

The Tramp
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INT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

Tottenham Court road, London. 3am. A cold evening. It's rained tonight, and a weak wind flips copy loosely about.

All the shops are shut. Shadows fall all around.

A few tired late-night revelers are dotted around; seeking taxi's, kebabs, or a wall to steady themselves.

A doorway. One of many.

In its cove, lie two shapes.

A man approaches the lumpen mass: he's unsteady on his feet.

He stops about them. And urinates. On one.

The shapes shift.

Out of the un-urinated-upon shape, a head lifts. This is LOX (31). Like any other tramp on any other street - unkempt, obligatory beard and moustache; unwashed for an age - the dirt on the dirt has dirt.

LOX

What are you doing?

MAN

(nonchalant)

Pissing.

And from out of the urinated-upon shape a head raises. And get a full-on stream of whatever the man's been drinking for half of the evening. This is ALFIE. (29). The bad luck on him's had bad luck. Even by a tramp's standard, this guy has self-esteem issues.

LOX

What are you pissing on him for?

MAN

Deserves it.

LOX

No-one deserves to be pissed on.
Leave off.

The man finished. Puts his tackle away. Leans forward toward Alfie. Sniffs up a hearty nose-full of we-know-not-what. Opens his mouth a little, curls his tongue, and gobs full force in Alfie's face.

Alfie starts, and turns his head away.

Behind the man, TWO other men appear.

MAN #2
What are you up to?

MAN
(to Alfie)
That's because you're scum.

Man #2 throw a beer can at Lox; hitting him on the head. The can rebounds to Man #2.

LOX
Do you want to sod off? Trying to get some sleep.

Man #2 takes an exaggerated sweeping kick at the can, which flies straight at Alfie. Again, Alfie recoils.

MAN
Say thank-you.

Alfie looks toward Lox for support, advice, guidance.

MAN
Say. Thank-you.

ALFIE
(hesitant)
Thank... you.

MAN
(mocking)
Better.

The men walk off, and turning their heads --

MAN
You're worthless! Worse than that!

MAN #2
Ya scum!

Lox looks at Alfie.

LOX
What is your problem? Just sit there and take all that crap from them.

Alfie's head lowers.

LOX (CONT'D)
 You didn't say a thing.

INT. PARK ENTRANCE / EXIT - NIGHT

Alfie struggles. He's almost at the gates to the park. Grand Victorian gates.

He stumbles out of the park. Stops. Smell his coat sleeve. A look of contempt, self-loathing creeps across his face.

A moment of nothing, but something is clear to him. He realises something. Then stumbles on.

Along the

STREET

where he passes a car. An old saloon. Some lights on; a driver. Window down. Munching on a kebab, or some other sacrifice.

Their eyes' catch.

The car's occupant turns a furrowed brow. TREVOR WATT (42). Looks like a taxi driver, could be a Lorry driver.

TREVOR
 (concerned)
 You alright, mate?

Not stopping, not walking, still moving, and giving Trevor a smile:

ALFIE
 Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay. Just moving on.

Trevor takes a gob-full of whatever he's eating.

TREVOR
 You look like you've had a night of it mate. Where's them bruises from?

ALFIE
 Oh, you get them with this life-style.

TREVOR
 Life-style choice? My arse.

Alfie laughs a small laugh.

ALFIE
You ever been on the streets?

TREVOR
You want some of this? It's
alright. Still hot.

He does. Clearly. But too polite to accept.

ALFIE
No, no. It's yours.

TREVOR
To be honest...

He looks at it.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I've enough of it.

Trevor holds the pile out to Alfie, and nods toward something ahead of them both.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Just chuck it in that bin for us
will you?

Alfie didn't expect that. A moment of confusion; indecision.

ALFIE
Oh. Over there?

He moves forward, just a touch.

TREVOR
Yeah. Have it if you want.

Holding it out to Alfie.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
It'll only go to waste.

Alfie takes it. He's starving. But there's no grabbing, no snatching; just takes it calmly, respectfully. Nods his thanks toward Trevor. But he can't help himself once he takes a bite. Shovels it in. He's not come across anything this good, nowhere near this good, for a very long time.

He's finished eating. Stops while it's going down; like he can taste it all the way to his stomach.

Trevor looks him up and down. Studied understanding across his face.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
That good, was it?

Trevor's voice has grabbed Alfie's attention; flicks his eyes over to him.

ALFIE
Yeah. Yeah, that was good.

Trevor looks like he's smelled something bad.

TREVOR
s'that smell?

Alfie sniff his sleeve.

ALFIE
It's what happens.

TREVOR
Pissed yourself?

ALFIE
Na.

TREVOR
Reeks like it.

Alfie looks at Trevor. Having to admit it, though he doesn't want to.

ALFIE
Got pissed on.

TREVOR
(shocked)
Pissed on?

ALFIE
It happens.

Trevor shakes his head, like it's just not fair.

TREVOR
(decisive)
Get in.

ALFIE
Where?

TREVOR
Car. Taking you home for a bath.
Something to eat.

ALFIE
(unsure)
It's... alright, don't worry.

TREVOR
Need to get yourself cleaned up.

ALFIE
I'll be fine. Honest.

TREVOR
Bath. Eat.

Alfie shakes his head.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Beer.

A big grin on Alfie's face, almost like he's embarrassed; but he's not convinced yet.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You want a beer, don't you?

ALFIE
(still a grin)
What are doing this for? Helping me out.

TREVOR
It's crap. This. I'm not used to seeing it. Pissed on?
(brows furrow, shakes head)
Wouldn't you help out if you were me?

Alfie drops the grin.

Thinks on it.

Shrugs his shoulders.

ALFIE
Like to think I would.

Trevor nods his head toward the passenger seat.

TREVOR
Get in. Let's get you cleaned up.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small pre-war two bed terraced. Trevor's a single man, and not prone to the occasional bout of house-cleaning.

He lets Alfie into the house; they go through to the lounge, a small, dated room.

TREVOR
Take a seat.

ALFIE
Cheers. Here?

Alfie, unsure, takes a seat.

TREVOR
Want a drink? Coffee, tea, beer?

ALFIE
Yeah, cheers. Tea. Beer.

TREVOR
Both?

ALFIE
Ahhh... Yeah.

CUT TO:

A COFFEE TABLE --

in front of Alfie. Trevor moves oddments and bits. Places a hot coffee, and then a cold beer in front of Alfie.

Alfie, grinning, looks up to Trevor.

TREVOR
There you go. Coffee. Beer.

ALFIE
Cheers. Appreciated.

Trevor takes a seat in an easy chair ninety degrees to Afie.

TREVOR
Been on the streets for long?

Alfie takes a slurp of the coffee.

ALFIE
Three, four years maybe.

TREVOR
Fair while.

ALFIE
You lose count after a bit.

Trevor stares momentarily off into the distance.

TREVOR
So what happened?

ALFIE
Tonight?

TREVOR
No, no.

He gets up and stands on the other side of the coffee table to Alfie.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You ended up...

ALFIE
How'd I end up on the streets?

TREVOR
Carelessness, incompetence,
accident?

Alfie thinks a little.

ALFIE
Just screwed up.

TREVOR
Lost your job?

ALFIE
Well... only worked for a couple of
years.

TREVOR
Oh yeah?

ALFIE
Wasn't much good at it.

TREVOR
At what?

ALFIE

Litter.

(pause)

Picked up litter. Parks, streets.

TREVOR

Couldn't hold it down?

ALFIE

Kept on coming in late... that kind of thing.

TREVOR

And...

ALFIE

Lost me job. Went on the dole. Got housing benefit. Messed that up.

TREVOR

You messed...

ALFIE

Didn't sign on. Couple of times. Stupid. Got into arrears. With the landlord.

TREVOR

And he kicked you out?

Trevor moves around the coffee table and round to the back of the sofa, where he studies the various objects on the dresser.

ALFIE

Well. He didn't have much choice did he?

TREVOR

Get yourself another place?

ALFIE

Couldn't. Went to the council and they said I'd made myself homeless, so there was nothing they could do.

To the side of the dresser, Trevor picks up a GOLF CLUB.

TREVOR

So you got you housing free.

ALFIE
Well, I got...

TREVOR
And you got food and drink money
free...

ALFIE
Food and...

TREVOR
Your dole.

ALFIE
Sort of...

Trevor, still behind Alfie, moves in a little closer.

TREVOR
And yet despite all these
freebies...

Alfie, still not looking at Trevor furrows his brows.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
...you still screw it all up.

And Trevor lifts the golf club up high, to take a swing at
Alfie.

Instinct.

Alfie looks round as the golf club is WHIPPED in towards
him.

FLINGING himself forward, Alfie avoids the full force of the
club as it WHACKS him on the shoulder and he CRASHES into
the coffee table, the detritus spilling over the floor.

ALFIE
(alarmed)
What are you doing?

Trevor flings the golf club down with disdain.

TREVOR
Never liked golf.

ALFIE
You've gone mad!

Trevor digs behind the easy chair and lift up a CROWBAR.

TREVOR
Who pissed on you Alfie?

ALFIE
I got no idea.

TREVOR
Mark.

ALFIE
Who?

TREVOR
Who kicked the can at you Alfie?

ALFIE
Look, please, I don't know.

TREVOR
Phil.

ALFIE
I don't know what...

TREVOR
Who was the third man, Alfie?

ALFIE
Third?

TREVOR
Didn't you notice? In the
background?

ALFIE
(thinks)
Well, yeah, I think, sort of...

TREVOR
Trevor. That's who the third man
was Alfie. Now he's going to have
to finish off what the first two
men started.

ALFIE
Why are you doing this?

TREVOR
'Cos people like you are scum,
Alfie. You leech off everyone.

ALFIE
 (quietly)
 I've had enough of this.

TREVOR
 I've had enough, Alfie. Society has
 had enough.

Alfie shift his position.

Trevor lifts the crowbar up, bending his arm so that the
 crowbar is behind his shoulder.

A shift. In Alfie's eyes.

ALFIE
 I've been pissed on. I've been spat
 on. Whacked with a golf club.

TREVOR
 And there's more to come.

ALFIE
 (quietly)
 I said I've had enough.

Trevor shift forward, ready to SWING.

With a roar from his SOUL, Alfie LAUNCHES himself at Trevor
 - hitting him with his shoulder, right on Trevor's sternum -
 flinging Trevor back in the WALL behind him.

Trevor screams. Blood curdling.

He slides down the wall. Blood soaks through his clothes.

Trevor moves over to his side, an attempt to relieve the
 pain; Alfie's assists him, and sees the crowbar is lodged
 into Trevor's back - rammed in by his contact with the wall.

TREVOR
 Get it out.

Alfie surveys the scene, takes a step backwards.

TREVOR
 Get it out!

Alfie puts his hands to his face.

ALFIE
 I did it.

Trevor moans in pain.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
I actually did it.

TREVOR
(painfully)
Help me... help me.

Alfie's chest is out. A confidence re-surg-ing from within in.

ALFIE
Yeah. I'll help you. Course I will.

Alfie walks past Trevor --

ALFIE
As soon as I've helped myself.

And on into the --

KITCHEN

where he opens the fridge door, and looks around for some carrier bags.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Don't leave me here.

ALFIE
(to himself)
Don't worry, I won't.

MONTAGE

Alfie grabs some carrier bags

Grabs food from the cupboards

Beer from fridge, lots of it

A nice big frozen chicken

Some bread, a knife or two

Some milk, cola

And he's got two BIG carrier bags full of goodies and heads off into the --

LOUNGE

where he stops next to Trevor: a sorry state.

TREVOR
(weakly)
Please...

ALFIE
After all you've done for me. Would
I leave you like this?

Alfie grabs the PHONE. Jabs in a couple of numbers.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
Nine, nine, nine. There you go.

Alfie rests the phone on Trevor's shoulder.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
I'll let you give the address
details. You know them better than
me.

Alfie shuffles on toward the door to exit the room.

Turns to Trevor, who's looking at him pitifully.

Alfie lifts up the carrier bags a little.

ALFIE
Cheers, then.

And he shuffles off.

FADE OUT:

THE END