

OVERCAST

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EXT. RUGGED PARK - DAY

WE PAN DOWN from grey clouds filling the sky on an overcast day to a rugged park on a hill, overlooking rows of houses.

It's a dull Sunday afternoon.

ANGIE, (25, gay and out) and her cousin, BECCA (19) sit crosslegged taking turns looking through their binoculars.

Angie loves her friends and partners too hard, often gets hurt. Becca's the (semi-) mature centre to Angie's emotional intensity. She's comfortable in her shoes, though lacks some self-confidence.

Angie feeds back to Becca what she sees.

ANGIE

He's still pacing outside.
(willing him on)
Ring the doorbell. Ring the doorbell. He's not gonna do it. He's gonna chicken out.

BECCA

Relax. He will. The rest have, so far.

ANGIE

How many other men have you done this to?

BECCA

Just one, or two. No more than three.

ANGIE

Including Warren?

BECCA

Excluding Warren.

ANGIE

Jesus. Becca.

Angie hands the binoculars over.

BECCA

What? Some people collect stamps, I pretend to be an available one-night lover who likes chatting to horny men online.

ANGIE

Have you ever met any of them, for real?

BECCA

Eew. No. They're all creeps.

ANGIE

What usually happens?

BECCA

Baldy usually gives them a bollocking.

(excited)

Warren's going for it. He's walking down the path.

ANGIE

Really? Gimme.

BINOCULARS POV: Warren, a skinny, tall young man, knocks the door to a house. The front door opens.

BECCA (V.O.)

He's at her front door, the door's opening --

ANGIE (V.O.)

My turn.

Angie grabs the binoculars back.

ANGIE

Who's he talking to?

ANGIE'S POV: A broad, bald man rants at Warren.

BECCA

That's Baldy and his trophy wife. Looks like Warren's interrupted their afternoon delight. She's giving him an earful.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Poor Warren.

ANGIE

Don't feel sorry for him. You've never met him.

BECCA

Well, kinda. He was actually quite sweet. He was the only one who didn't send me a picture of their penis.

ANGIE

But he did prioritise his penis over our friendship.

BECCA

Is this really about you and him?

ANGIE

Fuck!

BECCA

What?

BINOCULARS POV: Warren is chased down the path by an angry house-owner

Becca takes the binoculars.

BECCA (CONT'D)

He's got a good stride on him. He wasn't lying. He does like to jog.

ANGIE

He's coming this way.

BECCA

Seriously? Shit. How do I look?

ANGIE

What does that matter? He doesn't know what you look like!

Warren quickly paces to the crest of the hill a few metres away from Angie and Becca. He continues to look back to see if he's still being chased.

He doesn't see them at first. He anxiously looks back down the hill. Baldy has given up the chase but Warren is still agitated and rocked at what has just happened.

Warren catches his breath.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Warren.

She's the last person he wanted to see. They use to be friends but haven't been in touch for a while.

WARREN

Angie...Hey. Who's this, your new girlfriend?

ANGIE

This is my cousin, Becca. Say, Hi Becca.

BECCA

Hi, Becca.

ANGIE

What are you doing on this glorious overcast day?

WARREN

Oh, you know, just taking Jarvis out for a walk.

ANGIE

Yeah? Where is he?

WARREN

He likes to roam, you know.
(calling out)
Jarvis! Jarvis!

BECCA

That's the thing with invisible dogs, they just don't come when you call them.

WARREN

What are you two doing? Is this the new spot for meeting lesbos?

BECCA

We're just enjoying the view.

WARREN

Well, see you around. I'm late to meet a friend.

ANGIE

Say hi to Kelly for me.

Warren stops, rejoins them.

WARREN

How do you know I'm meeting Kelly?

ANGIE

Kelly Guile. Everyone knows Kelly Guile. Super-pretty. Didn't got to our school. Went to Davidson's Mains. Did she tell you she was the first in her class to have sex? Think it was on a friend's farm or a stable, behind a tractor.

BECCA

Likes paint-balling, rambles, and her P.E. Teacher. Sorry, Ex-P.E. Teacher.

ANGIE

Does Lisa know you're meeting Kelly?

WARREN

Lisa?

ANGIE

Your girlfriend. My mate.

WARREN

Kelly and I are just friends. We both like rambling.

ANGIE

Stop with the bullshit! Admit that you're a cheating scumbag.

WARREN

I've never met her before!

ANGIE

But you did write her enough dirty talk to fill a large pamphlet.

Warren's pride is bruised.

BECCA

Wasn't all you though, was it Warren? She sent her fair share, didn't she, you dirty baby bear?

The penny finally drops.

WARREN

It was you. You're Kelly. Oh..what...how could you?

Warren body's repels at the fact his private thoughts, secrets and fantasies have been disclosed to his friend. He's humiliated and a wave of anxiety hits him, forcing him to sit down.

ANGIE

Did you really think Kelly had given you the wrong address?

WARREN

Why?

Becca sits next to him.

BECCA

I created her to have a little fun. For what's it worth, you have a way with words. I liked our chats.

WARREN

You're both sick. You need some therapy.

ANGIE

Right back at ya. You were gonna cheat on her.

WARREN

I wasn't cheating on Lisa.

ANGIE

Come on, Warren.

WARREN

Lisa and I broke up. I'm telling the truth. Things were going great, and then - was like she disappeared. Didn't answer any of my calls or messages. She's completely ghosted me. I've felt shit all week. I really liked her. I was falling in love with her.

ANGIE

Was it the kind of love where you want to stick your dick into someone who's not your girlfriend?

WARREN

It's not what you think. You wouldn't understand.

ANGIE

Try me.

WARREN

I have to have sex before she does.

BECCA

Why?

WARREN

It's the only way I can move on. If I have sex before Lisa, it won't be so bad when she's dating someone else. If she has sex before me, then I'm this single loser again, unable to get over her.

BECCA

You need to lighten up.

WARREN

What's all this really about, is this because Lisa likes me and not you?

ANGIE

Fuck you.

Becca picks up the binoculars and looks through them back down the hill.

BECCA

Oh, here's Brian. Ah, he's brought flowers.

She continue to observe the next guy as Angie and Becca continue their conversation --

WARREN

You think all this is gonna turn Lisa into a lesbian and fall in love with you? You can't handle that she only sees you as a mate.

BECCA

He's walking down the path.

ANGIE

Lisa and I were a couple.

BECCA

He's running back up the path.

Becca puts down the binoculars.

WARREN

What? You two? She's not gay.

ANGIE

She wasn't out-out, but, for a while, we were together in our private bubble. And then things gradually escalated, as they do, and we were going to do it, you know, for the first time.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is lit and decorated for a romantic evening in.

ANGIE (V.O.)

I had the whole night planned, got some good food, some wine, got the place to myself.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A hand pours two glasses of white wine
- A packet of crisps are unloaded into a bowl

EXT. RUGGED PARK - BACK TO PRESENT

ANGIE

And then, on the night she didn't show. And she's not been in touch since.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

The next thing I hear is she's shagging you. You knew that I liked her, but that didn't stop you, did it?

WARREN

Why didn't you tell me?

ANGIE

No one knew.

WARREN

Ang, I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking. I'm sorry I never told you about Lisa.

ANGIE

She really did a number on both of us.

(beat)

What did I see in her? She never paid for any drink, let alone a meal.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Same here. She took a decade to get ready. Would she hold your hand, even when there was no one around?

WARREN

Nope.

ANGIE

Me too. She never wanted to see the same film as me.

WARREN

(a joke)

Oh. That's funny, she loved my taste in films. We were always at the cinema.

ANGIE

(mocking)

Fuck off.

BECCA

Why are either of you mourning this woman? She's awful.

ANGIE

You wouldn't understand. You don't know her.

WARREN

She's right. Let's forget about her.

BECCA

I know Lisa. She's stuck-up,
boring, and self-centred.

ANGIE

How would you know?

BECCA

Kelly's been chatting to her.

WARREN

What?

ANGIE

What?

BECCA (CONT'D)

She has a filthy mouth. She's just
as bad as Brian down there...

Becca looks through the binoculars.

BECCA (CONT'D)

...Oh, Brian's gone.

WARREN

We shouldn't be moping around up
here about what has or hasn't
happened. Lisa needs to learn a
lesson.

BECCA

What, something like, invite her
over for what she thinks is an
afternoon of love making, when it's
really a stranger's house who's
getting really annoyed about people
asking to see a girl called Kelly?

ANGIE

You didn't?

WARREN

Really?

BECCA

Yep.

Angie picks up the binoculars, scans for signs of Lisa.

BECCA (CONT'D)

She should be here any minute.

WARREN

She won't show. She stood both of
us up before.

BECCA

Well, we'll just have to wait and
see.

All three sit down on the grass, and wait. Becca sits next to Warren. After a beat --

BECCA (CONT'D)
(to Warren)
So..have you still got that itch
you want scratched?

WARREN
So, what, now you're some
experienced younger woman, who
knows what she wants, blah, blah,
blah, blah, blah.

BECCA
No. I'm a Virgin.

Warren looks at her incredulously.

BECCA
(off his reaction)
I am. I'm okay with it.

WARREN
How old are you?

BECCA
I'm nineteen.

WARREN
That true?

ANGIE
(to Warren)
Yes, it is.
(to Becca)
And no, you're not okay with it.
You're all doom and gloom like it's
some grey cloud hanging over you.
(pronouncing a label)
Virgin.

BECCA
Yeah, well. I've had enough. I'm
not gonna let that fact affect me
no more.
(to Warren)
You wanna sleep with someone? I'll
sleep with you.

ANGIE
No, you won't.

BECCA
Yes, I will. I want to.

Warren thinks about the proposition. Then, finally --

WARREN
Nah, you're alright.

BECCA
Well, don't hold back.

WARREN
You're not my type.

BECCA
Is that right? You liked my messages, though didn't you. When you wanted to...

Becca whispers into his ear.

WARREN
I might have exaggerated a few things.

ANGIE
Jeez, Warren. I thought you and Lisa were the best of lovers?

Warren feels it's time to come clean.

WARREN
Well, actually, Lisa and I...We never did it. At first, she was really keen. But it always felt forced. But what did I care? She's a good-looking lady. When someone like her shows you the smallest of interest, you don't think if you really like them.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is lit and decorated for a romantic evening in.

WARREN
So...we set a date. Got rid of my folks. Bought some nice wine. But that was the night she didn't turn up. And I haven't hear from her since.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A hand pours two glasses of red wine
- A romantic track is chosen on a smart phone connected to speakers

EXT. RUGGED PARK - BACK TO PRESENT

BECCA
But you have done it.

WARREN
Of course I have!

Angie and Becca see through his lie.

ANGIE
Of course you have.

WARREN
I have.

BECCA
It's okay, Warren.
(realising)
Hey! We're all --

ANGIE
-- Don't say it.

All three look down the hill. Angie picks up the binoculars.

BINOCULARS POV: Lisa's car in the distance.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
I think that's Lisa pulling up now,
in the Renault Clio.

Angie hands him the binoculars.

WARREN
(looking through them)
Holy shit.

Angie takes the binoculars from Warren, and periodically checks Lisa's location.

WARREN (CONT'D)
I can't believe she actually
showed.

BECCA
What can I say? I have a way with
words.

ANGIE
She's just pacing up and down
outside.

WARREN
(willing her on)
Go on, ring the doorbell. Ring the
doorbell.

ANGIE
We should stop this.

BECCA
No. She deserves this. It's Karma.

WARREN
She's gonna chicken out.

BECCA
Be patient. Look.

BECCA'S POV: LISA walking down the path, and rings the doorbell.

ANGIE
Oh, Jesus.

BECCA
Trophy Wife is talking to her. Oh, hello, Baldy.

ANGIE
They're pointing up here.

Lisa walks back up the path.

WARREN
Christ, she's making her way up here. I'm outta here.
(to Becca)
Fancy a drink?

BECCA
Yeah, alright.

ANGIE
She's getting closer.

BECCA
Come on, Angie. Let's go.

ANGIE
In a minute.

WARREN
She's not worth it.

ANGIE
I'll meet you there.

BECCA
(to Warren)
Come on, let's go.

Becca and Warren walk away over the crest of the hill.

BECCA (CONT'D)
(to Warren)
How old are you?

WARREN
Twenty-four.

BECCA
Oh, Christ.

Angie changes the direction where she's looking as Lisa changes path.

ANGIE
(still holding the
binoculars to her face)
Lisa! Lisa!

Angie waves to her.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Over here. Hi.

In smooth transition, Angie changes her hand from waving to giving Lisa the middle finger.