

It's not my Fault.

by

Andrew Gillman
&
Amanda White

A short film

POST-PRODUCTION TRANSCRIPT

9'57"

Andrew Gillman

© October 2006

The 16:9 wide screen is divided vertically into three equal size panels. Each panel is a black limbo space. All the action takes place in this space.

'It's not my Fault' is set during a single evening. It features one character, a man at a crossroads in his life - a self-created crossroads. He's gone to a party with a particular purpose in his mind.

There is only one character, but we see three different versions of him on screen at the same time. We hear what he is saying in public, what he is actually thinking to himself, and his subconscious & neurotic self. We eavesdrop on his internal conflict dialogue set against his external conversations.

It's like hearing one side of a phone call and being able to understand the whole conversation.

The shooting/editing technique will be to shoot the dialogue in easy 'paragraphs', then assemble the film with 'fractured time' jump cuts. This distinctive approach will let us create a strong, agitated rhythm to enhance and tell the story of the character's internal emotional experience.



2 nd Person	1 st Person	3 rd Person
	<i>(1st Person rings doorbell and steps back)</i>	
		<i>(Screams, cries and then immediately composed)</i>
You could leave now. Just go. No-one will notice.		
Jacket on? Jacket off?		
		I feel sick. (gags)
She still loves you if she opens the door before... <i>(all 3 men look round)</i> the red car turns... Shit!		
	<i>(He turns away as if to leave, then hears the sound of the front door opening and turns immediately back.)</i>	
There she is.		
	<i>(A 'hello how are you' smile on his face.)</i>	
	Kate!	
		One, two, three, four, five... odd buttons, please don't make them odd...
	Happy birthday.	
Is this jacket too gay?		
	Great turn-out.	
		Six, seven.

Stop! COUNTING!		
	Thanks. You too.	
Is that the best you can come up with -		
-after all this time.		
		Sweating.
	Yeah, later.	
She's being dragged away. Don't go.		
		What did that look mean?
Shouldn't have come.		
<i>Music</i>		
Oh God, <i>he's</i> here.		
	Matt. Hi. Great to see you. How long has it been	
Hate him! Hate him! Hate...		I WANT TO KILL...
...HIM!		...HIM.
	Looking good.	
You don't look as good as him.		
		That really hurt. (<i>cowers as if being bullied</i>)
What did she mean "later"?		
	Yes, Will is my brother. Yeah he is <i>that</i> Will. Fantastic. About to be in a movie. With Jennifer Aniston. In Eastbourne.	
Yeah! Yeah! That's it rub it in. I know what you're doing, you little...		
		I love my brother. Of

		brother. Of course I do.
Haven't seen him in ages.		
	I give opinions. Yeah, I am a philatelist - stamps and coins.	
He's not even listening.		
		It's who I am, not what I do. <i>(Fingers in ears)</i> Lalalalala.
Just keep smiling.		
	Esther? Here? Oh, really?	
		It was only a blow-job.
Oh God. He knows.		
		HE KNOWS?
Look at his smug face.		
		Curly wurlies. Mmmmm.
Where?		
		<i>(Ashamed)</i> Geography field trip. Cuckmere carpark, toilets.
	Oh, you're joking.	
Why did he mention her then?		
	Kate? Yeah, over there.	
Does Kate know?		
		He doesn't know what the fuck's going on - nobody does.

Music

Circulate. Circulate		
-------------------------	--	--

Circulate.		
		Escape. Blend in. Hide. Escape. Blend in. Hide. Escape. Blend in. Hide.
	Yeah, catch you later.	
		Twenty four paces to the kitchen. Good.
<i>Music</i>		
	Hi. I'm an old friend of Kate's. The birthday girl. We used to go out together. For ages, actually.	
		If I close my left eye I can line up his face with the Miro
	No, no never been paragliding.	
<i>(To 3rd person)</i> Why did you do that with Esther?		
		<i>(To 2nd person)</i> Kate's best friend.
	White-water rafting? Perhaps I should.	
<i>(Mimes urgent 'Shut up!' to 1st person)</i>		Don't do it, don't do it...
	Badminton's my game. Been swimming with dolphins. Tobago. With Robbie. Williams. Robbie Williams - the singer?	
It's too hot. Sweating. You can't take the jacket off.		
		Stop it! Relax. Imagine

		you're on a deserted, tropical beach...
	Ibiza! No not me. Yeah, I think they've got the beer in their bath - upstairs.	
Busy party.		
	<i>(increasingly uncomfortable as he has a short time with no-one to talk to)</i>	No-one to talk to.
Why do you find it so difficult to talk normally?		
		No-one likes me. Everybody hates me.
Stop fiddling with your jacket.		
		All day breakfast - three rashers. Ocean. Nuts. Wonder. Polar expedition.
Who's <i>that</i> girl?		
		Blue Peter badge.
God she's enormous. And she's wearing hipsters.		
		Is every boy's perfect age six?
Imagine fucking that!		
		My mother was beautiful then.
Oh God she's coming over.		
		She looks nothing like Kate. When was the last time I had sex?
	Hey to you too.	

Not your type. Slow down you've drunk too much.		
		Careful.
	So what do you do?	
		Fresh pineapple - from the tree. Turn the paper over and begin.
	Hey Jude, I guess, something by the Beatles.	
		What about a quick wank?
She's soooo young.		
She's thinking you're too old for her.		
	Well, the last time I saw my brother he took me out for dinner with De Niro.	
Cheap trick.		
		I use him when I want to.
She's impressed.		
		Yeah.
	He was (pause) extremely intelligent and entertaining and farted a lot.	
		TaZMania.
It's easy talking about other people, especially Will.		
	Okay. Yeah. See you later.	
Oh there she goes. Bouncy. Bouncy.		

Music

They're starting to dance. Move away. Move away.		
	Have I ever killed anyone?!	
Now there's a question.		
		Why did Mum say, "you can kill yourself with anything"?
	<i>(Sudden surprise)</i> Nick! Good to see you. A friendly face.	
He looks older.		
	How are you?	
		Kate. Crinkly wrapping.
CONCENTRATE ON NICK!		
	Ooooh panic attacks are awful.	
		I've never been to a prostitute. (thinks about it) Hummm.
	Me? I'm okay. Nothing spectacular, nothing too bad.	
		Talk to somebody else.
	Yes, we must keep in touch. I've got your numbers. Alright, yeah, yeah.	
What about that girl? Oh she's coming over.		
Oooh. Veeery nice.		

	Hi. I've been watching you too.	
That's a bit personal.		
		I've seen her somewhere before, sure I have.
Probably wants your brother's autograph.		
	I've always been interested in costume design.	
Nice tits.		
		I don't want to die.
	That's so brave. How wonderful.	
She's wearing a thong. Yes, definitely.		
		Keep quiet.
	"Better to travel hopefully than to arrive". Eliot. Four Quartets. I used to read lots of poetry. I love it...(disguised panic) yes, well no, it can be overrated.	
She is absolutely gorgeous. Very Very sexy.		
		I've seen her somewhere before. Sure I have, sure I have...
	Cuba. Ah I went there with my ex. She loved it, I hated it.	
		Focus.
Her tits are perfect.		
	I know just what you mean. I'm addicted to	

	Sudoku too.	
		Oh my God, it's Sienna Miller!
Why would Sienna Miller want to talk to you?		
	Well. Ah. You're pretty direct aren't you. Um. What makes you think I'm not happy?	
This is getting a bit heavy.		
		I like her, I want... a chopper for Christmas.
Her name's Bridget, you fucking idiot.		
	Do you know that song by Ken Dodd: "Happ..." KATE! Oh hi! No, yes, now's a great time. I'll see you later er.. Bridget. Later.	
Later. Later is now. Don't take the jacket off. Do not take the jacket off.		
		This is it. THIS IS IT! SHE'S HOT!! She's older.
	So... It's so good to see you. How are you?	
		She's staring at me.
	Well I didn't know whether to come. How are things between you and Matt?	
Oooh, she's hugging you.		

		I can feel her tits through this jacket.
She's crying.		
	Kate? Whatever's the matter?	
This is... This is not what you expected.		
	I miss you too. I really miss you. But...	
But! You said BUT!		
		But I love her.
	But ummm...	
Oh no.		
		After all that fuss.
You don't want her. do you?		
	This is hard. I was so hurt when you left me.	
		Just fuck her anyway.
	But...	
No. No. No. That wouldn't be good. That <i>really</i> wouldn't be good.		
	You look cross. I'm sorry. It's just that... I still love you, sort of. I mean...	
Enough now. We've said enough.		
		I need a piss.
Go for a piss.		
	Excuse me, I've got to er, um, y'know.	
<i>Music (frustrated agitation)</i>		
	FUCK!	

What d'you think you're doing?		
		It's not my fault.
Time to leave. NOW!		
	Oh hi! Yes. No - it's Estelle. Yeah, yeah, she's great. She's at home. With the kids. Two now. Oh, no, no me and Kate we were over... ages ago. Yeah, not such a great party...	
Ask her if she wants to share a cab.		
	No, no, that'll a great idea - well, it'll be cheaper, so...	(Laughs hysterically)
Let's go.	Let's go.	Let's go.

(FADE TO BLACK)