

THE JACUZZI

Written by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT



6 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

6

CLOSE on a landline phone. As Don plods passed, he lifts the receiver and puts it straight back down again.

Silence.

He slumps into his favourite chair now wearing a t-shirt and tracksuit pants under an old bathrobe.

He stares blankly at an empty chair across the room, a bookmarked novel and a crochet blanket draped over the arm.

ANGLE ON the back of Don's chair. The CAMERA PUSHES IN as we HEAR the following:

A truck pulling up outside -- the truck door opens, rock & roll pumping from the radio -- footsteps up the driveway -- A BEAT, then a KNOCK at the door.

Don doesn't budge.

Another KNOCK.

IVAN (O.S.)

Delivery!

Don shows no attempt to make his presence known.

We HEAR footsteps on the grass -- a TAP at the window.

IVAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I see you in there chief.

Don finally looks behind him. The CAMERA PANS to find a heavy-set Maori, IVAN (45), peering in at him through the roses.

Ivan waves.

7 INT/EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

7

A DELIVERY TRUCK is parked in the driveway.

IVAN's burly assistants, LEEROY (27) and MOOSE (26), have the tailgate down and are mid-way through getting a BRAND NEW SPA, still in its plastic wrap, lowered to the ground.

IVAN (O.S.)

So you want a refund then?

DON holds the front door half closed as he talks to Ivan.

He shakes his head: no.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
You just don't want it?

Don nods: yes.

Ivan stares incredulously for a LONG BEAT, then shrugs.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
You're the boss...  
(turns, calls out)  
Pack it up boys!

Moose and Leeroy's confused faces peer around the spa.

MOOSE  
Huh?

IVAN  
He doesn't want it.

LEEROY  
He doesn't want it!?

IVAN  
That's what he says.

Moose and Leeroy swap a perplexed glance.

LEEROY  
But it's already off the truck.

IVAN  
Then put it back on.

MOOSE  
Ivan, it's Friday arv'.

IVAN  
I know.

LEEROY  
We'll have to go all the way back  
to the warehouse.

MOOSE  
In peak hour traffic.

IVAN  
I know.

LEEROY  
It's the semi's, Ivan. We'll miss  
kick off.

IVAN

Boys. If the man doesn't want it,  
he doesn't have to take it.

Leeroy and Moose look at each other, then to Don - their eyes pleading.

MOOSE

You sure you don't want it Chief?

Don glances at them all, the guilt sinking in.

He relents with a sigh.

8

INT. SUN ROOM - LATER

8

The spa is set on the back patio. LEEROY and MOOSE clumsily remove the plastic, knocking over pot plants and stepping in flower beds while IVAN and DON watch through the window.

IVAN

Decide to spoil yourself?

DON

Actually it's a retirement present.

IVAN

Oh yeah? Well congrats to you then!

DON

No, no. Not me. My wife.

IVAN

Making up for all them forgotten  
Valentine's Days, huh?

Ivan nudges him playfully. Don manages a weak smile and looks down at his feet.

ON IVAN: confused by Don's sullenness.

IVAN (CONT'D)

She around? Might be good if I show  
you both how to work it.

DON

She's... out.

IVAN

Oh. Okay.

Ivan studies Don with mild concern.

Moose thrusts open the screen door behind him.

MOOSE  
Where's your hose, Chief? I'll get  
'er gurgling.

9 EXT. BACK PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

9

Water splutters from the hose, filling up the spa.

Don signs forms on Ivan's clipboard to acknowledge delivery while Moose and Leeroy pick up the discarded plastic.

IVAN  
When she's full, just switch 'er on  
and she'll be cooking in no time.

Don hands the clipboard back.

DON  
That everything?

IVAN  
That's it.

Leeroy and Moose high-five excitedly.

LEEROY  
Knock off!

MOOSE  
Yeah boy!

They make a bee-line for the front door. Ivan lingers.

IVAN  
So mate, when's your missus back?  
Gotta have someone to christen her  
with.

Don notices a STRAY GARDENING GLOVE on a stool and picks it up, suddenly looking vulnerable. Ivan watches him keenly, sensing the drop in Don's defences.

DON  
Well, actually to be honest, she,  
uh...  
(trails off)

Don studies the glove, mustering the courage to continue. Ivan hangs with anticipation.

DON (CONT'D)

She-

LEEROY (O.S.)

-Ivan, let's go! We wanna swing by the bottle-o.

IVAN

(Yells back)

Take it easy would ya!?

(To Don)

Sorry mate, you were saying?

But Don's already turned from him again.

DON

Later. She'll be back later.

Ivan looks disappointed. The moment is lost.

IVAN

Well give us a call if you need help, okay?

Don gazes out over the backyard. The sun is beginning to set.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Anything at all. It's no trouble.

Don acknowledges with the slightest of nods.

Ivan gives him a final helpless glance then resigns to leave.

10

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

10

LEEROY and MOOSE wait at the front door. IVAN catches up.

IVAN

Get going then you pricks.

MOOSE

Can do boss!

LEEROY

You give him the receipt?

IVAN

Oh yeah...

(Calling out)

Mr Daley, I forgot your receipt!

(No response)

Mr Daley?

No reply.

LEEROY

Just leave 'er on the table.

Ivan places the receipt on the side table, right next to the SET OF KEYS and THE BOOKLET Don put there earlier. The booklet catches Ivan's eye.

He flips it over and sinks as he reads it.

IVAN

That'd be right.

MOOSE

What?

He shows it to Moose and Leeroy.

It's a A FUNERAL PROGRAM. On the cover is a PICTURE OF A WOMAN (64) smiling happily. Below is written: "In Loving Memory - Genevieve Daley. 1951 - 2015".

Their shoulders slump.

LEEROY

Oh man.

MOOSE

Shit. Poor bastard.

They look back through the house, towards Don, out there all on his own.

They glance at each other - eyes full of sympathy and remorse.

HARD CUT TO:

11 EXT. BACK PATIO - TWILIGHT

11

DON sits in the spa. The hulking frames of LEEROY and MOOSE sit on either side, making Don look comically diminutive.

The TV has been brought out and set up on a folding table. A rugby league match plays.

IVAN climbs in with four beers and passes them around.

IVAN

What'd I miss?

MOOSE  
Taylor got sin-binned.

IVAN  
Good. Cheeky prick.

While the boys watch, engrossed, Don's sad eyes stare straight ahead.

DON'S POV:

His wife, GENEVIEVE, sits across the spa holding a glass of champagne. She smiles cheerily and raises her glass.

Don smiles sadly at the apparition.

Ivan watches him out of the corner of his eye, pained.

He shares a glance with the boys - they ache for him too.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
You want the bubbles on, Don?

Don shoots him a small, appreciative smile.

DON  
Sure.

IVAN  
Let 'er rip, Leeroy.

Leeroy presses a button. The bubble-jets start up noisily.

Hold for A LONG, STILL MOMENT as they gradually turn their attention back to the TV and watch on in silence.

ROLL CREDITS.