORNING

18

The sales team is at the last property inspection of the day's Safari: Ian's two-bedder. Ian is standing in the living area with Alex. The balcony door is open. Travis and Elsa are standing on the balcony. Elsa is admiring the view.

TRAVIS

(shouts)
Ian.

IAN

Yeah.

TRAVIS

(shouts)
Where's Vic?

Ian looks around.

IAN

Yeah, where is Vic?
(shouts)
Vic? Victor.

Ian notices the door to the bathroom is closed.

IAN (CONT'D)

(through the door)
Vic, I swear to God if you're
dropping your guts in that toilet,
you're dead! I'm not kidding.

VIC

(faintly)
Just a minute, mate.

ALEX

(to Ian)
Are we getting back to the office
soon, Ian?

IAN

(to Alex)
We're leaving now.

Vic opens the door to the bathroom, the toilet is running.
Ian covers his nose with both hands. Alex does the same with
disgust.

IAN (CONT'D)

(to Alex)
Can you believe this? Sorry, mate.

VIC

Oh, I feel much better.

IAN

Vic! Don't speak to me. I'm not talking to you.

VIC

Ah, come on mate. When ya gotta go old son, you gotta go.

Ian walks towards the balcony.

IAN

(to Travis and Elsa)
Come on, we're going.

Travis and Elsa walk inside and head towards the door.

TRAVIS

Ewww, what's that smell?

ELSA

Oh, yeah. That's foul.

IAN

(apologetically)
Sorry guys.
(looks at Vic)
The geriatric had his tenth bowel movement for the day.

VIC

(smiling)
I feel lighter.
(sniffs)
Yep! Definitely lighter.

Travis looks at Elsa, Alex looks at Ian. They all turn to look at Vic with disgust.

IAN

Before we go, what's it worth guys?

TRAVIS

Five sixty.

ELSA

No, more Trav. Five eighty to
five ninety.

VIC

Six hundred.

IAN

What's this, an auction? I listed
it at five ninety nine. Offers
over five eighty, okay?

Ian looks at Travis and Elsa then over to Vic for
acknowledgement. They all nod.

IAN (CONT'D)

(conclusively)
Good.

ELSA

(to Travis)
Winner!

TRAVIS

Blow me.

ELSA

Bite me, bitch.

TRAVIS

Rrr-ow.

IAN

All right, you two. Let's go.

CUT TO:

19. EXT. OFFICE REAR. AFTERNOON

19

Ian's car approaches the driveway. He stops to let Vic,
Travis and Alex out. Vic walks into the garage to reverse
his car out for Ian.

CUT TO:

20. INT. OFFICE GARAGE. AFTERNOON**20**

Vic notices his padlock's missing and the doors to the stationary cupboard are wide open. Vic jumps into his four wheel drive and reverses out. Ian drives in. Vic then parks behind Ian. Ian gets out of the car and notices the stationary cupboard is open, while closing his door. Vic gets out of his car, closes the door, locks it with the key and approaches Ian.

IAN

(to Vic)
What happened here?

VIC

(distressed)
Where's my padlock? I paid sixty bucks for that.

Ian chuckles, closing the cupboard doors.

CUT TO:

21. INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA. AFTERNOON**21**

Ian approaches Felicity with Alex close behind.

IAN

Hey, Flick.

FELICITY

Yeah, darl.

IAN

What happened downstairs?

FELICITY

What do you mean?

IAN

The stationary cupboard.

FELICITY

(smiling)
Oh, that. Ellen got the shits.
Hard!

IAN

Why?

FELICITY

Well, they ran out of letterhead. Vic never told her that he'd padlocked it. I mean, as if she wasn't going to find out.

IAN

Yeah, well. He's paying for the letterhead so it's up to him. When you own a business one day, darlin', you'll count your pennies too.

Alex taps Ian on the shoulder.

ALEX

(politely)

Ian, thanks very much for showing me around today. Is it all right if I go?

IAN

Yeah, sure. Great to have you on board. Are you okay to start tomorrow? We'll have your desk nice and clean and all of the paperwork ready for you. We need to book you into a Certificate of Registration course, ASAP.

ALEX

What's that?

IAN

It's just a quick course on how to be a real estate agent. Don't worry, it's ridiculously easy. You can just cut and paste the answers. Felicity's done it, she'll show you. You can copy hers.

ALEX

Is that all I need to do to be able to sell?

IAN

Yep. We'll teach you everything we know. Trust me. You'll be fine, mate. Again, great to have you on board.

ALEX

Thanks! I'll be here first thing.

IAN

(swiftly)
Okay mate.

Alex moves towards the front door.

IAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and Alex. When you're lying in bed tonight, think of all the things you want to buy: the cars, the investments, the designer clothes. Not to mention all the chicks you're going to pick up with all that cash.

Alex turns red but smiles back at Ian.

ALEX

(enthusiastically)
I will! See ya tomorrow, Ian.
Bye Felicity.

FELICITY

Tootles.

Alex walks out the door.

IAN

(to Felicity)
Poor kid. Doesn't know what he's in for. He'll be right.

CUT TO:

22. EXT. SYDNEY SUBURB. AFTERNOON**22**

The sun is shining. Alex is walking along the footpath to his car with his head up and a huge smile on his face. His hands are in his pockets. He can't believe his luck.

ALEX (V/O)

I just got a job. No wait, a career. Oh, my God. Wait till I tell Mum and Dad, they'll be stoked. I wanna be just like Ian: rich, successful and in with the ladies. He's amazing. I won't sleep tonight. Oh, man. This is great. I'm ringing the boys when I get home. We're going to celebrate this weekend. Oh, still can't believe it. This is too good to be true.

CUT TO:

23. INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA. AFTERNOON**23**

Ian and Felicity are chuckling about Alex. Vic comes racing around the corner.

VIC

She hit me!

IAN

Who hit you, Vic?

VIC

(holding his face)
That fat bitch hit me.

IAN

For fuck's sake. What did you say, Vic?

VIC

Nothing. Clay told me she cut the bloody padlock off with his circular saw.

IAN

(surprised)
She didn't.

VIC

Yeah, she fuckin' did, mate.
She's crazy.
(short of breath)
She's fuckin' crazy. I think I
need to go to the hospital.

IAN

Vic, you're fine.

VIC

(barrelled over)
Nah, mate. I'm having chest pains.

IAN

She hit you in the face, Vic.

Vic falls to the ground.

FELICITY

(frightened)
Oh, my God. Vic. Vic!

CUT TO:

24. EXT. OFFICE FRONT. AFTERNOON

24

Vic is wheeled out of the office on a bed by paramedics and into an ambulance. Local shop owners are gathered around the footpath. A female paramedic closes both ambulance doors and proceeds to the driver's door. Ian, Felicity, Lindy, Clay, Travis and Elsa are gathered around the ambulance. Ellen is noticeably absent.

CUT TO:

25. EXT. OFFICE REAR. AFTERNOON

25

Ellen takes the last drag of her cigarette, throws the butt to the ground in anger and squashes it firmly under the right toe of her scuffed black shoe.

ELLEN
(unsympathetically)
That'll teach him.

FADE TO BLACK.