

WAR

Written by

Daniel Harding

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INT. MALCOLM'S KITCHEN - DAY

MALCOLM is staring out of his kitchen window. Across the street we can see IAN - his nemesis. MALCOLM doesn't appear very happy.

He folds his arms and huffs.

VALERIE walks up behind him - brushing her hands across his shoulders, showing some affection.

VALERIE  
Everything okay?

MALCOLM  
No, it's not.

VALERIE waits for him to elaborate - MALCOLM shoots a glance at her and then back at IAN.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
Doesn't he know you can't recycle  
biscuit packets? I mean, what idiot  
would think that? It does say for  
christ's-sake!

VALERIE subtly rolls her eyes and walks away.

VALERIE (O.S.)  
Maybe you should tell him.

MALCOLM  
Yeah... Yeah, maybe I should!

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE/FRONT GARDEN - DAY

MALCOLM comes marching out of his house. He pulls the gate open, and without looking, walks across the road in IAN's direction.

IAN is just about finished sorting his recycling.

MALCOLM (O.S.)  
Excuse me?

IAN looks up, and immediately regrets making eye contact with MALCOLM who is now almost in front of him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
I know it may seem like it can be  
recycled, but it can't.

IAN  
What?

MALCOLM points down at the biscuit packet.

MALCOLM  
Cookie packets cannot be recycled.

IAN  
Right.

MALCOLM wasn't expecting this sort of response from IAN and now finds himself unsure what to do next.

MALCOLM  
Make sure it doesn't happen again... Or else!

MALCOLM marches back off the way he came.

IAN is not sure where he should be angry or shocked.

INT. IAN'S HALLWAY - SOON AFTER - DAY

IAN slowly closes the door - now accepting he should be angry at what just happened.

He slips off his shoes whilst thinking about his potential revenge.

INT. IAN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

IAN walks into the living - his girlfriend, MAGGIE, is sat on the sofa reading a book.

He hovers by the door, so much so, that MAGGIE notices and looks up.

MAGGIE  
Everything alright?

IAN  
No, it's not.

MAGGIE  
What's happened?

IAN  
That guy, you know, the one across the street-

MAGGIE  
Yeah?

IAN  
I think he just threatened me.

MAGGIE  
(disbelief)  
What?

IAN  
Yeah! Strange.

MAGGIE  
What did he say?

IAN  
That I can't recycle biscuit  
packets.

MAGGIE  
You can't?

IAN  
No. Apparently not.

MAGGIE  
(disinterested)  
Who would have thought?

IAN  
Hmm.

MAGGIE  
Well, I saw him walking their new  
puppy the other day, and guess  
what?

IAN doesn't want to guess.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
He didn't pick up the mess.

IAN  
Really?

MAGGIE slowly nods to confirm her story.

IAN has an idea.

IAN (CONT'D)  
That's interesting.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

IAN is lurking around - looking shifty. He watches as a dog  
is sniffing a tree.

The dog is about to do his business - excited, IAN rushes  
over.

We see IAN explaining to the dog walker that he wants the mess that may be left behind - the dog walker seems confused by the idea.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER

IAN is turning a bag of dog mess onto the pavement outside MALCOLM's house - pleased with himself.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER

IAN is watching behind the curtains, eagerly waiting for MALCOLM to leave his house. Suddenly, there is movement - the door opens. IAN perks up, but then we see VALERIE appear instead.

IAN  
(to himself)  
Oh, no. No!

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
What's happening?

IAN  
His wife!

IAN squirms as VALERIE steps directly into the mess - he quickly hides.

INT. MALCOLM'S HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

VALERIE closes the front door whilst making sure not to tread her boot on the floor - she leans against the wall to help.

MALCOLM soon appears - confused by what she's doing.

VALERIE  
(displeased)  
There was dog shit.

MALCOLM  
Where?

VALERIE  
Right out side!

MALCOLM  
Right out side?

VALERIE  
Yes!

MALCOLM

(confused)

Well, that couldn't have been Freddie. I always take him down the road to his... you know? *Business.*

VALERIE

Freddie or not, there's definitely dog shit on the bottom of my shoe.

MALCOLM

(suspicious)

Someone must have put it there!

MALCOLM marches past VALERIE, accidentally pushing her further against the wall.

VALERIE

Malcolm!

MALCOLM pulls open the front door and looks down at the squashed dog mess on his pathway - he shoots an aggressive stare at the house opposite him.

There is no movement in the windows, but he's sure someone is watching him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALCOM'S GARDEN/PATH - DAY

Water from a hose is cleaning away the dog's mess.

MALCOLM looks despondent, as he contemplates his next move - verging on angry.

Slowly, an idea comes to him and his mood lightens. He looks down at his hose, up at the house opposite, and then back down at the hose again.

He could. She shouldn't. But he must.

CUT TO:

EXT. IAN'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER

MALCOLM sneakily rushes over to IAN's house - pulling the water hose with him. He tip-toes towards the front door. He stops. But slowly, he opens the letter box and places the hose through the letter box.

He then turns the nozzle and trickles the water. After a few seconds, MALCOLM's courage builds and he turns the nozzle even more until eventually the water comes pouring out of the hose.

Suddenly, the front door opens and MALCOLM is met with a very perturbed looking MAGGIE.

MAGGIE

What on earth are you doing?!

MALCOLM

I- err! Sorry.

MAGGIE

Oh, it's you! You childish wanker.  
You've ruined all our letters,  
look!

MAGGIE bends down and picks up a pile of soaking wet paper to prove her point.

MALCOLM

(stuttering)

Well then, you should have picked them up earlier when the postman first came, shouldn't you?

MAGGIE

You're lucky Ian isn't home!

MALCOLM

Oh yeah? Because what would he do, throw some biscuit wrappers at me?

MAGGIE

(confused)

What?

MALCOLM

You heard! And make sure the mess on my footpath doesn't happen again, yeah? Or else they're be more of where this came from.

MAGGIE

...What mess?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. IAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

MAGGIE is staring blankly at IAN - waiting for a response.

IAN  
So, I-

MAGGIE  
No!

IAN  
...Yeah.

MAGGIE  
That's disgusting!

IAN  
I know. But after you said that he  
didn't clean his puppy's mess up, I  
thought someone should teach him a  
lesson.

MAGGIE  
And in return he soaked today's  
letters. Ruined. All of them.  
*Ruined.*

IAN  
I'm sorry.

IAN bows his head.

MAGGIE  
It's not you who should be sorry!

IAN is surprised by MAGGIE's backtrack.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
This is war!

IAN  
(excited)  
Yeah!

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - EVENING

There is a knock on MALCOLM's front door.

MALCOLM soon appears and groggily, stumbles towards it.

He pulls the door open, and a delivery man is standing there  
holding a stack on pizzas - at least eight. So many, we can't  
see the delivery man's face.

MALCOLM  
No.

DELIVERY MAN  
Order for... I think this says  
Kant, Kent, or Kun-

MALCOLM  
They're not for me.

The DELIVERY MAN appears from behind the boxes.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
You've got the wrong house.

DELIVERY MAN  
But hold on, this is definitely 2  
Cromwell Road, yeah?

MALCOLM  
It is.

DELIVERY MAN  
You've ordered eight, extra large,  
stuffed crust, extra cheese, meat  
supremes with cookie mountain ice  
cream. It says right here!

MALCOLM  
(disbelief)  
You've got to be kidding me, I  
would never....

The DELIVERY MAN's demeanour suddenly changes.

DELIVERY MAN  
Mate, you're gonna fucking pay for  
these pizzas or I am going to break  
your fat nose - I can't go back  
with these many pizzas, it comes  
outta my wage!

MALCOLM is shocked.

MALCOLM  
...I'll go get my wallet.

DELIVERY MAN  
Don't forget the tip! The boxes are  
heavy.

INT. MALCOLM'S LIVING ROOM - SOON AFTER

VALERIE is tucking into a slice of pizza, as the mound of  
boxes sit on the table - she is enjoying it regardless.

MALCOLM

How dare he. How bloody dare he! He probably knows I can't eat cheese.

VALERIE

You need to calm down. Think about your blood pressure.

MALCOLM

Soldiers don't think about their bloody pressure in times of battle-

VALERIE

*Soldiers?*

MALCOLM

This is a matter of honour.

VALERIE reaches for some dip.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I can't let that little, jumped up, sweater wearing, four-times-a-week-running, twat head, play games with me! Someone needs to teach him a lesson.

VALERIE

(to herself)

Oh, good-god.

VALERIE has her mouth full of pizza - which annoys MALCOLM.

INT. IAN'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

IAN is fast asleep - snoring.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(angry)

Ian! Ian! Wake up. You need to look outside.

IAN stirs awake - half hearing what MAGGIE has said. Moments later, she comes storming into the bedroom - IAN is still laying in bed,.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Have you looked outside?

CUT TO:

IAN and MAGGIE are at the window looking down at their garden. It has been littered with an assortment of hundreds, if not thousands, of biscuits. They're everywhere.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER

MALCOLM is tending to his recycling box - folding away several cardboard cartons. He smiles to himself.

IAN (O.S.)

Oi!

MALCOLM looks up and sees an half-dressed IAN walking towards.

MALCOLM

(smug)

Oh, good morning neighbour.  
Beautiful day, isn't it?

IAN approaches MALCOLM - and MALCOLM's pleasant demeanour quickly fades away.

IAN

Actually, I think it's forecast to  
rain later.

MALCOLM

Well, you never can trust the  
weatherman can you?

IAN

It's an app, actually. So, that  
turn of phrase is technically  
incorrect. Plus it could be a  
woman, so...

MALCOLM

Sorry, as much as I enjoy our chit-  
chats. I've got quite a busy day  
ahead, so-

IAN looks down at the contents of MALCOLM's recycling box and is surprised to see a pack of family sized salt & vinegar crisps.

IAN

You do know, you can't recycle  
biscuit packets?

MALCOLM

(caught out)

What?

IAN leans down and pulls out the evidence.

IAN

It says here on the back the packet  
they can't be recycled.

IAN gestures to MALCOLM, waiting for an explanation. MALCOLM stutters over his reply.

IAN (CONT'D)

It would seem, you've been caught *jam*-handed.

MALCOLM

(panicked)

I don't know what you're talking about. You planted the packets in there, it has nothing to do with me!

IAN

Oh, now-now. Calm down. Think of your *blood pressure*.

MALCOLM

How do you know about that? Have you bugged our house? Have you been listening to our conversations?!

IAN

It's plastered all over your face, mate. It looks as though you're about to have a heart attack.

MALCOLM's mouth hangs open - he doesn't know what to say or do for the best.

MALCOLM

No, I'm fine. It's just- it's just.  
I err-

Suddenly, MALCOLM grabs his chest and falls to the floor in a dramatic fashion. IAN is not impressed.

IAN

(to himself)

Oh, come on.

MALCOLM tenses up and appears to be in a lot of pain as his face turns bright red.

IAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

This is pathetic.

(to MALCOLM)

You're pathetic! Just because I've caught you out, doesn't mean you can trick me into thinking-

MALCOLM's front door opens, and VALERIE comes rushing out.

VALERIE

What's happened? Is he okay?

IAN

Oh, he just fell to the floor,  
feigning injury or something, I  
don't know.

VALERIE is checking his pulse - her actions seem serious enough and a bit of panic begins to set in for IAN.

VALERIE

What did you do?!

IAN

Ah, err- nothing, I mean. I just  
found these biscuit packets in your  
recycling-

VALERIE

Call an ambulance! Quick! He's  
having a heart attack!

IAN

Noooooo, he can't be- I was only  
joking!

VALERIE

Call a fucking ambulance!

IAN

Right, okay! Blimey.

IAN runs off back to his house whilst MALCOLM and VALERIE stay where they are. After IAN disappears from view, MALCOLM stops writhing around on the floor and looks up at VALERIE.

MALCOLM

Did he fall for it?

VALERIE is shocked.

VALERIE

You fucking asshole!

VALERIE lets go of MALCOLM and walks back to the house.

MALCOLM continues to lay on the floor.