

Stylistically speaking, this piece was inspired by Alan Bennett's Talking heads. However the film strays away from Bennett's format towards the end, when the setting changes slightly. A choice made to reinforce the restless nature of the character, as well as make the film more interesting from a cinematic point of view. Although the subject of 'The Lodger' dictates that the focus is on dialogue. The process of putting it on camera was a way to combine my two passions of creative writing and the cinema.

## The Lodger

By

Chris Girling

INT. Small white walled bedroom with a pink chest of draws along the outside wall and a light brown flower patterned sofa opposite.

Terry is sitting on the sofa leaning forward with his arms on his knees and his hands crossed out in front.

Terry

I must say things are going better than I thought they would. When I decided I needed to take Mum out of the home and come and live here with her, I was dreading it. I thought I would be going mad by now. You see 'me' Mum had a knee operation about five years ago and the only reason she landed up in a home is because she wouldn't do her bloody exercises. (sighs) Anyway I've found the trick is to just ignore her laziness and not allow it to get to me. You see when this whole thing started I was on her back, constantly trying to get her to do her exercises but all she would do was moan and groan at me, and say it hurts, it hurts. The funny thing was when I asked her about it she was never even sure where the pain was coming from, she'd just say 'oh it twinges a bit around there somewhere.' This made trying to get her to do anything difficult because you were never sure how much pain she was actually in and I'm pretty sure it was always just an ache. When I came downstairs at around quarter to nine this morning she was sitting in her dressing gown, glazed over, watching TV. 'have you made breakfast yet then?' I asked, I knew full well she hadn't but I said it anyway. She laughed sarcastically and replied 'why don't you do it. As I went into the kitchen I heard her tutting away to herself as if she was fed up with me asking her these things.

Terry gets up from the sofa in a laboured manner. Walks across the room and takes a bottle of 'Spitfire' beer from the chest of draws. He then returns to the sofa sits down, pours his beer into

a pint glass and places it on the arm of the chair next to him.

Terry

Zack is coming over tonight, we're gonna watch Star Wars I'm quite looking forward to that. I still see him every other day of the week I guess, but its strange how things have become more of event now that I don't live over there anymore. In a lot of ways I think Zack finds my current situation quite amusing. When I told him that I was thinking about dating again I wasn't sure what he was going to say but he's first reaction was 'I can't wait to see what grandma does about this.' Cheeky bugger I thought, it is a blessing that he can see the funny side of all this I suppose although I do find it a bit disconcerting. I mean I'm getting there but he seems to find all this stuff much easier than me.

Terry gets up and makes his way purposefully into the room opposite.

Int. Make-shift studio.

There is an iMac computer resting on a desk to Terry's left and A4 illustrations of classic cars to his right. Terry turns to look at these as he walks into the room, doing so admiringly.

Terry

I took these down to the car club meeting last Monday and everybody was pretty impressed, even the tightest people said they would happily pay £40 pounds for them, which I was very pleased about. You see, I've been struggling on the work side for a while now, because the few regular clients that I do adverts for have started to close their businesses down, and instead of looking for some new work I thought I would try and find something else to do. Graphic design is a young man's game really. If I'm honest, I've started to feel a bit out of touch on that side of things. Sometimes I ask Zack what looks trendy and what's not but he isn't really much help. Anyway this new idea has stopped me feeling guilty for not talking to mum. You see I feel I should, but the conversations are all just the same, its like one big continuous loop. I've lost count of how many times Mum has asked me 'So what's Zack doing at school these days?' every time I say the same thing 'English and Culture, Mum, something like that anyway'. She'll then ask me 'What does he want to do when he leaves?' 'Get into media somehow Mum.' "Ah ok." she says and then it's the same

again the next day.

There is a sharp Knock on the front door. The camera slowly tracks away from Terry's face and back down the stairs.

FADE OUT.