

SCRIPT FOR THE SHORT MOVIE STEVE (COMING FOR TEA)

Start (deadline conversation)

We've been through this, haven't we?
I've got a lot to do, as you know, and this needs to be in tomorrow.
Now I've pushed the deadline once already,
so could I please just have five minutes to myself? Please, five minutes!
But it's just not five minutes we're talking about, it's about shirking "shitbits"!
I'm not shirking... okay, okay...
- Hello? - Is he there?
It's for you! It's probably very important!
Oh, c'mon! It's not fair to just accuse me of avoiding...
- Who is it? - It's John.
Sh-h-hit! I knew this would happen.
Oh, you probably have to take this!
Oh, c'mon, don't paint me as some kind of...
It's not fair to start something that I can't be expected to finish.
And yes I do need to take this, as you're well aware and we'll continue...
John! I'm literally just wrapping it up...
I don't care to hear that.
I'm over-fucking-joyed to learn that you are just wrapping it up...
Why don't you put a fucking ribbon on it too, you brat? The thing is...
...I want to have it here right now!
I ought to advise you to have another serious think
- about another way to earn your living! - Hang on...
I also ought to advise you not to fucking speak!
A coffee!
...I haven't yet in all my poor days come across anyone
with a more flexible definition for the term 'deadline'.
A deadline is a line before which everything is brilliant.
And after which we are all dead.
I am dead, they are dead and you my son are perfectly fucking dead!
Where the fuck does this go?
Jesus!
Not quite.

Episode 1

Hello, I'm Steve. I live downstairs.
Do you have a moment?
Little pushed at the moment.
I think there's been a leak.
Oh, that's terrible, I'm so sorry!
Uh, could I come in for a minute?
Ah... of course... I just... need to clear space.
- Who is it? - I thought you were busy!
Well, if you're offering!
I got home last night, and my ceiling was dripping onto my bed,
I knew something was wrong.
I looked up, I saw the wet patch spread across my ceiling,
I knew something was wrong.
Oh, that's awful. I'm so sorry.
I wonder where it's come from, I can't think what would have caused it.
We'll call a plumber first thing tomorrow.
Hmm... we'll never get one on a Sunday I'm afraid.
Of course we will compensate you in full for any damage.
Would you like... You've already got some.
Well, where exactly is this leak coming from? Maybe we can pinpoint it.
What's your favorite kind of music?
Are you sure, Steve?
My mattress is all wet.
Right... Well, why don't we go downstairs and have a look at your ceiling?
Then we can establish exactly where it came from?

That would be great, only my mother's still sleeping there at the moment.

Well, not to worry then, Steve.

- Steve... - Yes?

It's half past five! Are you sure your mother's still sleeping there?

Oh yes, she was out fishing all night.

She didn't get in till the wee small ones.

Oh!? Where did she find fishing in London?

Well, she didn't, you see, that's the thing.

In order to find fishing round here you got to get right out of town.

And that is one long journey back, oh yes.

That is one long journey back, so you can see why she is tired.

Right. Well, we'll have a plumber look at everything, just to be sure.

- Do you like books? - Yes.

Very much. And... We'll have a plumber... look at everything.

Why have we never met our neighbours?

I mean, don't you think it's funny that it takes a crisis to get to know people you live not three feet above?

Don't think for a moment that I'm even remotely interested in your opinion,

I was merely voicing a rhetorical thought.

Episode 2

It did not require reciprocation, least of all from you, you selfish fucker!

Really, I strongly advise you not to speak!

- I'll get it! - Ohh! Fuck!

- Okay, okay, okay... - Oh-h!

- Come on... - Oh, I can deal with it!

- Okay, shall I... - Oh I can deal with the front door!

And since I paid the mortgage yesterday it's my fucking front door this month anyway!

Fine. Good. I'll just go end up some of the...

Hi there!

Okay, I'm really sorry, I hate a confrontation, but we have to talk.

What is it, Steve?

Uh, the plumber left over an hour ago.

He said he couldn't find anything faulty anywhere.

Ohh, no, the water's fine. How can I put this?

I really don't know how to approach this delicately.

Shall we talk Street Rap?

Or... Hip-Hop perhaps, uhm?

I really can't claim to be genned up on everything the kids are listening to nowadays.

I think I'd better have come in, don't you?

Ohh!

I think a little tea is a wonderful idea.

So which of you two bright sparks thought it would be a good idea to play your Hip-Hop music all night long last night?

A little party was there, uhm?

Common courtesy dictates a warning at least, if not an invitation, uhm?

- Steve... - I rise at five. Five!

And if the music ceases at three, then I get two hours sleep. Two!

We stayed at my sister's last night. We got back for the plumber this morning.

I'm sorry if someone kept you up, but it wasn't us.

Oh... So what kind of books d'you like? I like F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Can we come to that later, Steve? You seem quite upset!

No, I'm not upset. Let's have more tea and then talk.

Okay, Steve. Now listen...

There was no music here last night, because we weren't here last night.

- Are you okay with that? - Yes.

Don't you just hate it when someone grabs the seat you've had your eye on, you know, whether bus, or cinema, or whatever?

Although who'd be inside on a day like this?

Weather is good, although I remember it being a little better this time last year.

Don't you ever just think... Fuck it, you know?

I know, let's all go to the pictures, my treat.
Steve, if you finished your tea, I think you should go now.
Haven't quite.
- Do you like picnics when it's sunny? - Yes, very much.
Would you like to go on one now?
I'm afraid we can't.
I've had an idea. After lunch let's jack in whatever we had to do.
I'll take you to the pictures. My treat.
I'm sorry! I've been very selfish, but work is finished now, so I can make it up to you.
Well, that's nice. I'm fine just reading, thanks.
I wanna do things with you. Have adventures.
I'm going out in half an hour. Can I not just have five minutes to myself?
Please! Just five minutes!
Look, I don't think it's very fair of you...

Episode 3

- Hey gang! - ...To make it up?
You'll never gonna believe this!
That stupid fucking idiot postman has only been misdelivering your letters to my flat.
That fat, chuckleheaded bastard has ignored that it clearly states the flat number on each letter and the sweaty cunt has posted them wherever he likes willy-nilly.
I think there's been some kind of mistake, Steve, it's not addressed to us.
May I come in?
I saw a great film on the telly last night. I can't remember what it was called.
Did you see it? I love films. What are your top, top fave five films?
Can I come in?
...Just got to lose the neighbour. Whop, hello matey!
Here, the postman is meant to ring twice, isn't he?
- Can I come in? - Steve!
- Can I have my letter, please? - Okay.
- Can I have my other letter, please? - Hmm... Rude.
- Steve... - Any chance of a cuppa?
- Steve, I... - A bit rude, isn't it?
Not offering your neighbour, kind, cooperative downstairs neighbour a cup of tea?
- Steve! - Tea! Now!
Go to the kettle and make me a cup of fucking tea!
You sit down there! One host, one hostess and a gentleman caller.
And you won't need your phone cause you're about to have a real life fucking conversation in a minute!
Okay! Okay, Steve!
There's your tea.
Why don't you sit down?
Can we have our post now, Steve?
No one for the road...
No pot! No fucking biscuit!
Why have you been taking our post, Steve?
I don't see why we should give you anything if you've been taking from us?

And you'll make the tea.
A whole pot, for the whole gang.
And you'll put out a nice plate of biscuits, chocolate biscuits.
And we'll say: "Oh, I shouldn't!", and we'll all have one.
I'll have four. Then I'll pat my stomach and I'll roll my eyes at my own greed.
Then we will all laugh, and there will be a momentary awkward silence, we will look out of the window and comment on the unusual meteorological conditions for the time of year.
You will refill my cup, and I'll say: "Go on then!".
And then we will talk derogatorily about all our mutual friends in order to further strengthen the irrefutable bond of friendship that we had between us.
Before I go you we will make definite plans to see one another again, which we will only loosely adhere to, but this will not matter, **because we know that true friendship does not need to be recharged on a regular basis, but survives because of the strong foundation on which it is built.**
After I have gone, you will remark on a many good qualities that I have, and on what a good friend I am.
And that you are of course concerned that I'm living alone. Put the kettle on!