

BIG BABY

1 INT. GUS' APARTMENT - MORNING

GUS COSTELLO (38) shuffles bleary-eyed out of his bedroom in his Dublin City Centre apartment. He's in pretty good shape and manages to look well-kempt despite having just woken up.

2 INT. GUS' BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gus is urinating in his pristine bathroom, still half-asleep.

He finishes, tears off a strip of toilet paper and wipes the rim of the bowl. He then wipes the floor around the bowl, then the bowl itself - perhaps a little too meticulously.

Gus heads for the sink. He repeatedly pumps the nozzle of a liquid soap dispenser and washes his hands vigorously.

He notices something out of place - a box of tampons on a shelf. He picks up the box and examines it. He's not happy.

3 INT. GUS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gus emerges from the bathroom, holding the box of tampons. He notices a pair of suitcases on the floor by the front door.

A door opens behind him. He turns around to see an unfamiliar young woman, a STUDENT (18), stepping out of another bedroom.

GUS

Hi.

The student averts her gaze and scurries into the bathroom.

The front door opens. Gus' younger brother MAX (27) enters.

MAX

Morning Gus.

GUS

Max, what the hell do you think you're playing at? You can't let your girlfriend move in without telling me.

MAX

She's not my girlfriend.

GUS

How long have you even known this woman? I've been with Olive for eight years and we still have our own separate places.

MAX

She's not my girlfriend.

Gus points to the suitcases.

GUS

Oh yeah? Well then who's bags are these? Are you seriously trying to tell me that girl hasn't moved into our apartment?

MAX

She has moved in, but she's not my girlfriend. She's just some student; I rented my room to her.

GUS

What? Where are you going to stay?

MAX

Australia.

Gus is speechless.

MAX (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm moving to Australia for a year. Did I not mention that?

GUS

No, I think I'd remember something like my brother moving to the opposite side of the fucking globe.

MAX

I just fancied a change, you know? I mean, who wants to live with their brother? It's kinda lame.

GUS

Yeah, it's very lame; I don't want to live with you either.

MAX

Right, so you know how I feel.

GUS

The only reason I went in on this place with you was to get on the property ladder. I was planning to sell and buy a house with Olive when we'd both saved enough money.

MAX

You can't sell; I'll be moving back here in a year... Two years, maybe.

GUS

(irate)

Great! Well I guess this is my fault for trying to turn my idiot brother into a functioning adult.

MAX

See, this is why I didn't tell you
I was leaving.

GUS

Oh, so you didn't "forget to tell
me". You deliberately kept this
from me.

MAX

Yeah, 'cause I knew you'd freak
out.

GUS

Of course I'm freaking out! I don't
wanna live with some student. I
already did that. When I was a
student. Twenty fucking years ago.

MAX

Well you can't kick her out; she
has rights.

GUS

You know what? Fuck off. Have fun
in Australia, you piece of shit.

Max picks up his suitcases.

MAX

And you wonder why I want to move
out.

Max exits.

The student enters from the bathroom and glares at Gus. He
stares back confused for a moment. Finally the penny drops.

GUS

Do you want your tampons?

Gus hands the student her tampons. She reenters the bathroom.

4 INT. REBECCA'S FLAT - DAY

REBECCA NIXON (a young-looking 39) is sprawled out
horizontally on her couch in the living room of her messy
flat, staring vacantly at a TV show on her laptop.

She's dressed in sloppy, comfortable clothes, her shaggy hair
tied up in a bun. She's pretty but you'd never know it.

She receives a Skype call, which snaps her out of her stupor.

REBECCA

Christ.

Rebecca taps on her keyboard. Her friend OLIVE PLUNKETT (36) pops up on the screen. Olive waves and laughs her nervous laugh.

OLIVE

Hi Rebecca. What's up?

REBECCA

Nothing. Just hanging out, watching stuff.

OLIVE

Cool. What are you watching?

REBECCA

Media.

CUT TO:

5 INT. FASHION BLOG OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Olive is sitting at her desk in the hip fashion blog office populated with equally hip employees. Her garish attire gives off an air of contrived kookiness.

Rebecca's recumbent face is at a 90 degree angle on her monitor. Olive tilts her head to compensate.

OLIVE

Okay... I just wanted to check up and see how you're doing. You didn't show up for work again.

REBECCA

Yeah, I couldn't sleep last night.

OLIVE

Are you having one of your "sad days"?

INTERCUT REBECCA/OLIVE

Rebecca rolls her eyes; she doesn't like being patronised.

REBECCA

Oh, and I suppose you've never taken a sickie? No problems in Olive Plunkett's perfect little world, are there? Selfie stick not long enough?

OLIVE

Happiness is just a state of mind.

REBECCA

(confused)
What?

OLIVE

Come on Rebecca, what do you have to be sad about? You've a good job, you're so pretty; you could land a guy in a second if you made even the slightest effort.

REBECCA

I guess it's more of an existential malaise.

OLIVE

So you admit that you don't have anything tangible to worry about?

REBECCA

Well... I am concerned that Russia's recent aggression could herald the onset of a new cold war.

OLIVE

(laughs)

First World problems, huh?

REBECCA

Yes, I suppose they are.

OLIVE

So anyway... you seem well rested. Are you sure you can't make it in today?

REBECCA

Nah, not really in the mood. You can cover for me, right?

OLIVE

Not really. Lawrence is starting to get annoyed at how much work you're missing.

REBECCA

Don't worry about Lawrence; I have that guy wrapped around my finger.

OLIVE

And we're already short-staffed as it is, what with Nelly being in the hospital and everything. That reminds me, have you gone to visit her yet?

REBECCA

Haven't gotten around to it. I find hospitals a bit depressing for some reason.

OLIVE

You really ought to go; she's not going to be there much longer.

REBECCA

Yeah, alright. I'll go later.

OLIVE

And don't forget about the party tonight.

REBECCA

(dismissive)

Yeah, yeah.

OLIVE

You'll be there at eight, right?

REBECCA

Sure.

OLIVE

Promise?

REBECCA

I promise.

Olive notices her foppish boss LAWRENCE (mid-40's) hovering around.

OLIVE

Oops, Lawrence is on the prowl. I better hang up before he sees you.

Lawrence approaches Olive's desk. Olive clicks her mouse repeatedly, trying to quit Skype. Rebecca can be seen giving Lawrence the finger, before disappearing from the monitor.

LAWRENCE

Hi Olive. I see Rebecca Nixon still hasn't shown up. Did you get a chance to airbrush that photo yet?

OLIVE

Uh, yeah... but I'm not that good at Photoshop, remember?

Olive opens Photoshop. On her monitor we see a photo of a MODEL who's been airbrushed way too much; her nose is gone.

LAWRENCE

(annoyed)

Aw Olive!

OLIVE

Sorry! Rebecca's the graphic designer, not me.

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Email: jcheatle@gmail.com