

# VERVE

a talent and literary agency

**CLIVE**

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**DRAFT #5**  
May, 2012

WGA #1483671



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1

EXT. PARK. EARLY MORNING.

1

A frosty morning. Clear blue sky. The park is abuzz with cyclers, walkers, joggers.

[SLOW MOTION] A man runs. His hips rotate left and right, each willingly taking its turn, conceding it. A sculptured arm stands guard on each side of the torso. Cocked, at the ready. We move up the body to the head. To the face...

CLIVE's face (30s). He's handsome. His nostrils flare. His mouth is ajar. His cheeks are splotched with haphazard patches of pink, red.

He is a man, very much alive.

2

INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

2

[POINT OF VIEW] A sudden awakening. Panic. It's dark. We are alone in bed, the queen-sized mattress sitting on the floor. The sound of our own disturbed panting. We struggle against a mound of twisted sheets and blankets. But we can't get free.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Clive?

A figure appears at the doorway. We settle.

WOMAN

You OK, baby?

FADE TO BLACK.

[POINT OF VIEW] A light switches on beyond, it's glow radiating into the room. Whipping looks from side-to-side. A sparsely-furnished bedroom, boxes, floorboards, high ceiling. We are wracked with anxiety.

The sound of a tap running, a glass filling with water.

The figure returns, turns on a lamp. It's SUSIE (30s). She is unaffectedly beautiful, sincerity written all over her. She holds a glass of water and some pills out to us.

SUSIE

Here. Take these.

We do. Susie sits down on the bed, fatigued. She regards us with concern. Like a mother tending to her newborn on yet another sleepless night.

FADE TO BLACK.

Clive stirs. He sits up, rubs his face. Disoriented. Faint TV sounds drift in from another room. He looks around. He is alone.

Clive blinks hard, consciousness moving through him in waves. His eyes drag groggily, sleep coming for him again.

But Clive resists. He jolts to life, tosses the bed covers aside.

Clive draws a sharp intake of breath as he catches sight of his body, his mental fog clearing in an abrupt instant. Clive stares at himself, quietly. Privately. The TV program's canned laughter echoes into the room.

Clive releases his breath, lies down...

3 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

3

...and drops onto his back.

Lying on the floor, Clive gazes up at passing clouds through a skylight directly above him. He is numb.

Looking down on Clive we see that he wears a white t-shirt, jocks. And that below his groin, he has only two bandaged stumps for legs.

Clive is only half a man.

OPENING TITLE: CLIVE

4 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

4

Clive lies on his back, staring up at the skylight.

Cardboard boxes marked "living room", "bedroom" etc are piled around the room. Individual belongings have been sorted into stacks. A relocation, in progress.

Clive licks his dry lips but brings little moisture to them. His pulse thumps in his neck. After each blink, his pupils quickly contract into pin pricks.

A BLOWFLY buzzes. Clive's eyes track it.

SUSIE (O.S.)

Where should we put things like  
scarves and beanies?

Susie enters from the bedroom. She holds a box crammed with wintry accessories. Clive doesn't respond. Doesn't move.

SUSIE

Maybe we'll just keep them in the  
box for now.

She tries to be cheery. Clive does not.

Susie puts the box down, sits near Clive. She looks over the surrounding keepsakes, artifacts, designer accessories.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
God, look at all this stuff.

Clive focuses on the fly. It flits erratically.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
Remember when your mum gave you this?

A distinctive creaking sound captures Clive attention. He sees Susie holding an open ORNATE WOODEN BOX. It's unique. And beautiful. Clive is aghast.

CLIVE  
Why did you bring that here?

SUSIE  
I don't know. I didn't know what we'd need. How long we're gonna be here. I brought everything.

Clive spots the fly whizzing around a closed high window. Susie contemplates the wooden box in her hands.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
You really should call her. Your mum. She'll be so worried.

Clive clenches his jaw. Susie is delicate.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
A lot of people will be wondering how you are. Where you are.

The fly buzzes louder. Clive is getting agitated.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
Don't you even want to check your e-mail? You must have like a thousand by now.

Susie's coaxing has no effect on Clive. She despairs.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
We can't just disappear and think no one will notice!

The fly bangs itself against the closed window. Desperate to get out.

CLIVE  
Just send a group e-mail, say I'm fine and ask that we be left alone for the time being. It's no one's damn business where we've gone.

SUSIE  
But, Clive...

CLIVE  
Close the box, Susie! Put it away!

Susie gets up hurriedly, emotional. She carries the box to the bedroom.

The fly swoops down at Clive, provocatively. Clive waves at it. Music starts up in the bedroom. A garish symphony.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Susie! Turn that off!

The music cuts. The fly dives at Clive, and escapes. Taunting him. Clive can't contain his irritation any longer. He swipes at the fly fiercely.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Fucking..fucking...!

Susie returns. She stops at the bedroom doorway. Susie watches Clive, lying on the floor, waving his arms in the air, madly. Hopelessly.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Die! Die! You fucking...thing!

Clive looks pathetic. Committed to an impossible task.

5 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

5

Deep dark. The whole apartment is quiet. Clive sleeps, partially covered by sheets.

Clive rouses. He turns to see Susie sitting up on the other side of the bed, staring at him, at his new body. Clive quickly covers himself with the blanket.

CLIVE  
What are you doing?

SUSIE  
Nothing, baby.

Susie reaches out to Clive, touches his arm. Clive blanches, wriggles away from Susie.

CLIVE  
Don't touch me!

The whites of Susie's eyes glint through the dark. She is more than hurt, she's humiliated.

Clive turns over onto his side, facing away from Susie.

6

INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

6

Clive looks up, through the skylight.

Susie bounces in from the kitchen. She holds a plate of food - a hearty, cooked breakfast.

CLIVE

I said I don't want it.

Susie puts the plate down beside Clive. He glares at her hatefully.

SUSIE

You haven't eaten for days.

CLIVE

(under his breath)

I don't want it.

SUSIE

You're wasting away.

CLIVE

I don't want it!

In one motion, Clive wipes the food off the plate. A smashed egg drips over the plate, onto the floor.

JUMP CUT TO:

Susie paces. Clive is listless.

SUSIE

Can't we just try it? Please?

She motions to a wheelchair standing in the far corner of the room. It's covered with clothes and blankets.

CLIVE

No.

Clive is obstinate. Susie rubs her eyes.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

How about a shower? Can I put a shower on for you? Clive?

Clive purses his lips. Taking his silence as acceptance, Susie squats down to Clive. She pulls at his t-shirt.

CLIVE

What are you doing?

Susie struggles to wrest Clive's top off without his assistance.

SUSIE  
We'll have a shower. Then you'll  
feel much better.

CLIVE  
No, I won't.

Clive is grave. Susie disregards him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
(gentle)  
Susie, listen to me.

Susie rigorously perseveres in trying to undress an  
unwilling Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Stop it.

She doesn't. Clive grips Susie's wrist. Hard.

SUSIE  
(light)  
It's just a shower, Clive.  
Everyone needs a shower.

CLIVE  
Stop it, Susie. Stop all of it.

Susie smiles through tears.

SUSIE  
I can't. You're my man.

CLIVE  
What sort of man looks like this?

Susie turns away.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I'm not a man. I'm a lump of  
meat. I'm a pudding. I am a  
carcass. And a carcass doesn't  
need showers. It doesn't need  
music. And it doesn't need any  
fucking beanies!

Susie reaches out to Clive. He swats her hand away  
instinctively, accidentally connecting roughly. Susie  
yelps. Clive aches with regret, but turns his face away  
from Susie to hide it.

Susie stands. She's distraught. Her hands shake. Clive  
returns his stare to the skylight.

SUSIE  
I'm...ah...gonna head out for a  
bit. Get some groceries. OK?



No response from Clive.

Susie leaves a bottle of pills and a glass of water within Clive's reach. She switches the TV on, mutes its sound and drops the remote control beside him.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
I'll be back. As soon as I can.

Susie grabs her bag, phone, keys. At the front door, Susie turns to Clive.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
Clive?

Susie waits for something from Clive, anything, but gets nothing. She leaves.

CLIVE  
Run, Susie! Run..run...run...

Clive draws deep breaths. Their sound melds with those of the even breaths taken during exercise.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Run...run...

The sound of feet pounding turf in constant, steady rhythm.

7 INT. GYM. DAY. \*\*FLASHBACK\*\*

7

A pair of sneakered feet strike a treadmill's belt.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
Run. Gravity. Heavy with gravity.  
I am heavy. (whispers) Run. Run.

Bare calves stretch and strain. Thighs ripple with sinew, each stride producing a distinct pattern that flashes to life, then quickly fades away.

Clive runs. He is in rapturous focus.

CUT TO:

Clive, wet with perspiration, roams through the gym. He sees athletes pull cables, lift barbells. Their movements are charged with ambition, executed with grace.

CUT TO:

Clive lies on his back on an exercise mat. He throws his legs up, points his feet to the ceiling. Contracts and releases his calf muscles in turn, left-right-left. Clive watches them fondly, through half-open eyes.

- 8 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 8
- Clive lies on his back. But above him, now, is only the skylight. Only the sky. Unreachable.
- Clive turns his head towards the TV.
- ONSCREEN: the news. Soldiers march, power through drills, run from gunfire.
- Clive points the remote control at the TV, switching to:
- Sports. Men chase balls, cycle bikes, swim in the sea, stand on surfboards.
- Click. A DIY show. A blokey man renovates a house.
- A movie. The onscreen couple roll around together, passionately. Clive eyes their entwined legs.
- Bear Grylls powers through the wilderness.
- Clive clicks channels rapidly, scrolling through images of activities that are no longer available to him.
- Clive hurls the remote control at the TV. It smacks against the screen, bounces off.
- Clive grabs a bottle of pills from the coffee table beside him. He downs several tablets with water. He allows his head to drop, heavily. Bang.
- 9 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 9
- The apartment is desolate. Clive's eyes creak open. The closed front door is the first thing he sees.
- Clive raises himself up onto his elbows and pulls himself, backwards, to the kitchen. He puffs from the effort.
- 10 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER. 10
- It's dark. Clive stretches up to the light switch, but can't reach it. He can barely see. He can barely move.
- Clive rummages around within a low kitchen cupboard.
- Clive urinates into a soup pot.
- 11 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 11
- Clive drags himself across the room on his stomach. His skin scrapes against the floorboards. Clive grabs a cushion from the couch. He lies front-down onto it and 'surfs' the floorboards to the front door.

Clive sits up, faces the front door. He waits.

12 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

12

Clive sits, encircled by his 'things'. Suit pants. Ties. Wallet. Watch. A coffee mug. He surveys them.

Clive moves to a low table. Laptops and devices are lined up like soldiers. Clive picks up his phone. Feels the weight of it. He turns it on.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive is surrounded by active screens, his face illuminated by their collective cold white. He operates them all at once, in a searching frenzy.

Flashes of personal messages ["where are you?" "we heard about your accident" "so sorry to hear"]; professional photos of a suited Clive; online reports ["Clive Matthews, CEO, in sickening accident"].

Clive holds his head in his hands.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive howls as he slams the iPhone against the corner of the table. Its screen cracks. Clive swings an iPad, smashes a laptop with it. Soon, all the computers are in pieces.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive feeds himself a handful of pills. He sees that there are six tablets left in the bottle. He takes them too.

CUT TO BLACK.

The sound of the front door opening and closing.

13 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

13

[POINT OF VIEW] We open our eyes. We see Susie coming through the front door, carrying bags of purchases. She runs to us. She wears a brightly coloured outfit. Her hair has been done.

SUSIE

Guess what! I got us in to see  
the best rehab doctor tomorrow!

She bounds away. We ogle her legs. Lithe and long.

SUSIE (O.S.)

Clive! What happened to all the  
computers?!

FADE TO BLACK.

14 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 14

[POINT OF VIEW] It's blurry. Susie potters. A dog's soft whine floats through.

FADE TO BLACK.

15 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 15

Clive sleeps, his head on Susie's lap. Susie strokes his hair. Clive wakes. He looks up at Susie. She smiles. He doesn't.

SUSIE

Hungry?

Clive says nothing. Does nothing.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I wasn't gone too long, was I?  
Were you OK on your own?

Clive's eyes are vacant.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I thought I should leave you for  
a bit. Give you some space.

She seems to be persuading herself.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I missed you. Did you miss me?

A dog's whimper. Susie wipes away the water collecting in her eyes before tears can form. She perks up.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

There's someone here you have to  
meet!

Clive is alarmed.

CLIVE

What? No..no...

Susie eases Clive off her lap, gets up. She disappears behind him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Susie! Susie?!

Susie appears before Clive cradling a 10-week-old mixed breed PUPPY. The puppy is asleep in Susie's hands. He's completely trusting, helpless. And adorable.

SUSIE  
Clive. Meet Barry. The newest  
member of our family.

Susie is excited. Clive looks at her, dumbfounded.

CLIVE  
What have you done?

Susie ignores Clive.

SUSIE  
Isn't he beautiful?

But Clive won't look at BARRY. He is consumed by anger.

CLIVE  
Get him out of here!

SUSIE  
Clive...

CLIVE  
I mean it! Now!

Susie shakes her head. Clive seethes.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Susie. I want him gone.

Susie hugs Barry close, her lifeline. Clive regards her,  
the two of them. And he feels impossibly far away.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
And I want you to go too.

Susie looks at Clive, the wind knocked out of her. Clive is  
steely.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I want you to leave, Susie.

SUSIE  
You can't be serious.

He is.

CLIVE  
I do need space. You were right.

SUSIE  
No, I shouldn't have left you on  
your own. That was a bad idea.

Clive's eyes are cold. Susie kneels down to him.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
But I'm back now, baby. I want to  
stay here. With you.

CLIVE  
No, you don't.

SUSIE  
Of course I do.

But Susie doesn't know what she wants.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
I'm your wife. I love you.

Clive is unmoved.

CLIVE  
I don't need your love. I don't  
need your help. I don't need your  
comfort. I don't need your pity.

Susie winces, stung. But Clive is resolved.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I don't need anything anymore.

Susie is shattered. Barry cries intuitively. Susie cuddles  
him, looks around. She can't conceive of any way to deal  
with this.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Go, Susie.

She shakes her head, furiously. Like a child.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
(raves)  
Gooooooooo!!!!

Susie carefully puts Barry down. He doesn't move.

Susie hastily collects her bag, keys, gathers some clothes.  
Tears drop from her eyes.

16 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

16

Susie stands at the front door, watching Clive. He remains  
motionless. Emotionless.

Clive hears the front door close. He exhales. Continues to  
stare up at the skylight.

Barry whines. Clive turns to see the tiny dog standing  
exactly where Susie left him.

CLIVE

Fuck.

Clive returns his stare, above. In moments, he hears Barry tread through the apartment. Hears his sniffing. The patter of his pads against the floorboards, starting and stopping.

Then, silence. Clive turns to see Barry creeping soundlessly along a rug in Clive's direction.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Stay away from me.

Clive's tone is severe and stops Barry in his tracks. Barry changes direction, skips away. Clive, again, looks up.

A trickle hits the floorboards. Barry pees in the corner.

Clive closes his eyes.

17 EXT. PARK. EARLY MORNING. [MUTE] \*\*ANOTHER TIME\*\* 17

On Clive's face, his eyes closed.

Clive runs. And runs.

The sound of a dog crying.

18 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM / BEDROOM. NIGHT. 18

Barry whines. Clive wakes. The kitchen's light spills into the room. Clive sees Barry huddled in a dark corner.

Clive moves himself, backwards, to the bedroom. Barry recedes from his view.

CLIVE

Don't you look at me like that! I didn't bring you here!

Barry starts towards Clive. Clive picks up the pace.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

No! Back! Get away!

Barry closes in on Clive, but Clive makes it inside the bedroom and slams the door shut behind him.

Clive leans against the door, exhausted. He hears Barry crying, on the other side.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Shut up.

Silence. Then, a scratch at the door.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Fucking shut up! I swear!

Quiet again. Clive hauls himself towards the bed. He grabs a bottle of pills from the bedside table. He tips out the last four tablets and swallows them, dry.

19 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MORNING. 19

Clive sleeps on the floor, beside the mattress. He wakes with a start. He clutches his stumps, the pain excruciating.

Clive snatches the pill bottle beside the bed. It's empty. He tosses it onto the already cluttered floor.

20 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MORNING. 20

Clive explodes from the bedroom with all the speed he can muster. Barry lies under the coffee table.

JUMP CUT TO:

Fevered, Clive hunts for relief. He rifles through accessible piles, upturns pillows and furniture, but everything seems jumbo-sized and out of reach. And all the pill boxes and bottles he finds are empty.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive wails in pain. He grabbles for his cramping legs. But finds only negative space.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive discovers a box of Panadol within a stack of magazines. He pops out the pills, eagerly downs them with Whiskey plugged straight from the bottle.

21 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 21

Clive leans against the couch. Still.

Clive eyes Susie's scarf, lying across the couch. Her sunglasses on the coffee table. The mark of her lips left on a drinking glass.

22 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 22

Clive sits, watching the front door. Waiting.

Clive turns to Barry. Barry watches Clive from his usual corner. Also waiting.



23 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. 23

Clive lies on the floor on his side, staring at the blowfly. It lies dead, on its back, pointed up towards the closed high window above.

24 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 24

Clive lies on his back. Looking up through the skylight.

25 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY. 25

Clive sleeps in bed. Clanking noises sound from the other room. Signs of life. Clive's eyes burst open.

26 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 26

Clive barrels in clumsily from the bedroom.

CLIVE

Susie?

Clive's face falls as he realises it was Barry who caused the commotion. Cushions are torn, their stuffing exposed. Plates have been knocked over. Tissues are in shreds. And Barry is amongst it all.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Barry looks up from the wreckage. Clive scuttles to him and Barry scoots to his safe corner at the far end of the room.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Why'd you do this? To get my attention? Well, fuck you! You're not getting it!

Clive scurries to Barry. Barry quivers, petrified.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I bet you're hungry, huh? I bet you're scared. I bet you want me to feed you and give you a hug and make it all better. Well bad luck for you, dog! You got stuck with the wrong asshole! You are not getting shit from me! I've got nothing to give. Nothing!

Clive's raving sets him off balance and he falls over gracelessly. He bangs the floor in frustration.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!!!

Clive turns over, onto his back. He can just see through the skylight from his position. The sun is almost overhead.

Barry steps away from his corner. Slinks towards Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Don't try it. I'm warning you.

But Barry continues, undeterred. His young gait is awkward.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Stay the fuck away from me!

Barry gets closer. Clive wheezes. In anticipation.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I hate you! You fucking thing!

Barry approaches Clive. So slowly.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I hate you.

Clive's voice cracks.

Barry sniffs the air around Clive. He brings his nose to Clive's stumps, investigating. Clive kicks his stumps out at Barry, wildly. Barry side-steps, evading them.

Clive listens keenly for information. There's no sound.

Barry appears at Clive's head. Clive doesn't move. Barry's nose scrapes against Clive's face as he sniffs him, learns him. Clive clenches his hand into a shaking fist, trying to summons a monster within himself.

The sound of Barry's sniff is suddenly loud inside Clive's ear. Its intensity makes Clive's breath catch. The sound of life. Clive holds his look on the skylight, on the sun above, whose rays now stream onto Clive. Into him.

Barry explores Clive's face. He sniffs Clive's eyelids, cheeks, forehead, his hair. Barry continues across Clive's body, his arms, Clive's closed fist.

CLIVE  
(weak)  
I hate you...

Barry nuzzles his nose into Clive's hand until Clive's fist unclenches, his fingers unfurl. Barry lies down, curls up to Clive. He rests his head within Clive's palm. And in seconds, Barry is asleep.

And Clive's body relaxes.

27 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATER.

27

Barry sleeps on Clive's chest. His whole self rises and falls with Clive's breaths. Clive studies Barry. His fine whiskers, his pristine coat. Barry yawns in his sleep, revealing baby tic tac teeth.

Clive slowly brings a hand towards Barry. And touches him. Clive gently strokes Barry. Feels his warmth. His fragile, burgeoning life.

28 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY.

28

Bags of groceries sit on the bench where Susie left them. Like aging still-life paintings. Clive stares up at them.

CUT TO:

Clive opens the fridge. He grabs the sole milk carton.

Clive reaches high within a drawer. He searches blindly within it, retrieves a bowl. Clive puts it on the floor, pours milk into it. Barry watches Clive from the doorway, inquisitive about every little thing.

CLIVE

Come here, Barry.

Barry is wary.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Come on. You need to eat.

Barry doesn't move. Clive dips a finger into the milk and stretches towards Barry. Barry steps over to Clive, his curiosity overwhelming him. Barry sniffs Clive's finger, looks at Clive, full of inquiry. Clive nods, encouragingly.

Barry tentatively licks the milk from Clive's finger. Clive draws Barry to the bowl and soon, Barry is lapping the milk up from it. Clive watches Barry drink, warmed.

A key in the front door. Clive jerks his head towards it.

29 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

29

Clive charges into the main room.

CLIVE

Susie?

Barry dashes out from the kitchen. He quickly gets ahead of Clive, runs to the front door.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Barry! Stay back!

Clive slams his hand down on the floor authoritatively but Barry doesn't obey. The front door opens...revealing...

ROSA (60s). A diminutive Eastern European woman. Clive is speechless.

ROSA  
Away, doggie!

Rosa nudges Barry from the door and edges inside the apartment. Clive pulls a blanket from the nearby couch and covers his stumps with it.

CLIVE  
Hey, get out! You're in the wrong apartment!

ROSA  
This 18A, yes? Mr. Clive?

Clive hushes, his mind racing.

ROSA (CONT'D)  
Amputations, yes?

Clive can only blink in response. Rosa steps to Clive.

ROSA (CONT'D)  
I am Rosa. Carer. From Agency. I come to clean, to cook.

CLIVE  
I didn't call for any carer.

ROSA  
No. You is patient. Mrs. Clive, she is client.

Clive shakes his head.

CLIVE  
There's been a mistake. My wife will be back soon, thank you.

Clive moves to the door, signalling Rosa to leave. She doesn't.

ROSA  
You patient. No client. I stay.

Rosa steps past Clive, heads further into the apartment. She sees puddles of dog pee, mess and mayhem.

ROSA (CONT'D)  
My God.

Clive trails behind Rosa. He catches a glimpse of first aid paraphernalia inside her shoulder bag and his spirits rise.

CLIVE

Hey, do you have painkillers on you? I've got a lot of pain in my...where my legs used to be.

Rosa spins around to face Clive.

ROSA

I no Doctor. I carer. You need Doctor, I call Doctor for you.

Clive is disappointed.

CLIVE

No, I don't want a Doctor.

ROSA

No Doctor, no drugs.

CLIVE

I don't want a Doctor. And I don't want a carer!

Rosa is affronted. Clive composes himself.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry for your trouble. But I'd like you to leave now.

Rosa smiles sweetly, shakes her head.

ROSA

Impossible. This my job. I stay.

Clive thinks hard for a solution.

CLIVE

Maybe we can make a deal. What hours have you been booked for?

ROSA

All days. And sometimes nights.

Clive's eyes widen.

CLIVE

Really? For how long?

Rosa shrugs. Clive processes the meaning behind Rosa's indefinite employment. He feels queasy.

Rosa takes off, tidies the room.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

No, leave it! (beat, thinks) How about this?

Rosa turns to Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
 Tell the Agency you're working  
 here, but leave now and don't  
 come back. I won't tell anyone.  
 You make the money but won't have  
 to work for it. How's that?

Rosa looks at Clive, skeptical.

ROSA  
 No, I cannot do this.

Clive sighs.

ROSA (CONT'D)  
 Your wife, she worry. She pay for  
 caring for you.

CLIVE  
 I get that but I...have a carer.  
 My...lover. My wife doesn't know.

Rosa is outraged. And very disapproving.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
 You'll get paid and I'll get  
 cared for. Everyone wins. OK?

Rosa ruminates on this.

30 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

30

Clive sees Rosa out. She turns around to him.

ROSA  
 For legs pain, drug no work for  
 you. Close eyes. Remembering legs.  
Feel legs, like still here. Then  
 pain stop. Poof. Like magic.

Clive nods, politely. But he's dubious.

CLIVE  
 Sure. I'll do that. Thanks.

Rosa smiles at Clive.

ROSA  
 You nice man.

Clive returns a benign smile. Rosa leans down to Clive,  
 touches his face softly. Like a mother would.

ROSA (CONT'D)  
 Angry, yes. But nice.

Clive looks at Rosa, earnestly. Wanting to believe her.

31 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 31

Barry sleeps in his corner. Clive sits at the front door, keeping watch. Despondent, Clive turns away from the door. He shuffles to the bedroom. Barry gets up, follows him.

CLIVE

No, Barry. This is my room.

Barry stops. Clive disappears inside the bedroom and closes the door.

32 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER. 32

Clive leans his back against the door. Barry cries. Clive drops his head, pained by the sound of pure yearning.

CUT TO:

Barry cries on. Clive lies in bed. He stares at the pillow beside him, a head's shape imprinted on it. He reaches out to it. Barry's crying grows louder. Clive sits up quickly.

CLIVE

Quiet!

The jarring movement sends spasms through Clive's 'legs' and Clive cries out in agony. Barry's whine continues. Clive sinks down. He tears the blanket off. Closes his eyes. Concentrates...

33 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER. \*\*DREAM\*\* 33

Clive lies in bed, eyes closed. A slow pan down his face...

CLIVE (V.O.)

The lips. The throat. Adam's apple.

...down his body...

CLIVE (V.O.)

The chest. Lungs. My heart.  
Abdomen. Spleen. Guts.

The pan continues...down his naked legs.

CLIVE (V.O.)

The groin. Quads. Vastus  
medialis. Lateralis. Sartorius.

Clive activates, then relaxes, each muscle in turn.

CLIVE (V.O.)

The hamstrings. They're tight.  
Calves. Anterior heads, always  
overdeveloped.

(MORE)

CLIVE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Left achilles tear, healed. The  
 heels. High arches.  
 Toes...toes...

34 EXT. BEACH. DAY. \*\*DREAM\*\* 34

Toes dip into sparkling ocean waters on a hot Summer's day.  
 Feet plunge into the soft sand.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
 Tickles. Like a thousand  
 fingertips. Like love.

Looking back along the beach, the feet have marked the sand  
 with a trail of flawless footprints.

35 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. \*\*DREAM\*\* 35

Clive rolls over in his sleep. Barely awake, Clive pulls  
 back the blanket, swings himself over the edge of the bed.

And stands straight up.

36 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. \*\*DREAM\*\* 36

Clive sleepily stumbles from the bedroom to the bathroom.

37 INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. \*\*DREAM\*\* 37

Clive flips up the toilet lid within the simple bathroom.  
 It claps loudly against the cistern.

Clive's eyes open. He looks down and sees...his long, hairy  
 legs, extending out from the bottom of his boxer shorts.  
 Clive breaks into a wide smile of gratitude. He pinches,  
 squeezes his legs, overjoyed.

Clive releases a strong stream of urine. The sound of it  
 reverberates through the quiet. Clive's eyes close in  
 satisfaction. He smiles.

38 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MORNING. 38

On Clive's smiling, sleeping face.

Clive wakes behind closed eyes. His smile dissolves. He  
 opens his eyes. Pulls back the bed sheet. He sees that he  
 still has no legs. And that he has wet himself.

Clive's face twists into a tortured scowl. The scowl  
 becomes a smile. Becomes a chuckle. Becomes a roaring  
 laugh.



39 INT. APARTMENT. VARIOUS ROOMS. MORNING. 39

Clive's laughter sounds through the main room. Fills the kitchen. Rebounds off the bathroom's walls.

40 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 40

Clive pops the few remaining Panadol tablets into his mouth, swallows them with the last mouthful of the Whiskey.

A familiar trickle sounds. Clive turns to see Barry squatting in the corner.

41 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY. 41

Clive's fingers grope the bench top, stretching towards a cardboard box full of fruit and vegetables. Barry barks baby yaps of alarm from the doorway.

Clive springs up as best he can, and brings the box down with him. He shields himself against a shower of carrots and broccoli.

42 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER. 42

Clive rips a wall off the cardboard box, lays old newspapers down inside it.

CLIVE

Barry?

Barry is nowhere to be seen. Clive ducks his head under the coffee table and finds Barry hiding there.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Come on. Come here.

Barry won't budge. Clive reaches under the table. Barry runs away. Clive sits back up.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to chase you.

Barry cavorts friskily all over the room. Clive leans this way and that, and finally catches Barry. Barry squirms, enjoying the game. He soft bites Clive's hands, teething.

Clive looks across at the box, now a distance away. Clive tries to shuffle to it while holding Barry, but he can't move effectively without his hands.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Just...stay here.

Clive puts Barry down and he immediately runs off. Clive looks after him.

CUT TO:

Barry sits atop a large pillow. Clive pulls the pillow, and Barry, across the room in short bursts. Barry is amused.

CUT TO:

Clive lifts Barry, places him inside the 'puppy litter' box. Barry doesn't move. Clive sits at the box's open wall, blocking Barry's escape.

CLIVE

This is where you pee and poo.

Barry just looks at Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Go on, do it now. Pee.

Barry tries to get out of the box.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

No you don't. Not until you pee.

Barry pulls his ears right back.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I tell you to do something and you do it. That's training.

Clive waits. And waits. Barry remains still.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Don't defy me, dog. Not that long ago, grown men would have willingly crapped into their panties if I'd asked them to. You don't know who you're fucking with.

Barry trembles, not comprehending what is being asked of him. Clive thinks.

43

INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY.

43

Clive holds a bowl of milk in the air. Barry sits at attention, staring at it. Clive moves the bowl left and right. Barry's eyes don't leave it.

CLIVE

Now we're working together...

Clive puts the bowl down, pours the last bit of milk into it. Barry drinks it up. Clive peers into the empty carton.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive tears stale bread into pieces. Rips up slices of cheese. Plops spaghetti out from a tin.

44 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY.

44

Clive opens a packet of sliced ham. Barry licks his chops in expectation, his face smudged with food and sauce. Clive hands Barry a chunk of meat. Barry snatches at it.

CLIVE

Be nice.

Barry responds, nibbles daintily at Clive's offering. Clive smiles at Barry.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Good boy.

Barry pulls the meat away, carries it off to the main room.

Clive looks over the food surrounding him, his stomach moaning for nourishment. He packs the food away.

Coughing, spewing sounds from the main room.

45 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

45

Clive enters to see Barry throwing up his meal. Clive scrambles over to him. Barry licks up his own vomit.

CLIVE

No..no...leave that.

Clive lifts Barry up, rescuing him from his sick. Clive puts Barry onto his 'lap' and strokes him, comforts him. Barry looks up at Clive gratefully.

46 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

46

Clive searches through the cupboards. He pulls out a vacuum cleaner, feather dusters...and finally finds what he was looking for. A landline phone.

Clive plugs the phone into a line near the front door. He stares at the handset, willing its function. Clive turns it on. A dial tone sounds. Clive exhales, relieved.

47

INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

47

Clive cradles the telephone, looking through take-away menus. He chooses one, makes a call.

CLIVE  
(on phone)  
Hi. Do you deliver?

Clive scrunches up the menu.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive makes another call, holding a different menu.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Can I make an order for delivery?  
What, even if I pay extra?

He hangs up. Sifts through menus. Tries another place.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Yeah, I'd like to get some food  
delivered.

Clive listens, heartened. He points his thumb up at Barry. Barry looks at Clive, droll, walks away.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Actually I need puppy food. Wait,  
don't hang up! I need it for my  
dog but I can't go out. I'll pay.

Clive picks up the menu.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Alright, that's fair. How much do  
I have to order then?

Clive browses the pictorial menu. The food looks good.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Just bring whatever. 15A Blake  
Street. And don't forget the  
puppy food, yeah? Like six cans  
of whatever the best brand is.  
Oh, and some milk too..?

They hang up. Clive is satisfied.

He jangles the phone in his hand.

CUT TO:

Clive brings the phone to his ear. It's ringing. Clive clears his throat. A voicemail welcome message clicks over.

SUSIE (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
Hey, this is Susie...

Clive hangs up. He drops the phone like a hotcake.

48

INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

48

Clive and Barry face the front door. Waiting.

The buzzer sounds.

Prepared, Clive uses a pair of kitchen tongs to reach up and press the button on the intercom system.

CLIVE  
Third floor.

He hears a click, releases the button. Clive draws Barry into his arms. Barry nestles in.

Footsteps sound down the corridor. They get closer. Barry growls. Clive growls too, bares his teeth at Barry. Barry barks at him. Clive smiles, impressed.

A knock at the door. Barry yaps, madly. Clive allows an acceptable time to pass before responding.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Got food for y'all. And your pup.

The man has an American accent.

CLIVE  
Can you leave it at the door?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Whatever bakes your noodle, man.

Clive nods. This is going well.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
It's forty two dollars. But if  
you make it an even fifty, I'll  
wash the dishes.

Clive opens his wallet, releases Barry. Barry goes to the door.

CLIVE  
Here's fifty.

Clive slides the cash under the door. He sees a pair of flashy red sneakers on the other side.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
And don't worry about the dishes.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Thanks, man!

The sound of bags rustling. Barry sniffs under the door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Have a good one!

CLIVE  
Hey one more thing?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Yep, shoot.

CLIVE  
You think we can do this weekly?  
And getting extra stuff?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(suspicious)  
What kinda stuff?

CLIVE  
Nothing weird. Just groceries.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You can order that shit online,  
bro.

Clive looks over at the destroyed devices.

CLIVE  
Yeah. No. I can't.

No response from the other side.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I'll give you an extra ten, no  
twenty bucks. Every week. OK?

Clive anxiously awaits the man's answer.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Alright. When I can, I'll do it.

Clive is glad.

CLIVE  
Great. Thanks.

49 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. NIGHT.

49

STEFAN (28, African American) stands outside Clive's door, bags of hot meals at his feet. Stefan is a hulk of a man, but his gentleness is just as visible as his strength.

STEFAN  
'Til next time.

Stefan heads down the hall.

50 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. SAME TIME.

50

Clive listens to footsteps retreating down the hallway. He picks Barry up, holds him tight.

CLIVE  
Stay...stay...

Barry pulses with excitement.

51 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. NIGHT.

51

Stefan spies the length of the hall from around a far corner. The hallway is empty except for bags of food and a pizza box sitting before one of the doors.

An apartment door opens. An arm reaches out, low to the floor, takes the bags and pizza. Stefan watches, intrigued.

52 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

52

Clive spoons puppy food out of its tin and into a bowl.

CLIVE  
Wait...

Clive uses a strict tone and it works. Barry sits politely. Clive slides the bowl towards him. Barry lunges at it.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Wait.

Barry stops. He looks up at Clive. Clive controls him with his stare.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
OK.

Barry's face dives into the bowl. Clive turns and sees the bags and pizza box standing at the front door.

Clive drops a pillow onto his lap and moves to the packages. He places the pizza box onto the cushion and shuffles back to Barry.

Clive opens the box and steam flows out. Barry looks up, mid-chew. Clive pulls a slice of pizza from its constituent whole. Hangs it before his face. Slowly, so slowly, Clive leans towards it. Like a kiss. A first kiss.

Clive bites the pizza. He savours the sensation. Its heat. Its flavours. The feeling of the morsel moving around within his mouth. Barry resumes his meal. Clive bites at the pizza again, and again.

Clive smiles at Barry. And Barry smiles back at him.

53 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

53

Clive heads towards the bedroom.

CLIVE  
Night, Barry.

Clive turns and sees Barry lying under the table, watching after Clive longingly. Clive continues to the bedroom, opens the door. He stops. Turns his head around.

54 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

54

Clive and Barry both sleep soundly, in Clive's bed.

55 INT. SUBURBAN HOME. KITCHEN. DAY. \*\*FLASHBACK\*\*

55

YOUNG CLIVE (4) sits alone at a kitchen table. His bare legs swing through the air, over the end of the chair.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
My legs dangle. Light. Free.

His toes reach downwards. We pan past them, to the floor.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
When will I be tall enough? When  
will I finally reach the ground?

Clive's feet slide into frame. They are bigger, the legs longer. They stretch down...the toes reach the ground.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
It happens. But I feel only  
sadness. Because, now, I know.

The feet flatten on the floor.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
The lightness has gone forever.



56 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MORNING. 56

Clive awakes, alone in bed. He wears only his jocks.  
Clive's stubble is thick.

CUT TO:

Clive urinates into a pot in the corner of the room.  
Several other full pots stand beside it. Clive is dirty,  
dishevelled. You can almost see the stink on him.

57 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MORNING. 57

Clive enters from the bedroom.

CLIVE  
Barry?

Clive sees that Barry has made his way up furniture to  
reach a high window. Barry looks outside, full of wonder.

Barry turns to Clive, his eyes pleading. Clive's shoulders  
drop. He shakes his head.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
How about the ball instead?  
That's good exercise.

Barry's tail wags, hopefully.

58 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY. 58

Clive rummages through bags and suitcases.

CLIVE  
There's definitely one here.

Clive pulls the wardrobe doors open. Looks inside. Pauses.

Clive retrieves the ornate wooden box. He opens it and it  
produces its familiar squeak. Clive peeks inside...and  
closes the box.

He buries it at the back of the wardrobe.

59 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 59

Clive swigs from a bottle of Coke, puts it down beside him.  
He holds up a squash ball. Barry stares at Clive.

CLIVE  
Don't look at me, look at the  
ball.

Clive points the ball at Barry. Barry sniffs it.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Good. OK, ready?

Barry looks at Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Go...get it!

Clive tosses the ball past Barry. The ball bounces beyond. Barry doesn't react to it at all.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive tosses the ball. Barry keeps his eyes on Clive.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive throws the ball. Barry turns to watch it go. Clive cheers.

JUMP CUT TO:

Barry sleeps on the floor. The ball bounces past him.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive searches for the ball, tired. He's the one getting a workout. Clive spots the ball under the couch. He reaches towards it. Clive spots a dog turd nearby.

CLIVE  
Barry!

Clive turns and sees Barry sniffing the mouth of Clive's open Coke bottle.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Barry, no!

Startled, Barry flinches and knocks the bottle over. The drink pours out, all over the floor. Barry runs away. Clive looks at the turd, at the drink. Exasperated.

Growling sounds from the bedroom. Clive looks towards it.

60 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY.

60

Clive appears at the doorway to see Barry tugging on the bed's blanket. It's ripping.

CLIVE  
Hey! Stop that now!

Barry darts around the side of the bed.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Barry! Come back here!

Clive rounds the bed and sees Barry hunched in the corner.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I said, come here!

Barry turns his face away, rebelliously. Clive ignites.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Don't you disobey me!

Clive scampers to Barry. Clive looms over Barry, raises his hand. Barry braces himself against whatever is to come. Clive freezes. He stares at his hand in disgust. Clive pats Barry. Barry shrinks away from Clive, still on guard.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I'd never hurt you. It's OK. I'll  
never hurt you.

61 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

61

Barry stands in his litter box, his tail between his legs. Clive sits at the box's open door.

CLIVE  
(to himself)  
Why won't you use the box?

Clive and Barry face off.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
OK. So I'm Barry.

Clive drops down to Barry's level.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
And I need to piss. What do I do?

Clive crawls around on his stomach, looking for clues. Barry takes his opportunity and sneaks out of the box.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
It's not random. Something is  
telling me...where...to...go.

Clive finds an old turd and aging urine stains in the corner. He sees the same in a different corner. Clive looks up, around. These corners are safe. And discreet.

Clive looks back at the litter box. It's right in the middle of the room. Clive turns to Barry.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
So you lick your balls in front  
of me but you crap in private?

CUT TO:

Clive pushes the box into a quiet corner. Barry watches from afar, nonplussed.

62 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. AFTERNOON.

62

Heavy rain. Several bar heaters are alight.

Clive lies on the floor on his back, topless. Raindrops pelt the skylight above him. Barry sits at his window, watching the rain splash against it.

CLIVE

I could do anything. Surf 10 foot waves. Ski triple black runs. Bench 250 pounds. I hiked the fucking Kokoda trail, Barry!

Barry turns around to Clive.

Clive's sorrow is endless.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I could do anything...anything...

TIME LAPSE TO:

63 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

63

Day has become night. Clive still stares up at the skylight, swimming in memories. Barry lies on the couch.

CLIVE (V.O.)

(whispers)

...anything...anything...

The skylight's glass has become reflective, by night. It mirrors Clive, producing an image of him that ends at his waist. Clive is mesmerised by the sight.

CUT TO:

[POINT OF VIEW] Susie's face appears above us, on top of us. She laughs. We grip her and roll into a wrestle.

64 INT. MODERN APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. \*\*FLASHBACK\*\*

64

Clive and Susie complete the roll, in bed, within a swanky bedroom. They wear only their underwear. Clive has legs.

CUT TO:

Clive and Susie sleep together, a pair of spoons.

CUT TO:

Clive and Susie dance, elegantly. Susie folds into Clive, then twirls away. He lets her go...

65 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATE NIGHT. 65

TV ONSCREEN: a woman spins. Her dancing partner reaches out for her and she returns to him. They melt into each other, become part of the same being.

Clive lies atop cushions spread across the floor. He watches the silent TV, downhearted, his stumps silhouetted against the bright screen. Against the dancing couple.

A muted trickle. Clive turns tiredly towards it and sees Barry, squatting in his puppy toilet.

Clive, finally, allows himself to smile.

66 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY. 66

A home in absolute decay. Dirty plates and bowls cover the floor. Rubbish is everywhere. A sound pattern repeats: ball bouncing, paws trotting, paws scraping, ball bouncing...

67 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY. 67

Pots full of human excrement are scattered, clothes are strewn. The ball/scurry sound pattern continues.

68 INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. DAY. 68

The bathroom looks abandoned, coated by a film of filth.

69 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. / APARTMENT HALLWAY. DAY. 69

Clive wears a light beard, jocks, and nothing else. Clive eats cereal as he throws a tennis ball to Barry who chases after it, catches it masterfully, and returns it to Clive.

Most of Barry's puppy fat has gone. He's obsessed with this game. He pants, but nothing will stop him playing on.

Clive admires Barry's movement. His four legs, working in unison. His youth. His potential.

The buzzer sounds.

Clive and Barry both zip to the door. Clive picks up the tongs left beside it, uses them to press the intercom button. Barry dives onto Clive's lap. He looks up at Clive, adoringly. Clive burrows his nose into Barry's fur.

Footsteps sound down the hall. A 'usual' knock at the door.

STEFAN (O.S.)  
(girly voice)  
Housekeeping.

Clive smiles, plays along.

CLIVE  
Can't you read the sign? It says  
'Do Not Disturb'!

STEFAN (O.S.)  
But sir, I've come all this way!  
And in my rush I forgot to put on  
any underwear!

Clive laughs. Stefan grins at the sound of it - he likes this guy.

CLIVE  
What do I owe you?

STEFAN (O.S.)  
Hundred and nineteen.

Clive looks in his wallet. There's not much cash in there.

CLIVE  
Can we do plastic?

STEFAN  
Sure, no problem.

Clive passes a credit card to Stefan under the door.

STEFAN (O.S.)  
I just gotta sight ya. Open up  
and we'll get sorted.

Clive's eyes boggle.

CLIVE  
Ahh...can't we just...

STEFAN (O.S.)  
It's procedure, my man. You could  
be any fricken body.

CLIVE  
But you know me. Clive Matthews.

STEFAN  
Yeah. I'm Stefan and my mama's  
Frida. But I still gotta put my  
eyes on you and your ID, bro.

Clive is distressed.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
(low voice)  
There's nothin' you are that I  
ain't seen before. I promise you.

Barry looks up at Clive, confident.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Just keep your leathers and  
chains on and open the damn door!

Clive toughens. He grips Barry close, edges the door open.

Clive looks up. He sees Stefan but it takes Stefan a moment to find Clive, down on the floor. It's a quaint sight - Clive sitting with Barry on his lap. It's not obvious that Clive doesn't have any legs.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Hey, there y'all are!

Stefan smiles at Clive and Barry kindly. Barry leaps off Clive and flies out the door.

CLIVE  
Barry!

Clive clambers after Barry, tumbling over in the process. Stefan takes off after Barry.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Barry! Stay!

Barry triggers and comes to a grinding, obedient halt. Stefan swoops him up.

STEFAN  
(to Barry)  
Where you runnin' to so fast?

Stefan heads back to the apartment, carrying Barry. Clive is splayed on his stomach in the hall, his double amputation now very apparent. Stefan is jolted by the sight.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

Clive wriggles himself back up to sitting.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Shit, lemme help you, man...

CLIVE  
I'm fine!

Stefan backs off.

STEFAN

Alright then. I'll just drop the bags and the furry dude inside.

Clive has no chance to argue. Holding Barry, Stefan picks up the groceries and thuds past Clive, into the apartment. Clive follows him.

CLIVE

Wait! Stop!

STEFAN

Woaw! Somebody die in here?

Stefan screws his nose up dramatically. Clive chases after Stefan, humiliated. He thrusts his credit card up towards Stefan's back.

CLIVE

Here! Take the card.

Stefan doesn't. He puts Barry and the bags down and roams around the apartment, enthralled.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Hey! Don't go in there!

Stefan tours through the kitchen, bedroom. Everywhere.

STEFAN (O.S.)

Man, that's disgusting!

CLIVE

You're breaching my privacy!

Stefan returns.

STEFAN

Y'all can't live like this! This is some seriously fucked up shit.

CLIVE

Take the card!

Stefan fumes. He reluctantly takes Clive's credit card from him. They complete the transaction in silence.

STEFAN

I should call the RSPCA on you.

CLIVE

Just get the fuck out of here.

Stefan towers over Clive.

STEFAN

You gonna make me, sport?



Stefan suddenly seems a menacing presence. Clive quiets, realising his vulnerability.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
If you wanna kick me out, then go ahead and do it with whatever feet you got left. 'Cause all your pissin' and shittin' all over the place won't do nothin'!

Barry barks a feeble young bark at Stefan, full of spirit.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
That's right, pup! Fight! Protect your tiny ass against the world!

Clive burns. Barry barks on and on.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
I'm goin'.

Stefan struts flamboyantly to the front door, his burly frame a curious counterpoint to his effeminate manner.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
And I'm not coming back 'til you got this place all cleaned up!

Stefan leaves. As soon as the door's closed, Clive erupts.

CLIVE  
You faggot!! Fucking faggot gay fucking prick bastard!!!

Clive slams his fists against the door, against the floorboards, screams. Barry barks at the door.

Clive smacks himself. His body. He pounds his stumps over and over.

CUT TO:

Clive exerts his vengeance on the apartment. He tips over toilet pots. Rips up papers. Smashes plates. Barry's metronomic barks punctuate the strikes of Clive's violence.

70 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MORNING.

70

Clive sits still, in the middle of the room. Barry sleeps on the couch. Clive takes a slow look around at the apartment, at the destruction he caused. Ashamed.

71 INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. DAY.

71

Solemn, Clive empties toilet pots into the toilet bowl.

- 72 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY. 72
- Clive stacks dirty dishes.
- 73 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 73
- Clive tips bits of broken crockery into a rubbish bag. He spies a note amongst the rubble. Picks it up. Susie's handwriting and doodles are scrawled on it. Clive traces a finger across the pen marks. A caress.
- Clive drops the note into a rubbish bag.
- 74 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 74
- Clive lugs a blanket, loaded with rubbish, across the room. Barry dives on top. Clive tries to shoo him off but Barry won't be moved.
- Clive pulls Barry along with the load.
- 75 INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 75
- Clive leans into the shower, washing plates and cutlery in the stream. Something captures Clive's attention. He turns the water off. It leaves a constant drip.
- Clive puts down the plate he was holding. He leans low, inspects a tiny insect that has been splashed by water. The insect battles courageously for life, struggling against the pull of water beads around him.
- Clive grabs a box of tissues nearby, rushes to the insect. It has nearly been consumed by a water drop. Clive touches a tissue to the water around the insect, soaking it up. The insect is freed. But it doesn't move.
- CLIVE  
Come on. You're OK.
- The insect shakes. Clive is jubilant. He places a dry tissue before the insect. The insect crawls onto it.
- Clive carries the tissue holding the insect to the other side of the bathroom, lays it down. Safe.
- 76 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY. 76
- Clive sorts through boxes and suitcases, forms piles of clothes. Mischievous growls sound behind Clive. Clive turns to see Barry rolling on his back among socks and ties.
- CLIVE  
Leave that, Barry.

But Clive isn't committed to the command and Barry knows it. He continues his frolic.

Clive grabs the end of a tie hanging from Barry's mouth and tugs on it lightly. Barry flips upright, dives back on his haunches. Clive drops down onto his stomach. Barry growls. Clive growls back. Both are thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Clive lets the tie go and Barry shoots off to the main room with it in his mouth. Clive ponders.

77 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY.

77

Clive ties a necktie around a drawer handle. He pulls on the tie and the drawer opens easily.

CUT TO:

Barry yanks on the necktie, tied to the drawer handle. The drawer opens. Clive celebrates, hugs Barry.

78 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

78

A tie in his mouth, Barry drags a package attached to the tie across the room to Clive. Clive gives Barry a treat.

79 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM / MAIN ROOM. DAY.

79

Clive sits against the far bedroom wall. He throws a ball out of the room, to the front door. We follow the ball and see that the whole apartment is spick and span.

Barry sprints after the ball, slows, catches it in his mouth with aplomb. He brings the ball to Clive, proud of himself.

CLIVE

Now grab the phone for me?

Barry drops the ball, jogs off. Clive digs around in his pocket for a treat. Scraping sounds beyond. Barry returns with the phone, pulling it via a necktie tied to it.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Barry noses around within Clive's hand for his treat as Clive makes a call. Clive tosses the ball. Barry chases it.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hey. Lemme speak to Stefan.

80 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

80

Clive opens the front door, holding Barry. Stefan is on the other side, an eyebrow arched. Barry's tail wags happily.

81 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

81

Clive, Barry and Stefan sit together on the floor, all eating dinner. Stefan surveys the newly-tidied environs.

STEFAN

Not a bad place you got here.

Stefan inhales, theatrically.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

And fresh as a daisy!

CLIVE

I did it for you, not me.

STEFAN

What, you like living in your own  
shit?

Clive nonchalantly swigs from a can of drink, not giving anything away. Stefan munches his meal. He notices the wheelchair in the corner of the room.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Now there's a nice ride.

CLIVE

It's yours if you want it. I  
don't use it.

STEFAN

Why not?

Clive fidgets with the drink can. Stefan turns to Barry.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

(to Barry)

Why don't he use the chair?

Barry pants at Stefan.

CLIVE

Barry.

Barry plods over to Clive, half sits on him. Clive pulls Barry's meal towards them.

STEFAN

He's good with you, huh. Does  
whatever you say.

CLIVE  
He's helpless. What choice has he  
got?

Clive cuts a look through Stefan, emphasising his point.

STEFAN  
Come on, man...

CLIVE  
It's fine. I get how things are.  
You won. And it's fine. Really.

They all continue eating.

STEFAN  
So what happened to your legs?

Clive drops his fork. It clangs against his plate. Barry  
looks up.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Hey it's not everyday you meet a  
dude with no legs.

Clive eyes his food, suddenly not very hungry.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Well?

CLIVE  
What does it matter?

STEFAN  
Just curious, man. If it don't  
matter, then why not tell me?

Clive pats Barry's head.

CLIVE  
It was a Saturday morning. I was  
outside a shop, looking in the  
window. At bed sheets (laughs).  
How stupid, right? Fucking linen!

Clive stops laughing.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
A car drove off the road and into  
me. Could've happened to anyone.

STEFAN  
Man, I'm sorry.

CLIVE  
For the accident or for bringing  
it up?

STEFAN

It don't need bringing up. It's  
right there on you. Plain as day.

Clive pushes his food aside.

CLIVE

Well this has been fun.

STEFAN

So how do you...do shit?

Clive looks at Stefan blankly.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Like, out in the world?

CLIVE

You do that for me.

STEFAN

That's it? That's all you got?

Clive pats Barry.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

You got no family?

Clive shakes his head.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

No friends?

CLIVE

There's no one.

STEFAN

Except him, right? You got him.

Stefan gestures to Barry. Clive smiles at Barry.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

What happened to the other guy?

Clive turns to Stefan, questioningly.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

The fucker who drove his wheels  
into your legs?

Clive looks back to Barry.

CLIVE

He died. Right in front of me.

82

INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

82

Clive sees Stefan out. Stefan scans a shopping list.

STEFAN  
Anything else?

CLIVE  
Yeah, actually.

Stefan turns around. Clive is sheepish.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
You think you could, maybe, one day, take Barry to the park? I'll pay you whatever you want. He's never been outside. Ever. And...

STEFAN  
Man, I would love to do that. For both of you.

Clive smiles, appreciative.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
But I won't.

Clive's smile fades.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
You will.

Clive is flabbergasted.

CLIVE  
And how the hell am I supposed to do that?

STEFAN  
Just open the door and go.

Clive looks down at his stumps.

CLIVE  
What, like this?

STEFAN  
In that goddamn chair, fool!

CLIVE  
That's not what I mean.

STEFAN  
What do you mean?

CLIVE  
You expect me to go out, in public, like this?

Stefan shrugs, innocently. Clive scoffs.

STEFAN  
What's your damn problem?

CLIVE  
Isn't it fucking obvious?

STEFAN  
Nope.

Clive shakes his head in disbelief. Stefan persists.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Why do you refuse to be a person?

CLIVE  
Because I am not a person!

Stefan is appalled at this concept, this attitude. He shoves Clive's chest. Clive pitches backwards.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?!

STEFAN  
Well you're a weak fucking person, that's for damn sure.

Clive sits up, rattled. Stefan pushes him again and Clive falls back.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
See?

CLIVE  
Stop it!

STEFAN  
Look at those puny motherfuckin' arms! You're skinnier than a supermodel!

CLIVE  
There's nothing wrong with my arms! I'm fucking strong, OK?

STEFAN  
Really?

CLIVE  
I can do thirty chins a minute!

STEFAN  
Not with them chopsticks.



CLIVE  
I could bench 250 pounds if I  
wanted to!

STEFAN  
Well why wouldn't you want to?

Clive looks away, exposed.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Why won't you be a person?

Clive's lips tighten into a fine line.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
You lock yourself away, surround  
yourself with poop. You won't  
smile. Won't do or feel a damn  
thing!

Clive endures the onslaught.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
So please, tell me. What. Is.  
Your. Damn. Problem?

CLIVE  
I've got no legs!!!

STEFAN  
WHO GIVES A SHIT?!

Clive blinks at Stefan. The apartment descends into a sudden,  
significant silence. Stefan sighs, shakes his head.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Man, if that's all you got, then  
you really are one lucky fucker.

CLIVE  
Yeah? How's that?

Stefan bends down, leans in close to Clive's face.

STEFAN  
'Cause you don't need legs to  
fly.

Clive's breath holds. Stefan takes a long look at Clive. He  
stands up straight, leaves through the front door.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
See you Monday, punk.

Stefan closes the door behind him. Clive can't move. He  
stares at the door, Stefan's words hanging in the air.

83

INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

83

Barry sits at his window, looking out. Scraping sounds from behind him. Barry turns to see Clive pulling the wheelchair out from the corner, its locked wheels grinding against the floor. Clive scoots behind the chair and pushes it towards Barry. Barry sees the chair arrive beside him.

CLIVE  
(muttering)  
Fucking supermodel arms...

Clive strips the chair of its blankets. He looks up at the chair's seat. It seems very high up.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
That prick doesn't know what he's  
on about. Does he, Barry?

Barry pants, his interest piqued.

Clive reaches up to the chair's arms, pulls mightily...and barely lifts off the floor. He drops down. Barry's mouth closes.

Clive looks at Barry, in utter disbelief. Clive stares back at the chair. It seems an unlikely opponent.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I can bench 250, for fuck's sake.

Clive directs all his power towards hoisting himself up, but still only manages to lift a few inches. Clive drops.

Clive glowers at the chair, resentfully. He seizes its arms and hurls it to one side. The chair topples over. Barry runs away.

84

INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

84

Clive takes the ornate wooden box out from the wardrobe, puts it on the floor. Clive fingers the box's corners. He opens the box, turns it over...and hundreds of loose photographs pour out. A mountain of images forms.

Clive plucks a photo at random: Clive, standing at the centre of an admiring group. The image torments Clive, but he wills himself on. He tosses the photo aside, sifts through the pile.

Images flash by. Clive with family members, friends. Clive as a child. Clive's graduation.

Clive pauses on one photo: Clive, wearing bathers at the beach. His body is cut and muscular.

Clive takes off his t-shirt. He looks down at his body. At his arms. His chest. Tummy. Clive sees himself. He is scrawny. And very, very dirty.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive pins the BEACH PHOTO to the wall.

85

INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

85

The shower runs. Clive sits outside it, naked. He stares at his stumps, wrapped in protective compression bandages. They are even filthier than he is.

Clive manoeuvres himself over the lip of the shower. He inches himself towards the stream.

The water crashes down onto Clive. He gasps from the sensation. Clive drops his head, lets the water thrash against his neck. From above, Clive looks like an able-bodied man, sitting cross-legged.

Clive opens his eyes. His bandages are getting soaked. Clive unwraps them, ring by ring. Bits of grit and flakes of skin are progressively released, mix with falling water.

CUT TO:

Clive throws his hips up, bringing his naked stumps into his view for the first time. He runs his hands along them, across their stitched seams. He pokes and prods, flexes and massages.

Clive lets his stumps go and they slap against the puddle of water collecting at the bottom of the shower.

Then, without warning, Clive dry retches. Violently.

Barry appears at the doorway, called by the noise. On seeing running water, Barry steps backwards, fearfully.

CLIVE

It's OK.

But Barry isn't sure. Clive reaches out to him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Come on. You'll like it.

Barry approaches Clive, reluctantly obedient. He sniffs Clive's wet hand, licks it.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

There you go.

Clive wets his hand under the water's stream and pats Barry with it, moistening Barry's head. Barry recoils, but keeps his trusting eyes on Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
It's OK. Come on.

Barry steps to Clive, apprehensively. Clive picks Barry up, brings him into the shower. Clive holds Barry away from the stream. He wets him, one handful of water at a time.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Nice, isn't it?

Clive puts Barry down. The stream's outer sprays spit on Barry and his body shakes involuntarily.

86 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 86

Clive towel dries Barry. Uncomfortable, Barry waits for it to be over. Clive releases Barry and he sprints away.

Clive eyes Barry's trail of wet paw prints left on the floorboards. Clive reaches out to them.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
Walk to me. You can do it.

Clive's finger touches a paw prints.

87 INT. SUBURBAN HOME. LIVING ROOM. DAY. \*\*FLASHBACK\*\* 87

A typical 1970s family home. Holding adult hands, INFANT CLIVE (1) is helped up to standing. His pudgy legs shake.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
(whispers)  
You can do it, Clive. Step. Step.

Infant Clive places an unsteady foot forward. His fingers squeeze the stabilising hand. He takes another step.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
That's it. One foot in front of  
the other.

The adult hand pulls away. Infant Clive's hand hangs in the air.

88 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY. 88

Clive grabs a full drink bottle from the fridge. Retrieves tins of food from the pantry.

- 89 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 89
- The cans and drink bottle are lined up on the floor. Clive connects a small stereo to power. Barry watches on.
- Clive picks up the iPod, connected to the stereo, scrolls through the options. Barry eyes Clive, quizzically. Clive enters a selection. Waits.
- Led Zeppelin thunders through the speakers. Clive smiles.
- 90 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 90
- Music blares, the song throbbing with life.
- Clive performs bicep curls, holding the drink bottle. He watches his muscles twitch, his veins engorge with blood.
- Clive performs shoulder flies holding two tins of food.
- Clive lowers down into a push-up, but struggles to push himself back up.
- Clive shoulder presses a hefty phone book.
- 91 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. AFTERNOON. 91
- The music stops. Clive guzzles a bottle of water. It's so refreshing. Clive gasps. He's tingling all over.
- 92 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 92
- Clive struggles through sit-ups, unstable. Barry sits beside him. He barks each time Clive reaches the top.
- 93 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MORNING. 93
- The room is empty, and very tidy. The regular rhythm of Barry's barking and pausing rings out from the main room.
- 94 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. LATE AFTERNOON. 94
- The kitchen is empty. Barry's barking/pausing sounds through the space. The pitch of his bark has deepened.
- 95 INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. DAY. 95
- The empty bathroom is clean. Barking and pausing.

96 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

96

Rain tinkles the skylight. Barry snoozes on the couch. He has grown considerably.

Clive expertly powers through dozens of sit-ups. His torso is bare and his beard is thick. T-shirts are tied around Clive's wrists and palms, serving as supportive 'pads'.

Clive flips over onto his front and into push-ups. His arms are chunky, strong. Clive grunts, pushing himself on.

Clive collapses. He rests, lying on his stomach. Clive stares at the wheelchair. It lies on its side where Clive left it, several weeks earlier.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive restores the wheelchair to its upright position.

97 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

97

Clive looks over the bedroom wall as he unwraps his 'pads', massages his palms. A cluster of photos has been pinned up.

Thunder rumbles.

Clive scrutinises the Beach Photo. He compares his body then to his current self. He is now almost as muscular as he once was.

Clive scans the photos. He leans towards an image of a smiling Susie. His nose almost touches it.

CLIVE (V.O.)

Perfect.

Clive closes his eyes.

98 MONTAGE. INT. MODERN APARTMENT. NIGHT. [MUTE] \*\*FLASHBACK\*\* 98

A standing POV of Susie.

CLIVE (V.O.)

Perfect.

The thunder grumbles louder. Barry whines.

Clive cuddles Susie as she cooks.

CLIVE (V.O.)

Perfect.

Clive and Susie lie on a couch, their legs linked.

Thunder claps. Barry barks.

99 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 99  
Clive opens his eyes, Barry's bark shattering his reverie.

100 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER. 100  
Clive looks around but can't see Barry anywhere.

CLIVE  
Barry?

Thunder cracks. Clive ducks, automatically. The storm is so close it feels like it's in the room.

Barry barks. Clive finds him, under the table. Terrified.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
There you are. It's OK. It's just a storm. We're safe in here.

Clive leans towards Barry. Barry backs away from him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Hey, what is it?

Barry won't look at Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Come on, Barry. Come out from there. It's just a bit of thunder.

Clive dives a hand under the table. Barry emits a warning growl. Clive pulls his hand back.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

Barry's growl continues. Low, but insistent. His cheeks puff out and deflate. Puff out, and deflate.

Thunder cracks again. Barry barks wildly, teeth bared.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Hey that's not on! Get out from there, now!

Clive rattles the table. Barry's growl, and his desperation, deepen.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I said, get out!

Clive thrusts both arms under the table towards Barry. Barry bites Clive in a whirl of snarls and snaps.

Clive reels backwards. Shocked. Devastated.

His trance broken, Barry rockets out from under the table. Clive scrambles to get away from him. Barry jumps onto Clive, playfully, apologetically. Clive relaxes.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Why'd you do that to me? I was  
trying to help you.

Barry whimpers. He cuddles into Clive.

Clive looks at his hands. Blood seeps out from several puncture wounds. Clive gazes at the viscous red fluid pooling on his skin.

The lights, all the power, turn off. Clive sits up, looks around, skittishly. He breathes fast and shallow.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Don't be scared. We're OK.

Clive pats Barry, reassuringly. He closes his eyes, listens to the storm raging. It's savage. Alive. And soon, Clive's breath settles. He is soothed.

101 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

101

The morning sun lights the room. Bird song can just be heard. It is unmistakably Spring.

Barry is curled up in bed at the end of Clive, in the space where Clive's legs would otherwise be.

Clive lies, awake. He investigates the scars on his hands that mark where Barry bit him. He examines his knuckles. The lines crisscrossing his palms. Clive forms a fist, opens it. Sees his blood come to the surface.

Soft orchestral music plays, in the main room.

Clive bends and extends his fingers. Touches them together. Slides them against each other. His hands move into a kind of dance, their shapes and shifting dynamic expressing evocative emotions. They are cheeky, they argue and fight, they apologise. An entire universe exists here, between only these two hands. And Clive is fascinated.

We travel past Clive, out through the open bedroom door...

102 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

102

...to the main room, day becoming night...to find Clive, lying on his back, topless. The music continues, now in full force. It's sublime.

Clive works through a regime of core exercises. He brings his hips up high, lowers them down.



Swings his stumps from side to side. Turns onto his front and pushes up, raising his body into the air.

Barry watches Clive, from his windowsill. But Clive is somewhere else. He mouths the music's melody, his body's movements unconsciously flowing in sympathy to it.

Clive hugs himself into a tight ball. He rocks forward and back, forward and back, gaining momentum...

103 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

103

...Clive launches himself upwards. The music has stopped.

Clive's hands squeeze the wheelchair's arms, his body hanging in mid-air. Clive frowns at the chair's seat. How does he get onto it from here?

Clive drops to the floor. He lands beside Barry.

CLIVE

That was pretty good, hey?

Clive's optimism is contrived. He wipes his brow, preps, sets, grabs the chair's arms, and pulls up...but again his body hangs in space. Clive lowers himself. Slumps.

Barry soars through the air from behind Clive and lands on the chair's seat. The chair lurches, then accepts Barry's weight. Barry turns around in a circle, lies down. Clive just blinks at him.

104 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM / BEDROOM. DAY.

104

Bread crumbs on the coffee table. A crack in a floor board. Dust sailing through the air. Dried rain drops on the window. Time. Slow.

The apartment looks different. Imaginative flourishes are peppered throughout; jars filled with colourful scraps, pillows piled to form abstract structures, magazines stacked into pyramids. There is cosiness, care and creativity now in this home.

Barry sleeps on the couch. Clive sits facing a white wall, pencil in hand, mid-sketch. He looks over to Barry, in reference. Clive's drawing is the beginnings of an outline of Barry's likeness.

CUT TO:

Clive sits facing the couch, examining a sedate Barry. Clive gently lifts one of Barry's legs, scrutinises it. Clive lightly brushes his forefinger against the hairs between Barry's pads. Barry's leg twitches. Clive smiles, experiencing the tickle with him.

Barry suddenly flips upright, pricks his ears up. Clive straightens, assumes a similar body language. They both listen, but Clive can't hear anything.

CLIVE  
(whispers)  
What is it?

His suspicion confirmed, Barry dives off the couch and races to the door, barking. Clive rolls his eyes.

A knock at the front door. Clive jumps. He creeps to the door. The knock, again. It has an unfamiliar rhythm.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

STEFAN (O.S.)  
The tooth fairy.

Clive is relieved to hear Stefan's voice.

CLIVE  
How'd you get up here?

STEFAN  
I flew. Fairies can do that, you know.

Clive smiles.

STEFAN (O.S.)  
So am I coming in or should I go  
get us some walkie talkies?

Clive looks around at the apartment, at himself.

CLIVE  
Just one sec.

Clive swings at pace to the bedroom.

105 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

105

Clive rummages through his clothes.

CLIVE  
Coming!

Clive takes off his t-shirt and pulls on a singlet. It shows off his muscles nicely. He pumps his arms.

106 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

106

Clive opens the front door. Stefan enters carrying bags, a satchel.

STEFAN  
 Hey fuzzy! Uncle Stefan brought  
 you a present!

Stefan hands Barry a dog toy. Barry takes it in his mouth  
 and it squeaks. Barry carries the treasure away, chuffed.

CLIVE  
 I didn't recognise your knock.

Clive sits up purposefully, keen for Stefan to notice his  
 physique. But Stefan continues inside, straight past Clive.

STEFAN  
 'Cause I'm here as a civilian.  
 It's OK, yeah? Havin' a visitor?

CLIVE  
 'Course.

Squeaks sound intermittently from Barry's toy. Stefan drops  
 his satchel on the coffee table, strides to the bathroom.

STEFAN  
 Can I use the bathroom?

CLIVE  
 Sure. It's just through...

Stefan disappears, having already found it. Clive turns to  
 Barry, sees him gnawing on his new toy.

STEFAN  
 Can you look up Yellas Vodka Bar  
 for me? My Mac's on the table.

Clive sees the edge of a MacBook within Stefan's satchel.

107 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

107

Clive sits on the floor outside the bathroom, its door  
 ajar. He opens the laptop's lid. Looks at its black screen.

STEFAN  
 You know how to use it, right?

CLIVE  
 Yeah. I know how to use it.

Clive turns the computer on.

STEFAN  
 Why don't you keep it for a  
 while? It's my old one anyway...

CLIVE  
 Nah, it's OK.

Clive peeks inside the bathroom through the door's gap. He sees Stefan leaning close to his own mirrored reflection.

STEFAN  
I insist. It's a window to the  
world, my brother.

Stefan glimpses Clive out of the corner of his eye.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Don't be shy! Come on in!

CLIVE  
I was just...

Stefan pulls opens the door, wide. Clive sees that Stefan's face is partly 'made up' like a woman's. Clive is stunned.

STEFAN  
What, never seen a dude in drag  
before?

Clive shakes his head, dumbly. Stefan smiles broadly.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Well then you're in for a real  
treat.

108 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATER.

108

Clive and Barry sit beside each other, a waiting audience.

STEFAN (O.S.)  
Are y'all ready?

CLIVE  
Yeah.

STEFAN  
I said, are y'all ready?!

CLIVE  
Yeah!!!

Stefan glides into the room. He wears thick make up and a glamorous diva's outfit. The combination of man and woman is bizarre, and exquisite. In his singlet, Clive seems a very traditional male by comparison.

STEFAN  
Stefan becomes...Stephanie!

Stefan awaits Clive's praise. Clive is awestruck.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
In a few short hours a sweaty  
crowd will be chanting my name.

CLIVE  
But...why?

STEFAN  
Because I'm gorgeous!

CLIVE  
No, why are you doing this?

STEFAN  
'Cause it's who I am, sweetie.

CLIVE  
(incredulous)  
A woman?

STEFAN  
Yeah. On the inside. And once I finish the program and they let me get the chopedy chop, I will be a she on the outside as well.

Stefan clutches his crotch.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
I can't wait, man. This dingle dangler makes me crazy.

Clive is perplexed.

CLIVE  
But you look like a guy?

STEFAN  
I know! I been having shots for months and got nothin' for it except sore motherfuckin' nips!

Stefan strokes a nipple. He notices Clive's discomfort.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
What is it, honey cake?

CLIVE  
Nothing.

STEFAN  
It's OK if you think I'm sexy. It don't make you a fag or nothin'.

Clive laughs, shakes his head. Stefan sits beside him.

CLIVE  
It's....I can't even use mine and you're chopping yours off..?

STEFAN  
What happened to your peenie?  
They bust that off you too?

CLIVE  
No, it's still there.

STEFAN  
Well does it work or don't it?

CLIVE  
I don't know.

STEFAN  
You don't know?!

Clive lowers his eyes, shyly.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Shit! You gotta see if that  
monkey can swing, bro!

A realisation rushes at Clive.

CLIVE  
Hey, look...

Stefan laughs at Clive.

STEFAN  
I mean, on your lonesome! I know  
you're straight. And don't be  
worrying, you ain't my type.

Stefan ruffles Clive's hair. Clive smiles. Stefan gets up.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Even with those hot new muscles  
of yours. Damn, boy!

Stefan throws Clive a flirtatious look as he swans to the  
bathroom. Clive looks at his arms, proudly.

109 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATER.

109

Clive sees Stefan out.

CLIVE  
Thanks for visiting.

Stefan leans down and kisses Clive's forehead. Clive  
doesn't move. Stefan smiles at Clive, leaves.

A lipstick shape is stamped on Clive's forehead.

110 INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. LATER.

110

A hand fumbles around within the sink. Clive reaches up high, finds what he was looking for – Stefan's lipstick. Clive twirls it up and down. It's red.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive touches the lipstick to his groin and runs it along one of his stumps until it falls over its end.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive brings a stump up to his eyeline. Smooth new skin covers the amputation wound. Clive traces the lipstick along it. It looks like blood is gushing out from it.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive paints a heart on his left breast.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive writes C-L-I-V-E across his upper chest.

JUMP CUT TO:

Clive, his body tattooed with squiggles, draws lipstick across the fleshy pouch joining his thumb and forefinger. He squeezes them together, forming a pair of lipstick lips.

Clive switches off the bathroom light. Only a soft glow sneaks in from the main room. Clive brings the red 'lips' towards his. Clive closes his eyes, presses his mouth against them. A loving kiss. Clive's hand moves responsively. The kiss feels entirely real.

111 INT. MODERN APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. \*\*FLASHBACK\*\*

111

A kiss of passion and knowing.

Clive and Susie kiss hungrily. They drop onto a huge bed. Clive and Susie make love. Skin. Heat. Passion. Susie's eyes look into Clive's. Their bodies lock. Susie smiles.

112 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM / MODERN APARTMENT. NIGHT.

112

Clive lies in bed in the dark. He works on himself, his face smeared with lipstick. Clive moans.

Barry appears at the door, responding to the call.

CLIVE  
Not now, Barry.

Barry leaves.

Clive's action quickens. Images flash to him. Of Susie. Of him. The pair of them moving together. The images flash faster, repeat, become more abstract, repeat.

Clive climaxes. In the past, and now.

Clive turns, looks beside him. But he is alone. Clive squeezes his eyes shut. Rejecting this place. This life.

Fury builds within Clive. His eyes fly open.

113

INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

113

Clive storms out of the bedroom. Barry looks up from the couch. Clive leers at the wheelchair in the corner of the room, metallic and angular within shadows. Clive powers towards the chair, his eyes narrow with intent.

Clive unleashes a primal scream as he launches himself at the chair using significant, inspired force. Clive takes flight. But, its wheels unsecured, Clive's velocity tips the chair over. They both crash down spectacularly.

CUT TO:

Clive and the wheelchair lie in a jumble of machine and body. Both seem broken.

Clive's head rests on the floor. Barry arrives at Clive's face. He traces his nose along Clive's eyes, his nose, mouth, along his body. He whimpers, worried.

Clive sees liquid splashed on the floorboards before his eyes. He touches it, looks at his fingers. They are wet with his blood. Clive stares at it. At the damage he made.

114

INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

114

MACBOOK ONSCREEN: a blank Google search page.

Clive sits, staring at Stefan's laptop's screen. Barry lies with his head on Clive's lap. Clive types.

MACBOOK ONSCREEN: "double leg amputee wheelchair".

Clive hits the ENTER key.

MACBOOK ONSCREEN: thousands of hits. "Day in the life of a DAK". "getting into THAT wheelchair" "How a double amputee gets around".

Clive's mouth drops open.



115 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

115

Clive and Barry sit side-by-side, gaping at the wheelchair.

Clive reaches half-way up the chair. In control, Clive slowly raises himself. He adjusts his weight, twists...and plops onto the chair's seat.

Clive yelps, elated. Barry barks. Clive taps his lap and Barry jumps up onto it. Clive unlocks the chair's wheels. Looks around the room.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
So this is what the place looks  
like, huh?

Clive rolls them to Barry's window. Barry looks out. Clive sees a never ending sky of brilliant blue. Clouds of a thousand shapes. Buildings in the distance. Parks nearby.

Birds soar past the window. Free.

116 MONTAGE. INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. VARIOUS DAYS.

116

MACBOOK ONSCREEN: a young DAK talks to camera, showing the viewer how he negotiates everyday tasks.

Clive leans his weight on one arm, kicks his stumps out to the side. His arm quakes under the strain. Clive rocks back to the centre, repeats the movement.

Clive studies another video, imitates the DAK's style.

Clive 'walks' in a new technique, taking his weight on one arm and throwing his body forward, shifting his weight to the other side, and so on. It's a fluent motion.

Clive bounces up onto the couch. Down. Up again. Down again. He's having fun.

Clive bounds between couches and chairs, boxes and pillows, through his own makeshift gymnastics circuit.

117 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

117

Clive and Barry line up at one end of the room. Clive turns to Barry. Barry is chewing at the bit.

CLIVE  
Go!

They take off towards the front door.

[SLOW MOTION] Clive and Barry both 'run' as fast as they can. Clive's face is fixed in determination.

- 118 EXT. PARK. EARLY MORNING. [MUTE] \*\*ANOTHER TIME\*\* 118
- [SLOW MOTION] On Clive's face. The same look.
- Clive runs. The track is busy with joggers, but everyone else seems slower than Clive. Clive is unstoppable.
- 119 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. AFTERNOON. 119
- Clive swishes across the kitchen bench to the cutlery draw and then back again, preparing for the main game. He stops, rests. Takes in all the possibilities.
- Clive ignites the stove. The fire lights large. Clive waves his hand above the flame. Feels its power. Its potential.
- Sunlight pours in through the window behind Clive. Clive sees the shadow he casts on the kitchen floor. It's the shadow of a man, fully formed at the start, then disappearing into space.
- 120 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. 120
- Clive stuffs clothes, socks and underwear into a pair of tracksuit pants, filling them out. Clive pulls them on, moulds them into shape.
- Clive leans back, balancing on the couch's arm in an absurd angle. Clive cranes his neck to the side. He smiles.
- He sees that his shadow is now that of a whole man.
- 121 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. 121
- Barry sits at his window, looking out at the setting sun. Clive rolls up beside him. He wears his stuffed pants.
- Clive opens the window a crack. A rich soundscape sails inside. Birds squawking. Wind. The hum of traffic. The world. Not far away.
- Barry reacts to every sound. Awake to it. Delighting in it.
- CLIVE  
Should we go check out the  
neighbourhood?
- Barry snaps a look to Clive.
- 122 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER. 122
- Barry sits on Clive's lap. Clive rolls them to the front door. Clive stares at the door's handle.

CLIVE

Ready?

Barry yawns, trying to contain his excitement. Clive reaches out to the handle. Turns it. He opens the door.

123 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

123

Clive's apartment door opens. Clive wheels he and Barry out into the hallway. The hall is otherwise empty.

CLIVE

Stay, Barry. Stay.

Clive rolls them down the hallway. The chair's wheels rumble through the quiet. Clive sees a window at the end of the hall, a staircase leading down.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

You OK?

He is really asking the question of himself.

They reach the stairs. Clive sees an elevator on his left. The way out. Clive eyes the call button. He sweats...

And suddenly, Clive reverses. He turns the chair around and wheels back to the apartment at speed.

124 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

124

Clive rolls inside and swings the door shut. Barry jumps down from the chair.

CLIVE

That was fun, hey?

Barry is crushed. He walks away from Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

What's the big deal about  
outside, anyway? Everything you  
need is here. Food. Shelter. Me!

Barry lies down, his back to Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

(almost to himself)  
Why can't you be happy with that?

125 INT. APARTMENT. VARIOUS ROOMS. MOMENTS LATER.

125

Clive rolls through the apartment.

CLIVE  
I mean, look at this place. The  
deco features. Ample living  
space...

126 INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

126

Clive wheels inside.

CLIVE  
...renovated bathroom...

Clive stops abruptly. Stares. His mirrored reflection  
stares back at him.

Clive rolls to the mirror, agape. He pulls at his ragged  
hair, his beard. Assesses his teeth, tongue. Clive sits  
back in his seat. He could be a Neanderthal. Or a madman.

127 INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. LATER.

127

Clive glides sharp metal scissors through a chunk of his  
hair. He closes its jaws.

CUT TO:

Hair covers the ground around Clive's chair. Clive washes  
the remnants of shaving cream from his cheeks, dries his  
face. He touches his soft skin, wet hair. Assesses himself.

CLIVE  
Woof.

Clive looks good. And it pleases him.

128 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

128

Clive sits on the bench, ingredients and utensils spread  
around him. Barry sits on the floor, watching.

A pot of water boils, onions pan fry. Clive chops  
vegetables. The boiling water spatters. Clive stretches to  
reduce the flame and loses his balance, nearly falling off  
the bench. There's danger everywhere.

The buzzer rings.

CLIVE  
Finally!

Barry runs to the front door.

129

INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

129

Clive presses the intercom with a wooden spoon. He turns around, looks over the apartment. The coffee table is neatly set. A dinner for three.

Barry sniffs under the door, growls. A knock. It has an unusual rhythm but Clive opens the door without noticing.

CLIVE

About fucking time!

Clive quickly sees that his visitor is not Stefan, it's a GIRL (23). She's gorgeous and thin and wears short shorts. Her long legs are the only thing Clive can see.

Clive is mortified. He slams the door shut.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello? Is that...Clive?

The girl has an English accent. Clive pulls Barry close to him, both covering and protecting himself.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I have a delivery for Clive  
somebody? Is that you?

CLIVE

Where's Stefan?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

He couldn't make it. He sent me.

CLIVE

Just leave the bags at the door.  
Thanks.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I can't do that.

CLIVE

Why not?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I have to deliver them in person.

CLIVE

That's not the arrangement. If  
Stefan can't come, the other  
guys...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry, they're my instructions.  
You can call Stefan if you like?

CUT TO:

Clive sits, on the phone. Waiting.

CLIVE  
(on phone)  
Then I'll wait for him. Well when  
will he call me back? Hello?

Clive hangs up. Furious.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
I'll go. Maybe Stef can come  
tomorrow instead?

Clive returns to the front door. He thinks, stressed.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
What should I do?

Clive draws a deep breath, calms.

Clive opens the door, revealing LILA (20s). She smiles  
sunnily, holds up bags of groceries.

LILA  
Where's the kitchen?

Lila sneaks past Clive. Clive shuts the door.

CLIVE  
On your right.

Lila prances off. Her legs are even more impressive in full  
view. Both Clive and Barry eye them.

Barry canters after her.

130 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER.

130

Clive enters to see Lila unpacking the groceries. Barry  
loiters around her feet.

CLIVE  
I can do that.

Lila continues, unphased.

LILA  
It's fine.

CLIVE  
Really, I'll take it from here.

LILA  
It'll just take two seconds.

CLIVE  
Please! Just leave it!

Lila stops fast. Barry looks at Clive in surprise. Clive is contrite.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I'm not a charity, you know.

Lila squints at Clive.

LILA  
Why would you be?

She's genuine. Clive eases.

LILA (CONT'D)  
I'm Lila, by the way.

CLIVE  
Clive.

LILA  
Yeah, I know that.

They smile at each other. Lila turns to the stove.

LILA (CONT'D)  
What're you cooking? Smells amazing.

CLIVE  
Nothing much...

Lila notices the set coffee table out in the main room.

LILA  
Crap, I'm in the way, aren't I?

CLIVE  
No, you're fine...

LILA  
I'll get going.

Lila grabs her handbag, prepares to leave. But suddenly, Clive doesn't want her to go.

CLIVE  
You can stay. If you like.

Lila turns to Clive.

131 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

131

Clive drops steaks onto sizzling fry pans. Vegetables steam. Clive is in control.

A squeal from the main room. Clive turns to see Lila and Barry tussling on the floor. Clive smiles.

132 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

132

Barry and Lila sit at the coffee table. It's candlelit.

LILA  
How's it going in there?

CLIVE (O.S.)  
Ready.

Clive appears, towing a basket containing a bottle of wine and three dinner plates laden with steaks and veggies. Lila claps, delighted.

CUT TO:

The trio sit at the table. Clive cuts up one of the meals, slides the plate before Barry.

CLIVE  
Slow, Barry.

Barry eats. Slowly. Lila is charmed.

LILA  
You two always eat like this?

CLIVE  
Nah, it's a treat. First meal  
I've cooked in a long time.

Clive transfers one of his potatoes onto Barry's plate. Barry licks it up. Lila smiles, enjoying their bond.

LILA  
You're so good to him.

CLIVE  
I don't know about that.

LILA  
I've never seen a dog so spoiled!

CLIVE  
He's stuck in here all day, every  
day. It can't be much fun.

Lila sees Clive's sadness. She touches his arm. Clive raises his eyes to look into hers.

LILA  
You are good to him. Really.

Clive takes a sip of wine, dislodging Lila's hand in the process.

CLIVE  
So how do you know Stefan?



Clive eats his meal.

LILA  
We go way back. But most recently  
he's been using me for my body.

Clive laughs, nearly chokes. Barry looks at him.

LILA (CONT'D)  
Didn't Stefan tell you he's  
planning to transition?

CLIVE  
Yeah?

LILA  
Well guess whose body Stephanie  
is going to be based on?

She flings her arms out theatrically.

LILA (CONT'D)  
Some day Stefan will have my  
boobs! And all of the etceteras.

Clive's cheeks redden.

LILA (CONT'D)  
It's flattering, don't you think?

CLIVE  
And very generous of you.

Lila slips her cardigan off, exposing her shoulders. Clive  
can't help looking. She's stunning.

LILA (CONT'D)  
It's just my body.

Clive snorts lightly.

CLIVE  
Just your body?

Lila straightens.

LILA  
Yeah.

Clive drops his eyes, not really believing her. Lila takes  
Clive's hand.

LILA (CONT'D)  
(sincerely)  
It doesn't mean a thing.

Clive looks up and into Lila's eyes through the candlelight.  
She looks back at him, with understanding. And with desire.

Clive leans back, slips his hand out from under hers.

CLIVE  
Could you do me a huge favour and  
grab the salt from the kitchen?

Lila smiles, hiding the sting of Clive's rejection.

LILA  
Sure.

She gets up, sashays to the kitchen.

CLIVE  
It's just next to the sink.

Clive rubs his neck, troubled. Barry chews animatedly.

133 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATER.

133

Barry lazes on the couch. At the front door, Clive sees Lila out. She wears her cardigan, holds a handbag.

LILA  
Thanks so much for dinner.

Clive is distant.

CLIVE  
Thanks for bringing it over.

Lila waits for more. But there is nothing more.

LILA  
Bye, Barry!

Barry looks up. Lila leaves.

Clive closes the door and his contained rage is immediately released. It floods him. Clive tears across the room, grabs the phone. He punches in numbers, steaming.

134 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATE NIGHT.

134

Stefan's familiar knock. Clive glares at the door from across the room. He sits in his wheelchair.

CLIVE  
It's open!

Stefan enters, closes the door behind him.

STEFAN  
Look at you, up on your throne!

But Clive is in no mood for banter.

CLIVE  
There was a girl here.

STEFAN  
Lila. Ain't she great?

CLIVE  
You sent her here.

STEFAN  
Yeah, I couldn't make it, sorry.

CLIVE  
Bullshit.

STEFAN  
Come again?

CLIVE  
You think just 'cause I've got no  
legs, I'm a moron?

STEFAN  
Hang on. What're you on about?

Clive rolls towards Stefan. Stefan steps backwards.

CLIVE  
You think I'm a freak who needs  
to pay to get laid!

STEFAN  
It's not like that...

CLIVE  
Look me in the eye and tell me...

STEFAN  
She's no whore, man...

CLIVE  
Did you, or didn't you, pay Lila  
to fuck me?

Clive's eyes pierce Stefan's. Stefan's resolve falters.  
Clive turns around, bitterly disappointed. He rolls away.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Get out.

Stefan steps towards Clive.

STEFAN  
There was no money, I swear. All  
I told her was...

CLIVE  
Get the fuck out!

Stefan folds his arms.

STEFAN

No.

Clive turns around to face Stefan.

CLIVE

Don't push me.

STEFAN

You got nothing.

Barry jumps off the couch, comes to Clive's aid.

CLIVE

Stay back, Barry.

Barry stoops, on alert.

STEFAN

You want me out? Then make me go,  
freak!

Clive speeds towards Stefan. Fast. Stefan bravely stands his ground. Clive gets closer. Stefan throws his hands forward as Clive slams into him. Stefan cries out as he is struck, falls. Clive is sick with regret.

The men look at each other.

135 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

135

Stefan has taken his jeans off. He ices his legs. They are smooth, shaped. Barry lies beside Stefan.

STEFAN

...so I just said it'd be nice if  
my buddy got off. If she was into  
it. I didn't pay her, man. I  
swear! She must really dig you.

Clive is still upset.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Give her another chance.

CLIVE

Not gonna happen.

STEFAN

Why the fuck not?

CLIVE

Because I'm married.

STEFAN  
You're what?

Stefan looks around for something he missed.

CLIVE  
She's not here. But she's still  
my wife.

STEFAN  
She know that?

Clive throws Stefan a stern look.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Just saying...

CLIVE  
I sent her away, alright?

STEFAN  
Alright. But she left.

Clive has no comeback for this.

Stefan removes the ice pack. Clive looks on, remorseful.

CLIVE  
How are they?

STEFAN  
Still attached.

Clive clears his throat aloud, articulating the irony.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Shit bro, I mean...

CLIVE  
It's OK.

Stefan stretches and flexes. Clive watches Stefan's legs in motion. Stefan feels his stare.

STEFAN  
They're pretty hot, huh?

Clive turns away, caught out.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Just 'cause they're on a fella  
don't mean they can't be nice.

CLIVE  
If you say so.

Stefan has an epiphany.

STEFAN

Omigod! Are you a homophobe?

Clive is scandalised by the notion.

CLIVE

Don't be ridiculous.

Stefan laughs uproariously. Teasing.

STEFAN

You are! I bet you think you can catch the gayness!

CLIVE

I do not!

STEFAN

Are you racist too? A Communist?

CLIVE

Fuck off!

STEFAN

What else don't I know about you?

CLIVE

I'm not a racist. Or a homophobe.

STEFAN

Then look at my beautiful black legs, bitch!

Clive won't.

CLIVE

No thank you.

STEFAN

What are you so damn scared of?

CLIVE

I'm not scared of anything.

STEFAN

You're scared of all sorts of shit.

CLIVE

I am not.

STEFAN

Just let it go, man.

CLIVE

Let what go?

STEFAN

All of it!

Clive smiles, superior.

CLIVE  
You're such a fucking hypocrite.

STEFAN  
Come again?

CLIVE  
You tell me to 'let it go' like  
you're the Dalai Lama, but there  
you are, hiding in your man  
clothes everyday. You're full of  
shit, Stefan.

STEFAN  
Hey I'm making the change...

CLIVE  
Yeah. And in the meantime?

Stefan looks away. Clive is getting riled up.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
You're only you when the right  
people are around to love you for  
it. Well I can't pack my stumps  
away when they're not convenient.  
This freak show is 24/7!

Stefan peers into Clive.

STEFAN  
There you are! I can see you now!

CLIVE  
Yeah? What can you see?

STEFAN  
A scared dude who's angry as  
fuck.

Clive shakes his head, dismissive.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
I can see you.

CLIVE  
No you can't.

STEFAN  
No. You can't!

Clive swallows. A nerve struck.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

You think 'cause I wear different clothes for different folks that makes me a hider? That shit's convenient, yeah OK. But I ain't hiding. I am always right here. You just won't look at me.

Clive keeps his eyes down. Stefan appeals.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Let it go.

Clive squints hard. Defiant.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Come on, man.

Clive shakes his head.

CLIVE

You don't get it. I was tall. So strong. I could do anything.

Clive's whole face scrunches. Trying to hang on.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I was...perfect.

Stefan nods, compassionate.

STEFAN

(whispers)

Let it go.

Clive exhales. Stefan squeezes Clive's shoulder. And at his touch, Clive dissolves. Surrenders. Clive's body shudders.

Finally, and entirely, Clive weeps.

Stefan is still. Present with Clive. With his pain.

Stefan stands. He pulls off his t-shirt. His underwear. Stefan has an athlete's physique and silky skin.

Clive looks up at Stefan. Stefan's nudity is entirely matter-of-fact, scientific. Stefan stretches his arms out, turns in a slow circle. Clive sees the details of Stefan's form. His muscles. His joints. Symmetry. Power.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Now this is pretty damn fuckin' perfect, am I right?

Clive's eyes tear in wonder. This vision of man is breathtakingly beautiful. Clive nods.



CLIVE  
(weak)  
Yeah.

STEFAN  
And soon it'll be gone forever.  
It'll just be a memory.

Clive absorbs this. Stefan stops.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
But don't you worry, my friend.

He looks down at Clive, intently.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
'Cause I'll be right here.

136 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. LATE NIGHT. 136

Clive surveys the wall, now almost wallpapered with photos.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
A memory.

In all the pictures, Clive looks divine.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
Slippery.

On closer inspection of the photos Clive's eyes seem  
unfeeling, his smiles plastered on.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
Like water.

137 UNDERWATER. DAY. \*\*FLASHBACK\*\* 137

In the ocean deep. Feet kick. Clive's feet. They propel him  
through the water. Through shards of sunlight.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
Like light.

138 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 138

Clive looks over the wall, over the images of himself.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
Light.

139 UNDERWATER. DAY. \*\*FLASHBACK\*\* 139

The water churns. Clive's feet kick frantically, trying to drive his body upwards. But Clive only submerges deeper.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
I am light. I won't sink.

Clive's legs relent. They stop pumping. Stop fighting.  
And gradually, Clive is allowed to rise to the surface.

140 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY. 140

Clive stuffs clothes into a pair of jeans. He pulls them on. Zips up a hoodie. Puts on a cap.

141 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 141

Barry sits at his window.

CLIVE (O.S.)  
Wanna go to the park?

Barry turns to see Clive, in his chair. Clive's jeans look bulky, strange, but passable as legs at a glance.

JUMP CUT TO:

Barry sits on Clive's lap, on the chair. Clive assembles a collar and lead around Barry's neck, fashioned from a belt and tie. Barry wriggles, uncomfortable with the restraint.

CLIVE  
I know. It's horrible. But it's just a precaution, OK?

CUT TO:

Clive and Barry stare at the front door.

142 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY / ELEVATOR. MOMENTS LATER. 142

Clive and Barry roll down the hall. They reach the elevator. Clive presses the call button, turns the chair around to face the elevator doors. He pats Barry.

CLIVE  
(quiet, to Barry)  
Excited? Hey?

Ding. The doors open. A BUSINESSMAN (30s) stands alone inside. Clive rolls in. The doors close. The Businessman is preened, attractive. Clive eyes him discreetly as the elevator travels.

The elevator stops. The doors open. The Businessman holds them open for Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

After you.

The Businessman accepts Clive's gesture and leaves first. As Clive rolls forward, the elevator doors start to close. The doors bang Clive's wheels, and jerk open again.

143 INT. FOYER. MOMENTS LATER. 143

Clive and Barry roll through the old, plush foyer. There are a few people about, but no one takes notice of them.

Clive and Barry roll through the exit's automatic doors...

144 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, BUSY CITY STREET. CONTINUOUS. 144

...and out onto the street.

It's mayhem. The traffic is obnoxiously loud, people stream by in torrents. Clive and Barry are overwhelmed.

Clive joins the sea of bodies. Clive and Barry are pushed and shoved within a crowd of suits, colour, limbs. Barry barks, but he can barely be heard.

145 EXT. PEDESTRIAN CROSSING / CITY STREET. MOMENTS LATER. 145

The throng line up, wait to cross. Clive and Barry are amongst them. The green light ignites. The crowd takes off.

Clive and Barry are jostled and Clive's anxiety escalates.

In the middle of the road, Clive turns to see the cars lined up at the lights. Their machinery is monstrous, intimidating. They seem poised to strike him down.

Clive and Barry reach the other side of the road. Clive wheels them away as fast as he can go.

GIRL (O.S.)

Hey puppy dog!

Clive turns to see a GIRL (14) waving at Barry. Clive accelerates, trying to escape. The Girl pursues him.

GIRL

What's his name?

Clive rolls faster. The Girl stops, lets them go.

- 146 EXT. BUSY CITY STREET. DAY. 146
- Clive weaves around people, within a deafening cacophony of sirens and screeches. Clive is on edge.
- BOY (O.S.)  
Look at that man with the dog!
- Clive sees a BOY (4) pointing at him.
- BOY  
He looks so weird!
- A woman berates the Boy without acknowledging Clive.
- Clive continues. From his POV, everyone everywhere demeans him. A posse of punks gawk at Clive. Teenagers snicker, whisper. A jogger eyes Clive smugly as he passes him by.
- Clive powers faster, faster. He doesn't belong here.
- 147 EXT. PEDESTRIAN CROSSING / BUSY CITY STREET. DAY. 147
- Clive and Barry wait to cross. The park is just across the road. Cars zoom, loud and large and dangerous. Clive can't cope. He reverses away from the curb. Barry eyes the receding park, longingly.
- Clive backs the chair against a building. Safe. Clive takes off his cap. He hangs his head, dejected.
- Clive feels his cap become heavy. He sees that a handful of coins has been dropped into it.
- Clive pushes his face into Barry's coat.
- 148 EXT. BUSY CITY STREET. AFTERNOON. 148
- Clive hasn't moved. Barry looks around happily, stimulated. Passersby pat Barry, drop money into Clive's cap.
- 149 EXT. BUSY STREET. LATE AFTERNOON. 149
- Clive and Barry roll down the street.
- VOICE  
(surreal)  
Clive? Clive Matthews! Wait!
- Clive doesn't register the voice. Or his name.
- 150 INT. FOYER. LATE AFTERNOON. 150
- Clive rolls through the foyer. He is dirty and depleted.

A man enters. He wears an expensive business suit.

THE SUIT

Clive!

THE SUIT (20s) waves after Clive, but Clive is oblivious.

The Suit watches him go.

151 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. 151

The front door opens. Barry jumps down from the chair.  
Clive rolls inside.

Clive pulls off his jeans, dismantles his false legs. He  
takes his cap off and tosses it aside.

152 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER. 152

Barry laps a long drink. Clive sits on the floor, gulping a  
bottle of water.

Barry stops drinking, springs to attention. He runs out of  
the kitchen in a flurry of cautioning barks.

153 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER. 153

Barry barks, crazed. Clive enters from the kitchen.

CLIVE

(fatigued)

Barry...

Clive stops dead.

The Suit stands in the open doorway. He stares at Clive.

THE SUIT

Clive?

Clive is in shock.

THE SUIT (CONT'D)

It's Nick. Nick Henderson. From the  
office..?

Clive can't speak.

NICK (CONT'D)

I called out to you. On the  
street. I wasn't sure it was you.

Clive turns from Nick's view. Nick steps inside, concerned.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Clive? Can you hear me?

Nick enunciates clearly. It's unintentionally patronising.

CLIVE  
(calm)  
Yes. I can hear you, Nick.

Clive is lucid. Nick is encouraged, having reached him.

NICK  
Clive! We've all been worried about you. You just vanished...

CLIVE  
You won't tell anyone that you saw me. Understand?

Nick is hurt. And bewildered. Clive whirls around to face Nick, but doesn't look at him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
You never saw me!

Clive's sudden intensity is startling. Nick is taken aback.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
No, go.

Nick doesn't know what to say, or do. Now Clive looks at Nick, his eyes ablaze.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Gooooooooooooooooo!

Clive's exclamation evolves into a grotesque scream. Loud. Mad. Clive directs the scream towards Nick, an assault. Nick recoils from the sound and the sight of Clive. He hustles out of the apartment.

Clive drops onto his back but his scream endures, his face becoming red. Barry cowers, afraid.

Clive's scream abates. He breathes out, huskily. Barry curls into Clive. But Clive doesn't reciprocate. He stares up, through the skylight. Gone.

154 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

154

Clive hasn't moved. Barry brings the ball to Clive, drops it onto him. It bounces off Clive and rolls away.

155 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

155

Barry lies across Clive. Nuzzles him. Pleading.

CLIVE  
I can't...I can't...

156	INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.	156
	The apartment is dark. Barry licks at his empty food bowl, nudging it across the room. Clive closes his eyes.	
157	EXT. BUSY CITY STREET. DAY. **DREAM MONTAGE**	157
	Clive rolls along, in his chair. Without Barry.	
158	INT. MODERN APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. **DREAM MONTAGE**	158
	Clive undresses Susie.	
159	INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.	159
	Barry's toilet box is overflowing. He squats outside it.	
160	EXT. PARK. EARLY MORNING. **DREAM MONTAGE**	160
	Clive runs, passing joggers left and right.	
161	EXT. PEDESTRIAN CROSSING. DAY. **DREAM MONTAGE**	161
	Clive sits, waits. Cars speed past in both directions.	
162	INT. MODERN APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY. **DREAM MONTAGE**	162
	Susie gives Clive a foot massage. Tickles his toes.	
163	INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. LATE NIGHT.	163
	Barry tries to drink from the toilet bowl.	
164	INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY. DAY. **DREAM MONTAGE**	164
	A medical saw butchers through a man's leg. Amputating it.	
165	INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.	165
	Clive lies, looking up through the skylight. His face is stubbled. Knocking at the front door. Barry lies at the door, weak. He whines in response.	

166 INT. MODERN APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. \*\*DREAM MONTAGE\*\* 166  
Incessant knocking at the door.

Clive and Susie make love. They move together in time with the knocking's rhythm. Susie looks down and her desire quickly becomes disgust. Clive follows her eyeline to see that he has no legs.

167 INT. MEDICAL WASTE. DAY. \*\*DREAM MONTAGE\*\* 167  
Two male legs are thrown into a waste dispenser already full of discarded limbs. Knocking continues. A phone rings.

168 EXT. PEDESTRIAN CROSSING. DAY. \*\*DREAM MONTAGE\*\* 168  
Clive rolls onto the road.

169 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. \*\*DREAM MONTAGE\*\* 169  
Clive drags himself across the floor on his stomach. His stumps are bandaged and bloody.

170 INT. MODERN APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. \*\*DREAM MONTAGE\*\* 170  
Susie enthusiastically rides a legless, petrified Clive. The sound of Barry crying out. A tortured cry.

171 EXT. PEDESTRIAN CROSSING. DAY. \*\*DREAM MONTAGE\*\* 171  
Clive wheels across the road, alone in the crossing. Clive turns and sees a lone car speeding towards him. He screams.

172 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAY. 172  
Clive screams, mad with pain. A heavy bang on the door. Another bang. Another. The front door is busted open, Stefan stumbles inside. He sees Barry near the door, lifeless, barely whining. And Clive, lying as limp as a rag.

STEFAN  
Holy shit.

Stefan crouches down to Clive. He is ill with worry.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
Why you doin' this, huh?

CLIVE  
I'm dead. I died in the accident.  
This never happened. I'm not  
really here. You never saw me.



Stefan scoops Clive into his arms, carries him across the room as though rescuing him from a fire. Stefan eases Clive into the wheelchair. Stefan turns to Barry.

STEFAN

Hey buddy.

Barry growls at Stefan.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Bite me if you got to. But do it fast. We are outta here.

Stefan gingerly picks Barry up. Barry yelps in pain.

173 EXT. BUSY CITY STREET. DAY.

173

Stefan pushes the wheelchair holding Clive and Barry from the building. Stefan steps to the curb, waves at a taxi.

From Clive's POV we see people staring, pointing. Revolted.

CLIVE

Yeah! I've got no legs! Everyone come check out the legless freak!

174 INT. TAXI. DAY.

174

Stefan sits in the front, holding Barry.

Clive lies across the back seat. He looks up, out through the rear window. The sun finds Clive. He closes his eyes, accepting it.

And passes out.

175 EXT. PARK. EARLY MORNING. [MUTE] \*\*ANOTHER TIME\*\*

175

[SLOW MOTION] Barry runs, alone in a deserted park. He runs and runs. With joyful abandon.

FADE TO WHITE.

176 INT. HOSPITAL. CLIVE'S ROOM. DAY.

176

[POINT OF VIEW] The white blurs. It focuses, revealing a fluorescent light globe. The light is fixed to a ceiling. We are looking up.

A blurred face comes into our view. It sharpens...

Susie.

FADE TO BLACK.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
(distant whisper)  
Susie...Susie...

177 INT. HOSPITAL. CLIVE'S ROOM. DAY.

177

Clive's eyes are closed. He slowly opens them and sees Susie, sitting at his bedside. Susie smiles at him, mildly. Clive is weak, but so happy to see her.

Clive notices that he's connected to beeping machines.

CLIVE  
What's going on?

SUSIE  
You're dehydrated, but you'll be  
fine in a few days.

Clive is muddled, and it's obvious.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
What's the last thing you  
remember?

Clive strains for clarity until...panic arrests him. He bolts upright.

CLIVE  
Barry! What happened to him?!

Susie gets up, puts a settling hand down onto Clive.

SUSIE  
Clive...take it easy...

CLIVE  
Is he OK?

She doesn't know what to say. Clive is becoming hysterical.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Susie! Is he OK?!

SUSIE  
He's sick, Clive. He hadn't had  
any water or anything for days.

Clive sinks down into the mattress. Down, into despair.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
Hey! Don't do that! Stop it,  
Clive!

Clive grimaces. He's falling. Susie shakes him, but it has no effect.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Stop it!!!

But Clive won't be roused. At a loss, Susie slaps Clive's face. Hard. They look at each other, both horrified. Susie instinctively presses her palm to Clive's cheek, to take the slap away. She strokes Clive's face. He closes his eyes at her touch.

CLIVE

You're here. You came back to me.

Clive turns his face more fully into Susie's open palm. The gesture's intimacy takes Susie by surprise. Susie continues caressing Clive. So tenderly.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Clive. I can't come back to you.

Clive opens his eyes. Susie keeps stroking his cheek.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I was very unhappy.

Clive pulls his head away. Sits up.

CLIVE

I was on heavy drugs, in pain...

SUSIE

I know. I mean...

Susie gathers courage.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Before. (beat) I was unhappy before the accident.

Clive is confused.

CLIVE

What are you talking about? We were good. Happy. We were...

SUSIE

The perfect couple?

Clive flicks a look up to Susie, bitten by that word. But Clive doesn't grasp her meaning. And Susie can tell. She smiles at him, sympathetically.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Clive...

Susie leans closer to Clive. She searches his eyes.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I have no idea who you are.

Clive frowns, baffled. Susie runs her eyes over Clive's face, as though tracing memories across it.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
You're always posing. Always on show. Always so...perfect.

She smiles, serene.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
I've been unhappy with you for a very long time.

Clive strikes a mental connect. He sits back, smug.

CLIVE  
I get what you're doing.

Susie is curious.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
You feel bad about running away from...(slaps his stumps) this. You're blaming me so you can stop feeling guilty about it!

Susie shakes her head.

SUSIE  
No...Clive...

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
You don't know who I am? What bullshit is that? Clive Matthews, MBA. School Captain, 1993. First Class Honours in Economics, 1998.

Susie runs her hands through her hair.

SUSIE  
That's not (what I mean)...

Clive raises his voice, talking over her.

CLIVE  
Dean's List, three years running. Prime Innovation Award, Young Entrepreneur, 2001...

Clive is getting worked up. So is Susie.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I was BRW Man of the Year!

Susie throws her arms in the air.

SUSIE  
So fucking what?!?!

Clive silences, struck. Susie has had enough.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
(appealing)  
Clive, that's your CV. You just  
spat out your CV.

Clive squints. He still doesn't understand.

Susie sighs. She takes Clive's hand.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
I love you. With no legs or with  
three.

He looks at her. Vulnerable.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
But I want real, Clive. I want to  
be real. And you...can't.

Clive pulls his hand from hers. He lies down flat onto his back. Stares up at the ceiling.

Susie drops her eyes, defeated. She stands. Kisses Clive's forehead. And leaves him. A tear spills out from Clive's eye, rolls down the side of his face.

The machines' beeping becomes louder and louder.

178 INT. HOSPITAL. CLIVE'S ROOM. AFTERNOON.

178

Clive lies on the linoleum floor, staring up at the ceiling.

A NURSE (20s) glances inside Clive's room as she passes. She sees Clive on the floor and flies into action.

NURSE  
Mr. Matthews? (calling out) Nurse!

CLIVE  
What are you doing?

The nurse fusses over Clive.

NURSE  
Just keep still and we'll get you  
back into bed. Nurse!

CLIVE  
No! Stop it!

Another NURSE (20s) enters, joins in the commotion.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
I want to stay down here!

Yet another NURSE (20s) enters. They all grapple with Clive. He fends them off. Swats at them. Like flies.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone! All of you, leave  
me alone!

INT. HOSPITAL. CLIVE'S ROOM. EVENING.

The beeping continues. Clive stares at the ceiling as a nurse adjusts his machines.

NURSE  
Feeling better now?

CLIVE  
I need to know if my dog's OK.

NURSE  
(patronising)  
I'm sure he's fine.

She pats his arm. Clive bores a look into her skull.

CLIVE  
You don't understand.

NURSE  
Just a little prick.

Clive recoils. He sees a needle stuck in his arm. A vial fills with his sticky red life force.

The nurse finishes up. She reviews a machine and a chart.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Everything's looking good.

She turns to Clive.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
You're a very lucky man, you know  
that?

Clive eyes the nurse, passively. She leaves.

Clive watches the machines' lines blink on and off.

179 INT. HOSPITAL. CLIVE'S ROOM. NIGHT. 179

Clive sits in a wheelchair at the window. But there is only blackness beyond.

180 INT. APARTMENT. VARIOUS ROOMS. NIGHT. 180

The apartment is dark. All the rooms are empty, lonely.

Barry's squeaky toy lies on the couch. Clive's sketches grace the walls, works in progress. The phone sits on the floor, a necktie tied to it. Everyday moments. Suspended.

181 INT. HOSPITAL. CLIVE'S ROOM. DAY.

181

Clive sits in a wheelchair, before the window. Bleak weather blankets the view.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
I am Doctor Singh, Rehab Physician.

Clive slowly looks up at DOCTOR SINGH (30s, Indian) standing beside him. Doctor smiles a well-practiced smile.

DOCTOR SINGH  
How are you today, Mr. Matthews?

Clive's look says it all.

DOCTOR SINGH (CONT'D)  
I'd like to talk to you about  
your rehabilitation options.

CLIVE  
Aren't I getting enough fluids?

DOCTOR SINGH  
I mean, rehabilitation regarding  
your amputations, Sir.

Clive turns back to the window.

DOCTOR SINGH (CONT'D)  
According to your history, you  
have never received professional  
physical therapy or prosthetics?

CLIVE  
Not interested.

DOCTOR SINGH  
We have a specialised unit that  
operates world class outpatient  
services and you would...

Clive fires a look up to Doctor Singh.

CLIVE  
I'm not interested!

Clive returns his gaze to the window, the matter closed.

182 INT. HOSPITAL. CLIVE'S ROOM. AFTERNOON.

182

Clive lies in bed. Resigned.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Mr. Matthews?

Clive halfheartedly turns towards the voice, but lights up on seeing Stefan standing in the doorway.

CLIVE  
Stefan!

Stefan rushes to greet Clive. Clive sits up.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
God, I've been so worried.

The men grip each other's shoulders.

STEFAN  
Hey, I'm alright, bro.

CLIVE  
I mean, about Barry.

STEFAN  
I know that, fool! (beat) He's...

Clive holds his breath.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
OK. He's doin' OK.

Clive trembles with relief. Stefan assesses Clive.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
You look like shit though.

Clive shakes this off, distracted.

CLIVE  
Where is he?

STEFAN  
At the pup hospital. I've just been visitin'. Made you a movie and everything.

Clive is thrilled. Stefan pulls his phone out of his pocket, opens the movie file. He hands the phone to Clive.

The blood drains from Clive's face.

ONSCREEN: Barry lies in a cage, on a drip. Exhausted.

STEFAN (O.S.)  
He's a fighter. He'll be fine.

Clive is glued to the screen.



CLIVE  
I didn't mean to hurt him.

STEFAN  
But you did. Poor pup nearly died  
'cause of you.

Clive stares at the video. Suffering.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
The doc says things gotta change  
for Barry. He needs outside.  
Sunshine. The park. Good things.

CLIVE  
I know...

STEFAN  
That's not enough, man!

Clive looks up at Stefan sharply.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
You flipped out. You can't do  
that to him! It's not fair! It's  
not your right! You feel me?

Clive is so sad.

STEFAN (CONT'D)  
When you can give him a proper  
life, you can have him back. But  
if you can't, bro, then you gotta  
give him up.

Clive nods. Accepting this.

ONSCREEN: Barry staggers, drops. He gets back up.

Clive watches, near tears.

CLIVE  
I didn't get hit by a car.

Stefan turns to Clive. Clive keeps watching Barry.  
Confessing to him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
There were no shop windows. No  
sheets. It wasn't a Saturday.

Clive pauses. Pushes on.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
It was a Thursday night. There  
was a work dinner. I drove home  
alone. Maybe I wasn't paying  
attention.

(MORE)

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
 (beat, reconsiders) I wasn't  
 paying attention. I didn't think  
 I needed to. Thought I had it all  
 figured out. The drive. The  
 night. Everything. This guy, he  
 came out of nowhere. Just walked  
 out onto the road. I wasn't  
 watching. I didn't see him until  
 he was right in front of me. I  
 braked. I swerved. I missed him.  
 But I hit a pole.

ONSCREEN: Barry lies back down again. Spent.

Clive touches the screen.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
 It was my fault.

Clive can't take his eyes off Barry. And Stefan can't take  
 his eyes off Clive.

183 INT. HOSPITAL. CLIVE'S ROOM / HALLWAY. NIGHT.

183

Clive rolls out of his room, turns down the hall. Nurses  
 mill at a station, visitors wander. Clive wheels along,  
 glancing in each room he passes. Patients watch TV, eat  
 meals, chat with visiting families. Clive eyes their  
 plastered limbs, patched eyes, trunks suspended by cables.

Clive stops outside one room. He sees an AMPUTEE (20s)  
 inside. He has lost an arm and a leg, his stumps heavily  
 bandaged. The Amputee lies on his back. He stares at the  
 ceiling.

184 INT. HOSPITAL. AMPUTEE'S ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

184

Clive enters. The Amputee is dead-eyed.

AMPUTEE  
 What?

Clive stops. The Amputee turns to Clive. He sees Clive's  
 chair, his body. The Amputee chortles, returns his stare to  
 the ceiling.

AMPUTEE (CONT'D)  
 They send you in here to counsel  
 me or some shit?

CLIVE  
 No. No one sent me here.

AMPUTEE  
 'Everything's going to be OK'.  
 'Take it one day at a time'.  
 (MORE)

AMPUTEE (cont'd)  
 I've heard it all, man, so save  
 your breath and spare me the  
 bullshit.

Clive rolls closer to the Amputee.

CLIVE  
 It's not going to be OK.  
 Nothing's going to be like it was  
 before, ever again.

The Amputee turns to Clive, boiling with hate.

AMPUTEE  
 What the fuck do you want?

Clive takes a moment.

CLIVE  
 What do you want?

The Amputee's eyes water.

AMPUTEE  
 I want to die.

Clive swallows. He knows.

185 INT. PATIENT TRANSPORT AMBULANCE. LATE AFTERNOON. 185

Clive lies in the back of the ambulance. He looks out at  
 the passing city, smattered with golden light. The  
 Botanical Gardens. St. Kilda Road Boulevard. The beach.

It's magical.

186 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 186

Clive sits in the open front doorway, in his chair.

187 INT. APARTMENT. VARIOUS ROOMS. NIGHT. 187

Clive rolls through the apartment. The rooms are filled  
 with shadows, heavy with grief.

188 INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 188

The room is illuminated only by moonlight eking through the  
 windows. Clive switches on a floor lamp. He moves to the  
 bedroom wall, faces his photo wallpaper.

Clive looks over the images. Clive, the sporting star.  
 Clive, High School captain. Clive, successful entrepreneur.  
 Clive, handsome groom.

Clive plucks a photo off the wall - the Beach Photo. Clive looks at it, fondly...then slices a tear right through it.

Clive picks another photo off the wall and rips it up. He takes another. And another. Clive shreds through all of his photos, using his fingers, his teeth.

189 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. DAWN.

189

Clive wheels across the room. The ornate wooden box sits on his lap, full of bits of torn photos.

Clive arrives at Barry's window. Rain lashes against it. Clive pulls the window open. Wind gusts inside. Traffic sounds sail in from below. Clive looks out. Down...

Clive leans the box out through the window and tips out its contents. The wind wraps around the photo scraps. Clive watches the most valuable souvenirs of his life drift away. Vanish. And he smiles.

Rain pelts into the apartment. Clive slides himself from the wheelchair onto the windowsill. He arches back, thrusts his hips upwards. He anchors his stumps against the inside of the window, and leans his body outside through it.

Clive's face is quickly drenched with rain. He catches the falling water on his eyelids, in his hair, in his mouth. Clive opens his eyes. He sees the first birds of the new day flying just above him.

And it's as though he is one of them.

190 INT. FOYER. MORNING.

190

We follow behind Clive as he rolls through the hectic foyer. People catch sight of him, quickly avert their eyes.

191 EXT. BUSY CITY STREET. DAY.

191

Clive rolls out of the apartment building. He wears a t-shirt and shorts, his stumps openly on display.

192 INT. HOSPITAL. VARIOUS HALLWAYS. DAY.

192

We follow Clive as he rolls down corridor after corridor. He passes nurses, patients, doctors, cleaners.

193 INT. REHAB FACILITY. RECEPTION. DAY.

193

Clive sits in his chair in the middle of the expansive reception area. There's no one around.

Clive rolls up to a cabinet displaying various prostheses as they've evolved over time - wooden sticks with 'feet' at their ends; plastic limbs; a leg made of carbon fibre; photos of athletes running, swimming, skiing, using prosthetic limbs.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello there.

Clive turns around. A sweet-faced RECEPTIONIST (40s) stands behind the reception's window.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

Clive considers the question. And, finally, he nods.

194 INT. REHAB FACILITY. WORKSHOP. DAY.

194

The Receptionist leads Clive through the workshop. Sculptors weld and saw. Limbs and their parts hang from the roof, are spread across tables, line the walls.

RECEPTIONIST

...and here's where we do the customising. All limbs are tailor-made.

Clive is awed.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Your parents gave you one set of legs, now you can design yourself a new pair.

The Receptionist continues through the workshop.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Anything is possible!

Clive wheels up to a storage shelf. He looks up at the hundreds of different feet above him. Of every type and colour and shape.

195 INT. REHAB FACILITY. GYM. MOMENTS LATER.

195

Clive follows the Receptionist into the vast gym. It's full of equipment - benches, bars, balls and beams.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll just be one moment...

The Receptionist pops into an internal office. Clive waits. Several voices ring out from around an unseen corner. Clive rolls off in their direction.

Clive peeks around a pillar and sees a group of amputees stretching, exercising, putting on their prostheses.

A double leg amputee bullets around the gym with striking agility. He climbs and cartwheels, flies between benches and chairs. Clive is agog. This man is more than human.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Clive?

Clive turns around. The receptionist is flanked by GREG (40s) and MARNEE (20s).

RECEPTIONIST

This is Greg, our Prosthetist,  
and Marnee, Physical Therapist.

They all shake hands, make introductions.

GREG

How about we do an assessment,  
talk through the options, set  
some goals...

CLIVE

I know what I want.

Clive's interruption is rude. He looks down, embarrassed.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I have a goal already.

Marnee smiles at Clive, curious.

MARNEE

What is it, Clive?

Clive looks up at Marnee. He's intense.

196 EXT. PARK. EARLY MORNING. \*\*ANOTHER TIME\*\*

196

[SLOW MOTION] Clive runs. He closes his eyes.

CLIVE (V.O.)

I want to run.

197 MONTAGE. EXT. PARK. EARLY MORNING. \*\*ANOTHER TIME\*\* / INT. 197  
REHAB FACILITY. / INT. APARTMENT. VARIOUS ROOMS.

Clive sits at the end of a bench. Marnee rolls a nylon stocking over one of his stumps.

Greg takes measurements along and around Clive's stumps.

A pair of new sneakers crunch the park's path.

Clive snaps open the bedroom blinds. And those in the main room. And the kitchen. The apartment is filled with light.

Marnee helps Clive practice lifting his weight from sitting, lowering himself down again. Up, and down again.

Clive dashes through the park. He veers off the path, heads towards bushlands.

Clive looks over his bedroom wall, bare without the photo wallpaper. The plaster is irregularly stained where the photos were. Clive runs his palm across the wall, pensively.

Clive charges through dense shrubbery, cross-country. He breaks through, to...

198 INT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL. CLINICAL ROOM. DAY. 198

A sterile, white room. Cages are stacked high, some occupied by injured, sedated dogs and cats. Clive sits in his wheelchair, the only human here.

Clive looks at the caged animals. Eyes stare back at Clive from behind bars. Hopeless. A look that Clive knows.

Paw pads patter along the floor behind Clive. Clive detects the sound only seconds before feeling a wet nose in his hand. Clive sees Barry below, his whole body wagging up at him.

Clive pulls Barry up onto his lap. Barry squirms, cries with joy. Clive pushes his face into Barry's fur.

Stefan appears at the doorway. He props there, quietly enjoying Clive and Barry's reunion.

199 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. 199

The afternoon sun strikes the room in articulated beams.

Clive and Barry lie on the floor, on their sides, facing each other. Clive pats Barry. He gazes at Barry's hanging cheek. His long eyelashes. His ever-wet nose.

CLIVE  
(barely audible)  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Barry looks back at Clive with all the love in the world.

200 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 200

Clive sits, on the phone. Waits. Barry chews a bone contentedly on the other side of the room. Clive enters a call. It's answered.

SUSIE  
(through phone)  
Hello?

CLIVE  
(on phone)  
Hey Susie. It's me.

SUSIE  
(through phone)  
Oh hey.

Susie sounds pleased to hear Clive's voice.

CLIVE  
(on phone)  
Is it a bad time?

SUSIE  
(through phone)  
No, it's fine. How are you?

CLIVE  
(on phone)  
I'm good. Back in the apartment.

SUSIE  
(through phone)  
That's good.

CLIVE  
(on phone)  
With Barry. He says hi.

SUSIE  
(through phone)  
Oh, hi Barry!

Susie giggles, nervously. Clive smiles, relishing its sound.

CLIVE  
(on phone)  
You know...he'd love to see you.

Susie's laughter stops. Clive waits for her response.

201 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. EVENING.

201

Clive, on the floor, opens the front door. Barry stands beside him. They both look up as one, to see...Susie, in the doorway. Clive's eyes shine at her.

CUT TO:

Susie stands, alone. Several lamps are on, producing tight pools of light. The apartment is clean, spacious.



Clive zips into the room from the kitchen, ahead of Barry.

CLIVE  
I've only got red, is that OK?

SUSIE  
Sure. Red's great.

Clive scoots across the room, switches on another lamp. Susie is dazzled by his adroitness.

CLIVE  
I'll just be a sec.

Clive heads back to the kitchen, followed by Barry.

Susie wanders. She eyes the fine details Clive has carefully created - leaves of various age hang from a lamp shade, their venous networks illuminated; spindly lines of various colour painted into a floorboard's grains; and everywhere, various sketches drawn directly onto the wall at Clive's height.

Music floats into the room. A piano sonata. Susie listens, spellbound. Clive watches Susie, unseen, from the kitchen doorway. Susie senses him. She turns. Clive emerges from the shadows, into the light.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
The music...

Clive moves to Susie, carrying a glass of red wine. He looks up at her. His eyes are clear, soft.

CLIVE  
Beautiful, isn't it?

Clive reaches a hand up to Susie. She takes it, sits down facing him. Clive passes Susie the glass.

Barry steals into the room. He lies down quietly near the kitchen, behind Clive, keeping his distance. Clive watches Susie sip wine, peer around the room. The sonata swirls all around them.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
(looking at Susie)  
It's OK, you can come closer.

Susie swings a look of surprise to Clive. Barry gets up and skips over to Clive, heeding his suggestion. Susie breaks into a smile, comprehending. Clive casually lifts an arm to accept Barry, and Barry snuggles in.

SUSIE  
God, he's so big. I can hardly see  
the puppy in him anymore.

Susie throws her arms out towards Barry.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
Come here, gorgeous.

But Barry is comfortable where he is. Susie drops her arms.

CLIVE  
He can be a bit shy.

Susie is wounded. She contemplates Barry.

SUSIE  
He probably hates me. The strange lady who grabbed him from the pound and then abandoned him.

Clive strokes Barry.

CLIVE  
I think...

Clive picks his words carefully.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
You could've picked anyone. I think he's just grateful you chose him.

Susie is stirred. Her eyes meet Clive's. A warm energy hums between them.

Susie breaks the moment. She gets up, paces around the room. Clive continues patting Barry.

SUSIE  
The place looks really amazing.

CLIVE  
Thanks.

SUSIE  
There are so many tiny treasures everywhere.

Susie approaches a sketch on the wall.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
And when did you start drawing?

CLIVE  
I'd hardly call it drawing. It's scribbling at best.

Susie ducks into the bathroom, behind Clive.

SUSIE (O.S.)  
(gushing)  
Rose geraniums!

Clive smiles, enjoying everything Susie. Susie's boots' heels rap rapidly against the floorboards. She returns.

SUSIE

They smell fantastic.

Susie steps towards the bedroom. She stops. Clive turns around and sees her propped at the bedroom's open door.

CLIVE

Go on in.

She disappears inside. Clive takes a moment, eases Barry off him and follows after Susie. Barry stays put.

202

INT. APARTMENT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

202

Clive arrives at the doorway. He sees Susie leaning close to the bedroom wall.

SUSIE

I really like this one.

Clive approaches, arrives beside Susie. They regard the wall together. A new artwork appears where Clive's photo wallpaper was. The piece is mostly in pencil. Lines of various density sprawl in all directions, a collection of pink and red speckles clumped at the centre. The speckles diffuse into broken lines. Then spread, elongate. Gradually finding their way out.

CLIVE

It's a self-portrait.

Susie bursts out laughing. Clive smiles.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

No, really. It is.

Susie settles. She returns her attention to the image, trying to see what she had missed.

SUSIE

But...it's so...

CLIVE

It doesn't look like me.

SUSIE

(light)

Of course it doesn't look like you!

They analyse the drawing.

CLIVE

Why not? What do I look like?

SUSIE

I think I know what you look like.

Clive turns to Susie. But she keeps her eyes on the artwork.

CLIVE

Susie...

SUSIE

Mmmm?

CLIVE

Susie.

It's almost a whisper.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Why won't you look at me?

SUSIE

I don't need to look at you. I know what you look like!

Susie's overreaction is revealing. She sighs slightly, caught out. Susie turns to Clive, looks up at him. Appeal is in her eyes. She's trying, but this is so hard.

Clive holds Susie's gaze as he unbuttons his shirt. Susie can't help turning away.

CLIVE

Please. Look at me.

Susie swallows, discomfited. Clive pulls his shirt off. Susie slowly lifts her eyes, sees his collarbones. His arms. His torso's lines. Clive removes his shorts, underwear. Susie eyes his waist. Hips. His upper thighs. His stumps...

Susie stands, fast. She lingers, searching for the right words, any words, but finds none. She stomps out of the bedroom. Clive doesn't move.

Clive hears Susie pacing around the main room. A bundle of keys jingle.

SUSIE (O.S.)

I'm...gonna go. OK?

Clive nods, to himself.

CLIVE

OK.

A pause. Susie's heels strike the floorboards in crisply accented clacks. The front door opens and shuts.

Clive slouches, deflated. He leans back against the wall.

Clive is surrounded by his artwork. The drawn lines extend all around him, appear to erupt from him.

203 INT. REHAB FACILITY. GYM. DAY.

203

Silicone liners are rolled over each of Clive's stumps.

Marnee and Greg attach prosthetic legs to Clive. Clive winks at Barry, who watches from the far side of the gym.

GREG (O.S.)

All done.

Clive looks down. His metal legs dangle over the bench. They swing freely, above the ground.

Marnee brings a frame over to Clive.

MARNEE

Ready to stand up?

Clive nods.

CLIVE

Yep.

Clive plants both hands on the frame. He shuffles his buttocks to the end of the bench.

MARNEE

Nice and easy.

Clive looks to Barry. His eyes stay locked on him as he stands. We see Clive's POV rise as he becomes tall.

Clive laughs, overcome. Barry barks.

Clive's hands and arms shake.

GREG

Let your legs do the work, Clive.  
You have to trust them.

Clive cautiously relieves weight from his arms. His legs give way beneath him. Marnee and Greg catch him.

MARNEE

You're OK. We've got you.

They help Clive back up to standing, keep hold of him. Clive is flustered.

CLIVE

Why aren't they working?

MARNEE

They are working. Walking on two legs isn't easy.

Clive sweats. Concentrates.

MARNEE (CONT'D)

Feel for balance, remember? Take your time. Do you feel it?

Clive shakes his head. Marnee and Greg share a look.

MARNEE (CONT'D)

You gotta feel, Clive. Every bit of the movement. Nothing can be automatic. Forget how you walked before. You have to start all over again.

Clive pushes the frame ahead of him and throws a determined step forward. Greg lets him go.

MARNEE (CONT'D)

That's it.

Clive takes another step. Marnee lets go of Clive. Clive steps forward again. It's wonky, but he's doing it.

MARNEE (CONT'D)

One foot in front of the other.

Clive keeps going. Barry barks. Clive gulps for air.

Marnee pulls the frame away, holds Clive's hands out in front of him. Clive walks with her. Step. Step.

CUT TO:

Marnee's hands release Clive's. They hover in the air.

FADE TO WHITE.

FADE IN TO:

204

EXT. CITY STREET. DAY.

204

White skies. Trees sway, languidly. Summer.

Barry strolls along the street. Clive holds his lead. Clive's metal legs stick out from the end of his shorts.

Stefan walks alongside the pair. He's dressed as a woman. Stefan peers around, anxious.

CLIVE

Feels like people are looking, doesn't it?

STEFAN

Uh-huh.

Clive smiles wisely.

CLIVE

That's 'cause they are.

Stefan is instantly made nauseous by this.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

They're wondering how the fuck a  
guy like me could ever get a  
chick like you.

Stefan beams.

205 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, CITY STREET. DAY.

205

Stefan squats down to Barry, rubs his head.

STEFAN

Bye bye beautiful.

Stefan stands.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

(to Clive)

So what time Sunday should we...?

Clive cuts Stefan off, pulls him into a hug. Stefan stands stiff. Clive squeezes Stefan tight. Stefan slowly brings his arms up and around Clive.

They hug each other. Standing tall.

206 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. DAY.

206

Barry jogs down the hall, his lead trailing along the floor. Clive walks a few steps behind.

207 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

207

Barry lopez to the kitchen. Clive tosses his keys onto the coffee table.

208 INT. APARTMENT. BATHROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

208

Clive pees, standing up. He smiles, enjoying the feeling.

SUSIE (O.S.)

Hello? Clive?

Clive is startled.

209

INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

209

Clive enters from the bathroom and finds Susie standing in the middle of the room, Barry beside her. Susie gapes at Clive, blown away by the sight of him at full height.

CLIVE

Hey. How'd you get in?

SUSIE

I...I actually got the keys back from Rosa a long time ago.

They share a sheepish, knowing smile.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I shouldn't have just let myself in...

CLIVE

No, no, it's fine.

SUSIE

It's just, I brought over some shopping for you, and it had to go in the fridge...

CLIVE

Susie. It's great to see you.

She nods.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Why don't I cook us some dinner?

SUSIE

Thanks, but I gotta do, go to...

Clive saves her.

CLIVE

That's OK.

Susie picks up her bag, hunts around for her keys inside it. Clive takes in her every move.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Maybe another night?

SUSIE

Yeah, OK.

She grabs her jacket. Clive waits. Hopes.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow?



Susie turns to Clive, expectantly. Clive nods, thankful. They smile at each other.

Susie heads to the door...and Barry trots after her. Hearing his footsteps, Susie spins around to him. Barry stops, confronted. Susie crouches down to Barry, opens her arms. Encouraged, Barry steps to Susie, and into her embrace.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

There you are.

Susie holds Barry. He leans against her affectionately.

Clive watches them, his stomach churning with love.

210 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

210

Clive sits on the couch, takes his legs off. He peels the linings off, massages his stumps. Barry sniffs Clive's prostheses, accessories, his stumps. Checking.

Clive leans back, relaxes. Barry jumps up on the couch, lies across him. Clive looks around at the apartment. Afternoon sun floods the room. New books and magazines are spread across the coffee table.

Home.

Clive hears a soft snore. Clive looks down at Barry, asleep so deeply, so fast. Clive strokes Barry, hums to himself...

211 INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

211

Clive's humming becomes Mozart Piano Concerto #20 in D Minor, K 466. It plays through the apartment.

Clive, legless, moves through the kitchen with ease. He clears scraps from two plates into the bin, slides the plates onto the bench top. He flings himself up onto the counter, washes the dirty dishes in the sink.

Clive eyes the phone, sitting on the bench nearby. It seems to be staring back at him.

212 INT. APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

212

Barry sleeps on the couch. Clive sits on the floor near the windows. He fidgets with the phone, thoughtfully. Makes a decision.

Clive turns the phone on, enters a call. The dial tone rings and rings. Clive's breath quivers.

The dial tone stops, the call answered. A woman's voice sounds, but we can't discern it or her words.

Clive's eyes squeeze shut, his heart breaking. He opens his mouth to speak but produces no sound. He tries again.

CLIVE  
(on phone)  
Mum?

Clive opens his eyes.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
It's me.

Tears fall from Clive's eyes. He lets them.

CLIVE (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
It's Clive.

He smiles.

213 EXT. PARK. EARLY MORNING.

213

The Concerto continues.

The gardens are lush, brimming with growth in its prime.

Clive runs along the path. His arms pump powerfully. His eyes water. Clive passes joggers, one after another.

CUT TO:

Clive bursts through the park's bushes, emerging onto a vacant, open field.

Clive looks down. His carbon fibre prosthetic legs extend out from his shorts. They glimmer in the morning sun. Working like honed machines, the limbs help Clive produce a model running style.

Clive turns to see Barry, running alongside him. Barry is fully grown, fit and strong. He takes long, assured strides. The pair are perfectly in tune with each other.

From afar we see Clive and Barry running through the park, among the trees.

It's just the two of them.

Free.

THE END