

GETTING BACK MR HUNT screenplay by Paul Laight © 2005

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screenplay by

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(Sixth Draft)

FADE IN:

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

FLAMES light up the YOUNG MAN'S glistening EYES.

The YOUNG MAN is handsome JAMES OLDMAN (early 20s).

JAMES (V.O.)
It's a question of power isn't it?

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY (EARLIER THAT DAY)

VIDEOTAPE labeled STATESIDE PROMO sits on the desk.

James switches another video also labeled STATESIDE PROMO.

JAMES (V.O.)
The words of father were playing
like a mantra on my mind. At that
moment in time his words were all I
could hear... "Don't be like every
other mug, son. Stand up and be counted."

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

James secretes a webcam in the room. Clock on wall says:
05:30

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

James exits the toilets stuffing toilet roll into a bin-line.

JAMES (V.O.)
My dad. The working-class hero.
Never did a day's work in his life.
The only time he stood up and was
counted was in the dole queue.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JAMES hands over a wad of notes to THE CLEANER as he stuffs more toilet rolls into the bin-liner.

JAMES (V.O.)

At least he was telling the truth.
For some people the truth tends
to take a different form. Mainly lies.

JAMES, bag over his shoulder, exits.

CLEANER in background necks from a bottle of scotch.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY (A MONTH PREVIOUS)

NIGEL HUNT (40s), rabbits on.

James, opposite, is on edge. It is an interview after all.

JAMES (V.O.)

Hindsight is a wonderful thing.
All ifs and buts. Was it stupidity,
naivety or just plain ambition on
my part? If only I'd trusted my
instinct.

James takes a sip of water. Hunt doesn't pause for breath.

JAMES (V.O.)

I shouldn't torture myself. I
was one of hundreds of thousands.
A graduate barely out of potty
training thrown into the real world.
Small fry swimming with the sharks.
And the Hunts of this world knew it.

Hunt stands and offers his hand. James takes it.

FREEZE FRAME as they shake hands.

JAMES (V.O.)

Which is why I got the job.

INT. PUB - DAY

James and MATE (20s) celebrate by downing a pint.

JAMES (V.O.)

And hope sprung eternal.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

James enters the main doors.

INT. LIFT - DAY

Pretty SARAH BOWDEN (20s) smiles at James. He smiles back.
INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Hunt slams a picture of the STARS and STRIPES on the table.

JAMES (V.O.)

Hunt stressed I would be an
integral part of a well-oiled
machine. The company was going
places. We had a big pitch to
deliver to a huge U.S. company.
Getting the Stateside contract
would be a huge coup.

Hunt holds up his coffee mug. BOSS emblazoned on the side.

JAMES (V.O.)

He then added: milk, two and
half sugars.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Coffee whirls in a cup.

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

James places the coffee down.

Hunt, on the phone, points at a Mount Everest pile of
papers on the table.

JAMES (V.O.)

I wanted so much to be part of
it.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

James walks along struggling with the huge pile of paper.

Suddenly the paper goes flying.

JAMES (V.O.)
It hurt.

INT. PHOTOCOPYING ROOM - DAY

FLASH! LIGHT! Photocopier blasts out.
JAMES shunts the copier into further action.

Glance at clock: 9:15am.

JAMES (V.O.)
One thing's for sure I wouldn't
be doing this forever.

TITLE: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. PHOTOCOPYING ROOM - DAY

James, sweating buckets, is glued to copier. Jacket off.
Tie loosened. Hair unkempt. Hunt enters waving his mug
around.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Coffee swirls in a cup.

JAMES (V.O.)
If I'd wanted to work with coffee
I'd have moved to fucking Brazil.
And none of them were good enough
for that Hunt either.

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE/KITCHEN - DAY

Sequence jump cuts between Hunt's coffee tasting and James
toiling over boiling kettle.

JAMES (V.O.)
They were either: too weak...

Grim-faced Hunt pushes cup back at James.

JAMES (V.O.)

Too strong...

Hunt takes a sip and visibly grimaces.

JAMES (V.O.)

Too sweet...

Hunt waves James away.

JAMES (V.O.)

Not sweet enough...

Hunt mouths "No, no, no." FREEZE FRAME on Hunt.

JAMES (V.O.)

Too cold... And yesterday it
was too hot.

INT. PUB - DAY

James downs shots. Sarah listens to James bitching.

JAMES (V.O.)

Production assistant. That was my
job: assisting with the production.
And to my mind that meant being part
of the creative process. Things had
to change.

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

James faces Hunt.

JAMES (V.O.)

So, I told him.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

James smiles as he leaves Hunt's office.

JAMES (V.O.)

He gave me until the morning
to pitch my ideas.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

James slaves at his PC working on his ideas.

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

James slaps his STATESIDE PORTFOLIO down on the desk.

JAMES (V.O.)
I'd delivered the goods.

INT. PHOTOCOPYING ROOM - DAY

Sarah uses the fax. James is on the photocopier.

JAMES (V.O.)
Hunt would realize I was above
being a mere photocopying monkey.

Hunt enters. He shoves a suit at James. Then waves James' PORTFOLIO at him before throwing it in the bin.

JAMES (V.O.)
Back to school James. You've
got a lot to learn he said. I
couldn't believe it.

FREEZE FRAME on James. Destroyed.

JAMES (V.O.)
I wanted to. . .

CUT-AWAY: James pointing gun at Hunt's head. Pulls trigger.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

James throws the suit to the floor and jumps up and down on it.

JAMES (V.O.)
Fuck the fucking suit. I wanted
to take him to the fucking cleaners.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

James takes some paracetamol from the cabinet.

JAMES (V.O.)
My head hurt. And so did my pride.
He was gonna have to pay. But how?

Something in the cabinet catches James' eye.

FREEZE FRAME on box of: EX-LAX.

JAMES (V.O.)
Hunt's big pitch was less than
twenty-four hours away. I had to
work fast.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Close-in on VIDEOTAPE. James removes the label EUROBALLS
and replaces it with the label STATESIDE PROMO (NIGEL HUNT)

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Kettle boils. James prepares Hunt's coffee.

JAMES (V.O.)
"Chocolate Senna laxative. Mmmm.
A gentle laxative extracted from
senna, for the relief of constipation."

In go nine EX-LAX tablets.

JAMES (V.O.)
Dose: Adults and children over
twelve years: one tablet at bedtime.
Fuck that. He was getting the lot!

In go the remainder. Followed by a good stir.

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

James carefully places the cup on the desk. Hunt has his
head buried in a script.

FREEZE FRAME as Hunt blindly takes a sip of senna-based
coffee. Will he notice?

JAMES (V.O.)

I had an image of him throwing it
in my face. But all he said was. . .

FREEZE FRAME released. Hunt looks up.

JAMES (V.O.)

"Thanks" That was it. Unbelievable.
I suppose there's always a first
time for everything.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

James exits, HOLDALL in hand. On his way out he passes the
prospective clients from STATESIDE, two very smart
EXECUTIVES.

JAMES (V.O.)

Maybe he was ill. I didn't give
a shit. Hunt soon would be though.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Hunt delivers the spiel to the STATESIDE EXECUTIVES.

He puts the videotape into the player. It starts. Hunts
continues without looking at the monitor.

JAMES (V.O.)

And I thought about it. I really
thought about my actions and the
consequences of those actions.

Hard-core pornography plays.

Stateside Executives look away horrified.

Hunt, oblivious, continues pitching. Then something stirs
in his bowels.

INT. HOME - DAY

James watches events unfold on a PC via webcam.

JAMES (V.O.)
And you know what: I've learnt an
extremely valuable lesson.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Hunt doubles up in pain and bolts out of the room.

JAMES (V.O.)
This whole episode was not
about power. Or a battle of wills.

INT. TOILET - DAY

Hunt makes it to the cubicle.

Drags down his trousers.

No toilet rolls!

Pulls trousers back up. Despair slaps his face.

JAMES (V.O.)
Well, not consciously, anyway.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Hunt throws open the door to the Ladies.

Sarah's there washing her hands. She screams loudly.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Hunt rifles through the cleaning cupboard. No toilet rolls.

Then the floodgates open. Horror strikes Hunt's face.

Stateside Executives are behind him. They hold their hands
up to their face.

Hunt bowels are doing overtime. Sarah laughs behind her
hand.

JAMES (V.O.)

It was about standing up and being
counted. Getting back some self-respect.
And above all else. . .

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

JAMES throws his cigarette at the huge pile of toilet
rolls. Boom they go up in flames.

Toilet rolls burn sacrificed all in the name of revenge.

JAMES (V.O.)

It was about getting back Mr. Hunt.

FADE OUT.