

PUT AWAY

Written by

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FADE IN.

1 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 1

With the early morning sunlight pouring in through the open window it lights up the piles of dirty clothes and large black bin bags all across the floor.

STAN, 62, bald, skinny and wearing a white vest is sitting up in his bed, squinting at the television mounted on the wall as he's flicking through the hundreds of different channels. Can't make his mind up for what to watch.

2 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 2

Stan comes down the staircase, old empty food boxes, takeaways, empty cans of beer and even more black bin bags on every step.

He shuffles through the hallway, walking over more rubbish.

3 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 3

Filthy, just like every other room.

Stan moves over to the cupboard above the fridge and opens it up. Filled with hundreds of small boxes, pills, mostly for heart trouble.

He takes one down, gets four pills out and swallows them all down with a glass of water.

4 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY 4

Dark, the curtains are kept closed.

More bin bags and rubbish left on the floor.

Stan's in his chair and staring across at PHILIP, 26, tall, handsome and dressed in a suit.

Philip still has his car keys in hand, he gives a quick glance down to his feet, kicks away an empty takeaway box close to him.

Comes back to Stan.

PHILIP
You can't live like this anymore.

STAN

I know, that's why I called you here. I need a favour, something easy.

PHILIP

You want me to sort all this out for you?

STAN

Since when have you cared. I haven't seen you for almost two years.

PHILIP

Dad, I can't have you living like this.

STAN

Don't you hate me Philip?

PHILIP

No.

STAN

Then why keep my grandchildren away from me?

PHILIP

Why do you think? Look at how you're living.

STAN

Bullshit. You think you're better than me but if it wasn't for my money you wouldn't even have your restaurant.

PHILIP

I paid you back.

STAN

But if wasn't for the money that I gave you in the first place you wouldn't have anything.

Philip lets out a deep breath, frustrated.

PHILIP

So why did you call me here... beg me to come?

STAN

I want you to help me Philip... but I'm beginning to regret ever picking up the phone.

PHILIP

What is it and I'll see?

STAN

You used to respect me. You used to do whatever I asked. No matter what.

PHILIP

No, I've never respected you. I used to fear you, but that all stopped when I grew up.

STAN

I turned you into the man you are today, don't forget that.

PHILIP

Look, I don't have time for this. What do you want?

STAN

A wife.

Philip's shocked.

PHILIP

What?

STAN

A Russian wife. She's here. In the country. I just needed someone to go and pick her up, you're the only one I can ask. I've already paid for her.

Philip shakes his head, lost.

PHILIP

You've done what?

STAN

I've brought myself a wife.

PHILIP

That's crazy.

STAN

Just pick her up and bring her here.

PHILIP

This is a joke right?

STAN

Do this last thing for me and I'll never ask for anything or call you ever again. I swear. I'll be out of your life forever.

PHILIP

You want me to bring her here into this shithole?

STAN

I'll get her to clean it. It hit me. What I need. To get my life back together. A woman's touch.

PHILIP

What are you talking about?

STAN

I need a wife.

PHILIP

No, you need a maid.

Stan nods.

STAN

And I found her on a Russian wife website thing... on the internet. I paid for her, she's waiting for me.

Philip scowls.

PHILIP

You really are an old fool.

STAN

Just pick her up and drop her off here and I'll give you ten grand. Just be a taxi service for me.

Philip licks his lips.

A beat.

PHILIP
I've been thinking about opening up
a second restaurant... you have
that kind of money on you?

Stan rolls his eyes.

STAN
You know I do.

5 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

5

OLGA, 27, tall, beautiful with long blonde hair.

She stands horrified in the hallway. The sight of the house,
disgusted.

She holds a hand to her nose, trying to block out the smell.

Stan pushes the front door shut behind her.

He then takes his house key, on a string hanging down around
his neck and locks the door shut.

He places the key back, slides it down behind his shirt where
it can't be seen.

STAN
I have agoraphobia, I can't leave
the house... I need you to help me.

He then gestures to all the rubbish on the floor.

STAN (CONT'D)
Put all this into bin bags, there's
a good girl. I have men coming
tomorrow morning. They'll take the
bags away so you just stack them up
by the door. Clean it all up.

She's frozen.

STAN (CONT'D)
You understand?

She shakes her head, speaks in a heavy Russian accent.

OLGA
Where is Stan?

STAN
I'm Stan.

OLGA
No.

 STAN
Yes.

 OLGA
You're picture?

He laughs.

 STAN
I used my son's picture. He's a
good looking lad. I thought if I
used my own no one would reply.

 OLGA
I have to go.

 STAN
I brought you... you stay.

 OLGA
No. I go.

 STAN
You're my wife.

She moves to the door, pulls down on the handle but it's
locked.

She glances over her shoulder at Stan.

 OLGA
Open the door, please.

He turns his back to her and walks away into the front room.

Olga, scared tries the handle again, wanting to leave.

She bangs a fist against it, shouting.

 OLGA (CONT'D)
 (in Russian)
Let me out. Can anyone hear me. I
want to leave. Open the door!!!

6 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

6

Stan moves to his chair, at the side of it there's a large
wooden walking stick.

He picks it up.

7 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 7

Olga's still at the front door, still banging and pulling down on it's handle trying to get out.

Stan moves up behind her.

WHACK!!!!

He brings his walking stick down hard and fast against her right shoulder.

She groans out in pain.

WHACK, WHACK!!!

Two more shots to the side of her face.

Her top lip splitting, blood spraying out. The second leaving a large welt on the side of her face.

She drops down to the floor, dazed.

He yells out at her.

STAN

Put it all in bags, leave them by the door... I have Men coming to collect them in the morning.

8 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 8

Stan with a glass of water in hand is wheezing and coughing as he moves over to the cupboard above the fridge.

He reaches in for a box of pills.

Quickly swallows four of them.

9 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 9

Olga, her face battered and buried is just sitting on the floor amongst the rubbish. An empty bin bag in her hand.

Stan, with his walking stick slams it against the wall.

Olga flinches, she looks over at him afraid.

He moves over to her, points his stick at her face.

STAN

Clear it away. Put it all away.
Clean.

She nods. Opening up an empty bin bag she starts scrapping dirt into it.

Stan moves into the front room.

10 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 10

Stan's in bed, asleep.

11 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 11

The door slowly creeps open.

Olga sneaks in, moves over to the drawers and searches through them.

She finds a knife, exits out with it.

12 INT . STAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 12

Most of the hallway has been cleaned away, the carpet visible.

Several black bin bags stacked up by the front door.

Olga is at the lock, with the tip of the knife she's picking at it, trying to get it open.

Then suddenly the lights are turned on, and standing behind her in his dressing gown and with his walking stick held up high above his head is Stan.

He brings it down hard and fast slamming it across her face, knocking out a couple of her front teeth.

She hits the floor, unconscious.

13 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 13

Olga wakes up, groggy.

She sits up in his bed, looks around the room as she hold a hand up to her swollen jaw.

She's in pain.

14 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 14

Stan stands up against the wall and watches two young TEENAGE boys who are busy at work, collecting the stacked black bin bags and dragging them away.

15 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 15

Stan stands at the bottom of his bed, points at Olga with his walking stick.

STAN

Same as before, this time the kitchen. Time to clean.

Olga gets out of bed and moves past him.

16 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 16

Stan's at the cupboard, his face grimacing.

Olga waits at the side of the table, watching.

Stan coughs, struggling to breath.

He pulls down a box of pills.

With a glass of water he takes down six of them this time.

Taking a moment to collect himself he then comes back to Olga, picking up his walking stick, waves it at her, ordering.

STAN

This room now. Clean it. Put everything away. Stack the bin bags by the door.

She doesn't move.

He comes over to her.

WHACK!

She groans.

He slams his stick against her arm, hard.

She staggers away from her, scared.

STAN (CONT'D)
Stop making me hurt you. Just do as
you're told.

She understands.

Starting with what's on the floor she gets to work.

17 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY 17

Stan sits alone, in his chair he's flicking through the different channels. Not stopping on any for longer than a few seconds.

18 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 18

Olga moves to the front door with four bin bags, two in each hand.

She stacks them up with several others.

Her face drenched in sweat, she's been hard at work.

19 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY 19

Stan, still in his chair and with a gardening programme playing on the TV he's instead watching Olga.

She's now cleaning up here too, again starting with the floor first.

Stan watches her, delighted, almost proud.

STAN
That's a good girl. You see... you
clean without me having to tell you
and you don't get hit.

She just keeps working, doesn't react to his words.

20 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 20

Stan staggers through the hallway, coughing and holding a hand to his chest, in pain.

He comes out of the front room and moves into the kitchen.

Olga follows.

21 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

21

The kitchen is now perfect, its been cleaned from top to bottom.

Stan's at the cupboard above the fridge, it's empty. All those hundreds of pill boxes missing.

Olga waits standing at the side of the table.

He turns to face her, horrified.

STAN
Where are my drugs?

Shaking, she slowly opens her mouth to speak.

OLGA
It had to be put away.

He shakes his head.

STAN
Where did you put them?

She keeps her stony face.

OLGA
It had to be put away.

STAN
You bitch, where are they!

OLGA
You told me... they had to be put away. You told me... they had to be put away.

The pain is growing stronger, he groans.

STAN
You bitch!

She exits out of the kitchen.

He staggers out after her.

22 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

22

Olga heads towards the staircase.

Stan follows.

STAN
Where are you going?

OLGA
I have to clean.

STAN
Get back here... you're my wife...
I brought you!

OLGA
I get hit if I don't... things have
to be put away.

She jogs up the staircase.

Stan, his face caked in sweat, the pain growing worse is
forced to continue following her.

23 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

23

Olga, at the side of the bed is picking up empty boxes and
rubbish from the floor, placing it all onto the bed, clearing
the floor up first.

Stan staggers into the bedroom after her.

STAN
I need my medicine.

She's seemingly on auto pilot, hearing him but not understand
what he's asking.

OLGA
It has to be put away... made
clean.

Stan drops down onto his knees, doesn't have the energy to
keep himself upright anymore. The pain overwhelming.

STAN
My pills, where did you put them?

She only repeats.

OLGA
It had to be put away.

He coughs, blood spraying out through his lips.

He then collapses down to the floor onto his side.

His breathing hard and laboured but then stopping altogether.

He's dead.

Olga stops.

A beat.

She moves over to him.

She reaches down to his neck and pulls off the key attached to the string.

24 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

24

Olga, with the key in her hand moves to the front door, unlocking it she swings it open.

She's free.

Despite her face being horribly swollen, broken and covered in bruises, she smiles.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END