

It's not my Fault.

by

Andrew Gillman
&
Amanda White

A short film

Dur: 10mins

SHOOTING SCRIPT

Andrew Gillman

© January 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.



1 st Person	2 nd Person	3 rd Person
<i>(1st Person steps forward. Rings doorbell)</i>	<i>(2nd Person steps forward)</i>	<i>(3rd Person steps forward)</i>
	You could leave now. Just go. No-one will notice.	<i>(Screams, cries and then immediately composed)</i>
	Jacket on? Jacket off?	
		I feel sick. (gags) (breathes slowly)
	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. A 'hello how are you' smile on his face.)</i>		
Kate!		
	There she is.	
		One, two, three, four, five... odd buttons, please don't make them odd...
	Is this jacket too gay?	
		Six, seven.
	Stop! COUNTING!	
Happy birthday. Thanks. You too.		
	Is that the best you can do after all this time.	

		Don't, don't do it. It's all "I want, I want, I want" with me.
Cool house. (Pause) Great turn-out.		
		Sweating.
	She's dyed her hair red. Like it? Yes.	
		Blue Peter Badge.
Yeah, later.		
	She's being dragged away. Don't go.	
		What did that look mean?
	Shouldn't have come.	
		Why did Mum say, "you can kill yourself with anything"?
	Oh God, <i>he's</i> here.	
		What did you expect?
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.	
		Ow! That really hurt. (<i>cowers as if being bullied</i>) Stop picking on me.
	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 course I do.
	Haven't seen him in ages.	
		At the funeral.
I give opinions. (brief pause) Yeah, I am a philatelist - stamps and coins.		
	He's not even listening.	
		And what do I want to be when I grow up?
	You don't want to talk about work.	
		It's who I am, not what I do. <i>(Fingers in ears)</i> Lalalalala.
	Just keep smiling.	
		<i>(To 2nd person and points)</i> Look at that!
	What? It's a whole kitchen full of sushi.	
		<i>(invitingly)</i> It's enough to choke him.
Oh, no thanks I'm not that hungry.		
		TaZMania.
Esther? Here? Oh, really?		
	Oh God. He knows. Look at his smug face.	
		Esther! HE KNOWS? It was only a blow-job.

	(2 nd person and 3 rd person look at 1 st person with disgust)	
		(embarrassed silence)
	Where?	
		(Ashamed) Geography field trip. Cuckmere carpark, toilets.
Oh, you're joking.		
	Why did he mention her then?	
Kate's over there.		
	Does Kate know?	
		He doesn't know what the fuck's going on - nobody does.
	Circulate. Circulate.	
		Escape. Blend in. Hide.
Catch you later.		
		Twenty four paces to the kitchen. Good.
Hi. 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 never been paragliding.		
	(To 3 rd person) Why did you do that with Esther?	
		(To 2 nd person) Kate's best friend.
No never been to Rio.		
		Cranberry slush puppy. I'm over here.

	You are what you...	
		Frothy.
White-water rafting? Perhaps I should. Badminton's my game.	<i>(Mimes urgent 'Shut up!' to 1st person)</i>	
Been swimming with dolphins though. Tobago. With Robbie Williams. The singer? Robbie Williams.		
	It's too hot. Sweating. You can't take the jacket off.	
		Stop it! Remember how she looked as she was, not how she looked when she died. Relax. Imagine you're on a deserted, tropical beach...
Ibiza! No not me. 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. Nanananana.
	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? God she's enormous. And she's wearing hipsters.	

		Is every boy's perfect age six? My mother was beautiful then.
	Imagine fucking that! 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're drinking too much.	
		Be careful.
And 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?
It shocked me that I loved the Tracey Emin piece but I didn't expect to.		
		Pierced tongue.
Yeah like Rufus Wainwright, not sure about The Strokes.		
	She's soooo young.	
		Supposed to be a sex thing.
	She's thinking you're too old for her.	
Well, the last time I saw my brother he took me out to 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.		
	It's easy talking about other people, especially Will.	
		Jennifer Lopez.
Okay Yeah. See you later.		
	There, off she bops. Bouncy. Bouncy. It isn't that you're unhappy.	
		I just know I'm not happy.
	They're starting to dance. Move away. Move away.	
Have I ever killed anyone?!		
	Now there's a question.	
(Sudden surprise) Nick! Good to see you. A friendly face.		
	He looks older. And very sober.	
How are you?		
	Oh no, you've touched a nerve.	
		Curly wurlies. Mmmmm.
Yes. Of course I really want to know.		
	Where <i>is</i> she?	

		Kate. Crinkly wrapping.
<i>(nodding, listening to Nick)</i>	You've never been as happy as you were that Christmas with her - HAVE YOU? What would happen if you told you you've still got the shaving cream?	
<i>(attention drifting)</i>		Never opened. Christmas wrapping.
	Concentrate on Nick.	
		That coving doesn't match their...
	CONCENTRATE ON NICK!	
Ooooh panic attacks are awful. I've just had the one, years ago. On the Picadilly line. (pause) I thought I was going to die.		
	Poor me.	
		I can't remember how it felt; I mean really remember.
Ummnh... well...It's great to have someone who really knows what you're going through. Just never thought of Matt having - problems.		
	Matt. MATT! Now there's a turn up for the books.	
		(Laugh with glee)
Me? I'm okay. Nothing spectacular, nothing too bad.		
	Can't tell him you're as lost as a snowflake in the attic - can you?	
		I've never been to a prostitute. (thinks

		about it) Hummm.
Yes, we must keep in touch. I've got your numbers. Listen, any time you need to talk... well, y'know.		
		Kate!
	There he goes.	
		I NEED KATE.
	Where the fuck is she? Oh still talking to that loser.	
		Talk to somebody else.
	What about that girl? Oh she's coming over.	
Hi.		
	Oooh. Veeery nice.	
Yeah, 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.
Oh how brave. Sounds 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) no, well yes, it can be overrated.		
	She is absolutely gorgeous. V V sexy.	
		I've seen her somewhere before. Sure I have, sure I have...
Where will you go? Ah Cuba. I went there with my ex. She loved it, I hated it.		
	Oh she's asking you to go with her.	
		Sssh! Focus.
I should go back sometime, you're right. I know just what you mean. I'm addicted to Sudoku too.		
	Her tits are perfect.	
<i>(reacts)</i>		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. Why don't you think I'm 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: 'Happi... 'KATE! Oh hi! No, yes, now's a great time. See you er.. Bridget. Later.		
	Later. Later is now. Don't take the jacket off. Don't take the	

	jacket off.	
		This is it. THIS IS IT! HOT!! She's older.
So... It's so good to see you. How are you?		
	She's staring at me.	
I didn't know whether to come. How are things between you and Matt?		
	Oooh, she's hugging you. She's crying.	
		I can feel her tits through this jacket.
Kate?		
	She's sobbing.	
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, God.		
	Oh no. You don't want her. Do you!	
		After all that fuss.
This is hard. I was so hurt when you left me. But...		
		Just fuck her anyway.
	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.	
	Go for a piss.	I need a piss.
Excuse me, I've got to er, um, y'know.		
		(manic)
FUCK!		
	What d'you think you're doing?	
(agitation)		
		It's not my fault.
	Time to leave. NOW!	
Oh hi! Yes. No - it's Estelle. She's great yes. At home, yeah. With the kids. Two now. No Kate and I were over... ages ago. No, not such a great party...		
	Ask her if she wants to share a cab.	
Yeah, that's a good idea - it'll be cheaper.		(Laughs hysterically)
Let's go.	Let's go.	Let's go.
(FADE TO BLACK)		