

# **IN A REAL STATE**

(There Came a Knock at the Door)

by

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SECOND DRAFT

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FADE IN:

**1. EXT. OFFICE REAR. MORNING 1**

Barry parks his car. He seems refreshed and cheerful making his way up the back steps to the office.

CUT TO:

**2. INT. OFFICE SALES DEPARTMENT. MORNING 2**

Barry walks into the sales department with his worn brown briefcase in hand. He greets the sales team minus the bosses with a bright smile.

BARRY

Howdy, team. Great to be back!

Barry puts his briefcase on his desk, which is swamped with paperwork. Client contact cards are scattered all over the place.

TRAVIS

Hey Baz. How was the holiday with the fam?

BARRY

Great, really great! Marg and I have a time-share up in Forster, as you know. Bloody sensational place. The kids came up on the weekend with the little fella and had a ball.

ELSA

Bit of quality time with Mrs Hughes, hey Baz?

BARRY

You're a cheeky one, Elsa.

Barry looks at his desk and takes a deep breath.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Looking forward to a great end to the year. I've got some hot leads to chase up. Never been so motivated in my life. You kids need to have a holiday up in Forster. I tell you, it clears the mind.

TRAVIS

Are there any nightclubs up there, Baz?

BARRY

Not your bloody type of nightclubs there aren't. You need to stop that pill popping and stuff and enjoy some of nature's finest. You should go camping.

ELSA

He's camp enough.

Travis rolls his eyes.

BARRY

I'll pay that, she's quick.

TRAVIS

So are her boyfriends.

ELSA

Whatever.

BARRY

Where's Victor? He's normally in at the crack of sparrows.

ELSA

Didn't Ian tell you?

BARRY

Tell me what, love?

ELSA

Vic had a heart attack yesterday.

BARRY

What? You're joking, right?  
That's bloody terrible.

Barry is white. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his handkerchief to wipe his forehead.

TRAVIS

Yeah, Ellen nearly killed him.  
Fat bitch hit him and he got all  
flustered and chucked a fit at  
reception.

BARRY

Poor Vic. I've gotta go see him.  
Where is he, the local?

Ian walks in.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What happened to Vic, Ian? Is  
he okay?

IAN

Relax Baz. He's fine. What did  
these hyenas tell you, Ellen  
tried to kill him?

BARRY

Well...

IAN

It was bound to happen. His  
cholesterol's been through the  
roof.

Barry stands forlorn brushing his overgrown moustache with his thumb and index finger.

CUT TO:

**3. INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA.**

**MORNING**

**3**

Alex walks in. The traffic noise subsides as he closes the door. He eyeballs Felicity.

ALEX

Hi Felicity.

FELICITY

Hey matey. Ready for your big first day?

ALEX

Sure am. Is Ian in?

FELICITY

Not sure. I'll go check.

Just as Felicity gets up, Ian walks up to reception.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Ian, Alex is here for his first day.

IAN

Who?

Ian looks at Alex.

FELICITY

Really, Ian?

IAN

Oh, yeah. Alex! The Fox to my Gekko. How are you, young man?

ALEX

All excited to learn from the best.

IAN

Flattery will get you everywhere in this business. We're a shallow mob.

FELICITY

(sarcastically)

So, you've got Alex's desk all setup, right?

Ian looks guilty.

IAN

Hey Alex, just take a seat on the couch for a minute and I'll be back soon. Just gotta take care of something, I won't be long.

CUT TO:

**4. INT. OFFICE SALES DEPARTMENT. MORNING 4**

Ian comes racing in.

IAN

Hey, Baz?

BARRY

Yes, Ian.

IAN

Can I see you in the meeting room, please?

BARRY

(worried)  
What's wrong?

Ian puts his arm over Barry's shoulder.

IAN

Come on, mate.

CUT TO:

**5. INT. OFFICE MEETING ROOM. MORNING 5**

Ian sits down. Barry looks concerned.

IAN

Sit down, Baz.

BARRY

What's the deal here?

IAN

Baz, your numbers have been poor, mate. You know it, I know it, the whole bloody office knows it.

BARRY

I've got some hot leads, Ian. I buttered them up before I went away and I'm going to list a couple of crackers this week. I promise.

IAN

Baz, I've heard it all before.

BARRY

Ian, please.

IAN

Baz, don't make this harder than it has to be.

BARRY

So what are you saying, Ian? I come back from a holiday all motivated and bang - shoot the old dog.

There's an awkward silence. Barry looks crestfallen. He pleads with Ian.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'm fifty-fuckin'-nine years old. I still have a mortgage to pay. Marg's sick. Ian, the leads...

Ian interrupts.

IAN

Enough.

Barry starts to weep.

IAN (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake, Baz. You can walk out of here with some dignity or beat up, it's your choice. Get your shit together and I'll walk you to your car.

BARRY

Twelve years, Ian. Twelve fuckin' years. You can't do this. Vic will have another heart attack when he finds out. I wanna hear it from him.

IAN

Vic's in hospital. I run the sales department, not Vic. Let's go, Baz.

Ian looks into Baz's eyes.

IAN (CONT'D)

Baz, look at me. It's over, mate. Go in there and collect your things. I'll give you ten minutes and I'll walk you to your car. Remember what I said: dignity.

Barry opens the door and walks out. Ian takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

**6. INT. LOCAL PUBLIC HOSPITAL.**

**MORNING**

**6**

Vic is lying in bed connected to a drip and heart rate monitor. He's barely watching the morning news. A young nurse walks in to check on him. Vic turns his head.

VIC

Hello, sweetheart. Am I in Heaven?

NURSE

It was a close one, Mr Dolan.



VIC

Please, love, call me Vic.

NURSE

How are you feeling, Vic?

VIC

Better than yesterday. When can I go home?

NURSE

Well, I'll let the Doc speak to you about that.

VIC

I've gotta get back to the business. Can you ask the Doc to come and see me right away?

NURSE

Sure. Don't stress, Vic. You've just had a heart attack. You need to rest.

Vic sits up and grabs the nurse's arm.

VIC

Listen, I need to get out of this place.

NURSE

Just relax and I'll get the Doc to come and see you. Okay?

VIC

Thanks, love.

NURSE

Can I get you anything?

Vic raises his eyebrows.

VIC

What are you offering?

The nurse gives him a smile.

NURSE

Have a rest, Vic. The Doc will  
come and see you shortly.

CUT TO:

**7. INT. OFFICE SALES DEPARTMENT. MORNING 7**

Barry has gathered some of his personal belongings and  
thrown them in a cardboard box. Ian is standing over him.  
Travis and Elsa have gone for coffee.

IAN

Got everything?

BARRY

I can't believe you're doing  
this. You're a heartless prick.

IAN

No need for name-calling, Baz.  
Let's go.

Barry grabs his briefcase with one hand and the box with  
the other. Ian follows him down the hallway to the back  
door and down the stairs to his car.

CUT TO:

**8. INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA. MORNING 8**

Felicity is filing her nails. Alex is tapping his foot  
like crazy.

ALEX

(to Felicity)  
He's taking his time, isn't he?

FELICITY

You'll get use to this sort of  
thing soon. Remember to always  
be on your guard. Anything and  
everything happens in this place.  
Trust me.

There's a long silence. Alex doesn't know what else to say. He's starting to feel nervous.

ALEX

So, will I get business cards?

FELICITY

Yep. I'll order you some when you get off your probation. Until then, you can just write your name on some old ones.

Alex nods his head and looks to the floor.

CUT TO:

**9. INT. OFFICE SALES DEPARTMENT. MORNING 9**

Ian emerges. He approaches Barry's desk. It's full of old paperwork. He uses his forearm to push it all to the desk adjacent. He blows on it to unsettle the dust. He grabs the telephone, untwists the cord to the handset, puts it down and tucks in the wobbly chair.

IAN

There, that should do.

Ian walks out of the sales department to greet Alex.

CUT TO:

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

Alex is fidgeting. Ian approaches Alex with gusto.

IAN

Alex, my main man. Got you all setup. Come with me, mate. Let's get you settled.

Alex gets up all excited and follows Ian to the sales department.

FELICITY

Where'd you put him, Ian?

The phone starts to ring.

IAN

(rudely)  
Phone, switch bitch.

Felicity answers the phone. Travis and Elsa walk through the front door. Travis has a brown paper bag in his hand. It contains a greasy bacon and egg roll. Elsa's carrying a coffee in each hand.

CUT TO:

**11. INT. OFFICE SALES DEPARTMENT. MORNING 11**

Travis and Elsa sit down simultaneously at their desks. Ian is standing next to the sales board with Alex.

ELSA

(to Ian)  
Um, Ian, where's Baz?

IAN

I had to let him go.

ELSA

(disgusted)  
You what?

TRAVIS

You're a heartless bastard, Ian.

IAN

(emphatically)  
He just couldn't cut it anymore. He was costing me money, not you money, me money. We need new blood: young, fit and energetic blood. That's why we've got young Alex.

Ian shows Alex to his desk.

ELSA

Careful Alex. That desk's cursed.

IAN

(to Elsa)  
 Oh, would you do some work? Baz  
 sat there for twelve years.  
 Some curse.

Elsa takes a sip of her coffee and clicks on her mouse to dissolve her screensaver, which is a collage of party photos with her girlfriends. Alex sits at his desk.

ALEX

This is cool, my own desk.

TRAVIS

(under his breath)  
 Fuck!

IAN

Don't get too comfortable.  
 You're going to do some door  
 knocking today. I want you out  
 there getting a taste of this  
 wonderful game we call real  
 estate.

Alex appears daunted.

ALEX

Today?

IAN

Today.

Ian walks over to the suburb map on the wall. He points to a zone and starts outlining it with a red marker.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'm giving you Baz's old patch.  
 He hasn't door knocked it since  
 Johnny Farnham had a hit.

TRAVIS

(sings)  
 "You're the voice try and  
 understand it, m-m-m m-m-m-mmm,  
 whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, whoa-  
 oh..."

IAN

Shut-the-fuck-up, Trav!

TRAVIS

What happened to you, Dickson?  
You're all uptight these days.  
You need to loosen up.

IAN

The only thing loose around here  
is your asshole. Don't you  
have an appointment with your  
vendor from Lewis Street this  
morning?

TRAVIS

Work, work, work, work, work.  
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

Travis grabs his car keys and walks out. Ellen walks in.

ELLEN

(to Ian)

I just had a phone call from  
Marg. You know, Marg? Barry's  
dear wife.

IAN

Fuck, Ellen. Not now.

ELLEN

Not now. I've seen you do some  
unethical shit in my time here  
but sacking poor Baz the day he  
gets back from his holiday with  
his wife - who's in remission  
after a double mastectomy - is  
the pits, even for a heartless  
bastard like you.

Alex is trying to hide behind Ian.

IAN

What would you do if one of your tenants were two months in arrears, Ellen? What would you do, hey? I know what you'd do: you'd kick their arses out onto the front lawn. Remember what you did to the poor Kumars?

Ellen is red in the face, grinding her teeth.

IAN (CONT'D)

That's right. So don't stand there and have a go at me for getting rid of a bad tenant, a squatter in fact.

Ellen looks over Ian's shoulder at Alex.

ELLEN

I hope your little protégé brought a change of underwear. He's already shitting himself.

IAN

(to Alex)  
Ignore her.  
(to Ellen)  
Can you hear that, Ellen?

Ian puts his right hand up to his ear.

IAN (CONT'D)

I think it's the coffee cart with your extra large skim latte and buttered cheese croissant.

ELLEN

Arsehole.

Ellen walks out. Ian turns to Alex.

IAN

I'm really sorry, mate. It's not normally this chaotic around here.

Alex is flustered. Ian leans over Alex's desk.

IAN

I have to tell you something.

ALEX

Okay.

IAN

(shallow voice)  
Vic's in hospital. After you left yesterday he suffered a mild heart attack. He's doing fine, so don't be alarmed. I also had to let go of a guy who has been with us for a very long time this morning. It wasn't fun but I had to do it. Don't feel bad, okay? You had nothing to do with it.

Alex nods his head.

IAN (CONT'D)

(upbeat)  
So, that's enough drama for one day. Let's start your initiation.

ALEX

Initiation?

Elsa starts giggling.

IAN

Come with me.

CUT TO:

**12. INT. LOCAL PUBLIC HOSPITAL.**

**MORNING**

**12**

Vic is lying in bed. The doctor walks into the room and approaches Vic energetically.



DR PRASAD

Hello Victor. How are you feeling, dear chap? I have some news for you.

Vic doesn't remember the doctor. He looks at his name badge and back at the Doc. He looks back at the badge to read his name aloud.

VIC

Dr Vik-ash Pra-sad? Nah, mate. I think you've got the wrong bloody patient.

DR PRASAD

Victor, I treated you when you came in yesterday. Don't you remember?

VIC

No, I don't bloody remember. Just tell me: when can get out of here?

DR PRASAD

It's going to be a few days yet.

VIC

(annoyed)  
Days? Fuck no.

Vic grabs his chest.

DR PRASAD

Take it easy, old chap. You need to rest. Rest is good. I'll have the nurse make you some tea. I have a special remedy that will help.

VIC

Remedy? Fuck no. I'll just have a Lipton, plain. You can keep that Dilmah shit or whatever you bloody drink. You hear me?

DR PRASAD

Now, now, Victor. I told you to rest. I have your results here. You suffered a mild heart attack. You were lucky considering your high cholesterol. You must change your diet, dear chap.

Vic starts shaking his head.

VIC

No. Nothing wrong with my diet. I wanna go home.

DR PRASAD

In time, Victor.

VIC

Please, call me Mr Dolan.

DR PRASAD

Rest up. I'll be back tomorrow when you're feeling a bit better. I'll send in that tea.

Dr Prasad walks away.

VIC

(yells)  
Lipton.

Vic clutches his chest and starts moaning. He mumbles to himself.

CUT TO:

**13. INT. OFFICE MEETING ROOM.**

**MORNING**

**13**

Alex is stuffing envelopes with prospecting propaganda in preparation for his initiation. Ian walks in.

IAN

How are you going there, Alex?

ALEX

Almost done, Ian.

IAN

This is a very lucrative street.  
As part of your initiation, I  
want you to go door knocking.  
The aim: book an appraisal.

Ian sits down next to Alex.

ALEX

(apprehensively)  
But Ian, what do I say? I need  
some training. What if they  
don't want to talk to me? What  
if they do want to talk to me?  
Are you sure about this?

IAN

I'm throwing you in the deep end,  
kid. If you swim, you're made  
for this game. If you tread  
water, we can work on you. If  
you sink, you're dead.

Alex takes a deep breath. The fear is inescapable.

IAN (CONT'D)

So, you're going to park your  
car at the top of the street.  
Then, you're going to walk up to  
the front door of each house and  
knock, or ring the doorbell  
twice.

ALEX

What do I say when they open the  
door?

IAN

Just tell them your name, where  
you're from and that you sold a  
house around the corner. Tell  
them that you're just in the  
area and want to know whether  
they're interested in a free  
market appraisal.

ALEX

And, if they are?

IAN

Take down their details and make a time to go back. I'll go with you and show you how it's done. But I want you to get used to prospecting, that's how it's done. Okay?

ALEX

If you say so, Ian.

IAN

Just do what I say and you'll be on your way to six figures.

The fear on Alex's face subsides and a smile emerges.

ALEX

Okay, so the goal is to book an appraisal?

IAN

That's it. Sounds simple, huh? Trust me, you come back with an appraisal from that street and you'll be the office hero.

ALEX

Really? What's so special about that street?

IAN

It's not called Calamity Street for nothing.

ALEX

(optimistically)  
I'm going to get one.

IAN

That's the spirit. C'mon, grab your things and off you go.

CUT TO:

**14. INT. OFFICE PROPERTY MANAGEMENT DEPARTMENT. MORNING 14**

Ellen is banging away on her desktop printer. Lindy is standing at the key cabinet with a bunch of keys in both hands.

ELLEN

(flustered)  
Why isn't this fuckin' thing  
working?

LINDY

Do you want me to take a look at  
it, Ellen?

Ellen looks up at Lindy.

ELLEN

(mockingly)  
Do you want me to take a look at  
it, Ellen?

Ellen looks back at the printer.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

No, I don't want you to take a  
look at it. I want you to find  
those bloody keys to Ellis  
Street.

Lindy looks back at the key cabinet. Ellen keeps banging away on the printer.

LINDY

(under her breath)  
I'm not the one who lost them.

ELLEN

What?

LINDY

Nothing, Ellen, nothing. Just  
talking to myself again.

Lindy laughs.

ELLEN

Just as well. Ask Ian if he's seen them. I think he said the owner wants to sell. Just my luck, he can't list anything of his own, he has to come and steal my managements.

LINDY

Okay, I'll go ask him.

ELLEN

Hang on. Did you deliver that cheque to Mrs Borg's house?

Lindy looks petrified. She musters up some courage.

LINDY

Ellen, there's a really big dog there and the letterbox is missing. Please, Ellen. Can we ask her to pick it up?

Ellen gives Lindy a stern look. Lindy awaits the inevitable.

ELLEN

Actually, I've got a better idea. Give me the envelope.

CUT TO:

**15. INT. OFFICE SALES DEPARTMENT. MORNING 15**

Ellen walks into the sales department with the envelope in her hand. Alex is at his desk gathering his things to go door knocking. Ian is sitting at his desk responding to an email with difficulty.

ELLEN

(to Ian)  
I noticed your lackey is off door knocking.

Alex looks up.

IAN

What's it to you?

ELLEN

I need this cheque hand  
delivered today and Lindy can't  
do it.

Ellen eyeballs Alex.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

Do you mind?

Ian interjects.

IAN

Oh, so now you want his help?  
No fuckin' way, you do it.

Alex sees this as an opportunity to get on Ellen's good  
side.

ALEX

It's okay, Ian. I can do it.

IAN

You don't have to.

ALEX

(to Ellen)

Has it got the address on the  
envelope?

ELLEN

(intolerantly)

Of course it's got the...

Ellen pulls back. She clears her throat.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(politely)

Yes, it does, Alex.

ALEX

Well, I'd be happy to deliver it  
for you then, Ellen.

ELLEN

Thank you, Alex. You just need to drop it in the letterbox, okay? That's all you need to do.

ALEX

In the letterbox, consider it done.

ELLEN

Excellent.

Ellen walks out.

IAN

(to Alex)

Don't fuck it up, mate. She'll have your balls if you do.

Alex looks at the envelope.

ALEX

Parkview Place?

IAN

Oh, that's two streets away from Calamity. Lucky, you don't have to go far.

ALEX

Cool. I'm off.

IAN

Don't come back without an appraisal. Think of it as getting a date with Claudia Schiffer.

ALEX

Who's that?

Ian is appalled.

IAN

Oh boy. Okay, Miranda Kerr then.



ALEX

Oh yeah! I'm with ya,  
Victoria's Secret.

IAN

Now we're talkin'.

ALEX

Have you bought Victoria's  
Secret lingerie, Ian?

IAN

Hell yeah. Red lace is my  
favorite.

ALEX

Whoa, that's awesome!

Alex walks out with a huge smile on his face. Elsa walks  
in.

ELSA

What's he smiling about?

IAN

He just got wood thinking about  
Victoria's Secret lingerie  
models.

ELSA

I don't even want to know how  
that came up. He's turning into  
you already - a misogynistic  
sociopath. Nice.

Ian laughs.

IAN

He's Gen Y. Doesn't take long.

ELSA

Add narcissist.

CUT TO:

**16. INT. ALEX'S CAR. MORNING TRAVELLING 16**

ALEX (V/O)

Fuck. What am I going to say?  
Don't lose your shit, Alex.  
Come on.

Alex pulls up to Calamity Street and parks his car. He checks himself out in the rear vision mirror. It snaps off as he tries to move it. He looks at it in his hand and throws it in the back seat. He grabs a handful of envelopes and stuffs them into his jacket pockets. He takes a deep breath and gets out of his car.

CUT TO:

**17. EXT. "CALAMITY STREET" HOUSE #1. MORNING 17**

Alex approaches the door to the first house and knocks loudly. A dog starts barking, it sounds large. The door opens. An elderly lady stands before him holding her Border Collie back.

HOME OWNER #1

Yes. What can I do for you,  
young man?

ALEX

(hurriedly)  
Um, well, I sold a house two  
streets away and was wondering  
if you, um, would be interested  
in a free market appraisal, okay?

HOME OWNER #1

Not interested in selling, dear.

ALEX

Well...

Home Owner #1 takes a turn.

HOME OWNER #1  
 (abusively)  
 I said: I'm not interested.  
 Are you deaf? Are you stupid,  
 or what? I said: I'm not  
interested.

Home Owner #1 slams the door. Alex is dejected but not about to give up. He walks across the grass to the next house.

CUT TO:

**18. EXT. "CALAMITY STREET" HOUSE #3. MORNING 18**

The house has a doorbell. Alex presses it twice and steps back. There is a slight delay. The door opens.

HOME OWNER #2  
 Listen, I'm not interested in  
 your Bible bashing today. Go  
 bother someone else.

Alex looks back at the man with rebuttal.

ALEX  
 Wait, just a minute, Sir. I'm a  
 real estate agent. I just want  
 to offer you a free market  
 appraisal.

HOME OWNER #2  
 How about I give you a free  
 arse-kicking, huh?

Alex turns and runs out to the front yard. Home Owner #2 laughs uncontrollably. He closes the door. Alex stands dumfounded but not defeated.

ALEX (V/O)  
 Phew! That was close. This  
 isn't going to be as easy as I  
 thought.

CUT TO:

19. EXT. "CALAMITY STREET" HOUSE #5. MORNING 19

Alex stands at the bottom of the shallow steps to the verandah. He looks up at the big red door, which has a large golden handle in the centre. He walks up and grabs the handle. Jess is standing behind him, he hasn't seen her.

JESS

Can I help you?

Alex is startled.

ALEX

Oh, God. You scared me.

Alex pauses to take a breath.

JESS

I'm sorry. I'm just returning from my morning run.

Jess looks him up and down.

JESS

Okaaa-y then.

ALEX

Sorry. Hi, I'm Alex.

Alex extends his hand. Jess reciprocates.

JESS

Nice to meet you, Alex. I'm Jess. Is there something you want, or?

ALEX

Well, I was wondering whether you'd like a free market appraisal on your home.

JESS

Sure.

ALEX  
You see, because I was in the  
area and I sold...

Jess interrupts.

JESS  
Okay.

Alex stares at Jess. He has been too nervous to notice her  
beauty, until now.

ALEX  
(shocked)  
Really?

JESS  
Yeah, really. Are you going to  
come in, or can you guess what's  
inside from my verandah?

Alex turns red. He can't believe his ears.

JESS  
I need to take a shower though.  
Can you wait?

ALEX  
(faintly)  
Um.

Alex clears his throat. Jess raises her eyebrows.

JESS  
Can you?

ALEX  
Yeah, sure. Um, absolutely.  
Yep.

Jess takes her keys out of her pocket and opens the door.  
Alex follows her inside with a spring in his step.

CUT TO:

**20. INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA. MORNING****20**

Ian approaches Felicity.

IAN

Flick, can you organise Alex's temporary Certificate of Registration, please?

FELICITY

Will do.

IAN

Oh, and book him in to do it ASAP. That local mob, yeah? What are they called?

FELICITY

Real Trainers.

IAN

That's them. I hope he's got a spare five hundred dollars.

FELICITY

He can't expect you to pay, surely?

IAN

That's my girl. Book him in.

CUT TO:

**21. INT. "CALAMITY STREET" HOUSE #5 LIVING AREA. MORNING 21**

Alex is sitting awkwardly on the leather lounge. Jess walks into the living area with wet hair, wearing a white robe.

JESS

Oh, that's better. Had to cool off. It's a warm one today. I usually do a five K run, once a week. Have to keep fit for my husband.

Jess sits down next to Alex. Alex is out of his depth.

ALEX

Yeah.

JESS

So, you want to tell me what my home is worth?

Alex's eyes are locked on Jess.

ALEX

Hmmm.

JESS

Hello? The house. What's it worth?

ALEX

Yes, well, maybe you can show me around first. Is that okay?

JESS

Sure.

Jess gets up and Alex follows her through the living area to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

**22. INT. "CALAMITY STREET" HOUSE #5 KITCHEN. MORNING 22**

JESS

We renovated this just last year. What do you think?

ALEX

It's nice.

JESS

Do you think we've added value to our home? We spent a small fortune on it.

ALEX

Well, yeah. It's nice.

Jess looks at Alex with doubt. Alex buckles.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I said that already, didn't I?

There's an awkward pause. Jess turns to put the kettle on, her robe opens ever so slightly but enough to send Alex's heart racing.

JESS

Would you like a cup of tea or coffee?

Alex is in a daze.

JESS (CONT'D)

Hell-oo? Can I get you anything?

Alex comes to.

ALEX

Listen, I have to be honest with you. I just started today.

JESS

I figured as much. It's fine.

ALEX

I'm sorry.

JESS

It's fine, really.

Jess puts her hand on Alex's shoulder. Alex breathes a sigh of relief.

JESS (CONT'D)

My husband's an agent.

ALEX

An agent?

JESS

Yeah, that's what I said.

ALEX

Oh.

Alex is alarmed.



ALEX (CONT'D)

What's his name?

JESS

Ian. Ian Dickson.

Alex is suddenly crippled.

ALEX

Um, I have to go.

Alex bolts to the front door.

JESS

Wait.

Alex runs out, inadvertently slamming the door behind him.  
Jess is left smiling ear to ear.

CUT TO:

**23. INT. OFFICE SALES DEPARTMENT. MORNING 23**

Ian is at his desk flicking through the local paper. Elsa is preparing to make some prospecting calls.

ELSA

So Ian, where did you send Alex?

IAN

Calamity Street.

ELSA

You bastard.

Ian starts laughing.

ELSA (CONT'D)

You sent him door knocking on his first day to your friggin' street?

By now, Ian is in hysterics.

IAN

(breathless)  
Yep.

Elsa starts to giggle.

ELSA

The poor kid.

Ian calms himself down by taking some deep breaths.

IAN

C'mon. You have to admit,  
that's a pearler.

ELSA

So, Jess was in on it?

Ian starts laughing again. He's out of control.

IAN

(gasping)  
Yeah.

Ian settles down.

IAN (CONT'D)

I told her to take a shower and  
get him to wait on the lounge.  
She's wickedly fun. I can't  
wait to see the look on his face  
when he gets back.

Elsa shakes her head.

ELSA

You're sick, you know that?

Travis walks in.

TRAVIS

What's with all the laughing,  
Dickson? Did Ellen explode?

ELSA

He sent his new protégé door  
knocking in his own street.  
Jess got him all hot and  
bothered.

TRAVIS

That's hil-arious!

IAN

She sent me a text just after he  
left.

Ian grabs his mobile phone and holds it up to Elsa.

IAN (CONT'D)

(reads)  
"Mission Accomplished."

TRAVIS

Welcome to real estate.

CUT TO:

**24. INT. ALEX'S CAR. MORNING TRAVELLING 24**

ALEX (V/O)

What a prick. Why would he do  
that to me? His wife's hot  
though. But why? That's so  
slack. I bet they're all  
laughing at me back in the  
office. Pricks.

Alex looks to his missing rear vision mirror. He glances  
over his shoulder to the back seat - it's still there. He  
notices Ellen's envelope and heads to Parkview Place.

CUT TO:

**25. INT. OFFICE SALES DEPARTMENT. MORNING 25**

Felicity walks into the sales department with a huge grin  
on her face.

FELICITY

(to Ian)

I booked Alex into the next available course. It's on in a fortnight, from Monday to Thursday.

IAN

Good girl. Make sure you tell him when he gets back.

ELSA

That's if he comes back.  
(to Felicity)  
Why so smiley?

FELICITY

Mohammed is taking me to Hamilton Island for our two-month anniversary.

TRAVIS

(under his breath)  
Bloody wogs.

ELSA

Good for you, Flick. You seem to really like this one.

TRAVIS

She loves his hairy back. I bet he wears a white singlet when he drives around in his Su-ba-ru W-R-X on da weekends. Fully sick, bro.

Felicity is no longer smiling.

ELSA

Shut up, Trav. Do I need to remind you about Stefán?

TRAVIS

No, no.

Travis gets up out of his chair and quickly leaves the room.

ELSA

(to Felicity)  
That shut him up, quick smart.

FELICITY

Who's Stefán?

IAN

His one-time, too well hung,  
Swiss-Italian stallion.

Elsa starts laughing and buries her head into her arms on her desk.

FELICITY

I don't even want to know.

Felicity walks out.

CUT TO:

**26. INT. ALEX'S CAR.**

**MORNING**

**26**

Alex is parked outside the house. He looks out the passenger window of his car. The house is old. The houses around it are all modern but this house is stuck in a time warp. There is a high fence and no letterbox in sight.

ALEX (V/O)

That's strange. No letterbox.  
But, Ellen said. Better get out.

Alex gets out of his car and makes his way to the footpath.

CUT TO:

**27. EXT. "PARKVIEW PLACE" FOOTPATH.**

**MORNING**

**27**

Alex approaches the gate. He looks at the name on the envelope but misses the "Beware of Dog" sign.

ALEX

(shouts)  
Hello, Mrs Borg?

Alex knocks on the gate.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(louder)  
Mrs Borg?

There's no answer. Alex bangs on the gate again and waits - nothing. He turns the handle on the gate - it's unlocked. He decides to slowly wander in.

CUT TO:

**28. EXT. "PARKVIEW PLACE" FRONT YARD. MORNING 28**

The grounds are overgrown and there are leaves everywhere. The footpath is uneven and barely visible. Alex makes his way to the front door and knocks.

ALEX

(shouts)  
Mrs Borg?

Alex notices a chute in the door and drops the letter in. He turns to walk back to his car. At about halfway between the front door and the gate, he hears a noise. He turns to his right. A healthy Rottweiler is standing there growling at him. He panics and makes a run for it. The Rottweiler bolts for him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(petrified)  
Ahhhhh!

Alex makes it to the gate and slams it closed. The Rottweiler is pounding on it like crazy. He runs to his car. He fumbles around in his pockets desperately searching for his car keys. He finds them in his right pocket and drops them in a fit. He picks up his keys and jumps into his car.

CUT TO:

**29. INT. ALEX'S CAR. MORNING 29**

Alex is winded. He's shaking and about to crack.

ALEX

(upset)  
This is fucked! Oh, my God. I  
can't take any more of this.  
These people are crazy, fucking  
crazy.

He grabs hold of the steering wheel and slumps into it.  
There's a long silence. He looks up.

ALEX (CONT'D)

No. No! They will not defeat  
me. Compose yourself, Alex.  
It's a career not just a job.

Alex breathes in and out repeatedly, trying to calm down.  
He takes one deep breath and starts his car. He drives off.

CUT TO:

**30. INT. LOCAL PUBLIC HOSPITAL. MORNING 30**

Vic is propped up in bed, obnoxiously slurping his tea.

VIC

This Dilmah ain't bad.

FADE TO BLACK.