

# Saturday Night Newtown Sunday Morning Enmore

A short screenplay  
By  
Alex Broun

Email: [abroun@bigpond.net.au](mailto:abroun@bigpond.net.au)

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INT. MATTHEW'S "STUDIO" APARTMENT - DAY

Bright Sunday morning sunlight filters through the tear in an old sheet, hung across a window as a makeshift curtain.

The lights falls on MATTHEW and CLAIRE sprawled in a mattress on the floor of a grubby one room apartment - kitchen, living area and bedroom all rolled in to one.

Slowly Claire wakes. She sits up and looks around, trying to work out where she is. She is attractive, in her mid-20s and dreadfully hungover.

She lifts the sheet and looks down at herself and is appalled to discover herself naked.

She sees Matthew lying in the bed next to her. She jumps a little in shock to see someone lying alongside her.

Matthew is younger than Claire - 19, maybe 20 - and is thin and pale.

Claire lifts the sheet and looks down at Matthew. She suppresses a groan to see he is also naked.

She spies her panties on the floor next to her and covering herself with the grubby doona reaches out a hand and grabs them. She quickly wriggles them on underneath the doona.

She sees her bra hung over a lamp on the lopsided bedside table. Another silent groan. She grabs the bra and again staying under the doona, wriggles herself into the bra.

Now dressed in her underwear she carefully and slowly gets out of bed, trying not to wake Matthew.

She delicately picks her way around the room, recovering her other clothing. She puts a few pieces on, and with the rest in her arms, makes her way for the door.

She tries the door but it appears to be locked. She repositions the clothes under her arm and using both hands manages to open the door. But as she does she drops a shoe.

It falls to the ground with a thump.

Claire spins around to look at Matthew. He doesn't move. Claire eases her way through the door.

MATTHEW  
( O.S. )  
Making a quick getaway.

Claire freezes. She turns slowly to face Matthew. Beat.

CLAIRE  
You're awake?

Matthew sits up.

MATTHEW

Didn't mean to interrupt you.

CLAIRE

I didn't want to wake you.

MATTHEW

Very considerate.

Matthew gets out of bed and goes to the window. He pulls across the sheet flooding the room with sunlight.

He stands in front of the window naked, scratching himself.

Claire quickly covers her eyes, shuddering.

She looks down to see Matthew's boxer shorts at her feet. She flicks them over to Matthew with one of her feet. He catches them and puts them on.

Matthew begins rummaging around for a T-shirt. He eventually finds one under a mouldy mound of who knows what? He pulls it on.

Claire stands at the open door, watching this.

MATTHEW

It's okay. You can still go.

CLAIRE

You're awake now. I'll stay.

MATTHEW

Then why are you holding the door open ?

Beat. Claire closes the door.

MATTHEW

At least you didn't have to do a coyote ?

CLAIRE

Sorry ?

MATTHEW

Chew your arm off rather than waking me. You weren't faced with that particular dilemma.

CLAIRE

Don't be so stupid. Now if I can just find a spot.

Claire picks her way through the debris on the floor.

MATTHEW  
Sorry. Bit messy.

CLAIRE  
No, it's fine.

Matthew clears off some junk from the one chair in the room.  
Claire perches on it.

CLAIRE  
Thanks.

Claire puts on her shoes.

CLAIRE  
Where are we ?

MATTHEW  
Enmore.

CLAIRE  
Enmore ? But last night we were in  
Newtown, weren't we ?

MATTHEW  
Now we're in Enmore.

CLAIRE  
How did we get here ?

MATTHEW  
Walked. Or should I say I walked.  
You staggered.

CLAIRE  
I really don't remember. What were  
we drinking ?

MATTHEW  
I was on lite beer. You were  
drinking - well pretty well  
anything you could get your hands  
on.

CLAIRE  
Drowning my sorrows.

MATTHEW  
Tough week ?

CLAIRE  
That I do remember. Are the buses  
running by now ?

MATTHEW  
Should be.

CLAIRE  
I better get going.

Claire stands.

MATTHEW  
Church ?

CLAIRE  
Very funny. Got to help my mum.  
She's having some people for lunch.

MATTHEW  
Where does she live ?

CLAIRE  
(beat)  
Tasmania.

MATTHEW  
You've got a long trip in front of  
you then.

Beat. Claire looks at Matthew, embarrassed.

CLAIRE  
Look, I'm sorry.

MATTHEW  
It's okay.

CLAIRE  
I just usually don't do this.

MATTHEW  
Who said I do ?

CLAIRE  
I mean I'm not accustomed to being  
in this situation.

MATTHEW  
Absolutely.

CLAIRE  
Last night ... I guess I sort of  
lost control. Went a little crazy.

MATTHEW  
Let yourself go.

CLAIRE  
Did things I wouldn't do under  
normal conditions.

MATTHEW

You mean normally you wouldn't go home with me ?

CLAIRE

I'm sorry. That must sound awful.

MATTHEW

It's okay. I gather I'm not exactly your type.

CLAIRE

No, it' not that.

MATTHEW

You mean I am your type ?

CLAIRE

I've just had a terrible week.

Matthew sits on the bed and looks underneath it for a cigarette.

MATTHEW

Gary.

CLAIRE

How do you know about Gary ?

MATTHEW

You mentioned him last night. Several times.

Matthew pulls out a packet, looks inside. It's empty. Tosses it aside, keeps searching.

CLAIRE

I did ? He ...

MATTHEW

Dumped you on Thursday -

CLAIRE

For no reason.

MATTHEW

And then last night he was there with -

CLAIRE

That bitch. He was all over her, and -

MATTHEW

You discovered there may have been a reason after all.

Matthew pulls out another box. Opens it. Success, a sole battered cigarette looks out at him. Now he has to find a lighter.

CLAIRE  
So as you can understand I was a  
little ... emotional.

MATTHEW  
And you end up -

CLAIRE  
In Enmore.

MATTHEW  
With me.

Matthew finds a lighter. He puts the bent cigarette in his mouth and is just about to light it, when:

CLAIRE  
(turning for the door)  
Look, I'm just going to go.

Matthew drops the cigarette and lighter. He stands quickly.

MATTHEW  
You know it doesn't have to be like  
this.

CLAIRE  
Believe me - it does.

MATTHEW  
What are you actually taking away  
from here ?

CLAIRE  
What ?

MATTHEW  
What are you actually leaving here  
with ?

Claire stops at the door. She turns to face Matthew,  
concerned now.

CLAIRE  
Only what I arrived with. I hope.

MATTHEW  
So there is no tangible evidence  
that you were ever here.

CLAIRE  
Do you want my panties as a  
souvenir ?



MATTHEW

Do you want mine ?

Claire looks at him, not amused.

MATTHEW

Think about it. When you walk out that door you will take away absolutely nothing from last night.

CLAIRE

Except for a whopping headache and some -

MATTHEW

Some what ?

Claire turns to go again.

CLAIRE

Look - I really have to go.

Matthew moves towards her.

MATTHEW

Say it.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Some less than perfect memories.

MATTHEW

Exactly. The only thing you take with you is your memories - which I would imagine won't be tremendous. But it doesn't have to be like that.

Claire looks at Matthew. A half smile.

CLAIRE

Listen - I like you. Your sweet. A bit odd but sweet. But like I said - you're really not my type. And now I've got to go.

She turns again.

MATTHEW

What if you remembered last night differently ?

Claire turns back, irritated now.

CLAIRE

What are you talking about ?

MATTHEW

You heard me.

CLAIRE

I can't change my memories.

MATTHEW

Can't you ? Have you ever tried ?  
Your memories of last night are  
pretty hazy at best.

CLAIRE

You can say that again.

MATTHEW

You can't even remember how we got  
here ?

CLAIRE

True.

MATTHEW

So what if you decide what to  
remember ? Make up your own version  
of events.

CLAIRE

If only it was that easy.

MATTHEW

It is that easy.  
(quickly)  
Who would you have like to have  
spent last night with?

CLAIRE

I don't know.

MATTHEW

Gary ?

CLAIRE

After what that bastard did to me ?

MATTHEW

Then who ? If you could chose  
anybody you want. Play along.

CLAIRE

Alright.  
(beat)  
I don't know. Brad Pitt maybe.

MATTHEW

Tricky. How about someone who  
looked just like Brad Pitt ?

CLAIRE  
With black hair.

MATTHEW  
Perfect. Now what's your favourite  
men's name ? Play along.

CLAIRE  
I've always like Nathan.

MATTHEW  
Okay. So you spent last night with  
a man named Nathan who looked just  
like Brad Pitt, except with black  
hair.

CLAIRE  
There's only one problem - I  
didn't.

MATTHEW  
I'm the only person who knows that  
and I've forgotten already.

Claire looks at Matthew. She considers.

CLAIRE  
Okay, if I spent last night with  
Nathan - where did he come from ?

MATTHEW  
You tell me. Where do you like to  
go on holiday ? Greece, Spain -

CLAIRE  
Nathan sounds French.

MATTHEW  
Perfect. So he was a charming and  
sexy -

CLAIRE  
If he looked like Brad Pitt - very  
sexy.

MATTHEW  
Very sexy Frenchman who had to fly  
back to Paris this morning but not  
before you had the most incredibly  
intense night of lovemaking you  
have ever experienced.

CLAIRE  
We did ?

MATTHEW

You two just clicked. It went on for hours. Much better than you ever had with Gary.

CLAIRE

You can say that again.

MATTHEW

He made you feel like no man has ever made you feel before. Made you experience more pleasure than you ever felt possible.

Claire looks down at Matthew's boxer shorts.

CLAIRE

Listen, from what little I can remember, I wouldn't say it -

MATTHEW

(quickly)

Nathan was incredible. You were incredible. Together you set the night on fire.

CLAIRE

But where did this happen ?

MATTHEW

What's your favourite hotel ?

CLAIRE

I went to the Park Hyatt once.

MATTHEW

Room four three two of The Park Hyatt. Your room looked out straight on to the harbour. Nathan was staying there on business for the week.

CLAIRE

Before he flew back to Paris ?

MATTHEW

There was this huge four pillar bed which you almost broke. Not to mention what happened in the bathroom.

CLAIRE

In the shower ?

MATTHEW

It went on and on.

Claire is excited by the memory, she sits on the bed.

We hear MUSIC: a lilting French theme build under the dialogue.

CLAIRE  
It was unbelievable.

MATTHEW  
You were unbelievable. It was a one  
in million. The best night of your  
life.

CLAIRE  
But didn't anybody see me leave  
with you ?

MATTHEW  
You dumped me at the bus stop. Then  
he drove by in his -

CLAIRE  
(quickly now)  
Convertible Black BMW.

MATTHEW  
He stopped and asked you for  
directions.

CLAIRE  
(getting caught up)  
We got talking.

MATTHEW  
Next thing you knew you were back  
at The Hyatt.

CLAIRE  
Sipping French champagne.

MATTHEW  
The whole thing seemed like -

CLAIRE  
Magic.

MATTHEW  
Destiny.

Suddenly Claire is angry. The Music is suddenly cut off.

CLAIRE  
Hold on. I'm not going to be a one  
night stand for some traveling  
Frenchman.

MATTHEW

This is just the beginning. He's filthy rich. He's flying you to Paris. In fact he wouldn't go until you promised -

CLAIRE

To fly over to see him.

The Music returns.

MATTHEW

Exactly. You're meeting him in two weeks time -

CLAIRE

At midnight.

MATTHEW

On top of the Eiffel Tower.

CLAIRE

He's so romantic.

MATTHEW

He's a dream come true.

Matthew sits next to Claire on the bed. He strokes her face gently.

MATTHEW

The next morning after breakfast, he kissed you goodbye.

Matthew kisses Claire.

MATTHEW

And whispered something in French in your ear.

He whispers something into her ear.

CLAIRE

It sounded like poetry.

Matthew takes Claire's hand, lifting her gently to her feet.

MATTHEW

And you walked out the door.

CLAIRE

More like floated.

Matthew leads Claire towards the door. He raises her arm and spins her gently. She twirls delicately, sunlight glinting off her hair.

MATTHEW  
Dreaming of when you would meet  
again -

CLAIRE  
Under the stars.

MATTHEW  
On top of the Eiffel Tower.

They reach towards the door.

Claire leans with her back against the door, holding Matthew  
in a close embrace.

CLAIRE  
(a whisper)  
One final kiss.

Claire kisses Matthew.

MATTHEW  
And you were gone.

CLAIRE  
Dreaming of the moment -

MATTHEW  
When we would meet -

CLAIRE  
Again.

Matthew opens the door and Claire slips under his arm and  
out.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK CORRIDOR - DAY

The door closes behind Claire and the Music is suddenly cut  
off.

She finds herself in a dank and dirty hallway of Matthew's  
rundown apartment block. Silence.

She is confused, unsure of what just happened.

Slowly a rye smile slips on to her lips. She skips away down  
the corridor.

Fade.