

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

The hole's too deep for the answer
I'm looking for.

They stop talking as Michael turns to gaze out the window again. The Cabbie shrugs, and keeps on driving.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S FLAT - FRONT ROOM - LATER

Michael slowly takes his suit jacket off. He feels his jacket to check the safety of his gun, takes his wallet and keys out, puts them on the side table.

INT. MICHAEL'S FLAT - STAIRWAY

He slowly walks up the stairs. Upon reaching the top of the stairs he sighs and pauses for a moment, then continues on to the bedroom door.

INT. MICHAEL'S FLAT - HALLWAY

He slowly opens the bedroom door. Judith sits there watching TV in an untidy bed.

INT. MICHAEL'S FLAT - BEDROOM

Michael walks in through the door, and shuts it behind him. Judith runs at him and starts punching and kicking him hysterically.

JUDITH

You fucking bastard! What the fuck
are you doing back here? I fucking
hate you! Get out of this house!

She turns and picks up her keys and throws them at him, who tries to block the throw.

JUDITH (CONT`D)

You bastard!

He grabs her arm and holds her still.

MICHAEL

Get the fuck off me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDITH

I hate you! I fucking hate you! Why have you come back?!

She continues to struggle violently.

MICHAEL

Get off me! What the fuck is wrong with you?

JUDITH

I'm glad you know now! I don't fucking care! Does this look like the face of someone who cares? I was leaving you and this fucking shit hole anyway!

She breaks free and punches him in the face and her ring catches his skin re-opening one of the many cuts on his face.

MICHAEL

For fuck's sake! Stop it!

She kicks him in the shin and lands another blow in the same spot on his face. Michael pushes Judith away with all his strength which sends her back against the wall.

MICHAEL

I'm warning you!

She lunges for him again. He grabs her by the side of the face with one hand, by the hair with the other, and throws her headlong onto the bed. He then jumps on top of her with his arms on her arms to hold her down.

MICHAEL

I have had about as much as I can take today! You want to attack me the moment I walk in the door, you filthy cheating whore? What the fuck is wrong with you? You're angry? You're angry?!

She struggles and grimaces evilly while he holds her down.

MICHAEL

This morning I lost my fucking job, and this afternoon I find my cunt of a fiance fucking my boss. Then I go for a drink and get punched for no reason.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

And to top it all off, when I get home, the same psychotic bitch who betrayed me is righteously furious that I stumbled across her duplicity which interrupted the flight of fancy that was to be her night and you're fucking angry? Excuse me? Did I miss something?

She starts to calm down, but continues to put up somewhat of a struggle.

MICHAEL

What was it Judith? Did he have a more attractive bonus package? It wasn't enough for me to come home, change my whole life and settle into this nine to five bullshit for you? How the fuck could you do this?

JUDITH

It just happened.

MICHAEL

Oh it just 'happened'? You just 'happened' to fuck my boss? Let me list a few things that just 'happened'. A bird flying into a window; that 'happens'. A flat tire; that 'happens'. The big-fucking-bang; that just 'happened'. But fucking my boss every day while I'm at work; that doesn't just 'happen'! You ungrateful, heartless bitch!!

He pulls back from her. She jumps up from the bed, visibly shocked.

JUDITH

Yes! And you've gone and fucked it up like you always do.

MICHAEL

You're unbelievable! I fucked it up? A few hours ago you were fucking another bloke not two feet from here. Did you miss that part? I'm surprised you didn't video it and leave it for me as a parting gift, to show how much you cherish me not breaking your fucking face.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

What's the encore? A little Rophynol in the wine, followed by you ass-fucking me with the broken bottle?

JUDITH

I don't love you Michael. Never have. I'm sick of listening to your stupid stories about war, how bad you feel and about how we're going to have little babies in a nice four bedroom suburban house. Wake up! I want excitement! I'm sick of this fucking place! All we ever do is sit around here. I'm fucking miserable! And you are too, you just won't admit it.

MICHAEL

You don't love me? What a surprise that is! I think I kind of worked that out when I saw you mounting Richard like a jockey on a race horse. When were you planning on telling me?

JUDITH

I don't know! And I don't give a fuck! You're boring, you're selfish, you're pathetic and laying next to you in that bed makes me feel sick. I cry Michael. I cry all the fucking time. I can't even remember the last time when I didn't cry.

MICHAEL

Is there anything else Judith? You know, while we're on the subject? Might as well get it all out eh? Where shall we start? Maybe a small recap on all the men you've fucked when I turned my back for a minute?

JUDITH

All of this is over!

She takes off her engagement ring and throws it at him.

MICHAEL

You were wearing that while he fucked you weren't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDITH

I only ever wear it when you're around, and you were too fucking stupid to notice, weren't you? Big clever army man who can't even see when his own fiance is fucking his mate!

He turns his back and becomes silent with anger.

MICHAEL

He's not my fucking mate!

He punches the bedroom door.

MICHAEL

Be careful Judith. I'm not sure how much more I've got in me today. I've listened to this inane bullshit and been abused and beaten for more hours in the day than I've smiled for.

JUDITH

Is that a threat?

MICHAEL

I'm sure you'll find a way to make it into one. But no. I've gone past threats. You will respect me. I may be broken down right here, in this moment, but I tell you this. Tread on my sanity one more fucking time and this world of yours will get its curtains ripped down faster than you can text Richard to help you. Stay the fuck away from me.

JUDITH

What did you think was happening Michael? Didn't you notice I didn't want you to touch me? Did you think we were all happy and lovely? I don't even know who you are anymore. I have no idea what to say to you. You left me when you came back. All you do now is fold up with your thousand-yard stare!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Well I guess I was busy working to give us a life together, when you seemed to be doing the complete opposite while suffering a distinct inability to keep your fucking legs shut.

JUDITH

And you know what? It was better with him! That's right! You fucking heard me! It was better with him! I love it when he fucks me! I just want to fuck him all day! I sit there at work dreaming about fucking him again! Do you know how many times he's held me down, grabbed my hair and fucked me, you sad cunt? We've done it everywhere!

His fists tighten and he punches Judith. She flies across the room and lands between the side of the bed and the wardrobe. She looks up at him, then smiles sadistically.

JUDITH

Did it feel good? Feel like a big man now Mikey? Do you?

MICHAEL

I'm so close Judith! I swear, I am so fucking close! One more fucking word from that disgusting mouth of yours!

Her face shows nervousness and she stops smiling. She doesn't even frown. Instead, her gaze switches between Michael and the front door.

JUDITH

I knew it was a mistake sticking around for you. You're fucked up. He loves me Michael.

MICHAEL

I couldn't give a fuck if he crashed through the window with a bunch of roses and a box of bonbons! He's welcome to you! That slithering, forked tongue of yours belongs in his mouth. Did any of this ever mean anything to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDITH

Ask me the real question Michael!

MICHAEL

I'm not asking you anything! You still don't get this do you? It's always about you. Tomorrow I have to go into work to be fucked over yet again and listen to some twat in a dark suit explain why me losing my job is ultimately for the best. You lost the right to dictate terms to me the moment your adulterous little hands ran their way over his boxer shorts.

JUDITH

I didn't fucking plan for this!

He throws his hand up while pacing back and forth in front of her.

MICHAEL

How-fucking-comforting Judith. I must say your confusion is the antidote to all my suffering. What was I thinking being ever so slightly outraged that you fucked my boss? Silly me. With that kind of compassion you have a sterling future with the fucking Samaritans. How wrong I was.

JUDITH

That's it, just joke about it. Maybe if you weren't such a fucking failure none of this would've happened in the first place!

MICHAEL

Oh, here we go. Back on me again. Might wanna slow down a bit, it's a fucking rollercoaster with you today. So it's my fault again is it?

JUDITH

I'm just saying. You're not exactly perfect are you?

MICHAEL

That doesn't mean you get to open up my home as a brothel!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDITH

Fuck you!

MICHAEL

I think that's entirely the problem Judith, Fuck you, Fuck him, Fuck Her, You just have no shame or decency, I'm so tired Judith. Tired of you. Tired of your bullshit. Tired that I can't sleep through the night. Tired of working all week for people I can't stand. To only come home to you, what I thought was worth fighting for but it turns out it was just a great way for you to get your rocks off, feeling the thrill of being caught.

He starts pacing around the bed.

MICHAEL

You are right about something. Its over, and as tired as I am of the same hypocritical crap I have been wandering through this hell i call my life wondering when my theatrical part might be ready to play out. It looks like you decided you wanted to write the ending as well.

Judith stares at him as if he's crazy.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You know what my movie would be called? 'The Tragedy of Michael Jones'. Sorry; 'The Tragedy of Michael Jones and his stupid little bitch fiance who accidentally inadvertently fucked his asshole boss. Has a nice ring to it don't you think?

JUDITH

Here we go. Michael's feeling sorry for himself yet again.

MICHAEL

No, not this time. In my movie, you die. You get what you deserve. You watch your best buddy Richard die. Slowly and painfully.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Then after you watched him scream like a child, you have your skin peeled off and have TRAITOR carved across your face.

JUDITH

You're sick! You need fucking help!

MICHAEL

Do you know what it takes to just deal with what's in my head every day? I hear them screaming, Judith! But you know what overpowers it? The pathetic whingeing of ungrateful spoilt vermin like you who take their fortune, their lives and their freedoms for granted. The same people who complain about them like they're a nuisance and can't ever seem to work out why racking up twenty grand on a credit card doesn't make them happy.

She is silent.

MICHAEL

Let me tell you about your good friend Richard. Last year he raped a girl in accounts on a Friday night out after work. She was 19 Judith. Only 19. He gets off on getting people fired. He searches through people's bags when no-one is around because he thinks he can. He thinks it's funny to make Sarah cry.

JUDITH

Who's Sarah?

MICHAEL

Shut your fucking mouth! The only reason Richard wants you Judith is to fuck me over. He likes it. The guy's sick. He has a wife and two kids for fuck's sake! Do you really think he's going to leave all that for you and your sordid little affair? This is a hobby for him. Did you think you were the first? All you are is a hobby, Judith.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDITH

I'm not listening to any more of this. Go fuck yourself Michael. It's the only fuck you'll ever get, you sad twat. I don't care if you know. I hope it hurts. Lord knows it bores the shit out of me! We're done! I hope you're happy!

MICHAEL

I want you out of here by the weekend.

JUDITH

Err, no. You're going to be the one who is leaving.

He throws her up against the wall.

MICHAEL

Now you listen to me, you toxic mouth bitch! You're the dirty little slut who got caught with her rotten knickers down. You're the one leaving, and you should count your lucky fucking stars that I haven't thrown you out on the pavement head first already. I don't want to hear your voice, I don't want any of your shit.

She slams her eyes shut and winces as Michael presses her body tighter and tighter against the wall.

MICHAEL

Start packing tomorrow. If any of your stuff is still here by Friday, I'll burn it to the fucking ground. Take what you want. This is the line. This is how it works. Be thankful you have a bed. I'm sleeping here. I'm past this. I'm already gone. I am just too far now.

He lets her go, and she backs off quickly to the bathroom frightened. Michael punches the wall one last time, then closes his eyes.

CUT TO: