

THE BOX

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

RODGER (late 20s) is sat on a sofa and AARON (late 20s) is sat on a chair opposite him - holding a box wrapped in brown parcel tape. Both RODGER and AARON look nervous.

RODGER
(helpless)
What are we going to do?

AARON
(annoyed)
What do you mean *we*?

RODGER
We means *me and you*.

AARON
I know what *we* means! But there is no *we*.

RODGER
Oh.

AARON
You've gotta deal with it yourself mate, 'cos I want this fucking thing outta my fucking house, right now!

AARON stands up and starts pacing the room. RODGER watches.

RODGER
Alright, calm down, yeah?

AARON
(panic growing)
I can't believe you bought it here! You're a fucking moron! Do you know that? A. Fucking. Moron.

RODGER
There's no need to be mean.

AARON
You've gotta do something!

RODGER
Like what?

AARON
I don't know. Think of a plan! You haven't got long by all accounts.

RODGER
I'll get rid of it.

AARON
No shit! Where? How?!

RODGER
I, umm-

AARON
Exactly!

RODGER
I'll give it to SAMANTHA! I'll tell her it's a present.

AARON
(surprised)
You would do that?

RODGER
I was thinking of breaking up with her anyway.

AARON
Fine. Do it. I never liked her. She deserves it.

RODGER
You don't like her?

AARON
Look mate, can you just leave already, now, please? I'm feeling all anxious 'n that.

RODGER
(heartbroken)
I thought you liked her. You always said you did.

RODGER sheepishly stands up and almost trips over a table leg.

AARON
F-fuck sake Rodg, careful! Who knows what'll happen if you drop it?

RODGER walks towards the front door and stops.

RODGER
Do you think the rumours are true then?

AARON

There's only one way to know for sure, and I don't wanna find out here, today, or ever. No, thank you!

AARON stops pacing and stares at RODGER and the box. RODGER attempts to wipe some sweat from his brow.

AARON (CONT'D)

Ready?

RODGER

Have I got a choice?

AARON lightly pats RODGER on the shoulder and then abruptly opens the front door - practically throwing him out.

AARON

(calling)

Good luck!

(to himself)

You're gonna need it.

RODGER runs down the street and out of view.

EXT. FROM AARON'S HOUSE TO SAMANTHA'S - CONTINUOUS

We then MONTAGE from AARON's house to SAMANTHA's house - all the time RODGER is growing more and more desperate. Muttering to himself under his breath. He waits for the bus. Gets on. Gets off. And then runs some more.

Eventually he gets to SAMANTHA's house still holding the box the same way he was at AARON's. He manages to bang on SAMANTHA's door.

RODGER

(to himself)

Come on, come on!

He bangs again - using his shoulder, just as SAMANTHA (late 20s) opens the door. He falls inside a little.

SAMANTHA

What the fuck?!

RODGER

Hey- hi. How's it going? I, umm- this is for you.

RODGER holds out the box.

SAMANTHA
(confused)
Right. What is it?

RODGER
It's a, umm- a present. Yeah!
Obviously. I mean, here you go...

SAMANTHA stares at the box for a moment - considering the likelihood that RDOGER would buy her a present.

SAMANTHA
Hmm... Really?

RODGER
Yeah, really! Course.

SAMANTHA
Why though?

RODGER
What do you mean?

SAMANTHA
Why have you bought me a present?

RODGER
'Cos, you're my girlfriend.
Obviously!

RODGER gestures the box towards her again - he looks panicked.

RODGER (CONT'D)
Take it! Take it!

SAMANTHA
Alright, calm down.

RODGER
It's just- it's just that- that,
it's so heavy. Please? Sorry.

SAMANTHA slows raises her hands and takes the box off RODGER.

RODGER (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Thank fuck for that.

SAMANTHA
Funny thing, I was going to break
up with you today, but now maybe I
won't. I like presents.

RODGER

Yeah, that's great. Anyway. Gotta go, see-ya!

RODGER then disappears as quickly as he can.

SAMANTHA

(calling)

Hey! Where are you go-

SAMANTHA stops mid-sentence - suddenly realising what the box could be. She leans in and smells the box.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Oh, fuck. No! No he fucking didn't!
Argh! You fucking asshole RODGER!

We see RODGER in the distance running away - he turns and waves.

RODGER

(calling)

Good luck! We'll talk about that break up if you survive! Bye!

SAMANTHA thinks about taking it inside.

SAMANTHA

(to herself)

Nah, nah, I can't do that.

(calling)

Nancy? Nancy? I'm going out for a bit, yeah? Just stay here. Mummy will be back soon!

SAMANTHA manages to close the door with some effort.

EXT. PARK - SOON AFTER

TERRY (60s) is sat on a bench reading a newspaper. SAMANTHA walks up behind him - she thinks for a second, checking him out. She walks in front of him - still holding the box. It appears to have got hotter, almost unbearably so.

SAMANTHA

(in pain)

Hey, umm- excuse me? Do you mind if I sit down?

TERRY sheepishly turns around and smiles at SAMANTHA.

TERRY

Not at all.

TERRY moves over so SAMANTHA can sit down. TERRY's attention returns to his paper. SAMANTHA quickly sits down.

SAMANTHA

Nice day, innit?

TERRY

Not bad.

He smiles again politely.

SAMANTHA

Do you come here often then?

TERRY

A couple of times a week.

TERRY returns to his paper - it's clear that SAMANTHA is disturbing him, but she persists.

SAMANTHA

Nice- nice, yeah. I thought I recognised you.

TERRY doesn't know what to say.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

There aren't that many good-looking older blokes around here, if you know what I mean. Ha-ha.

TERRY

Are you feeling okay?

SAMANTHA

Hm? Me? Ah, yeah. But now that you mention it, you couldn't do me a favour could you?

TERRY turns his attention to SAMANTHA.

TERRY

I suppose so.

SAMANTHA

Great, here-

SAMANTHA holds out the box.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Take it.

TERRY

Why?

SAMANTHA

I need you to take it.

TERRY thinks for a second.

TERRY

You'll need to tell me *why* first.

SAMANTHA

Why? Umm- cos, you know? I just need you to look after it whilst I check something.

TERRY knows it's likely a trick, but SAMANTHA looks desperate enough that he has no choice but to take it. He slowly takes the box off her. She is immediately relieved of the burning pain in his hands.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Thank you! Thank you, so much. I have a daughter and if anything happened to me, then well, you know? But you're old, so.

TERRY

What are you mumbling on about?

SAMANTHA

Oh, you don't know?

TERRY

Know what?

SAMANTHA

What *that* is?

TERRY

Should I?

SAMANTHA

Fuck, man! I'm *so* sorry. I just thought you were being kind.

TERRY stops, and looks down at the box.

TERRY

Why is it *so* wet? What's in here?

The box does not appear wet.

SAMANTHA

Good luck to you! I hope you survive too.

TERRY

Survive?! What the fuck is this? What have you given me?!

SAMANTHA stands up and backs away.

SAMANTHA

Whatever you do, don't have it for more than ten minutes.

TERRY

(confused)
Ten minutes?

SAMANTHA then sprints away.

SAMANTHA

(calling)
I'll remember you! I promise!

TERRY watches in disbelief as SAMANTHA disappears across the park.

TERRY

(to himself)
What on earth...

TERRY wants to wipe his hands clean of the wetness but he can't seem to let go of the box.

> MONTAGE: we then see short, quick snapshots of the box being passed on from person to person, each person apologising and then running away - each person has a different reaction to the box. The clips should be funny and fast, and must include as many people as possible <

Eventually we land on a TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY who puts the box in a white-bag.

He knocks on the door. Moments later AARON answers.

AARON

Alright, chief. Yeah?

TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY

(nervous)
That'll be twenty-three fifty.

AARON

Safe. Is that with tip?

TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY
(nervous)
No tip.

AARON takes his time counting out his change - the TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY grows more and more desperate.

AARON
Sorry, mate. I've only got twenty-two fifty, is that gonna be enough?

TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY
(nervous)
Sure- sure, no problem.

AARON
Really? You don't mind?

TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY
(nervous)
Not at all.

AARON
Okay, safe- safe, bruv. That's proper safe.

AARON goes to hand the TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY the money but realises that his hands are being taken up by the bag.

AARON comically attempts to give him the money - eventually settling on the idea of putting it in his pocket.

AARON (CONT'D)
Don't get the wrong idea!

TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY
I won't, don't worry.

AARON
Cool man.

TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY
Take it.

The TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY attempts to hand him the bag once more. This time AARON takes it

Immediately the TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY runs away.

TAKEAWAY DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
(calling)
You fucking deserve what's coming to you, you fucking piece of tight-ass, no-tipping, wanker!

AARON
(to himself)
...That's a bit... oh, no!

RODGER (O.S.)
What's the matter? Did they forget
something again? Don't worry, I'll
ring them. I got a discount code
last time.

CUT TO:

INT. RODGER'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

AARON closes the door - holding the bag carefully. He walks
into the living room where RODGER is sat waiting.

He stops.

RODGER
What's wrong?

AARON
It's happened again.

RODGER
What has?

AARON manages to shake off the bag and realises that he is
holding the box.

He feels like crying.

RODGER (CONT'D)
No way! Seriously?! *Again?*

RODGER shakes his head in disbelief.

AARON
(helpless)
What are we going to do?

RODGER's eyes widen in surprise.

RODGER
...We?

THE END