

CHEER UP

Written by

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On behalf of

Sophie Ormond

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

VICTOR (50s) sits on an armchair watching a crime show on the television - he takes a swig from a can of beer.

NATALIE walks in with some food on a tray - VICTOR hardly acknowledges her.

NATALIE

Are you still hungry? Sorry it took so long. The potatoes wouldn't cook the way you like them.

VICTOR

(grumbling)

Ah, yeah? Sure. Just leave it down there and I'll deal with it later.

He takes another, but longer, swig from the can and finishes it off. He shakes it to demonstrate it's emptiness.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Get us another one would you, please love?

NATALIE

I think that was the last one. Besides, don't you think that's enough for one night. It's only-

NATALIE looks at a clock on the mantel piece.

VICTOR

(slurring)

Don't you think I already know what time it is? I don't need babysitting. I'm not a baby.

NATALIE

I know that, I'm just trying to look out for you. Someone needs to.

VICTOR

Thank you. I know I don't always say it, but I mean it.

VICTOR looks up at NATALIE and smiles at her - she smiles back.

NATALIE

Right. Well, I do need to go down the shops anyway for-

VICTOR

There's a good girl. Get your old man some beer, and we'll have a jolly up.

VICTOR's attitude completely changes now he knows NATALIE will be getting him beer - she realises that he has tricked her. NATALIE nobs her head and goes to leave.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And don't forget to cheer up on your way out!

NATALIE

(hurt)
What do you mean?

VICTOR

Uh, oh. I didn't mean anything by it.

VICTOR looks up at her and knows he has done something wrong.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Oh, come on! It was a joke... Just a joke. That's all.

VICTOR turns away and his attention is back on the television - he tries getting the last of the dregs from the can again.

NATALIE thinks for a second. Eventually building up the courage to speak her mind.

NATALIE

Do you know what? You're a pig! A bastard. You don't deserve me, and everything I do for you. You'll only realise that once I'm gone, but by that point it'll be too late! And who'll be left to look after you? Not me, because I'll be gone.

The room falls quiet.

VICTOR looks up at NATALIE.

VICTOR

Money is on the side. I want change.

NATALIE couldn't bring herself to say what she felt, but only imagined it. She bows her head, and leaves the room.

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